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Virgil
Complete Works

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The Complete Works of

VIRGIL

(70 BC–19 BC)



Contents

The Translations

THE ECLOGUES

THE ECLOGUES – Greenough’s Translation

THE GEORGICS

THE GEORGICS – Greenough’s Translation

THE AENEID

ENEADOS – Douglas’ Translation

THE AENEID – Dryden’s Translation

THE AENEID – Morris’ Translation

THE AENEID – Williams’ Translation

THE AENEID – Mackail’s Translation

THE AENEID – Taylor’s Translation

The Latin Texts

LIST OF LATIN TEXTS

The Dual Text

DUAL LATIN AND ENGLISH TEXT

The Biographies

LIFE OF VIRGIL by H. R. Fairclough

LIFE AND PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS OF VIRGIL by W.
Y. Sellar

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The Complete Works of

VIRGIL



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The Translations



Mantua, Northern Italy, close to the village Andes — Virgil's birthplace



A bust of Virgil, from the entrance to his tomb in Naples

THE ECLOGUES



The Eclogues were Virgil's first poetic works. Imitating Greek Bucolic poetry by Theocritus, Virgil created his own Roman version of the literary form. The poems represent a dramatic and mythic interpretation of revolutionary change at Rome in the turbulent period from 44 to 38 BC. Virgil's first book contains ten poems, each called an eclogue (meaning *draft* or *selection*), featuring herdsmen conversing and singing in rural settings. These works were performed with great success on the Roman stage, providing a blend of visionary politics and eroticism, which helped to make Virgil an instant literary success.



Et in Arcadia ego by Nicolas Poussin, whose Arcadian paintings were inspired by Virgil's *Eclogues*

THE ECLOGUES – Greenough’s Translation



J. B. Greenough, an American classicist, published this much respected translation of *The Eclogues* in 1900.



A page from the Eclogues in the 5th-century Vergilius Romanus

CONTENTS

ECLOGUE I
ECLOGUE II
ECLOGUE III
ECLOGUE IV
ECLOGUE V
ECLOGUE VI
ECLOGUE VII
ECLOGUE VIII
ECLOGUE IX
ECLOGUE X

ECLOGUE I

MELIBOEUS TITYRUS

MELIBOEUS

You, Tityrus, 'neath a broad beech-canopy
Reclining, on the slender oat rehearse
Your silvan ditties: I from my sweet fields,
And home's familiar bounds, even now depart.
Exiled from home am I; while, Tityrus, you
Sit careless in the shade, and, at your call,
"Fair Amaryllis" bid the woods resound.

TITYRUS

O Meliboeus, 'twas a god vouchsafed
This ease to us, for him a god will I
Deem ever, and from my folds a tender lamb
Oft with its life-blood shall his altar stain.
His gift it is that, as your eyes may see,
My kine may roam at large, and I myself
Play on my shepherd's pipe what songs I will.

MELIBOEUS

I grudge you not the boon, but marvel more,
Such wide confusion fills the country-side.
See, sick at heart I drive my she-goats on,
And this one, O my Tityrus, scarce can lead:
For 'mid the hazel-thicket here but now
She dropped her new-yeaned twins on the bare flint,
Hope of the flock- an ill, I mind me well,
Which many a time, but for my blinded sense,
The thunder-stricken oak foretold, oft too
From hollow trunk the raven's ominous cry.
But who this god of yours? Come, Tityrus, tell.

TITYRUS

The city, Meliboeus, they call Rome,
I, simpleton, deemed like this town of ours,
Whereto we shepherds oft are wont to drive
The younglings of the flock: so too I knew
Whelps to resemble dogs, and kids their dams,
Comparing small with great; but this as far
Above all other cities rears her head
As cypress above pliant osier towers.

MELIBOEUS

And what so potent cause took you to Rome?

TITYRUS

Freedom, which, though belated, cast at length
Her eyes upon the sluggard, when my beard
'Gan whiter fall beneath the barber's blade-
Cast eyes, I say, and, though long tarrying, came,
Now when, from Galatea's yoke released,
I serve but Amaryllis: for I will own,
While Galatea reigned over me, I had
No hope of freedom, and no thought to save.
Though many a victim from my folds went forth,
Or rich cheese pressed for the unthankful town,
Never with laden hands returned I home.

MELIBOEUS

I used to wonder, Amaryllis, why
You cried to heaven so sadly, and for whom
You left the apples hanging on the trees;
'Twas Tityrus was away. Why, Tityrus,
The very pines, the very water-springs,
The very vineyards, cried aloud for you.

TITYRUS

What could I do? how else from bonds be freed,
Or elsewhere find gods so nigh to aid?
There, Meliboeus, I saw that youth to whom
Yearly for twice six days my altars smoke.

There instant answer gave he to my suit,
“Feed, as before, your kine, boys, rear your bulls.”

MELIBOEUS

So in old age, you happy man, your fields
Will still be yours, and ample for your need!
Though, with bare stones o’erspread, the pastures all
Be choked with rushy mire, your ewes with young
By no strange fodder will be tried, nor hurt
Through taint contagious of a neighbouring flock.
Happy old man, who ‘mid familiar streams
And hallowed springs, will court the cooling shade!
Here, as of old, your neighbour’s bordering hedge,
That feasts with willow-flower the Hybla bees,
Shall oft with gentle murmur lull to sleep,
While the leaf-dresser beneath some tall rock
Uplifts his song, nor cease their cooings hoarse
The wood-pigeons that are your heart’s delight,
Nor doves their moaning in the elm-tree top.

TITYRUS

Sooner shall light stags, therefore, feed in air,
The seas their fish leave naked on the strand,
Germans and Parthians shift their natural bounds,
And these the Arar, those the Tigris drink,
Than from my heart his face and memory fade.

MELIBOEUS

But we far hence, to burning Libya some,
Some to the Scythian steppes, or thy swift flood,
Cretan Oaxes, now must wend our way,
Or Britain, from the whole world sundered far.
Ah! shall I ever in aftertime behold
My native bounds- see many a harvest hence
With ravished eyes the lowly turf-roofed cot
Where I was king? These fallows, trimmed so fair,
Some brutal soldier will possess these fields

An alien master. Ah! to what a pass
Has civil discord brought our hapless folk!
For such as these, then, were our furrows sown!
Now, Meliboeus, graft your pears, now set
Your vines in order! Go, once happy flock,
My she-goats, go. Never again shall I,
Stretched in green cave, behold you from afar
Hang from the bushy rock; my songs are sung;
Never again will you, with me to tend,
On clover-flower, or bitter willows, browse.

TITYRUS

Yet here, this night, you might repose with me,
On green leaves pillowed: apples ripe have I,
Soft chestnuts, and of curdled milk enow.
And, see, the farm-roof chimneys smoke afar,
And from the hills the shadows lengthening fall!

ECLOGUE II

ALEXIS

The shepherd Corydon with love was fired
For fair Alexis, his own master's joy:
No room for hope had he, yet, none the less,
The thick-leaved shadowy-soaring beech-tree grove
Still would he haunt, and there alone, as thus,
To woods and hills pour forth his artless strains.
"Cruel Alexis, heed you naught my songs?
Have you no pity? you'll drive me to my death.
Now even the cattle court the cooling shade
And the green lizard hides him in the thorn:
Now for tired mowers, with the fierce heat spent,
Pounds Thestilis her mess of savoury herbs,
Wild thyme and garlic. I, with none beside,
Save hoarse cicalas shrilling through the brake,
Still track your footprints 'neath the broiling sun.
Better have borne the petulant proud disdain
Of Amaryllis, or Menalcas wooed,
Albeit he was so dark, and you so fair!
Trust not too much to colour, beauteous boy;
White privets fall, dark hyacinths are culled.
You scorn me, Alexis, who or what I am
Care not to ask- how rich in flocks, or how
In snow-white milk abounding: yet for me
Roam on Sicilian hills a thousand lambs;
Summer or winter, still my milk-pails brim.
I sing as erst Amphion of Circe sang,
What time he went to call his cattle home
On Attic Aracynthus. Nor am I
So ill to look on: lately on the beach
I saw myself, when winds had stilled the sea,
And, if that mirror lie not, would not fear
Daphnis to challenge, though yourself were judge.

Ah! were you but content with me to dwell.
Some lowly cot in the rough fields our home,
Shoot down the stags, or with green osier-wand
Round up the straggling flock! There you with me
In silvan strains will learn to rival Pan.
Pan first with wax taught reed with reed to join;
For sheep alike and shepherd Pan hath care.
Nor with the reed's edge fear you to make rough
Your dainty lip; such arts as these to learn
What did Amyntas do?- what did he not?
A pipe have I, of hemlock-stalks compact
In lessening lengths, Damoetas' dying-gift:
'Mine once,' quoth he, 'now yours, as heir to own.'
Foolish Amyntas heard and envied me.
Ay, and two fawns, I risked my neck to find
In a steep glen, with coats white-dappled still,
From a sheep's udders suckled twice a day-
These still I keep for you; which Thestylis
Implores me oft to let her lead away;
And she shall have them, since my gifts you spurn.
Come hither, beauteous boy; for you the Nymphs
Bring baskets, see, with lilies brimmed; for you,
Plucking pale violets and poppy-heads,
Now the fair Naiad, of narcissus flower
And fragrant fennel, doth one posy twine-
With cassia then, and other scented herbs,
Blends them, and sets the tender hyacinth off
With yellow marigold. I too will pick
Quinces all silvered-o'er with hoary down,
Chestnuts, which Amaryllis wont to love,
And waxen plums withal: this fruit no less
Shall have its meed of honour; and I will pluck
You too, ye laurels, and you, ye myrtles, near,
For so your sweets ye mingle. Corydon,
You are a boor, nor heeds a whit your gifts
Alexis; no, nor would Iollas yield,
Should gifts decide the day. Alack! alack!

What misery have I brought upon my head!-
Loosed on the flowers Siroces to my bane,
And the wild boar upon my crystal springs!
Whom do you fly, infatuate? gods ere now,
And Dardan Paris, have made the woods their home.
Let Pallas keep the towers her hand hath built,
Us before all things let the woods delight.
The grim-eyed lioness pursues the wolf,
The wolf the she-goat, the she-goat herself
In wanton sport the flowering cytissus,
And Corydon Alexis, each led on
By their own longing. See, the ox comes home
With plough up-tilted, and the shadows grow
To twice their length with the departing sun,
Yet me love burns, for who can limit love?
Ah! Corydon, Corydon, what hath crazed your wit?
Your vine half-pruned hangs on the leafy elm;
Why haste you not to weave what need requires
Of pliant rush or osier? Scorned by this,
Elsewhere some new Alexis you will find.”

ECLOGUE III

MENALCAS DAMOETAS PALAEMON

MENALCAS

Who owns the flock, Damoetas? Meliboeus?

DAMOETAS

Nay, they are Aegon's sheep, of late by him
Committed to my care.

MENALCAS

O every way
Unhappy sheep, unhappy flock! while he
Still courts Neaera, fearing lest her choice
Should fall on me, this hireling shepherd here
Wrings hourly twice their udders, from the flock
Filching the life-juice, from the lambs their milk.

DAMOETAS

Hold! not so ready with your jeers at men!
We know who once, and in what shrine with you-
The he-goats looked aside- the light nymphs laughed-

MENALCAS

Ay, then, I warrant, when they saw me slash
Micon's young vines and trees with spiteful hook.

DAMOETAS

Or here by these old beeches, when you broke
The bow and arrows of Damon; for you chafed
When first you saw them given to the boy,
Cross-grained Menalcas, ay, and had you not
Done him some mischief, would have chafed to death.

MENALCAS

With thieves so daring, what can masters do?
Did I not see you, rogue, in ambush lie
For Damon's goat, while loud Lycisca barked?
And when I cried, "Where is he off to now?
Gather your flock together, Tityrus,"
You hid behind the sedges.

DAMOETAS

Well, was he
Whom I had conquered still to keep the goat.
Which in the piping-match my pipe had won!
You may not know it, but the goat was mine.

MENALCAS

You out-pipe him? when had you ever pipe
Wax-welded? in the cross-ways used you not
On grating straw some miserable tune
To mangle?

DAMOETAS

Well, then, shall we try our skill
Each against each in turn? Lest you be loth,
I pledge this heifer; every day she comes
Twice to the milking-pail, and feeds withal
Two young ones at her udder: say you now
What you will stake upon the match with me.

MENALCAS

Naught from the flock I'll venture, for at home
I have a father and a step-dame harsh,
And twice a day both reckon up the flock,
And one withal the kids. But I will stake,
Seeing you are so mad, what you yourself
Will own more priceless far- two beechen cups

By the divine art of Alcimedon
Wrought and embossed, whereon a limber vine,
Wreathed round them by the graver's facile tool,
Twines over clustering ivy-berries pale.
Two figures, one Conon, in the midst he set,
And one- how call you him, who with his wand
Marked out for all men the whole round of heaven,
That they who reap, or stoop behind the plough,
Might know their several seasons? Nor as yet
Have I set lip to them, but lay them by.

DAMOETAS

For me too wrought the same Alcimedon
A pair of cups, and round the handles wreathed
Pliant acanthus, Orpheus in the midst,
The forests following in his wake; nor yet
Have I set lip to them, but lay them by.
Matched with a heifer, who would prate of cups?

MENALCAS

You shall not balk me now; where'er you bid,
I shall be with you; only let us have
For auditor- or see, to serve our turn,
Yonder Palaemon comes! In singing-bouts
I'll see you play the challenger no more.

DAMOETAS

Out then with what you have; I shall not shrink,
Nor budge for any man: only do you,
Neighbour Palaemon, with your whole heart's skill-
For it is no slight matter-play your part.

PALAEMON

Say on then, since on the greensward we sit,
And now is burgeoning both field and tree;
Now is the forest green, and now the year
At fairest. Do you first, Damoetas, sing,

Then you, Menalcas, in alternate strain:
Alternate strains are to the Muses dear.

DAMOETAS

“From Jove the Muse began; Jove filleth all,
Makes the earth fruitful, for my songs hath care.”

MENALCAS

“Me Phoebus loves; for Phoebus his own gifts,
Bays and sweet-blushing hyacinths, I keep.”

DAMOETAS

“Gay Galatea throws an apple at me,
Then hies to the willows, hoping to be seen.”

MENALCAS

“My dear Amyntas comes unasked to me;
Not Delia to my dogs is better known.”

DAMOETAS

“Gifts for my love I’ve found; mine eyes have marked
Where the wood-pigeons build their airy nests.”

MENALCAS

“Ten golden apples have I sent my boy,
All that I could, to-morrow as many more.”

DAMOETAS

“What words to me, and uttered O how oft,
Hath Galatea spoke! waft some of them,
Ye winds, I pray you, for the gods to hear.”

MENALCAS

“It profiteth me naught, Amyntas mine,
That in your very heart you spurn me not,
If, while you hunt the boar, I guard the nets.”

DAMOETAS

“Prithee, Iollas, for my birthday guest
Send me your Phyllis; when for the young crops
I slay my heifer, you yourself shall come.”

MENALCAS

“I am all hers; she wept to see me go,
And, lingering on the word, ‘farewell’ she said,
‘My beautiful Iollas, fare you well.’”

DAMOETAS

“Fell as the wolf is to the folded flock,
Rain to ripe corn, Sirocco to the trees,
The wrath of Amaryllis is to me.”

MENALCAS

“As moisture to the corn, to ewes with young
Lithe willow, as arbut to the yeanling kids,
So sweet Amyntas, and none else, to me.”

DAMOETAS

“My Muse, although she be but country-bred,
Is loved by Pollio: O Pierian Maids,
Pray you, a heifer for your reader feed!”

MENALCAS

“Pollio himself too doth new verses make:
Feed ye a bull now ripe to butt with horn,
And scatter with his hooves the flying sand.”

DAMOETAS

“Who loves thee, Pollio, may he thither come
Where thee he joys beholding; ay, for him
Let honey flow, the thorn-bush spices bear.”

MENALCAS

“Who hates not Bavius, let him also love

Thy songs, O Maevius, ay, and therewithal
Yoke foxes to his car, and he-goats milk.”

DAMOETAS

“You, picking flowers and strawberries that grow
So near the ground, fly hence, boys, get you gone!
There’s a cold adder lurking in the grass.”

MENALCAS

“Forbear, my sheep, to tread too near the brink;
Yon bank is ill to trust to; even now
The ram himself, see, dries his dripping fleece!”

DAMOETAS

“Back with the she-goats, Tityrus, grazing there
So near the river! I, when time shall serve,
Will take them all, and wash them in the pool.”

MENALCAS

“Boys, get your sheep together; if the heat,
As late it did, forestall us with the milk,
Vainly the dried-up udders shall we wring.”

DAMOETAS

“How lean my bull amid the fattening vetch!
Alack! alack! for herdsman and for herd!
It is the self-same love that wastes us both.”

MENALCAS

“These truly- nor is even love the cause-
Scarce have the flesh to keep their bones together
Some evil eye my lambkins hath bewitched.”

DAMOETAS

“Say in what clime- and you shall be withal
My great Apollo- the whole breadth of heaven
Opens no wider than three ells to view.”

MENALCAS

“Say in what country grow such flowers as bear
The names of kings upon their petals writ,
And you shall have fair Phyllis for your own.”

PALAEMON

Not mine betwixt such rivals to decide:
You well deserve the heifer, so does he,
With all who either fear the sweets of love,
Or taste its bitterness. Now, boys, shut off
The sluices, for the fields have drunk their fill.

ECLOGUE IV

POLLIO

Muses of Sicily, essay we now
A somewhat loftier task! Not all men love
Coppice or lowly tamarisk: sing we woods,
Woods worthy of a Consul let them be.

Now the last age by Cumae's Sibyl sung
Has come and gone, and the majestic roll
Of circling centuries begins anew:
Justice returns, returns old Saturn's reign,
With a new breed of men sent down from heaven.
Only do thou, at the boy's birth in whom
The iron shall cease, the golden race arise,
Befriend him, chaste Lucina; 'tis thine own
Apollo reigns. And in thy consulate,
This glorious age, O Pollio, shall begin,
And the months enter on their mighty march.
Under thy guidance, whatso tracks remain
Of our old wickedness, once done away,
Shall free the earth from never-ceasing fear.
He shall receive the life of gods, and see
Heroes with gods commingling, and himself
Be seen of them, and with his father's worth
Reign o'er a world at peace. For thee, O boy,
First shall the earth, untilled, pour freely forth
Her childish gifts, the gadding ivy-spray
With foxglove and Egyptian bean-flower mixed,
And laughing-eyed acanthus. Of themselves,
Untended, will the she-goats then bring home
Their udders swollen with milk, while flocks afield
Shall of the monstrous lion have no fear.
Thy very cradle shall pour forth for thee
Caressing flowers. The serpent too shall die,

Die shall the treacherous poison-plant, and far
And wide Assyrian spices spring. But soon
As thou hast skill to read of heroes' fame,
And of thy father's deeds, and inly learn
What virtue is, the plain by slow degrees
With waving corn-crops shall to golden grow,
From the wild briar shall hang the blushing grape,
And stubborn oaks sweat honey-dew. Nathless
Yet shall there lurk within of ancient wrong
Some traces, bidding tempt the deep with ships,
Gird towns with walls, with furrows cleave the earth.
Therewith a second Tiphys shall there be,
Her hero-freight a second Argo bear;
New wars too shall arise, and once again
Some great Achilles to some Troy be sent.
Then, when the mellowing years have made thee man,
No more shall mariner sail, nor pine-tree bark
Ply traffic on the sea, but every land
Shall all things bear alike: the glebe no more
Shall feel the harrow's grip, nor vine the hook;
The sturdy ploughman shall loose yoke from steer,
Nor wool with varying colours learn to lie;
But in the meadows shall the ram himself,
Now with soft flush of purple, now with tint
Of yellow saffron, teach his fleece to shine.
While clothed in natural scarlet graze the lambs.
"Such still, such ages weave ye, as ye run,"
Sang to their spindles the consenting Fates
By Destiny's unalterable decree.
Assume thy greatness, for the time draws nigh,
Dear child of gods, great progeny of Jove!
See how it totters- the world's orb'd might,
Earth, and wide ocean, and the vault profound,
All, see, enraptured of the coming time!
Ah! might such length of days to me be given,
And breath suffice me to rehearse thy deeds,
Nor Thracian Orpheus should out-sing me then,

Nor Linus, though his mother this, and that
His sire should aid- Orpheus Calliope,
And Linus fair Apollo. Nay, though Pan,
With Arcady for judge, my claim contest,
With Arcady for judge great Pan himself
Should own him foiled, and from the field retire.

Begin to greet thy mother with a smile,
O baby-boy! ten months of weariness
For thee she bore: O baby-boy, begin!
For him, on whom his parents have not smiled,
Gods deem not worthy of their board or bed.

ECLOGUE V

MENALCAS MOPSUS

MENALCAS

Why, Mopsus, being both together met,
You skilled to breathe upon the slender reeds,
I to sing ditties, do we not sit down
Here where the elm-trees and the hazels blend?

MOPSUS

You are the elder, 'tis for me to bide
Your choice, Menalcas, whether now we seek
Yon shade that quivers to the changeful breeze,
Or the cave's shelter. Look you how the cave
Is with the wild vine's clusters over-laced!

MENALCAS

None but Amyntas on these hills of ours
Can vie with you.

MOPSUS

What if he also strive
To out-sing Phoebus?

MENALCAS

Do you first begin,
Good Mopsus, whether minded to sing aught
Of Phyllis and her loves, or Alcon's praise,
Or to fling taunts at Codrus. Come, begin,
While Tityrus watches o'er the grazing kids.

MOPSUS

Nay, then, I will essay what late I carved

On a green beech-tree's rind, playing by turns,
And marking down the notes; then afterward
Bid you Amyntas match them if he can.

MENALCAS

As limber willow to pale olive yields,
As lowly Celtic nard to rose-buds bright,
So, to my mind, Amyntas yields to you.
But hold awhile, for to the cave we come.

MOPSUS

"For Daphnis cruelly slain wept all the Nymphs-
Ye hazels, bear them witness, and ye streams-
When she, his mother, clasping in her arms
The hapless body of the son she bare,
To gods and stars unpitying, poured her plaint.
Then, Daphnis, to the cooling streams were none
That drove the pastured oxen, then no beast
Drank of the river, or would the grass-blade touch.
Nay, the wild rocks and woods then voiced the roar
Of Afric lions mourning for thy death.
Daphnis, 'twas thou bad'st yoke to Bacchus' car
Armenian tigresses, lead on the pomp
Of revellers, and with tender foliage wreath
The bending spear-wands. As to trees the vine
Is crown of glory, as to vines the grape,
Bulls to the herd, to fruitful fields the corn,
So the one glory of thine own art thou.
When the Fates took thee hence, then Pales' self,
And even Apollo, left the country lone.
Where the plump barley-grain so oft we sowed,
There but wild oats and barren darnel spring;
For tender violet and narcissus bright
Thistle and prickly thorn uprear their heads.
Now, O ye shepherds, strew the ground with leaves,
And o'er the fountains draw a shady veil-
So Daphnis to his memory bids be done-

And rear a tomb, and write thereon this verse:
‘I, Daphnis in the woods, from hence in fame
Am to the stars exalted, guardian once
Of a fair flock, myself more fair than they.’”

MENALCAS

So is thy song to me, poet divine,
As slumber on the grass to weary limbs,
Or to slake thirst from some sweet-bubbling rill
In summer’s heat. Nor on the reeds alone,
But with thy voice art thou, thrice happy boy,
Ranked with thy master, second but to him.
Yet will I, too, in turn, as best I may,
Sing thee a song, and to the stars uplift
Thy Daphnis- Daphnis to the stars extol,
For me too Daphnis loved.

MOPSUS

Than such a boon
What dearer could I deem? the boy himself
Was worthy to be sung, and many a time
Hath Stimichon to me your singing praised.

MENALCAS

“In dazzling sheen with unaccustomed eyes
Daphnis stands rapt before Olympus’ gate,
And sees beneath his feet the clouds and stars.
Wherefore the woods and fields, Pan, shepherd-folk,
And Dryad-maidens, thrill with eager joy;
Nor wolf with treacherous wile assails the flock,
Nor nets the stag: kind Daphnis loveth peace.
The unshorn mountains to the stars up-toss
Voices of gladness; ay, the very rocks,
The very thickets, shout and sing, ‘A god,
A god is he, Menalcas “Be thou kind,
Propitious to thine own. Lo! altars four,
Twain to thee, Daphnis, and to Phoebus twain

For sacrifice, we build; and I for thee
Two beakers yearly of fresh milk afoam,
And of rich olive-oil two bowls, will set;
And of the wine-god's bounty above all,
If cold, before the hearth, or in the shade
At harvest-time, to glad the festal hour,
From flasks of Ariusian grape will pour
Sweet nectar. Therewithal at my behest
Shall Lyctian Aegon and Damoetas sing,
And Alpheisiboeus emulate in dance
The dancing Satyrs. This, thy service due,
Shalt thou lack never, both when we pay the Nymphs
Our yearly vows, and when with lustral rites
The fields we hallow. Long as the wild boar
Shall love the mountain-heights, and fish the streams,
While bees on thyme and crickets feed on dew,
Thy name, thy praise, thine honour, shall endure.
Even as to Bacchus and to Ceres, so
To thee the swain his yearly vows shall make;
And thou thereof, like them, shalt quittance claim."

MOPSUS

How, how repay thee for a song so rare?
For not the whispering south-wind on its way
So much delights me, nor wave-smitten beach,
Nor streams that race adown their bouldered beds.

MENALCAS

First this frail hemlock-stalk to you I give,
Which taught me "Corydon with love was fired
For fair Alexis," ay, and this beside,
"Who owns the flock?- Meliboeus?"

MOPSUS

But take you
This shepherd's crook, which, howso hard he begged,
Antigenes, then worthy to be loved,

Prevailed not to obtain- with brass, you see,
And equal knots, Menalcas, fashioned fair!

ECLOGUE VI

TO VARUS

First my Thalia stooped in sportive mood
To Syracusan strains, nor blushed within
The woods to house her. When I sought to tell
Of battles and of kings, the Cynthian god
Plucked at mine ear and warned me: "Tityrus,
Beseems a shepherd-wight to feed fat sheep,
But sing a slender song." Now, Varus, I-
For lack there will not who would laud thy deeds,
And treat of dolorous wars- will rather tune
To the slim oaten reed my silvan lay.
I sing but as vouchsafed me; yet even this
If, if but one with ravished eyes should read,
Of thee, O Varus, shall our tamarisks
And all the woodland ring; nor can there be
A page more dear to Phoebus, than the page
Where, foremost writ, the name of Varus stands.

Speed ye, Pierian Maids! Within a cave
Young Chromis and Mnasyllus chanced to see
Silenus sleeping, flushed, as was his wont,
With wine of yesterday. Not far aloof,
Slipped from his head, the garlands lay, and there
By its worn handle hung a ponderous cup.
Approaching- for the old man many a time
Had balked them both of a long hoped-for song-
Garlands to fetters turned, they bind him fast.
Then Aegle, fairest of the Naiad-band,
Aegle came up to the half-frightened boys,
Came, and, as now with open eyes he lay,
With juice of blood-red mulberries smeared him o'er,
Both brow and temples. Laughing at their guile,
And crying, "Why tie the fetters? loose me, boys;

Enough for you to think you had the power;
Now list the songs you wish for- songs for you,
Another meed for her” -forthwith began.
Then might you see the wild things of the wood,
With Fauns in sportive frolic beat the time,
And stubborn oaks their branchy summits bow.
Not Phoebus doth the rude Parnassian crag
So ravish, nor Orpheus so entrance the heights
Of Rhodope or Ismarus: for he sang
How through the mighty void the seeds were driven
Of earth, air, ocean, and of liquid fire,
How all that is from these beginnings grew,
And the young world itself took solid shape,
Then ‘gan its crust to harden, and in the deep
Shut Nereus off, and mould the forms of things
Little by little; and how the earth amazed
Beheld the new sun shining, and the showers
Fall, as the clouds soared higher, what time the woods
‘Gan first to rise, and living things to roam
Scattered among the hills that knew them not.
Then sang he of the stones by Pyrrha cast,
Of Saturn’s reign, and of Prometheus’ theft,
And the Caucasian birds, and told withal
Nigh to what fountain by his comrades left
The mariners cried on Hylas till the shore
“Then Re-echoed “Hylas, Hylas! soothed
Pasiphae with the love of her white bull-
Happy if cattle-kind had never been!-
O ill-starred maid, what frenzy caught thy soul
The daughters too of Proetus filled the fields
With their feigned lowings, yet no one of them
Of such unhallowed union e’er was fain
As with a beast to mate, though many a time
On her smooth forehead she had sought for horns,
And for her neck had feared the galling plough.
O ill-starred maid! thou roamest now the hills,
While on soft hyacinths he, his snowy side

Reposing, under some dark ilex now
Chews the pale herbage, or some heifer tracks
Amid the crowding herd. Now close, ye Nymphs,
Ye Nymphs of Dicte, close the forest-glades,
If haply there may chance upon mine eyes
The white bull's wandering foot-prints: him belike
Following the herd, or by green pasture lured,
Some kine may guide to the Gortynian stalls.
Then sings he of the maid so wonder-struck
With the apples of the Hesperids, and then
With moss-bound, bitter bark rings round the forms
Of Phaethon's fair sisters, from the ground
Up-towering into poplars. Next he sings
Of Gallus wandering by Permessus' stream,
And by a sister of the Muses led
To the Aonian mountains, and how all
The choir of Phoebus rose to greet him; how
The shepherd Linus, singer of songs divine,
Brow-bound with flowers and bitter parsley, spake:
"These reeds the Muses give thee, take them thou,
Erst to the aged bard of Ascrea given,
Wherewith in singing he was wont to draw
Time-rooted ash-trees from the mountain heights.
With these the birth of the Grynean grove
Be voiced by thee, that of no grove beside
Apollo more may boast him." Wherefore speak
Of Scylla, child of Nisus, who, 'tis said,
Her fair white loins with barking monsters girt
Vexed the Dulichian ships, and, in the deep
Swift-eddying whirlpool, with her sea-dogs tore
The trembling mariners? or how he told
Of the changed limbs of Tereus- what a feast,
What gifts, to him by Philomel were given;
How swift she sought the desert, with what wings
Hovered in anguish o'er her ancient home?
All that, of old, Eurotas, happy stream,
Heard, as Apollo mused upon the lyre,

And bade his laurels learn, Silenus sang;
Till from Olympus, loth at his approach,
Vesper, advancing, bade the shepherds tell
Their tale of sheep, and pen them in the fold.

ECLOGUE VII

MELIBOEUS CORYDON THYRSIS

Daphnis beneath a rustling ilex-tree
Had sat him down; Thyrsis and Corydon
Had gathered in the flock, Thyrsis the sheep,
And Corydon the she-goats swollen with milk-
Both in the flower of age, Arcadians both,
Ready to sing, and in like strain reply.
Hither had strayed, while from the frost I fend
My tender myrtles, the he-goat himself,
Lord of the flock; when Daphnis I espy!
Soon as he saw me, "Hither haste," he cried,
"O Meliboeus! goat and kids are safe;
And, if you have an idle hour to spare,
Rest here beneath the shade. Hither the steers
Will through the meadows, of their own free will,
Untended come to drink. Here Mincius hath
With tender rushes rimmed his verdant banks,
And from yon sacred oak with busy hum
The bees are swarming." What was I to do?
No Phyllis or Alcippe left at home
Had I, to shelter my new-weaned lambs,
And no slight matter was a singing-bout
'Twixt Corydon and Thyrsis. Howsoe'er,
I let my business wait upon their sport.
So they began to sing, voice answering voice
In strains alternate- for alternate strains
The Muses then were minded to recall-
First Corydon, then Thyrsis in reply.

CORYDON

"Libethrian Nymphs, who are my heart's delight,
Grant me, as doth my Codrus, so to sing-
Next to Apollo he- or if to this

We may not all attain, my tuneful pipe
Here on this sacred pine shall silent hang.”

THYRSIS

“Arcadian shepherds, wreath with ivy-spray
Your budding poet, so that Codrus burst
With envy: if he praise beyond my due,
Then bind my brow with foxglove, lest his tongue
With evil omen blight the coming bard.”

CORYDON

“This bristling boar’s head, Delian Maid, to thee,
With branching antlers of a sprightly stag,
Young Micon offers: if his luck but hold,
Full-length in polished marble, ankle-bound
With purple buskin, shall thy statue stand.”

THYRSIS

“A bowl of milk, Priapus, and these cakes,
Yearly, it is enough for thee to claim;
Thou art the guardian of a poor man’s plot.
Wrought for a while in marble, if the flock
At lambing time be filled, stand there in gold.”

CORYDON

“Daughter of Nereus, Galatea mine,
Sweeter than Hybla-thyme, more white than swans,
Fairer than ivy pale, soon as the steers
Shall from their pasture to the stalls repair,
If aught for Corydon thou carest, come.”

THYRSIS

“Now may I seem more bitter to your taste
Than herb Sardinian, rougher than the broom,
More worthless than strewn sea-weed, if to-day
Hath not a year out-lasting! Fie for shame!
Go home, my cattle, from your grazing go!”

CORYDON

“Ye mossy springs, and grass more soft than sleep,
And arbut green with thin shade sheltering you,
Ward off the solstice from my flock, for now
Comes on the burning summer, now the buds
Upon the limber vine-shoot ‘gin to swell.”

THYRSIS

“Here is a hearth, and resinous logs, here fire
Unstinted, and doors black with ceaseless smoke.
Here heed we Boreas’ icy breath as much
As the wolf heeds the number of the flock,
Or furious rivers their restraining banks.”

CORYDON

“The junipers and prickly chestnuts stand,
And ‘neath each tree lie strewn their several fruits,
Now the whole world is smiling, but if fair
Alexis from these hill-slopes should away,
Even the rivers you would ; see run dry.”

THYRSIS

“The field is parched, the grass-blades thirst to death
In the faint air; Liber hath grudged the hills
His vine’s o’er-shadowing: should my Phyllis come,
Green will be all the grove, and Jupiter
Descend in floods of fertilizing rain.”

CORYDON

“The poplar doth Alcides hold most dear,
The vine Iacchus, Phoebus his own bays,
And Venus fair the myrtle: therewithal
Phyllis doth hazels love, and while she loves,
Myrtle nor bay the hazel shall out-vie.”

THYRSIS

“Ash in the forest is most beautiful,

Pine in the garden, poplar by the stream,
Fir on the mountain-height; but if more oft
Thou'ldst come to me, fair Lycidas, to thee
Both forest-ash, and garden-pine should bow."

MELIBOEUS

These I remember, and how Thyrsis strove
For victory in vain. From that time forth
Is Corydon still Corydon with us.

ECLOGUE VIII

TO POLLIO DAMON ALPHESIBOEUS

Of Damon and Alpheſiboëus now,
Thoſe ſhepherd-ſingers at whoſe rival ſtrains
The heifer wondering forgot to graze,
The lynx ſtood awe-ſtruck, and the flowing ſtreams,
Unwonted loiterers, ſtayed their courſe to hear-
How Damon and Alpheſiboëus ſang
Their paſtoral ditties, will I tell the tale.

Thou, whether broad Timavus' rocky banks
Thou now art paſſing, or doſt ſkirt the ſhore
Of the Illyrian main,- will ever dawn
That day when I thy deeds may celebrate,
Ever that day when through the whole wide world
I may renown thy verſe- that verſe alone
Of Sophoclean buſkin worthy found?
With thee began, to thee ſhall end, the ſtrain.
Take thou theſe ſongs that owe their birth to thee,
And deign around thy temples to let creep
This ivy-chaplet 'twixt the conquering bays.

Scarce had night's chilly ſhade forſook the ſky
What time to nibbling ſheep the dewy graſs
Tastes ſweeteſt, when, on his ſmooth ſhepherd-ſtaff
Of olive leaning, Damon thus began.

DAMON

“Riſe, Lucifer, and, heralding the light,
Bring in the genial day, while I make moan
Fooled by vain paſſion for a faithleſs bride,
For Nyſa, and with this my dying breath
Call on the gods, though little it beſtead-
The gods who heard her vows and heeded not.

“Begin, my flute, with me Maenalian lays.
Ever hath Maenalus his murmuring groves
And whispering pines, and ever hears the songs
Of love-lorn shepherds, and of Pan, who first
Brooked not the tuneful reed should idle lie.

“Begin, my flute, with me Maenalian lays.
Nysa to Mopsus given! what may not then
We lovers look for? soon shall we see mate
Griffins with mares, and in the coming age
Shy deer and hounds together come to drink.

“Begin, my flute, with me Maenalian lays.
Now, Mopsus, cut new torches, for they bring
Your bride along; now, bridegroom, scatter nuts:
Forsaking Oeta mounts the evening star!

“Begin, my flute, with me Maenalian lays.
O worthy of thy mate, while all men else
Thou scornest, and with loathing dost behold
My shepherd’s pipe, my goats, my shaggy brow,
And untrimmed beard, nor deem’st that any god
For mortal doings hath regard or care.

“Begin, my flute, with me Maenalian lays.
Once with your mother, in our orchard-garth,
A little maid I saw you- I your guide-
Plucking the dewy apples. My twelfth year
I scarce had entered, and could barely reach
The brittle boughs. I looked, and I was lost;
A sudden frenzy swept my wits away.

“Begin, my flute, with me Maenalian lays.
Now know I what Love is: ‘mid savage rocks
Tmaros or Rhodope brought forth the boy,
Or Garamantes in earth’s utmost bounds-
No kin of ours, nor of our blood begot.

“Begin, my flute, with me Maenalian lays.
Fierce Love it was once steeled a mother’s heart
With her own offspring’s blood her hands to imbrue:
Mother, thou too wert cruel; say wert thou
More cruel, mother, or more ruthless he?
Ruthless the boy, thou, mother, cruel too.

“Begin, my flute, with me Maenalian lays.
Now let the wolf turn tail and fly the sheep,
Tough oaks bear golden apples, alder-trees
Bloom with narcissus-flower, the tamarisk
Sweat with rich amber, and the screech-owl vie
In singing with the swan: let Tityrus
Be Orpheus, Orpheus in the forest-glade,
Arion ‘mid his dolphins on the deep.

“Begin, my flute, with me Maenalian lays.
Yea, be the whole earth to mid-ocean turned!
Farewell, ye woodlands I from the tall peak
Of yon aerial rock will headlong plunge
Into the billows: this my latest gift,
From dying lips bequeathed thee, see thou keep.
Cease now, my flute, now cease Maenalian lays.”
Thus Damon: but do ye, Pierian Maids-
We cannot all do all things- tell me how
Alphesiboeus to his strain replied.

ALPHESIBOEUS

“Bring water, and with soft wool-fillet bind
These altars round about, and burn thereon
Rich vervain and male frankincense, that I
May strive with magic spells to turn astray
My lover’s saner senses, whereunto
There lacketh nothing save the power of song.

“Draw from the town, my songs, draw Daphnis home.
Songs can the very moon draw down from heaven

Circe with singing changed from human form
The comrades of Ulysses, and by song
Is the cold meadow-snake, asunder burst.

“Draw from the town, my songs, draw Daphnis home.
These triple threads of threefold colour first
I twine about thee, and three times withal
Around these altars do thine image bear:
Uneven numbers are the god’s delight.

“Draw from the town, my songs, draw Daphnis home.
Now, Amaryllis, ply in triple knots
The threefold colours; ply them fast, and say
This is the chain of Venus that I ply.

“Draw from the town, my songs, draw Daphnis home.
As by the kindling of the self-same fire
Harder this clay, this wax the softer grows,
So by my love may Daphnis; sprinkle meal,
And with bitumen burn the brittle bays.
Me Daphnis with his cruelty doth burn,
I to melt cruel Daphnis burn this bay.

“Draw from the town, my songs, draw Daphnis home.
As when some heifer, seeking for her steer
Through woodland and deep grove, sinks wearied out
On the green sedge beside a stream, love-lorn,
Nor marks the gathering night that calls her home-
As pines that heifer, with such love as hers
May Daphnis pine, and I not care to heal.

“Draw from the town, my songs, draw Daphnis home.
These relics once, dear pledges of himself,
The traitor left me, which, O earth, to thee
Here on this very threshold I commit-
Pledges that bind him to redeem the debt.

“Draw from the town, my songs, draw Daphnis home.
These herbs of bane to me did Moeris give,
In Pontus culled, where baneful herbs abound.
With these full oft have I seen Moeris change
To a wolf’s form, and hide him in the woods,
Oft summon spirits from the tomb’s recess,
And to new fields transport the standing corn.

“Draw from the town, my songs, draw Daphnis home.
Take ashes, Amaryllis, fetch them forth,
And o’er your head into the running brook
Fling them, nor look behind: with these will
Upon the heart of Daphnis make essay.
Nothing for gods, nothing for songs cares he.

“Draw from the town, my songs, draw Daphnis home.
Look, look I the very embers of themselves
Have caught the altar with a flickering flame,
While I delay to fetch them: may the sign
Prove lucky! something it must mean, for sure,
And Hylax on the threshold ‘gins to bark!
May we believe it, or are lovers still
By their own fancies fooled?

Give o’er, my songs,
Daphnis is coming from the town, give o’er.”

ECLOGUE IX

LYCIDAS MOERIS

LYCIDAS

Say whither, Moeris?- Make you for the town,
Or on what errand bent?

MOERIS

O Lycidas,
We have lived to see, what never yet we feared,
An interloper own our little farm,
And say, "Be off, you former husbandmen!
These fields are mine." Now, cowed and out of heart,
Since Fortune turns the whole world upside down,
We are taking him- ill luck go with the same!-'
These kids you see.

LYCIDAS

But surely I had heard
That where the hills first draw from off the plain,
And the high ridge with gentle slope descends,
Down to the brook-side and the broken crests
Of yonder veteran beeches, all the land
Was by the songs of your Menalcas saved.

MOERIS

Heard it you had, and so the rumour ran,
But 'mid the clash of arms, my Lycidas,
Our songs avail no more than, as 'tis said,
Doves of Dodona when an eagle comes.
Nay, had I not, from hollow ilex-bole
Warned by a raven on the left, cut short
The rising feud, nor I, your Moeris here,

No, nor Menalcas, were alive to-day.

LYCIDAS

Alack! could any of so foul a crime
Be guilty? Ah! how nearly, thyself,
Reft was the solace that we had in thee,
Menalcas! Who then of the Nymphs had sung,
Or who with flowering herbs bestrewn the ground,
And o'er the fountains drawn a leafy veil?-
Who sung the stave I filched from you that day
To Amaryllis wending, our hearts' joy?-
"While I am gone, 'tis but a little way,
Feed, Tityrus, my goats, and, having fed,
Drive to the drinking-pool, and, as you drive,
Beware the he-goat; with his horn he butts."

MOERIS

Ay, or to Varus that half-finished lay,
"Varus, thy name, so still our Mantua live-
Mantua to poor Cremona all too near-
Shall singing swans bear upward to the stars."

LYCIDAS

So may your swarms Cyrnean yew-trees shun,
Your kine with cytissus their udders swell,
Begin, if aught you have. The Muses made
Me too a singer; I too have sung; the swains
Call me a poet, but I believe them not:
For naught of mine, or worthy Varius yet
Or Cinna deem I, but account myself
A cackling goose among melodious swans.

MOERIS

'Twas in my thought to do so, Lycidas;
Even now was I revolving silently
If this I could recall- no paltry song:
"Come, Galatea, what pleasure is 't to play

Amid the waves? Here glows the Spring, here earth
Beside the streams pours forth a thousand flowers;
Here the white poplar bends above the cave,
And the lithe vine weaves shadowy covert: come,
Leave the mad waves to beat upon the shore.”

LYCIDAS

What of the strain I heard you singing once
On a clear night alone? the notes I still
Remember, could I but recall the words.

MOERIS

“Why, Daphnis, upward gazing, do you mark
The ancient risings of the Signs? for look
Where Dionean Caesar’s star comes forth
In heaven, to gladden all the fields with corn,
And to the grape upon the sunny slopes
Her colour bring! Now, the pears;
So shall your children’s children pluck their fruit.

Time carries all things, even our wits, away.
Oft, as a boy, I sang the sun to rest,
But all those songs are from my memory fled,
And even his voice is failing Moeris now;
The wolves eyed Moeris first: but at your wish
Menalcas will repeat them oft enow.

LYCIDAS

Your pleas but linger out my heart’s desire:
Now all the deep is into silence hushed,
And all the murmuring breezes sunk to sleep.
We are half-way thither, for Bianor’s tomb
Begins to show: here, Moeris, where the hinds
Are lopping the thick leafage, let us sing.
Set down the kids, yet shall we reach the town;
Or, if we fear the night may gather rain
Ere we arrive, then singing let us go,

Our way to lighten; and, that we may thus
Go singing, I will case you of this load.

MOERIS

Cease, boy, and get we to the work in hand:
We shall sing better when himself is come.

ECLOGUE X

GALLUS

This now, the very latest of my toils,
Vouchsafe me, Arethusa! needs must I
Sing a brief song to Gallus- brief, but yet
Such as Lycoris' self may fitly read.
Who would not sing for Gallus? So, when thou
Beneath Sicanian billows glidest on,
May Doris blend no bitter wave with thine,
Begin! The love of Gallus be our theme,
And the shrewd pangs he suffered, while, hard by,
The flat-nosed she-goats browse the tender brush.
We sing not to deaf ears; no word of ours
But the woods echo it. What groves or lawns
Held you, ye Dryad-maidens, when for love-
Love all unworthy of a loss so dear-
Gallus lay dying? for neither did the slopes
Of Pindus or Parnassus stay you then,
No, nor Aonian Aganippe. Him
Even the laurels and the tamarisks wept;
For him, outstretched beneath a lonely rock,
Wept pine-clad Maenalus, and the flinty crags
Of cold Lycaeus. The sheep too stood around-
Of us they feel no shame, poet divine;
Nor of the flock be thou ashamed: even fair
Adonis by the rivers fed his sheep-
Came shepherd too, and swine-herd footing slow,
And, from the winter-acorns dripping-wet
Menalcas. All with one accord exclaim:
"From whence this love of thine?" Apollo came;
"Gallus, art mad?" he cried, "thy bosom's care
Another love is following." Therewithal
Silvanus came, with rural honours crowned;
The flowering fennels and tall lilies shook

Before him. Yea, and our own eyes beheld
Pan, god of Arcady, with blood-red juice
Of the elder-berry, and with vermilion, dyed.
“Wilt ever make an end?” quoth he, “behold
Love recks not aught of it: his heart no more
With tears is sated than with streams the grass,
Bees with the cytisus, or goats with leaves.”
“Yet will ye sing, Arcadians, of my woes
Upon your mountains,” sadly he replied-
“Arcadians, that alone have skill to sing.
O then how softly would my ashes rest,
If of my love, one day, your flutes should tell!
And would that I, of your own fellowship,
Or dresser of the ripening grape had been,
Or guardian of the flock! for surely then,
Let Phyllis, or Amyntas, or who else,
Bewitch me- what if swart Amyntas be?
Dark is the violet, dark the hyacinth-
Among the willows, ‘neath the limber vine,
Reclining would my love have lain with me,
Phyllis plucked garlands, or Amyntas sung.
Here are cool springs, soft mead and grove, Lycoris;
Here might our lives with time have worn away.
But me mad love of the stern war-god holds
Armed amid weapons and opposing foes.
Whilst thou- Ah! might I but believe it not!-
Alone without me, and from home afar,
Look’st upon Alpine snows and frozen Rhine.
Ah! may the frost not hurt thee, may the sharp
And jagged ice not wound thy tender feet!
I will depart, re-tune the songs I framed
In verse Chalcidian to the oaten reed
Of the Sicilian swain. Resolved am I
In the woods, rather, with wild beasts to couch,
And bear my doom, and character my love
Upon the tender tree-trunks: they will grow,
And you, my love, grow with them. And meanwhile

I with the Nymphs will haunt Mount Maenalus,
Or hunt the keen wild boar. No frost so cold
But I will hem with hounds thy forest-glades,
Parthenius. Even now, methinks, I range
O'er rocks, through echoing groves, and joy to launch
Cydonian arrows from a Parthian bow.-
As if my madness could find healing thus,
Or that god soften at a mortal's grief!
Now neither Hamadryads, no, nor songs
Delight me more: ye woods, away with you!
No pangs of ours can change him; not though we
In the mid-frost should drink of Hebrus' stream,
And in wet winters face Sithonian snows,
Or, when the bark of the tall elm-tree bole
Of drought is dying, should, under Cancer's Sign,
In Aethiopian deserts drive our flocks.
Love conquers all things; yield we too to love!"

These songs, Pierian Maids, shall it suffice
Your poet to have sung, the while he sat,
And of slim mallow wove a basket fine:
To Gallus ye will magnify their worth,
Gallus, for whom my love grows hour by hour,
As the green alder shoots in early Spring.
Come, let us rise: the shade is wont to be
Baneful to singers; baneful is the shade
Cast by the juniper, crops sicken too
In shade. Now homeward, having fed your fill —
Eve's star is rising-go, my she-goats, go.

THE GEORGICS



The Georgics is a poem of four books, published circa 29 BC. The poem draws on various sources and has influenced many later poets from antiquity to the present day. *Georgics* refers to the Greek word *georgein* ‘to farm’ and one of the main subjects of the poem is agriculture. Yet the collection is not an example of peaceful rural poetry, but instead characterised by tensions in both theme and purpose. Composed from 37–29 BC, *The Georgics* is a didactic hexameter poem, which Virgil dedicated to his famous patron Maecenas. The poem gives instruction in the methods of running a farm, as Virgil follows in the didactic tradition of the Greek poet Hesiod, whose *Works and Days* is an evident model of the work.



Tityrus Meets Meliboeus by Servius, 1469

THE GEORGICS – Greenough’s Translation



J. B. Greenough, an American classicist, published this much respected translation of *The Georgics* in 1900.



Late-17th-century illustration of a passage from the Georgics by Jerzy Siemiginowski-Eleuter

CONTENTS

GEORGIC I
GEORGIC II
GEORGIC III
GEORGIC IV

GEORGIC I

What makes the cornfield smile; beneath what star
Maecenas, it is meet to turn the sod
Or marry elm with vine; how tend the steer;
What pains for cattle-keeping, or what proof
Of patient trial serves for thrifty bees;-
Such are my themes.
O universal lights
Most glorious! ye that lead the gliding year
Along the sky, Liber and Ceres mild,
If by your bounty holpen earth once changed
Chaonian acorn for the plump wheat-ear,
And mingled with the grape, your new-found gift,
The draughts of Achelous; and ye Fauns
To rustics ever kind, come foot it, Fauns
And Dryad-maids together; your gifts I sing.
And thou, for whose delight the war-horse first
Sprang from earth's womb at thy great trident's stroke,
Neptune; and haunter of the groves, for whom
Three hundred snow-white heifers browse the brakes,
The fertile brakes of Ceos; and clothed in power,
Thy native forest and Lycean lawns,
Pan, shepherd-god, forsaking, as the love
Of thine own Maenalus constrains thee, hear
And help, O lord of Tegea! And thou, too,
Minerva, from whose hand the olive sprung;
And boy-discoverer of the curved plough;
And, bearing a young cypress root-upturn,
Silvanus, and Gods all and Goddesses,
Who make the fields your care, both ye who nurse
The tender unsown increase, and from heaven
Shed on man's sowing the riches of your rain:
And thou, even thou, of whom we know not yet
What mansion of the skies shall hold thee soon,
Whether to watch o'er cities be thy will,

Great Caesar, and to take the earth in charge,
That so the mighty world may welcome thee
Lord of her increase, master of her times,
Binding thy mother's myrtle round thy brow,
Or as the boundless ocean's God thou come,
Sole dread of seamen, till far Thule bow
Before thee, and Tethys win thee to her son
With all her waves for dower; or as a star
Lend thy fresh beams our lagging months to cheer,
Where 'twixt the Maid and those pursuing Claws
A space is opening; see! red Scorpio's self
His arms draws in, yea, and hath left thee more
Than thy full meed of heaven: be what thou wilt-
For neither Tartarus hopes to call thee king,
Nor may so dire a lust of sovereignty
E'er light upon thee, howso Greece admire
Elysium's fields, and Proserpine not heed
Her mother's voice entreating to return-
Vouchsafe a prosperous voyage, and smile on this
My bold endeavour, and pitying, even as I,
These poor way-wildered swains, at once begin,
Grow timely used unto the voice of prayer.
In early spring-tide, when the icy drip
Melts from the mountains hoar, and Zephyr's breath
Unbinds the crumbling clod, even then 'tis time;
Press deep your plough behind the groaning ox,
And teach the furrow-burnished share to shine.
That land the craving farmer's prayer fulfils,
Which twice the sunshine, twice the frost has felt;
Ay, that's the land whose boundless harvest-crops
Burst, see! the barns.
But ere our metal cleave
An unknown surface, heed we to forelearn
The winds and varying temper of the sky,
The lineal tilth and habits of the spot,
What every region yields, and what denies.
Here blithelier springs the corn, and here the grape,

There earth is green with tender growth of trees
And grass unbidden. See how from Tmolus comes
The saffron's fragrance, ivory from Ind,
From Saba's weakling sons their frankincense,
Iron from the naked Chalybs, castor rank
From Pontus, from Epirus the prize-palms
O' the mares of Elis.
Such the eternal bond
And such the laws by Nature's hand imposed
On clime and clime, e'er since the primal dawn
When old Deucalion on the unpeopled earth
Cast stones, whence men, a flinty race, were reared.
Up then! if fat the soil, let sturdy bulls
Upturn it from the year's first opening months,
And let the clods lie bare till baked to dust
By the ripe suns of summer; but if the earth
Less fruitful just ere Arcturus rise
With shallower trench uptilt it- 'twill suffice;
There, lest weeds choke the crop's luxuriance, here,
Lest the scant moisture fail the barren sand.
Then thou shalt suffer in alternate years
The new-reaped fields to rest, and on the plain
A crust of sloth to harden; or, when stars
Are changed in heaven, there sow the golden grain
Where erst, luxuriant with its quivering pod,
Pulse, or the slender vetch-crop, thou hast cleared,
And lupin sour, whose brittle stalks arise,
A hurtling forest. For the plain is parched
By flax-crop, parched by oats, by poppies parched
In Lethe-slumber drenched. Nathless by change
The travailing earth is lightened, but stint not
With refuse rich to soak the thirsty soil,
And shower foul ashes o'er the exhausted fields.
Thus by rotation like repose is gained,
Nor earth meanwhile uneared and thankless left.
Oft, too, 'twill boot to fire the naked fields,
And the light stubble burn with crackling flames;

Whether that earth therefrom some hidden strength
And fattening food derives, or that the fire
Bakes every blemish out, and sweats away
Each useless humour, or that the heat unlocks
New passages and secret pores, whereby
Their life-juice to the tender blades may win;
Or that it hardens more and helps to bind
The gaping veins, lest penetrating showers,
Or fierce sun's ravening might, or searching blast
Of the keen north should sear them. Well, I wot,
He serves the fields who with his harrow breaks
The sluggish clods, and hurdles osier-twined
Hales o'er them; from the far Olympian height
Him golden Ceres not in vain regards;
And he, who having ploughed the fallow plain
And heaved its furrowy ridges, turns once more
Cross-wise his shattering share, with stroke on stroke
The earth assails, and makes the field his thrall.
Pray for wet summers and for winters fine,
Ye husbandmen; in winter's dust the crops
Exceedingly rejoice, the field hath joy;
No tilth makes Mysia lift her head so high,
Nor Gargarus his own harvests so admire.
Why tell of him, who, having launched his seed,
Sets on for close encounter, and rakes smooth
The dry dust hillocks, then on the tender corn
Lets in the flood, whose waters follow fain;
And when the parched field quivers, and all the blades
Are dying, from the brow of its hill-bed,
See! see! he lures the runnel; down it falls,
Waking hoarse murmurs o'er the polished stones,
And with its bubblings slakes the thirsty fields?
Or why of him, who lest the heavy ears
O'erweigh the stalk, while yet in tender blade
Feeds down the crop's luxuriance, when its growth
First tops the furrows? Why of him who drains
The marsh-land's gathered ooze through soaking sand,

Chiefly what time in treacherous moons a stream
Goes out in spate, and with its coat of slime
Holds all the country, whence the hollow dykes
Sweat steaming vapour?
But no whit the more
For all expedients tried and travail borne
By man and beast in turning oft the soil,
Do greedy goose and Strymon-haunting cranes
And succory's bitter fibres cease to harm,
Or shade not injure. The great Sire himself
No easy road to husbandry assigned,
And first was he by human skill to rouse
The slumbering glebe, whetting the minds of men
With care on care, nor suffering realm of his
In drowsy sloth to stagnate. Before Jove
Fields knew no taming hand of husbandmen;
To mark the plain or mete with boundary-line-
Even this was impious; for the common stock
They gathered, and the earth of her own will
All things more freely, no man bidding, bore.
He to black serpents gave their venom-bane,
And bade the wolf go prowl, and ocean toss;
Shook from the leaves their honey, put fire away,
And curbed the random rivers running wine,
That use by gradual dint of thought on thought
Might forge the various arts, with furrow's help
The corn-blade win, and strike out hidden fire
From the flint's heart. Then first the streams were ware
Of hollowed alder-hulls: the sailor then
Their names and numbers gave to star and star,
Pleiads and Hyads, and Lycaon's child
Bright Arctos; how with nooses then was found
To catch wild beasts, and cozen them with lime,
And hem with hounds the mighty forest-glades.
Soon one with hand-net scourges the broad stream,
Probing its depths, one drags his dripping toils
Along the main; then iron's unbending might,

And shrieking saw-blade,- for the men of old
With wedges wont to cleave the splintering log;-
Then divers arts arose; toil conquered all,
Remorseless toil, and poverty's shrewd push
In times of hardship. Ceres was the first
Set mortals on with tools to turn the sod,
When now the awful groves 'gan fail to bear
Acorns and arbutes, and her wonted food
Dodona gave no more. Soon, too, the corn
Gat sorrow's increase, that an evil blight
Ate up the stalks, and thistle reared his spines
An idler in the fields; the crops die down;
Upsprings instead a shaggy growth of burrs
And caltrops; and amid the corn-fields trim
Unfruitful darnel and wild oats have sway.
Wherefore, unless thou shalt with ceaseless rake
The weeds pursue, with shouting scare the birds,
Prune with thy hook the dark field's matted shade,
Pray down the showers, all vainly thou shalt eye,
Alack! thy neighbour's heaped-up harvest-mow,
And in the greenwood from a shaken oak
Seek solace for thine hunger.
Now to tell
The sturdy rustics' weapons, what they are,
Without which, neither can be sown nor reared
The fruits of harvest; first the bent plough's share
And heavy timber, and slow-lumbering wains
Of the Eleusinian mother, threshing-sleighs
And drags, and harrows with their crushing weight;
Then the cheap wicker-ware of Celeus old,
Hurdles of arbut, and thy mystic fan,
Iacchus; which, full tale, long ere the time
Thou must with heed lay by, if thee await
Not all unearned the country's crown divine.
While yet within the woods, the elm is tamed
And bowed with mighty force to form the stock,
And take the plough's curved shape, then nigh the root

A pole eight feet projecting, earth-boards twain,
And share-beam with its double back they fix.
For yoke is early hewn a linden light,
And a tall beech for handle, from behind
To turn the car at lowest: then o'er the hearth
The wood they hang till the smoke knows it well.
Many the precepts of the men of old
I can recount thee, so thou start not back,
And such slight cares to learn not weary thee.
And this among the first: thy threshing-floor
With ponderous roller must be levelled smooth,
And wrought by hand, and fixed with binding chalk,
Lest weeds arise, or dust a passage win
Splitting the surface, then a thousand plagues
Make sport of it: oft builds the tiny mouse
Her home, and plants her granary, underground,
Or burrow for their bed the purblind moles,
Or toad is found in hollows, and all the swarm
Of earth's unsightly creatures; or a huge
Corn-heap the weevil plunders, and the ant,
Fearful of coming age and penury.
Mark too, what time the walnut in the woods
With ample bloom shall clothe her, and bow down
Her odorous branches, if the fruit prevail,
Like store of grain will follow, and there shall come
A mighty winnowing-time with mighty heat;
But if the shade with wealth of leaves abound,
Vainly your threshing-floor will bruise the stalks
Rich but in chaff. Many myself have seen
Steep, as they sow, their pulse-seeds, drenching them
With nitre and black oil-lees, that the fruit
Might swell within the treacherous pods, and they
Make speed to boil at howso small a fire.
Yet, culled with caution, proved with patient toil,
These have I seen degenerate, did not man
Put forth his hand with power, and year by year
Choose out the largest. So, by fate impelled,

Speed all things to the worse, and backward borne
Glide from us; even as who with struggling oars
Up stream scarce pulls a shallop, if he chance
His arms to slacken, lo! with headlong force
The current sweeps him down the hurrying tide.
Us too behoves Arcturus' sign observe,
And the Kids' seasons and the shining Snake,
No less than those who o'er the windy main
Borne homeward tempt the Pontic, and the jaws
Of oyster-rife Abydos. When the Scales
Now poisoning fair the hours of sleep and day
Give half the world to sunshine, half to shade,
Then urge your bulls, my masters; sow the plain
Even to the verge of tameless winter's showers
With barley: then, too, time it is to hide
Your flax in earth, and poppy, Ceres' joy,
Aye, more than time to bend above the plough,
While earth, yet dry, forbids not, and the clouds
Are buoyant. With the spring comes bean-sowing;
Thee, too, Lucerne, the crumbling furrows then
Receive, and millet's annual care returns,
What time the white bull with his gilded horns
Opens the year, before whose threatening front,
Routed the dog-star sinks. But if it be
For wheaten harvest and the hardy spelt,
Thou tax the soil, to corn-ears wholly given,
Let Atlas' daughters hide them in the dawn,
The Cretan star, a crown of fire, depart,
Or e'er the furrow's claim of seed thou quit,
Or haste thee to entrust the whole year's hope
To earth that would not. Many have begun
Ere Maia's star be setting; these, I trow,
Their looked-for harvest fools with empty ears.
But if the vetch and common kidney-bean
Thou'rt fain to sow, nor scorn to make thy care
Pelusiatic lentil, no uncertain sign
Bootes' fall will send thee; then begin,

Pursue thy sowing till half the frosts be done.
Therefore it is the golden sun, his course
Into fixed parts dividing, rules his way
Through the twelve constellations of the world.
Five zones the heavens contain; whereof is one
Aye red with flashing sunlight, fervent aye
From fire; on either side to left and right
Are traced the utmost twain, stiff with blue ice,
And black with scowling storm-clouds, and betwixt
These and the midmost, other twain there lie,
By the Gods' grace to heart-sick mortals given,
And a path cleft between them, where might wheel
On sloping plane the system of the Signs.
And as toward Scythia and Rhipaeon heights
The world mounts upward, likewise sinks it down
Toward Libya and the south, this pole of ours
Still towering high, that other, 'neath their feet,
By dark Styx frowned on, and the abysmal shades.
Here glides the huge Snake forth with sinuous coils
'Twixt the two Bears and round them river-wise-
The Bears that fear 'neath Ocean's brim to dip.
There either, say they, reigns the eternal hush
Of night that knows no seasons, her black pall
Thick-mantling fold on fold; or thitherward
From us returning Dawn brings back the day;
And when the first breath of his panting steeds
On us the Orient flings, that hour with them
Red Vesper 'gins to trim his his 'lated fires.
Hence under doubtful skies forebode we can
The coming tempests, hence both harvest-day
And seed-time, when to smite the treacherous main
With driving oars, when launch the fair-rigged fleet,
Or in ripe hour to fell the forest-pine.
Hence, too, not idly do we watch the stars-
Their rising and their setting-and the year,
Four varying seasons to one law conformed.
If chilly showers e'er shut the farmer's door,

Much that had soon with sunshine cried for haste,
He may forestall; the ploughman batters keen
His blunted share's hard tooth, scoops from a tree
His troughs, or on the cattle stamps a brand,
Or numbers on the corn-heaps; some make sharp
The stakes and two-pronged forks, and willow-bands
Amerian for the bending vine prepare.
Now let the pliant basket plaited be
Of bramble-twigs; now set your corn to parch
Before the fire; now bruise it with the stone.
Nay even on holy days some tasks to ply
Is right and lawful: this no ban forbids,
To turn the runnel's course, fence corn-fields in,
Make springes for the birds, burn up the briars,
And plunge in wholesome stream the bleating flock.
Oft too with oil or apples plenty-cheap
The creeping ass's ribs his driver packs,
And home from town returning brings instead
A dented mill-stone or black lump of pitch.
The moon herself in various rank assigns
The days for labour lucky: fly the fifth;
Then sprang pale Orcus and the Eumenides;
Earth then in awful labour brought to light
Coeus, Iapetus, and Typhoeus fell,
And those sworn brethren banded to break down
The gates of heaven; thrice, sooth to say, they strove
Ossa on Pelion's top to heave and heap,
Aye, and on Ossa to up-roll amain
Leafy Olympus; thrice with thunderbolt
Their mountain-stair the Sire asunder smote.
Seventh after tenth is lucky both to set
The vine in earth, and take and tame the steer,
And fix the leashes to the warp; the ninth
To runagates is kinder, cross to thieves.
Many the tasks that lightlier lend themselves
In chilly night, or when the sun is young,
And Dawn bedews the world. By night 'tis best

To reap light stubble, and parched fields by night;
For nights the suppling moisture never fails.
And one will sit the long late watches out
By winter fire-light, shaping with keen blade
The torches to a point; his wife the while,
Her tedious labour soothing with a song,
Speeds the shrill comb along the warp, or else
With Vulcan's aid boils the sweet must-juice down,
And skims with leaves the quivering cauldron's wave.
But ruddy Ceres in mid heat is mown,
And in mid heat the parched ears are bruised
Upon the floor; to plough strip, strip to sow;
Winter's the lazy time for husbandmen.
In the cold season farmers wont to taste
The increase of their toil, and yield themselves
To mutual interchange of festal cheer.
Boon winter bids them, and unbinds their cares,
As laden keels, when now the port they touch,
And happy sailors crown the sterns with flowers.
Nathless then also time it is to strip
Acorns from oaks, and berries from the bay,
Olives, and bleeding myrtles, then to set
Snares for the crane, and meshes for the stag,
And hunt the long-eared hares, then pierce the doe
With whirl of hempen-thonged Balearic sling,
While snow lies deep, and streams are drifting ice.
What need to tell of autumn's storms and stars,
And wherefore men must watch, when now the day
Grows shorter, and more soft the summer's heat?
When Spring the rain-bringer comes rushing down,
Or when the beards of harvest on the plain
Bristle already, and the milky corn
On its green stalk is swelling? Many a time,
When now the farmer to his yellow fields
The reaping-hind came bringing, even in act
To lop the brittle barley stems, have I
Seen all the windy legions clash in war

Together, as to rend up far and wide
The heavy corn-crop from its lowest roots,
And toss it skyward: so might winter's flaw,
Dark-eddying, whirl light stalks and flying straws.
Oft too comes looming vast along the sky
A march of waters; mustering from above,
The clouds roll up the tempest, heaped and grim
With angry showers: down falls the height of heaven,
And with a great rain floods the smiling crops,
The oxen's labour: now the dikes fill fast,
And the void river-beds swell thunderously,
And all the panting firths of Ocean boil.
The Sire himself in midnight of the clouds
Wields with red hand the levin; through all her bulk
Earth at the hurly quakes; the beasts are fled,
And mortal hearts of every kindred sunk
In cowering terror; he with flaming brand
Athos, or Rhodope, or Ceraunian crags
Precipitates: then doubly raves the South
With shower on blinding shower, and woods and coasts
Wail fitfully beneath the mighty blast.
This fearing, mark the months and Signs of heaven,
Whither retires him Saturn's icy star,
And through what heavenly cycles wandereth
The glowing orb Cyllenian. Before all
Worship the Gods, and to great Ceres pay
Her yearly dues upon the happy sward
With sacrifice, anigh the utmost end
Of winter, and when Spring begins to smile.
Then lambs are fat, and wines are mellowest then;
Then sleep is sweet, and dark the shadows fall
Upon the mountains. Let your rustic youth
To Ceres do obeisance, one and all;
And for her pleasure thou mix honeycombs
With milk and the ripe wine-god; thrice for luck
Around the young corn let the victim go,
And all the choir, a joyful company,

Attend it, and with shouts bid Ceres come
To be their house-mate; and let no man dare
Put sickle to the ripened ears until,
With woven oak his temples chapleted,
He foot the rugged dance and chant the lay.
Aye, and that these things we might win to know
By certain tokens, heats, and showers, and winds
That bring the frost, the Sire of all himself
Ordained what warnings in her monthly round
The moon should give, what bodes the south wind's fall,
What oft-repeated sights the herdsman seeing
Should keep his cattle closer to their stalls.
No sooner are the winds at point to rise,
Than either Ocean's firths begin to toss
And swell, and a dry crackling sound is heard
Upon the heights, or one loud ferment booms
The beach afar, and through the forest goes
A murmur multitudinous. By this
Scarce can the billow spare the curved keels,
When swift the sea-gulls from the middle main
Come winging, and their shrieks are shoreward borne,
When ocean-loving cormorants on dry land
Besport them, and the hern, her marshy haunts
Forsaking, mounts above the soaring cloud.
Oft, too, when wind is toward, the stars thou'lt see
From heaven shoot headlong, and through murky night
Long trails of fire white-glistening in their wake,
Or light chaff flit in air with fallen leaves,
Or feathers on the wave-top float and play.
But when from regions of the furious North
It lightens, and when thunder fills the halls
Of Eurus and of Zephyr, all the fields
With brimming dikes are flooded, and at sea
No mariner but furls his dripping sails.
Never at unawares did shower annoy:
Or, as it rises, the high-soaring cranes
Flee to the vales before it, with face

Upturned to heaven, the heifer snuffs the gale
Through gaping nostrils, or about the meres
Shrill-twittering flits the swallow, and the frogs
Crouch in the mud and chant their dirge of old.
Oft, too, the ant from out her inmost cells,
Fretting the narrow path, her eggs conveys;
Or the huge bow sucks moisture; or a host
Of rooks from food returning in long line
Clamour with jostling wings. Now mayst thou see
The various ocean-fowl and those that pry
Round Asian meads within thy fresher-pools,
Cayster, as in eager rivalry,
About their shoulders dash the plenteous spray,
Now duck their head beneath the wave, now run
Into the billows, for sheer idle joy
Of their mad bathing-revel. Then the crow
With full voice, good-for-naught, inviting rain,
Stalks on the dry sand mateless and alone.
Nor e'en the maids, that card their nightly task,
Know not the storm-sign, when in blazing crock
They see the lamp-oil sputtering with a growth
Of mouldy snuff-clots.
So too, after rain,
Sunshine and open skies thou mayst forecast,
And learn by tokens sure, for then nor dimmed
Appear the stars' keen edges, nor the moon
As borrowing of her brother's beams to rise,
Nor fleecy films to float along the sky.
Not to the sun's warmth then upon the shore
Do halcyons dear to Thetis ope their wings,
Nor filthy swine take thought to toss on high
With scattering snout the straw-wisps. But the clouds
Seek more the vales, and rest upon the plain,
And from the roof-top the night-owl for naught
Watching the sunset plies her 'lated song.
Distinct in clearest air is Nisus seen
Towering, and Scylla for the purple lock

Pays dear; for whereso, as she flies, her wings
The light air winnow, lo! fierce, implacable,
Nisus with mighty whirr through heaven pursues;
Where Nisus heavenward soareth, there her wings
Clutch as she flies, the light air winnowing still.
Soft then the voice of rooks from indrawn throat
Thrice, four times, o'er repeated, and full oft
On their high cradles, by some hidden joy
Gladdened beyond their wont, in bustling throngs
Among the leaves they riot; so sweet it is,
When showers are spent, their own loved nests again
And tender brood to visit. Not, I deem,
That heaven some native wit to these assigned,
Or fate a larger prescience, but that when
The storm and shifting moisture of the air
Have changed their courses, and the sky-god now,
Wet with the south-wind, thickens what was rare,
And what was gross releases, then, too, change
Their spirits' fleeting phases, and their breasts
Feel other motions now, than when the wind
Was driving up the cloud-rack. Hence proceeds
That blending of the feathered choirs afield,
The cattle's exultation, and the rooks'
Deep-throated triumph.
But if the headlong sun
And moons in order following thou regard,
Ne'er will to-morrow's hour deceive thee, ne'er
Wilt thou be caught by guile of cloudless night.
When first the moon recalls her rallying fires,
If dark the air clipped by her crescent dim,
For folks afield and on the open sea
A mighty rain is brewing; but if her face
With maiden blush she mantle, 'twill be wind,
For wind turns Phoebe still to ruddier gold.
But if at her fourth rising, for 'tis that
Gives surest counsel, clear she ride thro' heaven
With horns unblunted, then shall that whole day,

And to the month's end those that spring from it,
Rainless and windless be, while safe ashore
Shall sailors pay their vows to Panope,
Glaucus, and Melicertes, Ino's child.
The sun too, both at rising, and when soon
He dives beneath the waves, shall yield thee signs;
For signs, none trustier, travel with the sun,
Both those which in their course with dawn he brings,
And those at star-rise. When his springing orb
With spots he pranketh, muffled in a cloud,
And shrinks mid-circle, then of showers beware;
For then the South comes driving from the deep,
To trees and crops and cattle bringing bane.
Or when at day-break through dark clouds his rays
Burst and are scattered, or when rising pale
Aurora quits Tithonus' saffron bed,
But sorry shelter then, alack I will yield
Vine-leaf to ripening grapes; so thick a hail
In spiky showers spins rattling on the roof.
And this yet more 'twill boot thee bear in mind,
When now, his course upon Olympus run,
He draws to his decline: for oft we see
Upon the sun's own face strange colours stray;
Dark tells of rain, of east winds fiery-red;
If spots with ruddy fire begin to mix,
Then all the heavens convulsed in wrath thou'lt see-
Storm-clouds and wind together. Me that night
Let no man bid fare forth upon the deep,
Nor rend the rope from shore. But if, when both
He brings again and hides the day's return,
Clear-orbed he shineth, idly wilt thou dread
The storm-clouds, and beneath the lustral North
See the woods waving. What late eve in fine
Bears in her bosom, whence the wind that brings
Fair-weather-clouds, or what the rain South
Is meditating, tokens of all these
The sun will give thee. Who dare charge the sun

With leasing? He it is who warneth oft
Of hidden broils at hand and treachery,
And secret swelling of the waves of war.
He too it was, when Caesar's light was quenched,
For Rome had pity, when his bright head he veiled
In iron-hued darkness, till a godless age
Trembled for night eternal; at that time
Howbeit earth also, and the ocean-plains,
And dogs obscene, and birds of evil bode
Gave tokens. Yea, how often have we seen
Etna, her furnace-walls asunder riven,
In billowy floods boil o'er the Cyclops' fields,
And roll down globes of fire and molten rocks!
A clash of arms through all the heaven was heard
By Germany; strange heavings shook the Alps.
Yea, and by many through the breathless groves
A voice was heard with power, and wondrous-pale
Phantoms were seen upon the dusk of night,
And cattle spake, portentous! streams stand still,
And the earth yawns asunder, ivory weeps
For sorrow in the shrines, and bronzes sweat.
Up-twirling forests with his eddying tide,
Madly he bears them down, that lord of floods,
Eridanus, till through all the plain are swept
Beasts and their stalls together. At that time
In gloomy entrails ceased not to appear
Dark-threatening fibres, springs to trickle blood,
And high-built cities night-long to resound
With the wolves' howling. Never more than then
From skies all cloudless fell the thunderbolts,
Nor blazed so oft the comet's fire of bale.
Therefore a second time Philippi saw
The Roman hosts with kindred weapons rush
To battle, nor did the high gods deem it hard
That twice Emathia and the wide champaign
Of Haemus should be fattening with our blood.
Ay, and the time will come when there anigh,

Heaving the earth up with his curved plough,
Some swain will light on javelins by foul rust
Corroded, or with ponderous harrow strike
On empty helmets, while he gapes to see
Bones as of giants from the trench untombed.
Gods of my country, heroes of the soil,
And Romulus, and Mother Vesta, thou
Who Tuscan Tiber and Rome's Palatine
Preservest, this new champion at the least
Our fallen generation to repair
Forbid not. To the full and long ago
Our blood thy Trojan perjuries hath paid,
Laomedon. Long since the courts of heaven
Begrudge us thee, our Caesar, and complain
That thou regard'st the triumphs of mankind,
Here where the wrong is right, the right is wrong,
Where wars abound so many, and myriad-faced
Is crime; where no meet honour hath the plough;
The fields, their husbandmen led far away,
Rot in neglect, and curved pruning-hooks
Into the sword's stiff blade are fused and forged.
Euphrates here, here Germany new strife
Is stirring; neighbouring cities are in arms,
The laws that bound them snapped; and godless war
Rages through all the universe; as when
The four-horse chariots from the barriers poured
Still quicken o'er the course, and, idly now
Grasping the reins, the driver by his team
Is onward borne, nor heeds the car his curb.

GEORGIC II

Thus far the tilth of fields and stars of heaven;
Now will I sing thee, Bacchus, and, with thee,
The forest's young plantations and the fruit
Of slow-maturing olive. Hither haste,
O Father of the wine-press; all things here
Teem with the bounties of thy hand; for thee
With viny autumn laden blooms the field,
And foams the vintage high with brimming vats;
Hither, O Father of the wine-press, come,
And stripped of buskin stain thy bared limbs
In the new must with me.
First, nature's law
For generating trees is manifold;
For some of their own force spontaneous spring,
No hand of man compelling, and possess
The plains and river-windings far and wide,
As pliant osier and the bending broom,
Poplar, and willows in wan companies
With green leaf glimmering gray; and some there be
From chance-dropped seed that rear them, as the tall
Chestnuts, and, mightiest of the branching wood,
Jove's Aesculus, and oaks, oracular
Deemed by the Greeks of old. With some sprouts forth
A forest of dense suckers from the root,
As elms and cherries; so, too, a pigmy plant,
Beneath its mother's mighty shade upshoots
The bay-tree of Parnassus. Such the modes
Nature imparted first; hence all the race
Of forest-trees and shrubs and sacred groves
Springs into verdure.
Other means there are,
Which use by method for itself acquired.
One, sliving suckers from the tender frame
Of the tree-mother, plants them in the trench;

One buries the bare stumps within his field,
Truncheons cleft four-wise, or sharp-pointed stakes;
Some forest-trees the layer's bent arch await,
And slips yet quick within the parent-soil;
No root need others, nor doth the pruner's hand
Shrink to restore the topmost shoot to earth
That gave it being. Nay, marvellous to tell,
Lopped of its limbs, the olive, a mere stock,
Still thrusts its root out from the sapless wood,
And oft the branches of one kind we see
Change to another's with no loss to rue,
Pear-tree transformed the ingrafted apple yield,
And stony cornels on the plum-tree blush.
Come then, and learn what tilth to each belongs
According to their kinds, ye husbandmen,
And tame with culture the wild fruits, lest earth
Lie idle. O blithe to make all Ismarus
One forest of the wine-god, and to clothe
With olives huge Tabernus! And be thou
At hand, and with me ply the voyage of toil
I am bound on, O my glory, O thou that art
Justly the chiefest portion of my fame,
Maecenas, and on this wide ocean launched
Spread sail like wings to waft thee. Not that I
With my poor verse would comprehend the whole,
Nay, though a hundred tongues, a hundred mouths
Were mine, a voice of iron; be thou at hand,
Skirt but the nearer coast-line; see the shore
Is in our grasp; not now with feigned song
Through winding bouts and tedious preludings
Shall I detain thee.
Those that lift their head
Into the realms of light spontaneously,
Fruitless indeed, but blithe and strenuous spring,
Since Nature lurks within the soil. And yet
Even these, should one engraft them, or transplant
To well-drilled trenches, will anon put of

Their woodland temper, and, by frequent tilth,
To whatso craft thou summon them, make speed
To follow. So likewise will the barren shaft
That from the stock-root issueth, if it be
Set out with clear space amid open fields:
Now the tree-mother's towering leaves and boughs
Darken, despoil of increase as it grows,
And blast it in the bearing. Lastly, that
Which from shed seed ariseth, upward wins
But slowly, yielding promise of its shade
To late-born generations; apples wane
Forgetful of their former juice, the grape
Bears sorry clusters, for the birds a prey.
Soothly on all must toil be spent, and all
Trained to the trench and at great cost subdued.
But reared from truncheons olives answer best,
As vines from layers, and from the solid wood
The Paphian myrtles; while from suckers spring
Both hardy hazels and huge ash, the tree
That rims with shade the brows of Hercules,
And acorns dear to the Chaonian sire:
So springs the towering palm too, and the fir
Destined to spy the dangers of the deep.
But the rough arbutus with walnut-fruit
Is grafted; so have barren planes ere now
Stout apples borne, with chestnut-flower the beech,
The mountain-ash with pear-bloom whitened o'er,
And swine crunched acorns 'neath the boughs of elms.
Nor is the method of inserting eyes
And grafting one: for where the buds push forth
Amidst the bark, and burst the membranes thin,
Even on the knot a narrow rift is made,
Wherein from some strange tree a germ they pen,
And to the moist rind bid it cleave and grow.
Or, otherwise, in knotless trunks is hewn
A breach, and deep into the solid grain
A path with wedges cloven; then fruitful slips

Are set herein, and- no long time- behold!
To heaven upshot with teeming boughs, the tree
Strange leaves admires and fruitage not its own.
Nor of one kind alone are sturdy elms,
Willow and lotus, nor the cypress-trees
Of Ida; nor of self-same fashion spring
Fat olives, orchades, and radii
And bitter-berried pausians, no, nor yet
Apples and the forests of Alcinous;
Nor from like cuttings are Crustumian pears
And Syrian, and the heavy hand-fillers.
Not the same vintage from our trees hangs down,
Which Lesbos from Methymna's tendril plucks.
Vines Thasian are there, Mareotids white,
These apt for richer soils, for lighter those:
Psithian for raisin-wine more useful, thin
Lageos, that one day will try the feet
And tie the tongue: purples and early-ripes,
And how, O Rhaetian, shall I hymn thy praise?
Yet cope not therefore with Falernian bins.
Vines Aminaean too, best-bodied wine,
To which the Tmolian bows him, ay, and king
Phanaeus too, and, lesser of that name,
Argitis, wherewith not a grape can vie
For gush of wine-juice or for length of years.
Nor thee must I pass over, vine of Rhodes,
Welcomed by gods and at the second board,
Nor thee, Bumastus, with plump clusters swollen.
But lo! how many kinds, and what their names,
There is no telling, nor doth it boot to tell;
Who lists to know it, he too would list to learn
How many sand-grains are by Zephyr tossed
On Libya's plain, or wot, when Eurus falls
With fury on the ships, how many waves
Come rolling shoreward from the Ionian sea.
Not that all soils can all things bear alike.
Willows by water-courses have their birth,

Alders in miry fens; on rocky heights
The barren mountain-ashes; on the shore
Myrtles throng gayest; Bacchus, lastly, loves
The bare hillside, and yews the north wind's chill.
Mark too the earth by outland tillers tamed,
And Eastern homes of Arabs, and tattooed
Geloni; to all trees their native lands
Allotted are; no clime but India bears
Black ebony; the branch of frankincense
Is Saba's sons' alone; why tell to thee
Of balsams oozing from the perfumed wood,
Or berries of acanthus ever green?
Of Aethiop forests hoar with downy wool,
Or how the Seres comb from off the leaves
Their silky fleece? Of groves which India bears,
Ocean's near neighbour, earth's remotest nook,
Where not an arrow-shot can cleave the air
Above their tree-tops? yet no laggards they,
When girded with the quiver! Media yields
The bitter juices and slow-lingering taste
Of the blest citron-fruit, than which no aid
Comes timelier, when fierce step-dames drug the cup
With simples mixed and spells of baneful power,
To drive the deadly poison from the limbs.
Large the tree's self in semblance like a bay,
And, showered it not a different scent abroad,
A bay it had been; for no wind of heaven
Its foliage falls; the flower, none faster, clings;
With it the Medes for sweetness lave the lips,
And ease the panting breathlessness of age.
But no, not Mede-land with its wealth of woods,
Nor Ganges fair, and Hermus thick with gold,
Can match the praise of Italy; nor Ind,
Nor Bactria, nor Panchaia, one wide tract
Of incense-teeming sand. Here never bulls
With nostrils snorting fire upturned the sod
Sown with the monstrous dragon's teeth, nor crop

Of warriors bristled thick with lance and helm;
But heavy harvests and the Massic juice
Of Bacchus fill its borders, overspread
With fruitful flocks and olives. Hence arose
The war-horse stepping proudly o'er the plain;
Hence thy white flocks, Clitumnus, and the bull,
Of victims mightiest, which full oft have led,
Bathed in thy sacred stream, the triumph-pomp
Of Romans to the temples of the gods.
Here blooms perpetual spring, and summer here
In months that are not summer's; twice teem the flocks;
Twice doth the tree yield service of her fruit.
But ravening tigers come not nigh, nor breed
Of savage lion, nor aconite betrays
Its hapless gatherers, nor with sweep so vast
Doth the scaled serpent trail his endless coils
Along the ground, or wreath him into spires.
Mark too her cities, so many and so proud,
Of mighty toil the achievement, town on town
Up rugged precipices heaved and reared,
And rivers undergliding ancient walls.
Or should I celebrate the sea that laves
Her upper shores and lower? or those broad lakes?
Thee, Larius, greatest and, Benacus, thee
With billowy uproar surging like the main?
Or sing her harbours, and the barrier cast
Athwart the Lucrine, and how ocean chafes
With mighty bellowings, where the Julian wave
Echoes the thunder of his rout, and through
Avernian inlets pours the Tuscan tide?
A land no less that in her veins displays
Rivers of silver, mines of copper ore,
Ay, and with gold hath flowed abundantly.
A land that reared a valiant breed of men,
The Marsi and Sabellian youth, and, schooled
To hardship, the Ligurian, and with these
The Volscian javelin-armed, the Decii too,

The Marii and Camilli, names of might,
The Scipios, stubborn warriors, ay, and thee,
Great Caesar, who in Asia's utmost bounds
With conquering arm e'en now art fending far
The unwarlike Indian from the heights of Rome.
Hail! land of Saturn, mighty mother thou
Of fruits and heroes; 'tis for thee I dare
Unseal the sacred fountains, and essay
Themes of old art and glory, as I sing
The song of Ascrea through the towns of Rome.
Now for the native gifts of various soils,
What powers hath each, what hue, what natural bent
For yielding increase. First your stubborn lands
And churlish hill-sides, where are thorny fields
Of meagre marl and gravel, these delight
In long-lived olive-groves to Pallas dear.
Take for a sign the plenteous growth hard by
Of oleaster, and the fields strewn wide
With woodland berries. But a soil that's rich,
In moisture sweet exulting, and the plain
That teems with grasses on its fruitful breast,
Such as full oft in hollow mountain-dell
We view beneath us- from the craggy heights
Streams thither flow with fertilizing mud-
A plain which southward rising feeds the fern
By curved ploughs detested, this one day
Shall yield thee store of vines full strong to gush
In torrents of the wine-god; this shall be
Fruitful of grapes and flowing juice like that
We pour to heaven from bowls of gold, what time
The sleek Etruscan at the altar blows
His ivory pipe, and on the curved dish
We lay the reeking entrails. If to rear
Cattle delight thee rather, steers, or lambs,
Or goats that kill the tender plants, then seek
Full-fed Tarentum's glades and distant fields,
Or such a plain as luckless Mantua lost

Whose weedy water feeds the snow-white swan:
There nor clear springs nor grass the flocks will fail,
And all the day-long browsing of thy herds
Shall the cool dews of one brief night repair.
Land which the burrowing share shows dark and rich,
With crumbling soil- for this we counterfeit
In ploughing- for corn is goodliest; from no field
More wains thou'lt see wend home with plodding steers;
Or that from which the husbandman in spleen
Has cleared the timber, and o'erthrown the copse
That year on year lay idle, and from the roots
Uptorn the immemorial haunt of birds;
They banished from their nests have sought the skies;
But the rude plain beneath the ploughshare's stroke
Starts into sudden brightness. For indeed
The starved hill-country gravel scarce serves the bees
With lowly cassias and with rosemary;
Rough tufa and chalk too, by black water-worms
Gnawed through and through, proclaim no soils beside
So rife with serpent-dainties, or that yield
Such winding lairs to lurk in. That again,
Which vapoury mist and flitting smoke exhales,
Drinks moisture up and casts it forth at will,
Which, ever in its own green grass arrayed,
Mars not the metal with salt scurf of rust-
That shall thine elms with merry vines enwreath;
That teems with olive; that shall thy tilth prove kind
To cattle, and patient of the curved share.
Such ploughs rich Capua, such the coast that skirts
Thy ridge, Vesuvius, and the Clanian flood,
Acerrae's desolation and her bane.
How each to recognize now hear me tell.
Dost ask if loose or passing firm it be-
Since one for corn hath liking, one for wine,
The firmer sort for Ceres, none too loose
For thee, Lyaeus?- with scrutinizing eye
First choose thy ground, and bid a pit be sunk

Deep in the solid earth, then cast the mould
All back again, and stamp the surface smooth.
If it suffice not, loose will be the land,
More meet for cattle and for kindly vines;
But if, rebellious, to its proper bounds
The soil returns not, but fills all the trench
And overtops it, then the glebe is gross;
Look for stiff ridges and reluctant clods,
And with strong bullocks cleave the fallow crust.
Salt ground again, and bitter, as 'tis called-
Barren for fruits, by tilth untamable,
Nor grape her kind, nor apples their good name
Maintaining- will in this wise yield thee proof:
Stout osier-baskets from the rafter-smoke,
And strainers of the winepress pluck thee down;
Hereinto let that evil land, with fresh
Spring-water mixed, be trampled to the full;
The moisture, mark you, will ooze all away,
In big drops issuing through the osier-withes,
But plainly will its taste the secret tell,
And with a harsh twang ruefully distort
The mouths of them that try it. Rich soil again
We learn on this wise: tossed from hand to hand
Yet cracks it never, but pitch-like, as we hold,
Clings to the fingers. A land with moisture rife
Breeds lustier herbage, and is more than meet
Prolific. Ah I may never such for me
O'er-fertile prove, or make too stout a show
At the first earing! Heavy land or light
The mute self-witness of its weight betrays.
A glance will serve to warn thee which is black,
Or what the hue of any. But hard it is
To track the signs of that pernicious cold:
Pines only, noxious yews, and ivies dark
At times reveal its traces.
All these rules
Regarding, let your land, ay, long before,

Scorch to the quick, and into trenches carve
The mighty mountains, and their upturned clods
Bare to the north wind, ere thou plant therein
The vine's prolific kindred. Fields whose soil
Is crumbling are the best: winds look to that,
And bitter hoar-frosts, and the delver's toil
Untiring, as he stirs the loosened glebe.
But those, whose vigilance no care escapes,
Search for a kindred site, where first to rear
A nursery for the trees, and eke whereto
Soon to translate them, lest the sudden shock
From their new mother the young plants estrange.
Nay, even the quarter of the sky they brand
Upon the bark, that each may be restored,
As erst it stood, here bore the southern heats,
Here turned its shoulder to the northern pole;
So strong is custom formed in early years.
Whether on hill or plain 'tis best to plant
Your vineyard first inquire. If on some plain
You measure out rich acres, then plant thick;
Thick planting makes no niggard of the vine;
But if on rising mound or sloping bill,
Then let the rows have room, so none the less
Each line you draw, when all the trees are set,
May tally to perfection. Even as oft
In mighty war, whenas the legion's length
Deploys its cohorts, and the column stands
In open plain, the ranks of battle set,
And far and near with rippling sheen of arms
The wide earth flickers, nor yet in grisly strife
Foe grapples foe, but dubious 'twixt the hosts
The war-god wavers; so let all be ranged
In equal rows symmetric, not alone
To feed an idle fancy with the view,
But since not otherwise will earth afford
Vigour to all alike, nor yet the boughs
Have power to stretch them into open space.

Shouldst haply of the furrow's depth inquire,
Even to a shallow trench I dare commit
The vine; but deeper in the ground is fixed
The tree that props it, aesculus in chief,
Which howso far its summit soars toward heaven,
So deep strikes root into the vaults of hell.
It therefore neither storms, nor blasts, nor showers
Wrench from its bed; unshaken it abides,
Sees many a generation, many an age
Of men roll onward, and survives them all,
Stretching its titan arms and branches far,
Sole central pillar of a world of shade.
Nor toward the sunset let thy vineyards slope,
Nor midst the vines plant hazel; neither take
The topmost shoots for cuttings, nor from the top
Of the supporting tree your suckers tear;
So deep their love of earth; nor wound the plants
With blunted blade; nor truncheons intersperse
Of the wild olive: for oft from careless swains
A spark hath fallen, that, 'neath the unctuous rind
Hid thief-like first, now grips the tough tree-bole,
And mounting to the leaves on high, sends forth
A roar to heaven, then coursing through the boughs
And airy summits reigns victoriously,
Wraps all the grove in robes of fire, and gross
With pitch-black vapour heaves the murky reek
Skyward, but chiefly if a storm has swooped
Down on the forest, and a driving wind
Rolls up the conflagration. When 'tis so,
Their root-force fails them, nor, when lopped away,
Can they recover, and from the earth beneath
Spring to like verdure; thus alone survives
The bare wild olive with its bitter leaves.
Let none persuade thee, howso weighty-wise,
To stir the soil when stiff with Boreas' breath.
Then ice-bound winter locks the fields, nor lets
The young plant fix its frozen root to earth.

Best sow your vineyards when in blushing Spring
Comes the white bird long-bodied snakes abhor,
Or on the eve of autumn's earliest frost,
Ere the swift sun-steeds touch the wintry Signs,
While summer is departing. Spring it is
Blesses the fruit-plantation, Spring the groves;
In Spring earth swells and claims the fruitful seed.
Then Aether, sire omnipotent, leaps down
With quickening showers to his glad wife's embrace,
And, might with might commingling, rears to life
All germs that teem within her; then resound
With songs of birds the greenwood-wildernesses,
And in due time the herds their loves renew;
Then the boon earth yields increase, and the fields
Unlock their bosoms to the warm west winds;
Soft moisture spreads o'er all things, and the blades
Face the new suns, and safely trust them now;
The vine-shoot, fearless of the rising south,
Or mighty north winds driving rain from heaven,
Bursts into bud, and every leaf unfolds.
Even so, methinks, when Earth to being sprang,
Dawned the first days, and such the course they held;
'Twas Spring-tide then, ay, Spring, the mighty world
Was keeping: Eurus spared his wintry blasts,
When first the flocks drank sunlight, and a race
Of men like iron from the hard glebe arose,
And wild beasts thronged the woods, and stars the heaven.
Nor could frail creatures bear this heavy strain,
Did not so large a respite interpose
'Twixt frost and heat, and heaven's relenting arms
Yield earth a welcome.
For the rest, whate'er
The sets thou plantest in thy fields, thereon
Strew refuse rich, and with abundant earth
Take heed to hide them, and dig in withal
Rough shells or porous stone, for therebetween
Will water trickle and fine vapour creep,

And so the plants their drooping spirits raise.
Aye, and there have been, who with weight of stone
Or heavy potsherd press them from above;
This serves for shield in pelting showers, and this
When the hot dog-star chaps the fields with drought.
The slips once planted, yet remains to cleave
The earth about their roots persistently,
And toss the cumbrous hoes, or task the soil
With burrowing plough-share, and ply up and down
Your labouring bullocks through the vineyard's midst,
Then too smooth reeds and shafts of whittled wand,
And ashen poles and sturdy forks to shape,
Whereby supported they may learn to mount,
Laugh at the gales, and through the elm-tops win
From story up to story.

Now while yet

The leaves are in their first fresh infant growth,
Forbear their frailty, and while yet the bough
Shoots joyfully toward heaven, with loosened rein
Launched on the void, assail it not as yet
With keen-edged sickle, but let the leaves alone
Be culled with clip of fingers here and there.
But when they clasp the elms with sturdy trunks
Erect, then strip the leaves off, prune the boughs;
Sooner they shrink from steel, but then put forth
The arm of power, and stem the branchy tide.
Hedges too must be woven and all beasts
Barred entrance, chiefly while the leaf is young
And witless of disaster; for therewith,
Beside harsh winters and o'erpowering sun,
Wild buffaloes and pestering goats for ay
Besport them, sheep and heifers glut their greed.
Nor cold by hoar-frost curdled, nor the prone
Dead weight of summer upon the parched crags,
So scathe it, as the flocks with venom-bite
Of their hard tooth, whose gnawing scars the stem.
For no offence but this to Bacchus bleeds

The goat at every altar, and old plays
Upon the stage find entrance; therefore too
The sons of Theseus through the country-side-
Hamlet and crossway- set the prize of wit,
And on the smooth sward over oiled skins
Dance in their tipsy frolic. Furthermore
The Ausonian swains, a race from Troy derived,
Make merry with rough rhymes and boisterous mirth,
Grim masks of hollowed bark assume, invoke
Thee with glad hymns, O Bacchus, and to thee
Hang puppet-faces on tall pines to swing.
Hence every vineyard teems with mellowing fruit,
Till hollow vale o'erflows, and gorge profound,
Where'er the god hath turned his comely head.
Therefore to Bacchus duly will we sing
Meet honour with ancestral hymns, and cates
And dishes bear him; and the doomed goat
Led by the horn shall at the altar stand,
Whose entrails rich on hazel-spits we'll roast.
This further task again, to dress the vine,
Hath needs beyond exhausting; the whole soil
Thrice, four times, yearly must be cleft, the sod
With hoes reversed be crushed continually,
The whole plantation lightened of its leaves.
Round on the labourer spins the wheel of toil,
As on its own track rolls the circling year.
Soon as the vine her lingering leaves hath shed,
And the chill north wind from the forests shook
Their coronal, even then the careful swain
Looks keenly forward to the coming year,
With Saturn's curved fang pursues and prunes
The vine forlorn, and lops it into shape.
Be first to dig the ground up, first to clear
And burn the refuse-branches, first to house
Again your vine-poles, last to gather fruit.
Twice doth the thickening shade beset the vine,
Twice weeds with stifling briars o'ergrow the crop;

And each a toilsome labour. Do thou praise
Broad acres, farm but few. Rough twigs beside
Of butcher's broom among the woods are cut,
And reeds upon the river-banks, and still
The undressed willow claims thy fostering care.
So now the vines are fettered, now the trees
Let go the sickle, and the last dresser now
Sings of his finished rows; but still the ground
Must vexed be, the dust be stirred, and heaven
Still set thee trembling for the ripened grapes.
Not so with olives; small husbandry need they,
Nor look for sickle bowed or biting rake,
When once they have gripped the soil, and borne the breeze.
Earth of herself, with hooked fang laid bare,
Yields moisture for the plants, and heavy fruit,
The ploughshare aiding; therewithal thou'lt rear
The olive's fatness well-beloved of Peace.
Apples, moreover, soon as first they feel
Their stems wax lusty, and have found their strength,
To heaven climb swiftly, self-impelled, nor crave
Our succour. All the grove meanwhile no less
With fruit is swelling, and the wild haunts of birds
Blush with their blood-red berries. Cytisus
Is good to browse on, the tall forest yields
Pine-torches, and the nightly fires are fed
And shoot forth radiance. And shall men be loath
To plant, nor lavish of their pains? Why trace
Things mightier? Willows even and lowly brooms
To cattle their green leaves, to shepherds shade,
Fences for crops, and food for honey yield.
And blithe it is Cytorus to behold
Waving with box, Narycian groves of pitch;
Oh! blithe the sight of fields beholden not
To rake or man's endeavour! the barren woods
That crown the scalp of Caucasus, even these,
Which furious blasts for ever rive and rend,
Yield various wealth, pine-logs that serve for ships,

Cedar and cypress for the homes of men;
Hence, too, the farmers shave their wheel-spokes, hence
Drums for their wains, and curved boat-keels fit;
Willows bear twigs enow, the elm-tree leaves,
Myrtle stout spear-shafts, war-tried cornel too;
Yews into Ituraean bows are bent:
Nor do smooth lindens or lathe-polished box
Shrink from man's shaping and keen-furrowing steel;
Light alder floats upon the boiling flood
Sped down the Padus, and bees house their swarms
In rotten holm-oak's hollow bark and bole.
What of like praise can Bacchus' gifts afford?
Nay, Bacchus even to crime hath prompted, he
The wine-infuriate Centaurs quelled with death,
Rhoetus and Pholus, and with mighty bowl
Hylaeus threatening high the Lapithae.
Oh! all too happy tillers of the soil,
Could they but know their blessedness, for whom
Far from the clash of arms all-equal earth
Pours from the ground herself their easy fare!
What though no lofty palace portal-proud
From all its chambers vomits forth a tide
Of morning courtiers, nor agape they gaze
On pillars with fair tortoise-shell inwrought,
Gold-purpled robes, and bronze from Ephyre;
Nor is the whiteness of their wool distained
With drugs Assyrian, nor clear olive's use
With cassia tainted; yet untroubled calm,
A life that knows no falsehood, rich enow
With various treasures, yet broad-acred ease,
Grottoes and living lakes, yet Tempes cool,
Lowing of kine, and sylvan slumbers soft,
They lack not; lawns and wild beasts' haunts are there,
A youth of labour patient, need-inured,
Worship, and reverend sires: with them from earth
Departing justice her last footprints left.
Me before all things may the Muses sweet,

Whose rites I bear with mighty passion pierced,
Receive, and show the paths and stars of heaven,
The sun's eclipses and the labouring moons,
From whence the earthquake, by what power the seas
Swell from their depths, and, every barrier burst,
Sink back upon themselves, why winter-suns
So haste to dip 'neath ocean, or what check
The lingering night retards. But if to these
High realms of nature the cold curdling blood
About my heart bar access, then be fields
And stream-washed vales my solace, let me love
Rivers and woods, inglorious. Oh for you
Plains, and Spercheius, and Taygete,
By Spartan maids o'er-revelled! Oh, for one,
Would set me in deep dells of Haemus cool,
And shield me with his boughs' o'ershadowing might!
Happy, who had the skill to understand
Nature's hid causes, and beneath his feet
All terrors cast, and death's relentless doom,
And the loud roar of greedy Acheron.
Blest too is he who knows the rural gods,
Pan, old Silvanus, and the sister-nymphs!
Him nor the rods of public power can bend,
Nor kingly purple, nor fierce feud that drives
Brother to turn on brother, nor descent
Of Dacian from the Danube's leagued flood,
Nor Rome's great State, nor kingdoms like to die;
Nor hath he grieved through pitying of the poor,
Nor envied him that hath. What fruit the boughs,
And what the fields, of their own bounteous will
Have borne, he gathers; nor iron rule of laws,
Nor maddened Forum have his eyes beheld,
Nor archives of the people. Others vex
The darksome gulfs of Ocean with their oars,
Or rush on steel: they press within the courts
And doors of princes; one with havoc falls
Upon a city and its hapless hearths,

From gems to drink, on Tyrian rugs to lie;
This hoards his wealth and broods o'er buried gold;
One at the rostra stares in blank amaze;
One gaping sits transported by the cheers,
The answering cheers of plebs and senate rolled
Along the benches: bathed in brothers' blood
Men revel, and, all delights of hearth and home
For exile changing, a new country seek
Beneath an alien sun. The husbandman
With hooked ploughshare turns the soil; from hence
Springs his year's labour; hence, too, he sustains
Country and cottage homestead, and from hence
His herds of cattle and deserving steers.
No respite! still the year o'erflows with fruit,
Or young of kine, or Ceres' wheaten sheaf,
With crops the furrow loads, and bursts the barns.
Winter is come: in olive-mills they bruise
The Sicyonian berry; acorn-cheered
The swine troop homeward; woods their arbutus yield;
So, various fruit sheds Autumn, and high up
On sunny rocks the mellowing vintage bakes.
Meanwhile about his lips sweet children cling;
His chaste house keeps its purity; his kine
Drop milky udders, and on the lush green grass
Fat kids are striving, horn to butting horn.
Himself keeps holy days; stretched o'er the sward,
Where round the fire his comrades crown the bowl,
He pours libation, and thy name invokes,
Lenaeus, and for the herdsmen on an elm
Sets up a mark for the swift javelin; they
Strip their tough bodies for the rustic sport.
Such life of yore the ancient Sabines led,
Such Remus and his brother: Etruria thus,
Doubt not, to greatness grew, and Rome became
The fair world's fairest, and with circling wall
Clasped to her single breast the sevenfold hills.
Ay, ere the reign of Dicte's king, ere men,

Waxed godless, banqueted on slaughtered bulls,
Such life on earth did golden Saturn lead.
Nor ear of man had heard the war-trump's blast,
Nor clang of sword on stubborn anvil set.
But lo! a boundless space we have travelled o'er;
'Tis time our steaming horses to unyoke.

GEORGIC III

Thee too, great Pales, will I hymn, and thee,
Amphrysian shepherd, worthy to be sung,
You, woods and waves Lycaean. All themes beside,
Which else had charmed the vacant mind with song,
Are now waxed common. Of harsh Eurystheus who
The story knows not, or that praiseless king
Busiris, and his altars? or by whom
Hath not the tale been told of Hylas young,
Latonian Delos and Hippodame,
And Pelops for his ivory shoulder famed,
Keen charioteer? Needs must a path be tried,
By which I too may lift me from the dust,
And float triumphant through the mouths of men.
Yea, I shall be the first, so life endure,
To lead the Muses with me, as I pass
To mine own country from the Aonian height;
I, Mantua, first will bring thee back the palms
Of Idumaea, and raise a marble shrine
On thy green plain fast by the water-side,
Where Mincius winds more vast in lazy coils,
And rims his margent with the tender reed.
Amid my shrine shall Caesar's godhead dwell.
To him will I, as victor, bravely dight
In Tyrian purple, drive along the bank
A hundred four-horse cars. All Greece for me,
Leaving Alpheus and Molorchus' grove,
On foot shall strive, or with the raw-hide glove;
Whilst I, my head with stripped green olive crowned,
Will offer gifts. Even 'tis present joy
To lead the high processions to the fane,
And view the victims felled; or how the scene
Sunders with shifted face, and Britain's sons
Inwoven thereon with those proud curtains rise.
Of gold and massive ivory on the doors

I'll trace the battle of the Gangarides,
And our Quirinus' conquering arms, and there
Surging with war, and hugely flowing, the Nile,
And columns heaped on high with naval brass.
And Asia's vanquished cities I will add,
And quelled Niphates, and the Parthian foe,
Who trusts in flight and backward-volleying darts,
And trophies torn with twice triumphant hand
From empires twain on ocean's either shore.
And breathing forms of Parian marble there
Shall stand, the offspring of Assaracus,
And great names of the Jove-descended folk,
And father Tros, and Troy's first founder, lord
Of Cynthus. And accursed Envy there
Shall dread the Furies, and thy ruthless flood,
Cocytus, and Ixion's twisted snakes,
And that vast wheel and ever-baffling stone.
Meanwhile the Dryad-haunted woods and lawns
Unsullied seek we; 'tis thy hard behest,
Maecenas. Without thee no lofty task
My mind essays. Up! break the sluggish bonds
Of tarriance; with loud din Cithaeron calls,
Steed-taming Epidaurus, and thy hounds,
Taygete; and hark! the assenting groves
With peal on peal reverberate the roar.
Yet must I gird me to rehearse ere long
The fiery fights of Caesar, speed his name
Through ages, countless as to Caesar's self
From the first birth-dawn of Tithonus old.
If eager for the prized Olympian palm
One breed the horse, or bullock strong to plough,
Be his prime care a shapely dam to choose.
Of kine grim-faced is goodliest, with coarse head
And burly neck, whose hanging dewlaps reach
From chin to knee; of boundless length her flank;
Large every way she is, large-footed even,
With incurved horns and shaggy ears beneath.

Nor let mislike me one with spots of white
Conspicuous, or that spurns the yoke, whose horn
At times hath vice in't: liker bull-faced she,
And tall-limbed wholly, and with tip of tail
Brushing her footsteps as she walks along.
The age for Hymen's rites, Lucina's pangs,
Ere ten years ended, after four begins;
Their residue of days nor apt to teem,
Nor strong for ploughing. Meantime, while youth's delight
Survives within them, loose the males: be first
To speed thy herds of cattle to their loves,
Breed stock with stock, and keep the race supplied.
Ah! life's best hours are ever first to fly
From hapless mortals; in their place succeed
Disease and dolorous eld; till travail sore
And death unpyting sweep them from the scene.
Still will be some, whose form thou fain wouldst change;
Renew them still; with yearly choice of young
Preventing losses, lest too late thou rue.
Nor steeds crave less selection; but on those
Thou think'st to rear, the promise of their line,
From earliest youth thy chiefest pains bestow.
See from the first yon high-bred colt afield,
His lofty step, his limbs' elastic tread:
Dauntless he leads the herd, still first to try
The threatening flood, or brave the unknown bridge,
By no vain noise affrighted; lofty-necked,
With clean-cut head, short belly, and stout back;
His sprightly breast exuberant with brawn.
Chestnut and grey are good; the worst-hued white
And sorrel. Then lo! if arms are clashed afar,
Bide still he cannot: ears stiffen and limbs quake;
His nostrils snort and roll out wreaths of fire.
Dense is his mane, that when uplifted falls
On his right shoulder; betwixt either loin
The spine runs double; his earth-dinting hoof
Rings with the ponderous beat of solid horn.

Even such a horse was Cyllarus, reined and tamed
By Pollux of Amyclae; such the pair
In Grecian song renowned, those steeds of Mars,
And famed Achilles' team: in such-like form
Great Saturn's self with mane flung loose on neck
Sped at his wife's approach, and flying filled
The heights of Pelion with his piercing neigh.
Even him, when sore disease or sluggish eld
Now saps his strength, pen fast at home, and spare
His not inglorious age. A horse grown old
Slow kindling unto love in vain prolongs
The fruitless task, and, to the encounter come,
As fire in stubble blusters without strength,
He rages idly. Therefore mark thou first
Their age and mettle, other points anon,
As breed and lineage, or what pain was theirs
To lose the race, what pride the palm to win.
Seest how the chariots in mad rivalry
Poured from the barrier grip the course and go,
When youthful hope is highest, and every heart
Drained with each wild pulsation? How they ply
The circling lash, and reaching forward let
The reins hang free! Swift spins the glowing wheel;
And now they stoop, and now erect in air
Seem borne through space and towering to the sky:
No stop, no stay; the dun sand whirls aloft;
They reek with foam-flakes and pursuing breath;
So sweet is fame, so prized the victor's palm.
'Twas Ericthonius first took heart to yoke
Four horses to his car, and rode above
The whirling wheels to victory: but the ring
And bridle-reins, mounted on horses' backs,
The Pelethronian Lapithae bequeathed,
And taught the knight in arms to spurn the ground,
And arch the upgathered footsteps of his pride.
Each task alike is arduous, and for each
A horse young, fiery, swift of foot, they seek;

How oft so-e'er yon rival may have chased
The flying foe, or boast his native plain
Epirus, or Mycenae's stubborn hold,
And trace his lineage back to Neptune's birth.
These points regarded, as the time draws nigh,
With instant zeal they lavish all their care
To plump with solid fat the chosen chief
And designated husband of the herd:
And flowery herbs they cut, and serve him well
With corn and running water, that his strength
Not fail him for that labour of delight,
Nor puny colts betray the feeble sire.
The herd itself of purpose they reduce
To leanness, and when love's sweet longing first
Provokes them, they forbid the leafy food,
And pen them from the springs, and oft beside
With running shake, and tire them in the sun,
What time the threshing-floor groans heavily
With pounding of the corn-ears, and light chaff
Is whirled on high to catch the rising west.
This do they that the soil's prolific powers
May not be dulled by surfeiting, nor choke
The sluggish furrows, but eagerly absorb
Their fill of love, and deeply entertain.
To care of sire the mother's care succeeds.
When great with young they wander nigh their time,
Let no man suffer them to drag the yoke
In heavy wains, nor leap across the way,
Nor scour the meads, nor swim the rushing flood.
In lonely lawns they feed them, by the course
Of brimming streams, where moss is, and the banks
With grass are greenest, where are sheltering caves,
And far outstretched the rock-flung shadow lies.
Round wooded Silarus and the ilex-bowers
Of green Alburnus swarms a winged pest-
Its Roman name Asilus, by the Greeks
Termed Oestros- fierce it is, and harshly hums,

Driving whole herds in terror through the groves,
Till heaven is madded by their bellowing din,
And Tanager's dry bed and forest-banks.
With this same scourge did Juno wreak of old
The terrors of her wrath, a plague devised
Against the heifer sprung from Inachus.
From this too thou, since in the noontide heats
'Tis most persistent, fend thy teeming herds,
And feed them when the sun is newly risen,
Or the first stars are ushering in the night.
But, yeaning ended, all their tender care
Is to the calves transferred; at once with marks
They brand them, both to designate their race,
And which to rear for breeding, or devote
As altar-victims, or to cleave the ground
And into ridges tear and turn the sod.
The rest along the greensward graze at will.
Those that to rustic uses thou wouldst mould,
As calves encourage and take steps to tame,
While pliant wills and plastic youth allow.
And first of slender withies round the throat
Loose collars hang, then when their free-born necks
Are used to service, with the self-same bands
Yoke them in pairs, and steer by steer compel
Keep pace together. And time it is that oft
Unfreighted wheels be drawn along the ground
Behind them, as to dint the surface-dust;
Then let the beechen axle strain and creak
'Neath some stout burden, whilst a brazen pole
Drags on the wheels made fast thereto. Meanwhile
For their unbroken youth not grass alone,
Nor meagre willow-leaves and marish-sedge,
But corn-ears with thy hand pluck from the crops.
Nor shall the brood-kine, as of yore, for thee
Brim high the snowy milking-pail, but spend
Their udders' fullness on their own sweet young.
But if fierce squadrons and the ranks of war

Delight thee rather, or on wheels to glide
At Pisa, with Alpheus fleeting by,
And in the grove of Jupiter urge on
The flying chariot, be your steed's first task
To face the warrior's armed rage, and brook
The trumpet, and long roar of rumbling wheels,
And clink of chiming bridles in the stall;
Then more and more to love his master's voice
Caressing, or loud hand that claps his neck.
Ay, thus far let him learn to dare, when first
Weaned from his mother, and his mouth at times
Yield to the supple halter, even while yet
Weak, tottering-limbed, and ignorant of life.
But, three years ended, when the fourth arrives,
Now let him tarry not to run the ring
With rhythmic hoof-beat echoing, and now learn
Alternately to curve each bending leg,
And be like one that struggleth; then at last
Challenge the winds to race him, and at speed
Launched through the open, like a reinless thing,
Scarce print his footsteps on the surface-sand.
As when with power from Hyperborean climes
The north wind stoops, and scatters from his path
Dry clouds and storms of Scythia; the tall corn
And rippling plains 'gin shiver with light gusts;
A sound is heard among the forest-tops;
Long waves come racing shoreward: fast he flies,
With instant pinion sweeping earth and main.
A steed like this or on the mighty course
Of Elis at the goal will sweat, and shower
Red foam-flakes from his mouth, or, kindlier task,
With patient neck support the Belgian car.
Then, broken at last, let swell their burly frame
With fattening corn-mash, for, unbroke, they will
With pride wax wanton, and, when caught, refuse
Tough lash to brook or jagged curb obey.
But no device so fortifies their power

As love's blind stings of passion to forefend,
Whether on steed or steer thy choice be set.
Ay, therefore 'tis they banish bulls afar
To solitary pastures, or behind
Some mountain-barrier, or broad streams beyond,
Or else in plenteous stalls pen fast at home.
For, even through sight of her, the female wastes
His strength with smouldering fire, till he forget
Both grass and woodland. She indeed full oft
With her sweet charms can lovers proud compel
To battle for the conquest horn to horn.
In Sila's forest feeds the heifer fair,
While each on each the furious rivals run;
Wound follows wound; the black blood laves their limbs;
Horns push and strive against opposing horns,
With mighty groaning; all the forest-side
And far Olympus bellow back the roar.
Nor wont the champions in one stall to couch;
But he that's worsted hies him to strange climes
Far off, an exile, moaning much the shame,
The blows of that proud conqueror, then love's loss
Avenged not; with one glance toward the byre,
His ancient royalties behind him lie.
So with all heed his strength he practiseth,
And nightlong makes the hard bare stones his bed,
And feeds on prickly leaf and pointed rush,
And proves himself, and butting at a tree
Learns to fling wrath into his horns, with blows
Provokes the air, and scattering clouds of sand
Makes prelude of the battle; afterward,
With strength repaired and gathered might breaks camp,
And hurls him headlong on the unthinking foe:
As in mid ocean when a wave far off
Begins to whiten, mustering from the main
Its rounded breast, and, onward rolled to land
Falls with prodigious roar among the rocks,
Huge as a very mountain: but the depths

Upseethe in swirling eddies, and disgorge
The murky sand-lees from their sunken bed.
Nay, every race on earth of men, and beasts,
And ocean-folk, and flocks, and painted birds,
Rush to the raging fire: love sways them all.
Never than then more fiercely o'er the plain
Prowls heedless of her whelps the lioness:
Nor monstrous bears such wide-spread havoc-doom
Deal through the forests; then the boar is fierce,
Most deadly then the tigress: then, alack!
Ill roaming is it on Libya's lonely plains.
Mark you what shivering thrills the horse's frame,
If but a waft the well-known gust conveys?
Nor curb can check them then, nor lash severe,
Nor rocks and caverned crags, nor barrier-floods,
That rend and whirl and wash the hills away.
Then speeds amain the great Sabellian boar,
His tushes whets, with forefoot tears the ground,
Rubs 'gainst a tree his flanks, and to and fro
Hardens each wallowing shoulder to the wound.
What of the youth, when love's relentless might
Stirs the fierce fire within his veins? Behold!
In blindest midnight how he swims the gulf
Convulsed with bursting storm-clouds! Over him
Heaven's huge gate thunders; the rock-shattered main
Utters a warning cry; nor parents' tears
Can backward call him, nor the maid he loves,
Too soon to die on his untimely pyre.
What of the spotted ounce to Bacchus dear,
Or warlike wolf-kin or the breed of dogs?
Why tell how timorous stags the battle join?
O'er all conspicuous is the rage of mares,
By Venus' self inspired of old, what time
The Potnian four with rending jaws devoured
The limbs of Glaucus. Love-constrained they roam
Past Gargarus, past the loud Ascanian flood;
They climb the mountains, and the torrents swim;

And when their eager marrow first conceives
The fire, in Spring-tide chiefly, for with Spring
Warmth doth their frames revisit, then they stand
All facing westward on the rocky heights,
And of the gentle breezes take their fill;
And oft unmated, marvellous to tell,
But of the wind impregnate, far and wide
O'er craggy height and lowly vale they scud,
Not toward thy rising, Eurus, or the sun's,
But westward and north-west, or whence up-springs
Black Auster, that glooms heaven with rainy cold.
Hence from their groin slow drips a poisonous juice,
By shepherds truly named hippomanes,
Hippomanes, fell stepdames oft have culled,
And mixed with herbs and spells of baneful bode.
Fast flies meanwhile the irreparable hour,
As point to point our charmed round we trace.
Enough of herds. This second task remains,
The wool-clad flocks and shaggy goats to treat.
Here lies a labour; hence for glory look,
Brave husbandmen. Nor doubtfully know
How hard it is for words to triumph here,
And shed their lustre on a theme so slight:
But I am caught by ravishing desire
Above the lone Parnassian steep; I love
To walk the heights, from whence no earlier track
Slopes gently downward to Castalia's spring.
Now, awful Pales, strike a louder tone.
First, for the sheep soft pencotes I decree
To browse in, till green summer's swift return;
And that the hard earth under them with straw
And handfuls of the fern be littered deep,
Lest chill of ice such tender cattle harm
With scab and loathly foot-rot. Passing thence
I bid the goats with arbutle-leaves be stored,
And served with fresh spring-water, and their pens
Turned southward from the blast, to face the suns

Of winter, when Aquarius' icy beam
Now sinks in showers upon the parting year.
These too no lightlier our protection claim,
Nor prove of poorer service, howsoe'er
Milesian fleeces dipped in Tyrian reds
Repay the barterer; these with offspring teem
More numerous; these yield plenteous store of milk:
The more each dry-wrung udder froths the pail,
More copious soon the teat-pressed torrents flow.
Ay, and on Cinyps' bank the he-goats too
Their beards and grizzled chins and bristling hair
Let clip for camp-use, or as rugs to wrap
Seafaring wretches. But they browse the woods
And summits of Lycaeus, and rough briers,
And brakes that love the highland: of themselves
Right heedfully the she-goats homeward troop
Before their kids, and with plump udders clogged
Scarce cross the threshold. Wherefore rather ye,
The less they crave man's vigilance, be fain
From ice to fend them and from snowy winds;
Bring food and feast them with their branchy fare,
Nor lock your hay-loft all the winter long.
But when glad summer at the west wind's call
Sends either flock to pasture in the glades,
Soon as the day-star shineth, hie we then
To the cool meadows, while the dawn is young,
The grass yet hoary, and to browsing herds
The dew tastes sweetest on the tender sward.
When heaven's fourth hour draws on the thickening drought,
And shrill cicadas pierce the brake with song,
Then at the well-springs bid them, or deep pools,
From troughs of holm-oak quaff the running wave:
But at day's hottest seek a shadowy vale,
Where some vast ancient-timbered oak of Jove
Spreads his huge branches, or where huddling black
Ilex on ilex cowers in awful shade.
Then once more give them water sparingly,

And feed once more, till sunset, when cool eve
Allays the air, and dewy moonbeams slake
The forest glades, with halcyon's song the shore,
And every thicket with the goldfinch rings.
Of Libya's shepherds why the tale pursue?
Why sing their pastures and the scattered huts
They house in? Oft their cattle day and night
Grazed the whole month together, and go forth
Into far deserts where no shelter is,
So flat the plain and boundless. All his goods
The Afric swain bears with him, house and home,
Arms, Cretan quiver, and Amyclaeon dog;
As some keen Roman in his country's arms
Plies the swift march beneath a cruel load;
Soon with tents pitched and at his post he stands,
Ere looked for by the foe. Not thus the tribes
Of Scythia by the far Maeotic wave,
Where turbid Ister whirls his yellow sands,
And Rhodope stretched out beneath the pole
Comes trending backward. There the herds they keep
Close-pent in byres, nor any grass is seen
Upon the plain, nor leaves upon the tree:
But with snow-ridges and deep frost afar
Heaped seven ells high the earth lies featureless:
Still winter? still the north wind's icy breath!
Nay, never sun disparts the shadows pale,
Or as he rides the steep of heaven, or dips
In ocean's fiery bath his plunging car.
Quick ice-crusts curdle on the running stream,
And iron-hooped wheels the water's back now bears,
To broad wains opened, as erewhile to ships;
Brass vessels oft asunder burst, and clothes
Stiffen upon the wearers; juicy wines
They cleave with axes; to one frozen mass
Whole pools are turned; and on their untrimmed beards
Stiff clings the jagged icicle. Meanwhile
All heaven no less is filled with falling snow;

The cattle perish: oxen's mighty frames
Stand island-like amid the frost, and stags
In huddling herds, by that strange weight benumbed,
Scarce top the surface with their antler-points.
These with no hounds they hunt, nor net with toils,
Nor scare with terror of the crimson plume;
But, as in vain they breast the opposing block,
Butcher them, knife in hand, and so dispatch
Loud-bellowing, and with glad shouts hale them home.
Themselves in deep-dug caverns underground
Dwell free and careless; to their hearths they heave
Oak-logs and elm-trees whole, and fire them there,
There play the night out, and in festive glee
With barm and service sour the wine-cup mock.
So 'neath the seven-starred Hyperborean wain
The folk live tameless, buffeted with blasts
Of Eurus from Rhipaeian hills, and wrap
Their bodies in the tawny fells of beasts.
If wool delight thee, first, be far removed
All prickly boskage, burrs and caltrops; shun
Luxuriant pastures; at the outset choose
White flocks with downy fleeces. For the ram,
How white soe'er himself, be but the tongue
'Neath his moist palate black, reject him, lest
He sully with dark spots his offspring's fleece,
And seek some other o'er the teeming plain.
Even with such snowy bribe of wool, if ear
May trust the tale, Pan, God of Arcady,
Snared and beguiled thee, Luna, calling thee
To the deep woods; nor thou didst spurn his call.
But who for milk hath longing, must himself
Carry lucerne and lotus-leaves enow
With salt herbs to the cote, whence more they love
The streams, more stretch their udders, and give back
A subtle taste of saltness in the milk.
Many there be who from their mothers keep
The new-born kids, and straightway bind their mouths

With iron-tipped muzzles. What they milk at dawn,
Or in the daylight hours, at night they press;
What darkling or at sunset, this ere morn
They bear away in baskets- for to town
The shepherd hies him- or with dash of salt
Just sprinkle, and lay by for winter use.
Nor be thy dogs last cared for; but alike
Swift Spartan hounds and fierce Molossian feed
On fattening whey. Never, with these to watch,
Dread nightly thief afold and ravening wolves,
Or Spanish desperadoes in the rear.
And oft the shy wild asses thou wilt chase,
With hounds, too, hunt the hare, with hounds the doe;
Oft from his woodland wallowing-den uprouse
The boar, and scare him with their baying, and drive,
And o'er the mountains urge into the toils
Some antlered monster to their chiming cry.
Learn also scented cedar-wood to burn
Within the stalls, and snakes of noxious smell
With fumes of galbanum to drive away.
Oft under long-neglected cribs, or lurks
A viper ill to handle, that hath fled
The light in terror, or some snake, that wont
'Neath shade and sheltering roof to creep, and shower
Its bane among the cattle, hugs the ground,
Fell scourge of kine. Shepherd, seize stakes, seize stones!
And as he rears defiance, and puffs out
A hissing throat, down with him! see how low
That cowering crest is veiled in flight, the while,
His midmost coils and final sweep of tail
Relaxing, the last fold drags lingering spires.
Then that vile worm that in Calabrian glades
Uprears his breast, and wreathes a scaly back,
His length of belly pied with mighty spots-
While from their founts gush any streams, while yet
With showers of Spring and rainy south-winds earth
Is moistened, lo! he haunts the pools, and here

Housed in the banks, with fish and chattering frogs
Crams the black void of his insatiate maw.
Soon as the fens are parched, and earth with heat
Is gaping, forth he darts into the dry,
Rolls eyes of fire and rages through the fields,
Furious from thirst and by the drought dismayed.
Me list not then beneath the open heaven
To snatch soft slumber, nor on forest-ridge
Lie stretched along the grass, when, slipped his slough,
To glittering youth transformed he winds his spires,
And eggs or younglings leaving in his lair,
Towers sunward, lightening with three-forked tongue.
Of sickness, too, the causes and the signs
I'll teach thee. Loathly scab assails the sheep,
When chilly showers have probed them to the quick,
And winter stark with hoar-frost, or when sweat
Unpurged cleaves to them after shearing done,
And rough thorns rend their bodies. Hence it is
Shepherds their whole flock steep in running streams,
While, plunged beneath the flood, with drenched fell,
The ram, launched free, goes drifting down the tide.
Else, having shorn, they smear their bodies o'er
With acrid oil-lees, and mix silver-scum
And native sulphur and Idaean pitch,
Wax mollified with ointment, and therewith
Sea-leek, strong hellebores, bitumen black.
Yet ne'er doth kindlier fortune crown his toil,
Than if with blade of iron a man dare lance
The ulcer's mouth ope: for the taint is fed
And quickened by confinement; while the swain
His hand of healing from the wound withholds,
Or sits for happier signs imploring heaven.
Aye, and when inward to the bleater's bones
The pain hath sunk and rages, and their limbs
By thirsty fever are consumed, 'tis good
To draw the enkindled heat therefrom, and pierce
Within the hoof-clefts a blood-bounding vein.

Of tribes Bisaltic such the wonted use,
And keen Gelonian, when to Rhodope
He flies, or Getic desert, and quaffs milk
With horse-blood curdled.
Seest one far afield
Oft to the shade's mild covert win, or pull
The grass tops listlessly, or hindmost lag,
Or, browsing, cast her down amid the plain,
At night retire belated and alone;
With quick knife check the mischief, ere it creep
With dire contagion through the unwary herd.
Less thick and fast the whirlwind scours the main
With tempest in its wake, than swarm the plagues
Of cattle; nor seize they single lives alone,
But sudden clear whole feeding grounds, the flock
With all its promise, and extirpate the breed.
Well would he trow it who, so long after, still
High Alps and Noric hill-forts should behold,
And Iapydian Timavus' fields,
Ay, still behold the shepherds' realms a waste,
And far and wide the lawns untenanted.
Here from distempered heavens erewhile arose
A piteous season, with the full fierce heat
Of autumn glowed, and cattle-kindreds all
And all wild creatures to destruction gave,
Tainted the pools, the fodder charged with bane.
Nor simple was the way of death, but when
Hot thirst through every vein impelled had drawn
Their wretched limbs together, anon o'erflowed
A watery flux, and all their bones piecemeal
Sapped by corruption to itself absorbed.
Oft in mid sacrifice to heaven- the white
Wool-woven fillet half wreathed about his brow-
Some victim, standing by the altar, there
Betwixt the loitering carles a-dying fell:
Or, if betimes the slaughtering priest had struck,
Nor with its heaped entrails blazed the pile,

Nor seer to seeker thence could answer yield;
Nay, scarce the up-stabbing knife with blood was stained,
Scarce sullied with thin gore the surface-sand.
Hence die the calves in many a pasture fair,
Or at full cribs their lives' sweet breath resign;
Hence on the fawning dog comes madness, hence
Racks the sick swine a gasping cough that chokes
With swelling at the jaws: the conquering steed,
Uncrowned of effort and heedless of the sword,
Faints, turns him from the springs, and paws the earth
With ceaseless hoof: low droop his ears, wherefrom
Bursts fitful sweat, a sweat that waxes cold
Upon the dying beast; the skin is dry,
And rigidly repels the handler's touch.
These earlier signs they give that presage doom.
But, if the advancing plague 'gin fiercer grow,
Then are their eyes all fire, deep-drawn their breath,
At times groan-laboured: with long sobbing heave
Their lowest flanks; from either nostril streams
Black blood; a rough tongue clogs the obstructed jaws.
'Twas helpful through inverted horn to pour
Draughts of the wine-god down; sole way it seemed
To save the dying: soon this too proved their bane,
And, reinvigorate but with frenzy's fire,
Even at death's pinch- the gods some happier fate
Deal to the just, such madness to their foes-
Each with bared teeth his own limbs mangling tore.
See! as he smokes beneath the stubborn share,
The bull drops, vomiting foam-dabbled gore,
And heaves his latest groans. Sad goes the swain,
Unhooks the steer that mourns his fellow's fate,
And in mid labour leaves the plough-gear fast.
Nor tall wood's shadow, nor soft sword may stir
That heart's emotion, nor rock-channelled flood,
More pure than amber speeding to the plain:
But see! his flanks fail under him, his eyes
Are dulled with deadly torpor, and his neck

Sinks to the earth with drooping weight. What now
Besteeds him toil or service? to have turned
The heavy sod with ploughshare? And yet these
Ne'er knew the Massic wine-god's baneful boon,
Nor twice replenished banquets: but on leaves
They fare, and virgin grasses, and their cups
Are crystal springs and streams with running tired,
Their healthful slumbers never broke by care.
Then only, say they, through that country side
For Juno's rites were cattle far to seek,
And ill-matched buffaloes the chariots drew
To their high fanes. So, painfully with rakes
They grub the soil, aye, with their very nails
Dig in the corn-seeds, and with strained neck
O'er the high uplands drag the creaking wains.
No wolf for ambush pries about the pen,
Nor round the flock prowls nightly; pain more sharp
Subdues him: the shy deer and fleet-foot stags
With hounds now wander by the haunts of men
Vast ocean's offspring, and all tribes that swim,
On the shore's confine the wave washes up,
Like shipwrecked bodies: seals, unwonted there,
Flee to the rivers. Now the viper dies,
For all his den's close winding, and with scales
Erect the astonied water-worms. The air
Brooks not the very birds, that headlong fall,
And leave their life beneath the soaring cloud.
Moreover now nor change of fodder serves,
And subtlest cures but injure; then were foiled
The masters, Chiron sprung from Phillyron,
And Amythaon's son Melampus. See!
From Stygian darkness launched into the light
Comes raging pale Tisiphone; she drives
Disease and fear before her, day by day
Still rearing higher that all-devouring head.
With bleat of flocks and lowings thick resound
Rivers and parched banks and sloping heights.

At last in crowds she slaughters them, she chokes
The very stalls with carrion-heaps that rot
In hideous corruption, till men learn
With earth to cover them, in pits to hide.
For e'en the fells are useless; nor the flesh
With water may they purge, or tame with fire,
Nor shear the fleeces even, gnawed through and through
With foul disease, nor touch the putrid webs;
But, had one dared the loathly weeds to try,
Red blisters and an unclean sweat o'erran
His noisome limbs, till, no long tarriance made,
The fiery curse his tainted frame devoured.

GEORGIC IV

Of air-born honey, gift of heaven, I now
Take up the tale. Upon this theme no less
Look thou, Maecenas, with indulgent eye.
A marvellous display of puny powers,
High-hearted chiefs, a nation's history,
Its traits, its bent, its battles and its clans,
All, each, shall pass before you, while I sing.
Slight though the poet's theme, not slight the praise,
So frown not heaven, and Phoebus hear his call.
First find your bees a settled sure abode,
Where neither winds can enter (winds blow back
The foragers with food returning home)
Nor sheep and butting kids tread down the flowers,
Nor heifer wandering wide upon the plain
Dash off the dew, and bruise the springing blades.
Let the gay lizard too keep far aloof
His scale-clad body from their honied stalls,
And the bee-eater, and what birds beside,
And Procne smirched with blood upon the breast
From her own murderous hands. For these roam wide
Wasting all substance, or the bees themselves
Strike flying, and in their beaks bear home, to glut
Those savage nestlings with the dainty prey.
But let clear springs and moss-green pools be near,
And through the grass a streamlet hurrying run,
Some palm-tree o'er the porch extend its shade,
Or huge-grown oleaster, that in Spring,
Their own sweet Spring-tide, when the new-made chiefs
Lead forth the young swarms, and, escaped their comb,
The colony comes forth to sport and play,
The neighbouring bank may lure them from the heat,
Or bough befriend with hospitable shade.
O'er the mid-waters, whether swift or still,
Cast willow-branches and big stones enow,

Bridge after bridge, where they may footing find
And spread their wide wings to the summer sun,
If haply Eurys, swooping as they pause,
Have dashed with spray or plunged them in the deep.
And let green cassias and far-scented thymes,
And savory with its heavy-laden breath
Bloom round about, and violet-beds hard by
Sip sweetness from the fertilizing springs.
For the hive's self, or stitched of hollow bark,
Or from tough osier woven, let the doors
Be strait of entrance; for stiff winter's cold
Congeals the honey, and heat resolves and thaws,
To bees alike disastrous; not for naught
So haste they to cement the tiny pores
That pierce their walls, and fill the crevices
With pollen from the flowers, and glean and keep
To this same end the glue, that binds more fast
Than bird-lime or the pitch from Ida's pines.
Oft too in burrowed holes, if fame be true,
They make their cosy subterranean home,
And deeply lodged in hollow rocks are found,
Or in the cavern of an age-hewn tree.
Thou not the less smear round their crannied cribs
With warm smooth mud-coat, and strew leaves above;
But near their home let neither yew-tree grow,
Nor reddening crabs be roasted, and mistrust
Deep marsh-ground and mire with noisome smell,
Or where the hollow rocks sonorous ring,
And the word spoken buffets and rebounds.
What more? When now the golden sun has put
Winter to headlong flight beneath the world,
And oped the doors of heaven with summer ray,
Forthwith they roam the glades and forests o'er,
Rifle the painted flowers, or sip the streams,
Light-hovering on the surface. Hence it is
With some sweet rapture, that we know not of,
Their little ones they foster, hence with skill

Work out new wax or clinging honey mould.
So when the cage-escaped hosts you see
Float heavenward through the hot clear air, until
You marvel at yon dusky cloud that spreads
And lengthens on the wind, then mark them well;
For then 'tis ever the fresh springs they seek
And bowery shelter: hither must you bring
The savoury sweets I bid, and sprinkle them,
Bruised balsam and the wax-flower's lowly weed,
And wake and shake the tinkling cymbals heard
By the great Mother: on the anointed spots
Themselves will settle, and in wonted wise
Seek of themselves the cradle's inmost depth.
But if to battle they have hied them forth-
For oft 'twixt king and king with uproar dire
Fierce feud arises, and at once from far
You may discern what passion sways the mob,
And how their hearts are throbbing for the strife;
Hark! the hoarse brazen note that warriors know
Chides on the loiterers, and the ear may catch
A sound that mocks the war-trump's broken blasts;
Then in hot haste they muster, then flash wings,
Sharpen their pointed beaks and knit their thews,
And round the king, even to his royal tent,
Throng rallying, and with shouts defy the foe.
So, when a dry Spring and clear space is given,
Forth from the gates they burst, they clash on high;
A din arises; they are heaped and rolled
Into one mighty mass, and headlong fall,
Not denselier hail through heaven, nor pelting so
Rains from the shaken oak its acorn-shower.
Conspicuous by their wings the chiefs themselves
Press through the heart of battle, and display
A giant's spirit in each pigmy frame,
Steadfast no inch to yield till these or those
The victor's ponderous arm has turned to flight.
Such fiery passions and such fierce assaults

A little sprinkled dust controls and quells.
And now, both leaders from the field recalled,
Who hath the worser seeming, do to death,
Lest royal waste wax burdensome, but let
His better lord it on the empty throne.
One with gold-burnished flakes will shine like fire,
For twofold are their kinds, the nobler he,
Of peerless front and lit with flashing scales;
That other, from neglect and squalor foul,
Drags slow a cumbrous belly. As with kings,
So too with people, diverse is their mould,
Some rough and loathly, as when the wayfarer
Scapes from a whirl of dust, and scorched with heat
Spits forth the dry grit from his parched mouth:
The others shine forth and flash with lightning-gleam,
Their backs all blazoned with bright drops of gold
Symmetric: this the likelier breed; from these,
When heaven brings round the season, thou shalt strain
Sweet honey, nor yet so sweet as passing clear,
And mellowing on the tongue the wine-god's fire.
But when the swarms fly aimlessly abroad,
Disport themselves in heaven and spurn their cells,
Leaving the hive unwarmed, from such vain play
Must you refrain their volatile desires,
Nor hard the task: tear off the monarchs' wings;
While these prove loiterers, none beside will dare
Mount heaven, or pluck the standards from the camp.
Let gardens with the breath of saffron flowers
Allure them, and the lord of Hellespont,
Priapus, wielder of the willow-scythe,
Safe in his keeping hold from birds and thieves.
And let the man to whom such cares are dear
Himself bring thyme and pine-trees from the heights,
And strew them in broad belts about their home;
No hand but his the blistering task should ply,
Plant the young slips, or shed the genial showers.
And I myself, were I not even now

Furling my sails, and, nigh the journey's end,
Eager to turn my vessel's prow to shore,
Perchance would sing what careful husbandry
Makes the trim garden smile; of Paestum too,
Whose roses bloom and fade and bloom again;
How endives glory in the streams they drink,
And green banks in their parsley, and how the gourd
Twists through the grass and rounds him to paunch;
Nor of Narcissus had my lips been dumb,
That loiterer of the flowers, nor supple-stemmed
Acanthus, with the praise of ivies pale,
And myrtles clinging to the shores they love.
For 'neath the shade of tall Oebalia's towers,
Where dark Galaesus laves the yellowing fields,
An old man once I mind me to have seen-
From Corycus he came- to whom had fallen
Some few poor acres of neglected land,
And they nor fruitful' neath the plodding steer,
Meet for the grazing herd, nor good for vines.
Yet he, the while his meagre garden-herbs
Among the thorns he planted, and all round
White lilies, vervains, and lean poppy set,
In pride of spirit matched the wealth of kings,
And home returning not till night was late,
With unbought plenty heaped his board on high.
He was the first to cull the rose in spring,
He the ripe fruits in autumn; and ere yet
Winter had ceased in sullen ire to rive
The rocks with frost, and with her icy bit
Curb in the running waters, there was he
Plucking the rathe faint hyacinth, while he chid
Summer's slow footsteps and the lagging West.
Therefore he too with earliest brooding bees
And their full swarms o'erflowed, and first was he
To press the bubbling honey from the comb;
Lime-trees were his, and many a branching pine;
And all the fruits wherewith in early bloom

The orchard-tree had clothed her, in full tale
Hung there, by mellowing autumn perfected.
He too transplanted tall-grown elms a-row,
Time-toughened pear, thorns bursting with the plum
And plane now yielding serviceable shade
For dry lips to drink under: but these things,
Shut off by rigorous limits, I pass by,
And leave for others to sing after me.
Come, then, I will unfold the natural powers
Great Jove himself upon the bees bestowed,
The boon for which, led by the shrill sweet strains
Of the Curetes and their clashing brass,
They fed the King of heaven in Dicte's cave.
Alone of all things they receive and hold
Community of offspring, and they house
Together in one city, and beneath
The shelter of majestic laws they live;
And they alone fixed home and country know,
And in the summer, warned of coming cold,
Make proof of toil, and for the general store
Hoard up their gathered harvesting. For some
Watch o'er the victualling of the hive, and these
By settled order ply their tasks afield;
And some within the confines of their home
Plant firm the comb's first layer, Narcissus' tear,
And sticky gum oozed from the bark of trees,
Then set the clinging wax to hang therefrom.
Others the while lead forth the full-grown young,
Their country's hope, and others press and pack
The thrice repured honey, and stretch their cells
To bursting with the clear-strained nectar sweet.
Some, too, the wardship of the gates befalls,
Who watch in turn for showers and cloudy skies,
Or ease returning labourers of their load,
Or form a band and from their precincts drive
The drones, a lazy herd. How glows the work!
How sweet the honey smells of perfumed thyme

Like the Cyclopes, when in haste they forge
From the slow-yielding ore the thunderbolts,
Some from the bull's-hide bellows in and out
Let the blasts drive, some dip i' the water-trough
The sputtering metal: with the anvil's weight
Groans Etna: they alternately in time
With giant strength uplift their sinewy arms,
Or twist the iron with the forceps' grip-
Not otherwise, to measure small with great,
The love of getting planted in their breasts
Goads on the bees, that haunt old Cecrops' heights,
Each in his sphere to labour. The old have charge
To keep the town, and build the walled combs,
And mould the cunning chambers; but the youth,
Their tired legs packed with thyme, come labouring home
Belated, for afar they range to feed
On arbutes and the grey-green willow-leaves,
And cassia and the crocus blushing red,
Glue-yielding limes, and hyacinths dusky-eyed.
One hour for rest have all, and one for toil:
With dawn they hurry from the gates- no room
For loiterers there: and once again, when even
Now bids them quit their pasturing on the plain,
Then homeward make they, then refresh their strength:
A hum arises: hark! they buzz and buzz
About the doors and threshold; till at length
Safe laid to rest they hush them for the night,
And welcome slumber laps their weary limbs.
But from the homestead not too far they fare,
When showers hang like to fall, nor, east winds nigh,
Confide in heaven, but 'neath the city walls
Safe-circling fetch them water, or essay
Brief out-goings, and oft weigh-up tiny stones,
As light craft ballast in the tossing tide,
Wherewith they poise them through the cloudy vast.
This law of life, too, by the bees obeyed,
Will move thy wonder, that nor sex with sex

Yoke they in marriage, nor yield their limbs to love,
Nor know the pangs of labour, but alone
From leaves and honied herbs, the mothers, each,
Gather their offspring in their mouths, alone
Supply new kings and pigmy commonwealth,
And their old court and waxen realm repair.
Oft, too, while wandering, against jagged stones
Their wings they fray, and 'neath the burden yield
Their liberal lives: so deep their love of flowers,
So glorious deem they honey's proud acquist.
Therefore, though each a life of narrow span,
Ne'er stretched to summers more than seven, befalls,
Yet deathless doth the race endure, and still
Perennial stands the fortune of their line,
From grandsire unto grandsire backward told.
Moreover, not Aegyptus, nor the realm
Of boundless Lydia, no, nor Parthia's hordes,
Nor Median Hydaspes, to their king
Do such obeisance: lives the king unscathed,
One will inspires the million: is he dead,
Snapt is the bond of fealty; they themselves
Ravage their toil-wrought honey, and rend amain
Their own comb's waxen trellis. He is the lord
Of all their labour; him with awful eye
They reverence, and with murmuring throngs surround,
In crowds attend, oft shoulder him on high,
Or with their bodies shield him in the fight,
And seek through showering wounds a glorious death.
Led by these tokens, and with such traits to guide,
Some say that unto bees a share is given
Of the Divine Intelligence, and to drink
Pure draughts of ether; for God permeates all-
Earth, and wide ocean, and the vault of heaven-
From whom flocks, herds, men, beasts of every kind,
Draw each at birth the fine essential flame;
Yea, and that all things hence to Him return,
Brought back by dissolution, nor can death

Find place: but, each into his starry rank,
Alive they soar, and mount the heights of heaven.
If now their narrow home thou wouldst unseal,
And broach the treasures of the honey-house,
With draught of water first toment thy lips,
And spread before thee fumes of trailing smoke.
Twice is the teeming produce gathered in,
Twofold their time of harvest year by year,
Once when Taygete the Pleiad uplifts
Her comely forehead for the earth to see,
With foot of scorn spurning the ocean-streams,
Once when in gloom she flies the watery Fish,
And dips from heaven into the wintry wave.
Unbounded then their wrath; if hurt, they breathe
Venom into their bite, cleave to the veins
And let the sting lie buried, and leave their lives
Behind them in the wound. But if you dread
Too rigorous a winter, and would fain
Temper the coming time, and their bruised hearts
And broken estate to pity move thy soul,
Yet who would fear to fumigate with thyme,
Or cut the empty wax away? for oft
Into their comb the newt has gnawed unseen,
And the light-loathing beetles crammed their bed,
And he that sits at others' board to feast,
The do-naught drone; or 'gainst the unequal foe
Swoops the fierce hornet, or the moth's fell tribe;
Or spider, victim of Minerva's spite,
Athwart the doorway hangs her swaying net.
The more impoverished they, the keenlier all
To mend the fallen fortunes of their race
Will nerve them, fill the cells up, tier on tier,
And weave their granaries from the rifled flowers.
Now, seeing that life doth even to bee-folk bring
Our human chances, if in dire disease
Their bodies' strength should languish- which anon
By no uncertain tokens may be told-

Forthwith the sick change hue; grim leanness mars
Their visage; then from out the cells they bear
Forms reft of light, and lead the mournful pomp;
Or foot to foot about the porch they hang,
Or within closed doors loiter, listless all
From famine, and benumbed with shrivelling cold.
Then is a deep note heard, a long-drawn hum,
As when the chill South through the forests sighs,
As when the troubled ocean hoarsely booms
With back-swung billow, as ravening tide of fire
Surges, shut fast within the furnace-walls.
Then do I bid burn scented galbanum,
And, honey-streams through reeden troughs instilled,
Challenge and cheer their flagging appetite
To taste the well-known food; and it shall boot
To mix therewith the savour bruised from gall,
And rose-leaves dried, or must to thickness boiled
By a fierce fire, or juice of raisin-grapes
From Psithian vine, and with its bitter smell
Centaury, and the famed Cecropian thyme.
There is a meadow-flower by country folk
Hight star-wort; 'tis a plant not far to seek;
For from one sod an ample growth it rears,
Itself all golden, but girt with plenteous leaves,
Where glory of purple shines through violet gloom.
With chaplets woven hereof full oft are decked
Heaven's altars: harsh its taste upon the tongue;
Shepherds in vales smooth-shorn of nibbling flocks
By Mella's winding waters gather it.
The roots of this, well seethed in fragrant wine,
Set in brimmed baskets at their doors for food.
But if one's whole stock fail him at a stroke,
Nor hath he whence to breed the race anew,
'Tis time the wondrous secret to disclose
Taught by the swain of Arcady, even how
The blood of slaughtered bullocks oft has borne
Bees from corruption. I will trace me back

To its prime source the story's tangled thread,
And thence unravel. For where thy happy folk,
Canopus, city of Pellaeon fame,
Dwell by the Nile's lagoon-like overflow,
And high o'er furrows they have called their own
Skim in their painted wherries; where, hard by,
The quivered Persian presses, and that flood
Which from the swart-skinned Aethiop bears him down,
Swift-parted into sevenfold branching mouths
With black mud fattens and makes Aegypt green,
That whole domain its welfare's hope secure
Rests on this art alone. And first is chosen
A strait recess, cramped closer to this end,
Which next with narrow roof of tiles atop
'Twixt prisoning walls they pinch, and add hereto
From the four winds four slanting window-slits.
Then seek they from the herd a steer, whose horns
With two years' growth are curling, and stop fast,
Plunge madly as he may, the panting mouth
And nostrils twain, and done with blows to death,
Batter his flesh to pulp i' the hide yet whole,
And shut the doors, and leave him there to lie.
But 'neath his ribs they scatter broken boughs,
With thyme and fresh-pulled cassias: this is done
When first the west winds bid the waters flow,
Ere flush the meadows with new tints, and ere
The twittering swallow buildeth from the beams.
Meanwhile the juice within his softened bones
Heats and ferments, and things of wondrous birth,
Footless at first, anon with feet and wings,
Swarm there and buzz, a marvel to behold;
And more and more the fleeting breeze they take,
Till, like a shower that pours from summer-clouds,
Forth burst they, or like shafts from quivering string
When Parthia's flying hosts provoke the fray.
Say what was he, what God, that fashioned forth
This art for us, O Muses? of man's skill

Whence came the new adventure? From thy vale,
Peneian Tempe, turning, bee-bereft,
So runs the tale, by famine and disease,
Mournful the shepherd Aristaeus stood
Fast by the haunted river-head, and thus
With many a plaint to her that bare him cried:
“Mother, Cyrene, mother, who hast thy home
Beneath this whirling flood, if he thou sayest,
Apollo, lord of Thymbra, be my sire,
Sprung from the Gods’ high line, why barest thou me
With fortune’s ban for birthright? Where is now
Thy love to me-ward banished from thy breast?
O! wherefore didst thou bid me hope for heaven?
Lo! even the crown of this poor mortal life,
Which all my skilful care by field and fold,
No art neglected, scarce had fashioned forth,
Even this falls from me, yet thou call’st me son.
Nay, then, arise! With thine own hands pluck up
My fruit-plantations: on the homestead fling
Pitiless fire; make havoc of my crops;
Burn the young plants, and wield the stubborn axe
Against my vines, if there hath taken the
Such loathing of my greatness.” But that cry,
Even from her chamber in the river-deeps,
His mother heard: around her spun the nymphs
Milesian wool stained through with hyaline dye,
Drymo, Xantho, Ligea, Phyllodoce,
Their glossy locks o’er snowy shoulders shed,
Cydippe and Lycorias yellow-haired,
A maiden one, one newly learned even then
To bear Lucina’s birth-pang. Clio, too,
And Beroe, sisters, ocean-children both,
Both zoned with gold and girt with dappled fell,
Ephyre and Opis, and from Asian meads
Deiopea, and, bow at length laid by,
Fleet-footed Arethusa. But in their midst
Fair Clymene was telling o’er the tale

Of Vulcan's idle vigilance and the stealth
Of Mars' sweet rapine, and from Chaos old
Counted the jostling love-joys of the Gods.
Charmed by whose lay, the while their woolly tasks
With spindles down they drew, yet once again
Smote on his mother's ears the mournful plaint
Of Aristaeus; on their glassy thrones
Amazement held them all; but Arethuse
Before the rest put forth her auburn head,
Peering above the wave-top, and from far
Exclaimed, "Cyrene, sister, not for naught
Scared by a groan so deep, behold! 'tis he,
Even Aristaeus, thy heart's fondest care,
Here by the brink of the Peneian sire
Stands woebegone and weeping, and by name
Cries out upon thee for thy cruelty."
To whom, strange terror knocking at her heart,
"Bring, bring him to our sight," the mother cried;
"His feet may tread the threshold even of Gods."
So saying, she bids the flood yawn wide and yield
A pathway for his footsteps; but the wave
Arched mountain-wise closed round him, and within
Its mighty bosom welcomed, and let speed
To the deep river-bed. And now, with eyes
Of wonder gazing on his mother's hall
And watery kingdom and cave-prisoned pools
And echoing groves, he went, and, stunned by that
Stupendous whirl of waters, separate saw
All streams beneath the mighty earth that glide,
Phasis and Lycus, and that fountain-head
Whence first the deep Enipeus leaps to light,
Whence father Tiber, and whence Anio's flood,
And Hypanis that roars amid his rocks,
And Mysian Caicus, and, bull-browed
'Twixt either gilded horn, Eridanus,
Than whom none other through the laughing plains
More furious pours into the purple sea.

Soon as the chamber's hanging roof of stone
Was gained, and now Cyrene from her son
Had heard his idle weeping, in due course
Clear water for his hands the sisters bring,
With napkins of shorn pile, while others heap
The board with dainties, and set on afresh
The brimming goblets; with Panchaian fires
Upleap the altars; then the mother spake,
"Take beakers of Maconian wine," she said,
"Pour we to Ocean." Ocean, sire of all,
She worships, and the sister-nymphs who guard
The hundred forests and the hundred streams;
Thrice Vesta's fire with nectar clear she dashed,
Thrice to the roof-top shot the flame and shone:
Armed with which omen she essayed to speak:
"In Neptune's gulf Carpathian dwells a seer,
Caerulean Proteus, he who metes the main
With fish-drawn chariot of two-footed steeds;
Now visits he his native home once more,
Pallene and the Emathian ports; to him
We nymphs do reverence, ay, and Nereus old;
For all things knows the seer, both those which are
And have been, or which time hath yet to bring;
So willed it Neptune, whose portentous flocks,
And loathly sea-calves 'neath the surge he feeds.
Him first, my son, behoves thee seize and bind
That he may all the cause of sickness show,
And grant a prosperous end. For save by force
No rede will he vouchsafe, nor shalt thou bend
His soul by praying; whom once made captive, ply
With rigorous force and fetters; against these
His wiles will break and spend themselves in vain.
I, when the sun has lit his noontide fires,
When the blades thirst, and cattle love the shade,
Myself will guide thee to the old man's haunt,
Whither he hies him weary from the waves,
That thou mayst safelier steal upon his sleep.

But when thou hast gripped him fast with hand and gyve,
Then divers forms and bestial semblances
Shall mock thy grasp; for sudden he will change
To bristly boar, fell tigress, dragon scaled,
And tawny-tufted lioness, or send forth
A crackling sound of fire, and so shake of
The fetters, or in showery drops anon
Dissolve and vanish. But the more he shifts
His endless transformations, thou, my son,
More straitlier clench the clinging bands, until
His body's shape return to that thou sawest,
When with closed eyelids first he sank to sleep.”
So saying, an odour of ambrosial dew
She sheds around, and all his frame therewith
Steeps throughly; forth from his trim-combed locks
Breathed effluence sweet, and a lithe vigour leapt
Into his limbs. There is a cavern vast
Scooped in the mountain-side, where wave on wave
By the wind's stress is driven, and breaks far up
Its inmost creeks- safe anchorage from of old
For tempest-taken mariners: therewithin,
Behind a rock's huge barrier, Proteus hides.
Here in close covert out of the sun's eye
The youth she places, and herself the while
Swathed in a shadowy mist stands far aloof.
And now the ravening dog-star that burns up
The thirsty Indians blazed in heaven; his course
The fiery sun had half devoured: the blades
Were parched, and the void streams with droughty jaws
Baked to their mud-beds by the scorching ray,
When Proteus seeking his accustomed cave
Strode from the billows: round him frolicking
The watery folk that people the waste sea
Sprinkled the bitter brine-dew far and wide.
Along the shore in scattered groups to feed
The sea-calves stretch them: while the seer himself,
Like herdsman on the hills when evening bids

The steers from pasture to their stall repair,
And the lambs' bleating whets the listening wolves,
Sits midmost on the rock and tells his tale.
But Aristaeus, the foe within his clutch,
Scarce suffering him compose his aged limbs,
With a great cry leapt on him, and ere he rose
Forestalled him with the fetters; he nathless,
All unforgetful of his ancient craft,
Transforms himself to every wondrous thing,
Fire and a fearful beast, and flowing stream.
But when no trickery found a path for flight,
Baffled at length, to his own shape returned,
With human lips he spake, "Who bade thee, then,
So reckless in youth's hardihood, affront
Our portals? or what wouldst thou hence?"- But he,
"Proteus, thou knowest, of thine own heart thou knowest;
For thee there is no cheating, but cease thou
To practise upon me: at heaven's behest
I for my fainting fortunes hither come
An oracle to ask thee." There he ceased.
Whereat the seer, by stubborn force constrained,
Shot forth the grey light of his gleaming eyes
Upon him, and with fiercely gnashing teeth
Unlocks his lips to spell the fates of heaven:
"Doubt not 'tis wrath divine that plagues thee thus,
Nor light the debt thou payest; 'tis Orpheus' self,
Orpheus unhappy by no fault of his,
So fates prevent not, fans thy penal fires,
Yet madly raging for his ravished bride.
She in her haste to shun thy hot pursuit
Along the stream, saw not the coming death,
Where at her feet kept ward upon the bank
In the tall grass a monstrous water-snake.
But with their cries the Dryad-band her peers
Filled up the mountains to their proudest peaks:
Wailed for her fate the heights of Rhodope,
And tall Pangaea, and, beloved of Mars,

The land that bowed to Rhesus, Thrace no less
With Hebrus' stream; and Orithyia wept,
Daughter of Acte old. But Orpheus' self,
Soothing his love-pain with the hollow shell,
Thee his sweet wife on the lone shore alone,
Thee when day dawned and when it died he sang.
Nay to the jaws of Taenarus too he came,
Of Dis the infernal palace, and the grove
Grim with a horror of great darkness- came,
Entered, and faced the Manes and the King
Of terrors, the stone heart no prayer can tame.
Then from the deepest deeps of Erebus,
Wrung by his minstrelsy, the hollow shades
Came trooping, ghostly semblances of forms
Lost to the light, as birds by myriads hie
To greenwood boughs for cover, when twilight-hour
Or storms of winter chase them from the hills;
Matrons and men, and great heroic frames
Done with life's service, boys, unwedded girls,
Youths placed on pyre before their fathers' eyes.
Round them, with black slime choked and hideous weed,
Cocytus winds; there lies the unlovely swamp
Of dull dead water, and, to pen them fast,
Styx with her ninefold barrier poured between.
Nay, even the deep Tartarean Halls of death
Stood lost in wonderment, and the Eumenides,
Their brows with livid locks of serpents twined;
Even Cerberus held his triple jaws agape,
And, the wind hushed, Ixion's wheel stood still.
And now with homeward footstep he had passed
All perils scathless, and, at length restored,
Eurydice to realms of upper air
Had well-nigh won, behind him following-
So Proserpine had ruled it- when his heart
A sudden mad desire surprised and seized-
Meet fault to be forgiven, might Hell forgive.
For at the very threshold of the day,

Heedless, alas! and vanquished of resolve,
He stopped, turned, looked upon Eurydice
His own once more. But even with the look,
Poured out was all his labour, broken the bond
Of that fell tyrant, and a crash was heard
Three times like thunder in the meres of hell.
'Orpheus! what ruin hath thy frenzy wrought
On me, alas! and thee? Lo! once again
The un pitying fates recall me, and dark sleep
Closes my swimming eyes. And now farewell:
Girt with enormous night I am borne away,
Outstretching toward thee, thine, alas! no more,
These helpless hands.' She spake, and suddenly,
Like smoke dissolving into empty air,
Passed and was sundered from his sight; nor him
Clutching vain shadows, yearning sore to speak,
Thenceforth beheld she, nor no second time
Hell's boatman brooks he pass the watery bar.
What should he do? fly whither, twice bereaved?
Move with what tears the Manes, with what voice
The Powers of darkness? She indeed even now
Death-cold was floating on the Stygian barge!
For seven whole months unceasingly, men say,
Beneath a skyey crag, by thy lone wave,
Strymon, he wept, and in the caverns chill
Unrolled his story, melting tigers' hearts,
And leading with his lay the oaks along.
As in the poplar-shade a nightingale
Mourns her lost young, which some relentless swain,
Spying, from the nest has torn unfledged, but she
Wails the long night, and perched upon a spray
With sad insistence pipes her dolorous strain,
Till all the region with her wrongs o'erflows.
No love, no new desire, constrained his soul:
By snow-bound Tanais and the icy north,
Far steppes to frost Rhipaeon forever wed,
Alone he wandered, lost Eurydice

Lamenting, and the gifts of Dis ungiven.
Scorned by which tribute the Ciconian dames,
Amid their awful Bacchanalian rites
And midnight revellings, tore him limb from limb,
And strewed his fragments over the wide fields.
Then too, even then, what time the Hebrus stream,
Oeagrian Hebrus, down mid-current rolled,
Rent from the marble neck, his drifting head,
The death-chilled tongue found yet a voice to cry
‘Eurydice! ah! poor Eurydice!’
With parting breath he called her, and the banks
From the broad stream caught up ‘Eurydice!’”
So Proteus ending plunged into the deep,
And, where he plunged, beneath the eddying whirl
Churned into foam the water, and was gone;
But not Cyrene, who unquestioned thus
Bespake the trembling listener: “Nay, my son,
From that sad bosom thou mayst banish care:
Hence came that plague of sickness, hence the nymphs,
With whom in the tall woods the dance she wove,
Wrought on thy bees, alas! this deadly bane.
Bend thou before the Dell-nymphs, gracious powers:
Bring gifts, and sue for pardon: they will grant
Peace to thine asking, and an end of wrath.
But how to approach them will I first unfold-
Four chosen bulls of peerless form and bulk,
That browse to-day the green Lycaean heights,
Pick from thy herds, as many kine to match,
Whose necks the yoke pressed never: then for these
Build up four altars by the lofty fanes,
And from their throats let gush the victims’ blood,
And in the greenwood leave their bodies lone.
Then, when the ninth dawn hath displayed its beams,
To Orpheus shalt thou send his funeral dues,
Poppies of Lethe, and let slay a sheep
Coal-black, then seek the grove again, and soon
For pardon found adore Eurydice

With a slain calf for victim.”

No delay:

The self-same hour he hies him forth to do
His mother’s bidding: to the shrine he came,
The appointed altars reared, and thither led
Four chosen bulls of peerless form and bulk,
With kine to match, that never yoke had known;
Then, when the ninth dawn had led in the day,
To Orpheus sent his funeral dues, and sought
The grove once more. But sudden, strange to tell
A portent they espy: through the oxen’s flesh,
Waxed soft in dissolution, hark! there hum
Bees from the belly; the rent ribs overboil
In endless clouds they spread them, till at last
On yon tree-top together fused they cling,
And drop their cluster from the bending boughs.
So sang I of the tilth of furrowed fields,
Of flocks and trees, while Caesar’s majesty
Launched forth the levin-bolts of war by deep
Euphrates, and bare rule o’er willing folk
Though vanquished, and essayed the heights of heaven.
I Virgil then, of sweet Parthenope
The nursling, wooed the flowery walks of peace
Inglorious, who erst trilled for shepherd-wights
The wanton ditty, and sang in saucy youth

THE AENEID



The Aeneid is a Latin epic poem, composed from 29 to 19 BC. Commissioned by the Emperor Augustus, it tells the legendary tale of Aeneas, a Trojan who travelled to Italy, becoming the ancestor of the Romans. Augustus' aim was to create a poem that could rival the Greeks' Homeric works. Virgil's epic is composed of approximately 10,000 lines in dactylic hexameter. The first six of the poem's twelve books narrate the story of Aeneas' wanderings from Troy to Italy, whilst the second half of the epic poem concerns the Trojans' ultimately victorious war against the Latins.

Prior to the epic's composition, the hero Aeneas was already a figure of Greco-Roman legends, having been a character from Homer's *The Iliad*. Virgil used the disconnected tales of Aeneas' wanderings and the hero's vague association with the foundation of Rome, fashioning the tales into a compelling founding myth, linking Rome to the legends of Troy. Interestingly, on his untimely deathbed, Virgil ordered *The Aeneid* to be destroyed, which, according to legend was almost obeyed, but for Augustus' countermand to preserve the poem. Now, *The Aeneid* is regarded as one of the most important poems in the history of western literature.



A first century terracotta expressing the pietas of Aeneas, who carries his aged father and leads his young son (Book 2)



A Roman bas-relief from the second century: Aeneas lands in Latium, leading his son Ascanius (Book 8)



'Aeneas's defeat of Turnus' (Book 12) by Luca Giordano



Virgil reading the Aeneid to Augustus and Octavia, by Jean-Joseph Taillasson, 1787

ENEADOS – Douglas' Translation



Gavin Douglas' *Eneados*, a medieval Scots translation of the *Aeneid* completed in 1513, is the first full translation of a full-length classical poem from antiquity into any modern Germanic language. The translation, which is faithful and precise throughout, includes the thirteenth book by Mapheus Vegius, completing Virgil's unfinished tale. Each of the thirteen books is also introduced by an original verse prologue, dealing with a variety of subjects, sometimes semi-autobiographical, in a variety of styles. For several centuries Douglas' translation has won critical recognition, in spite of its archaic and Scots dialect language, which now renders it difficult for modern readers. Even in the twentieth century, Ezra Pound considered Douglas' translation of the *Aeneid* still to be the best, praising the "richness and fervour" of its language and its fidelity to the original Latin text.



'Virgil Reading the Aeneid to Augustus, Octavia, and Livia' by Jean-Baptiste Wicar



Gavin Douglas (c. 1474-1522) — statue in St Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh

DOUGLAS' ENEADOS

CONTENTS

PROLOUG
CONTENTIS
BUKE I
BUKE II
BUKE III
BUKE IV
BUKE V
BUKE VI
BUKE VII
BUKE VIII
BUKE IX
BUKE X
BUKE XI
BUKE XII
BUKE XIII
CONCLUSIO
EXCUSIS

PROLOUG

Heyr begynnys the proloug of Virgyll prynce of Latyn poetis in hys twelf bukis of Eneados compilit and translatit furth of Latyn in our Scottis langage by ane right nobill and wirschipfull clerk Master Gawyn Dowglas provest of Sanct Gylys Kyrk in Edinburgh and person of Lyntoun in Louthiane quhilk eftyr was bischop of Dunkeld.

Incipit Prologus in Virgilio Eneados

Lawd, honour, praysyngis, thankis infynyte

To the and thy dulce ornat fresch endyte,

Maist reuerend Virgill, of Latyn poetis prynce,

Gem of engyne and flude of eloquens,

Thow peirless perle, patroun of poetry,

Royss, regester, palm, lawrer and glory,

Chosyn charbukkill, cheif flour and cedyr tre,

Lantarn, laid stern, myrrour and A per se,

Maister of masteris, sweit sours and spryngand well

Wyde quhar our all rung is thyne hevynly bell —

I meyn thy crafty warkis curyus

Sa quyk, lusty and maist sentencyus,

Plesand, perfyte and feilabill in all degre,

As quha the mater beheld tofor thar e,

In every volume quhilk the lyst do wryte

Surmontyng fer all other maner endyte,

Lyke as the royss in Iune with hir sweit smell

The maryguld or dasy doith excell.

Quhy suld I than with dull forhed and vayn,

With rude engyne and barrand emptyve brayn,

With bad, harsk spech and lewit barbour tong

Presume to write quhar thy sweit bell is rung

Or contyrfate sa precyus wordys deir?

Na, na, noth swa, but kneill quhen I thame heir.

For quhat compair betwix mydday and nycht?

Or quhat compair betwix myrknes and lycht?

Or quhat compar is betwix blak and quhyte?
Far grettar difference betwix my blunt endyte
And thy scharp sugurate sang Virgiliane,
Sa wysly wrocht with nevir a word invane.
My waverand wyt, my cunnyng febill at all,
My mynd mysty, thir may nocht myss a fall —
Stra for thys ignorant blabryng imperfyte
Besyde thy polyst termys redymyte.
And nethless with support and correctioun,
For naturall lufe and frendely affectioun
Quhilkis I beir to thy warkis and endyte —
All thocht God wait tharin I knaw full lyte —
And that thy facund sentence mycht be song
In our langage alsweill as Latyn tong —
Alsweill? na, na, impossibill war, per de —
3it with thy leif, Virgile, to follow the,
I wald into my rurall wlgar gross
Wryte sum savoryng of thyne Eneados.
But sair I dreid forto disteyn the quyte
Throu my corruppit cadens imperfyte —
Disteyn the? nay forsuyth, that may I nocht;
Weill may I schaw my burall bustuus thocht
Bot thy wark sall endur in lawd and glory
But spot or falt condyng etern memory.
Thocht I offend, onwemmyt is thy fame;
Thyne is the thank and myne salbe the schame.
Quha may thy versis follow in all degre
In bewtie, sentence and in grauite?
Nane is, nor was, ne 3it salbe, trow I,
Had, hass or sal haue sic craft in poetry.
Of Helicon so drank thou dry the flude
That of thy copiooss fouth or plenitude
All mon purches drynk at thy sugurit tun;
So lamp of day thou art and schynand son
All otheris on forss mon thar lycht beg or borrow;
Thou art Vesper and the day stern at morow,
Thow Phebus lightnar of the planetis all —

I not quhat dewly I the clepe sall,
For thou art all and sum, quhat nedis more,
Of Latyn poetis that sens was, or befor.
Of the writis Macrobius sans fail
In hys gret volume clepit Saturnaill.
Thy sawys in sic eloquens doith fleit,
So inuentione of rethorik flowris sweit
Thou art, and hass so hie profund sentens
Tharto, perfyte but ony indigens,
That na lovyngis ma do inress thy fame,
Nor na reproche dymynew thy gud name.
Bot sen I am compellit the to translait,
And not only of my curage, God wait,
Durst interpryd syk owtrageus foly,
Quhar I offend the less reprehe serve I;
And that 3e know at quhais instans I tuke
Forto translait this maist excellent buke,
I meyn Virgillis volume maist excellent,
Set this my wark full febill be of rent,
At the request of a lord of renown
Of ancistry nobill and illustir baroun,
Fader of bukis, protectour to sciens and lair,
My speciall gud Lord Henry, Lord Sanct Clair,
Quhilk with gret instance diuerss tymys seir
Prayt me translait Virgill or Homeir,
Quhais plesour suythly as I vndirstude
As neir coniunct to hys lordschip in blude
So that me thocht hys request ane command,
Half disparit this wark I tuke on hand
Nocht fully grantand nor anys sayand 3ee,
Bot only to assay quhou it mycht be.
Quha mycht gaynsay a lord so gentill and kynd
That euer had ony curtasy in thar mynd,
Quhilk besyde hys innatyve pollecy
Humanyte, curage, fredome and chevalry,
Bukis to recollect, to reid and se,
Hass gret delyte as euer had Ptholome?

Quharfor to hys nobilite and estait,
Quhat so it be, this buke I dedicait,
Writtin in the langage of Scottis natioun,
And thus I mak my protestatioun.
Fyrst I protest, beaw schirris, be 3our leif,
Beis weill avisit my wark or 3he repreif,
Consider it warly, reid oftar than anys;
Weill at a blenk sle poetry nocht tayn is,
And 3it forsuyth I set my bissy pane
As that I couth to mak it braid and plane,
Kepand na sudron bot our awyn langage,
And spekis as I lernyt quhen I was page.
Nor 3it sa cleyn all sudron I refuss,
Bot sum word I pronounce as nyghtbouris doys:
Lyke as in Latyn beyn Grew termys sum,
So me behufyt quhilum or than be dum
Sum bastard Latyn, French or Inglys oyss
Quhar scant was Scottis — I had nane other choys.
Nocht for our tong is in the selwyn skant
Bot for that I the fowth of langage want
Quhar as the cullour of his properte
To kepe the sentens tharto constrenyt me,
Or than to mak my sayng schort sum tyme,
Mair compendyus, or to lykly my ryme.
Tharfor, gude frendis, for a gymp or a bourd,
I pray 3ou note me nocht at euery word.
The worthy clerk hecht Lawrens of the Vaill,
Amang Latynys a gret patron sans fail,
Grantis quhen twelf 3heris he had beyn diligent
To study Virgill, skant knew quhat he ment.
Than thou or I, my frend, quhen we best weyn
To haue Virgile red, vnderstand and seyn,
The ryght sentens perchance is fer to seik.
This wark twelf 3heris first was in makyng eyk
And nocht correct quhen the poet gan decess;
Thus for small faltis, my wyss frend, hald thy pess.
Adherdand to my protestatioun,

Thocht Wil3ame Caxtoun, of Inglis natioun,
In proyss hes prent ane buke of Inglys gross,
Clepard it Virgill in Eneadoss,
Quhilk that he says of Franch he dyd translait,
It hass na thing ado tharwith, God wait,
Ne na mair lyke than the devill and Sanct Austyne.
Haue he na thank tharfor, bot loyss hys pyne,
So schamefully that story dyd pervert.
I red his wark with harmys at my hart,
That syk a buke but sentens or engyne
Suldb e intitillit eftir the poet dyvyne;
Hys ornate goldyn versis mair than gilt
I spittit for dispyte to se swa spilt
With sych a wyght, quhilk trewly be myne entent
Knew neuer thre wordis at all quhat Virgill ment —
Sa fer he chowpis I am constrenyt to flyte.
The thre first bukis he hass ourhippyt quyte
Salfand a litill twychyng Polidorus
And the tempest furth sent by Eolus,
And that full sempilly on hys awyn gyss;
Virgill thame wrait all on ane other wyss,
For Caxton puttis in hys buke owt of toyn
The storm furth sent by Eolus and Neptune,
Bot quha sa redis Virgill suythfastly
Sall fynd Neptune salf Eneas navy.
Me lyst nocht schaw quhou thystory of Dydo
Be this Caxtoun is haill pervertit so
That besyde quhar he fenys to follow Bocass,
He rynnys sa fer from Virgill in mony place,
On sa prolix and tedyus fasson,
So that the ferd buke of Eneadon,
Twichand the lufe and ded of Dido queyn,
The twa part of his volume doith conteyn
That in the text of Virgill, trastis me,
The twelt part scars contenys, as 3e may se.
The fyfte buke of the festis funerall,
The lusty gamys and plays palustrall,

That is ourhippit quyte and left behynd —
Na thing tharof 3he sall in Caxtoun fynd.
The saxt buke eyk, he grantis, that wantis haill,
And, for tharof he vnderstude nocht the taill,
He callis it fen3eit and nocht forto beleif;
Sa is all Virgill perchans, for by hys leif
Iuno nor Venus goddassis neuer wer,
Mercur, Neptune, Mars nor Iupiter;
Of Fortune eik nor hir necessite,
Sik thingis nocht attentik ar, wait we,
Nor 3it admittis that quent philosophy
Haldis sawlys hoppys fra body to body,
And mony thingis quhilkis Virgill dyd reherss,
Thocht I thame write furthfollowand hys verss.
Nor Caxtoun schrynkis nocht siclyke things to tell
As nocht war fabill bot the passage to hell,
Bot trastis weill, quha that ilke saxt buke knew,
Virgill tharin ane hie philosophour hym schew,
And vnder the clowdis of dyrk poecy
Hyd lyis thar mony notabill history —
For so the poetis be the crafty curys
In similitudes and vndir quent figuris
The suythfast materis to hyde and to constreyn;
All is nocht fals, traste weill, in cace thai feyn.
Thar art is so to mak thar warkis fair,
As in the end of Virgill I sall declair.
Was it nocht eik als possibill Eneas
As Hercules or Theseus tyll hell to pass,
Quhilk is na gabbyng suythly nor na lie,
As Ihone Bocas in the Genealogie
Of Goddys declarys, and lyke as 3he may reid
In the Recolles of Troy quha lest tak hed.
Quha wait gyf he in visioun thydder went
By art magike, socery or enchantment,
And with hys fader sawle dyd speke and meyt,
Or in the lyknes with sum other spreit,
Lyke as the spreit of Samuell, I gess,

Raysit to Kyng Saul was by the Phitones?
I will nocht say all Virgill beyn als trew
Bot at syk thyngis ar possibill this I schew,
Als in tha days war ma illusionys
By dewillich warkis and coniurations
Than now thar beyn, so doith clerkis determ,
For blissit be God, the faith is now mair ferm.
Enewch tharof; now will I na mor sayn
Bot onto Caxtoun thus I turn agane.
The namys of pepill or citeis beyn so bad
Put by this Caxtoun that, bot he had beyn mad,
The flude of Touyr for Tibir he had nocht write:
All men may know thar he forvayt quyte.
Palente the cite of Evander kyng,
As Virgill playnly makis rehersyng,
Stude quhar in Rome now stant the cheif palyce;
This sam buke eyk in mair hepit malyce
On the self ryver of Touyr says playnly
Eneas dyd hys cyte edify.
Thus ay for Tibir Touyr puttis he,
Quhilk mony hundreth mylis syndry be,
For sykkyrly, less than wyss authoris leyn,
Ene saw nevyr Touyr with hys eyn,
For Touyr diuidis Grece from Vngary
And Tibir is cheif flude of Italy,
Touyr is kend a grayn of that ryver
In Latyn hecht Danubium or Hyster —
Of gyf it be Tanais he clepis sa,
That flude diuidis Europ from Asia.
In lyke wyss eik this Caxtoun all invane
Crispina clepis Sibilla Cumane,
That in the text of Virgill, trastis ws,
Hait Deiphebe douchtir of Glawcus,
Quhilk was Eneas convoyar to hell.
Quhat suld I langar on hys errouris dwell?
Thai beyn so playn and eik sa monyfald
The hundreth part tharof I leif ontald.

The last sax bukis of Virgill all inferis,
Quhilk contenys strang batalis and werys,
This ilk Caxtoun so blaitly lattis ourslip
I hald my tung for schame, bytand my lyp.
The gret afferis of athir host and array,
The armour of Eneas, fresch and gay,
The quent and curyus castis poeticall,
Perfyte symylitudis and exemplis all
Quharin Virgill beris the palm of lawd,
Caxtoun, for dreid thai suld hys lippis scald,
Durst nevir twich. Thus schortly for the nanys.
A twenty devill way fall hys wark atany,
Quhilk is na mair lyke Virgill, dar I lay,
Than the nycht owle resemblis the papyngay.
Quharfor, 3ou gentill redaris, I besich
Traste on na wyss at this my wark be sich,
Quhilk dyd my best, as the wyt mycht atteyn,
Virgillis versys to follow and no thing feyn.
3he worthy noblys, redis my wark for thy
And cast this other buke on syde far by,
Quhilk vndir cullour of sum strange Franch wycht
So Franchly leys, oneith twa wordis gais rycht.
I nold 3he trast I said this for dispyte,
For me lyst with nane Inglis bukis flyte,
Na with na bogill nor browny to debait,
Nowder ald gaistis nor spretis ded of lait,
Nor na man will I lakkyn nor dispyss
My warkis till authorys be sik wyss,
Bot twichyng Virgillis honour and reuerens,
Quha euer contrary, I mon stand at defens;
And bot my buke be fundyn worth sik thre
Quhen it is red, do warp it in the see,
Thraw it in the fyre or rent it euery crum.
Twichand that part, lo, heir is all and sum.
Syne I defend and forbiddis euery wight
That can nocht spell thar Pater Noster rycht
Fortill correct or 3it amend Virgill,

Or the translatar blame in hys wlgar stile;
I knaw quhat payn was to follow hym fut hait
Albeit thou think my sayng intricate.
Traste weill to follow a fixt sentens or mater
Is mair practike, deficill and far strater,
Thocht thyne engyne beyn eleuate and hie,
Than forto write all ways at liberte.
Gif I had nocht be to a boundis constrenyt,
Of my bad wyt perchance I couth haue fenyt
In ryme a ragment twyss als curyus,
Bot nocht be twenty part so sentencyus.
Quha is attachit ontill a staik, we se,
May go na ferthir bot wreil about that tre:
Rycht so am I to Virgillis text ybund,
I may nocht fle less than my falt be fund,
For thocht I wald transcend and go besyde,
Hys wark remanys, my schame I may nocht hyde.
And thus I am constrenyt als neir I may
To hald hys verss and go nane other way,
Less sum history, subtell word or the ryme
Causith me mak digressioun sum tyme.
So thocht in my translatioun eloquens skant is,
Na lusty cast of oratry Virgill wantis;
My studyus brayn to comprehend his sentens
Leit me nevir taist hys flude of eloquens.
And thus forsuyth becauss I was nocht fre,
My werk is mair obscur and gross per de,
Quharof, God wait, Virgill hass na wyte —
Thocht myne be blunt, hys text is maist perfyte.
And 3it persave I weill, be my consait
The kyng of poetis ganys nocht for rurall estait
Nor hys fresch memor for bowbardis; he or scho
Quha takis me nocht go quhar thai haue ado —
The sonnys lycht is neuer the wers, traste me,
All thocht the bak hys brycht bemys doith fle.
Greyn gentill ingynys and breistis curageus,
Sik ar the pepill at ganys best for ws;

Our werk desiris na lewyte rebalddail,
Full of nobilite is thistory all haill.
For euery vertu belangand a nobill man
This ornate poet bettir than ony can
Payntand discryvis in person of Eneas —
Not forto say sikane Eneas was
3it than by hym perfytely blasons he
All wirschip, manhed and nobilite,
With euery bonte belangand a gentill wycht,
Ane prynter, ane conquerour or a val3eand knyght.
In luffis cuir eneuch heir sall 3he fynd,
And shortly Virgill left na thing behynd
That mycht hys volume illumyn or crafty mak.
Reid quha hym knowys, I dar this vndertak,
Als oft as 3e hym reid, full weill I wait,
3he fynd ilke tyme sum mery new consait.
Thoght venerabill Chauser, principal poet but peir,
Hevyntly trumpat, orlege and regular,
In eloquens balmy, cundyt and dyall,
Mylky fontane, cleir strand and royss ryall,
Of fresch endyte, throu Albion iland braid,
In hys legend of notabill ladeis said
That he couth follow word by word Virgill,
Wisar than I may fail in laker stile.
Sum tyme the text mon haue ane expositioun,
Sum tyme the collour will causs a litill additioun,
And sum tyme of a word I mon mak thre,
In witnes of this term “oppetere.”
Eik weill I wait syndry expositouris seir
Makis on a text sentens diuerss to heir,
As thame apperis, accordyng thar entent,
And for thar part schawis ressonys euident.
All this is ganand, I will weill it swa be,
Bot a sentens to follow may suffice me.
Sum tyme I follow the text als neir I may,
Sum tyme I am constrenyt ane other way.
Besyde Latyn our langage is imperfite

Quhilk in sum part is the causs and the wyte
Quhy that of Virgillis verss the ornate bewte
Intill our tung may nocht obseruyt be,
For thar be Latyn wordis mony ane
That in our leyd ganand translatioun hass nane
Less than we mynyss thar sentens and grauyte
And 3it scant weill exponyt. Quha trewys nocht me,
Lat thame interpret “animal” and “homo”
With many hundreth other termys mo
Quhilkis in our langage suythly as I weyn
Few men can tell me cleirly quhat thai meyn.
Betweyn “genus,” “sexus” and “species”
Diuersyte in our leid to seik I cess.
For “obiectum” or “subiectum” allswa
He war expert couth fynd me termys twa,
Quhilkis ar als ryfe amangis clerkis in scuyll
As evir fowlis plungit in laik or puyll.
Logicianys knawys heirin myne entent,
Vndir quhais boundis lurkis mony strange went
Quharof the process as now we mon lat be.
Bot 3it twychyng our tungis penuryte,
I meyn into compar of fair Latyn
That knawyn is maste perfite langage fyne,
I mycht also percace cum lyddir speid
For “arbor” and “lignum” intill our leid
To fynd different proper termys twane
And tharto put circumlocutioun nane.
Richt so by aboutspech oftyn tymys
And semabill wordis we compile our rymys.
God wait in Virgill ar termys mony a hundir
Fortill expone maid me a felloun blundir.
To follow alanerly Virgilis wordis, I weyn,
Thar suld few vndirstand me quhat thai meyn.
The bewte of his ornate eloquens
May nocht al tyme be keptit with the sentens.
Sanct Gregor eik forbyddis ws to translait
Word eftir word bot sentence follow algait:

“Quha haldis,” quod he, “of wordis the properteis
Full oft the verite of the sentens fleys.”
And to the sammyn purpos we may apply
Horatius in hys Art of Poetry:
“Press nocht,” says he, “thou traste interpreter,
Word eftir word to translait thi mater.”
Lo, he reprevis and haldis myssemyng
Ay word by word to reduce ony thing.
I say nocht this of Chauser for offenses,
Bot till excuss my lewynt insufficiens,
For as he standis beneth Virgill in gre,
Vndir hym alsfer I grant my self to be.
And nethless into sum place, quha kend it,
My mastir Chauser gretly Virgill offendit.
All thoch I be tobald hym to repreif,
He was fer baldar, certis, by hys leif,
Sayand he followit Virgillis lantern tofornt,
Quhou Eneas to Dydo was forsworn.
Was he forsworn? Than Eneas was fals —
That he admittis and callys hym traytour als.
Thus, wenyng allane Ene to haue repreivit,
He hass gretly the prynce of poetis grevit,
For, as said is, Virgill dyd diligens
But spot of cryme, reproch or ony offenses
Eneas for to loif and magnify,
And gif he grantis hym maynsworn fowlely,
Than all hys cuyr and crafty engyne gais quyte,
Hys twelf 3heris laubouris war nocht worth a myte.
Certis Virgill schawys Ene dyd na thing
From Dydo of Cartage at hys departyng
Bot quhilk the goddis commandit hym befornt,
And gif that thar command maid hym maynsworn,
That war repreif to thar diuinyte
And na reproch onto the said Enee.
Als in the first, quhar Ilioneus
Spekis to the queyn Dido, says he nocht thus,
That curss by fait was set tyll Italy?

Thus mycht scho not pretend na iust causs quhy
Thocht Troianys eftir departis of Cartage,
Sen thai befor declaryt hir thar vayage.
Reid the ferd buke quhar Queyn Dido is wraith,
Thar sal 3he fynd Ene maid nevir aith,
Promyt nor band with hir fortill abyde:
Thus hym tobe maynsworn may nevir betyde,
Nor nane onkyndnes schew forto depart
At the bydding of Iove with reuthfull hart,
Sen the command of God obey suld all
And vndir his charge na wrangwyss deid may fall.
Bot sikkyrly or resson me behufis
Excuss Chauser fra all maner repruffis
In lovyng of thir ladeis lyllly quhite
He set on Virgill and Eneas this wyte,
For he was evir (God wait) all womanis frend.
I say na mair, but, gentil redaris heynd,
Lat all my faltis with this offens pass by.
Thou prynce of poetis, I the mercy cry,
I meyn thou Kyng of Kyngis, Lord Etern,
Thou be my muse, my gydar and laid stern,
Remittying my trespass and euery myss
Throu prayer of thy Moder, Queyn of Blyss.
Afald godhed, ay lestyng but discrepans,
In personys thre, equale, of a substans,
On the I call, and Mary Virgyn myld —
Calliope nor payane goddis wild
May do to me na thing bot harm, I weyn:
In Criste is all my traste, and hevynnys queyn.
Thou, Virgyn Moder and Madyn, be my muse,
That nevir 3it na synfull lyst refuss
Quhilk the besocht deuotly for supple.
Albeit my sang to thy hie maieste
Accordis nocht, 3it condescend to my write,
For the sweit liquour of thy pappis quhite
Fosterit that Prynce, that hevynly Orpheus,
Grond of all gude, our Saluyour Ihesus.

Bot forthirmor, and lawar to discend
Forgeif me, Virgill, gif I the offend.
Pardon thy scolar, suffir hym to ryme
Sen thou was bot ane mortal man sum tyme.
In cace I faill, haue me not at disden3e,
Thocht I be lewit, my leill hart can nocht fen3e,
I sall the follow; suld I tharfor haue blame,
Quha can do bettir, sa furth in Goddis name.
I schrynk nocht anys correkkit for tobe
With ony wight grundit on cherite,
And glaidly wald I baith inquire and leir
And till ilke cunnand wight la to myne eyr.
But laith me war but owther offens or cryme
Ane brimell body suld intertrike my ryme.
Thocht sum wald swer that I the text haue vareit,
Or that I haue this volume quyte myscareit,
Or threpe playnly that I come nevir neir hand it,
Or at the wark is wers than evir I fand it,
Or 3it argue Virgill stude weill befor,
As now war tyme to schift the werst our scor;
Ellis haue I said thar may be na compar
Betwix his versis and my stile wlgar.
All thocht he stant in Latyn maist perfyte,
3it stude he nevir weill in our tung endyte
Less than it be by me now at this tyme.
Gyf I haue fal3eit, baldly reprufe my ryme.
Bot first, I pray 3ou, grape the mater cleyn,
Reproche me nocht quhill the wark be ourseyn.
Beis not ourstudys to spy a moyt in myne e,
That in 3our awyn a ferry boyt can nocht se,
And do to me as 3he wald be done to.
Now hark, schirris, thar is na mair ado;
Quha list attend, gevis audiens and draw neir,
Me thocht Virgill begouth on this maner:
I the ilk vmquhile that in the small ait reid
Tonyt my sang, syne fra the woddis 3eid
And feildis about taucht tobe obesand

(Thocht he war gredy) to the bissey husband,
Ane thankfull wark maid for the plewchmanis art,
Bot now the horribill stern dedys of Mart,
The batalys and the man I will discryve. &c

Innatyve is alsmekil to say as inborn, or that quhilk cumis till ony person be thar natural inclinatioun of kynd throw thar forbearis.

Ptholome kyng of Egipt, the famous gret clerk, astronomer and discryvar of the world, that causit lxxii interpretouris to translait the Bibill, had sa gret plesour and delyte of bukis that he gadderit togidder in ane librar xxxvi thousand volummys.

Caxton faltes.

Vnder derk poetrye is hid gret wisdom and larning.

This story of Saul and the spreit of Samuel rasyt by the Phitones is in the first Buk of Kyngis, in the xxviii c.

Exhortatione to the Reder.

Admonitione vnto vnlearned peopill, quhase rudnes can nocht onderstand Vyrghill.

Oppetere is alsmekil to say as ore terram petere, lyke as Seruius expouns the sammyn term, quhilk to translate in our tung is with mowth to seik or byte the erd. And lo, that is ane hail sentens for ane of Virgillis wordis.

As for animal and homo in our langage is nocht a propir term, and thai be bot bestis that expouns animal for a beste. Ane beste is callit in Latyn bestia and pecus, and animal betakynnys all corporall substans that hass ane saull quhilk felis payn, ioy or ennoy. And vndyr animal beyn contenyt all mankynd, beist, byrd, fowll, fisch, serpent, and all other sik thingis at lyfis and steris, that hass a body, for al sik and euery ane of thame may be properly callit animal. And

thus animal is ane general name for al sik maner thingis quhatsumeuer. Homo betekynns baith a man and a woman, and we haue na term correspondent tharto, nor 3it that signifyis baith twa in a term alanerly.

Genus is that thing quhilk is common and may be verefyt of mony other thingis different in kynd or of diuerss kyndis; as this word, a beste, may be verefeit and is common till al and syndry kynd of bestis, for a horss is a beste, ane ox a beste, a scheip a beste, a dog a beste, and swa of otheris. Species is that thing or word that is common and may be verefeit of mony thingis different in numbir, as this word, a man, may be verefeit and is common till al maner of man particular, for Iohne is a man, Thomas a man, Wil3am a man, and furth of otheris. Syk lyke, this word, a horss, is common to this horss, and that horss — the gray is a horss, the blak a horss, the quhite a horss. Sexus is the discretioun, diuersitie or differens in schap, betwix the mail and the female in al maner corporal creatouris, for thocht a man and a woman beyn baith of a kynd and natur, 3it ar thai different and diuerss in thar schap. Rycht swa is ane horss fra a mair, quhilk ar bath of a kynd; siklyke a cok from a hen, a kow from a bull, and swa is of all kyndis quhar the mail is distinct fra the femell.

This argument excusis nocht the tratory of Eneas na his maynsweryng, considering quhat is said heir afoir in the ii c. of this prolog, that is,

Iuno nor Venus goddes neuer war,
Mercur, Neptun, Mars nor Iupiter,
Of Forton eik, nor his necessite,
Sic thingis nocht attentik ar, wait we.

It followis than that Eneas vroucht nocht be command of ony goddis, bot of his awyn fre wyl, be the permission of God, quhilk sufferis al thing, and stoppis nocht, na puttis nocht necessite to fre wyll. He falit than gretly to the sueit Dydo, quhilk falt reprefit nocht the goddess diuinite, for thai had na diuinite, as said is befoir.

CONTENTIS

Heir he argouis better than befor.
The Contentis of Euery Buke Followyng
The first contenys quhou the prynce Ene
And Troianys war dryve onto Cartage cite.
The secund buke schawis the finale ennoy,
The gret myscheif and subuersioun of Troy.
The thryd tellith quhou fra Troys cite
The Troianys careit war throu owt the see.
The ferd rehersis of fair Queyn Dido
The dowbill woundis and the mortale wo.
The fyft contenys funerale gemys glaid
And how the fyre the navy dyd invaid.
Into the saxt buke syne doith Virgill tell
Quhou that Eneas went and visseit hell.
The sevynt Ene bryngis to hys grond fatale,
And how Italianys Troianys schup to assale.
Ontill Eneas gevis the auchten buke
Baith falloschip and armour, quha list luke.
Dawnus son Turnus in the nynte, tak tent,
Segis New Troy, Eneas tho absent.
The tent declaris by the cost atanys
The batale betwix Tuscany and Rutulanys.
In the ellevynt Rutulyanys beyn ourset
By the decess of Camylla downebet.
The twelft makis end of all the weir, but dowl,
Throu the slauchtir of Turnus, stern and stowl.
The last, ekit to Virgillis nowmyr evyn
By Mapheus, convoys Ene to hevyn.

BUKE I

The Rubric in the Formast Cheptour of the First Buke
The poet first proponyng his entent
Declaris Iunois wreth and maitalent.
The batalis and the man I wil discrive
Fra Troyis boundis first that fugitive
By fait to Ytail come and cost Lavyne,
Our land and sey katchit with mekil pyne
By forss of goddis abufe, from euery steid,
Of cruell Iuno throu ald remembrit fede.
Gret pane in batail sufferit he alsso
Or he his goddis brocht in Latio
And belt the cite fra quham, of nobill fame,
The Latyne pepill takyn heth thar name,
And eik the faderis, princis of Alba,
Cam, and the wallaris of gret Rome alswa.
O thou my muse, declare the causis quhy,
Quhat maieste offendit schaw quham by,
Or 3it quharfor of goddis the drery queyn
Sa feil dangeris, sik travell maid susteyn
A worthy man fulfillit of piete:
Is thare sik greif in hevynly myndis on hie?
Thare was ane ancyant cite hecht Cartage,
Quham hynys of Tyre held intill heritage,
Ennymy to Itail, standand fair and plane
The mouth of lang Tibir our forgane,
Myghty of moblys, full of sculys seyr,
And maist expert in crafty fait of weir,
Of quhilk a land Iuno, as it is said,
As to hir special abuf al otheris maid;
Hir native land for it postponyt sche
Callit Same — in Cartage sett hir see;
Thar war hir armys and here stude eik hir chair.
This goddes ettillit, gif werdis war nocht contrar,
This realme tobe superior and mastress

To all landis, bot certis nethelless
The fatale sisteris reuolue and schaw, scho kend,
Of Troiane blude a pepill suld discend,
Wailliant in weir, to ryng wydquhar, and syne
Cartage suld bryng ontill finale rewyne,
And clene distroy the realme of Lybia.
This dredand Iuno, and forthirmor alswa
Remembring on the ancyant mortell weir
That for the Grekis, to hir leif and deir,
At Troy lang tyme scho led befor that day
(For 3it the causys of wreth war nocht away
Nor cruell harm for3et ne out of mynd —
Ful deip engravyn in hir breist onkynd
The iugement of Parys, quhou that he
Preferrit Venus, dispisyng hir bewte;
Als Troiane blude till hir was odyus,
For Iupiter engenderit Dardanus
Fra quham the Troianys cam in adultery,
And Ganymedes revist abuf the sky,
Maid him his butler, quhilk was hir douchteris office),
Iuno inflambit, musyng on thir casis nyce
The quhile our sey that salit the Troianys
Quhilkis had the ded eschapit and remanys
Onslane of Grekis or of the ferss Achill,
Scho thame fordryvis and causys oft ga will
Frawart Latium, quhilk now is Italy,
By fremmyt werd ful mony 3eris tharby
Catchit and blaw wydquhar all seys about.
Lo quhou gret cure, quhat travell, pane and dowl
Was to begyn the worthy Romanys blude!
And as the Troianys frakkis our the flude,
Skarss from the sycht of Sysilly the land,
With bent sail full, rycht merely saland,
Thar stevynnys scowrand fast throu the salt fame,
Quhen that Iuno, till hir euerlestand schame,
The etern wound hyd in hir breist ay greyn,
Ontill hir self thus spak in propir teyn:

“Is this ganand that I my purposs fail
 As clene ourcum, and may nocht from Itail
 Withhald this kyng of Troy and hys navy?
 Am I abandonyt with sa hard destany
 Sen Pallas mocht on Grekis tak sik wraik
 To byrn thar schippis and all for anys saik
 Drowne in the sey, for Ajax Oilus wrang?
 From Iupiter the wild fyre down scho slang
 Furth of the clowdis, distroyt thar schippis all,
 Ourquhelmyt the sey with mony wyndy wall,
 Ajax breist persit, gaspand furth flawmand smoke,
 Sche with a thud stikkit on a scharp roke.
 Bot I, the quhilk am clepit of goddis queyn
 And onto love baith spouss and sistir scheyn,
 With a pepill sa feill 3heris weir sall lede,
 Quha sal from thens adorn in ony stede
 The power of Iuno, or altaris sacryfy,
 Gif I ourcummyn be thus schamefully?”

Virgille reherssis not Eneas naim, bot callis him “the man” be
 excellens, as thocht he said “the mast soueran man.”

Lavyn, Lavinium, Lawrentum stud viii mylis fra the mowth of Tibyr,
 and was cyte of the king Latynus, of quham eftyr in the vii buyk,
 quhill the end of this volume.

Quhat is Latium, or Latio, luyk eftyr in the vi c. of the viii buyk. The
 cite of quham heir is mention was New Troy, quham Eneas biggit at
 the mouth of Tibir; and fra Ene bein namyt the Latynis, and nowdir
 fra the cyte nor the land.

Of Alba cyte luyk eftyr in the fyfte c. of this buyk and in the fyrst c.
 of the viij buyk.

Musa in Grew signifeis an inuentryce or inuention in our langage,
 and of the ix Musis sum thing in my Palyce of Honour and be Mastir
 Robert Hendirson in New Orpheus.

The poet inqueris quhat maieste or power offendyt of Iuno, quhilk is fenyeit to haf many poweris. She is clepit queyn of goddis, mastres and lady of realmys, precident of byrthis, spouss and sistir to Iupiter &c.

Samo is an ile in Trace quhar Iuno was weddit and born, as sais Seruius, and ther, as vitnessyth Sanct Ierom, stud the farest tempil of Grece, dedicat to Iuno.

C L marginal note hir see, hir seit; B marginal note or hir sett.

Lybia or Liby is the thrid part of the world, callit Affryk, quham now we call the land or cost of Barbary.

The iugement of Paris is common to all knawis the sege of Troy.

Hebe, douchter of Iuno and goddes of Youth, seruyit Iupiter of his covp; quhilk at a fest amang the goddis makand hir seruice, slaid and schew hir schame in al thar presens, for the quhilk lak Iupiter gaif to this Ganymedes, son to Kyng Troyus, hir office. Of the ravisynge of this Ganymede, 3e haf benayth, in the v c. of the v buyk, and of this Hebe sum thyng in the prolog of the vij buyk.

“And as the Troianys, &c.” First abuyf the poete proponis his entent, sayand, “The batellis and the man, &c.”; nyxt makis he inoucation, calland on his muse to tech hym thar, “O thou my Muse, &c.”; and ther, lyke as his muse spak to hym, declaris the caussis of the feid of Iuno, sayand, “Ther was ane anchient cyte hecht Cartage.” Now heir thridly proceidis he furth on his narration and history, and beginnys at the sevint 3eir of Eneas departyng of Troy, as 3e may se in the end of this first buyk, and efter the decess of his fadir Anchises, quham he erdit in Sycill at Drepanon, as 3e haf in the end of the thrid buyk. The remanent of his auenturis beyn reseruyt, be craft of poetry, to the banket of Queyn Dido, quhar thai be then lenth rehersit by Eneas in the secund and thryd.

This offence was the ravising of Cassandra furth of the tempill of Pallas, as 3e haue in the vij cheptour of the secund buke following. And sum says this Ajax oppressit hir in the tempill; quhilk Ajax was son to Kyng Oylus, prince of Locria, or Locrida, and his pepyll beyn nammyt Locri or Locranys.

Thoght in verite Iuno was bot ane woman, dochter of Saturn, sistir and spows to Iupiter, King of Crete, 3it quhen poetis namys hir swa, thai ondirstand sum tyme by Iuno the erth and the watir, and by Iupiter the ayr and the fyr; and for alss mekyll as the ayr and the fyr is actyve, and the watyr and the erth patient, and that all corporall thyngis beyn engendrit therof, heirfoir bein thai clepit “spowsis.” Bot for that sum tym Iuno betakinys alanerly the ayr and Iove the fyre, than, be raison of ther contegwyte and quantite convenient, bein thai clepit sistyr and brothir; and for that all thyngis, by the influens of the planetis, starnys and hevinnis abufe, be maid of thir elymentis, therfor bein thai clepit kyng and queyn, fadir and mother to goddis and men. And ferther as twychyng this Iuno, hir other namys and propieteis, I refer to Iohn Bocass in the Genealogy of gentille Goddis, onto the nynt buyk thereof, and first c. of the sammyn.

Quhou Dame Iuno tyll Eolus cuntre went
And of the storm on the Troianys furth sent.
And on this wyss, wyth hart byrnyng as fyre,
Musyng alone, full of malyce and ire,
Tyll Eolus cuntre, that wyndy regioun,
A brudy land of furyus stormy sowne,
This goddis went, quhar Eolus the kyng
In gowsty cavys the wyndis lowde quhissilling
And braithly tempestis by hys power refrenys,
In bandis hard schet in presoun constrenys,
And thai heirat havand full gret disdeyn,
Quhill all the hill resoundis, quhryne and plene
About thar closouris brayng with mony a rare.
Kyng Eolus set hie apon his chare,
With ceptour in hand thar muyd to meyss and still,
Temperis thar ire, less thai suld at thar will
Beir with thar byr the skyis, and drive about

Erd, ayr and sey, quhen euer thame lest blaw out.
Thus the hie fader almychty in cavis dyrk
Thir wyndis hyd, for dreid sik wrangis thai wyrk,
And thar abuf set wegthy hillys huge,
Gave thame a kyng, quhilk, as thar lord and iuge,
At certane tyme thame stanching and withhald
And at command also mycht quhen he wald
Lat thame go fre at large to blaw out braid.
To quham as than lawly thus Iuno said:
“Eolus, a pepill onto me ennemy
Salis the sey Tuscane, cariland to Italy
Thar venquyst hamelhald goddis and Ilion;
Bot sen the fader of goddis euery one
And kyng of men gave the power,” quod sche,
“To meyss the flude or rayss with stormys hie,
Inforss thi wyndis, synk all thar schippis infeir,
Or skattir widquhar into cuntreis seir,
Warp all thar bodeis in the deip bedeyn.
I haue,” quod sche, “lusty ladeis fourteyn,
Of quhame the farest, clepit Diope,
In ferm wedlok I sal coniune to the
For thi reward, that lilly quhite of swar,
With the for to remane for euermar,
Quhilk propir spouss and eik thi lady myld
Sal mak the fader to mony fair child.”
Eolus answeris, “O thou my lady queyn,
Quhat thou desiris to the it doith perteyn
Forto devyss, and me behuffis thi command
Obey; for thou the ceptour gevis me in hand
Of all this realme (quhat so it be) and oft
Iupiter with me consideris, and ful soft
Causis me feist amang the goddis at rest,
And makis me master of wyndis and tempest.”
Be this was said, a grondyn dart leit he glide
And persit the boss hill at the braid syde.
Furth at the ilke port wyndis brade in a rout
And with a quhirl blew all the erth about.

Thai ombeset the seys bustuusly,
 Quhil fra the deip til euery cost fast by
 The huge wallis weltris apon hie,
 Rollit at anys with storm of wyndis thre,
 Eurus, Nothus and the wynd Affricus,
 Quhilkis est, south and west wyndis hait with ws.
 Sone efter this, of men the clamour rayss,
 The takillis graslis, cabillis can fret and frays.
 Swith the clowdis hevyn, son and days lycht
 Hyd and byreft furth of the Troianys sycht.
 Dyrknes as nycht beset the seys about,
 The firmament gan rummylling rair and rout,
 The skyis oft lychtnyt with fyry levin,
 And schortly bath ayr, sey and hevin
 And euery thing mannasit the men to de,
 Schawand the ded present tofor thar e.

The cuntre or realm of Eolus, clepit Eolia, lyis betwix Sycill and Italy, vii ilandis in the sey, of quham thir be the namys: Lipara, Hiera, Strogile, Didyme, Eriphusa, Phenycusa and Evomynos. And for alsmekyll as thir ilis bein full of cavernys, wyth bryntstan blawand and byrnand onder the erd, that therby throw the swouch of the fir may be persauyt a day or twa befor fra quhat part or art the wynd is fortocum; and this Eolus kyng therof, as an naturall man, first be experiens persauyt this, and wald schaw the pepill therby, weill two or thre dais befor, the wynd was to blaw from syk an art, for the quhilk rayson, with the rud pepill, was he nammyt kyng or god of windis. And thai put that he had vi sonnys and vi dochtiris, quhilkis ar nocht ellis bot the xii wyndis, of quham the [namys], to begin at the est and go round abowt, bein thir: Subsolanus, Ewrus, Nothus, Auster, Affricus, Zephyrus, Fauonius, Circius, Chorus, Boreas, Aquilo and Wlturnus.

Iohn Bocas, be Eolus set hie in his chare to rewle and dant the windis, ondirstandis raison set hie in the manis hed, quhilk suld dant, and includ the law in the cave or boddum of the stomak, the windis of peruersit appetyte, as lord and syre set be God almychty therto.

Ilion, or Ilium, was the cyte of Troy, havand his naym fra King Ilus, fadir to Laomedon. The hayll cuntre was callit Troy fra King Tros, or Troyius, fadir to this Ilus. The awld naim therof is Phrigia, bot oft bein ather of all ther namys takin for other, as Troy, alss weill for the cyte as the realm. And heir, be a maner dispite, Iuno, for the pepill or gudis of Ilion, namys the hail cyte. Thir goddis bein clepit penetes, of quham in dyuerss placis eftyr, and in speciall in the thrid buyk in the first and thrid c. And thai may be callit goddis domestyk famyliar, or hamhald goddis, bot thai be propirly the Troian goddis and nain otheris.

For alsmekill as I hafe said abufe Iuno betakinnys the air, in quham blawis thir windis, and by quham the mater quharof windis bein engendrit beyn productit to ther perfection, therfor iustly and of rycht Eolus grantis him to hald his ring of Iuno.

Ewrus is heir taken for the gret est wynd, thocht it be bot the wind est to sowthin; siklyke, Nothus for the mayn sowth, thocht it be south to est; and Affricus is takin for plat west wynd, that is bot sowth sowthwest. And thus heir the thre principall gret windis contrarius blew attanys apon thaim, and the north wind also in the nyxt c., “A blastirrand bub owt from the north braying &c.”

Quhou that Ene was with the tempest schaik
And quhou Neptune his navy salvyt fra wraik.
Belive Eneas membris schuk for cald,
And murnand baith his handis vp did hald
Toward the sternys, with petuus voce thus gan say:
“O sevin tymys quhou happy and blissit war thai
Vnder hie wallis of Troy, by dynt of swerd,
Deit in thar faderis syght, bytand the erd!
O thou of Grekis mast forcy, Diomed,
Quhy mycht I not on feldis of Troy haue deit
And by thi rycht hand 3aldin forth my sprete
Quhar that the valiant Hectour losit the swete
On Achillis speir, and grisly Sarpedon,
And ondyr flude Symois mony one

With scheld and helm stalwart bodeis lyis warpit?"
And al invane thus quhil Eneas carpit,
A blastrand bub out from the north brayng
Gan our the forschip in the baksail dyng,
And to the sternys vp the flude gan cast.
The aris, hechis and the takillis brast,
The schippis stevin frawart hyr went gan wryth,
And turnyt hir braid syde to the wallis swyth.
Heich as a hill the iaw of watir brak
And in ane hepe cam on thame with a swak.
Sum hesit hoverand on the wallis hycht,
And sum the swowchand sey so law gart lycht
Thame semyt the erd oppynnyt amynd the flude —
The stour vp bullyrrit sand as it war wode.
The sowth wynd, Nothus, thre schippis draif away
Amang blynd cragis, quhilk huge rolkis thai say
Amynd the sey Italianys Altaris callis;
And othir thre Eurys from the deip wallis
Cachit amang the schald bankis of sand —
Dolorus to se thame chop on grond, and stand
Lyke as a wall with sand warpit about.
Ane othir, in quham salit the Lycianys stowt,
Quhilum fallowis to Kyng Pandor in weir,
And Orontes, Eneas fallow deir,
Befor his eyn from the north wynd
Ane hydduuss sey schippit at hir stern behynd,
Smate furth the skippar clepit Lewcaspis,
His hed doune warpit, and the schip with this
Thryss thar the flude quhirlit about round,
The swokand swelth sank vnder sey and drond.
On the huge deip quhoyn salaris dyd appeir;
The Troianys armour, takillis and othir geir
Flet on the wallis; and the strang barge tho
Bair Ilioneus, and scho that bair also
Forcy Achates, and scho that bair Abas,
And scho quharin ancyant Alethes was,
The storm ourset, raif rovis and syde semmys —

Thai all lekkit, the salt watir stremmys
Fast bullerand in at euery ryft and boyr.
In the meyn quhile, with mony rowt and royr
The sey thus trublit, and this tempest furth sent
Felt Neptune, and his watir movit and schent,
The deip furth³et in schaldis heir and thair.
Gretly commovit, out of the sey gan stair
His plesand hede, rasit on the hyast wall,
Lukand about, behaldis the sey our all
Eneas navy skatterit fer ysundir,
With fludis ourset the Troianys and at vnder
By flaggis and rayn dyd from the hevin descend:
Iunois dissate and ire full weill he kend.
He callis till hym Eurus and Zephirus,
Tha est and west wyndis, and said thame thus:
“Ar ze sa gretly assurit in your hie kyn,
ze wyndis,” quod he, “but my leif durst begyn
Baith erd and ayr to move on this maneir
And eik the sey with sa stowt stormys steir?
I sal you chastyss; bot me behuffis first meyss
The motioune of fludis and thame appess.
Traist weill onpunyst ze sal me not astart
On sik awyss gif ze falt efterwart.
Withdraw you hens and to your kyng say ze
He has na power nor autorite
On seys, nor on the thre granyt ceptour wand
Quhilk is by cut gevin me to beir in hand;
Hald him on craggis and amang rochis hie,
Thair is your dwelling place, Eurus,” quod he.
“Byd Eolus kepe hym in that hald condng,
Do cloyss the presoun of wyndis and tharon ryng.”
Thus said he, and with that word hastely
The swelland seys has swagit, and fra the sky
Gaderit the clowdis and chasit sone away,
Brocht hame the son agane and the brycht day.
Hys douchter Cymothoe and hys son Tryton
Enforsis thame the Troianys schippis onone

To rayss and lift of the scharp rolkis blynd;
The god hym self gan hesyng thame behynd
With his byg ceptour havand granys thre,
Oppynnys schald sandis and temperis weill the see,
Ourslidand lychtly the croppis of the wallis.
And as 3e se, oft amangis commonys fallis
Stryfe and debait in thar wod fulych ire,
Now fleys the stanys and now the broyndis of fyre
(Thar greif and fury mynysteris wapynnys plente),
Bot than percace gif thai behald or se
Sum man of gret autorite and efferis,
Thai cess and, all stil standand, gevis him eris;
He wyth his wordis gan slaik thar mynd and swage.
On the sammyn wyss fell all the seys rage.

(1) Her fyrst namys Virgill Eneas. (2) This cald, sais Seruyus, coym of dreid; nocht that Eneas dred the ded, bot this maner of ded; and alsso he that dredis na thyng, nor kan haf na dred, is not hardy, but fuyll hardy and beistly.

The maner was swa in tha dais that nobillis slan in feld tuke ther mouth full of erd, to that effect that in the ded thrawis nain myssyttand word nor voce suldbe hard of ther mowth.

Mast forcy, that is to sey, on of the maste forcy.

Sarpedon, son of Iupiter and Laodomya, dochtyr to Bellerophon, was kyng of Lycia; of huge statur, and slan by Patroclus.

Thar lyis betwix Affryk and the ile of Sardynia, amynd the sey, a hirst or ryg of craggy rolkis, quhilk beyn callit “altaris of suple or help,” becaus therat on a tyme the pepill of Affrik and Romanys band vp perpetwall payce. And thir schald bankis of sand heir nammyt bein the twa dangeris of the sey Affrican, callit Syrtis, the mair and the less; mar perellus than 3airmuth sandis or Holland cost.

Off Orontes and Lewcaspis sum thing in the v c. of the vi buyk, and

of this Pander or Pandarus in the ix c. of the v buyk.

Of this Ilioneus and the otheris Troianys heir nammyt beyn oft benath maid mension.

Neptun or Neptunus, brother to Iove and Pluto and son to Saturn. For that the partis of his heritage lay in Creit by the sey cost, and for he vsit mekill salyng and rowyng, and fand the craft or art therof, therfor is he clepit god of the sey. He was alsswa an the first tawcht to dant and taym horsses; and onto hym beyn consecret the fundment of wallis, for alsmekill as it is said he biggyt the wallis of Troy, or than becauss the watyr inclusyt ondyr the erth is oft tymys causs of erdqwkyng and trimbillyng or moving of the erth, as we se by experiens in watyr brekis. And perchanss thir thre poweris signefeis the thre granyt ceptour, quhilk his statw in ald days bair in hand, lyk a crepar or a graip wyth thre granys. Tha discryve hym rydand in a cart, quhilk betakinnys the weltyng our of the sey wallys, that rollys, hurlys and brais lyke cart quhelis. Quha lykis mair of him, go reid Bocas, in the first c. and tent buyk of the Genealogy of Goddis.

Heir is an notabyll doctryn, that nan nobill man suld hastily reveng him eftyr his greif. Tharfor was gevin consell to August Octavian the empriour, that eftir his commotion, or euer he did or said ocht, he suld wryte xxiiii lettiris.

This thre granyt ceptour in sum part haf I twychis [sic] abuf. It may betakyn alsswa the thre properteis of the watyr, quhis is flowand, drynkabyll and ganand to sayll or swym intyll.

Cymothoe, as sais Seruyus, is in Grew alss mekyll to say in our language as the flowand or rinnand flud, quhilk may be clepit a ganand dochtir to Neptun, god of seys. Tryton, as sais Bocas, is the bruyt or rowtyng of the wally sey: quharfor iustly is he fenzeit trumpet to the occian and son to Neptun. Nethless, Plynyus in his Naturall History reherssis that Triton is a verray monstre of the sey, and that in the tym of Tyberius the emperour syk an was hard and seyn. His schap and portatour is discryvit in the x buyk in the iiii c.,

and he slais Mesenus in the iii c. of the vi buyk.

Noyte Virgill in this comparison and symilytud, for therin and in syk lyke baris he the palm of lawd, as I haf said in my proheme. It is to be considerit also that our all this wark, he comparis batell tyll spayt or dyluge of watyr, or than to suddan fyr, and to nocht ellis.

Cristoferus Landynus, that writis moraly apon Virgill, says thus: Eneas purposis to Italy, his land of promysion; that is to say, a iust perfyte man entendis to mast soueran bonte and gudnes, quhilk as witnessyth Plato, is situate in contemplation of godly thyngis or dyvyn warkis. His onmeysabill ennemy Iuno, that is fenzeit queyn of realmys, entendis to dryve him from Italle to Cartage; that is, Avesion, or concupissance to ryng or haf warldly honouris, wald draw him fra contemplation to the actyve lyve; quhilk, quhen scho falis by hir self, tretis scho with Eolus, the neddyr part of raison, quhilk sendis the storm of mony warldly consalis in the iust manis mynd. Bot, quhoubeyt the mynd lang flowis and delitis heirintyll, fynaly by the fre wyll and raison predomynent, that is, ondirstand, by Neptun, the storm is cessit, and, as followis in the nyxt c., arrayvit in sond havin, quhilk is tranquile of consciens; and fynaly Venus, in the vi c. following, schawis Ene his feris recouerit again, quhilk is, fervent lufe and cherite schawis the iust man his swete meditationys and feruour of deuotion, quham he tynt by warldly curis, restorit to hym again, and all his schippis bot on, be quham I ondyrstand the tyme lost.

Quhou Eneas in Affrik dyd arrayve,
And thar with schote slew sevin hartis belyve.
Eftyr that the fader of the fludys Neptune
Had on sik wyss behaldyn the seys abone,
Vndir the stabillit hevin movit in his chare,
Slakking his ren3eis with prosper courss and fair,
Eneas and his feris on the strand
Wery and forwrocht sped thame to the nerrest land,
And at the cost of Lyby arrayvit he.
Ane havyn place with a lang hals or entre
Thar is, with ane ile enveronyt on athir part,

To brek the wallis and storm of euery art;
Within the watir in a bosum gays.
Baith heir and thair stant large craggis and brais.
To se the hewis on athir hand is wondir
For hycht that semys pyngill with hevin, and vnder
In a braid sound sovir from all wyndis blawis
Flowis the schore deip, euer stabil but ony wawis.
A wod abufe ourheldis with his rank bewis
And castis a plesand schaddow our the clewis.
Rycht our forgane the forret of a bra
Vnder the hyngand rolkis was als wa
Ane coif, and tharin fresch watir springand,
And satis of stane neuer hewyn with manis hand
Bot wrocht by natur, as it ane howss had beyn
For nymphis, goddassis of fludis and woddis greyn.
Perbrakit schippis but cabillis thar mycht ryde,
Nane ankyr nedis mak thame arest nor byde.
Of all his navy thidder Eneas brocht
Bot sevin schippis. With gret desyre and thoct
Tobe on grund, Troianys sped thame to land,
As thai desyrit set softly on the sand;
Thare lethis and lymmys in salt watir bedyit
Strekit on the cost, spred furth, bekit and dryit.
Bot first Achates slew fyre of the flynt
Keppit in dry leiffis as tunder, quhil thai brynt;
Syne stikkis dry to kyndil thar about laid is,
Quhil al in flambe the bless of fyre vp bradis.
Than was the quhete (with fludis chaffit and wet)
And instrumentis to purge it swith out set.
For skant of vittal, the cornys in quernys of stane
Thai grand, and syne buke at the fyre ilkane.
In the meyn quhile, Eneas the bank on hie
Has clummyn, widequhar behaldand the large see
Gif ony schip thar on mycht be persavit
Quhilk lait tofor the wyndis had bewavit,
Or ony Troiane galay, bark or barge,
Antheus, Capis or Caicus stremeris large

Wavand or schawand from thar top on hycht.
Na schip he saw, bot sone he gat a syght
Of thre hartis waverand by the cost syde,
Quham at the bak, throu out the gravis wide,
The mekil herdis followit in a rowt
And pasturit all the large valle about.
Tharat he styntis and hynt his bow in hand;
Swift fleand arowis fast by him had berand
The traist Achates; and first the ledaris thre,
Quhilk on thar hedis bair the tyndis hie,
Smertly he slew, syne al the rangald persewis
With grundyn arowis amang the thik wod bewis,
And styntis not with dartis thame to bete
Quhil he to grond had brocht sevin hartis grete,
And with his schippis thar nowmyr equale maid.
Syne to the havin sped him for out abaid
And thame distribut amangis his feris all.
The wyne thar with in veschell gret and small,
Quhilk til him gave Acestes, his ryall host,
At his departing from Sycilly the cost,
To thame he byrlis and skynkis fast but weir,
And with sik wordis comfortis thar drery cheir:
“O 3e my feris and deir frendis,” quod he,
“Of bywent perrellis not ignorant bene we.
3e haue sustenyt grettar dangeris onkend,
Lyke as heirof God sal mak sone ane end.
The rage of Silla, that huge swelth in the see,
3e haue eschapit, and passit eik haue 3he
The euer rowtand Charibdis rolkis fell;
The craggis quhar monstruus Ciclopes dwell
3he ar expert. Pluk vp 3our hartis, I 3ou pray,
This dolorus dreid expell and do away.
Sum tyme heiron to think may help perchance:
By diuerss cacis, seir perrellis and sufferance
Onto Itale we ettil, quhar destany
Has schape for ws, in rest and quiet, herbry;
Predestinat is thar Troy sal ryss agane —

Beis stowt on prosper forton to remane."
 Syk plesand wordis carpand he has furth brocht,
 Set his mynd trublit mony grewouss thocht,
 With fenzeit comfort by his cheyr outwart
 The dolorus payn hyd deip gravyn in hart.
 Hys feris has this praye ressauyt raith
 And to thar met addressis, it to graith,
 Hynt of the hydys, maid the bowkis bair,
 Rent furth the entralis, sum in tailzeis schare,
 Syne brochit flykerand, sum gobbettis of lyre
 Kest in caldronys, and othir sum bet the fyre;
 Thame to refresch thus all the cost on lenth
 Sped thame with fude to recover thar strenth,
 On the greyn gers sat doune, and fillit thaim syne
 Of fat venyson and nobill auld wyne.
 Quhen hungir thus with metis was chasit away
 And dischis drawin, than with lang sermond thai
 Bewalit thar feris lossit on the flude:
 Betwix gude hope and dreid in dowl thai stude
 Quhidder thai war levand or tholit extreme ded all;
 Thai answer nocht set thai oft pleyn and call.
 Bot principally the pietefull Eneas
 Regratis oft the hard fortune and cace
 Of stern Orontes new downyt in the sey,
 And now Amycus harm complenys he,
 Now hym alone the cruel fate of Lycus,
 Now strang Gyan, now stalwart Cloanthus.

C f marginal note setts; L B marginal note or settis.

Nympha may be clepit a spowss or a damysell. Bot thai bein taken
 wyth poetis for goddessis of woddis, wildirness, fludis or wellis, and
 Nympha is a generall naym to all syk. Nymphis of wellis bein callit
 Naydes; of hillis or montanys, Oreades; of woddis and forestis,
 Dryades; of salt fludis, Nereides; of flouris, Napee; and Hamadriades
 ar fenzeit to grow and de wyth the tre, as quha wald say the sawll of
 the tre.

3e sall ondirstand Virgill in all partis of his proses, quhat maner or fasson he discrivis ony man at the begynnyng, sa continewys he of that samin person all thro, and Eneas in all his wark secludis from all vylle offyce; bot as twychand materris of pyety or devotion, thar labowris he euer wyth the first, as 3e may se in the beginyng of the vi buke.

Thocht sum wald say, perchans, that in Affrik bein na hartis, therto answeris Landinus that, albeit perchans now ther be nain, in tha days tha war not to seyk, or thocht in the ferther partis of Affrik be nain, in the hiddir partis, quharto was Eneas dryve, ther beyn mony.

or gydaris.

Acestes, kyng of Sycilly; of quham in the first c. of the thrid buke.

Sylla and Charybdis bein twa gret dangeris in the Sycill sey; of quham in the vi and viii c. of the thrid buyk.

Off thir Cyclopes also in the ix and x c. of the thrid buyk.

Wyne the eldar the bettir, sa that it be fresch, and euery man knawis vennyson owt of ply tynys the session.

Quhou Iove beheld the large costis on fer

And how Venus carpis with Iupiter.

Gone was the day and all thar lang sermoun

Quhen Iupiter, from his heich speir, adoun

Blent on the sailrife seys and erth tharby,

With pepill dwellyng on costis fer syndry,

Heich in the hevynnys top he baid hoverand

And of Lyby beheld graithly the land.

Within his breist on diuerss curis as he thus

Musys and thynkis, ontill hym spak Venus

All dolorus, hir eyn full of brycht teris:

“O thou,” quod sche, “quhilk governys, rewlis and steris

Baith goddis and men be thyne etern empyre,

And oft affrays with thundyr and wyldfyre,
Quhou mycht myne Ene sa gretly the offend?
Or quhat mycht Troianys trespass, quhilk now at end
Ar brocht and sufferit, sa feill corsis laid ded
Throu owt the warld debarrit in euery sted
And drevin from Itale? Thou hecht vmquhill, perfay,
Of thame suld cum, efter this mony a day,
The worthy Romanys, and of Troianys ofspring
Princis of power our sey and land to ryng.
Quhat wikkit counsale, fader, has turnyt thi thocht?
Forsuyth at Troys destructioun, as I mocht,
I take comfort heirof, thinkand but baid
That hard wanwerd suld follow fortoun glaid.
Bot 3it the sammyn myschance persewis thame sayr,
In syndry dangeris cachit heir and thair.
Of thair travell quhat end grantis thou, gret kyng?
Sen Anthenor mycht throu myd ostis thring
Of Grekis, and perss the soundis Ilyria,
And sovirly pass the strait regionys alsua
Of Liburnanys, and our Tymavy the flude,
Quharat nyne movthis rynnand as it war wode
The hillis resoundis, sa rudly doith it rowt,
And like a sey bettis on the brays abowt;
Thar nethelless of Padva the cite
A dwelling place for Troianys biggit has he,
And nemmyt the pepill efter hym, and full 3or
The armys of Troy has set vp in memor:
Bot we thi blude, thi kynrent and ofspring,
To quham in hevin thou grantis a place to ryng,
Schame forto say, all throw the feid of ane,
Has lossit our schippis, and ar betrasit ilkane,
And fer from Itale bene withhaldin eik —
Is this reward ganand for thame ar meik?
Is this the honour done to thame bene godlyke?
Restoris thou wss on sik wyss our kynryke?”
Smylyng sum deil, the fader of goddis and men
With that ilk sweit vissage, as we ken,

That mesys tempestis and makis the hevynnys cleir,
First kyssit his child, syne said on this maneir:
“Away sik dreid, Cytherea, be nocht efferd,
For thi lynage onchangit remanys the werd.
As thou desyris, the cite salt thou se,
And of Lavyne the promyst wallis hie.
Eik thou salt rayss abuf the sterit sky
The manfull Eneas and hym deify.
My sentence is nocht alterit as thou trastis;
Bot I sal schaw the, sen sik thochtis the thrastis,
And heir declair of destaneis the secreit,
Full mony 3heris tofor thai be compleit.
This Eneas, with hydwyss bargannyng,
In Itale frawart pepill sal doune thring,
Syne efter statut lawis for tha men
And beld townys and wal his citeis then.
Quhen thre someris in Latium or Itail
And thre wynteris he rungyn has all hail
Fra tyme Rutilyanys bene subdewit in fecht,
That the 3ong child, quhilk now Ascanyvs hecht
And to surname clepit Iulus sans faill,
For he in Ilion was of the blude ryale,
Quhill that of Troy and Ilion stude the ryng,
Thretty lang twelfmonthis rolling our sal ryng,
From Lavyne realm the seyt translait alsua
And forcely wall the cite lang Alba.
Thar sal thre hundreth 3eris togidder remane
The ryng vnder the pepill Hectoriane,
Quhil Ilya, nun and dochter of a kyng,
Consavit of Mars, twa twynnys do furth bring;
Than with the glitterand wolf skyn our his aray,
Cled in his nuryss talbert glaid and gay,
Romulus sal the pepill ressaue and weld,
And he the mercial wallis of Rome sal beld,
And efter his name cal the pepill Romanys.
To thir folkis quhou lang thar ryng remanys,
Nowder term of space nor boundis of sen3eory

Nane wil I set, for to thame grant haue I
Perpetual empyre, bot end to lest,
Apirmsert Iuno, that with gret onrest
Now cummyrris erd, sey and ayr,” quod he,
“Sal turn hir mynd bettir ways and with me
Fostir the Romanys, lordis of al erdly geir,
And Latyne pepill kepe bath in payce and weir.
This is determyt, this lykis the goddis, I wyss.
Eftyr mony lustris and 3eris ourslydyn is,
The tyme sal cum quhen Anchises ofspring
The realm of Pthytia in bondage sal doune thring,
And eik of Myce subdew the regioun large,
And vndir thar lordschip dant al Grece and Arge,
Cesar of nobill Troiane blude born salbe,
Quhilk sal thempyre delait to the occiane see,
And to the sternys vpspring sal the fame
Of Iulius, that takyn haith hys name
From Iulus, thi nevo, the gret kyng,
As prince descend of his blude and ofspring,
Quham, efter this, sovir of thyne entent,
Chargit with the spul3e of the orient,
Amang the nowmyr of goddis ressaue thou sall,
And as a god men sal him clep and call.
The cruel tyme sone thereafter sal cess,
And weris stanche, al salbe rest and pess;
Ancyant faith and valiant knychthed,
With chaste religioun, sal than the lawys led;
The dreidful portis salbe schet, but faill,
Of Ianus tempill, the takynar of bataill;
With hard irne bandis claspit fast in cage,
Of wykket bargane tharin the furyus rage
Set apon grisly armour in his seyt,
And with ane hundreth brasyn chen3eis grete
Behynd hys bak hard bund hys handis tway,
The horribil tyrant with bludy mouth sal bray.”
This beand said, Iupiter ful evyn
Hys son Mercury send doune from the hevyn,

So that of Cartage baith realm and new cite
To luge the Troianys suld all reddy be,
Less than Dido, the destany mysknawand,
Wald thame expell hyr boundis or hyr land.
He with gret fard of weyngis flaw throu the sky
And to the cuntre of Lyby come in hy,
Thar dyd hys charge, and the folkis of Cartage
Thar ferss mudis and hartis gan asswage
At the plesour of the god, quhilk thame taucht.
And first of othir, the quene hir self hass kaucht
Towart the Troianys a ful frendly mynd
As on to thame tilbe bowsum and kynd.

Love or Iupiter by the gentillis was clepit the mast soueran god, fader
of goddis and men, and all the otheris war bot haldyn as poweris
dyuerss of this Iupiter, callit “iuuans pater,” the helply fadir; bot
quham we cleip swa I haf writyn in my proloug of the x buyk. Of
Iupiter, as writis Sanct Augustyn in his volume clepit the Cyte of
God, in the vii buke and ix c. therof, thus writis poetis:
Iupiter omnipotens, regum rex ipse, deusque,
Progenitor genitrixque deum, deus vnus, et omnes.

“Iupiter omnipotent, king of kingis, and god, fader and moder of
goddis, an god, and all the goddis.” Of him largely spekis he alsswa,
reprevand the gentile opinionys, in the sam volum, in the first buk
and xi c. therof; and in the xii c. repreuys the opynion of Plato, that
haldis God the sawll of the warld. Of Iupiter sais the poet Lucan:
Iupiter est quodcunque vides, quocunque moueris.

“Iupiter is all that euer thou seis, and all that euer movis.” Bot quhou
ther beyn thre syndry Iupiteris, reid Iohn Bocas in his Genealogy of
Goddis, in the first c. of the xi buyk, quhar he tretis of Iupiter, kyng
of Crete, quhilk was Iupiter the thrid; and ther at the full of all the
fiction and fabillis therof, and quhy he is clepit gret god, and of this
Iupiter in the recollectis of Troy. Of the secund Iupiter, kyng of
Archad and syne of Athenes, quhilk slew Lycaon and was fadyr to
Dardanus, of quham cam the Troianys, he writis in the first c. of his v

buyk. And of Iupiter the first, callit Lysanyan, and kyng Athenes, in the ii c. of his ii buke, quhar he tretis the proprieteis of Iupiter the planeyt. And now to speyk of Iupiter the planete, quhilk is secund in ordour, and vnermaste nyxt Saturn. He is gentyll and meyk, and full of gud influens, and profitabill aspectis, in sa fer that gif he conionys with a frawart planete, sik as Mars or Saturn, he meysis ther wreth. Gif he conionys with a meyn planete, as the Sone, the Moyn or Mercury, he drawis thaim and makis inclyn to his gudness. Quhen he conionys wyth Venus, or is participant wyth her, as he stud in the ascendent at this tym of Eneas landyng, quhilk is fenzeit the commonyng betwix hym and Venus, than, as heir apperis, batakynns all gud; for Iove is clepit "Fortuna maior," and Venus "Fortuna minor." He completis his curss in xii 3eris, and by this constylation betwix him and Venus, Seruius ondirstandis felice tocum be a woman, as followis be Dido. And that Venus was sorofull, that is to knaw, discendent, and nocht in hir strength, signifeis the sorofull departyng and myschans of Dido.

Becauss ther is mension of Anthenor, quham many, followand Gwydo De Columnis, haldis tratour, sum thing of him will I speyk, thocht it may suffis for his purgation that Virgill heir hayth namyt him, and almaste comparit him to the mast soueran Eneas, quhilk comparison na wyss wald he haf maid for lak of Eneas, gif he had bein tratour. Bot to schaw his innocens, lat vs induce the mast nobill and famus historian and mylky flud of eloquens, gret Tytus Lyuius, quhilk of Anthenor and Eneas sais thir wordis in his beginning: "It is weill wyt that, Troy beand takin, in all the otheris Troianys crudelite was exersit, exceppand twa, Anthenor and Eneas, to quham the Grekis did na harm, bot abstenyt fra all power of batall as twichyng thaim, becauss of the rayson of hospitalite, for thai had beyn ther ald hostis, and all tymys thai war solistaris and warkkaris to rendyr Helen and to procur paice." Now I beseik 3ow, curtess redaris, consididir gif this be punctis of treason, or rather of honour, and wey the excellent awtorite of Virgill and Tytus Lyuius wyth 3our pevach and corrupt Gwido. Landinus sais als of this Anthenor that, for his sone Glaucus followit Paris, he depechit him of him, and for that sam caus, quhen he was aftyr slan by Agamenon, he maid na duyll for his

ded.

Ilyria hes his naym fra Illyrus, son to Polyphemus, and, as sais Sextus Rufus, it contenys xvii provyncis. It extendis endlang all the gret flud Danubyum, callit Hister, on bayth the sydis, and in it is Vngary, Pannony, Sclauony, Bohem, Denmark and Macydon; and this Lyburnya is bot a part therof, contenand certan ilis. Timauus is a flud in Lumbardy, in the Venytian landis, that cumis furth of the Duch montanys at ix beginnyngis, quhilk all rynnys in a loch, quham the pepill adiacent callis a sey, and from this loch cumys the flud that rynnys to Padva, byggit be Anthenor, as heir 3e may se. Bot it is tobe notyt that Virgill sais abuf, in the first c., Eneas coim fyrst fra Troy to Italy, and heir it apperis Anthenor caym befor him: to that sais Seruyus, tha partis quhamto coym Anthenor beyn not haldyn of Italy, bot of Lumbardy, callyt Gallia Cysalpina. Or mayr evidently may we say that Ene was the fyrst coim to Italy by fait, and at the goddis command. Anthenor coym at his awin auentur, and nocht be destine.

Venus is clepit Cytherea fra the ile Cythera, besid Creyt, quhar scho was norysit; or fra the mont Cytheron, quhar scho was gretly wirscheppit.

The cyte of Rome, or than of New Troy.

The deyfication of Eneas is eftyr, in the last c. of the xiii buyk.

Of the barganyng or batellis of this Eneas, her in dyuers bukis followand; and of the beldyng of his cyte and how lang his ryng endurit, in the last and penult c. of the xiii buyk.

Iulus is thre sillabis, spellit wyth i per se and v per se.

The cite Alba, biggit by Ascanius son of Creusa, eftyr Virgill had his naim fra the quhite swyn, as 3e may se in the first c. of the viii buk; and was clepit Lang Alba for it was set endlang the band or ryg of a law hill, as writis Tytus Lyuius, and wass distroit by Tullus Hostilius, thrid king of Rom, and tharof in the xi c. of the xiii buke.

Pepill Hectorean, hardy as Hector, or of the kinrent and blud of Hector, for this Ascan3us was his fift son.

Of Romulus 3e sall knaw, that Porcas, the xi kyng of Alba or Albanys, gat twa sonys, Numytor and Amulyus, betwyx quham he dividit his realm. Bot this Amulyus banyst his brother Numytor, and slew his son Lawsus; and his dochtir, callit Ilya or Rhea, consecrat a nun onto the goddes Vesta, to that effect scho suld haf na succession, for in tha dais sik nunis, gif tha brak ther virginite, war eyrdit qwyk. Bot this Ilia consauyt and brocht furth twa childyr mayll, quham thai fen3e to haf beyn engendyrit of Mars, becauss thai war bellicoss and chevalruss, and bygettin of sum dowchti man. And than this Amulyus gart put this Ilia to ded and bad kast tha childyr in Tybyr. Bot the flud bean speyt was flowyn sa far our the brays thai mycht nocht wyn to the crocis of the water and thus war thai left on the bra. And ane Faustus, an hyrd, had thaim haim to his howss, and maid Acca his wyf, other wyss callyt Lupa, nuryce thaim; and for that Lupa betakinnys a wolf and scho was callit Lupa, therfor is it said a wolf fosterit Romulus and Remus. And becauss this said Acca or Lupa maid Romulus hir ayr, therfor sais Virgill he was cled in his motheris or nuryce tawbart. And eftyr, quhen thai worth men, thai becam for the nanys briggantis of the wod, and by a maner pollycy or practyk convenyt that the tayne of thaim suld tak his brother and all his complicis, and sa thai did, and brocht him befor ther vncle the kyng Amulyus, as thocht he wald accus him of a dedly cryme. And quhen thai war in presens cumin, thai bayth attanys rayss apon Amulyus and slew him, and ther declaryt ther blud and genealogy, and thereafter brocht haim thar grandsyr Numytor, and restoryt to him his realm, syn went ther way and for thaim selvyn biggit Roym and wallyt fyrst. And for thai war bayth of a byrth, thai beguyth debait for the naim of the cyte. Than was appunctyt that on the morn quha saw the mast nobyll syng or takin augurian suld geif the cyte his naym. And Remus fyrst saw vi gripis, and Romulus eftyr hym xii gripis. Than said the tayne his takyn was most nobyll for that he saw thaim first; and the tother na, becauss he saw ma; bot quhiddir it was for that debait, or for the goyng our the wallis, as otheris will say,

Remus was slayn be Fabyus, chyftan of weyr to Romulus, and the cyte clepit Roma eftyr Romulus. And quhou or quhy that he is callit Quyrtes, and of his dowsom end, and of the sonnis eclips the tym of his ded, and quhy he was repute a god, reid Titus Lyuius, Iohn Bocas in the last c. of the Genealogi of Godis in the ix buke, and Augustyn in the Cyte of God in the xv c. of the iii buke. And sum thing heir eftir in the xiii c. of the vi buke and the x c. of the viii buyk.

Sanct Augustyn in his volum clepit De Verbis Domini, in the xxix sermond, mokkis at this word, sayand: “3it is not the end, and the empyr is translat to the Almanys. Bot Virgill was crafty,” sais he, “that wald not on his awyn byhalf rehers thir wordis, bot maid Iupiter pronunce thaim — and as he is a half fen3eit god, swa is his prophecy.”

Pthytia was the cuntre of Achilles; Myce or Mycene, the realm of Agamenon; Arge, the realm of Kyng Adrastus, pertenyng eftir to Diomed be raison of his moder, and it is oft tane for all Grece, and the Grekis therfra bein oft clepit Argiui, or pepill of Arge.

Of Iuliuss Cesar, quhen I behald his Commentareis, and the gret volum of Lucan, and quhat of hym writis Swytoneus, I thynk bettyr hald styll my pen than wryt lytill of sa large a mater and sa excellent a prynce. Bot 3e sall knaw that the principall entent of Virgill was to extoll the Romanys, and in specyall the famyllye or clan Iulyan, that coim from this Ascanyus, son to Eneas and Crevsa, otherwais callyt Iulus; becauss the empyour August Octavyan, quhamto he direkkit this wark, was of that hows and blud, and sistyr son to Cesar Iulyus. And therfor, quhen Cesar was slayn by the Sanatouris, Octavyan had revengit his deth, and rang passabilly at the byrth of our Salviour, quhen the starn of Bethliam apperit. Than to pless Octavian, said the Romanys that was the sawll of Cesar quhilk was deifyt, and this opynion heir twischis Virgill and alss in his Bucolyqueys.

Off the stek and of closyng of the tempill of Ianus in tym of weyr and of pace, 3e haf in the vii buyk in the x c. And this tempill of Ianus was twyss closit befor Octavian: anys be Numa Pompilius, and the

second tym be Tytus Manlyus, and thriss be Octavyan. And this tym heyr markyt was the last tym, at the cumyng of Cryst, quhen all the world was in pace. In wytnes therof the angellis sang pace in erd, the tym of bryth: the ii c. of Sanct Luke.

Off Mercury red in the v c. of the iiiii buke; and that Mercur heir was send down from Iupiter is nocht ellis bot the planet Mercur was at disces and Iove stud ascendent, quhilk signifeit frendschip in hast tocum bot not to lest lang.

In this cheptir 3e haf that Eneas met his moder Venus in lykness of a virgyn or a mayd, by the quhilk 3e sall vndirstand that Venus is fen3eit to be modyr to Eneas becaws that Venus was in the ascendent and had domynation in the hevyn and tym of his natyvite; and for that the planet Venus was the signifiar of his byrth and had domination and speciall influens toward hym, therfor is scho fen3eit to be his mother; and thus it that poetis fen3eis bein full of secreyt ondyrstandyng ondyr a hyd sentens or fygur. And weyn nocht for this, thocht poetis fen3eis Venus the planet, for the causs foirsaid, tobe Eneas mother, at thai beleve nocht he was motherless, bot that he had a fayr lady to his moder, quhilk for hir bewte was clepit Venus. And that Venus metis Eneas in form and lykness of a maid is tobe onderstand that Venus the planete that tym was in the syng of the Virgyn, quhilk betakynnyt luf and fawouris of wemen. And of Venus and hir son Cupyd I sall say sum thyng in the x c. of this sam buke.

Ene, at morow rakand throu the schaw,
Met with hys modir into habit onknaw.
Bot al this nyght the reuthfull Eneas,
That in his mynd gan mony thyng compass,
Belive as that the hailsum day wolx lycht
Dressit him furth to spy and haue a sycht
Of new placis, fortill serss and knaw
To quhatkyn costis he with the wynd was blaw,
Quha thame inhabit, quhidder wild bestis or men —
For al semyt bot wilderness til hym then —
And as he fand schupe till hys feris to schaw,

Hys navy dern amyde the thyk wod schaw,
Vnderneath the holkit hyngand rochis hie,
Dekkit about with mony semly tre,
Quhois schaddowis dyrk hyd weil the schippis ilkane.
And he bot with a fallow furth is gane,
With traste Achates; in athiris hand yfeir
The braid steil heid schuke on the huntynge speir.
Amyde the wod hys moder met thame tway
Semand a maid in vissage and aray
With wapynnis like the virgynys of Spartha
Or the stowt wench of Trace, Harpalica,
Hastand the horss hir fadir to reskew,
Spedyar than Hebrun, the swyft flude, dyd persew;
For Venus eftir the gyss and maner thar
Ane active bow apon hir schuldir bar
As scho had bene a wild hunteress,
With wynd waving hir haris lowsit of tress,
Hir skyrt kiltit til hir bair kne,
And first of other, onto thame thus spak sche:
“Howe, say me 3ongkeris, saw 3e walkand heir
By aventur ony of my sisteris deyr,
The cayss of arrowis tachit by hir syde,
And cled in to the spottit lynx hyde,
Or with lowd cry followand the chayss
Eftir the fomy bayr, in thar solace?”
Thus said Venus, and hir son agane
Answeris and said, “Trewly, maide, in plane
Nane of thi systeris dyd I heir ne se.
Bot, O thou virgyne, quham sal I cal the?
Thy vissage semys na mortale creatur
Nor thi voce sovndis not lyke to humane nature:
A goddess art thou suythly to my syght.
Quhidder thou be Dyane, Phebus systir brycht,
Or than sum goddess of thir nymphis kynd,
Maistress of woddis, beis to ws happy and kynd,
Releve our lang travell quhat euer thou be,
And vndir quhat art of this hevyn sa hie

Or at quhat cost of the warld finaly
Sal we arrive, thou tech wss by and by;
Of men and land onknaw we are drive will
By wynd and storm of sey cachit hiddertill;
And mony fair sacrifice and offerand
Befor thyne altar sal de of my rycht hand.”
Venus answerd, “I denȝe not to ressaue
Sik honour certis, quhilk feris me nocht to haue,
For to the madynnys of Tyre this is the gyiss
To beir a cayss of arowis on this wyss,
With rede botynys on thar schankis hie.
This is the realm of Punyce quhilk ȝe se,
The pepill of Tyre, and the cite, but mor,
Belt be the folk discend from Agenor.
Ȝhe bene in the merchis of Lyby, sans fail,
Inhabit with pepill ondantabill in bataill,
Quhar Dido quene rewlis the empyre,
Hydder, for hir brodir, fled from the realm of Tyre;
Lang war the iniuris, the dowtis lang tobe tald,
Bot I the vmaste of the mater sall hald.
Ane husband, quhilk Sycheus hecht, had sche,
Rychast in all the grond of Phenyce
And strangly luffit of the silly Dido,
For be hir fader, as was the maner tho,
By chans scho was in cleyn virginite
Weddit to hym. Bot of Tyre the cuntre
In heretage held Pigmalyon hir brodir,
In wikkitnes cruel abufe all othir,
Quhilk, but offence or occasioun of greif,
For blynd cwatye of gold throu his myscheif,
Befor the altar, slely with a knyfe,
Or he was war, reft Sycheus the lyfe,
And, of the gret luf of his systir suyr,
Concelyt this cruel deid lang vndir cuyr —
That fals man, by dissaitfull wordis fair,
With vaynhope trumpit the wofull luffar.
Bot of hir husband bygravit the ymage

To hir apperis in sleip, with pail vissage,
On mervellus wyss, and gan at lenth declare
Quhou he was cruelly slane at the altare.
He schew the knyf outthrow hys breist threst,
And all the hyd cryme of hir howss manyfest,
Syne in gret haist exortis hir to fle
And leif hir native land, and tak the see,
And, forto help hir onwart by the way,
Vnder the erth quhar ald hurdis hyd lay,
Of siluer and gold revelit a huge weght.
Dido, heirat commovit I 3ou hecht,
For hir departing falloschip reddy maid;
Togidder conuenys but ony langar abaid
All thai quhilk hatis the cruell tyrantis dedis,
Or 3it his fellow violence sair dredis.
The schippis that on cayss war reddy thar
Thai tuke, and chargit full of gold but mayr.
The tresour of the wrachit Pigmaleon
Is thus caryit our the sey onone.
A woman captane is of all this deid.
To 3one place ar thai cummyn, thou may tak heid,
Quhar now rysis 3one large wallis stowt
Of New Cartage, with hie towris abowt.
Als mekill grond thai bocht at the first tyde
As thai mycht compas with a bullis hyde;
3ondir cheif castell standing on the bra
Into thar langage clepit is Byrsa,
And of this deid his name beris witnes 3it.
Bot quhat be 3he, finally wald I wyt?
Or of quhat cuntre cummyn? Or pass wald quhar?"
Sche sperand this, Eneas sichand sair,
The voce drawand deip from his breist within,
Said, "O thou goddess, gif I suld begyn
And tell our labour from the formast end,
To heir our storyis set thou myght attend,
Or I maid end, Vesper, the evyn starn brycht,
Suld cloyss the hevin and end the days lycht.

We ar of ancyant Troy (gif euer 3e
The name of Troy has hard in this cuntre),
And caryit throuowt diuerss seys alswa,
And now by fortune to cost of Lybia
Drevyn with tempest. Rewthfull Ene am I,
That Troiane golddis tursys in my navy,
Quham fra amynd our ennemyss I rent.
My fame is know abufe the eliment.
I seik Itale and our auld cuntre fer
And lynage cum from hyast Iupiter.
With schippis twyss ten the Phyrgyane see,
My modir a goddes techand the way, tuke we,
Followand destany quhilk was to me grant.
Of all our floyt, from wynd and wallys skant
Sevin evil perbrakit salue remanys with me.
Onkend and mysterfull in desertis of Lybe
I wandir, expellit from Europ and Asia.”
Venus na mair sufferit hym pleyn or say;
Amynd hys dolorus playntis thus spak sche:
“Quhat evir thou art, I trast weill at thou be
Favorit with the goddis, and drawis this hailsum ayr,
Quhilk is the spreit of lyfe, to thy weillfair,
Sen thou art cummyn to Cartage the cyte.
Now hald thy way and at the quenys entre
Present thy self. I schaw the for certane
Thy ferys ar salf, thy navy is cummyn agane,
In salfty brocht fre of north wyndis als,
Less than my parentis taucht me spaying craft fals.
Behald twelf swannys in randoun glaid and fair
Quham, newly from the regioun of the air,
Iovis fowle, the egill, discendyng fra hys hycht,
Hass sair effrayt amynd the skyis brycht;
Now with lang range to lycht thai beyn adrest
And spyis the erth about quhar thai sall rest.
As thai return, thar weyngis swouchand iolely,
And with thar courss circlys about the sky,
Cryand or syngand efter thar awyn gyss:

Thy schippys and falloschip on the sammyn wyss
Owdir ar herbryit in the havyn, I wyss,
Or with bent saill entris in the port be this.
Now pass thy way evyn furth that sammyn went.”
Thus said sche, and turnand incontinent,
Hir nek schane lyke onto the royss in May,
Hyr hevynly haris glitterand brycht and gay,
Kest from hir forhed a smell gloryus and sweit,
Hir habyt fell down coveryng to hir feit,
And in hir passage a verray god dyd hir kyth.
And fra that he knew hys moder alswith
With sik wordis he followys as scho dyd fle:
“Quhy art thou cruell to thy son,” quod he,
“Dissavand hym sa oft with fals sembland?
Quhy grantis thou nocht we mycht ioyn hand in hand
And fortill heir and rendir vocis trew?”
Thus he reprevys, bot sche is went adew.
Than to the cyte he haldis furth the way,
Bot Venus with a sop of myst baith tway
And with a dyrk clowd closyt rownd about,
That na man suld thame se nor twich but dowl,
Ne by the ways stop or ellis deir,
Or 3it the cawsis of thar cummyn speir.
Hyr self vplyft to Paphum passyt swith
To vissy hir restyng place, ioly and blith;
Thar is hir tempill into Cypir land,
Quharin thar doith ane hundreth altaris stand,
Hait byrnnyng full of Saba sens all howris,
And smellyng sweit with fresch garlandis of flowris.

Mony expondis Achates for thochtfull cuyr or sollicitud, quhilk all
tymys is feyr and compan3eon to princis and gret men.

The madynnis of Sparta bene the Amasonys.

Harpalica douchter to Ligurgus kyng of Trace, hir fader beand tane
be the pepil of Getya, assemblit hir power and with sa gret haist

persewit thame that scho semyt in swiftness to forryn the swiftast flude of Trace, callit Hebrun; and with mair agilite and hardyment than is almaste tobe belevit, reskewit hir fader and ourcome hir aduersaris.

Thus said scho forto dissimyll hyr self, or than becauss that in Cypir was scho wirscheppit only wyth insens and flouris and nayn other sacrifyce, sa that it was onlefull ony blud war sched in hir tempyll.

Of Agenor 3e sal know that Iupiter engendrit Ephaphus, quhilk gat Belus the first, that engendrit this Agenor, and he begat Phenix, fra quham the realm of Tyre was namyt Phenycia and the pepil bath of Tyre and Cartage Phenycianys or Punycianys. This Phenix begat Belus the secund, otherwyss callit Methres, and he was fader to this Pygmaleon and Queyn Dido, otherwyss nemmyt Elissa. This ilk Phenix also engendrit Philistenes, quhilk begat this Sycheus, otherwyss callit Sicarbas, spouss to this ilk Dido and gret preste to Hercules.

Sum sais scho gave alss mekyll gold as wald gang in a bul hid for this grund; sum haldis opynyon that in thai dais the monye was mad of cuyrbul3e or leddyr, and this castell hes his naym therfra, for in the langage of Affrik, “byrsa” betakynnys leddyr or a hyd. Bot Seruyus is of Virgillis opynion, sayand Dido maid carve the bull hid in sa small twhangis that it cumpassyt abowt the spass of xxii stageis, that is, thre myllis quarter less.

That Eneas heyr commendis his self, it is not to be tayn that he said this for arrogans bot forto schaw his styll, as a kyng or prince onknawin in an onkowth land may but repreif reheress his estate and dygnite to mak him be tretyt as afferis. And alss, becauss he trastyt he spak wyth a goddess, that scho suld nocht aschaym to remayn and talk wyth hym therfor; and becauss scho was a woman, he schew that he was a man of autorite, wyth quham thai nedis nocht ascham to speyk, for he was that man quhilk by the common voce was clepit Eneas full of pyete. And for that Virgill clepis hym swa all thro this buyk, and I interpret that term quhylys for “rewth,” quhils for

“devotion” and quhilis for “pyete” and “compassion,” tharfor 3e sall knaw that pyete is a vertw or gud deid be the quhilk we geif our dylligent and detfull lawbour to our natyve cuntre and onto thaim beyn conionyt to vs in neyr degre. And this vertw, pyete, is a part of iustyce and hes ondyr hym twa other vertwys: amyte, callyt frendschip, and liberalyte.

Varo sais that Eneas, fra his departing of Troy quhil he coym in the feldis of Lawrentum, all the day saw the starn of Venus, and quhen he was thiddir cummyn he saw it na mair, quharby he ondirstud that was his grund fatayll.

Parentis betakynnys the childis fader and moder baith.

The Egill be poetis is fen3eit tobe Iovis fowle, and that he maid minstration to him of the thunder and wapynnys the tyme of the batale betwix the god Dis and the Gyantis. Bot war it lefull to compar prophane fabillis to Haly Scriptour, Sanct Iohne the Ewangelist is verray Iovis egill and clepit son of thundir.

Eneas, at his moderys commandment,
Cled with the mysty clowd, to Cartage went.
Thai in the meyn tyme hastit furth thar way
As the rod led thame, quhil ascend ar thai
The hill fer rysand abuf the town on hycht,
Quhar all the cite forgane thame se thai mycht.
Eneas wondrit the gretnes of Cartage,
Quhilk lait tofor had beyn ane smal cotage;
The fair portis alsso he ferleit fast,
And of the brute of pepill tharat inpast,
The large stretys paithit by and by.
The byssy Tyrryanys lauborand ardently,
Ane part haistis tobeild the wallys wight,
And sum to rayss the gret castell on hyght
And welt vp stanys to the wark on hie,
Sum grathis fast the thak and rufe of tre,
And sum abowt delvys the fowsy deip,
Sum chesis officeris the lawys forto kepe

With counsalouris and senatouris, wyss folkis,
3onder othersum the new havyn holkis,
And heir also, ane other end fast by,
Lays the fundament of the theatry,
And otheris eik the huge pillaris grete
Out of the querrellys gan do hew and bete
Fortill adorn that place in all degre
In tyme cummyng quhar gret triumphe suldbe —
Lyke to the beys, in feildis floryst new,
Gaderyng thar wark of mony diuerss hew,
In soft somyr the brycht son hait schynyng,
Quhen of thar kynd thame list swarmys furthbryng,
Or in camys incluss thar hwny cleyn
And with sweit liquour stuffis thar cellis scheyn,
Or ressavys the byrdyngis from othir tharowt,
Or fra thar hyve togyddir in a rowt
Expellis the bowbart beist, the faynt drone be;
Thar labour is bissy and fervent forto se,
The hwny smellys of the sweit tyme seid.
“O,” quod Ene, “full happy ar 3he in deid,
Quhais large wallis rysys thus on hie!”
A quhile he visseit the boundis of this cite,
Ane wonder thyng, coverit with a clowd about:
He entrys syne amynd the thikast rowt,
Amang the men he thrang, and nane hym saw.
Amynd the cite stude ane semly schaw,
With hys maist plesand sobir schaddowis, quhar,
As the Punycianys first vpwarpit war
Efter the stormys blastis and seys rage,
Thai delvand fand the takynnar of Cartage,
Ane mekill horss hed that was, I weyn,
As Iuno had schaw tofor, of goddis queyn,
That signifyit the cite excellent in batale,
And plentuous eik al tymys of vittale.
In the ilke place, the Sydonas Dido
Begouth to byg a prowde tempill of Iuno
With dowreis seir and gyftis of rychess

And eik the goldyn statw of the goddes.
The entre rayss with hie stagis of brass,
With brass alsso the cupplys festynnyt was;
The brassyn durris iargis on the marbill hirst.
In this tempill, seir novelteis first
Schawin till Eneas mesyt gretly hys feir:
The first assurance of comfort was heir
And hope of releif eftir aduersite,
For as he went diuerss thingis to se,
Rowmyng about the large tempill scheyn
Fortobehald the cummyng of the queyn
And of the cite the gret prosperite,
The mony warkmen and thar craftis sle,
In dew proportioun, as he woundrit for ioy,
He saw perordour all the sege of Troy,
The famus batellis, wlgat throu the warld or this,
Of Kyng Pryam and athir Attrides,
And, baldar than thame baith, the ferss Achil.
He styntis, and wepand said Achates tyll:
“Quhou now, quhilk place is this, my frend,” quod he,
“Quhat regioun in erd may fundyn be
Quhar our mysforton is nocht fully proclame?
Allace, behald, se 3ondir Kyng Priam,
Lo, heir his wirschip is haldin in memor.
Thir lamentabyll takynnys passit befor
Our mortal myndis aucht to compassioun steir.
Away with dreid, and tak na langar feir!
Quhat, wenys thou na this fame sall do the gude?”
Thus said he and fed hys mynd, quhar he stude,
With thir plesand fen3eit ymagery,
Murnand sair and wepand tendyrly,
The flude of terys halyng our hys face,
For as he lukit on the wark percace,
He saw porturate quhar in sik a place
The Grekis fled and Troianys followis the chace
Abowt the wallys of Troy as thai dyd fyght.
At 3ondir part the Troianys tak the flycht,

With creste on hed Achillis in hys chair
Persewand strangly. Not far thens saw he quhar
The quhite tentis of Kyng Rhesus, evill kepe,
Betraisit war apone the first sleip,
Quhar with gret slauchter bludy Diomeid
Distroyt all, and till hys tent gan leid
The mylk quhite horssis, fers, swift and gude,
Or evir thai taistit ony Troiane fude
Or drunkyn had of the flude Exanthus.
And 3ondir, lo, beheld he Troilus
Wantyng his armour, the fey barn fleand,
Fortill recontyr Achilles onganand,
The horss hym harland behynd the void cart
Hyingand wyde oppyn, and hys hed dounwart;
Supposs he held the ren3eis fast but faille,
Hys nek and harys on the erd gan traill,
The speir ourturnyt in the duste dyd write.
The sammyn tyme, the Troian madynnys quhite,
With hair doun skalit, all sorofull gan pass
Onto the tempill of the grevit Pallas
To ask supple; with thame a wympill bair thai,
With handis betand thar breistis by the way:
This fremmyt goddess held hir eyn fixt fast
Apon the grund, nocht a blenk list thame cast.
Abowt the wallis of Troy he saw quhat wyss
Achilles harlyt Hectoris body thryss;
The ded corps syne for gold he saw hym sell.
Law from his breist murnand he gave a 3ell,
Seand the void cart and spul3e of the knycht
And the corps of his derrest frend sa dight.
Priam onarmyt streke furth handis dyd he spy
From Achilles hys sonnys body toby.
Him self alsswa mydlit persavit he
Amang princis of Grece in the melle.
The orient hostis knew he one by one,
And Vlcanus armour on blak Menon.
The madynnys cum fra Amason saw he soyn,

With crukit scheildis schapyn like the moyn,
Led by thar furyus queyn Pantissylle;
Amyd the thousandis egyrly feghtis sche,
And quhar hir pap was for the speir cut away,
Of gold tharon was belt a rych tyschay:
Ane worthy weriour suythly thai mycht hir ken,
This wench stowtly recontir durst with men.
Kyng Agamenon and Duke Menalay.
Heir to the tempil cummys Queyn Dido
Quhar that Eneas his feris fand also.
Quhill as the manfull Troian Eneas
To se thir nyce figuris thocht wonder was,
And as he musyt, studyand in a stair
Bot on a sycht quhar on he blenkit thar,
The queyn Dido, excellent in bewte,
To tempill cumis with a fair men^{3e}
Of lusty 3yngkeris walkyng hir about.
Lyke to the goddes Dian with hir rowt
Endlang the flude of Eurot on the bra,
Or vndir the toppis of hir hill Cynthia
Ledand ryng dansys, quham followis our alquhar
A thousand nymphis flokkying heir and thair;
On hir schulder the arrow cace baris sche,
And quhar scho walkis abufe the laif on hie
May weil be seyn; to Latone hir moder this
Gevis reiosyng and secrete hartis blyss:
Sikane was Dido, sykane hir blithly bair
Amyd thame all, the warkis and weilfair
Providing for the realm in tyme tocum.
And quhen sche to the tempill dur is cum,
Syne entryng vnder the myd volt, tuke hir sete
Heich in a trone, and cumpaneis grete
On athir half standyng of armyt men,
The domys and law pronuncis sche to thame then,
The feys of thar laubouris equaly
Gart distribut; gif dowl fallis tharby,
Be cut or kavill that pled sone partit was.

Bot suddandly persavis Eneas
Quhar with gret haist com rynnyng Antheus,
Sergest he seis, and stalwart Cloanthus,
With diuerss otheris of the Troian men3e,
Quham the blak storm had skatterit on the see
And at ane other cost drevyn to the land.
He and his fallow awondris this seand.
Achates half estonyst stude in affray;
With feir and ioy smyttin baith war thai,
And langit sair to schaik handys; bot thar hart
The onkouth cace amovit in sum part
Forto dissymyll, as na thing seyn thai had,
And with the dyrk clowd hyd, to spy thai baid
Quhou it stude with thar ferys, or chansyt eft,
Or on quhat cost thar navy thai had left,
Quhat thai desyrit, for, as full weill thai saw,
From thar schippis per ordour thai com on raw,
Besekand grace and peax fast, as thame thocht,
And to the tempill with gret clamour socht.
Fra thai war enterit in the tempill tho
And licens grantit thame to speke alsso,
The gretast oratour, Ilioneus,
With plesand voce begouth his sermond thus:
“O hie princes, quhamto Iupiter hass grant
To beld ane new cyte, and to dant
The violens of prowde folk by iust law,
We wrachit Troianys, with the wyndis blaw
Throu strange stremys and mony diuerss see,
Forbyd 3on cruell fyre, besekis the,
Suffir not to byrn our schippis in a rage,
Haue reuth apon our petuus auld lynage.
Considir frendly our mater quhou it standis:
We com nocht hiddir with drawyn swerdis in handis
To spul3e tempris or rychess of Lybia,
Nor by the cost na spreth to dryve away.
Sik violens nane within our myndis is,
Nor sa gret stowtnes to venquyst folk, I wyss.

Thar is a place quham the Grekis, thai say,
Onto hys name clepis Hesperia,
Ane nobill land, richt potent in bataill,
And fructuus grond, plentuus of vittalle,
By Kyng Onotryus inhabit first, we trow,
Bot in our days laitly, the fame is now,
Eftir thar duke it is namyt Italy.
Thidderwart our courss was laid, quhen suddanly
The flude boldnyt, and stormy Orion
Amang blynd bankis cachit ws onon;
The byttir blastis, contrarius al ways,
Throw wallis huge, salt fame and wilsum wais,
And throw the perrellus rowkis gan ws dryve;
Hidder at 3our cost ar few of ws arryve.
Quhat kynd of pepill duellis heir?" quod he,
"Quhou beyn sik thewis sufferit in this cuntre?
We ar defendit to herbry on the sand,
Prouokyt eik to batale, and, drevyn to land
By forss of storm, the slyke thai ws deny.
Albeit the strenth of men 3he set not by
And mortal weris contempnys and comptis nocht,
Belevis weill 3it than and haue in thocht
The goddis sall remember, traistis me,
Baith of gud dedis and iniquite.
To ws was kyng the worthy Eneas,
Ane iustar man in all the warld nane was,
Nor mair reuthfull, nor wisar into weir,
And mair valiant in dedis of armys seir,
Quham gif the fatis alyve conservit haith
To tak this hevinly ayr and draw his braith,
And not with cruell gostis hyd vnder erd,
We neid not dreid, sall nocht mak ws efferd,
Nor thou sall neuer repent the sykkyrly
To schaw ws first frendschip and curtesy.
Into the realm of Sycill als haue we
Frendis and citeis, with armyt men plente,
And of the Troian blude Acestes kyng.

Gyf ws war lewit our flote on land to bryng,
That with the wynd and storm is all to schaik,
And grantit eik wod leif to hew, and take
Tymmyr to beit ayrris and other mysteris,
So that our kyng we mycht fynd and our feris,
Blithly we suld hald towart Italy,
And to the cost of Latium seik inhy.
Bot gif our weiflar and beleve cleyn gayn is,
And the, maist souerane fader of ws Troianys,
The Lybian sey withhaldis, gif thou be gone,
Nor of Ascanyus comfort remanys none,
Than suythly, at the leste, the Sycill see
And placis reddy fra quham hidder drevin ar we,
We sall seik, and to the kyng Acestes.”
Thus said Ilioneus, and sa can he cess,
Bot than the noyss rayss amang the Troianys —
Thai murmuryt and complenyt all at anys.
Than schortly Dido spak with vissage doun cast:
“Remove all dreid, Troianys, beis nocht agast,
Pluk vp 3our hartis, and hevy thochtis doun thring.
Ane hard myschans and novelte of this ryng
Constrenys me sik mastry forto schaw,
And with discurriouris kepe the cost on raw.
Quha knawys nocht the lynnage of Enee?
Or quha myskenys Troy, that ryall cyte?
The gret wirschip of sik men quha wald nocht meyn
And the huge ardent batalys at thar hass beyn?
We Phenycianys nane sa blait breistis hess,
Nor so fremmytly the son list nocht address
Hys curss frawart Cartage cyte away.
Quhiddir 3he will to gret Hesperia,
The grund of Saturn, quhilk now is Italy,
Or to the cost of Sycill fast tharby,
And at the kyng Acestes lyst 3ou be,
Thidder sall 3he suyrly pass with my supple;
I sal support 3ou with all geir may gayn.
And pless 3he with me in this realm remane,

The cite quhilk I byg is 3ouris fre;
Bryng in 3our schippis hidder from the see;
Betwix a Troiane and ane Tyrriane
Na differens — all sall I rewle as ane;
And with this sammyn wynd hidder blaw in feir
Wald God Enee 3our kyng war present heir!
Endlang the costis and far partis of Lyby
I sall forsuyth exploratouris send to spy
In ony wod gyf that he be vpdryve,
Or 3it perchance at ony cyte arryve.”
Quhou Eneas with all his rowt bedene
War thankfully ressauyt of the queyn.
Uith thir wordis the spreit of Eneas
And of the strang Achates reiosyt was,
Gretly desyryng the clowd to brek in tway.
Bot first Achates till Enee gan say:
“Son of the goddes, quhat purposs now,” quod he,
“Rysis in thy breist? All is sovir, thou may se,
Thyne navy and thy ferys recoverit beyn,
Wantand but ane, amang the fludis greyn
Quham we saw droun. All other thingis, thou knowis,
Is now conform onto thy moderis sawys.”
And scarsly haith he all thir wordis spokkyn,
Quhen that the clowd abowt thame swith was brokkyn
And vanyst tyte away amang the ayr.
Vp stude Enee, in cleir lycht schynyng fair,
Lyke till ane god in body and in face
For his moder grantit hir son sik grace,
Hys crysp harys war plesand on to se,
Hys favour gudly, full of fresch bewte,
Lyke till ane 3ongker with twa lauchand eyn —
Als gracyus fortobehald, I weyn,
As evoir boyn by craft of hand weill dycht,
Or as we se the burnyst siluer brycht,
Or 3it the quhite polist marbill stane schyne
Quhen thai beyn circulit about with gold sa fyne.
Or evir thai wist, befor thame all inhy,

Onto the queyn thus said he reuerently:
“Hym quham 3e seik behald now present heir,
Enee the Troian, delyverit from danger
Of storm and wallys of the Libiane see.
O thou only, quhilk rewth hess and piete
On the ontellabill pyne of the Troianys,
Quhilk ws, the Grekis levyngis and remanys,
Ourset with all maner necessiteis
And euery perrell baith be landis and seis,
Within thy cyte ressauys till herbry
And to famyliar frendschip and ally;
To quyte the, rendring ganand thankis rycht,
That lysis nocht, Dido, intill our mycht,
Nor all the laif of the Troian men3e,
Throw out this warld skatterit quhar euer thai be,
Bot the hie goddis, gif ony deite takis tent
To thame at petuus beyn and pacient,
For iustice eik gif euer reward beis get,
And rychtwyss myndis ramembrit and nocht for3et,
Thai ilke goddis mot dewly reward the
Accordyng thy desert in all degre.
Quhou happy and ioyus was that tyme serene
That the producit hess, sa nobill a queyn!
Quhou wirschipfull eik war thai parentis of mycht
Quhilk the engendrit hess, sa worthy a wight!
Quhill fludis rynnys in the sey but dowl,
Quhil sonnys schaddow circlys hillis about,
And the firmament starris doith conteyn,
Thy honour and thy fame sall evir be grene,
And thy renown remane perpetually,
Throu all realmys quhart to that drevyn am I.”
Thus sayand, til his frend Ilioneus
Hys rycht hand gave he, and to Serestus
Gave his left hand, syne welcumit euery man,
The strang Cloanthus and the stowt Gyan.
The queyn Dido, astonyst a litill wie
At the first syght, behaldand his bewte,

Awondring be quhat wyss he cummyn was,
Onto him thus scho said with myld face:
“Son of the goddes, quhat hard aduersite
Throw owt so feill perrellis hass catchit the?
Quhat forss and violens drave the hyddir till ws,
Apon thir costis that beyn so dangerous?
Art thou not theilk compacient Eneas
That apon haly Venus engendrit was
Be the Troian Anchises, as thai say,
Besyde the flude Symois in Phrigia?
Weill I remembir, to Sydon the cyte
Sen Tewcer com, banyst from his cuntre,
Sekand supple at Belus, and sum new land;
My fader than, Belus, I vndirstand,
The rich realm of Cipir wastit by weir,
And wan it syne and gave it to Tewcer,
And evir syne of Troy, that gret cyte,
The distruction hass beyn weill know to me,
Thy name also, and pryncis of Grece sans fail
With quham thou faught seir tymys in batale.
This ilk Tewcer hys ennemys of Troy
Rusyt and lovit, and with excellent ioy
Full oft him self extoll and vant he wald
Of Troiane blude tobe discend of ald.
Tharfor haue done, gallandis, cum on 3our way,
Entir within our luyng, we 3ou pray.
Siclike fortoun, throu mony feill danger,
At last onto this land hass dryve me heir;
Thus, nocht mysknawand quhat payn is ennoy to dre,
I lernyt to help all tholis aduersyte.”
Rehersyng this, convoys sche Eneas
Toward the place quhar hir ryche palyce was,
And tharwith eik commandis halyday,
Throwe owt the cyte all suldbe game and play.
And netheless, the sammyn tyme sendis sche
Down to his folkis at the cost of the see
Twenty fed oxin, large, gret and fyne,

And ane hundreth bustuus bowkis of swyne,
Ane hundreth lammys and thar moderis tharby,
With other presandis, and wyne habundantly.
The place within maist gloriously and gay
Adornyt was all our with ryall array;
Amyd the hie rufe of the mekill hall
For the banket mony rich claith of pall
Was spred, and mony badkyn wonderly wrocht.
Of siluer playt ane huge weght furth was brocht
To set on burdis, and veschell forgit of gold
Quharin was grave (maste curyus to behold)
The val3eant dedis of forfaderis past by
Sen first begynnyng of thar geneology,
Man eftir man lyke as thai dyd succeid,
In lang rememberans of thar worthyheid.
Ene, for that his faderly piete
Wold nocht suffir hys mynd in rest tobe,
In haist Achates to the schippis send
To schaw Ascanus all fra end till end,
Onto the cite that he onon war brocht;
On 3ong Ascanus was haill the faderis thocht.
Seir gyftis eik he bad bryng with him syne,
Hynt and deliuerit from the Troian rewyne —
Ane rych garmont brusyt with stife gold wyre,
The purpour mantill and rycht quent attyre
That pliabil was with the gilt bordour large,
Sum tyme array of Helene, queyn of Arge,
Quhilk from the realm of Myce with hir sche brocht,
Quhen scho to Troy forbodyn hymeneus socht,
This wondrus gift gottin at hir moder Lyda;
And forthir eik, of fair Illionya
He bad hym bryng with hym the ceptre wand
Quhilum Priamus eldast douchter bair in hand,
The collar pight with orient peirlys als
That sche vmquhile wair about hir hals,
Off gold also the closs or dowbill crown
Set full of precyus stonys enveroun.

To do his charge, Achates bissely
The way towart the schippis socht in hy.
Quhou that Venus, all perrellis to seclude,
Send Cupide in Ascaneus similitude.
In the meyn tyme, Venus a sle wile socht
By new consait in hir mynd quhou scho mocht,
In form the vissage of sweit Ascaneus tho
Transformyt, send hir awin son Cupido
To beir thir presandis, so that the amorus queyn
He mycht inflambe, within hir banys greyn
The hoyt fyre of lufe to kyndill and steir:
For in hir mynd scho had a maner feir
Of this lynnage waverand and ontrew
(Tyrrhyans dowbill tongit weill sche knew);
Of cruell Iuno the dreid brynt hir inwart,
With mony thocht ran hastely tyll hir hart.
Onto the weyngit god of luf, but weir,
For thy scho spak, and said on this maner:
“O thow my child, my strenth and my gret mycht,
O thou my son, quhilk only art so wight
That thou the dartis of Iupiter dar ganestand,
Quharwith he slew Typhon, the fell gyand,
To the I cum, to the I seik,” quod sche,
“Lawly askyn thy power and supple.
Quhat wyss thy broder Eneas, but dowt,
Is blawyn and warpit euery cost about,
Of wykkit Iuno throu the cruell invy,
All this to the is manifest, weill wait I,
For quhen I wepit tharfor, thow murnyt also.
Now hym withhaldis the Phenycian Dido
And cul3eis hym with slekit wordis sle,
Bot to quhat fyne, richt sair it dredis me,
Sall turn this plesand gestnyng in Cartage,
Quhilk is the burgh of Iuno — for in hir rage
As is begun the mater sall not remane.
Quharfor I ombethynk me of a trane
This queyn first forto cawch in luffis lace,

And so with flambe of amouris till enbrace
That by na mycht tharfra scho may remove,
Bot strangly sall with me Eneas lufe.
Hark my consait, quhat wyss this may be done:
The riall child Ascanus full sone,
On quham maist is my thocht, grathis to pass
At command of his fader Eneas
To the cyte of Cartage, and gyftis seir
Tursis with hym of the ald Troian geir
Quhilk fra the storm of sey is left ontynt
And from the fyre remanys 3it onbrynt.
Hym sall I sownd slepand steill away
And hyde apon the hight of Citheray
Or in Idalium, my hallowit schaw,
That our dissait he nowder persave ne know,
Nor onprovisitly cum thidder, thocht he mycht.
Tak thou his lyknes, na mair bot a nycht,
Fortobegile Queyn Dido of Cartage.
My child, cleith the with 3on kend childis vissage,
So that quhen scho all blythast haldis the
Into hir skyrt perchance, or on hir kne,
At hir fest ryall sittand at the tabill
Amang danteis and wynys amyabill,
And gan the forto hals and to enbrace,
Kyssand sweitley thi quhyte nek and thi face,
Than may thou slely thi vennamus ardent fyre
Of fraudfull luf amynd hir breste inspyre.”
The god of luf obeys hastely
Hys moderis wordis, and laid his weyngis by,
And blythly steppis furth lyke Iulus.
Bot Venus to this ilke Ascanus
The sweit vapour of plesand sleip and rest
On all the membris of his body kest,
And softly the goddess in hyr lap hym bair
Amynd hyr schaw of Idalium, quhar
Tendir mariolyne and sweit flowris thar out
With thar dulce smell hym schaddowit rownd about.

Of Typhon or Typheus, in the xi c. of the ix buke.
Of the banket, and of the gret deray,
And quhou Cupyd inflambis the lady gay.
Now passys furth Cupyd, full diligent
Fortyll obey hys moderis commandment,
Berand with hym the kyngly gyftis scheyn
Quhilkis suldbe present to the ryall queyn,
Blythly followyng hys ledar Achates.
And as thai come, the quene was set at dess
Vndir hir gloryus stentit capitale;
Amang provd tapetis and mych rych apparale
Hir place scho tuke, as was the gyss that tyde,
Ourspred with gold amynd a beddis syde.
Abuf all othir the fadir Eneas,
And syne 3ong gallandis of Troy, to mete set was
Apon rich beddis sydis, per ordour,
Ourspred with carpettis of the fyne purpour.
To wesch thar handis seruandis brocht watir cleir,
Syne breyd in baskettis, eftyr thar maner,
With soft serviatis to mak thar handis cleyn.
Fyfty damycellis tharin seruyt the queyn,
Quhilkis bair the cure eftir thar ordour hail
On purvyance of howshald and vittaill,
To graith the chalmeris and the fyris beld.
Ane hundreth madynnys had scho 3ong of eld
And elyke mony of the sam age 3ong swanys
The cowrsis and the mesys, for the nanys,
To set on burdis, sik as we call sewaris,
And to fill cowpys, goblettis and eweris.
And mayratour, the Tyrryanys halely
At the blith 3ettis flokkis to the maniory,
And as thai come, thai war down set onone
On brusyt or payntit tapetis eueryone.
Thai mervellit the rich gyftis of Eneas;
Apon Ascanus feill awondrit was,
The schynand vissage of the god Cupyte

And hys dissemblit slekit wordis quhite,
The precyus mantill and quent garmond also;
Bot principally the fey onsyilly Dydo,
For the myscheif to cum predestinat,
Mycht not refreyn nor satisfy hir consait,
Bot ardently behaldis all on steir,
Now lykand weill the child, and now the geir.
As Cupyd hyngis about Eneas halss,
Enbrasit in armys, fen3eand luf full fals,
By semlant as he his fader had beyn,
Full slely than he blent apon the queyn.
Scho with hir sycht and all hir mynd rycht thar
Hym to behalf sat musand in a stayr;
Sumtyme onwar hym in hir bosum held sche,
Mysknawand, allace! by fals subtilite,
Quhou the gret god of luf with all hys mycht
Wachit forto dissave hir, wofull wight.
Bot he, remembering on his moderis command,
The mynd of Sycheus, hir first husband,
Furth of hir thocht peyss and peyss begouth dryve,
And with scharp amouris of the man alyve
Gan hir dolf spreit forto preveyn and steir,
Had beyn dyssvsit fra luf that mony 3eir.
Eftyr the first pawss, and that cowerss neir gane,
And voduris and fat trunschuris away tane,
The goblettis gret with myghty wynys in hy
Thai fill, and coverit set in by and by.
Than rayss the noyss quhill dynnyt rufe and wallis,
So thik the vocis fleys throu the large hallis.
From the gilt sparris hang down mony a lycht,
The flambe of torchis venquyst the dyrk nycht.
The queyn than askis of gold for the nanys
A weghtty cowp, set all with precyus stanys,
Bad fill it ful of the rych Ypocras,
Into the quhilk gret Belus accustomyt was
To drynk vmquhile, and fra hym euery kyng
Discend of hys genology and ofspring.

And quhen silens was maid our all the hall,
“O Iupiter,” quod scho, “on the we call,
For this rayson, that by wyss men is said
To gestis thou grantis the herbry glaid.
We the beseik this day be fortunabill
To wss Tyranyans, happy and agreabill
To strangearis cummyn fra Troy on thar vayage,
In tyme cummyng remembrance of our vsage
To our successioun and posterite;
The gevar of glaidness, Bachus, heir mot be,
And gentil Iuno to ws fauorabill and meik;
And 3ou, myne awyn Tyrryanys, I command eik
Hallow this fest with blythnes and with ioy,
Bair frendly falloschip to thir noblis of Troy.”
This beand said, the cowpe with the rich wyne
Apon the burd scho blyssit, and eftir syne
With hir lyp first tharof tuke bot a taist,
And carpend blythly gaif it Bythyus in haist.
He merely ressavis the remand tayss,
All owt he drank, and quhelmyt the gold on his face;
Syne al the nobillis tharof drank abowt —
I wil nocht say that ilkman playt cop owt.
Bot on his gylt harp berdyt Iopas,
Playand the gestis of the gret Atlas,
The monys change and oblike cowrss sang he,
And quhy the son eclipsis, as we se;
Quharof mankynd is maid he schew ful plane,
Quharof bestis, and quhat engendris rayn,
Quharof cummys thundir and fyry levyn;
The rany Hyades, quhilk ar the sternys sevyn,
And eik Arcturus, quhilk we cal the laid stern,
The dowbill Vrsys weil couth he decern,
And quhy the son into the wyntir tyde
Hastis in the sey sa fast his hede to hyde,
Quhy makis the nycht that tyme sa large delay,
And in somyr quhy sa lang is the day.
The gyld and ryot Tyrryanys dowblit for ioy,

Syne the rerd followit of the 3onkeris of Troy.
 Onhappy Dido alsso set all hir mycht
 With sermondis seir forto prolong the nycht,
 The langsum lufe drynkand inwart ful cald.
 Full mony demand of Priam speir scho wald
 And questionys seir twichyng Hector als wa;
 Now with quhais armour the son of Aurora
 Come to the sege, and now inquir wald sche
 Quhat kynd horss Diomede had in the melle,
 Quhou large of statur was ferss Achillis.
 "Haue done, my gentill gest, sone tell ws this
 Per ordour," says scho, "fra the begynnyng, all
 The dissait of the Grekis and the fall
 Of 3our pepill and of Troy the rewyne;
 Thi wandring be the way thou schaw ws syne,
 For now the sevynt symmyr hyddir careis the,
 Wilsum and errant, throu euery land and see."

C L B marginal note or oblique.
 Eneas first excusys hym, and syne
 Addressis to reherss Troys rewyne.
 Thai cessit all atanyis incontinent
 With mouthis closs and vissage takand tent.
 Prince Eneas, from the hie bed, with that,
 Into hys sege ryall quhar he sat,
 Begouth and sayd, "Thi desyre, lady, is
 Renewing of ontellabill sorow, I wyss,
 To schaw how Grekis dyd spul3e and distroy
 The gret ryches and lamentabill realm of Troy,
 And huge mysery quhilk I thar beheld
 (Quharof myself a gret part bayr and feld),
 Quhat Myrmydon or Gregion Dolopes
 Or knyght wageor to cruel Vlixes —
 Sik materis to reherss or 3it to heir,
 Mycht thame conteyn fra weping mony a teir?
 And now the hevin ourquhelmys the donk nycht,
 Quhen the declynyng of the sternys brycht

To sleip and rest perswadis our appetite.
Bot sen thou hast sic plesour and delyte
To know our chancis and fal of Troy in weyr,
And schortly the last end tharof wald heir,
Albeit my spreit abhorris and doith gryss
Tharon forto remembir, and oftsyss
Murnand eschewis tharfra with gret dyseyss,
3it than I sal begyn 3ow forto pleyss.”
Explicit Liber Primus, Incipit Prologus Secundi

BUKE II

The Prolouge of the Secund Buke
Dyrk beyn my muse with dolorus armony.
Melpomene, on the wald clerkis call
Fortill compyle this dedly tragedy
Twiching of Troy the subuersioun and fall;
Bot sen I follow the poete principall,
Quhat nedis purches fen3eit termys new?
God grant me grace hym dyngly to ensew!
The drery fait with terys lamentabill
Of Troys sege wydequhar our all is song,
Bot followand Virgil, gif my wit war abill,
Ane othir wyss now salt that bell berong
Than euer was tofor hard in our tong.
Saturn, thou auld fader of malancoly,
Thyne is the cuyr my wofull pen to gy.
Harkis, ladeis, 3our bewte was the cawss;
Harkis, knychtis, the wod fury of Mart;
Wyss men, attendis mony sorofull clawss;
And, 3e dyssavouris, reid heir 3our proper art;
And fynaly, to specify euery part,
Heir verifeit is that proverbe teching so,
“All erdly glaidness fynysith with wo.”
Heir endis the proloug and begynnys the secund buke of Eneadoss.
Quhou the Grekis withdrew thame of the raid,
And of the mekill subtile horss thai maid.
“The Grekis chiftanys, irkit of the weir
Bypast or than samony langsum 3eir,
And oft rebutyt by fatale destany,
Ane huge horss, lyke ane gret hil, in hy
Craftely thai wrocht in wirschip of Pallas
(Of sawyn beche the ribbis forgyt was)
Fen3eand ane oblacioune, as it had be
For prosper returnyng hame in thar cuntre —
The voce this wyss throu owt the cite woyk.

Of choys men syne, walit by cut, thai tuke
A gret numbyr, and hyd in bylgis dern
Within that best, in mony huge cavern;
Schortly, the belly was stuffit euey deill
Ful of knychtis armyt in plait of steill.
Thair standis into the sycht of Troy ane ile
Weil knawin by name, hecht Tenedos, vmquhile
Myghty of gudis quhil Priamus ryng sa stude;
Now it is bot a fyrrth in the sey flude,
A raid onsikkyr for schip or ballyngare.
In desert costis of this iland thar
The Grekis thame ful secretly withdrew,
We wenyng thame hame passit and adew,
And, with gude wynd, of Myce the realm had socht.
Quharfor al thai of Troy, blyth as thai mocht,
Thair langsum duy1 and murnyng dyd away,
Kest vp the portis and yschit furth to play,
The Grekis tentis desyrus forto se
And voyd placis quhar thai war wont tobe,
The cost and strandis left desert al cleyn.
'Heir stude the army of Dolopeis,' sum wald meyn,
'Cruel Achil heir stentit his pail3eon;
Quhar stude the navy, lo the place 3onder down;
Heir the ostis war wont to ioyn in feild.'
And sum wondring the scaithful gyft beheld
Suldbe offerit to the onweddit Pallas;
Thai mervellit fast the horss samekill was.
Bot Tymetes exortis first of all
It forto leid and draw within the wall
And forto set it in the cheif palyce —
Quhiddel for dissait I not, or for malyce,
Or destany of Troy wald sa suldbe.
Bot Capis than, with ane othir men3e
Quhilk bettir avyss thar myndis set apon,
Bad cast or drown into the sey onone
That suspek presand of the Grekis dissait,
Or kyndill tharvndir flambe of fyris hait,

Or forto rype that holkit hug belly,
And the hyd hyrnys to serss and weil espy.
Quhat nedis mair? The onstabill common voce
Diuidit was in mony seir purpos,ss,
Quhen thidder come befor thame al onone,
Followand a gret rowt, the prest Laocon
From the cheif tempil rynnand in ful gret hy.
On far, 'O wrachit pepil,' gan he cry,
'Quhou gret wodness is this at 3e now meyn,
3our ennymyis away salit gif 3e weyn,
Or gif 3e traist ony Grekis gyftis be
Withowt dissait, falshed and subtelte.
Knew 3e na bettir the quent Vlixes slycht?
Owder in this tre ar Grekis closit ful rycht,
Or this engyne is byggit to our skaith,
To wach our wallis and our byggyngys bath,
Or to confound and ourquhelm our cite.
Thar lurkis sum falshed tharin, trastis me.
Lippyn nocht, Troianys, I pray 3ou in this horss;
Quhow euer it be, I dreid the Grekis forss,
And thame that sendis this gyft always I feir.'
Thus sayand, with al his strenth a gret speir
At the syde of that bysnyng best threw he,
And in ionyngis of the thrawyn wame of tre
Festynnyt the lance, that trymlyng gan to schaik;
The braid belly schudderit, and with the straik
The boyss cavys sowndit and maid a dyn.
And had nocht beyn that owder his wit was thyn,
Or than the fatis of goddis war contrary,
He had assayt, but ony langar tary,
Hyd Grekis covert with irne to haue rent owt;
Than suld thou, Troy, haue standyn 3it, but dowt,
And the prowde palyce of Kyng Priamus
Suld haue remanyt 3it ful gloryus."
The takyng of the tresonabill Synon
And of hys fen3eit wordis mony one.
"Lo, the ilk tyme, harland onto the kyng

Troiane hyrdis with gret clamour dyd bryng
A 3ong man, baith his handis behynd his bak
Hard bundyn, that wilfully fortobe tak
Rendrit hym self, onknawyn the cawss quhy,
Forto perform his deid mair secretly;
By stowt curage reddy to athir of tway,
Owder tobryng hys slycht to gude assay,
Or faillyng tharof, dowlless reddy to de
Less than to Grekis he oppynnyt the cite.
On ather part hym tobehald atany
Fast flokkis about a multitude 3ong Troianys,
Byssy to knak and pul the presoneir.
Now the dissait of Grekis may 3e heir,
And all thar falshed lern by this a slycht,
For, also fast in myddis of al our sycht
As that drery onarmyt wyght was stad
And with eyn blent about, semyng ful rad,
Behaldand Troiane rowtis on athir hand,
'Allace,' quod he, 'wald God some erd or sand
Or sum salt sey dyd swelly me alyve!
Quhat other thing now restis to me catyve,
Quhamto sal nevir amang Grekis agane
A place befundyn suythly to remane?
And maratour Troianys, offendyt eik,
To sched my blude by paynful deth dois seik.'
With this regrait our hertis sterit to piete;
All molestatioune cessit and lattyn be,
We hym exort reherss, and tobe bald,
Of quhat lynnage he was, and quhat he wald,
And to remembir gude hope of ferm supple
Happynnys oft to presoneris in captiuite.
He at the last this fen3eit dreid dyd away
And on this wyss onone begouth to say:
'Forsuyth, Schir Kyng, I sal quhat euer betyde
Grant to the all the verite and nocht hyde,
Nor, be na ways, me lyst nocht to deny
That of the Grekis men3e ane am I.

Thys principaly I wald thou vndyrstude:
Thocht frawart fortoun miserabill and bayr of gude
Hass maid Synon, sche sal nocht mak hym als,
Quhat euer he says, nowder lear nor fals.
Gyf euer onto 3our eris come the name,
The hie wirschip and the renownyt fame
Of Palamedes, from Belus blude descend,
Quham Grekis by fals traysoun, as weil is kend,
Throw corrupt witness stanyt to ded, but less,
For he the weir forbad and procurit pess —
Now murn thai for his dede. And with hym heir
In falloschip my puyr fader in weir
Send me of 3outh, as to hym neir of blude.
Quhil in prosperite of the realm he stude,
And Grekis ryng by counsale was rewlit wysly,
Sum name of wurschip and autorite bair I,
Bot efter that by envy and haitrent
Of the fals flechand Vlixes sa quent
(I iape not, for that I say weyll I knaw)
Fra he was slane, allace, and brocht of daw,
Dolorus my lyfe I led in sturt and pane,
Hevyly weyand my innocent frende thus slane.
Sess couth I nocht, bot in my franacy,
Gyf euer I happit my tyme forto espy,
And victour hame returnyt onto Arge,
I hecht tobe revengit; with wordis large
Thus I prouokit scharp feid and malyce baith.
To me this was fyrst apperans of skaith.
From thens fordwart Vlixes mair and mayr
With new crymys begouth affray me sair,
And dangerus rumour amang the commonys hedis
Skalit and sew of me in diuerss stedis,
And, knawying hym self gylty, by hys consait
Grathit hys wapynnys of slycht and fals dissait,
Nor cessit he neuer his purposs to persew
Quhil the solysting of Calcas I mycht rew . . .
Bot quharto tell I or rehersis this

That be na ways displesis 3ou, I wyss?
Quhy tary I my deth? And 3e lyst, stryke:
Gyf that 3e favour all the Grekis elyke,
This is enewch at 3e haue hard of me —
Now haist my pane, sen algatis I mon de.
Vlixes, quhilk is kyng of Ithacy,
Wald it war swa, and with gret price wald by
My deth Agamenon als, and Menalay.’
Than hastit we and brynt to heir hym say,
Desyrus all the maner forto heir,
Mysknawying the gret iniquiteis seir
And sle craftis of Grekis in euery deid.
He quakand than, as it had bene for dreid,
Begouth forto tell furth the remanent,
Sayand on this wyss, with ful dissemylt entent:
‘The Grekis oft in purposs war and will
To fle from Troy and leif it standand still
And, wery of thar lang weir, pass away.
(Wald God swa thai had done syne mony a day!)
The seys rage and storm thame stoppit oft,
And from thar passage the north wynd onsoft
Held thame abak in angwyss and in feir,
And principaly now sen this hors was heir
Of hattyр gestis beldit vp but dowt
The stormy clowdis our al the ayr gan rowt.
We dowtyng heiron send the preste Erypilus
Answer to seik at the tempill of Phebus,
And from the secret oratory, suyth to sayn,
Thir soroful tythyngis he wss brocht agane:
“With blude and by the slauchtir of a maid,
Grekis, 3e mesyt the wyndis first,” he said,
“Quhen that 3e come of Troy to the cuntre;
3our haym passage by blude mon fundyn be,
And haue 3our askyn by deth of a Gregyoun.”
Quhen to the commonys eris ran the sown
Of thir wordis, with myndis affrayit atanyis
The could dreid ran in throu thar banys

For feir quhamto was schape this destanye
Or quho it was Apollo desyrit to die.
Vlixes than amang thame with gret dyn
Calcas the gret dyvynour has brocht in
And bissely at hym inquiris he,
By respons of the goddis, quha suld de.
Than mony ane demyt to me, ful rycht,
The cruel wraik of that dissaitful slycht
And quyetly persavit how it wald wend.
This Calcas held his tong ten days to end,
Kepand secret and cloyss al his entent,
Refusyng with his word ony to schent
Or to pronounce the deth of ony wyght.
Skars at the last, throu gret clamour and slycht
Of Vlixes constrenyt, but mair abaid,
As was devisit, the laith word furth braid
And me adiudgit to send to the altare.
Tharto alhail the Grekis assentit ar
And sufferit glaidly so the mater pass;
Quhar as tofor eueryane tobasyt was
For hym selwyn, tho blyth was page and knyght
The chance returnyt on a catyfe wyght.
Cummyn was the duyful day that doith me gryss,
Quhen that of me suldbe maid sacryfye,
With salt meldir, as weil the gyiss is kend,
Abowt my hede a garland or a bend.
I grant that from the deth my self I fred,
The bandis I brast, and fast away syne fled
Ontil a muddy marrass quhar, the dyrk nycht,
Amang the ryp and redis out of sycht
Full law I lurkit, quhil vp salys drew thai,
Gif thai perchance be 3it passit away.
Now restis thar na hope (allace, fell me!),
My natyve cuntre sal I neuer se,
Nor deir childryng, nor fader weil belovit,
Quham, as I traist, the Grekis, all ammovit
For myne eschaping, turment sal with pane —

Thai, saykles wyghtis, sal for my gilt be slane.
 Quharfor, Schir Kyng, be the hie goddis abufe,
 And thar mychtis that trewth best knawis and lufe,
 And by the faith onfylit and leil lawte
 (Gyf it with mortale folkis may fundyn be),
 Haue rewth and piete on sa feil harmys smart
 And tak compassioun in thi gentill hart;
 Apon my wrechit sawle haue sum mercy
 That gyltles sufferis sik dyseyss wrangwisly.”’
 3yt of the traytowris fals controvyt slycht,
 That was belevit, allace, with euey wyght.
 “‘Pardon and lyfe to thir terys geif we,’
 Quod Priamus, ‘and mercy grantis fre.’
 And first of all, the mannykillis and hard bandis
 Chargit he lowss of this ilk manis handis,
 With frendly wordis syne thus onto hym said,
 ‘Quhat evir thou art, beis mery and glad,
 For3et the Grekis that lost ar and away,
 From thens fordwart thou salbe owris, perfay.
 Bot schaw trewly this a thing I inquer,
 Onto quhat fyne this huge hors was heir
 Of sa gret statur beldit vp on hie.
 Quha wrocht the wark? Quhat may it signyfie?
 Quhat is it — ane offerand of sum halyne
 Or sum engyne of batale, as I gess?’
 Said Priamus. Bot than the tother wight,
 Ful weil instrukit of Grekis art and slycht,
 Lowsit and laityly fred of al his bandis,
 Onto the starnys hevit vp his handis:
 ‘O 3he,’ quod he, ‘euerlestand lampis brycht,
 And 3our dyvyne power and 3our gret mycht,
 That aucht not beyn forsworn, I testefy,
 And 3ou altaris and cruel swordis, quham I
 Am eschapit, and al 3ou goddis wyss
 Quhais garlandis bair I as 3our sacryfyss,
 Leiffull is now to brek but mair abaid
 The sworn promyss that I to Grekis maid.

Leifful is eik tha pepill fortill hait,
And schaw furth planely al at euer I wait,
Thar hyd slycht als to rype furth to the grund:
To na cuntre nor lawis am I bund.
Sa mot thou, Troy, quham I sal salue fra skath,
Kepe me thy promyss and thi lawte baith,
As I sal schaw the verite ilke deill
And for my lyfe sal rendre 3ou a gret weill.
The Grekis trast and comfort mony 3heris,
From the begynnyng of thir mortale weris,
On Pallas help stude haill this towne toget,
Bot efter that Thedeus wareit get
With Vlaxes, fyndar of wykkytness,
The fatale rellyk of Palladium, I gess,
Furth of hir tempill and the hallowit hald
To reif away forsabilly war so bald,
And sla the wachis of the cheif castell,
The haly ymage, grysly forto tell,
Pollute and fylit, and with thar bludy handis
Hir vyrgyne valis and blissit godly garlandis
Presumyt twich — sen syne has euermair
Bakwart of Grekis the hope went and weillfair,
Thar mychtis and thar strenthis feblit fast;
So frawart thame hir mynd this god hes kast
That with na dowtsum takynnys, ma than twa,
Hir greif furth schew this ilke Trytonia.
Skarsly the statw was in thar tempill vpset
Quhen all hir membris bittir terys swet,
Hir eyn glowit as ony gleid for ire
Quharfra thar flaw mony sparkis of fyre,
A teyrful thing and wonderfull to tell;
Thryss schynyng down on the grond scho fell,
Hyr targe trymlyng, and schakyng fast hir speir.
“Onone, al most 3e wend to sey infeir,”
Cryis Calcas, “Nor Grekis instrument
Of Troy the wallis sal neuer hurt ne rent
Less than agane the land of Arge be socht

With alkyn portage quhilk was hydder brocht
In barge or bilgeit ballyngare our see:
The goddess mon be mesit als," quod he.
And now set thai, with this ilke wynd, haue socht
Thar land of Grece or Myce, this is thar thocht,
To graith thar armour and wapynnys by and by,
And with supple of goddis in cumpany
In haist forto return agane our see:
Or 3e beyn war, apon 3ou wilt thai be.
Thus al per ordour declaris thame Calcas,
At quhais monicioun als vp biggit was
This bustuus form, in lyknes of a horss,
For Palladium, and to appeiss the forss
Of the goddes, and into recompens
Of thar wrachit and dolorus offens.
And mairatour, of sa huge quantite
Calcas commandis beld this statw of tre
Thus large and gret, weil neir the hevyn on hycht,
So at the portis it ne entyr myght,
Nor 3it be brocht within 3our wallys wyde,
Nor 3our pepill favour, help nor gyde
Eftir the auld relligioun and vsage.
For gif 3our handis had violet, in 3our rage,
This haly presand of the god Mynerve,
Gret wraik suld follow that al suld 3e sterve,
Priamus ryng distroyit and al 3our pelf —
Quhilk destany goddis turn rather in hym self!
Bot gif this ilk statw, standis heir wrocht,
War with 3our handis into the cite brocht,
Than schew he that the pepill of Asya
But ony obstakill in fell batale suld ga
Bet down the townys of Arge, that regioun,
And the sam fait happyn our successioun.'
Be sik wylis and slychtis mony one
Of fals controvit and maynsworn Synone
The mater is belevit with all it heris,
And takyn ar by dissait and fen3eit teris

Tha pepil quham the son of Thedeus,
Nor fers Achilles, clepit Larysseus,
Nor Grece ten 3heris in batale mycht ourcum,
Nor 3it the thousand schippis al and sum.”
Quhou stranglit was the prest hecht Laocon
And how the hoss clam our the wallis of stone.
“Betyd, the ilke tyde, a fer grettar woundir
And mair dreidful to catyvis be sik hunder,
Quhilk of Troianys trublit mony onwarnyt breste.
As Laocon, that was Neptunus prest
And chosyn by kavill onto that ilk office,
A fair gret bull offerit in sacrifice
Solemnnytly befor the haly alteir,
Throw the styl sey from Tenedos infeir,
Lo, twa gret lowpit edderis, with mony thraw,
Fast throu the flude towart the land gan draw.
My spreit abhorris this mater to declare:
Abufe the watir thar halss stude euermare,
With bludy crestis owtwith the wallis hie;
The remanent swam always vnder see,
With grysly bodeis lynkit mony fald;
The salt fame stowris from the fard thai hald.
Onto the grund thai glaid with glowand eyn
Stuffit ful of venom, fyre and fellon teyn,
Wyth tongis quhislyng in thar mowthis rede
Thai lyk the twynkland stangis in thar hed.
We fled away al bludeless for affeir,
Bot, wyth a braid, to Laocon infeir
Thai stert atanys, and hys twa sonnys 3yng
First athir serpent lappit lyke a ryng,
And, with thar cruell byt and stangis fell,
Of tendir membris tuke mony sary morcell.
Syne thai the prest invadit, baith twane,
Quhilk with hys wapynnys dyd hys byssy pane
His childryng forto helpyn and reskew.
Bot thai about hym lowpit in wympillis threw
And twyss cyrkyllyt his myddil rownd about

And twyss faldis thar sprutlit skynnys but dowl
About hys hals — bath nek and hede thai schent.
As he etlys thar hankis to haue rent
Of with his handis, and thame away haue draw,
Hys hed bendis and garlandis all war blaw
Ful of vennom and rank poyson atanys,
Quhilk infekkis the flesch, blude and banyis.
And tharwith eik sa horribilly schowtis he,
His cryis dynnyt to the sternys on hie;
Lyke as a bull doith rummysing and rayr
Quhen he eschapis hurt from the altair,
And charris by the ax with his nek wight,
Gif on his forhed the dynt hyttis nocht rycht.
Syne thir twa serpentis hastely glaid away,
Onto the cheif tempil fled ar thai
Of stern Pallas to the hallowit place
And crap in vnder the feit of the goddess,
Hyd thame behynd the boyss of hir bukleir.
Than trymlit thar mony stowt hart for feir,
The onkowth dreid into thar brestis crap.
All said, ‘Laocon iustly, sik was his hap,
Has deir ybocht his wikkit and schrewit deid,
For he the haly horss or stalwart steid
With violente strake presumyt forto deir
And tharintil to fessyn his cursit speir.
Onto the hallowit sted bryng in,’ thai cry,
‘The gret fygur! And lat wss sacryfy
The haly goddes, and magnify hyr mycht
With orysonys and offerandis day and nycht!’
Quhat wil 3e mair? The barmkyn down we rent,
And wallis of our cite we maid patent.
Onto that wark al sped thame bissely;
Turnand quhelis thai set in by and by
Vndir the feit of this ilke bysnyng iaip,
Abowt the nek knyt mony bassyn raip.
This fatale monstre clam our the wallis then,
Gret wamyt and stuffit ful of armyt men,

And tharabout ran childer and madis 3yng
Syngand karrellis and dansand in a ryng —
Ful weil war thame, and glaid was euey wight
That with thar hand anys twich the cordis mycht.
Furth drawyn haldis this suttell hors of tre
And mannysand slydis throu the myd cite.
O natyve cuntre and rial realm of Troy!
O goddis howss, Ilion ful of ioy!
O worthy Troiane wallis chevalrus!
Four tymys stoppyt that monstre peralus,
Evin at the entre of the portis wyde,
And four syss the armour, that ilk tyde,
Clynkit and rang amynd the large belly;
Bot nethelless, intil our blynd fury
For3etting this, instantly we wirk
And forto drug and draw wald neuer irk,
Quhil that myschancy monstre, quently bet,
Amynd the hallowit tempill vp was set.
Cassandra than the fatis tocum tald plane,
Bot, by command of Phebus, al was invane,
For thocht scho spayit the suthe and maid na bowrd,
Quhat euer scho said Troianys trowit nocht a word.
The tempillis of goddis and sanctuaryis all
We fey pepill — allace, quhat say I sall? —
Quhamtill this was the duyfull lattir day,
With festuale flowris and bewys, as in May,
Dyd weil anorn, and fest and ryot maid
Throu owt the town, and for myscheif was glaid.”
Grekis entrys by trayson in the cite,
And how Hector apperis till Ene.
“Wyth this the hevyn sa quhyrlit about his speir
Out of the sey the dym nycht gan appeir,
With hir dyrk weid bath erth and firmament
Involwyng, by hir secret schaddowis quent
Covering Gregion and Myrmydonys slyght;
Within the wallis to bed went euere wyght;
Still war in all, and soft vapour of sleip

Apon thar wery lymmys fast doith creip.
Be than the army of mony a Gregioun,
Stuffit in schippis, come fra Tenedon,
Stil vnder frendly sylens of the moyn,
To the kend costis speding thame ful soyn;
And quhen the takynnyng or the bail of fyre
Rayss from the kyngis schip, vp byrmand schyre,
Of the goddis be frawart destany
Synon preservit couth this syng aspy,
The fyrryn closeris oppynnys, but noys or dyn,
And Grekis hyd the horssis cost within
Patent war maid to sight and to the ayr.
Ioyfull and blyth from that boyss statw thar
Discending, thai downlat by cordis atanys
Thersander and Sthenelus, twa capitanyss,
The dour Vlixes als, and Athamas,
Pelyus nevo Pyrrus, and Kyng Thoas,
The first Machaon, and Menelaus,
And the engyne forgyar hait Epeus.
The cite thai invaid and fast infest,
With wyne and sleip yberyit and at rest.
Slane ar the wachis liggyng on the wall,
Opnyt the portis, leyt in thar feris all,
Togidder ionyt euery cumpany:
Throu the cite sone rayss the noyss and scry.
Thys was that tyme quhen the fyrst quyete
Of naturale sleip, to quham na gyft mair swete,
Stelis on fordoverit mortale creaturis,
And in thar swewynnys metis quent figuris.
Lo, in my sleip I se stand me befor
(As to my syght) maist lamentabil Hector
Wyth large flude of teris, and al besprent,
As he vmquhile eftyr the cart was rent,
With barknyt blude and powder. O God, quhat skath!
Boldynnyt ful gret war feit and lymmys baith
By bandis of the cordis quhilk thame drewch.
Ha, walloway, quhat harm and wo eneuch!

Quhat ane was he, how far changit from ioy
Of that Hector, quhilum returnyt to Troy
Cled with the spulze of hym Achillys,
Or quhen the Troiane fyry blesis, I wyss,
On Grekis schippis thyk fald he slang that day
Quhen that he slew the duke Prothesylay!
Hys fax and berd was fadyt quhar he stude
And all hys hayr was glotnyt ful of blude.
Full mony woundis on his body bayr he,
Quhilk in defens of hys natyve cuntre
About the wallys of Troy ressavyt he had.
Me thocht I first wepyng and na thing glaid
Rycht reuerently begouth to clepe this man,
And with sik dolorus wordis thus began:
'O thou, of Troy the lemand lamp of lycht,
O Troiane hope, maist ferm defens in fyght,
Quhat has the tareit? Quhy maid thou this delay,
Hector, quham we desyrit mony a day?
From quhat cuntre this wyss cummyn art thou?
That eftir feil slauchter of thi frendis now
And of thi folkis and cite efter huge payn,
Quhen we beyn irkit, we se the heir agayn!
Quhat hard myschance fylyt so thi plesand face?
Or quhy se I tha feil woundis, allace?'
Onto thir wordis he nane answer maid,
Nor to my voyd demandis na thyng said,
Bot with ane hevy murmour, as it war draw
Furth of the boddum of his breste weil law,
'Allace, allace, thou goddes son,' quod he,
'Salf thi self from this fyre and fast thou fle.
Our ennemyss has thir worthy wallys tane;
Troy from the top down fallys, and all is gane.
Enewch has lestit of Priamus the ryng,
The fatis wil na mair it induryng.
Gif Pergama, the Troiane wallys wyght,
Mycht langar haue beyn fendit into fyght,
With this rycht hand thai suld haue be defendit.

Adew, fair weil, for euer it is endit.
In thi keping committis Troy but less
Hir kyndly goddis clepit Penates;
Tak thir in falloschip of thi fatis all,
And large wallis for thame seik thou sall,
Quhilk at the last thi self sall beld vp hie
Eftir lang wandryng and errour our the see.’
Thus said Hectour, and schew furth in his handis
The dreidfull valis, wymplis and garlandis
Of Vesta, goddes of the erth and fyre,
Quhilk in hir tempil eternaly byrnys schyre.”
Quhou Eneas the trayson dyd persave,
And quhat debait he maid the town to save.
“In seyr placis throu the cite wyth this
The murmur rayss, ay mair and mair I wyss,
And clerar wolx the rumour and the dyne,
So that, supposs Anchys my faderis in
With treys abowt stude secrete by the way,
So bustuus grew the noys and furyus fray
And ratlyng of thar armour on the streit,
Affrayit, I glystnyt of sleip and start on feit,
Syne to the howssis hed ascendis onone,
With eris prest stude thar als stil as stone.
A sownd or swowch I hard thar at the last,
Lyke quhen the fyre be fellon wyndis blast
Is drevyn amynd the flat of cornys rank,
Or quhen the burn on spait hurlys down the bank,
Owder throu a watir brek or spait of flude,
Ryvand vp rede erd as it war wod,
Down dyngand cornys, all the pleuch laubour atanyis,
And dryvis on swyftly stokkis, treis and stanys:
The sylly hyrd, seand this grysly syght,
Set on a pynnakill of sum cragis hycht
Al abasit, nocht knawand quhat this may meyn,
Wondris of the sovnd and ferly at he has seyn.
Rycht so I than by cleyr takynnys enew
Manifestly al the Grekis falshed knew —

Thair hyd dissait wolx patent than to wss.
The nobil luyng of worthy Deyphobus
Was fal to grond, the fyre vpspred onone;
The nixt howss byrnys of Vcalegon;
The large seys and costis Sygean,
Throu lycht of flambis and brycht fyris, schane.
Vpsprang the cry of men and trumpys blist;
As out of mynd, myne armour on I thyrst,
Thocht be na rayson persave I mycht, but fail,
Quhat than the forss of armys couth avail,
3it hand for hand to thryng out throw the press
With my feris, and rynnyng or we cess
To the castel, our hartis brynt for desyre.
The fury cachit our myndis hait as fyre,
So that we thocht maist semly in a feld
To de feghtand, enarmyt vnder scheld.
Bot lo, Panthus, slippit the Grekis speris,
Panthus Othriades son, that mony 3heris
Was of the strenth and Phebus tempill preste,
Into his armys lappit to his breist
The haly rellykkis of the sanctuary,
And eik our venquist goddis by and by
With hym beryng, and in his hand also
Harlyng hym efter his litil nevo,
Cummys lyke a wodman til our 3et rynnyng.
'How now, Panthus, quhat tythingis do 3e bryng?
In quhat estait is sanctuary and haly geir?
To quhilk other fortress sall we speir?'
Skars said I this, quhen gowlyng petuusly
With thir wordis he answerd me in hy:
'The lattir day is cummyn of Dardanus end,
The fatale tyme quham na walyng may mend.
We war Troianys, vmquhile was Ilion,
The schynand glory of Phrygianys now is gone,
Fers Iupiter to Grece all hass translait.
Our al the cite, kyndillit in flambis hait,
The Grekis now ar lordis but ony forss.

Within the wallis 3one mekil standand horss
3ettis furth armyt men, and now Synon
Is victour haill, kyndilland eueron
The new fyris glaidly, as it war sport.
At athir 3et beyn ruschit in sik a sort,
Sa mony thousandis come neuer from Myce nor Arge.
Sum cumpanyis with speris, lance and targe
Walkis wachand in rewis and narow stretis;
Arrayit batalis with drawyn swerdis at gletis
Standis reddy forto styk, gor and sla.
Skarsly the wachis of the portis twa
Begouth defens and melle as thai mycht,
Quhen blyndlyngis in the batail fey iha fyght.’
Throu thir wordis of Panthus and goddis heste,
Amyd the flambis and armour in I preste,
Ruschand thidder quhar sorofull Erynnys,
The noys and brute me drew, and quhar I wyss
The clamour hard I ryss vp to the ayr.
And of our fallowis to me come twa pair,
Repheus fyrst, be the lycht of the moyn,
Valiant in armys Ephitus followit soyn;
Hypanys syne and eik Dymas in hy
Fast to our syde adionyt by and by,
Mygdoneus son also, Chorebus 3yng,
Quhilk in tha days, for fey luf hait byrnyng
Of Cassandra, to Troy was cummyn that 3eir
To help Priam and Troianys in the weir —
Onhappy he was, wald not beleif fermly
Hys sayd spowsis command and prophecy.
Quhen I thame saw this wyss adionyt to me
And wilful forto stryke in the melle,
Thus I begouth thame forthirmar to steir:
‘O 3e maist forsy 3ong men that beyn heir,
Wyth brestis strang and sa bald curage hie,
Invayn 3e press to succur this cite
Quhilk byrnys al in fyre and flambys rede:
The goddis al ar fled out of this stede

Throu quhais mycht stude our empyre mony day,
Now all thar templis and altaris waist leif thai.
Bot gif 3our desyre be sa fermly prest
To follow me dar tak the vtyrmest,
Quhat fortune is betyd, al thingis 3e se.
Thar is na mair — lat ws togidder de,
And in amynd our ennemyis army schute.
To venquist folkis is a comfort and bute
Nane hope of help tobeleif, or reskew.’
Swa with thir wordis the 3ong menis curage grew
That in the dyrk lyke ravenus wolffis on rawis
Quham the blynd fury of thar empty mawis
Dryvis furth of thar den to seik thar pray —
Thar litil quhelpis left with dry throtis quhil day —
So throw the wapynnys and our fays went we,
Apon the ded ondowtit, and wald nocht fle.
Amynd the cite we held the master streit,
The dyrk nycht hyd ws with cloyss schaddowis meit.”
The woful end per ordour heir, allace,
Followys of Troy, and gestis of Eneas.
“Quha sal the harmys of that woful nycht
Expreme? Or quha with tong to tell hes mycht
Sa feil ded corsis as thar lyis slane?
Or thocht in cace thai weip quhil teris rayn
Equally may bewail tha sorowis all?
The ancyant, worthy cite down is fall
That mony 3eris held hie sen3eory.
Stekit in stretis heir and thar thai ly,
Feil corsis ded of mony onweldy wyght,
Dung down in howsis, fey thai fal all nycht,
In sanctuaries and templis of goddis eik;
Na quhar mercy nor succor mycht thai seik.
And not only of Troianys throu owt the town
The blude is sched, thus marthyrit and slane down,
Bot sum tyme eik to thame, ourcummyn and schent,
Agane returnys in brestis hardyment,
So that sum Grekis victoris war smyte ded.

Cruel womenting occupyit euery steid,
Our alquhar dreid, our alquhar wo and cayr,
And of the deth feil gastly schaddowis thair.
Bot first enconteris wss Androgeus
With a gret cumpany of the Gregyus,
Onwarly wenyng his fallowis we hadbe.
In haymly wordis to wss thus carpis he:
'Haist 3ou, matis, quhat slewth tareit 3ou thus lait?
Our other feris rubbis, tursyng away fut hait
The spreith of Troy, quhilk now is brynt to gledis,
And 3e, fyrst from 3our schippis now 3ou spedis.'
Thus said he, quhen that suddanly and onone
He felt hym self happynnyt amynd his foyn,
For we hym gave answer not traist enewch.
Estonyt with the word, abak he drewch,
As quha onwar tred on a rowch serpent
Lyggyng in the buss, and for feir bakwart sprent,
Seand hir, reddy to stang and to infek,
Set vp hir vennamus 3allo boldyn nek:
On the sammyn wyss, Androgeus, of our syght
Gretly effrayt, fled in al his mycht.
On thame we schot, and in thar myd rowt duschit,
Hewit, hakkit, smate down, and al to fruschit
Tha fey Gregionys, on ilk syde heir and thair,
With dreid ourset, and wist not quhar thai war.
The first lawbour thus lukkit weil with wss.
Ioyus in hart of this chance, Chorebus,
'O 3e feris, hald furth this way,' quod he,
'Quhar forton first has schawyn ws sik supple,
Hald thidder quhar our manhed has ws taucht.
Now lat wss change scheildis, sen we beyn sawcht,
Grekis ensen3eis do we cowntyrfet;
Quhidder by slycht or strenth of armys gret
A man ourcum his ennemy, quha rakkis?
Thai sal ws rendir thir harnes of thar bakkis.'
And sayand thus, Androgeus cristit helm
He hynt in hy and our his hed gan quhelm;

His schynand scheild with his bawgy tuk he
And hang a Gregioun swerd down by his the.
Syklyke dyd Rypheus, my self eik, and Dymas,
And all the other 3ongmen at thar was,
Ful glaidly in that recent spul3e warm
Belyf ilk man dyd thame self enarm.
Amang the Grekis mydlit than went we,
Nocht with our awyn takyn nor deite;
Mony debatis and onsettis haue we done,
And, throu the silens of the nycht, ondone
Feil of the Grekis, and send to hell adown.
Ane other men3e fled fast out of town
To thar schippis and tha traist coistis nyce;
Sum part also for schaymfull cowardyce
Clam vp agane in the gret horssis maw
And hyd thame in that belly weilbeknaw.
Allace, onleifull is ony man to weyn
(Contrar the plesour of goddis) ocht may sustene.
Lo, Priamus dochtir, the virgyne Cassandra,
Was from the tempill and sete of Mynerva
Drawyn forsabilly bairhed, with hayr down schake,
Reuthfully invane behaldand hevyn, alake,
With glotnyt eyn, for baith hir tendir handis
War stren3eit sayr, ybondyn hard with bandis.
This dolorus syght Chorebus mycht nocht se,
But ruschit with furyus mynd in the melle,
Reddy to de, and we all followit fast,
Amang glavys and armour in we thrust.
Heir war we fyrst tofruschit and hard byset,
With dartis and with stans all tobet
By owr awyn feris from the templis hycht —
A miserabil slauchtir thar begouth that nycht;
The portratour of armys was mysknaw,
All war bot Grekis tymbrellis at thai saw.
Als quhat for walyng of irus wordis fell
Agane reskewit said by the damycell,
Grekis flokkis togidder heir and thar

And ombesettis cruelly and sayr,
The fellon Ajax and othir Atrides
And al the rowtis clepit Dolopes.
Lyke as sum tyme the fers wyndis 3e se,
3epherus, Nothus and Eurys, all thre
Contrarius blaw thar bustuus bubbys with byr,
The woddis rerdis, bath ayk, elm and fyr
Ourturnys to grond and Nereus the fomy
From the sey grond wod wraith is cachit in hy:
On siklyke wyss the Grekis wss invadit,
For than thai alls that fled war and evadit,
Throu the dyrk nycht, quhen sum thar feris slew we,
And thame had chasit throw owt all the cite,
Thai war the first come now to do wss deir;
Our fen3eit scheildis, wapynnys and other geir
Ful weil thai knew, and by our vocis eik
Thai notyfy that nane of wss was Greik.
By multitude and nowmyr apon wss set
All 3eid to wraik, thar war we hail doune bet.
And first of all, down smyte is Chorebus
By the rycht hand of Greik Peneleus
Befor the altare of armipotent Pallas;
Rypheus down fell, ane the maist iust man was,
Amang Troianys best kepand equite —
Bot other ways the goddis thocht suldbe;
Hypanys eik and Dymas than alssua
War by thar fallowis throwgyrd bath twa;
Nor 3it the, Panthus, quhen that thou fell down,
Thy gret pety and godly religioun
Nor habyt of Apollo hyd from skaith.
O 3e cald assys of Troy and flawmys baith
And extreme end of cuntre folkis, heir I
Drawis 3ow to witness and doys testyfy,
Quhen that 3e fell togrund thus and war slane,
I nowder sparit wapynnys, strenth nor pane,
Nor nane onset eschewit of Grekis mycht,
And gif fatis wald I had fallyn in fyght,

Thar with my handis wrocht I worth my ded.
Bot with the press we war relit of that sted,
Only with me Hyphitus and Pelyas —
For age Hyphitus waik and febill was,
And Pelyas slawly mycht onethis go,
By Vlixes for he was woundit so.”
Quhou to the kyngis palyce speid Ene,
That syne was take, thar helpit na suple.
“Onone onto the palyce of Priamus
The schowtis and the cryis callys wss.
Thar was ane hydwyss batale forto seyn,
As thar nane other bargane ayr had beyn,
Lyke as nane slane war throu all the cite,
Sa wod ondantit melle thar we se:
The Grekis ruschand to the thak on hyght,
So thik thai thrang about the portis all nycht
That lyke a wall thai ombeset the 3ettis.
Vp to the syd wallys mony leddyr sett is
Quharon thai preyss fast our the rufe to speill,
Coverit with scheildis agane the dartis feill
Thar left hand heich abuf thar hed gan hald,
And oft with rycht handis gryp the battalyng wald.
Troianys agane, schaping defens to mak,
Rent turettis doune and of howss hedis the thak;
Quhen all wes lost thai se, at lattyr end,
With sik wapynnys thai schupe thame to defend.
The gilt sperris and gestis gold begane
Down on thame slyng thai, and mony costly stane,
The prowde and ryal werkis of faderis ald.
And other sum, law down within that hald,
With drawyn swerdis stude reddy to kepe the 3et;
In a thik rowt tharat was mony set.
Our spretis war restoryt, and curage grew
The kyngis palyce to succur, and reskew
The men tharin with all help and supple,
To strenthing thame war venquyst neyr, we se.
A smal wykket thar was or entre dern,

A litil 3et clepit a postern,
On the bak half Priamus palyce almaist,
Amang byggynnys stude desolate and waist,
Quharat was wont alane Andromocha
To entir oft to Priam and Hecuba,
And Astyanax, hir 3ong son, with hir bring
Onto his grandsyre Priamus the kyng.
Tharat I enterit, and to the wallys hyght
Vpwent, quhar wrachit Troianys as thai mycht
Threw down dartis, thocht all was bot inwaist.
We start ontill a hie turate in haist,
The top vpstrekand to the starnys hie,
Quharon we wont war al Troy forto se,
The Grekis schippis and thar tentis eik.
With instrumentis of irne we pyke, and seik
Round al about quhar the ionyngis war worn,
Reddy to fall, and corbalys al to torn;
We holk and mynd the corneris for the nanys,
Quhil down belive we tumbil it al atany.
A fellon rusch it maid, and sownd with all,
And large on breid our Grekis rowtis dyd fall,
Bot sone ane other sort start in thar stedis —
Nowder stany, nor quarellis with scharp hedis,
Nor na kynd of wapynnys war sparit than.
And first of al, befor the porch inran
Hard to the entre, in schynyng plait and mail,
Pyrrus, with wapynnys fersly to assaill,
Lyke to the edder, with schrewit herbis fed,
Cummyn furth to lycht and on the grond lyis spred,
Quham wynter lang hyd vnder the cald erd,
Now slippit hir slowch with schynand skyn new breird,
Hir slydry body in hankis rownd al run,
Heich vp hir nek strekand forgane the son,
With forkit tong intyll hir mouth quytterand.
To the assalt with Pyrrus come at hand
Periphas, and Automedon his squyer
Was wont to govorn Achilles cart in weir,

And al the fensabill men of Scyrrya
Bownys our the wallis and howss hedis alsswa,
And fyre blesis abuf the rufe garris fle.
Bot first of al, ane stalwart ax hynt he,
The stern Pyrrus, to hew and brek the 3et,
And furth of har the stapillis has he bet,
And bandis all of brass yforgyt weill:
Be that in twa the master bar ilk deill
Is al tofruschit, syne the hard burdis he hakkis,
And throu the 3et ane large wyndo makkis,
By the quhilk slop the place within apperis,
The wyde hallys wolx patent al infeiris
Of Priamus and anciant kyngis of Troy;
Secret throwgangis ar schawyn wont tobe quoy;
Armyt men se thai stand at the first port.
Bot than throw owt the inner palyce, at schort,
With duyful scryke and walyng al is confoundit;
The holl howsis 3owlit and resowndit
For womentyng of ladeis and wemen —
The clamour vpstrak to the starnys then.
The woful moderis ran frayit on athir syde
Ful lamentabil throw out the chawmeris wyde,
Brasand the postis in armys, and durris cald,
And feil syss with mowthis kyss thame wald.
Instantly Pyrrus assail3eis with al his mycht,
By naturale strenth of his fader the wight,
That nowder closeris, nor barryt 3ettis stowt,
Nor 3it the keparis may hald thame langar owt.
Oft wyth the ram the port is schaik and duschit,
Down bet 3et chekis and bandis al tofruschit.
The way is maid by forss, and entre brokkyn;
Grekis insprent, the formaste haue thai stokyn
And slane with swordis; the large hald heir and thar
Was fyllit full of Grekis our alquhar.
Not sa fersly the fomy ryver or flude
Brekis our the bankis on spait quhen it is wode,
And, with hys brusch and fard of watir brown,

The dykis and the schoris bettis down,
Ourspredand croftis and flattis with his spait,
Our al the feildis that thai may row a bayt,
Quhil howsys and the flokkis flyttis away,
The corn grangis and standand stakkis of hay.
I saw my self thair Neoptolemus
Mak fellow slauchtir, wod and furyus,
And athir brodir of Atrides alswa.
Eldmodir to ane hundreth thar saw I Hecuba,
And Priamus at the altar quhar he stude,
All our bysprent and sperklyt ful of blude
Of sacryfice, quhamto he bet the fyre.
Fyfty chawmeris held that rial syre
Quhar warryn his gude dochteris, ladeis 3yng,
Syk fayr beleif is lost of his ofspryng.
The prowde gestis and durris gilt with gold
Of barbary wark, and hungyn mony fold
With richness and spulze of seyr nationys,
Sa far as from the fyre onbet adoune is
The Grekis occupyis haly — al is tharis,
Quhat so thame lyst tospil is nane that sparis.”
Into this nixt cheptour 3e may attend
Of Priam, kyng of Troy, the fatale end.
“Peraventur of Priamus wald 3e speir
Quhou tyd the chance. Hys fait, gif 3e lyst, heir:
Quhen he the cite saw takyn and downbet,
And of his palyce brokyn euery 3et,
Amyd the secret closettis eik hys fays,
The auld grayth, al for nocht, to hym tays
Hys hawbryk quhilk was lang furth of vsage,
Set on his schulderis trymlyng than for age;
A sword but help about hym beltis he
And ran towart hys fays, reddy to de.
Amyd the closs, vnder the hevyn al bayr,
Stude thar that tyme a mekil fair altare,
Neyr quham thar grew a rycht ald lawrer tre
Bowand towart the altare a litill wie,

That with his schaddow the goddis dyd ourheld.
Hecuba thyddir with hir childer for beild
Ran al invane and about the altare swarmys,
Brasand the godlyke ymage in thar armys,
As for the storm dowis flokkis togidder ilkane.
Bot quhen scho saw how Priamus has tane
His armour, so as thocht he had beyn 3yng:
‘Quhat fulych thocht, my wrachit spowss and kyng,
Movis the now syk wapynnys forto weld?
Quhidder hastis thou?’ quod sche. ‘Of na sik beld
Haue we now mystir, nor syk diffendouris as the,
The tyme is nocht ganand tharto we se,
In cace Hectour war present heir, my son,
He mycht nocht succur Troy, for it is won,
Quharfor I pray the syt doune and cum hydder
And lat this altare salue wss al togidder,
Or than atanyis al heir lat ws de.’
Thus said scho and with sik sembland as mycht be
Hym towart hir has brocht, but ony threte,
And set the auld doune on the haly sete.
Bot lo, Polytes, ane of Priamus sonnys
Quhilk from the slauchter of Pyrrus away run is,
Throw wapynnys fleyng and his ennemyss all,
Be lang throwgangis and mony voyd hall;
Woundit he was, and come to seik reskew.
Ardently Pyrrus gan him fast persew,
With grondyn lance at hand so neir furthstrekkit,
Almaist the hed hym twichit and arekit,
Quhil at the last, quhen he is cummyn, I weyn,
Befor his faderis and his moderis eyn,
Smate hym down ded in thar sycht quhar he stude,
The gaist he 3ald with habundans of blude.
Priamus than, thocht he was halfdeill ded,
Mycht nocht conteyn his ire nor wordis of fed,
Bot cryis furth: ‘For that cruell offens
And owtragyus fuyll hardy violens,
Gif thar be piete in the hevin abone

Quhilk takis heid to this at thou has done,
The goddis mot condyngly the forȝeld,
Eftir thi desert rendring sik gaynȝeld,
Causit me behald myne awyn child slane, allace,
And with hys blude fylit the faderis face.
Bot he quhamby thou fenys thi self byget,
Achil, was not to Priam sa hard set,
For he, of rycht and faith eschamyt eik,
Quhen that I come hym lawly tobeseik,
The ded body of Hector rendrit me,
And me convoyit hame to my cite.’
Thus sayand the ald waykly, but forss or dynt,
A dart dyd cast, quhilk with a pyk gan stynt
On his harness, and in the scheild dyd hyng
But ony harm or other dammagyng.
Quod Pyrrus, ‘Sen always thou saist swa,
To Pellyus son, my fadir, thou most ga.
Beir hym this message, ramembir weil thou tell
Him al my warkis and dedis sa cruell —
Schaw Neoptolemus is degenerit cleyn.
Now salt thou de.’ And with that word in teyn
The ald trymlyng towart the altare he drew,
That in the hait blude of his son, sched new,
Fundrit; and Pyrrus grippis hym by the hayr
With his left hand, and with the tother albayr
Drew furth his schynand swerd, quhilk in his syde
Festynnyt, and onto the hyltis dyd he hyde.
Of Priamus thus was the finale fait —
Fortone heir endit his gloryus estait,
Seand Ilion albyrn in fryis brown
And Troys wallis fall and tumlyt down.
That ryal prince, vmquhile our Asya
Apon sa feil pepil and realmys alswa
Ryngnyt in welth, now by the cost lyis ded
Bot as a stok and of hakkit his hed,
A corps but lyfe, renown or other fame,
Onknawyn of ony wight quhat was his name.”

Quhou Venus gan to Eneas appeir,
And of his fader and other materis seyr.
“Fyrst than the grysly dreid about me start:
Astonyst I wolx, for sone prent in myne hart
The ymage of my deir fader, quhen I
The kyng his evyneild beheld sa cruelly
By deidly wound 3aldand vp the spreit.
On dessolat Crevse, my spowss sa sweit,
I thocht also, and dangeris of my place;
Of lital Ascaneus sayr I dred the cace.
About I blent to behald, heir and thar,
Quha of our feris remanyt with me thar.
Al war thai fled full wery, left me alane;
Sum to the erd loppin from hie towris of stane,
Sum in the fyre thar irkit bodeis leit fall —
Thar was na ma bot I left of thame all;
Quhen in the tempil of Vesta the goddas,
Lurkand ful law intil a secrete place,
Tyndarus douchter, Queyn Helene, I espy —
The fyrys schane sa brycht as I went by
All thing was patent quhar so euer I went.
Scho dreding less the Troianys wald hir schent
And kast sum way for hir distructioun
Becauss al Troy for hir was thus bet down,
Sayr punytioun of Grekis dred scho, als
Hir husbandis wroth, quham scho left and was fals,
And eik the common fatale fury of Troy,
Hir self scho hyd tharfor and held ful koy,
Besyde the altare sytting onethis seyn.
My spreit for ire brynt in propir teyn
And al in greif thocht cruel vengeans take
Of my cuntre for this myschews wrake,
With byttir panys to wreke our harmys smart.
Thocht I, sal scho pass to the realm of Spart
Hailskarh, and se Mycene hir natyve land,
And with triumphe follow hir fyrst husband?
Or lyke a queyn sal scho wend hame our see?

Hir frendis agane and childring sal scho se
Accumpanyit with mony Troiane maid
And Phrygiane seruandis in bondage with hir had —
Sen now by hir with swerd lyis Priam ded
And ryal Troy all brynt in flambis red,
Of Dardane eik the strandis and the flude
Sa oft hass bene waterit or bathit in blude?
Na, na, nocht swa, I wyss, that sal scho nocht;
And set it be nocht lovabill nor semly thocht
To punyss a woman, bot shameful hir to sla,
Na victory, bot lak, followyng als wa,
3it nethless I aucht lovit to be
Vengeans to tak on hir deservis to de.
It wil my mynd asswage fortobe wrokyn
On hir quhamby Troy brynt is and down brokyn,
And forto eik the myscheif of hir ded
Til our sorowis fyllit with assis red.
Syk thingis I thocht half wod and furyus
As owt of wit my mynd was cachit thus,
Quhen that my blissit moder, of sik bewte,
Apperit farer than euer I dyd hir se,
Schynyng ful cleir for al the dyrk nycht,
Confessyng hir to be a goddess brycht
In sik form of quantite and estait
As scho is seyn with spretis deificait.
Me by the rycht hand hynt scho and held fast
And with hir rosy lippis thus said at last:
‘Son, quha sa gret and furyus cruelte
And hie ondantit ire has rasyt in the?
Quhy gois thou mad? Quhidder is went thus onkynd
Our ramembrance, or we for3et of mynd?
Suld thou not first think quhar thou left but less
Thi wery fader, the agit Anchises?
Wenys thou or not Crevsa 3it levand be
And Ascanyus thi 3ong son, quam al thre
The Grekis armyis walkis rownd about,
And bot my myght rasistit thame, sans dout

Thai hadbene brynt or this in flambis red,
And with thar fays swordis smyte to ded.
Not the bewte of Helene Laconya,
Quham thou hatis, nor Parys, quhilk alswa
Is blamyt oft, this rychess has 3ou reft;
Bot the wroth of the goddis has down beft
The city of Troy from top onto the grond.
Behald (for I, within a litil stound,
The clowd of dyrkness from thi sycht so cleir,
That on 3our mortell eyn, quhill 3e beyn heir,
Lyke to ane watry slowch standis dym about;
Thi moderis heist on na wyss nedis the dowt,
Na hir command refusyng to obey)
Quhar thir towris thou seys down fall and swey,
And stane fra stane down bet, and reyke vp ryss,
With stew, powder and duste myxt on this wyss,
Neptune the fundmentis of thir wallis hie,
With his gret mattok havand granys thre,
Vndermyndis rownd about the towne,
Furth of the grond holkand the barmkyn doun.
Maist cruel Iuno hass, or this, alsswa
Saysit with the fyrst the port clepit Sceya,
And from the schippis the ostis in scho callis,
Standing wod wraith enarmyt on the wallis.
The hie castellis and strenthis to and fra,
Behald, now Pallas of Tritonya
All occupyis, schynyng in weirlyke weid,
Fell Gorgones hed into hir scheild, tak heid.
The gret fader Iupiter strenth and mycht
Distributis happely to the Grekis in fyght,
And eik the goddis ire prouokis he
Aganys Troianys power in the melle.
Fle thou, my son, in haist away thou wend,
And of this laubour onprofitabil mak ane end;
I salbe with the soverly and ful koy,
Quhil to thi faderis 3et I the convoy.'
Thus sayand, scho hir hyd in the cloyss nycht.

Than terribil figuris apperis to my sycht
Of gret goddis, semand with Troy agrevit;
And tho beheld I al the cite myschevit,
Fayr Illion all fall in gledis down,
And, fra the soyll, gret Troy, Neptunus town,
Ourtumlyt to the grond — so as 3he se
The lauboreris into the montanys hie
With steil axis byssely hak and hew
A mekil ayk that mony 3eir thar grew;
The tre branglis bostyng to the fall,
With top trymlyng, and branchis schakand all;
Quhil finally it get the lattyr straik,
Than with a rair down duschis the mekil aik,
And with his fard brekis down bewis about.
Furth of that sted I went, and throu the rowt
Of ennemyis and flambis I me sped
(The fyre and wapynnys gave me place) and fled.
So happely the goddes gydit me,
Quhil that within the portis and entre
Of my faderis luyng am I cummyn;
My fader than, quham I schupe to haue nummyn
And caryit to the nerrest hillys hycht,
And hym tharto solist with al my mycht;
Bot he reffusys or euer to leif in ioy
Eftir the rewyne and distructioun of Troy —
To suffir exile he said that he ne couth.
'O 3e,' quod he, 'in blude and florist 3outh
That has 3our strenth 3it and 3our forcy mycht,
Pass on 3our way onone, and tak the flycht.
Gif goddis lykyt lenth my life langar space,
Thai wald haue salwyt to me this litil place.
It is eneuch, eneuch and mair, I weyn,
A distructioun of Troy that we haue seyn,
Remanyng alyve eftyr the cite tane.
So, so, hald on, leif this ded body alane;
Say the last quething word, adew, to me.
I sal my deth purchess thus,' quod he:

‘Quhen our ennemyss seys me enarmyt stand,
Sum sal haue reuth and sla me with his brand
To get my spulze — quhat of the body na cure:
The corps is sone warpit in sepulture.
Hatit of the goddis, to all nedis onhabill,
Thir mony 3eris I left inprofitabill,
Ay sen the fader of goddis and kyng of men
With thunderis blast me smate, as that 3e ken,
And with his fyry levin me omberauch,
That we intill our langage clepe fyreflauch.’
Rehersyng this, fermly he dyd remane
At his first purpos fixt, and we agane
Furth3etting teris, and our spowss Crevsa,
Ascanyus 3yng, and al our men3e alswa
Besowth my fader to salue his wery banys,
And not be wilful to peryss all atanys,
And to escheif the chance as it was went:
Plat he reffusys, anherdyng to his entynt,
The fyrst sentence haldyng euer ane.
To start to harnes I am compeld agane,
And, as maste wrachit and miserabil catyve,
Ded I desyrit, and irkyt of my lyve;
For by na wysdome nor chance persave I mycht
We couth eschape, nor 3it by forss in fyght.
‘O deir fader, quhat wenys thou for ded,
A fut,’ quod I, ‘me to steir of this sted,
And leif the heir? O God! quha euer couth
Sik cryme to me be said of faderis mouth!
Bot gif it lykis to the goddis hie
Na thing be left of sa fayr a cite,
Or gyf thou hest in mynd decretit eik,
And weil lykis thi self and thine to eik
Onto the rewyne of Troy, and tobe schent,
Ded at our dur is reddy and patent.
From mekil blude schedding of Priamus
Hiddir, belyfe, sal cum cruell Pyrrus,
Quhilk brytnys the son befor the faderis face,

And gorris the fader at the altare but grace.
Is this the way, my haly moder, at thou
Suld kepe me, fays and fyris passand throu,
That I behald, within my chawmyr secrete,
Myne ennemyss, and se Ascanyus swete,
My deir fader, and Crevsa my wyfe,
Ahtir in otheris hait blude leyss thar lyfe?
Harness, seruandis, harnes bryng hydder sone!
The lattyr end, thus venquyst and ondone,
Callys ws agane to batale and assay;
Adone, cum on, this is our lattir day.
Rendir me to the Grekis, or suffir me
The bargane agane begun at I may se;
This day onwrokyn we sal neuer all be slane.’
Abowt me than my swerd I belt agane,
And schot my left arme in my scheild al meit,
Bownyng me furth, quhen lo, abowt my feit
My spowss lappit fell down into the 3et,
And litill Iulus forgane his fader vpset:
‘Gyf thou lyst pass,’ quod scho, ‘thi self to spill,
Harl ws with the in all perrell quhar thou will;
Bot gif thou trastis, as expert in thi dedis,
Ony help by forss of armys, than the nedis
First to defend and kepe this howss,’ quod scho,
‘Quharin thi 3ong son and thi fader beyn, lo!
And I vmquhile that salbe clepit thi spowss;
Quham to sall we be left in this waist howss?’”
Quhou Eneas hys fader bayr away,
And how he lost Crevsa by the way.
“Wyth skyrllys and with scrykis thus sche beris,
Fillyng the howss with murnyng and salt teris,
Quhen suddanly, a wonder thing to tell,
A feirful takyn betyd of gret marvell.
For lo! the top of litill Ascanyus hed,
Amang the duyfull armys wil of red
Of his parentis, from the sched of his crown,
Schane al of lycht onto the grond adown.

The leym of fyre and flambe, but ony skath,
In his haris, about his halffettis baith,
Kyndyllis vp brycht, and we than, al in weir,
Abasit, trymlyng for the dreidfull feir,
The blesand haris bet furth at brynt sa schyre,
And schupe with watir to sloyk the haly fyre.
Bot Anchises, my fader, blyth and glaid
Lyft eyn and handis to hevyn, and thusgatis said:
'O thou almychty Iupiter,' quod he,
'With ony prayeris inclynyt gif thou may be,
Tak heid to ws, and gif we haue deseruyt
For our piete and rewth tobe conseruyt,
Haly fader, send ws thi help als 3oir,
And conferm al thir takynnys seyn befor.'
Scarsly the auld thir wordis had warpit owt,
Quhen sone the ayr begouth to rumbill and rowt
On our left hand, towart the north ful rycht,
And from the hevin fell, in the dyrk nycht,
A fayr brycht starn, rynnand with bemys cleir,
Quhilk on the top of our luyng, but weir,
First saw we lycht, syne schynynge went awa
And hyd it in the forest of Ida,
Markand the way quhidder at we suld spur;
Thar followis a streym of fyre, or a lang fur,
Castand gret lycht about quhar that it schane,
Quhil al enveron rekit lyke bryntstane.
With that my fader venquyst start on fute,
And to the goddis carpis tobe our bute,
The haly starn adornyt he rycht thar:
'Now, now,' quod he, 'I tary na langar;
I follow, and quhidder 3e gyde me sal I wend.
O natyve goddis, 3our awyn kynrent defend,
Salwe 3our nevo; 3ouris is this oracle,
In 3our protectioun is Troy, for this myracle
I wil obey, and grantis onto 3our will:
My deir son, quhidder euer thou wend will,
I sal na mair reffuss tobe thi feyr.'

Thus sayd he, and be than, thar and heir,
Throw out the wallis the rerd of fyris grew
Ay mair and mair, and the heit nerrar drew.
'Have done,' quod I, 'fader, clym vp onone
And set the evyn abuf my nek bone;
Apon my schuldris I sal the beir, but weyr,
Nor this lawbour saldo to me na deir:
Quhat euer betyde, a weilfair and a skaith
Salbe common and equale to wss baith.
Lytill Iulus salbeir me cumpany,
My spowss ondreich eftyr our trayss sal hy.
And 3e, my seruandis, tak heid quhat I say:
As 3e pass furth of the cite this ilk way,
Thar is a mote, quhar ane ald tempil, but less,
Now standis desert of the goddess Cerness,
Besyde quham growis a sypir tre full auld,
With forfaderis feil 3eris in wirschip hald;
In that place lat wss meit on athir syde.
Fader, sen that we may na langar byde,
Tak vp tha haly rellykis in thi hand,
And our penates or goddis of this land —
It war onleiffull and wykkitnes to me
From sa gret slauchter, blude schedding and melle
Newly departit, to twich thame, for the blude,
Quhil I be weschyn into sum rynnand flude.'
And sayng thus, I spred my schulderis brayd,
Syne our my nek, abuf the wedis, laid
A 3allow skyn was of a fers lyoun,
And tharapon gart set my fader down;
Lytill Iulus grippis me by the hand,
With onmeit payss his fader fast followand:
Neir at our bak Crevse my spowss ensewys:
We pass by secret wentis and quyete rewyss.
And me, quhan laitly na wapyn, nor dartis kast,
Nor press of Grekis rowtis maid agast,
Ilke swowch of wynd and euery quhispir now
And alkyn sterage affrayt, and causyt grow,

Baith for my byrdyng and my litil mait.
Quhen we war cummyn almaist to the 3et,
And al danger we thocht eschapit neyr,
A fellon dyn belyve of feit we heir;
My fader than lukand furth throw the sky,
Cryis on me fast, 'Fle, son! fle, son, in hy,
Thai cum at hand! Behynd me I gat a sycht
Of lemand armour and schynand scheildis brycht.'
Thar knaw I nocht quhat fremmyt god onkynd
So me astonyst, and reft fra me my mynd,
For throu the secrete stretis fast I ran
Befor the laif, as weil bekend man,
Allace to me catyve! I wait neuer quhydder
My spowss Crevse remanyt or we come thydder,
Or by sum fait of goddis was reft away,
Or gif scho errit, or irkit by the way,
For nevir syne with eyn saw I hyr eft,
Nor neuer abak, fra scho was lost or reft,
Blent I agane, nor perfyte mynd has nummyn,
Quhil to the mote of Ceres war we cummyn.
And fynaly, quhen we beyn gadderit thidder,
Fast by the haly tempil al togydder,
Scho was away, and betrumpit suythly
Hyr spowss, hir son and all the company.
Than wod for wo, so was I quyte myscaryit
That nowder god nor man I left onwaryit:
For quhat mair hard myschance, quhen Troy down fell,
Apperit to me as that, or sa cruell?
Ascanyus tho and my fader Anchises,
And eik our Troiane goddis penates,
Onto my feris betauch I for to keip
And hyd thame darn within a valy deip.
To town agane I sped with al my mycht,
Claspit ful meit into fyne armour brycht,
Wilful al aventuris newlyngis to assay,
And forto serss Troy, euery streit and way,
And eik my hed agane in perrell set.

Bot first the wallis, the darn entre and 3et,
Quharat we yschit furth, I seik agane,
Haldyng bakwart ilk futstep we had gane,
Lukand and sersand about me as I myght.
The vgsumnes and silens of the nycht
In euery place my spreit maid sayr agast.
Fra thyne until our luyng hame I past
To spy perchance gif scho had thidder returnyt;
It was with Grekis beset and hail ourturnyt,
Alhail the howss with thame sa occupyt;
Belyve the fyre al waistand I espyt
Bless with the wynd; our the rufe, heir and thar,
The flambe vpsprang and hait low in the ayr.”
Quhou Eneas socht hys sposs, al the cost,
And how to hym apperis hir gret gost.
“To Priamus palyce eftyr socht I than,
And syne onto the tempil fast I ran,
Quhar at the porchis or clostir of Iuno,
Than al bot waist, thocht it was gyrrh, stude tho
Phenix and dowr Vlixes, wardanys tway,
Forto observe and keip the spreth or pray.
Thydder in a hepe was gadderit precyus geir,
Richess of Troy, and other iowellis seyr
Reft from all partis; and of tempillis brynt
Of massy gold the veschel war furth hynt
From the goddis, and goldyn tabillis all,
With precyus vestmentis of spul3e triumphall;
The 3yng childring, effrayt matronys eik,
Stude al on raw, with mony petuus screik
Abowt the tresour quhymperand wondir sayr.
And I alsso my self sa bald wolx thair
That I durst schaw my voce in the dyrk nycht,
And clepe and cry fast throu the stretis on hycht
Ful dolorusly, ‘Crevsa! Crevsa!’
Agane, feil syss, invane I callit swa
Throu howsys and the cite quhar I 3oyd,
But owder rest or resson, as I war woyd;

Quhil that the figur of Crevsa and gost,
Of far mair statur than ayr quhen scho was lost,
Befor me, catyve, hyr sekand, apperit thar.
Abasyt I wolx, and widdyrsyns start my hayr;
Speke mycht I not, the voce in my halss swa stak.
Than scho, belyfe, on this wyss to me spak,
With sik wordis my thochtis to asswage:
'O my sweit spowss, into sa furyus rage
Quhat helpis thus thi selwyn to torment?
This chance is not but goddis willis went;
Nor it is nocht leifful thing,' quod sche,
'Fra hyne Crevse thou turss away with the,
Nor the hie governour of the hevin abufe is
Wil suffir it so tobe; bot the behuffis
From hens to wend ful far into exile
And our the braid sey sail furth mony a myle
Or thou cum to the land Hesperya,
Quhar wyth soft cowrss Tybris of Lydya
Rynnys throu the rych feldis of pepil stowt;
Thar is gret substans ordanyt the but dowl,
Thar salt thou have a realm, thar salt thou ryng
And wed to spowss the douchtir of a kyng.
Thy wepyng and thi teris do away
Quhilk thou makis for thi luffyt Crevsay,
For I, the neyce of mychty Dardanus
And gude douchtyr onto the blyssit Venus,
Of Myrmydonys the realm sal nevir behald
Nor 3it the land of Dolopeis so bald,
Nor go to serve na matron Gregion,
Bot the gret modir of the goddis ilkon
In thir cuntreis withhaldis me for evyr.
Adew, fayr weil, for ay we mon dissevir.
Thou be gude frend, lufe weil and keip fra skath
Our a 3ong son is common til wss baith.'
Quhen this was spokkyn, fra me away scho glaid,
Left me wepyng and feil wordis wald have said,
For sche sa lychtly vanysyt in the ayr

That with myne armys thryss I presyt thar
About the hals hir fortill haue belappit,
And thryss, al waist, my handis togidder clappit:
The figur fled as lycht wynd or the son beym,
Or maist lykly a waverand swevyn or dreym.
Thus finally, the nycht al passit and gane,
Onto my falloschip I return agane,
Quhar that I fand assemlyt al newly
So huge a rowt of our folkis that I
Wondryt the nowmyr, thai so mony weir
Of men and women gadderit al infeir
And 3ong pepil to pass in exile abill
And of commonys a sort sa miserabill
Fra euery part that flokkynge fast about,
Baith with gude wil and thar moblis, but doubt,
Reddy to wend in quhat cost or cuntre
That evir me list to cary thame our see.
Wyth this the day starn, Lucifer the brycht,
Abuf the top of Ida rayss on hycht,
Gydand the day hard at his bak followyng:
The Grekis than we se in the mornynge
Stand forto kepe the entreis of the portis,
And thus quhen na hope of reskew at schort is
My purpos I left, obeyand destanye,
And careit my fader to Ida hyll on hie.”
Heir endis the secund buk of Eneados and begynnys the proloug of
the thryd

BUKE III

[The Proloug of the Thryd Buke]

Hornyt Lady, pail Cynthia, not brycht,
Quhilk from thi broder borrowis al thi lycht,
Rewlare of passage and ways mony one,
Maistres of stremys, and glaidar of the nycht,
Schipmen and pilgrymys hallowis thi mycht,
Lemman to Pan, douchtir of Hyperion,
That slepand kyssit the hyrd Endymyon,
Thy strange wentis to write God grant me slycht,
Twiching the thryd buke of Eneadon.
The feirful stremys and costis wondyrfull
Now most I write, althocht my wyt be dull,
Wild aventuris, monstreis and quent effrays —
Of onkowth dangeris this nixt buke hail is full;
Nyce Laborynth, quhar Mynotawr the bull
Was kepte, had nevir sa feil cahuttis and ways.
I dreid men clepe thame fablis now on days;
Tharfor wald God I had thar eryl to pull
Mysknawis the creid, and threpiis otheris forvayis.
Incaissy thai bark, I compt it nevir a myte;
Quha kan not hald thar peice ar fre to flyte;
Chide quhil thar hedis ryfe and hals worth hayss —
Weyn thai to murdyss me with thar dispyte?
Or is it Virgill quham thame list bakbyte?
His armour wald thai perss? Quhar is the place?
He dowlis na dynt of polax, swerd nor mace.
Quhat wenys thou, frend, the craw be worthyn quhite,
Supposs the holkis be all ourgrowyn thi face?
Deym as 3he lest that kan not demyng weill;
And gentill curtass redaris of gude 3eill,
I 3ow beseik to gevin aduertenss;
This text is full of storys euery deill,
Realmys and landis, quharof I haue na feill
Bot as I follow Virgill in sentens;

Few knowis all thir costis sa far hens;
To pike thame vp perchance 3our eyn suld reill —
Thus aucht thar nane blame me for smal offens.
By strange channellis, fronteris and forlandis,
Onkouth costis and mony wilsum strandis
Now goith our barge, for nowder howk nor craik
May heir bruke sail, for schald bankis and sandis.
From Harpyes fell and blynd Cyclopes handis
Be my laid star, virgyne moder but maik;
Thocht storm of temptatioun my schip oft schaik,
Fra swelth of Sylla and dyrk Caribdis bandis,
I meyn from hell, salue al go not to wraik.
Heir endys the proheme and begynnys the thrid buke
Quhou Eneas fra Troy has tane hys rayss,
And Polidorus graf has fund in Trace.
“Eftyr that seyn and thocht expedient
Was by the goddys to dystroy and schent
Of Asya the empyre, and down to bryng,
But offens, Priamus pepil and ofspryng,
And prowde Ilion was brokyn and bet down,
And from the soyl al Troy, Neptunus town,
Ybrynt is smoke of flambis and in reik;
Syndry landis and cuntreis forto seik,
And wend exile in diuerss nationys,
Of the goddis by reuelacionys,
We war admonyst feil syth, as is said.
Schipis we graith and navy reddy maid
Bewtix Anthandros and the mont of Ida,
Oncertane quhidder the fatis wald we suld ga,
Or quhar we suld remane 3it fynaly;
Our men togidder gadderit we in hy.
And skant begunnyn was the fresch veir,
Quhen that Anchises, myne awyn fader deir,
Bad ws mak saill and follow destany.
Than, weping sayr, my native cost left I,
The havynnys, and the feildis dissolait
Quhar Troys ryall cite stude of lait:

Furth sail I banyst throw the deip see,
With my 3ong son Ascanyus and our men3e,
And with our frendly goddis, Penates hait,
And eik our gret goddis of mair estait.
Thar lyis a weirly cuntre weil far thens,
With large feildis lauborit ful of fens;
Of Trace the pepill ar thar inhabityng
Quhar that vmquhile strang Lycurgus was kyng —
Ane ancyant and ane tendir herbry place
To Troianys, quhil we stude in fortounys grace,
Our pepil togidder confederate and aly.
By schip thiddir our sey careit was I,
Quhar, at the bayand costis syde of the see,
Begouth I first set wallis of a cite,
Althocht my foundment was mysfortunat:
The toune I nemmyt efter myne estait
And fra my name it clepit Eneadas.
Onto my moder, of Dyona douchter was,
Sacrifice I maid, and to the goddis all
Quham for new warkis men happy helparis call;
And to the kyng of hevinly wightis that tyde
A quhite bull slew I by the costis syde.
On cace, thar stude a litil mote neirby,
Quhar hepthorn buskis on the top grew hie,
And evin saplynnys of myrthus, the tre funerale.
Thiddir I went, greyn bewis doune to haill,
Hard by the grond myne altare forto dycht
With burgyonys and with branchis al at rycht:
A grysly takyn, feirful to tell, I se.
As from the soyll vprent was the first tre
By the rutys, the blak droppis of blude
Distillit tharfra, that al the erth quhar it stude
Was spottit of the fylth and stenyt, allaik!
The cald dreid maid all my membris quaik,
And for effeir my blude togidder fresyt.
Ane other smal twyst of a tre I chesit
Forto brek down, the causys to assay

Of this mater, that war onknawyn alway;
And 3it the blude followit on the sam maneir
Furth of the bark of that other, but weir.
Than in my mynd of mony thingis I musyt,
And to the goddassis of wildyrnes, as is vsyt,
Quhilk Hamadriades hait, I wirschip maid,
Onto Gradyus fader, that ryngnys glaid
Our all the land of Getya and Tarss
(Quhilk clepit is the god of armys, Marss),
Besekyng this avisioun worth happy,
And the oracle prosperite suld signyfy.
Bot efter that the thyrd syoun of treys,
Apon the sandis syttand on my kneys,
I schupe to haue vprevyn with mair press
(Quhidder sal I spek now, or hald my pess?),
Furth of the graif a duyful murnyng law
I hard, and to myne eris come this saw:
'Ene, quhy rentis thou a wrechit creatur?
Haue reuth of hym now laid in sepultur,
And forto fyle thi deuote handis spair;
Of Troy I born am, to the na strangar:
This blude droppis nocht from that stok in thi hand.
Fle sone, allace, furth of this cursyt land,
Fle from this avarus kyngis cost in hy;
For lo! thus, Polidorus heir I ly,
Througyrd with dartis, and thyk steil hedis schote,
Apon sik wyss ourheildit on this mote;
The scharp lancis growis greyn and spredis owt.'
Than wist I not quhat I suld do for dowl,
The feir affrayit my mynd estonyst als,
Vpstart my hayr, the word stak in my hals.
With a gret sold of gold fey Priamus
Secretly vmquhile send this Polidorus,
Quhilk was his son, to Polynestor, kyng
Of Trace, to kepe and haue in nurysyng,
Quhen first of Troiane defens begouth he dowl
And saw the town besegyt all abowt.

Bot this ilk kyng of Trace, seand how Troy
Lossyt his myghtis be forton turnyt from ioy,
The party chesis of Agamenon,
Anherdand to the victouris syde onon;
Al faith and frendschip brak he than in hy,
And Polydorus slane has cruelly,
And thus, be forss, the tresour he doith withhold.
O cursyt hungyr of this wrachit gold!
Quhat wikkytnes or myscheif may be do
At thou constrenys not mortale myndis tharto?
Eftir this effray was fra my banys went,
Of the goddis thir feirfull wordis quent
Onto the noblis and grettast of our men,
And to my fader fyrst, rehers I then,
And quhat thar purposs was, eik I inquire.
Thai war al of a will and a desyr
To pass furth of this wareit realm of Trace,
And for toleif that pollut herbry place,
And set our navy to the wynd but weir.
Tharfor, to Polidorus vp a beyr
We erekkit, and of erd a gret fluyr
Kest in a hepe abuf his sepultur;
Syne, in ramembrance of the sawlis went,
The dolorus altaris fast by war vpstent,
Crownyt with garlandis al of haw sey hewis,
And with the blaiknyt cypress dedly bewis.
The Troiane women stude with hayr down schaik,
About the beir weping with mony, ‘Allake!’
And on we kest of warm mylk mony a skul,
And of the blude of sacrifice cowpis full.
The sawle we bery in sepultur on this wyss,
The lattir hailsyng syne lowd schowtit thrissy,
Rowpand atany, ‘Adew!’ Quhen al is done,
Ilkane per ordour, the mon we follow sone.”
Quhou Eneas socht answer at Apollyne,
And quhou he to the land of Crete is salyt syne.
“Syne, quhen we se our tyme to sail maist habill,

The blastis mesit, and the fludis stabill,
The softe piping wynd callyng to see,
Thar schippis than furth settis our menȝe:
Ȝe mycht haue sene the costis and the strandis
Fillit with portage and pepil tharon standis.
Furth of the havin we salit al onone;
The sicht of land and cite sone is gone.
Amyd the sey yclepit Egeos
Ane haly iland lyis, that hait Delos,
Beluffit of Neptune and the moder alswa
Of the Nereydes, clepit Doryda;
Quham the cheritabil archer, Appollo,
Quhen it flet rolyng from costis to and fro,
Saisit and band betwix other ilis twa,
Quhilk clepit ar Mycone and Gyara,
Stablisyng so that it mycht lauborit be,
And comptis nowthir the wynd nor storm of see.
Thidder ar we careit, and in that plesand land
A sovir havyn ressavit ws at hand.
Al wery beyn we yschit furth of schip
The cite of Apollo to wirschip.
The kyng tharof, yclepit Anyvs,
Prince of the men and preste eik to Phebus,
With bendis baith and haly lawrer crown
Set on his hed, met ws withowt the town;
His agit frend Anchises knew this kyng.
Handis we schuke with hartly welcumyng,
And to his palyce al with hym we went,
Quhar that I wirschip, as wes myne entent,
The god Apollo, within his hallowit hald
Or tempil beldyt al of stanys ald.
'O thou,' quod I, 'Appollo Tymbreus,
Sum propir dwellyng place thou grant to ws:
We the beseik that schaw also thou wald
To ws irkit sum strenth and stalwart hald,
And at thou grant ws eik succession,
And for to dwel in a remanand town.

Salve ws, lattir wardis of Troy, that we ne spill,
Levyngis of Grekis and of the ferss Achill.
Geif ws thine answer quharon we sal depend;
Quhidder wilt thou, fader, at we now wend?
Quhar sall we set our luyng to remane?
Condiscend in our myndis, and schaw this plane.’
Scarss war thir wordis said quhen that I se
Al thingis trymmyl and schaik neir abowt me,
The durris and the lawrer tre but dowt,
And al the montane movit rownd about;
A murmur or a rumysyng hard we haue
Within the courtyng and the secret cave;
The quyet closettis oppynnyt with a rerd,
And, we plat law gruflyngis on the erd,
A voce com til our erys, sayand thus:
‘O 3e dowr pepil discend from Dardanus,
The ilke grond, fra quham the first stok cam
Of 3our lynnage, with blyth bosum the sam
Sal 3ou ressaue thiddir returnyng agane:
To seik 3our ald moder mak 3ou bane.
Thar sal Eneas lynnage haue sen3eory
Our al realmys and landis vnder the sky,
And thar sonnys, and sonnys sonnys syne,
And al that evir succedis of thar lyne.’
Thus said Phebus, and than, our folkis amang,
Mixt with blithnes a fellow dyn vpsprang:
‘Quhat place was this,’ euery ane fast gan frane,
‘Quhiddir callis Phebus? Byddis he ws turn agane?’
My fader than, revoluyng in his mynd
The discens of forfaderis of our strynd,
‘Nobillis,’ quod he, ‘harkis quhat I sal say,
And leyr at me 3our weifair, I 3ou pray.
The ile of Cret lyis amynd the see,
The native land of Iupiter maist hie;
Thar is the first hyll, yclepit Ida,
Thar our forbearis first in thar credlys lay;
The land maist plentevs of wyne, oyl and quhete,

Inhabyt with a hundreth citeis gret,
Quharfra thar com, gif I remembir rycht,
Our gret forfader Teucus the wycht,
First to the cost of Rethea in Phrygy,
And for his cite chesit the set fast by —
For 3it than was not Ilion vpbeld,
Nor the strang wallis of Troy, bot on the feld
Thai dwelt in lugys and mony litil cave.
The adornar eik of our realm we haue
From that land, the moder of goddis Cybele,
And blast of brasyn trumpettis, as 3e se;
From thens com eik the wod of Idea,
And the traist serymonys of sacrifice als wa;
The fasson eik and gyss we lernyt thar
Quhou the lyonys suld draw the ladeis char.
Haue done onon, tharfor, and lat ws wend
Thiddir quhar the goddis oracle haith ws kend.
The wynd first lat ws meyss, or that we ga,
Syne seik the realm of Crete and Gnosia.
It is not thens lang cowrs nor vyage far;
Our navy salt, with help of Iupiter,
The thrid morow be at the cost of Crete.’
This beand said, ganand offerandis ful mete
Befor the altaris he slew in sacrifice;
A bul first to Neptune, as is the gyss,
A bull to brycht Appollo for his beheist,
And to the god of tempestis a blak beist,
And to the chancy wyndis ane mylk quhite.
The fame was than, of Crete the cost stude quyte
Dissolate, but prince; for Idomeneus the kyng
Was by the pepil expellit from his ryng,
The lugyngis voyd and reddy to thar fays,
The sete left waist til ony it vptais.
The porte tharwith, Ortygia, leif we,
And with swift cowrs flaw throu the salt see;
By the iland swepit we onon
With hillis ful of wynys, hait Naxon,

By Donysa quhar growis the marbill greyn,
And by Paron with his quhite marbill scheyn,
By Olearon, and mony ilis, but less,
Skatterit in the sey, yclepit Cyclades;
We slyde throu fludis endlang feil costis fayr.
The noys vpsprang of mony marynar
Byssy at thar wark, to takilling euery tow,
Thar feris exorting, with mony heys and how,
To speid tham fast towart the realm of Crete,
With thar forfaderis and progenitouris to mete.
The followand wynd blew strek in our tail,
Quhill finaly arrive we, with bent saill,
Apon the ancyant cost of Curetanys,
A kynd of pepill quhilk into Crete remanys.
And sone I me enfors with diligence
To byg a wallit cite of defens;
Pargameia I namyt it, but baid:
Our folkis than, that warryn blyth and glaid
Of this kowth surname of our new cite,
Exort I to graith howsis and leif in le,
And rayss on hycht the strenth and fortaless.
Our schippis or this ful weil we gart adress
And lay almaist apon the dry sand.
The 3ong men fortill labour thar new land,
And in honour of wedlok, as is the gyss,
Makkis thar offerand and thar sacryfyss,
And I thar statutis and seyr lawis thame tawcht,
Assyngnand ilkane propir howsis and aucht,
Quhen suddanly a cruel pest and traik,
So that cornys and frutis goith to wraik,
Throu the corruppit ayr and coweris of hevyn,
A dedly 3eir, far wers than I kan nevin,
Fell on our membris with sik infectioun
Was na remeid, cure nor correctioun;
The sweit sawlis lefis the bodeis ded,
Or seik thai ly gaspand in euery sted.
And forthir eik, Syryvs, the frawart star,

Quhilk clepit is the syng canicular,
So brynt the feildis al was barrand maid;
Herbis wolx dry, wallowyng, and gan to faid;
The seik grond denyis hys fruyt and fudis.
My fader exortis ws turn agane our fludis
To Delos, and Apolloys answer speir,
Besekyng hym of succurs ws to leir,
Quhat end ontill our irksom panys he sendis,
And be quhat way we mycht assay amendis
Of this turbacioun, or quhidder and quhar that he
Wil at we seik or set our cowrss our see.”
Quhou Troiane goddys apperis tyll Enee,
And how that he was stormstad on the see.
“Cummyn is the nycht, that euery beist on grond
Desiris rest by kynd, and slepis sovnd;
Quhen that the figuris of our goddis blist,
And the Phrigiane Penates, or I wist,
Quhilkis from amynd the fyris of Troy I brocht
Thidder with me, quhar I lay and slepit nocht,
Gan to appeir standyng befor myne eyne:
With ful gret lycht graithly I haue thame seyn,
Quhar as the ful moyn schawing bemys brycht
Inthrou the tyrlyst wyndo schane by nycht.
Than said thai thus, with wordis to asswage
My thochtis and my hevy sad curage:
‘That thing,’ quod thai, ‘quhilk Apollo wald sa
And thou war brocht onto Ortygia,
Heir he the schawis, and eik, as thou may se,
Onrequirit hes send ws hidder to the.
Quhen Troy was brynt, we followit thi prowes,
Vnder thi gward to schip we wss address,
Ourspannand mony swelland seys salt;
And to the starnys eik we sal exalt
The childryn for tocum of thine ofspryng;
Thi cite sal we geif empyre to ryng
Our al the erth. Tharfor to goddis grete
Begyn to graith gret wallis and ryal sete;

Leif not thi langsum lavbour, bot fle away;
This duelling place thou mon change, we the say:
Delyvs Apollo, certis, as thou thocht,
Tocum onto this cost perswadit noch
Nor chargit neuer in Crete thou suld remane.
A land thar is, in Grekis langage plane
Hesperya clepit, a bald cuntre in weir,
A fructuus grond of corn and richness seir,
By Kyng Onotryvs inhabit first with wyne,
Bot in our days laitly, the fame is syne,
Eftir thar duke it is namyt Italy.
Thar beyn our propir setis and our herbry;
Tharof com Dardane and his brothir Iasyvs,
And from that ilk prince, Schir Dardanus,
Is the discens of our genealogy.
Get vp onone, tel thi ald fader blythly
Thir tythyngis, quhilk beyn trew and certain thing.
Seik to Coryte and Italy the ryng,
For the feildis in Crete neyr Dycteus
Iupiter denyis to granting onto ws.'
Of this visioun estonyst quhar I lay,
And of tha wordis quhilkis the goddis gan say
(For this wes nowthir dreym nor fantasy;
Thar propir vissage befor me stand knew I,
With garlandis and thar cirkillettis on thar hair;
Thar figur saw I present to me thair —
The cald sweit our al my body ran),
Furth of my bed on fute son sprent I than,
And, strekand vp my handis towart hevyn,
Myne oryson I maid with devote stevyn;
A cleyne sacrifice and offerand maid I syne,
Into the fyris 3ettand senss and wyne.
The serymoneis endit, blyth and glaid
To my fader per ordour al I said
As 3e haue hard (quhat nedis tell agane?),
And of this mater maid hym ful certane.
Onone he knew our elderis dowtis ilk deill,

And of our clan the dowbill stok full weill:
He grantis the onkouth errour hym dissavit
Of ancyant placis, quhilk he not persavit.
Syne said he, 'Son, thou irkit art algatis
By the contrarius frawart Troiane fatis;
Now I remembir only quhou Cassandra
Ful oft maid mensioun of Hesperya
And oft als of the realm hait Italy,
Thir materis me declaring by and by.
That land now knaw I destinate to our kyn,
Bot quha wald haue belevit at euer within
The realm of Itail Teucus blude suld cum?
Or quha wald than, mair than scho had bene dum,
Set by the prophetess wordis Cassandra?
Lat ws obey Phebus, and wend awa
As we bene monyst, follow our chance, but pleys.'
Thus said he, and we glaid al hym obeys:
A few folkis thar left to kepe the town,
This sted also leif we, and sail maid bown;
In bowit bargis throu the large streym we slyde.
Quhen sycht of land was tynt on euery syde,
Sa that na cost apperis quhilk we mycht se,
Bot the schippis haldand the deip see,
The hevin abufe and fludis al abowt,
A watry clowd, blak and dyrk but dowt,
Gan tho appeir abone our hed ful rycht,
And down a tempest sent als myrk as nycht.
The streym apperis vgsum of the dym sky;
The wyndis weltris the sey continualy
That huge wallis boldynnys apon loft;
Skatterit widequhar our the fame ful oft
War our schippis, and the brythnes of day,
Inuolvit al with clowdis, hyd away.
The rayn and royk reft from ws sycht of hevin,
The brokkyn skyis rappis furth thunderis levin;
Forswiftit from our richt cowrss, gan we ar
Amang the blynd wallis waverand far.

For Palynurus him self maist expart,
For al his cunnyng of schip man craft and cart,
Amyd the sey forȝet the richt way,
Denyand als that the nycht from the day
He mycht discern be sycht of firmament.
Apon sik wyss oncertainly we went
Thre days wilsum throu the mysty streym,
And als mony nychtis but starnys leym,
That quhiddir was day or nycht oneith wist we.
Bot at the last, on the ferd day we se
On far the land appeir, and hillis ryss,
The smoky vapour vpcasting on thar gyss.
Down fallis salis, the aris sone we span;
But mair abaid, the marineris euery man
Egirly rollis our the fomy flude,
And the haw sey weltis vp as thai war woid.
Salve from the wallis at the costis of Strophe
With al our navy first arryvit we.”
Quhou till Ene the harpyes dyd gret wo,
And of the drery prophete Celeno.
“Strophades in Grew leid ar nemmyt so,
In the gret sey standing ilis two,
The quhilk sey clepit is Ionium;
And, in thir ilandis quhidder we ar becum,
Dwelt and inhabit the cruel Celeno,
With all the otheris harpyes mony mo,
Evir sen thai war expeld from the land
Of Arcad, quhar Kyng Phyneus was dwelland,
And for dreid at his tabil durst not remane.
Mair wikkitt monstreis than thai kan be nane,
Nor nan mair cruel pestilens is fund,
Nor fury of goddis that cummys from hellis grund,
Furth of the flude of Stix that sory place.
Thir fowlis hes a virgynys wlt and face,
With handis like to bowland byrdis clewis,
Bot the vile belleis of thai cursit schrewis
Aboundis of fen maist abhomy nabill,

And pail al tyme thar mowthis miserabill
For wod hungyr and gredy appetite.
At this ilke cost as we arryvit als tyte
And in the port entrit, lo! we se
Flokkiis and herdis of oxin and of fe,
Fat and tydy, rakand our alquhar,
And trippis eik of gait, but ony kepar,
In the rank gyrss pasturyng on raw;
With wapynnys thame we brittyn, but dreid or aw:
To goddis syne and Iupiter we pray,
And thame distribut a party of our pray,
Syne eftir, endlang the sey costis bay,
Vp sonkis set, and desys dyd array.
To meit we sat with habundans of cheir,
Quhen suddanly, with horribill dyn and beir,
From the montanys the harpeis on vs fell
With huge fard of weyngis and mony a 3ell.
Our mesis and our mete thai reft away,
And with thar laithly twich al thing fyle thai;
Thar voce also was vgsum fortill heir,
With sa corruppit flewyr nane mycht byde neir.
From that place syne ontill a caif we went,
Vndir a hyngand hewch, in a dern went,
With treys closs bilappit rownd about,
And thik harsk granyt pikis standing owte:
Thar vp agane our tabillis haue we dicht
And on the altaris bet the fyris bricht.
Bot of the hevin agane from syndry artis,
Out of quyete hyrnys, the rowt vpstartis
Of thai birdis, with byr and mony a bray,
And in thar crukyt clawis grippis the pray:
Evir as thai fle about fra sete to sete,
With thar vyle mowthis infek thai al our mete.
Quhen I saw this, our feris command I than
Tak thar wapynnys, and bargane euery man
Agane tha cruell pepill or byrdis fell.
As I thame chargit, shortly fortotell,

Sone haue thai done, and, vnder the gerss al bair
Ful preualy thar swerdis in thai stair,
And darnly eik thar targis al ourheildis,
So that, quhen the sey costis and the feildis
Resoundis at down come of thir harpeys,
Mysenus, the wait, on the hie garet seys,
And with his trumpet thame a takyn maid.
Our falloschip thir fowlis gan invayd,
And onkouth kynd of batail dyd assay,
With wapynnys forto bet and dryve away
Thir laithly sey byrdis of syk effer.
Bot thar was na dynt mycht thar fedderis scheir,
Nor in thar bodeis wound ressave thai nane,
Bot suddanly away tha wysk ilkane
Furth of our sycht, heich vp in the sky;
The pray half etyn behynd thame lat thai ly,
With fut stedis vyle and laith to se.
Ane, on a rolkis pynnakill perkit hie,
Celeno clepit, a drery prophetess,
Furth of hir breist thir wordis warpis express:
‘Theyfage lynnage of fals Laomedon,
Address 3e thus to mak bargane onon?
Beauss 3e have our oxin reft and slane,
Brytnyt our styrkis and 3ong bestis mony ane,
Schaip 3e, tharfor, harpeys expell and dyng,
But ony offens, furth of thar faderis ryng?
Ressave for that, and in 3our brestis enprent
My wordis, quhilk I, gretast fury of torment,
Schawis 3ou, that thing quhilk Iupiter maist hie
Schew to Phebus, and brycht Phebus tald me.
I knaw 3e set 3our cowlriss to Italy:
3e cal eftir gude wyndis and prosper sky:
To Itale sal 3e wend, and thar tak land.
Bot first, or wallis of the cite vpstand
Quhilk by the goddis is 3ou predestinate,
For strang hungir sal 3e stand in sik state,
In wraik of our iniuris and bestis slane,

That with 3our chaftis to gnaw 3e salbe fane,
And runge 3our tabillis al and burdis,' quod sche,
And sone away in the thik wod gan fle.
The suddane dreid so stonyst our feris than,
Thar blude congelit and al togiddir ran;
Dolf wolx thar spretis, thar hie curage down fell,
No mair thame lykis assayng sik batell,
Bot, with offerandis and eik devot prayer,
Thai wald we suld perdoun and pace requer,
In cace gif thai war goddessis or fowlis,
Vengeabill wightis or 3it laithly owlis.
Bot our fader, hevand vp his handis,
The gret goddis dyd call, and on the sandis
Hallowis thar mycht with detful reverens:
'O hie goddis, forbyd syk violens,
Stanch this bost and ondo this myscheif,
Salve petuus folkis, ameyss 3our wrath and greif,'
Quod he, and tharwith chargit ankyrris haill,
Do lowss the rabandis, and lat down the saill.
The sowth wyndis stentis furth strait our schete;
Swiftly we slyde our bullyrand wallys grete,
And followit furth the sammyn went we have,
Quhar so the wynd and sterysman ws drave,
Quhil that amyd the fludis gan we se
The woddy ile 3acynth with mony tre;
Dulichium syne and Same we aspy,
And Neritos with his rochis hie;
By craggis and hewys of Itachia,
That was Laertes realm, we slyde als wa,
And fast we wary and cursyt oft, but less,
That land quhilk bred the cruel Vlixes.
Belyve the mysty toppys of mont Lewcas
Apperis, quharon Appollois tempil was,
That feirful is til euery maryner.
Al wery of our vayage thidder we steir,
And come onon afor the litil town,
And of our forschip ankyrris leit we down:

Endlang the costis syde our navy raid.
And thus at last brocht to land blyth and glaid,
Quhar as to have arryvit we not belevit,
We clenge ws first, less Iupiter war aggregit,
Syne on the altaris kendillit sacrifice,
And langgis the channel, eftir the Troiane gyss,
The active gemmys and sportis gart assay.
Our falloschip excerss palestral play,
As thai war wont at hame, with oyll envnte,
Nakyt wreslyng and struglyng at nyce punte.
Ioyvs thai war to haue eschapit at hand
Sa mony citeis of the Grekis land,
And to haue fled til salfte on this wyss
Throu the myd rowtis of thar ennemyss.”
Eneas arryvis at Epyria,
And how he spak thar with Andromacha.
“Be this the son had circulit his lang 3er,
And frosty wyntir scharpit the watir cleir
With cald blastis of the northin art.
Quhen session come that tyme was to depart,
Apon a post in the tempyl I hang
A bowand scheild of plait, quhilk Abas strang
Bair vmquhile, and, the maner to reherss,
I notyfy and tytillis with this verss:
‘Eneas hec de Danais victoribus arma,’
That is to say, ‘Eneas festnyt thus
This armour of the Grekis victorius.’
Syne, to depart of that havyn, I command
Syt down on hechis and span aris in hand.
Byssely our folkis gan to pyngil and stryve,
Swepand the flude with lang rowthys belyve,
And vp thai welt the stowr of fomy see,
Quhil sone the citeis of Corsyra tyne we
And vp we pyke the cost of Epyrus,
And landyt thar at port Chaonyus,
Syne to the hie town of Butrot ascendit,
Quhar tythingis, oncredibill to thame not kend it,

Come to our eryl, schawyng that Helenus,
The lauchful son of the kyng Priamus,
Rang kyng our mony citeis in Greik land,
Berand tharof the ceptre and the wand
By resson of his spowss adionyt, but less,
Be Pyrrus vmquhil son of Achilles;
And that Andromacha wes wed agane
Onto ane other husband and man Troiane.
Heirow awondrit, with breist hait as fyre,
Be fervent luf kendillit in gret desyre
Our cuntre man to vissy and with hym talk,
To know thir strange casys, on I stalk
From the port, my navy left in the raid.
That ilke session, percace, as I furth glaid,
Befor the cite, in a schaw, I wys,
Besyde the fen3eit flude of Symois,
Andromache maid anniuersar sacrifice
And funerale servyce, on ful dolorus wyss,
To Hectoris puldir or hys assis brynt.
Oft wald scho clepe and call, and oneth stynt,
Apon the sawlis that onbodeit war,
Beside Hectoris voyd tumber stannand thar,
Quhilk scho vpbeildit had of herbis greyn
With twa altaris, and oft with wepyng eyn
Bewalis scho that hard dissyverance.
And allsone as scho me aspyis perchance,
And Troiane armour and ensen3eis with me saw,
Affrayit of the ferly, scho stude syk aw,
And at the fyrst blenk become so mait,
Naturale heyt left hir membris in sik stait
Quhil to the grond half mangit fel scho down,
And lay a lang tyme in a dedly swown
Or ony speche or word scho mycht furth bring,
3it thus, at last, sayd eftir hir dwawmyng:
'Is that thine awyn face, and suythfast thyng?
Schawis thou to me a verray sovyr warnyng?
Levis thou 3it, son of the goddes?' quod sche.

‘Gif thou be ded, quhar is Hector? — tell me.’
And with that word, scho bryst furth mony a teir,
And walit so that piete was to heir,
Quhil al about dynnys of hir womentyng.
A few wordis skars as I mycht furth bryng
For to confort that maist lamentabill wight,
With langsum speche said, quhispirand, as I mycht:
‘I leif forsuyth and ledis lyfe, as 3e se,
In al hard chance of fortunys extremyte.
Be nocht agast, 3e se bot suythfast thyng.
Allace, quhat aventur, in this onkouth ryng,
Is the betyd, and hess degradit,’ quod I,
‘Eftir thi husbandis deth, was maist douchty?
Or quhat fortune mycht sufficient happyn the,
Spowss to maist worthy Hector, Andromache?
Art thou, or na, to Pirrus 3it bywed?’
Hyr vissage down scho kest, for schame adred,
And, with a bass voce, thus said, as scho mycht:
‘O thou alane, befor al madynnis bricht,
Happy was, virgyne douchtir of Priam kyng,
Quhilk, vnder the wallis hie of Troys ryng,
Apon thine ennemeis grafe was maid to de;
Thou suffert no kut nor kavillys cast for the,
Nor in bondage away was thou nocht led,
Nor 3it twichit na victour lordis bed.
Bot we, quhen that ybrynt war our kynd landis,
Careit our fremmyt seys and diuerss strandis,
The dortyness of Achillis ofspring,
In bondage, vnder the prowde Pyrrus 3yng,
By forss sustenynt thraldome mony a day,
Quhil he at last ensewit ane othir may,
Hermyone, the douchtir of Helena,
In fey wedlok at Lachidemonya;
Than send he me, his seruand, hiddir thus,
Tobe spowsit with his seruand Helenus.
Bot Orestes, cachit in furyus rage
For cryme of his moderis slauchtir, and savage,

In lufe hait byrnyng for his spowss byreft,
Or he was war, set on this Pirrus eft,
And in Delphos (quhat nedis wordis mair?)
Smate of his hed befor his faderis altair.
Thus, by decess of Neoptolymus,
Of the realm a part fell to Helenus,
The quhilk boundis and feildis braid alsswa
He has to name clepit Chaonya
Eftir his brodir of Troy, Chaonyus,
And Troiane wallis heir has beild vp thus,
And on thir motis a strenth hait Ilion.
Bot quhat wyndis thi cowerss has hydder gone?
And quhat aventur has the hyddir dryve?
Or of the goddis quha maid the heir arrive
At our marchis, myskenawyng our estait?
Quhou faris the child Ascanyus now of lait,
Quham to the bayr Crevse, thi spouss and ioy,
That tyme enduryng the sege lay about Troy?
Levis he 3it in helth and in weifair?
Ha! how gret harm and skaith for euermar
That child has caught throu lesyng of his moder!
O Lord! quhat anciant vertuys, ane and othir,
And knyghtly prowes in hym steris frendis befor,
Baith fader Eneas and hys vncle Hector!’
Syk wordis scho spak, wepyng with petuus mayn
And with lang sobbis furth 3ettand teris invayn,
Quhen that hir lord hym self cummys from the town,
Kynge Priamus son, Helenus of renown.
Neir he approchit with ful gret cumpany,
And hys awyn natyve frendis knew in hy,
And blithly to hys cite hes ws led:
Betwix ilk word feil bricht teris furth he sched.
We passit on, and lital Troy I knaw,
Lyke the gret cite contyrfait on raw,
With Ilion, and wallis lyke Pergama,
And a smal burn half gane dry alsua
Onto his surname clepit Exanthus.

At port Seya I entir, and eik with ws
Al our Troianys togiddir welcum war
Onto thar frendly cite famyliar.
In hys wyde palyce the kyng ressauyt thaim all,
And, in the myddis of the mekil hall,
Thai byrl the wyne in honour of Bachus —
Gret fest with ioy wes maid for luf of ws,
The mesis and the danteis thyk dyd stand,
And goldyn cowpis went fra hand to hand.”
Quhou Helenus declaris tyll Ene
Quhat dangeris he suld thoill on land and see.
“Thus drave we our in solace day be day,
Quhil at the weddir prouokis ws to assay
Our salis agane, for the sowth wyndis blast
Our piggeis and our pynsalis wavit fast.
Onto the prophet Helenus tho went I,
And with syk wordis besocht hym reuerently:
‘O gentil Troiane, dyvyne interpretur,
Quhilk the respons of Phebus hes in cur,
Quhilk knawist eik the reuelationys
Of god Apollois diuinationys,
Vndir hys trestis and burdis at Delphois schene,
And into Claryus vndir the lawrer grene,
That vnderstandis the cowlss of euery star
And chyrme of euery byrdis voce on far
And euery fowle on weyng fleyng in the sky,
Quhat thai betakyn and quhat thai signify;
Say me, I pray the, quhat dangeris principaly
In to my cowlss and vayage eschew sall I,
Or how I may, or be quhat meyn, eschape
Sa gret aduersiteis quhilkis beyn to me schape.
For as to me al devote godly wightis
Schew we suld haue a prosper ray at rychtis
And euery oracle of goddis admonyst eik
That we the realm of Italy suld seik,
Ensew tha landis quhilkis war for ws provyde
Alanerly newlyngis on that other syde;

Schame for to say the Harpye Celeno
Spays onto ws a feirful takyn of wo —
A vengeans from the goddis pronuncis sche,
With shameful hungir sal happyn our men^{3e}.
Helenus than, eftir the rytis and gyiss,
The 3ong bestis slew in sacryfyss,
Purchasesyng favour of goddis to stanch thar fed,
And lowsit the garlandis of his haly hed;
Syne me, Phebus, he ledis by the hand
Onto thi tempil, on seyr materis musand,
Quhar this gret preist gan spekyn and declar
To me thir wordis of the goddis answar:
‘Son of the goddes, sen traist is manifest
That throu deip seys thi wayage is addrest,
And eik, of forton by the boundis hie,
The purviance dyvyne wil so it be —
The kyng of goddis so distributis the fatis,
Rollyng the chancis and turnyng thame thusgatis;
Of mony wordis, schortly, a quhoyn sall I
Declare, at thou mayr sovirly tharby
May seik out throu the strange stremys onkend,
And at a port of Itale arryve at end;
The remanent heirof, quhat evyr be it,
The Werd Systeris defendis that suld be wyt,
And eik the douchtir of auld Saturn, Iuno,
Forbyddis Helenus to speik it and cryis, “Ho!”
First say I the, that twichand Italy,
Quhilk thou trastis be at hand and fast by,
And the addressis ignorantly, but weyr,
To entyr sone in the port, as it war neir,
Lang wylsum ways and far landis als wa
A ful gret space dissyveris 3ou tharfra.
3our aris fyrst into the Sycil see
Bedyit weill and bendit oft mon be,
And of Ausonya the salt stremys eik
Rownd about with 3our schippis mon 3e seik,
And Avernus, clepit the layk of hell,

And Aheie, the ile quhar Circes dwell,
Or euer thou may sovirlly vpbeild
Thi cite in land of Italy or feild.
I sall the schaw takynnys tharof ful meit,
Quhilkis thou sal hald within thi mynd secreit.
Quhen thine alane musyng as thou sal ga,
By aventur, endlang a watir bra
And vndir ane aik fyndis in to that steid
A gret sow ferryit of grysis thretty hed,
Lyggyn on the grond, mylk quhite, al quhite brodmell
About hir pappis sowkyng, thar, I the tell,
Is the richt place and sted for 3our cite,
And of 3our travell ferm hald to rest in le.
Nor the nedis nocht to gruch in tyme tocum
The rungyng of 3our tabillis euery crum:
Destany sal fynd tharfor a ganand way,
And Phebus sal 3ou help, quhen 3e list pray.
Bot ombyschew this cost of Italy
Quhilk nixt onto our bordouris 3he se ly,
Bedyit with flowyng of our seys flude,
Sen al tha citeis with wykket Grekis, not gude,
Inhabit ar; for the Naricyanys,
Othir wyss nemmyt Locry, thar remanys,
Quhilk come with Ajax Oylus to the fecht;
And, neir the hill that Salentynus hecht,
The feildis all ar occupyit full meit
Be Idomeneus the kyng expellit from Crete;
Thar is alsso the litil cite, but less,
Of the duke of Melyboy, Phyloctetes,
Clepit Petilya, closyt with a wall —
Eschew thir citeis and thyr costis all.
Forthir, quhen that be3ond the sey sall stand
All thi navy, and thar apon the strand
Settis vp ane altare this sacrifyce to 3eild,
Thyne haris with a purpur vail ourheild,
Less than amynd the godly fyris, per cace,
Thi ennemeis mycht occur, and know thi face,

And so perturbyng all thi sacrifice.
Thou cawss thi feris keip the sammyn gyss
In thar oblacionys, and this vsage condyng;
Observe, thi self and thi chaist ofspring,
Every serimony of our religioun.
And, fra the wynd haith set thi courss adoun
From Itale towart the cost of Sycilly,
And the strait sowndis of the mont Pelory
Vanysys away peyss and peyss, than the land
Strekis all tyme towart the left hand,
And the left syde lang salt thou but dowl
Cyrkil, and sail mony seis about;
On the richt syde the cost and wallis evaid,
For tha partis vmquhile, as it is sayd,
Be forss of storm war in sondir ryfe,
And a huge deip gat thar holkit belyfe.
Behald quhat change and sa onkouth a kast
May be mysknaw, throw tymys lang bipast;
For, quhen that baith tha landis war al ane,
The seys rage draif in, and maid thame twane,
And forss of streym from the syde of Itale
The ile of Sycill devydit hess alhaill;
Ane narow fyrth flowis, baith evyn and morn,
Betwix tha costis and citeis insondir schorn.
The rycht syde tharof with Scilla ombeset is,
And the left with insaciabil Carybdys,
Quhar, in hir bowkit bysme, that hellys belch,
The large fludis suppys thryss in a swelch,
And othir quhilis spowtis in the ayr agane,
Dryvand the stowr to the starnys, as it war rane.
Bot Scilla lurkand in darn hyddyllis lyeis,
Within hir cave, spredand hyr mouth feil syiss
To sowk the schippys amang rowkis onsure —
Lyke to a woman hir ovyr portrature,
A fair virgynys body doun to hir scheir,
Bot hir hynd partis ar alss gret, weil neir,
As beyn a hydduus huddon or a quhaill,

Quharto beyn cuppillit mony meyrswyne tail,
With empty mawys of wolfis ravenus:
Eschew, tharfor, this passage dangerus,
For bettir is thou seik the cost about
Of Pachynnus in Scycill, than stand in dout,
And turn thi cowrss on bawburd, a weilfar way,
Than anys tobe into sa hard assay
As forto se the vgly monstre fell,
Scilla, and heir the craggis rowt and 3ell
For barking of sey doggis in hir wame.
And mair atour, gif owthir wit or fame
Or traist may be geif Helenus the prophete,
Or gif with verite Phebus inspiris hys sprete,
This a thing, son of the goddess, I the tech,
Abuf al othir, this a thyng I the prech,
And principaly repetis the sam agane,
And seir tymys monysis heir in plane;
First of Iuno thou wirschip the gret mycht
And glaidly hallow with sacrifice al at rycht
The power of Iuno, and that mychty pryncess
To pless lawly with offerandis the address:
And on sik wyss quhen thou hir favouris hes get,
And hest also thi courss from Sycil set
Toward the boundis of Italy our see,
Syne, quhen thou art careit to that cuntre,
And cummyn is to the cite of Cumas,
And by the lakys dedicate to goddis doith pas
Outthrou the soundand forest of Avern,
Vndir a roch, law within a cavern,
Thar salt thou fynd the godly prophetes,
Ful of the spreit dyvyne, that schawis express
The reuelationys and fatis fortocum,
In palm tre leiffis thame notand al and sum,
Writand vp euery word as sal betyde,
Direkking the leiffis per ordour furth on syde.
Quhat euer this virgyne discrive in hir endyte,
Without the cave closyt scho lays the write:

Tha leiffis remanys onsterit of thar place,
Ne partis not furth of rewle, quhil percace
The piping wynd blaw vp the dur on char,
And dryve the leiffis, and blaw thaim out of har
In at the entre of the cave agane,
That all hir fyrst laubour was invane;
Bot, fra the blast and 3et pertrubbil thus
Tha thyn leiffis, scho is so dangerus,
Nevir eftyr den3eing hir within the cave
To gaddir togiddir thame with the wynd bewave,
Ne forto put thame into rewle agane,
Nor ione hir writis as thai dyd first remane.
Thus oft the pepil but answer gays thar ways,
And wareis the set of Sybil al thar days.
Fail not, for loss of tyme that may betyde,
Bot thou pass to that prophetis, thocht the tyde
And prosper wyndis challance the to the sail,
3a, thocht thi fallowys cry owt, “Illyr hail!
On burd! a fair wynd blawis betwix twa schetis!”
Beseik hir or thou wend thocht thine hart betis,
Oppynnand hir voce, scho plesit schaw the evyn
Thy destanays, be hir awyn mowthis stevin.
Scho sal ryply declare to the in hy
The maneris of al pepill in Italy;
The batellis fortocum scho wil the schaw,
And on quhat wyss al dangeir thou sal withdraw,
Or how thou may al lauborus payn sustene.
Wirschip this haly religyus woman cleyn,
Scho sal the grant a prosper courss at hand.
This is the effect, shortly to vnderstand,
That I am levyt with my wordis the to charge:
Adew, pass on, and by thi fatis large
The fame of mekil Troy bair vp to hevyn!’
Eftir at this prophet, with hys frendly stevyn,
Thir dyvyne answeris thus pronosticate,
Seyr wegthy gyftis of massy goldyn plate
Onto our schippis chargit he beir onon,

And gret rychess of polyst eveir bone;
 Our karvellis howys ladis and prymys he
 With huge charge of syluer in quantite,
 With caldronys and othir seir veschell ma
 In Epyr land maid at Dodonea.
 To me he gaif a thik clowyt habyrgeon,
 A thrynfald hawbrik was al gold begone,
 A rownd rich helm with creste and tymbrete fair,
 The armour quhilum Neoptolemus bair:
 Syne to my fader, effering to his age,
 Rych rewardis he gaif of hie parage;
 Tharto alsso he eikis and gaif ws then
 Gentill horssis, pylotis and lodismen;
 He ws suppleyt with rowaris and maryneris,
 And armour plente atanyis for al our feris.”

C marginal note gnawing.

C marginal note rolkis.
 Of Helenus and of Andromache
 And how fra thame departing gan Ene.
 “In the meyn quhile Anchiss, my fader, in hy
 Reddy forto saill chargis mak our navy,
 Less than, percace, it mycht our coursse delay,
 Gif so the wynd blew fair that othir day:
 Quhom till this wyss interpretour of Phebus,
 Helenus, with gret honour carpys thus:
 ‘O thou Anchiss, that worthy was,’ quod he,
 ‘With fair Venus conionyt for tobe,
 And twyss delyverit by purviance dyvyne,
 And twyss eschapit of Troy the sayr rewyne,
 Lo! 3ondir for the Ausonya or Itail;
 Onto 3one cost syde 3ondir salt thou saill.
 And nethele3, thocht it be necessar
 Out our the sey to 3ondir grond 3e fair,
 That part of Itale is a far way hyne
 Quhilk is previdyt 3our kyn be Appollyne.

Wend on', says he, 'thou happy and fortunate
Of thi devote son by the godly estate.
Bot quhart suld I mak langar delay?
As I haue said, fayr weil, pass on 3our way!
Quhat nedis with my speche 3ou tary mor
Or stop this fair wynd blawing evyn befor?'
This not theless, Andromacha, wo begone,
The lattir tyme we suld depart onon,
Brocht to wss brusyt clathis and rych wedis
Figuryt and prynnyt all with goldyn thredis,
And to Ascanyus a prowde tawbart gave
Sik as was honorabill hym to weir and have;
Hym and his feris of hir nedyll wark
And wovyn dowreys furnyst, worth mony mark:
And thus scho said, 'My child, ressaue alswa
Thir remembrance wrocht with my handis twa,
In takyn lang tyme to thynkyng apon me,
Thyne vncle Hectouris wife, Andromache:
Tak thir with the as lattir presandis seir
Of thi kynd natyve frendis gudis and geir.
O leif is me! the lykast thing levyng,
And verray ymage of my Astianax 3yng!
Syk eyn had he, and syk fair handis tway,
For all the world syk mowth and face, perfay,
And gif he war on lyve quhil now infeir,
He hadbene evyneild with the, and hedy pair.'
Quhat wil 3e mair? quhen we behuffyt depart,
Terys brysting furth on forss, and with sair hart,
To thame I said: 'Deir frendis, weil 3e be,
Weil mot 3e leif in 3our felicite,
Quhamtill the prosper forton is brocht till end;
Bot we, from werd to werd, and chance, mon wend.
3our rest is fund, 3ou nedis sewch throw na seys,
Nor seik feildis of Itail, that evir ws fleys;
Symilytude of Exanthus and Troy 3e se
Quhilk 3our awyn warkis hes beldit vp on hie —
God grant in bettyr tyme thai be begunnyn,

And neuer eft with Grekis forss ourrunnyn!
Gif evir in Tybir to entyr me betydis,
And, on the feildis neirby Tybris sydis,
May behald wallis vpset for my men3e,
Or may the frendly citeis sum tyme se,
Lat ws of Epyrus and of Italy,
Cummyn baith of Dardanus genealogy,
And quhamto eik the chance of fortoun is ane,
Mak bot a Troy of athir realmys twane,
And this sam lyge with our posterite
Sal evir remane in faith and vnyte.”
Quhar fyrst Eneas Itale dyd aspy,
And mony strange wentis hes salyt by.
“Furth on, with this, throu owt the sey we slyde,
By the forland Cerawnya fast beside,
Quhar fra, out our the fludis forto saill,
The schortast way and courss lyis to Itail.
Down gois the son be than, and hillis hie
Wolx dyrknyt with schaddowis of the sky;
We sort our aris, and chesis rowaris ilke deill,
And at a sownd or cost we likit weill
We strike at nycht, and on the dry strandis
Dyd bawne and beyk our bodeys, feyt and handis.
Sone on our irkyt lymmys, lethis and banys
The naturale rest of sleip slaid al atanyis,
And, or the speyre his howris rollit richt
Sa far about that it was scars mydnycht,
Not sweir, bot in hys dedis deligent,
Palynurus furth of his cowch vpsprent,
Lysnyng about, and harknyng our alquhar
With erys prest to kep the wynd or ayr.
Of euery starn the twynklyng notis he
That in the still hevyn move courss we se,
Arthuris Huyf, and Hyades betakynnand rayn,
Syne Watlyng Streit, the Horn and the Charle Wayn,
The fers Orion with hys goldyn glave,
And quhen he hes thame eueryane persaeue

Into the cleir and serene firmament,
Furth of his eft schip a bekyn gart he stent:
We rayss and went on burd in our the waill,
Syne slakis down the schetis and maid sayll.
Be this the dawyng gan at morn walx red
And chasit away the starnys fra euery sted;
The dym hillis on far we dyd aspy,
And saw the law landis of Italy.
'Italy! Italy!' fyrst cryis Achates,
Syne al our feris of clamour mycht nocht cess,
Bot with a voce atanys cryis, 'Itaill!'
And hailsyng gan the land with hey and haill.
Than my fader, ammyral of our flote,
A mekil tankart with wyne fild to the throte,
And tharon set a garland or a crown,
And to the goddis maid this orysoun,
Sittand in the hie eft castell of our schip,
With ful devote reverens and wirschip:
'O 3e' quod he, 'goddis haldis in pouste
Weddir and stormys, the land eik and the se,
Grant our vayage ane esy and reddy wynd,
Inspyre 3our favouris that prosper courss we fynd.'
Scars this wes said quhen, evyn at our desyre,
The sessionabil ayr pipis vp fair and schyre;
The havyn apperis, and thiddir nerrar we draw,
And of Mynerva the strang tempill saw
Set in the castell apon ane hillis hycht.
Our fallowis fangis in thar salys tyght,
And towart the cost thar stevynnys dyd address.
A port thar is, quham the est fludis hess,
In maner of a bow, maid bowle or bay,
With rochys set forgane the streym ful stay,
To brek the salt fame of the seys stour.
On athir hand, als hie as ony towr,
The byg hewis strekis furth lyke a wall;
Within the hawyn goith lown, but wynd or wall,
And at the port the tempill may not be seyn.

Heir fyrst I saw apon the plesand greyn
A fatale takyn, fowr horssis quhite as snaw
Gnyppand gresys the large feildis on raw.
'Ha! lugyn land, batale thou ws pretendis,'
Quod my fader Anchiss, 'for as weil kend is,
Horssis ar dressit for the bargane feil syss;
Weir and debait thir stedis signyfyiss.
Bot, sen the sammyn four futtit bestis eik
Beyn oft vsyt, ful towartly and meik,
To draw the cart and thoil brydill and renȝe,
It is gude hope pace follow sal,' says he.
Than wirschip we the godhed and gret mycht
Of Pallas, with clattering harnes ferss in fyght,
Quhilk heth ws first ressauyt glaid and gay:
Our hedis befor the altar we array
With valys brown, eftir the Troiane gyss,
And onto Iuno of Arge our sacryfyss
Maid reuerently, as Helenus vss bad,
Obseruyng weil, as he commandyt had,
The serymonys leill. Syne, but langar delay,
Fra that perfurnyst was our offerand day,
Onon the nokkis of our rays we writh;
Down fallys the schetis of the salys swith;
The Gregionys herbry and fronteris suspek
We left behynd, and efter, in effek,
Of Taurentum the fyrth we se but less
(Biggit, as thai say, by worthy Herculess),
And, our forgane the tother syde alsso,
Rayss vp Lacynya the tempill of Iuno,
Of Cawlon cite eik the wallys hie,
And Scyllacium quhar schipbrokyn mony be.
Syne, far of in the flude, we gan aspy
The byrnand Ethna into Sycilly,
And a fell rage rowting of the sey
Along way thens, and on the rolkis hie
We hard the iawpys bete, and at the cost
A hydduus brayng of brokyn seys bost —

Apon schald bankis boldynnys hie the flude;
The stowr vpbullyrris sand as it war wode.
My fader than cryis, 'Howe! feris, help away,
Streke aris atanys with all the forss 3e may!
No wondir this is the selkouth Caribdis;
Thir horribill rolkis and craggis heir, I wyss,
Helenus the prophete ful weil dyd ws declare.'
The sammyn wyss as thai commandyt ware
Thai dyd onon, and Pallynurus fyrst
Hard halys the schete on syde, and fast gan thryst
The forschip to the wallis and the tyde,
Saland on bawburd towart the left syde;
Towart the left, with mony heyss and haill,
Socht all our flot fast baith with rowth and saill.
The swelland swyrl vphesyt ws til hevyn;
Syne wald the waw swak ws down ful evyn,
As it apperit, vnder the sey to hell.
Thryss the holkyt craggis hard we 3ell,
Quhar as the swelch had the rolkis thyrlt;
And thryss the fame furth spowt, that so hie quhirlyt
It semyt watir the starnys, as we thocht.
Be this the son went to, and ws forwrocht
Left dissolat; the wyndis calmyt eik.
We, not bekend quhat rycht courss mycht we seik,
War warp to seywart by the outwart tyde
Of Ciclopes onto the costis syde.
The port quhamto we cappit wes ful large,
And fra al wyndis blast for schip or barge
Sovir al tyme, but nethesless fast by
The grisly Ethna dyd rummyll, schudder and cry,
Sum tyme thrawing owt, heich in the skyis,
The blak laithly smoke that oft dyd ryss
As thunderis blast, and rekand as the pyk,
With gledis sparkand as the hail als thik.
Vpspring the blesis and fyry lumpis we se,
Quhilk semyt forto lik the starnys hie;
Sum tyme it rasyt gret rochys, and oft will

Furth bok the bowellis or entralis of the hyll,
And lowsyt stanys vpwarpy in the ayr
Rownd in a sop, with mony crak and rayr:
The stew of byrnand heyt law from the grond
Vpstrikis thar, that doith to hevyn rebound.
The rumour is doun thrung vndir this mont
Enchelades body with thundir lyis half bront,
And hydduus Ethna abufe his belly set.
Quhen he lyst gant or blaw, the fyre is bet,
And from that furnys the flambe doith brist or glide:
Quhou oft he turnys our hys irkit syde
All Sycil trymlys, quaking with a rerd,
And vgly stew ourquhelmys hevyn and erd.
That nycht, lurkand in woddis we remane,
Of feirfull monstis sufferand mekil pane;
Bot quhat causyt syk noyss na thing we saw,
For nowthir lycht of planetis mycht we knaw,
Nor the brycht poyll, nor in the ayr a starn,
Bot in dyrk clowdis the hevynnis warpit darn;
The moyn was vndir walk and gave na lycht,
Haldyn ful dym throu myrknes of the nycht.”
Of the Greik clepit Achemenydes
Rehersyng Ene the natur of Ciclopes.
“The secund day be this sprang fra the est,
Quhen Aurora the wak nycht dyd arest
And chayss fra hevyn with hir dym skyis donk;
Than suddanly, furth of the woddis ronk,
We se a strange man, of form onknaw —
A lenar wight na mayr pynyt I ne saw,
Nor 3it sa wrachitly beseyn a wy;
Towart the cost, quhar that we stude in hy,
Hys handis furth he strekis askand supple.
We hym behald, and al hys corss gan se
Maist laithly ful of ordur, and hys berd
Rekand doun the lenth neir of a 3erd,
Hys tawbart and array sewyt with breris,
Bot he was Greik be all hys othir feris,

And vmquhile was, as eftir weil we kend,
To Troy intil hys faderis armour send.
This ilk man, fra he beheld on far
Troiane habitis, and of our armys wes war,
At the first sicht he styntit and stude aw,
And fra hys payss begouth abak to draw,
Bot sone eftyr cummys rynnyng in a rayss
Down to the schoir, wepyng and askand grace:
'O 3he Troianys, be all the planetis', quod he,
'Be all the starnys and the goddis hie,
And be the hailsum spreit of hevynnys lycht,
I beseik tak me with 3ou, catyve wycht,
And leid me in quhat land at euer 3e pless:
That may suffyss, thar war my hartis eyss.
I knaw me ane of the Grekis navy;
In weir to Troy cuntre, I grant, socht I;
For the quhilk deid, gyf that of our trespas
Sa gret the offence and the iniurys was,
Rent me in pecis, and in the fludis swak,
Or drown law vndir the large seys brak.
Gyf that I perych, it is 3it sum comfort
That I of mennys handis deing at schort,'
Quod he, and tharwith, grulyng on hys kneis,
He lappit me fast by baith the theys.
We hym exort to schaw quhat was his name,
Of quhat kynrent and blude cummyn at hame,
And syne to tell quhat forton had hym betyde.
My fader Anchiss na ma wordis wald byde,
Bot furthwith gaue that 3ong man his rycht hand,
And assuryys hys spreit with that presand;
He at the last this dreid has done away,
And on this wyss begouth to carp and say:
'Of the realm Itachia I am, but less,
And of the cumpany of fey Vlixes,
And Achemenydes onto name I hait,
Cummyn onto Troy with my fader of lait,
Bot a puyr wageour, clepyt Adamastus —

Wald God 3it the same forton remanyt to wss!
My falloschip onwytyting for3et me heir,
Quhen tha thir cruel marchys left for feir,
And in the Ciclopes huge cave tynt me;
A gowsty hald within laithly to se,
Ful of vennom and mony bludy meyss.
Bustuus hie Poliphemus set a deyss
Thar remanys, that may the starnys schaik.
3e goddis delyvir this erd from sik wraik,
For he is vgsum and grysly forto se,
Hutyt to speke of, and aucht not nemmyt be.
Thir wrachit mennys flesch, that is hys fude,
And drynkis worsum, and thar lappyrrit blude.
I saw my self quhen, gruflyngis amynd his cave,
Twa bodeys of our sort he tuke and rayf,
Intil hys hyddus hand thame thrymlyt and wrang,
And on the stanys owt thar harnys dang,
Quhil brayn and eyn and blude al poplit owt —
I saw that cruel fend eik thar but dowt
Thar lymmys ryfe and eyt, as he war woid,
The 3oustir tharfra chirtand and blak blude,
And the hait flesch vndir his teith flykkerand.
Bot not onwrokyn, forsuyth, this feste he fand,
Nor Vlixes list not lang suffyr this,
Ne this kyng of Itachy hym self nor his
Myghtyn for3et, into sa gret a plyght.
For sammyn as that horribyll fendlich wight
Had eyt his fyll, and drunk wyne he hym gave,
Sowpit in sleip, his nek furth of the cave
He straucht, fordronkyn, lyggyng in his dreym
Bokkis furth and 3yskis of 3owstyr mony streym,
Raw lumpys of flesch and blude blandyt with wyne.
We the gret goddys besocht and kavillys syne
Kastis quhat suld be euery mannys part,
Syne al atanys abowt and on hym start,
And with a scharpyt and brynt steying of tre
Out dyd we boyr and pyke hys mekil e,

That lurkit alane vndyr hys thrawyn front large,
Als braid as is a Gregioun scheild or targe,
Or lyke onto the lantern of the moyn:
And thus at last haue we ravengit soyn
Blithly the gostis of our feris ded.
Bot 3he, onhappy men, fle from this sted,
Fle, fle this cost, and smyte the cabill in twane!
For quhou grysly and how gret I 3ou sayn
Lurkis Polyphemus, 3ymmmand his beystis rouch,
And al thar pappis mylkis through and through,
Ane hundreth otheris, als huge of quantite,
Endlang this ilk costis syde of the se,
Gret Ciclopes inhabitis heir and thar,
And walkis in thir hie montanys our alquhar.
The moyn hess now fyllyt hir hornys thrissy
With new lyght sen I haue on this wyss
My lyfe in woddis led, but syght of men,
In desert hyrnys and seyr wild beistis den,
And far out from my cavern dyd aspy
The grym Ciclopes, and oft thar grysly cry
And eik stamping of thar feyt maid me trymmyl.
My wrachit fude was berreis of the brymmyll,
And stanyt heppis, quhilk I on buskis fand,
With rutis of herbis I holkit furth of land;
And vyssyand al about, I se at last
This navy of 3owris drawing hyddir fast,
Quhamto I me betaucht and gan avow,
Quhat flote at euer it was — for wayt 3e quhou
It is enuch that I eschapyt haue
3one cruel pepill, I set not of the lave;
For, rather 3e or I fal in syk wraik,
Quhat deith 3e pless, the lyfe fra me gar taik.”
Of Poliphemus, and mony strange cost,
And how Ene hys fader in Sycill lost.
“Skarss this wes sayd, quhen sone we gat a sycht
Apon ane hyll stalkand this hydduus wight,
Amang hys beystis, the hyrd Poliphemus,

Down to the costis bekend draw towartis wss,
A monstre horribyll, onmesurabill and myschaip,
Wanting hys syght, and gan to stab and graip
With hys burdon, that wes a gret fyr tre,
Femand his steppis, becaus he mycht not se,
The wollyt scheip him followyng at the bak,
Quharin his plesour and delyte gan he tak.
About hys halss a quhissil hung had he,
Wes al his solace for tynsell of hyss e;
And, with his staf fra he the deip flude
Twichit, and cummyn at the seysyde stude,
Of hys e dolp the flowand blude and attir
He wysch away al with the salt wattir,
Grassilland his teith, and rummysand full hie.
He wadis furth throu myddis of the see,
And 3it the watir wet not hys lang syde.
We, far from thens affrayt, durst not abyde,
Bot fled onon, and within burd hess brocht
That faithful Greik quhilk ws of succurss socht,
And prevyly we smyte the cabill in twane,
Syne, kempand with aris in al our mane,
Vpweltris watir of the salt sey flude.
He persauyt the sownd, quhar that he stude,
And towart the dyn movis hys payss onon,
Bot quhen he felt at we sa far war gone,
Sa that his handis wss areke ne mycht,
Nor the deip sey Ionium, for al hys hycht,
Ne mycht he waid equale ws to arest,
A fellon bray and huge schowt vp he kest,
Quharthrou the sey and al the fludis schuke;
The land alhail of Itail trymlyt and qwoyk,
And holl cavernys or furnys of Ethna rownd
Rummyst and lowyt, fordynnyt with the sound.
Bot than, furth of the woddis and hillys hie,
Walkynnyt with the cry, a huge pepill we se
Of Ciclopes cum hurland to the port,
And fillyt all the cost sydis at schort.

Tha elrych bredyr, with thar lukis thrawyn,
Thocht not avalyt, thar standyng haue we knawyn —
Ane horribil sort, with mony cam scho beik
And hedis semand to the hevyn areik,
Syklyke as quhar that, with thar hie toppis,
The byg akis strekyng in the ayr thar croppys,
Or than thir cipressis berand heich thar bewys,
Growand in the woddis or hie vp on hewis,
In schawys ald, as men may se from far,
Hallowyt to Dyane or 3it to Iupiter.
The scharp dreid maid ws so to cach haist,
Withdrawand fast, as thocht we had bene chaist,
And for toset our sail quhiddir we best mycht,
To follow the wynd, and hald na coursis rycht.
Aganys the counsale of Helenus, our feris
Perswadis to hald furth evyn the way that steris
Mydwart betwix Charibdis and Scylla,
A litil space fra ded by athir of twa,
For, bot we hald that courss, for owtyn fail,
Bakwartis, thai said, on Ciclopes mon we saill.
Bot lo! onon a fair wynd, or we wist,
Rayss of the north, blawing evyn as we lyst,
From the strait bay of Pelorus the mont
And sone we swepyt by, at the fyrst bront,
The mouth of flude Pantagyas ful of stanys,
The sownd Megarus, and Tapsum ile atanys.
The namys of thir costis Achemenydes,
The compan3eon of onhappy Vlixes,
Raknys to ws, as we past ane by ane,
For we return the sammyn went agane
Quhar thar navy had waverit by thar rayss.
Within the fyrrth of Sycill, forgane the face
Of the flude Plemyrion ful of wallis,
Thar lyis ane iland, quhilk our elderis callis
Orthigia, quhar that the fame is so
That Alpheus, ane of the ryveris two
Of the cite of Elys in Archaid,

Vndir the sey gan thyddir flow and wayd
Throu secrete cundytis, and now eik, as thai say,
Arethusa, at thi mouth or ischay,
It entris rynnnyng in the Sycill see.
The gret goddis of that place wirschip we
At command of my fader, and fra thyne
The fertill grond of Helory passyt syne,
Quhilk flude watyrris al the feild about.
Thar on the craggis our navy stude in dowt,
For on blynd stanys and rolkis hyrslit we,
Tumblit of Mont Pachynnus in the se;
And far from thens the loch Cameryna,
Quham the fatis forbyddis to do away,
Apperis to ws, and of Geloy the feildis,
Quhar that the gret cite Gela vpbeild is,
Havand the surname fra the flude fast by;
Syne heich Agragas far of we gan aspy,
A hyl and cite with large wallys of forss
Quhar vmquhile bred war the maist weirlyke horss;
And the alsso, Selyns, I left behynd,
For al thi palm treys, with the followand wynd.
The dangerus schaldis and cost vppykyt we,
With al hys blynd rolkis, of Lybibe.
Thar the port of Drepianon and the rayd,
Quham to remembir my hart may nevir be glaid,
Ressauyt me, quhar that, allace! allace!
I leyss my fader, al comfort and solace,
And al supple of our travell and pane;
Thar, thar, allaik! so feill dangeris bygane
And tempestis of the sey. O fader most deir,
Anchises, desolate quhy left thou me heir
Wery and irkyt in a fremmyt land?
O weilaway! for nocht wes all, I fand,
That thou eschapit samony perrellis huge.
Helenus the dyvyne, as we with hym gan luge,
Quhen horribill thingis seir he dyd aduert,
Schew not befor to me thir harmys smert,

Nor 3it the fellon and akwart Celeno.
This wess extreme laubour of pane and wo,
Thys was the end of all hys lang vayage;
And hyddir syne, warpyt with seys rage,
Apon 3our costis, as I fra thens was dryve,
Sum happy chance and God maid me arryve.”
The prynce Eneas, on this wyss, alane
The fatis of goddys and rasys mony ane
Rehersyng schew, and syndry strange wentis,
The queyn and all the Tyrryanys takand tentis.
And at the last he cessyt and said no moir,
Endyng his tayll as 3e haue hard befor.
Heir endys the thryd buke And begynnys the proloug of the ferd

BUKE IV

The Preambill of the Ferd Buke
Wyth bemys scheyn thou bricht Cytherea,
Quhilk only schaddowist amang starris lyte,
And thi blyndyt weyngit son Cupyd, 3e twa
Fosteraris of byrnyng carnail, hait delyte,
3our ioly wo neidlyngis most I endyte,
Begynnyng with a fen3eit faynt plesance,
Continewit in lust, and endyt with pennance.
In fragil flesch 3our fykkil seyde is saw,
Rutyt in delyte, welth and fude delicate,
Nurist with sleuth and mony onsemly saw;
Quhar schame is lost, thar spredis 3our burgeonys hait;
Oft to revolue ane onleful consait
Rypys 3our peralus frutis and oncorn:
Of wikkyt grayn quhou sal gude schaf beschorn?
Quhat is 3our forss bot feblyng of the strenth?
3our curyus thochtis quhat but musardry?
3our fremmyt glaidnes lestis not ane howris lenth;
3our sport for schame 3e dar not specify;
3our frute is bot onfructuus fantasy;
3our sary ioys beyn bot ianglyng and iapys,
And 3our trew seruandis sylly goddis apys.
3our sweit myrthis ar mixt with bytterness;
Quhat is 3our dreary gemme? a myrry pane;
3our wark onthrift, 3our quyete is restles,
3our lust lykyng in langour to remane,
Frendschip turment, 3our traist is bot a trane.
O luf, quhiddir art thou ioy or fulychness,
That makis folk sa glaid of thar distress?
Salomonys wyt, Sampson thou rubbist hys forss,
And Daid thou byreft hys prophecy;
Men says thou brydillyt Aristotyll as ane horss,
And crelyt vp the flour of poetry.
Quhat sal I of thi myghtis notyfy?

Fair weil, quhar that thy lusty dart assalis,
Wyt, strenth, ryches, na thyng bot grace avalis.
Thou cheyn of luf, ha benedicite,
Quhou hard strenys thi bandis euery wyght!
The God abuf, from his hie maieste,
With the ybond, law in a maid dyd lycht:
Thou venquyst the strang gyant of gret mycht;
Thou art mair forcy than the ded sa fell;
Thou plenyst paradyce and thou heryit hell.
Thou makist febill wight and lawyst the hie;
Thou knyttis frendschyp quhar thar beyn na parage;
Thou Ionathas confederat with Davy,
Thou dantyt Alexander for al his vassalage,
Thou festnyt Iacob fourteyn 3heir in bondage,
Thou techit Hercules go lern to spyn,
Reke Dyomeir hys mayss and lyoun skyn.
For luf Narsysus perysyt at the well,
For luf thou stervyst most douchty Achill;
Thesysus, for luf, hys fallow socht to hell;
The snaw quhyte dow oft to the gray maik will.
Allace! for luf how mony thame self dyd spill!
Thy fury, luf, moderis taucht, for dispyte,
Fyle handis in blude of thar 3ong chyldering lyte.
O Lord, quhat writis myne author of thi forss
In hys Georgikis, quhou thyne ondantyt myght
Constrenys so sum tyme the stonyt horss
That, by the sent of a meyr far of syght,
He bradis brays onon, and takis the flyght;
Na brydill may hym dant nor bustuus dynt,
Nowthir bra, hie roch nor brayd fludis stynt.
The bustuus bullys oft, for the 3ong ky,
With horn to horn wyrkis othir mony a wound,
So rumysyng with hydduus lowand cry
The feildis all doith of thar rowstis resound:
The meyk hartis, in bellyng, oft ar fond
Mak ferss bargane, and rammys togyddir ryn;
Baris twyte thar tuskis and fret otheris skyn.

The reuthfull smart and lamentabill cace
Quhilk thar he writis of Leander 3yng,
Quhou for thi luf, Hero, allace, allace!
In fervent flambe of hait desyre byrnyng,
By nychtis tyde, the hevynnys lowd thundering,
And, all with storm trublyt, the seys flude
Bettand on the rolkis and rowtand as it war wod;
Set he hym not to swym our, wallaway!
The fyrth betwix Sestos and Abydane
(In Europe and in Asya citeis tway);
Hys fader and moder mycht hym not call agane.
O God, quhat harm! thar wes he drynt and slane,
And quhen his lufe saw this myscheif, atanys
Out our the wall scho lap, and brak hir banys.
Lo, quhou Venus kan hir seruandis acqyute!
Lo, quhou hir passionys onbridillis al thar wyt!
Lo, quhou thai tyne thame self for schort delyte!
Lo, from all grace quhou to myscheif thai flyte,
Fra weil to sturt, fra payn to ded, and 3yt
Thar beyn bot few exempil takis of othir,
Bot wilfully fallys in the fyre, leif brothir.
Be nevir our set, myne author techis so,
With lust of wyne nor warkis veneryane;
Thai febill the strenth; revelys secrete bath two,
Stryfe and debait engendris and feil hess slane;
Honeste, prowes, dreid, schame and luk ar gane
Quhar thai habound; attempyr thame for thy.
Childir to engendir oyss Venus, and not invane;
Hant na surfat, drynk bot quhen thou art dry.
Quhat, is this lufe, nyss luffaris, at 3e meyn,
Or fals dissait fair ladeys to begile?
Thame to defowle, and schent 3our self betweyn,
Is al 3our lykyng, with mony suttel wyle.
Is that trew lufe, gude faith and fame to fyle?
Gyf luf be vertu, than is it lefull thing;
Gif it be vyce, it is 3our ondoying.
Lust is na lufe, thocht ledis lyke it weill;

This furyus flambe of sensualite
Ar nane amouris bot fantasy 3e feill;
Carnale plesance, but syght of honeste,
Hatis hym self forsuyth, and luffis nocht the.
Thare beyn twa luffis, perfyte and imperfyte,
That ane leful, the tother fowle delyte.
Lufe is a kyndly passioun, engendryt of heyt
Kyndlyt in the hart, ourspreddyng al the corss,
And, as thou seys sum person waik in spreyt,
Sum hait byrnyng as ane onbridillyt horss —
Lyke as the pacient hes heyt of our gret forss,
And in 3ong babbys warmness insufficient,
And into agyt fail3eis, and is out quent,
Rycht so in lufe thou may be excessyve,
Inordinatly luffand ony creature;
This luf alsso it may be defectyve,
To luf thine awin and geif of otheris na cure.
But quhar that lufe is rewlyt by messure,
It may be lyknyt to ane hail manis estait,
In temperat warmness, nowthir to cald nor hait.
Than is thi lufe inordinat, say I,
Quhen ony creatur mair than God thou luffis,
Or 3it luffis ony to that fyne, quharby
Thi self or thame thou frawartis God remufis:
Fortil attempir thine amouris the behuffis.
Lufe euery wyght for God, and to gude end,
Thame be na wyss to harm, bot to amend.
That is to know, lufe God for his gudness,
With hart, hail mynde, trew servyce, day and nyght;
Nixt luf thi self, eschewand wykkytnes;
Luf syne thi nyghtburris, and wyrk thame nane onrycht,
Willyng at thou and thai may haue the sycht
Of hevynnys blyss, and tyste thame not tharfra,
For, and thou do, syk luf dowe nocht a stra.
Faynt lufe, but grace, for all thi fen3eit layis,
Thy wantoun willis ar verray vanyte;
Grasless thou askis grace, and thus thou prayis:

“Haue mercy, lady, haue reuth and sum piete!”
And scho, reuthless, agane rewys on the:
Heir is na paramouris fund, bot all haitrent,
Quhar nowthir to weill nor resson tak thai tent.
Callys thou that reutht, quhilk of thar self ne rakkis?
Or is it grace to fall fra grace? nay, nay.
Thou sekis mercy, and tharof myscheif makkis:
Renown and honour quhy wald thou dryfe away?
A brutale appetyte makis 3ong fulys forvay,
Quhilk be resson lyst not thar heyt refreyn,
Haldand opynyon deyr of a boryt beyn.
Says nocht 3our sentens thus, skant worth a fass,
“Quhat honeste or renoun is tobe dram?
Or forto drowp lyke a fordullyt ass?
Lat ws in ryot leif, in sport and gam;
In Venus covrt, sen born tharto I am,
My tyme weil sal I spend. Wenys thou not so?”
Bot al 3our solace sal return in gram,
Syk thewless lustis in byttir pane and wo.
Thou auld hasard lichour, fy for schame,
That slotteris furth euermar in sluggardry.
Out on the, auld trat, agit wyfe, or dame,
Eschamys na tyme in rovste of syn to ly!
Thir Venus warkis in 3outhed ar foly,
Bot into eild thai turn in fury rage;
And quha schameless dowblis thar syn, ha fy!
As doith thir vantouris owthir in 3outh or age?
Quhat nedis avant 3ou of 3our wykkytnes,
3he that beyn forcy alane in villans deid?
Quhy gloyr 3e in 3our awyn onthriftynes?
Eschame 3he not reherss and blaw on breid
3our awyn diffame, havand of God na dreid
Nor 3yt of hell, provokand otheris to syn,
3he that lyst of 3our pal3ardry nevir blyn?
Wald God 3he purchest bot 3our awyn myschans,
And war na banareris forto perych mo!
God grant sum tyme 3e turn 3ou to pennans,

Refrenyng lustis inordinate, and cry ho!
And thar affix 3our luf and myndis so,
Quhar euer is verray ioy without offens,
That all syk beistly fury 3he lat go hens.
Of brokkaris and syk bawdry quhou suld I write,
Of quham the fylth stynkis in Godis neyss?
With Venus henwyffis quhat wyss may I flyte,
That strakis thir wenschis hedis thame to pless?
“Douchtir, for thy lufe this man hes gret dyseyss,”
Quod the bysmeyr with the slekyt speche,
“Rew on hym, it is meryte hys pane to meyss”.
Syk poyd makerellis for Lucifer beyn leche.
Eschame, 3yng virgynys and fair damcyellis,
Furth of wedlok forto disteyn 3our kellys;
Traist nocht al talis that wanton woweris tellis,
3ow to deflour purposyng, and nocht ellys;
Abhor syk pryce or prayer wirschip sellys.
Quhar schame is lost quyte schent is womanhed;
Quhat of bewte, quhar honeste lyis ded?
Rew on 3our self, ladeys and madynnys 3yng,
Grant na syk reuth for evir may causs 3ou rew:
3he fresch gallandis, in hait desyre byrnyng,
Refreyn 3our curage syk paramouris to persew;
Grund 3our amouris on charite al new;
Found 3ow on resson — quhat nedis mair to preche?
God grant 3ou grace in luf, as I 3ou tech.
Fy on dissait and fals dissymulans,
Contrar to kynd with fen3eit cheir smylyng,
Vndyr the cloik of luffis obseruans,
The venom of the serpent reddy to styng!
Bot al syk crymys in luffis causs I resyng
To the confessioun of morale Ihonne Gower,
For I mon follow the text of our mater.
Thy dowbill wound, Dido, to specify,
I meyn thyne amouris and thi funeral fait,
Quha may endyte, but teris, with eyn dry?
Augustyne confessis hym self wepit, God wait,

Redyng thy lamentabill end mysfortunat.
By the wil I repeyt this verss agane,
“Temporal ioy endis wyth wo and pane”.
Allace, thy dolorus cayss and hard myschance!
From blys to wo, fra sorow to fury rage,
Fra nobylnes, welth, prudens and temperance,
In brutell appetite fall, and wild dotage;
Danter of Affryk, queyn foundar of Cartage,
Vmquhil in ryChess and schynyng gloyr ryngyng,
Throw fulych lust wrocht thine awyn ondoying.
Lo! with quhat thocht, quhat byttnes and pane,
Lufe onsyilly breidis in euery wight!
Quhou schort quhile doith hys fals plesance remane,
Hys restless blyss how sone takis the flicht!
Hys kyndnes alteris in wraith within a nyght:
Quhat is, bot turment, all hys langsum fayr,
Begun with feir, and endyt in dispayr?
Quhat sussy, cuyr and strange ymagynyng,
Quhat ways onlefull, hys purposs to atteyn,
Hess this fals lust at his first begynnyng,
Quhou subtell wylis, and mony quyet meyn,
Quhat slycht dissait quently to flat and feyn! —
Syne in a thraw kan not hym selvyn hyde,
Nor at his first estait no quhile abyde!
Thou swelch, devourar of tyme onrecoverabill,
O lust, infernal furnyss, inextingwybill,
Thy self consumyng worthis insaciabill,
Quent fendis net, to God and man odibill!
Of thi tryggettis quhat tong may tell the tribbill?
With the to wrasyll, thou walxis euer moir wyght;
Eschew thyne hant, and mynnys sall thi mycht.
Se, quhou blynd luffis inordinate desyre
Degradis honour, and resson doith exile!
Dido, of Cartage flour and lamp of Tyre,
Quhais hie renoun na strenth nor gift mycht fyle,
In hir faynt lust sa mait, within schort quhile,
That honeste baith and gude fame war adew,

Syne for disdeyn, allace! hir selvyn slew.
 O, quhat avalit thi brute and gloryus name,
 Thi moblys, tresour and werkis infynyte,
 Thi citeis beilding and thi ryal hame,
 Thy realmys, conquest, weiflar and delyte?
 To stynt al thing salue thine awyn appetite
 So wes in lufe thi frawart destane —
 Allace the quhile thou knew the strange Ene!
 And sen I suld thy tragedy endyte,
 Heir nedis nane othir invocatioun:
 Be the command I lusty ladeis quhyte,
 Be war with strangeris of onkouth natioun
 Wyrk na syk woundris to thar dampnatioun;
 Bot til attayn wild amouris at the thai leir:
 Thy lusty pane begouth on this manair.
 Heir endis the preambill and begynnys the ferd buke

C marginal note De duplice amore vide Augustus de ciuitate de li.
 xv. c.xxii.

The thochtfull queyn, with mony amorus clawss
 Till hir systir complenys in luffis cawss.
 Be this the queyn, throw hevy thochtis onsound,
 In euery vayn nurysys the greyn wound,
 Smytyn so deip with the blynd fyre of lufe
 Hir trublyt mynd gan fra all rest remufe.
 Compasing the gret prowes of Ene,
 The large wirschip feill syss remembris sche
 Of his lynnage and folkis; for ay present
 Deip in hir breist so was hys figur prent
 And all hys wordis fixt, that, for bissy thocht,
 Noyn eys hir membris nor quyete suffir mocht.
 The nyxt day following, with hys lamp brycht
 As Phebus dyd the grund or erth alycht,
 Eftir the dawing heth the donk nychtis clowd
 Chasyt from the sky and the ayr new schrowd,
 Ful evil at eyss Queyn Dido on this kynd
 Spak to hir systir, wes of the sammyn mynd:

“My sistir An, quhat swevynnys beyn thir”, quod sche,
“Quhilk me affrays in sik proplexite?
Quhat be he, this gret new gest or stranger,
Onto our realm laitley is drevyn heir?
Quhou wyss in speche and in his commonyng
He schawys hym self! O God, quhat wondir thing!
Quhou stout in curage, in weir quhou vailþeand!
I trow, sistir, and, as I vndirstand,
Myne opinion is nane oncertane thing,
Thai beyn sum lynnage of verray goddis ofspring,
For dreid always and schaymful kowardyss
Degeneryt wightis and bowbartis notyfys.
Allace, quhat wondir fatale aventuris
Hess hym bywaif! quhat travel, pane and curis,
How huge batellis, be hym eschewit, tald he!
Now certis, war it not determyt with me
And fixit in my mynd onmovabilly
That to no wyght in wedlok me list I
Cuppil nor knyght, sen my first luf is gane,
By deth dissoverit, and left me alane;
War not also to me is displesant
Genyvs chalmyr or matrymone to hant;
Perchans I mycht be venquist in this rage,
Throu this a cryme of secund mariage.
Annes, I grant to the, sen the decess
Of my sory husband Syche, but less,
Quhar that our howss with brodyrris ded wes sprent,
Only this man hess movit myne entent,
And heth my mynd inducyt to forvay:
I knaw and felis the wemmys and the way
Of the ald fyre and flambe of luffis heit.
Bot rather I desyre baith corss and spreit
Of me the erth swelly law adown,
Or than almychty Iove with thundris sovn
Me smyte ful deip onto the schaddoys dern,
Amang pail gastis of hellis holl cavern,
In the profound pot of deth and dyrk nyght,

Or I becum so schamful wrachit wyght
That I myne honeste fyle or womanhed,
Or brek 3our lawis — na, quhil I be ded!
He that me first to hym in wedlok knyht
My first flowr of amouris tuke, and 3yt
For euermair with hym he sal thame haue,
And he most keip thame with hym in his grave.”
Thus sayand, the brycht teris onon owtbrist
And fillyt all hir bosum or scho wist.
Annes answerd: “O thou, sa mot I thryve,
To thi systir derrar than hir awyn lyve,
Quhiddir gif thou wilt alane, in wedowhed,
Evir murnand thus waist away thy 3owthed,
Nowthir 3yt the comfort of sweit childring thou knowis,
Nor the plesour felis of Venus lawys?
Quhat, wenys thou assys cald and gastis in grave
Of al syk walyng ony fest sal haue?
In cayss that in thi duyll afor thir days,
Thy lord new ded, the list inclyne na ways
Nowthir prynce nor duke to tak as for husband;
Supposs thou lychtlyit than, of Lyby land,
Hyarbas kyng, and othir heris all,
Quhilkis in the rich sul3e triumphall
Of Aufrik boundis dwelling wydequhar;
Quhat, wilt thou als debatyng euer mar
Agane this lykand lufe, cummys of plesance?
Consideris thou not, and hess in remembrance,
Amyddis quhays grond heir thou remanys?
On this hand, citeis of Getulyanys,
A kynd of pepill invincibill in batell;
Heir the ondantit folk of Numyda dwell,
And on that other part ombyset, I wyss,
We ar with bustuus onfrendly Syrtis;
And 3ondir the desert region alsswa,
Ay ful of thyrst, in barrand Libya;
And wydquhar thens the wild pepil of Barchay.
The weris moving from Tyre quhat sal I say,

And the gret brag and mannans of our brothir?
Be dispositioun of goddis, I weyn, nane othir,
And by the purvyans of Iuno, to our supple,
Thir Troiane schippis by prosper wynd our see
Heth hyddir set thar coursys fortunate.
O systir myne, considir in quhat estait
Thys cite, quhilk thou beildis, sal vpryss!
Persaue quhou that this realm may, on syk wyss,
Beyn vpheyt throu sa nobil a mariage!
Behald quhou mekill the glory of Cartage
Salbe extollet, and encress in euery thyng,
Throu help in armys of the Troianys ofspryng!
Quharfor the nedis beseik goddis of thar grace,
With sacrifice, tobe favorabil in this cace.
Do set alhaill thi cure and diligence
To causyng hym mak with the residence,
And fen3e causys to tary hym and wythhald,
So lang as thus, duryng the wyntir cald,
The sey ragis throu watry Orion,
And quhil the stormys be al our blawyn and gon;
And quhil hys schippis, with the tempest schaik,
Be bet, byd spair nowthir fyr, elm nor aik.”
Dido enflambyt in the lusty heyt,
With amorus thochtis trublys al hir spreit.
Wyth thir wordys the spreit of Dido queyn,
The quhilk tofor in lufe wes kyndlyt grene,
Now al in fyre the flambe of lufe furth blesys;
Hir doutsum mynd with gude hope so scho esys
That al the schame and dreid wes blaw away;
And to the tempill furth held tha baith tway.
Eftir the serymonys of thar payane gyss,
Beneuolence and gude luk, syndry wyss,
Thai sekyng and thai serss at ilke altar;
And twyntris, walit for sacrifice, heir and thar
Thai brytnyt; and sum in honour dyd address
Of the law ledar Ceres, the goddes,
To Phebus, and to Bachus part also,

Bot principaly onto the queyn Iuno,
Quhilk heth in cuyr the band of mariage.
Hir self, most gudly Queyn Dido of Cartage,
Held in hir richt hand a cowp full of wyne;
Betwix the hornys twa furth³et it syne
Of ane ontamyt 3ong quy, quhite as snaw;
And othir quhilis wald scho raik on raw
Or payss tofor the altaris, wyth fat offerandis
Ay chargyt full, and oft with hir awyn handis
Renew and beyt the sacrifice all day;
And rich gyftis geif Troianys; and wald ay
The beistis costis, as thai debowellit wer,
And thar entralis behald flekkyr and steir,
Accordyng the auld vsans to that effect,
Sum augury to persauie or gude aspect.
O wallaway! of spamen and dyvynys
The blynd myndis, quhilkis na way diffynys
The forss ne strenth of luf with hys hard bandis!
Quhat avalyt thir sacrifice and offerandis?
Quhat helpis to vyssy tempillis in luffis rage?
Behald onhappy Dido of Cartage
In this meyn session byrnyng hait as gleyd:
The secrete wound deip in hir mynd gan spreyd,
And of hoyt amouris the subtell quent fyre
Waistis and consumys merch, banys and lyre.
Our all the cite enragyt scho heir and thar
Wandris, as ane strykkyn hynd, quhom the stalkar,
Or scho persave, from far betis with hys flane
Amyd the woddis of Creyt, and lattis remane
The braid hed, onknew the beste wass hyt;
Scho skypping furth, as to eschew the byt,
Gan throu the forest fast and gravys glyde,
Bot evir the dedly schaft stykkis in hir syde.
Sum tyme the queyn Ene with hir dyd leid
Throu owt the wallys onto euery steid,
The tresour al and richness of Sydony
Schawyng to hym, and offerit al reddy

The cite of Cartage at hys commandment:
Begyn scho wald to tell furth hir entent,
And in the myd word stop and hald hir styl.
And quhen the evyn come, it wes hir will
To seik ways hym to feste, as scho dyd ayr;
And, half myndles, agane scho langis sayr
For tyll enquiry and heir the sege of Troy,
And in a stair behaldis hym for ioy.
Eftir all wes voydyt, and the licht of day
Ay mair and mair the moyn quynchit away,
And the declynyng of the starris brycht
To sleip and rest persuadis euery wight,
Within hir chalmir alane scho langis sayr,
And thocht al waist for lak of hir luffar.
Amyd a voyd bed scho hir laid adoun,
And of hym absent thinkis scho heris the sown;
Hys voce scho heris, and hym behaldis sche,
Thocht he, God wait, far from hir presens be:
And sum tyme wald scho Ascanyus, the page,
Caucht in the figur of hys faderis ymage,
And in hir bosum brace, gif scho tharby
The lufe ontellabill mycht swik or satisfy.
The wark and wallis begun ar not vpbrocht,
The 3onkeris dedis of armys excersis nocht,
Nothir fortress nor turettis suyr of weir
Now graith tha mair, for al the wark, but weir,
Cessis and is stoppyt, baith of pynnakillis hie,
And byg towris, semyt to ryss in the skie.
Tyl Venus carpys Iuno the goddess,
And of thar spech and sermond, mar and less.
Alsswyth as Iuno, with syk maleyss ourtane,
Persauyt hir deir frend that remeid was nane,
Nothir fame ne honour the rage resyst mycht,
Saturnus douchtir with syk wordis on hyght
Begouth to carp onto Venus, I wyss:
“A huge honour and lawd 3e sal of this
Raport, and richt large spul3e beir away,

Thou and thi child forsuyth”, quod scho, “bath tway:
O Lord, quhou gret power and notabil mycht,
Gif that, of twa hie goddis throu the slycht,
A sylly woman sal ourcummyn be!
Not so, I wyss, hes thou dissavyt me,
Bot that I knaw thou had in feir and dreid
Our cite, and held the luyng suspek in deid
Of our renownyt hie burgh of Cartage.
Bot on quhat wyss sall sesyng al this rage?
Or now quhat nedis sa gret stryfe and kontak?
Far rather perpetuell pess lat ws mak,
And knyt vp band of mariage thartill,
Sen thou hess gottin al thyne hartis will;
For Dido byrnys in hait lufe al atany,
The brym fury glydis throu owt hir banys.
Lat ws thir pepill to ws common, for thy,
Be frendly favouris govern equaly;
So that it lesum be Dido remane
In spousage bund, and serve a lord Troiane,
And suffir Tirreany, and al Lyby land,
Be geif in dowry to thi son in hand.”
Than Venus (knewing hir spech of fenzeit mynd,
To that effect scho mycht the Troiane kynd,
And werys tocum furth of Itail alsswa,
With hald and kepe from boundis of Lybia)
Answerd and sayd: “Quhat wikkyt wyght wald euer
Refuyss syk proffyr, or 3yt with the had levir
Contend in bataill or stand at debait,
Gif that, as thou rehersis, the deid algait
Als sovirlly mycht follow fortunabill?
Bot I affeir me less the fatis onstabill
Nor Iupiter consent not ne aggre
That bot a cite to Tyryanys suld be
And eik to folkis from Troy in vayage cummyn,
Or list appreif thai pepillis all and summyn
Togiddir myddill, or ioyn in lyge or band.
Thou art hys spowss; til the to tak on hand

Is lefull with request hys mynd to assay.
Pass on befor, I follow the perfay.”
Than Iuno queyn syk answer maid agane:
“This laubour I tak on hand, al myne alane.
Bot on quhat wyss, sen tyme is convenabill,
The fasson quhou this stant to do maist habill,
Hark, at schort wordys that poynt I sal 3ou say.
Eneas and onsilly Dido, baith tway,
To forest grathis in huntyng furth to wend,
To morow, als fast as Titan doith ascend
And our the warld gan hys bemys spreid.
Quhen that the rangis and the faid on breid
Dynnys throu the gravys, sersyng the woddis wyde,
And setis set the glen on euery syde,
I sal apoun thame a myrk schour down skail
Of weit and wynd, mydlit with fellow haill,
And al the hevyn with thundyrre blast sa steir
That all thar falloschip sall withdraw for feir
Enclosyt with a myst als dyrk as nycht.
Dido and eik the Troiane duke full rycht,
Alanerly, bot be thame selvyn twane,
Togiddir sal entir in a cave of stane:
Thar sal I be reddy, and, but delay,
Gif thi mynd be ferm tharto the ilk day,
In sovir wedlok I sal conioyn hir thar,
Tobe his propir spouss for euermair:
Apon this wyss thar wedding salbe wrocht.”
Affermys all hir wil, contrarying nocht,
Of Cetheron Venus the goddes brycht,
Lauchyng scho fund had so controvit a slycht.
Quhou that the queyn to huntyng raid at morow,
And of the first day of hir ioy and sorow.
Furth of the sey, with this, the dawyng spryngis.
As Phebus rayss, fast to the 3ettis thringis
The choss gallandis, and huntmen thame besyde,
With ralys and with nettys strang and wyde,
And huntyng sperys styf with hedis braid;

From Massilyne horsmen thik thiddir raid,
With rynnyng hundis, a full huge sort.
Nobillys of Cartage, hovand at the port,
The queyn awatys that lang in chawmyr dwellys;
Hyr ferss steyd stude stampyng, reddy ellys,
Rungeand the fomy goldyn byt gynglyng;
Of gold and pal wrocht hys rych harnasyng.
And scho at last of palyce yschit owt,
With huge men^{3e} walking hir abowt,
Lappyt in a brusyt mantill of Sydony,
With gold and perle the bordour al bewry,
Hyngand by hir syde the cayss with arowis grund;
Hir bricht tressis envolupyt war and wond
Intil a quayf of fyne gold wyrin threid;
The goldyn button claspyt hir purpour weid —
And furth scho passyt with all hir cumpany.
The Troiane pepill forgaderit by and by,
Ioly and glaid the fresch Ascanyus 3yng,
Bot first of all, maist gudly, hym self thar kyng
Enee gan entir in falloschip, but dout,
And onto thame adionyt hys large rowt.
Lyke quhen Apollo list depart or ga
Furth of hys wyntring realm of Lysya,
And leif the flude Exanthus for a quhile,
To vissy Delos, his moderis land and ile,
Renewand ryngis and dansys, mony a rowt;
Mixt togiddir, hys altaris standing about,
The pepil of Creit, and thame of Driopes,
And eik the payntit folkis Agathirces,
Schowtand on thar gyss with clamour and vocis hie:
Apon thi top, mont Cynthus, walkis he,
Hys wavand haris, sum tyme, doyng down thryng
With a soft garland of lawrer sweit smellyng,
And vmquhile thame gan balmyng and enoynt
And into gold address at full gude poynt,
Hys grundyn dartis clattering by hys syde —
Als fresch, als lusty dyd Eneas ryde,

With als gret bewte in hys lordly face.
And eftyr thai ar cummyn to the chace,
Amang the montanys in the wild forest,
The rynnyng hundis of cuppillys sone thai kest,
And our the clewys and the holtis, belyve,
The wild beistis down to the dail thai dryve.
Lo! thar the rays, rynnyng swyft as fyre,
Drevyn from the hyghtis, brekkis out at the swyre;
Ane othir part, syne 3ondyr mycht thou se
The herd of hartis with thar hedis hie,
Ourspyennerand with swyft courss the plane vail,
The hepe of duste vpstowryng at thar tail,
Fleand the hundis, levand the hie montanys.
And Ascanyus, the child, amynd the planys,
Ioyus and blith hys startling steid to assay,
Now makis hys rynk 3ondir, and now this way
Now prekis furth by thir and now by thame,
Langyng, amang faynt frayt beistis ontame,
The fomy bair, down from the hyllis hycht,
Or the dun lyoun descend, recontyr he mycht.
In the meyn quhile, the hevynnys al about
With fellow noyss gan to rummyll and rowt.
A bub of weddir followyt in the tayll,
Thik schour of rayn myddillit ful of hail.
The Tyriane men3e skalys wydequhar,
And al the gallandis of Troy fled heir and thar,
And eik with thame the 3ong Ascanyus,
Nevo to Kyng Dardan and to Venus.
For feir, to diuerss stedis throu the feildis,
Thai seik to haldis, howsis, hyrnys and beildis:
The ryveris rudly ruschit our hillis bedene.
Within a cave is entrit Dido queyn,
And eik the Troiane duke, al thame alane,
By aventur, as thai eschewyt the rane.
Erth, the first moder, maid a takyn of wo,
And eik of wedlok the pronuba Iuno,
And of thar cuplyng wittering schew the ayr:

The flambe of fyreslaucht lychtnyt heir and thar
And on the hillys hie toppis, but less,
Sat murnand nymphis, hait Oreades.
This wes the formaste day of hir glaidnes
And first morrow of hir wofull distress.
For nother the fasson nor the maner sche
Attendis now, nor fame ne honeste,
Ne from thens furthwart Dido ony mor
Muis on lufe secrete, as of befor,
But clepis it spousage, and with that fayr name
Clokyt and hyd hir cryme of oppyn schame.

C marginal note Gnyppand.

Of Fame that monstre, and Kyng Hyarbas fury
And how fra Iove wes send the god Mercury.
The fame heirof, belyve, gan walx and spreid
Throu cheif citeis of all Affrik on breid:
Fame is myscheif, quham na harm vndyr the lyft
In motioun nor sterage is mair swyft.
Movand scho growis, and, passand our alquhar,
Hir strenth encessis and walkis mair and mayr.
Lytill, for feir, the fyrst tyme semys sche,
Sone eftir rysys to the starnys on hie;
Apon the grond scho walkis fra sted to sted,
And vp amang the clowdis hydis hyr hed.
Throu greif of goddis commovyt, and nocht glaid,
Erth, the gret moder, bayr this child, as is said,
Last systir to Ceyos and Enchelades,
Ane huge, horribill and strange monstre, but less,
Spedy of fut, and on weyngis swyft as wynd.
Quhou mony fedderis bene on hir body fynd,
Als mony walkryfe eyn lurkis thar vndir,
Als feil tongis, that for totell is wondir,
With als feil mouthis carpis sche and beris,
Als mony hess scho prik vpstandand eris.
By nycht scho fleys amynd the hevyn throu owt,
Circuland the schaddow of the erth about

With huge fard, nother cuyr gevand nor keip
Hir eyn anys to rest nor tak a sleip;
Al day scho syttis, wachand byssely,
Apon the top of nobillis howsis, to spy,
Or on thir princis palyce with towris hie,
And with hir noyss gret citeis affrays sche —
Als weil ramembring fenzeit and schrewit sawys
As scho the treuth and verite furth schawis.
Thys ilke wensch, that tyme, with mony a taill,
Gladly this rumour gan throu the pepill skail,
Telland the thing wrocht, and not wrocht, togiddir;
Quhou of the Troiane blude wes cummyn thiddir
Ene, with quham the fair Dido be wed
Dedenyt, and as husband go to bed;
And how the wyntir session betwix thame tway
Thai spend in lang reffell, lust and play,
Of thar realmys na thing remembring,
In fowle delyte ybond by Cupyd kyng.
Thys menskless goddes in euery mannys mouth
Skalys thir newis est, west, north and sowth.
Hir courss, onon, but langar taryng,
Addressys scho ontill Hyarbas kyng,
With hir sawis his mynd inflambyng as fyre,
Prouokand hym to wreth and fellow ire.
To Amon he wes son, beget als wa
Apon the maid revist Garamantida;
Within his large realmys huge braid
Ane hundreth tempillis to Iupiter he maid,
Ane hundreth altaris, quharon the walkryfe fyre
He dedicate, altymys byrnand schyre,
Set wachis in honour of goddis perpetuely,
Of beistis blude the fat grond nevir dry,
Strowit with garlandis and flowris of diuerss kynd.
This ilke kyng, wod wroith, half owt of mynd,
And for thir schrewyt rumouris sor ammovit,
In presens of the goddis quhilk he luffit,
Befor the altar, to Iupiter, as thai say,

Hevand vp handis, devoutly thus gan pray:
“Almychty Iove”, quod he, “quhamto, feill syss,
On brusyt beddis hie fest and sacryfyss
Of Mawrusya the pepill hantis thus,
Offeryng to the the honour of Bachus,
Consideris thou this? or quhidder, fader, gif we
For nocht the dredis, quhen thou lattis thundir fle?
Or gif thi fyreslauch, the blynd clowdis within,
To fley our myndis, invane makis noys and dyn?
3one woman, lait exile and vagabund
Com to our boundis, that by pryce bocht the grund
A litil village to byg, and quhamto we
For to manuyr gave the strand of the see,
Quhamto our lawis and statutis we gart mak,
Our mariage gan lychtly and forsaik,
And in hir ryng hess tane Ene for lord.
And now that secund Parys, of ane accord
With his onworthy sort, skant half men beyn,
Abufe his hed and halffettis, weil beseyn,
Set lyke a mytir the Troiane foly hat,
Hys hair enoynt weil prun3eit vndir that,
By reif mantemys hir suld owris be —
Beauss onto thi templis dayly we
Bryngis offerand and invane hallowis thi name.”
With syk wordis Kyng Hyarbas at hame
Makyng hys prayeris, and grippand the altar,
Him hard onon almychty Iupiter,
And hys eyn turnys towart the riall wallis
Of Cartage, and thir luffaris (quhilkis so fallis
At thai thar fame and gude renown for3et),
Syne thus said to Mercurius, but let,
And with sik maner charge gan hym direk:
“Pass, son, inhaist, graith the wyndis in effek;
Slyde with thi feddyrame to 3on Troiane prynce,
Quhilk now in Cartage makis residence,
Gevand no cuyr of citeis in Italy
To hym ygrant by fatale destany.

Do beir my message swyftly throw the skyis,
Sa to hym thus my wordis on syk wyss:
His derrest moder promist ws not that he
Of hys gydyng sa faynt a man suldbe,
Nor, for syk causys, hym delyverit twyss
Furth of the Grekis handis, hys ennemyss;
Bot at he suld haue beyn wyss, sage and grave,
Hie sen3eoreis and gret empyre to have,
And Itale dant, quhilk brandysis in battell,
And, by his dedis, declair and cleyrly tell
Hym cummyn of Teuceris hie genealogy,
And to subdew the warldis monarchy.
Of sa gret thingis thocht na wirschip hym steris,
Nor for hys honour list not laubour as efferis,
3yt than, the fader aucht na wyss to envy
That Ascanyus bruke Romys sen3eory.
Speir quhat he beildis, or how that he dar dwell
Amang a pepill salbe hys ennemyss fell.
Hys lynnage tocum in Itale for3ettis he,
And gevis na compt of Lavyne the cuntre.
Byd hym mak sail. This is all in effek;
Thiddir on our message thus we the direk",
Said Iupiter, and Mercur but arest
Dressyt to obey hys gret faderis behest;
And first ontill hys feyt fast buklyt he
Hys goldyn weyngis, quharwith he doith fle,
Quhen so hym lyst, abuf the fludis on hyght,
Or on the erth, with gret fard and swyft flycht;
Syne tuke his wand, quharwith, as that thai tell,
The pail sawlis he cachis furth of hell,
And other sum tharwith gan schet full hoyt
Deip in the sorofull grisly hellys pote —
Quharwith he makis folk sleip, magre thar hed,
And revis fra othir al sleip, and to the ded
Closis thar eyn, and brekis the stryngis tway —
Throu help tharof he chasys the wyndis away,
And trubly clowdis dyvidis in a thraw.

Tho furth he fleys, till at the last he saw
The heich top and sydis braid onevyn
Of hard Atlas, baryng on his crown the hevyn,
The mysty clowdis cirkilland his hed about
(Quharon of fyrryn treis stant mony rowt,
With wynd and storm full oft to schaik and blaw),
Hys schulderis heildit with new fallyn snaw;
Furth of the chyn of this ilk hasard auld
Gret fludis ischis, and styf ise schokyllis cauld
Doun from his stern and grysly berd hyngis.
Heir first Mercur, with evynly schynand weyngis,
Gan hym arest, and with hail fard fra thens
Vnto the sey fludis maid hys discens.
Lyke till a fowle that, endlang the cost syde,
About the strandis, of fysch plentuus, and wyde,
Fleys by the watyr, skummand the fludis law;
Betwix the hevyn and erth, the sam wyss, flaw
Mercury, clepit the child Cyllenyus,
Discendyng from hys moder granscher thus,
The sandy costis and desertis of Lyby,
And eik the wyndis, persyng by and by.
And, with the weyngit solys of hys feyt,
As he of Cartage fyrst tred on the streyt,
Eneas foundand towris he gan aspy,
And garrand beild new lugyngis byssyly:
Belt he wes with a swerd of mettale brycht
Of quham the scawbart with brown iasp wes pight;
His rych array dyd our hys schuldris hyng,
Bet of a purpour claith of Tyre glittering,
Fettysly stykkit with prynnyt goldyn thredis;
Of mychty Didois gift wrocht all his wedis.
Mercur recontris hym and said onon:
“Of Cartage now the prowde wallis of stone
Thou foundis,” quod he, “and biggis at al devyce
A cite, excersyt intill a wyfis seruyce,
Thyne awyn materis and realm for3etting, allace!
Hiddir onto the, from his bricht hevynly place,

The governour of goddis heth me sent,
Quhilk rewlys at will erd, hevyn and elyment;
He bad me throw the skyis bair this charge:
Quhat beildis thou heir in Lyby or Cartage?
Or to quhat fyne or beleif takis on hand
To waist thi tyme into this fremmyt land?
Gif that na lavd ne honour move the list
Of sa hie thingis as ar to the promyst,
Nor thi selvyn thou wil not occupy
To purchess thine awyn renown ne glory,
3yt than behald Ascanyus vpwalking,
And the gret hope of his seid and ofspring,
Quhamtil the realm and kynryk of Itail,
With Romys boundis, beyn destinate, sans fail.”
On syk wyss thus carpys Mercuryus,
And in the myddis of his sermond, thus,
He vanyst far away, I wait nevir quhar,
Furth of this mortale syght, in the schyre ayr.
Quhou Eneas hym grathys to depart
To quhom Dido heir carpys with sayr hart.
Bot than Ene half mad and dum stude als,
Vpstart his hair, the voce stak in his hals.
Sayr he langis to fle and to depart;
And that sweit cuntre, on the tother part,
To leif ful laith wes hym, or go at large.
Astonyst he wes to syt sa hie a charge —
Or dysobey the gret godis behest
(Allace! quhat suld he do? oneth he wist);
Or with quhat wordis suld he now assay
The amorus queyn forto requir and pray;
Or on quhat wyss hys taill he mycht begyn;
Baith to and fra compasyng, hys breist within,
Feill purpossys for euery part about.
And, at the last, thus as he stude in dout,
Thys resson hym semyt fynaly the best:
He callys to hym Mynestheus and Sergest
And strang Cloanthus, and bad thai suld in hy

Do graith hys schyppys and navyn secretly,
And gaddir hys folkis towart the cost togydder,
Armour and al thyng necessar bring thyddir,
And to dissymyll, gif ony axit quhy
Thai thus addressyt thar geyr sa suddanly.
Hym self, he said, the meyn quhile, suld assay
To purches leif to pass and go away,
And wait hys tyme to speke tharof maist habill,
Quhen that the queyn Dido, maist honorabil,
Suld not beleif sa sone he kouth depart,
Nor sa gret luf dissyvir mycht be na art.
At hys command thai al glaidly furth went
And bissely begouth speid hys entent.
Bot sone the queyn persavyt al the slycht —
Quhay may begile a luffer, day or nycht?
Thar departing at hand fyrst scho aspyis,
Dredyng all sovir thing, as is the gyss
Of euery luffar altyme to stand in feir.
This ilke cursyt Fame we spak of eyr
Bair to the amorus queyn noyss and gan rown,
“The schippis ar grathand, to pass thai mak thaim boun.”
Quharfor, inpacient and myndles in hir rage,
Scho wyskis wild throu the town of Cartage,
Syk wyss as quhen thir nunnys of Bachus
Ruschis and relis our bankis, brays and buss,
Quhen, euery thryd 3eir, on thar payane gyss,
Thar goddis feist thai hallow with lowd cryis,
That, al the nycht, the mont of Cytheron
Resoundis of thar clamour, quhar thai gone.
And at the last, 3it thus, of hir fre will,
Eftir lang musyng, scho spak Eneas tyll:
“With dissymulance wenyt thou, onfaithfull wight,
Thou mycht haue hyd fra me sa fals a slycht,
And, myne onwyttynge, steill furth of my land?
That nothir our gret lufe, promys, nor rycht hand
Gevyn me vmquhile, may the heir withhald,
Nor cruel deth of Didois corss so cald!

Gif thou depart (and forthir quhat wald thou do,
In wyntir session press graith thi navy, lo!)
And the address to pass throu the wod see,
Myd tyme quhen stormys and wyndis blaw maist hie —
Art thou sa cruel? I put the cace, also,
That to nane onkouth landis the list go
Nother to fremmyt place, nor stedis will,
Bot that auld Troy war 3yt vpstandand still;
Aucht thou, 3it than, leif this weifair and ioy,
And in sik perrell seik throu the sey to Troy?
Quhat! wilt thou fle from me? allace! allace!
Be all thir teris trygland our my face,
And be that rycht hand vmquhile thou me gave
(Sen to my self nocht ellis left I have,
Now wrachit catyve), be our treuth plychting eyk,
And be our spowsage begunnyn, I the beseik,
Gif euer ony thank I deservit towart the,
Or ocht of myne to the wes leif”, quod sche,
“Haue mercy of our lynnage reddy to spill;
Gif tyme remanys 3yt thou heir prayeris will,
This fremmyt mynd, I pray 3ou, do away.
For the I haue beyn hatyt, this mony a day,
With all the pepill of Affrik, and with the kyng
That rewlys the land of Numyda and ryng;
For the myne awyn Tyrianys ar with me wraith;
For the is womanheid went and wirschip baith,
And my first fame, lavd and renownye,
Quharby I wes rasyt to the starnys hie.
Reddy to de and my selvyn to spill,
My sweit gest, quhamto thou me leif will?
My gest, ha God! quhou al thyng now invane is,
Quhen of my spowss nane othir name remanys!
Bot quharto suld I my ded langar delay?
Sal I abyde quhile thou be went away,
And quhil myne awyn brothir, Pigmaleon,
Bet down the wallis of my cite onon,
Or stern Hyarbas, kyng of Getule,

Led me away into captiuite?
Bot, at the leist, tofor thi wayfleyng,
Had I a child consavyt of thyne ofspryng,
Gif I had ony 3ong Eneas small,
Befor me forto play within my hall,
Quhilk representit by symylitude thi face,
Than semyt I nocht, thus wyss, allace! allace!
Aluterly dissauyt nor dissolate.”
Thus said the queyn Dido, in febil estate.
Bot, apon Iovis message fermly he
Stude musyng so, he movit nocht ane e,
Refrenyt his will, hydand in hart his thocht,
And, at the last, thir few wordis hess furth brocht:
“O gentil queyn, that sall I nevir deny,
Thy gude deid and desart is mair worthy
Than thou with wordis or tong may expreme;
Nor it sal nevir me irk, na 3yt mysseym,
The worthy Dido to hald in fresch memory,
So lang as that my self remembir may I,
Or quhil the spreit of lyfe this body steris.
As the mater requiris, a litil heris:
I purposyt nocht forto hyde thyftuusly
My vayage, nor, as 3e weyn, secretly
Away to steil; quhat nedis 3ou sa tofeyn?
For I pretendit nevir, be na meyn,
With 3ou to mak the band of mariage,
Nor in that 3ok, ne frendschip in Cartage,
3yt come I nevir: bot gif the fatis, but pled,
At my plesour sufferit me lyfe to led,
At my fre wil my warkis to modify,
The cite of Troy than first agane suld I
Restore, and of our deir frendis remanys
Gaddir togidder, and to the venquist Troianys
Raparal with my handis agane thar wallis,
And beild vp Priamus palyce at now fallis.
Bot sen Appollo, clepit Gryneus,
Gret Italy to seik commandis wss,

To Itale eik oraclys of Lycia
Admonyst ws, but mair delay, to ga;
Thar is my lust now and delyte at hand,
Thar is my cuntre and my natyve land.
Gif the, of Cartage the burgh and towris swa,
Quhilk art a woman of Phenycia,
And the aspect of citeis Affricane
Delytis, and withhaldis heir toremane,
Quhat wrang is it, causs of envy or schame,
Thocht Troianys seik to Itale for thar hame?
Or is it nocht als lesum and ganand
That fynaly we seik to onkouth land?
Als oft as day is gone, and the dyrk nycht
With hir donk schaddow hydys of the erth the sycht,
Als oft as schynyng starnys doith vpryss,
My faderis gost, Anchises, als feil syss
Into my sleip mannasys me tharto fast,
And oft his feirfull ymage doith me agast;
And in lyke wyss the child Ascanyus,
Quhais deir hed suffir iniurys is hard to ws,
Quham of the realm of Itail I defraud,
And fra the grond to hym promyst withhawd.
Be athir of our hedis this I sweir;
Now laitley eik of goddis the messynger,
From hie Iupiter in hasty message sent,
Down throu the ayr brocht the ilk commandment:
On fair day lycht, myne awyn self dyd I se
Mercur the god entyr in this cite,
And his wordis with thir sam eris hard I.
With thy complayntis ony langar, forthy,
Lat be to vex me, or thy self to spyll,
Sen I seik nocht to Itale with fre will.”
Of the scharp wordys Queyn Dydo dyd say,
And how Eneas bownys fast away.
Dydo, aggregit ay quhil he his tayl tald,
With acquart luke gan toward hym behald,
Rollyng vmquhile hir eyn, now heir, now thar,

With syght onstabil waverand our alquhar,
And all enragyt thir wordis gan furth braid:
“Nothir wes a goddes thy moder, as is sayd,
Nor 3yt Kyng Dardanus cheif stok of thi kyn,
Thou treuthless wyght, bot of a cald, hard quhyn
The clekkyt that horribill mont, Cawcasus hait —
Thou sowkyt nevir womanis breist, weil I wait,
Bot of sum cruel tygir of Araby
The pappis the fosterit in the wod Hyrcany.
To quhat effect suld I hym langar perswaid,
Or quhat bettir may beleve than he hess said?
Quhiddir gif he murnyt quhen we wepit and walyt?
Quhiddir gif he steryt his eyn, as ocht hym alyt?
Quhiddir gif for rewth he furth 3et anys a teyr
Or of hys lufe had piete? Na, not to 3eir.
Quhou sal I begyn, quhat first, quhat last to say?
Now, now, nothir gretast Iuno, wallaway,
Nor Saturnys son, hie Iupiter, with iust eyn
Hess our querrell considerit, na ourseyn;
For no quhar now faith nor lawte is fund.
I ressavyt hym schypbrokkyn fra the sey grund,
Wilsum, and mystyrfull of al warldis thyng,
Syne, myndles, maid hym my fallow in this ryng:
Hys navy lost reparalyt I, but fail!,
And hys feris fred from the deth alhaill.
Allace! enragyt or enchantit am I;
Quhen now Appollo, with hys sossery,
And quhilis, he says, the kavillys of Lycia,
And quhilis, fra Iupiter down sent alsswa,
The messynger of goddis bryngis throu the skyis
Sa feirful charge and command on this wyss:
Lyke as the goddis abufe nocht ellys rocht,
Bot on thi passage war al thar cuyr and thocht.
Nothir wil I hald the, nor thi wordis contrar:
Pass on thi way, towart Itale thou fair;
Seik throu the fludis with wyndis to that ryng.
Forsuyth, gif reuthfull goddis may ony thing,

Amyd thi way, I traist on rolkis blak
Thou sal deir by thy treuth thou to me brak,
And clep oft my richt name, ‘Dido, Dido!’
With fyre infernale, in thine absens also,
I sal the follow; and, fra the cald ded
Reif from my membris this sawle, in euery sted
My gost salbe present the to agryss;
Thou salt, onworthy wyght, apon this wyss
Be punyst weil; and tharof wald I heyr —
The fame tharof sal cum onto myne eyr,
Vndir the erth, amang the schaddows law.”
And this spokkyn, hir sermond with the ilk saw
Brak scho in twane, ful dolorus in hir thoct:
The lycht scho fled, and als fast as scho mocht
Turnys frawart hym, and wyskyt of hys sycht,
On seir materis leifand hym pensyve wight,
And purposyng to haue said mony thyngis.
The damycellis fast to thar lady thryngis,
That was in dedly swoun plat for dispar:
Vp thai hyr hynt, and to hyr chawmyr bayr,
Quhilk was of marbill wrocht, and in hir bed
Laid softly down apon rych carpettis spred.
Bot 3yt, althocht the reuthful Eneas
The dolorus queyn to meyss ful bissy was,
To do hir comfort, and hir dyseyss asswage,
And with hys wordis return hir sad curage,
Bewalyng mekill hyr sorow and distress,
Proplexe in mynd by gret lufe; nethelless,
The command of the goddis, by and by,
He execut, and vysseys hys navy.
Than byssely the Troianys fell to wark,
And mony gret schyp, ballyngar and bark
Langis the cost brocht in and bet full weill.
Now fletis the mekil holk with tallonyt keyll.
The burgionyt treys on burd thai bring for aris,
Weltis down in woddis gret mastis, and na thing sparis,
Saysyng half onwrocht, so ithand thai war fair bown.

Rynnand heir and thar and wendyng fast of town,
3he mycht haue seyn thame haist, lyke emmotis grete
Quhen thai depul3e the mekill byng of quhete,
And in thar byke it careis, all and sum,
Providing for the cald wyntir tocum:
The blak swarm our the feildis walkis 3arn,
Tursand throu the gerss thar pray to hydlys darn:
Sum on thar nek the gret cornys vpwrelis,
And our the furris bissely tharwith spelys;
Sum constrenyng the otheris fast to wirk,
And sum the sleuthful chasteis, that thocht irk
Of thar labour; quhil euery rod and went
Wolx of thar ithand wark hait, quhar thai went.
Quhou Dydo send hir systir Ene to pray,
And of the grysly syngnys dyd hir affray.
Quhat thocht thou now, Dydo, seand thir thingis?
Quhou mony sobbys gave thou and womentyngis
Quhen thou, out of thi castell from the hycht,
The large costis beheld thus at a sycht
Ourspred with Troianys, in fervent bissynes
Gan spedely for thar vayage addres,
And of thar clamour befor thine eyn dyd se
Dyn and resoundyng al the large see?
O wytles lufe! quhat may be thocht or do,
At thou constrenys nocht mortell myndis tharto?
Scho is compellit to fal agane to teris
And Eneas assay with new prayeris,
And condiscendyt hir provd hart to submyt
Onto the strenth of lufe thus anys 3yt:
Less scho onwar, but causs, hir deth purvayt,
Hir list na thyng behynd leif onassayt.
Till hir scho gan hir systir call inhy:
“Annes,” quod scho, “thou seys how byssely,
Our al the cost, for this vayage haist thai,
And now the wynd blawis weil to sail away:
The maryneris glaid lays thar schippis vndyr croys.
O systir! in tyme kouth I haue trowyt this loyss

And sa gret dolour, I had providyt, but weir,
That this displesour suld haue beyn eith to beir.
And nethless, for me, onhappy wight,
Do this a thing, Annes, with al thi mycht,
Sen 3on ilk faithles man, deir systir, the
Was wont to cheryss and hald in gret dante
And als hys secretis onto the reveill —
Hys sweit entres sum tyme thou knew ful weill,
Nane bot thou only the tyme of hys cummyng.
Pass on, systir, in my name this a thyng
Say lawly to my provd fa and declair
That in the port Aulyda I neuer swair
With the Grekis the Troianys to distroy,
Nor I non navy send to sege Troy,
Nor 3yt his fader Anchises graf schent —
I nothir the muldis nor banys tharof rent.
Quhy doith he reffuss my wordis and prayeris
To lat entir in his dul ontretabill eris?
Quhiddel haistis he sa fast from hys behufe?
Beseik hym grant ontil his wrachyt lufe
This lattir reward, sen algatis he wil fle:
Tary quhil wynd blaw soft, and stabill see.
His ald promys na mair wil I hym crave,
Nor band of wedlok, quhilk he hes dissave,
Nor 3yt him pray go not to Italy,
Ne leif fair realmys onto him destany:
A litil delay I ask, but othir eyss,
A space my furour to asswage and meyss,
Quhill that my frawart forton and estait
Of my beleve schaw me I am frustrait,
And tech me for to murn mair patiently.
This lattir gift only at hym ask I.
Haue mercy, systir, of thy systir deyr —
Quhilk seruyce quhen thou done hess, without weir,
I sal the recompens weil twentyfald,
And quhil my ded the sam in memor hald.”
With syklyke wordis hir request scho maid,

Hir supplicatioun, with teris ful onglaid,
Reportis hir systir, and answer brocht agane
Quhou al hir prayeris and desyre was invane,
For al thar wepyng mycht not him anys steir;
Nane of thar wordis lykis hym to heir,
Thocht he of natur was tretabill and curtass.
The fatis war contrar thar desyre nethelless,
And hys benyng eris the goddis dyttit,
That of thar askyng thar was nocht admittit.
And lyke as quhen the ancyant aik tre,
With hys byg schank, by north wynd oft we se
Is ombeset, to bet hym down and ourthraw,
Now heir, now thar, with the fell blastis blaw,
The swouchand byr quhisland among the granys,
So that the hyast branchys, al atanys,
Thar croppys bowis towart the erth als tyte,
Quhen with the dynt the maister schank is smyte;
And, netheles, the ilk tre, fixit fast,
Stikkis to the rochis, not down bet with the blast:
For quhy? als far as his crop heich on breid
Strekis in the ayr, als far hys rute doith spreid
Deip vndir erth, towart the hell adoun —
The sammyn wyss was this gentil baroun,
Now heir, now thar, with wordis ombeset,
And in his stout breist, ful of thochtis het,
Of reuth and amouris felt the perturbatione.
Bot euer his mynd stude ferm, for ony chance
Onmovyt, quhar hys fyrst purposs was set,
That al for nocht the teris war furth3et.
Than suythly, the fey Dydo, al affrayt,
Seand fatis contrar, eftir deth prayt:
Scho irkit of hir lyfe, or to tak tent
Forto behald the hevynnys firmament.
Tharfor, in takyn hir purposs to fulfill,
And leif the lycht of lyfe, as was hyr will,
As on the altaris byrnand ful of senss
The sacrifyce scho offerit, in hir presence,

A grisly thyng to tell, scho gan behald
In blak adyll the hallowyt watir cald
Changyt and altyr, and furth 3et wynys gude
Onon returnyt into laithly blude.
This visioun sche to nane reveil wald,
Nor 3yt to An, hir deir systir, it tald.
In wirschip eik, within hir palyce 3et,
Of hir first husband, was a tempil bet
Of marbill, and hald in ful gret reverens,
With snaw quhite bendis, carpettis and ensens,
And festuale burgeonys arrayt, on thar gyss;
Tharin was hard vocis, spech and cryis
Of hir said spouss, clepand hir ful lowd,
Evir quhen the dyrk nycht dyd the erth schrowd.
And oft with wild scryke the nycht owle,
Heich on the rufe, alane, was hard 3owle
With langsum voce and a ful petuus beir.
And eik bygane the feirful sawis seyr
Of the dyvynys, with terribil monysyngis,
Affrayt hir by mony grysly syngis.
And in hir sleip, wod wroth, in euery place
Hir semyt cruel Eneas gan hir chace;
And evir, hir thocht, scho was left al alane,
And, but cumpany, mony far way had gane,
To seik hir folkis in a wilsum land —
Lyke Kyng Pentheus, in his wod rage dotand,
Thocht he beheld gret rowtis stand in stail
Of the Ewmenydes, fureys infernale,
And in the lyft twa sonnys schynand cleir,
The cite of Thebes gan dowbil to hym appeir;
Or lyke Orestes, son of Agamenon,
On theatreis, in farcis mony one,
Rowpyt and sung how he his moder fled,
With fyre brondis and blak serpentis ourcled,
And saw the furyis, and grisly goddis fed,
Sittand in the tempill port to wreke hir ded.
Quhou Dydo queyn, hir purposse to covert,

Of enchantment dyd contyrfait the art.
Thus quhen Dydo had caught this frenasy,
Ourset with sorow and syk fantasy,
And determyt fermly that scho wald de,
The tyme quhen and maner quhou it suld be
Compasyng in hir breist, but mair abaid
Onto hir dolorus systir thus scho sayd,
Hir purposs by hir vissage dissymuland,
Schawand by hir cheir gude hope and glad sembland:
“Systir germane,” quod scho, “away 3our smart;
Beys of 3our systeris weiflar glaid in hart.
I haue the way fundyn, quharby 3one syre
Salbe to me rendryt at my desyre,
Or me delyvir from hys lufe al fre.
Neyr by the end of the gret occiane see,
Thar as the son declynys and goys down,
At the far syde of Ethiope regioun,
A place thar is, quhar that the huge Atlas
On schuldyr rollys the round speir in cumpass,
Full of thir lemand starnys, as we se:
Thar dwellys, systir, as it is schaw to me,
Ane haly nun, a ful gret prophetess,
Born of the pepill of Massylyne, I gess,
And wardane of the ryal tempil, thai sa,
Set in the gardyngis hecht Hesperida,
And to the walkryfe dragon mete gave sche,
That kepyt the goldyn apyllis in the tre,
Strynkland to hym the wak hunny sweit,
And sleipryfe chesbow seyde, to quykkyn his spreit.
This woman hechtis, with hir enchantmentis,
From luffis bandis to lowss al thar ententis
Quham so hir lyst, and bynd other sum alsso
In langsum amouris vehement payn and wo.
The rynnand fludis thar watir stop kan scho mak,
And eik the starnys turn thar courss abak,
And on the nycht the ded gastis assemmyll:
Vndir thi feyt the erd rayr and trymmyll

Thou most se, throw hir incantatioun,
And from the hillys treys discendyng down.
To wytnes the gret goddis draw I heyr,
And thy sweit hed, myne awyn systir deir,
Agane my wil, ful sayr constrenyt am I
Art magyk to excers or sossary.
Richt secretly intil our innar closs,
Vndir the oppyn sky, to this purposs
Pass on, and of treys thou byg a byng
Tobe a fyre, and tharapon thou hyng
3on mannys sword, quhilk that wikkyt wight
Left stykand in our chawmyr this hyndir nyght,
Hys cote armour, and othir clethyng all,
And eik that maist wrachit bed coniugall,
Quharin I perychit and wes schent, allace!
For so the religyus commandyt hass,
To omdo and distroy al maner thyng
Quhilk may 3on wareit man to memor bring.”
This sayd, scho held hir tong; and tharwithall
Hir vissage wolx als pail as ony wall.
Thocht Annes wenyt not hir systir wald
Graith sacryfice for hir ded body cald,
Nor that syk fury was in hyr breist consavyt;
For by na resson dred sche, nor persavyt
Now mor displesour or harmys apperand
Than for Sycheus ded, hir first husband:
Quharfor, scho hes hir command done ilk deill.
Bot quhen the gret byng was vpbeildit weill
Of ayk treys and fyrryn schydis dry,
Within the secrete closs, vndyr the sky,
The place with flowris and garlandis stentis the queyn,
And crownys about with funerale bewis greyn.
Abuf the mowe the forsaid bed was maid,
Quharin the figur of Ene scho layd,
Hys clethyng and hys sword at he had left,
Ramembring weill the thyng that followyt eft.
Feill altaris stude about the fyre funerale,

And the religyus nun, with hair down skail,
Thre hundreth goddis with hir mouth rowpyt sche —
Herebus, the grysly of the deyp hellys see,
Chaos, confoundar of elymentis, alssua,
And the thrynfald goddes Proserpina,
The thre figuris of the virgyn Dyan.
And evir the watir strynklis scho onan,
Contyrfait tobe of Avernus the well,
Quhilk lowch is situate at the mouth of hell.
Spryngand herbys eftir the courss of the moyn
War socht, and with brasyn hukis cuttit soyn,
To get thar mylky sap and vennom blak.
Thai seik also, and owt gan rent and tak
The lump betwix the new born folys eyn,
And fra the moder byreft the lufe sa greyn,
The queyn hir self fast by the altar standis,
Haldand the meldyr in hir devote handis,
Hir ta fute bayr, and the bandis of threyd
Nocht festynnyt, bot hung by hyr lowyss weyd;
And, remembring scho was in poynt to de,
The goddis all onto wytnes drew sche,
The starnys and planetis, gydaris of fatis,
And gif thar ony deite be, that watis
Or persavys luffaris inequale of behest,
To have in memor hir iust causs and request.
Quhat sorow dreys Queyn Dydo all the nycht,
And how Mercur bad Ene tak the flycht.
The nycht followys, and euery wery wight
Throu owt the erth hath caucht, onon rycht,
The sownd plesand sleip thame lykit best.
Woddis and rageand seys war at rest;
As the starnys thar myd courss rollys down,
All feildis still, but othir noyss or sown,
All beistis and byrdis of diuerss cullouris seir,
And quhatsumeuer in the braid lowys weir,
Or, amang buskis harsk, leyndis vndir the spray,
Throu nychtis sylence slepit quhar thai lay,

Mesyng thar bissy thocht and curis smart,
All irksom laubour for3et and owt of hart.
Bot the onrestles fey spreit dyd not so
Of this onhappy Phenyssane Dydo,
For neuer mair may scho sleip a wynk,
Nor nychtis rest in eyn or breist lat synk.
The hevy thochtis multipleis euer on ane;
Strang luf begynnys to rage and ryss agane
And fellon stormys of ire gan hir to schaik.
Thus fynaly scho owt bradis, allaik!
Rollyng alane seir thyngis in hir thocht:
“Ha! quhat do I?” quod scho, “all is for nocht.
Sall I thus mokkit, and to hething dryve,
My fyrst luffaris agane assay belyve?
Or sal I lawly sum lord Numydane
Pray and beseik of mariage now agane,
Quhom I sa oft lychtlyit to spowss or this?
Na, wyll I not! Quhat, sal I than, I wyss,
Follow the Troiane navy in strange landis,
And reddely obey al thar commandis?
I hope it sal profyte, na litill thyng,
My gret help done thame and suppowellyng;
For amang kynd folkis this is na dreid,
Weil is remembrit the ald thankful deid.
Bot thocht in cace to do this war my will,
Quha wald me suffir my purpos to fulfyll,
Or in thar prowde schippis me ressaue?
Thus drevyn to hethyng, and al thi grace bywave,
Tynt woman, allace! baris thou not 3yt in mynd
The maynsweryng of fals Laomedonis kynd?
And maratour, quhat etill I for todo?
A queyn alane to steil away thus, lo!
Accompanyit bot with mery maryneris?
Or than with all my Tyrianys, as efferis,
And all my power assemblit me about,
On schipburd entyr with al that huge rowt
Quhilk furth of Sydon scarsly draw I mycht,

Sal I thame cach agane our seys lycht?
Byd thame mak saill onon, and a new rayss?
Na, rather de, as thou deservyt hass,
And with a swerd mak of this duy! ane end.
O systir germane, thou me fyrst taucht and kend,
Allace the quhile! and offerit me to my fo;
Thou with thir harmys ouchargit me alsso,
Quhen I fell fyrst into this rage,” quod sche,
“Bot so to do my teris constrenyt the.
Was it not lefull, allace! but cumpany,
To me but cryme in chawmyr alane to ly,
Or led my lyfe lyke to thir beistis wild,
And not beyn thus with thocht nor harmys fild?
Allace! onkepit is the trew cunnand
Hecht to Sycheus assys, my first husband.”
Syk gret complayntis from hir breist bryst kan.
Bot Eneas, sovir to depart or than,
And al hys neidful thyngis grathit, by and by,
Heich in hys eft schyp sownd slepand kan ly;
Quhamto in visioun the sam god dyd appeir,
In syklyke figur as that he dyd eyr,
Onto Mercuryus lyke, in al fasson,
Baith cullour of vissage and of vocis sown,
In form of a 3ongker with membris fair,
Plesand of cheir, and 3allow glitterand hair.
Hym thocht agane he monyst on this wyss:
“Son of the goddes, quhou is this heir thou lyis?
Quhat, may thou vndir sa gret danger sleip,
And al forvayit takis nothir cuyr nor keyp
For tobehald quhat perrellys about the standis
Nor harknys the fair wynd blawys of landis?
Scho quham thou knawys, within hir breist ful hait
Sorowfull vengeans compasis and dissait,
And certainly determyt forto de,
In diuerss stowris of ire brandysys sche.
Quhy wilt thou not fle spedely be nycht,
Quhen forto haist thou hess laser and mycht?

Thou salt, onon, behald the seys large
All ombeset with toppyt schyp and barge.
The feirful brandis and blesys of hait fyre,
Reddy to byrn thi schippys, lemand schyre,
And al the cost belyve of flambyss scald,
Gyf, quhil to morow, tary in this land thou wald.
Haue done, speid hand, and mak na mair delay,
Variabill and changeand thyngis beyn women ay.”
And sayand this, into the dyrk nyght
He gan hym hyde, and vanyst out of sycht.
Eneas, of this hasty visioun affrayit,
Gan start on fut, and fast his feris assayit:
“Awalk onon, get vp, my men, inhy,
Tyte to 3our wardis, span aris bissely,
Schaik down the salys sone and lat ws wend.
From the hie hevyn the god agane is send,
Lo! spurrand ws to haist and fle away,
And byddis smyte the twyne cabyll in tway.
O blissyt wyght! quhat god at evir thou be,
We sal obey thi charge and follow the,
And thy command fulfyll agane blithly,
Besekyng the assist to ws frendly
Help and support, with prosper influens
The hevyn and starris dress our vayage hens.”
And with that word, hys scherand sword als tyte
Hynt owt of scheith, the cabil in twa gan smyte.
The sam maner of haist caught al the lave;
Thai hurl away, ankyrris vphynt and rave,
Left the costis desert on athir sydis.
The stabil sey vndir the schippis slydis;
The stour of fame vpwelt thai egyrly,
And swepis our the haw fludis inhy.

C marginal note lochis.

Quhou Queyn Dydo beheld Ene depart,
And quhat scho said with harmys at hir hart.
Be this Aurora, leifand the purpoure bed

Of hir lord Titan, heth the erd oursprede
With new days licht, and quhen the queyn
The first grekyng of the day hes seyn
And fra hir hie wyndoys gan espy,
With bent sail furth caryand, the navy,
The costis and the schor al desolate
Behaldis eik but owthir schip or bate,
Hir fayr quhite breist, thar as scho dyd stand,
Feil tymys smate scho with hir awyn hand,
And ryvand hir bricht haris petuusly,
“Iupiter,” quod scho, “sal he depart, ha, fy!
And leful tyll a vavageour stranger
Me and my realm betrump on this maner?
Sal not my menȝe to harnes ryn in hy
Our al the town, and follow bissely?
Speid, tak ȝon schippys! on burd fast to the raid!
Haist sone, and kast on thame fyre blesis braid!
Schute dartis thik, and qwel thame with ȝour glavys . . .
Quhat said I or quhar am I? Now thou ravys;
Quhat wodness, fey Dydo, movis thi mynd?
Now art thou hyt with frawart werdis onkynd?
Sa til haue done than had bene mair ganand
Quhen thou hym gave the ceptour of thi land.
Ha! now behald hys gret prowes,” quod sche,
“Hys reuthful piete and faith! Is not ȝon he
Quham, as thai say, the goddis of hys land
In hys navy careis our sey and sand?
Is not ȝon he quhom on his schulderis, thai say,
For reuth his agit fader bair away?
Mycht I not caught and rent in pecis his corss,
Syne swak the gobbettis in the sey by forss
Of hym and all hys fallowys? Weill I mocht!
And eik ȝone sam Ascanyus mycht I nocht
Haue trynschit with a sword, and maid a meyss
To his fader tharof to eyt at deyss?
Forsuyth, in cace the aventur of bataill
Had beyn doutsum, wald God it war assaill!

Quham sall I dreid, now reddy forto de?
Wald God I mycht, in 3on navy I se,
The hait fyre brandis set, and euery boyr
Fyll all with flambys red, and forthirmor
Baith fader and son, with hail generacioun,
That I had brynt, distroyit and bryttnyt down,
And thame abuf syne ded my self had laid!
O thou brycht son, that, with thi bemys glayd,
All erdly laubour clengis, circuland about;
And thou Iuno, mediatrix, but dout,
Of al thir hevy thochtis, and weill thame knawis;
And thou Proserpyne, quhilk, by our gentile lawys,
Art rowpit hie and 3ellyt lowd by nyght,
In forkyt ways, with mony muddy wight;
And 3e infernale fureys, that wrekis al wrang;
And 3e goddis eik, quham now amang
Dido standis reddy tocum in poynt to de;
Ressaue thir wordis quhilkis I sal say,” quod sche,
“Withdraw fra hyme 3our gret mychtis, quharby
Schrewis aucht be punyst for thar cryme, and not I;
And thir our prayeris accept, we 3ou beseik.
Gyf it be necessar and determyt eik
3on wikkit hed in portis of Itale
To entir and cum or to thai boundis sail,
And gyf the fatis and Iove wil it be so
And hess decreit he fynaly thyddir go,
3it, at the lest, thar mot he be assail,
With hardy pepill ay trublyt in bataill,
By forss of armys expellyt hys boundis eik,
Far from Ascanyus help, constrenyt beseik
Ayd and supple, and als that he behald
Feil cayrfull corsys of hys folk ded and cald,
And quhen also hym self submyt hes he
Vndir payce and lawis of iniquite,
That he bruke nowthir realm, nor gude lyfe led,
Bot fal fey or his day, and sone be ded,
And ly onerdyt in myddis of the sandis.

Thys I beseik 3ou hevand vp my handis;
Thys is my lattir word at I conclude,
Furth3ettand it togiddir with my blude.
And forthirmor, O 3e my Tyrianys,
Quhilk now in Affrik at Cartage remanys,
3on clan, with thar successioun and kynrayd,
Persew with haitrent perpetual, and invaid;
Onto my assys grant this a gift,” quod sche.
“Nevir luf nor payce betwix thir pepill be.
Of our levingis sum revengar mot spryng,
With fyre and sword to persew and down thryng
The lauboreris descend from Dardanus.
Now fra thyne furth, all that succedis til ws,
Quhen euer thai may fynd tyme, with strenth and mycht
Batail to batail mot thai debait in fyght;
Thir costis mot be to tharis contrar ay,
And to thar stremys our seys frawart, I pray,
Thar ofspring eik amang thame self mot debate.”
Thus said scho, and with that word, God wate,
Hir faynt spreit in al partis writhis sche,
Sekand the way, allsone as it mycht be,
Forto bereif hir self the irksum lyve,
Tho callys scho to hyr Barcen belyve,
Nuryss vmquhile to Sychey hir husband,
For hir awyn nuryss in hir native land
Was beryit in to assis broun or than.
“Deir nuryss,” quod scho, “fech my sister An;
Byd hir in haist with watir of a flude
Hir body strynkil; the bestis, and the blude,
And clengyng graith scho knawis, with hir bring.
Se on this wyss scho cum, for3et na thyng;
And thou thy self thine halffettis als array
With haly garland. My will is to assay
And now perform the sacryfyce in hy
That onto Pluto dewly begun haue I,
To mak end of my dolorus thochtis all,
And byrn 3on Troiane statw in flamb funeral.”

Thus said Dido, and the tother, with that,
Hychit on furth with slaw payss lyke a trat.
Heir followys of the famus Queyn Dydo
The fatale dynt of deth and mortale wo.
Bot now the hasty, egyr and wild Dydo,
Into hyr cruell purposse enragyt so,
The bludy eyn rollyng in hir hed,
Wan and ful paill for feir of the neir ded,
With chekis freklyt, and al of tychirris bysprent,
Quakyng throu dreid, ruschit furth, or scho wald stent,
Onto the innar wardis of hyr place,
As wod woman clam on the byng, allace!
And furth scho drew the Troiane swerd, fute hait,
A wapyn was neuer wrocht for syk a nate.
And sone as sche beheld Eneas clething,
And eik the bed bekend, a quhile wepyng,
Stude musyng in hir mynd, and syne, but baid,
Fel in the bed, and thir last wordis said:
“O sweit habyte, and lykand bed,” quod sche,
“So lang as God lyst suffir and destane,
Ressaue my blude, and this sawle that on flocht is,
And me delyvir from thir hevy thochtis.
Thus lang I levyt haue, and now is spent
The term of lyfe that forton heth me lent;
For now my gret gost vndir erth mon go.
A richt fair cite haue I beild also,
Myne awyn wark and wallys behald haue I,
My spowss wrokyn of my brothir ennemy,
Fra hym byreft hys tressour, and quyt hym weill.
Happy, allace! our happy, and ful of seyll,
Had I beyn, only gyf that neuer nane
At our cost had arryvit schip Troiane.”
And sayand this, hir mouth fast thristis sche
Doun in the bed: “Onwrokyn sal we de?
De ws behufis,” scho said, “and quhou beheld!”
And gan the scharp sword to hir breist vphald;
“3a, thus, thus lykis ws starve and to depart!”

And with that word, rave hir self to the hart.
“Now lat 3on cruel Troiane swelly and se
This our fyre funerale from the deip see,
And of our deth turss with hym fra Cartage
Thys takyn of myscheif in hys vayage,”
Quod scho; and tharwith gan hir seruandis behald
Hir fallyn and stekit on the irne cald,
The blude outbullyrand on the nakyt swerd,
Hir handis furthsprent. The clamour than and rerd
Went to the toppys of the large hallys;
The noyss ran wild out our the cite wallis,
Smate all the town with lamentabil murnyng.
Of greting, gowlyng and wyfly womentyng
The ruffis dyd resound, bray and rayr,
Quhil huge bewalyng al fordynnyt the air —
Nane other wyss than thocht takyn and doun bet
War al Cartage, and with ennemyss ourset,
Or than thar natyve cite the town of Tyre,
And furyus flambe, kendillit and byrnand schyre,
Spredyng fra thak to thak, baith but and ben,
Als weil our templis as howsis of othir men.
Hir systir An, spreitles almaist for dreid,
Herand sa feirful confluens thyddir speid,
With nalys ryvand reuthfully hir face,
And smytand with hir nevis hir breist, allace!
Fast ruschis throu the myddis of the rowt,
And on the throwand, with mony sprauch and schout,
Callys by name: “Systir germane,” quod scho,
“Och! was this it thou fen3eit the to do?
Hess thou attempyt me with syk dissait?
This byng of treys, thir altaris and fyris hait,
Is this the thyng thai haue onto me dycht?
Quhat sall I first compleyn, now dissolate wight?
O deir systir, quhen thou was reddy to de,
Ha! quhy hess thou sa far dyspysyt me
As to reffuss thi systir with the to wend?
Thou suld haue callyt me to the sammyn end,

That the ilk sorow, the sammyn swerd, bath tway,
And the self hour, mycht haue tane hyne away.
Thys funeral fyre with thir handis biggyt I,
And with my voce dyd on our goddis heir cry,
To that effect as, cruel, tobe absent,
Thou beand thus sa duyfully heir schent!
Sistir, allace! with my counsell haue I
The, and my self, and pepill of Sydony,
The heris all, and eik thi fayr cite,
Distroyt and ondeyn for ay,” quod sche.
“Fech hiddir sone the well watir lew warm,
To wesch hir woundis, and hald hir in myne arm;
Syne with my mowth at I may sowk, and se
Gyf spreit of lyve left in hir body be.”
This sayand, the hie byng ascendis onane,
And gan enbrayss half ded hir systir germane,
Cul3eand in hir bosum, and murnand ay,
And with hir wympil wipynt the blude away.
And scho agane, Dydo, the dedly queyn,
Pressyt fortill vplift hir hevvy eyn,
Bot tharof falyng; for the grysly wound
Deip in hir breist gapyng wyde and onsound.
Thyrss scho hir self raxit vp to ryss;
Thyrss on hir elbok lenys; and als feill syss
Scho fallys bakwart in the bed agane.
With eyn rollyng, and twynkland vp ful fane,
Assays scho to spy the hevynnyss lyght,
Syne murmouris, quhen scho tharof gat a sycht.
Almychty Iuno havand reuth, by this,
Of hir lang sorow and tarysum ded, I wyss,
Hir mayd Irys from the hevyn hess send
The throwand sawle to lowyss, and mak ane end
Of al the iuncturis and lethis of hir corss;
Becauss that nothir of fatis throu the forss
Nor 3it by natural ded peryschit sche,
Bot fey in hasty furour emflambynt hie
Befor hir day had hir self spilt,

Or that Proserpyne the 3allow haris gilt
From hir fortopy byreft, or dubbyt hir hed
Onto the Stygian hellis flude of ded.
Tharfor dewy Iris throu the hevyn
With hir safron weyngis flaw ful evin,
Drawand, quhar scho went, forgane the son cleir,
A thousand cullouris of diuerss hewys seir,
And abufe Dydoys hed arest kan:
“I am commandyt,” said scho, “and I man
Omdo this hayr, to Pluto consecrate,
And lowis thi sawle out of this mortale stait.”
Thys sayand, with rycht hand hess scho hynt
The hair, and cuttis in twa, or that scho stynt;
And tharwithall the natural heyt outquent,
And, with a puft of aynd, the lyfe furthwent.
Heyr endys the ferd buke of Eneados and begynnys the proloug of
the fyft

BUKE V

[The Proloug of the Fyft Buke]

Gladys the grond the tendir florist greyn,
Byrdys the bewys and thir schawys scheyn,
The wery huntar to fynd hys happy pray,
The falconeyr rych ryver onto fleyn;
The clerk reiosys hys bukis our to seyn,
The luffar tobehalde hys lady gay;
3ong folk thame schurtis with gam, solace and play;
Quhat maist delytyth or lykis euery wight,
Tharto steris thar curage day and nycht.
Knychtis delytis to assay sterand stedys,
Wantoun gallandis to trayl in sumptuous wedis;
Ladeys desyris to behalde and be seyn;
Quha wald be thrifty courtyouris says few credis;
Sum plesance takis in romans that he redis,
And sum hess lust to that wes nevir seyn;
Quhou mony hedis als feil consatis beyn.
Twa appetitis oneth accordis with othir:
This lykis the, perchance, and not thi brothir.
Plesance and ioy richt hailsum and perfyte is,
So that the wyss tharof in proverb wrytis,
“A blith spreit makis greyn and floryst age.”
Myne author eyk in Bucolykis endytis,
“The 3ong enfant fyrst with lauchtir delytis
To know hys moder, quhen he is litil page;
Quha lauchis not,” quod he, “in thar barnage,
Genyus the god delytyth not thar tabill,
Nor Iuno thame to kepe in bed is habill.”
The hie wysdome and maist profund engyne
Of myne author Virgile, poete dyvyne,
To comprehend, makis me almaist forway,
So crafty wrocht hys wark is, lyne by lyne.
Tharon aucht na man irk, compleyn nor quhryne.
For quhy? He altyrris hys style sa mony way,

Now dreid, now stryfe, now lufe, now wa, now play,
Langeir in murnyng, now in melody,
To satyfy ilk wightis fantasy;
Lyke as he had of euery thyng a feill,
And the willys of euery wight dyd feill.
And tharto eyk so wysly writis he
Twiching the proffyte of the common weill,
Hys sawys beyn full of sentencis, euery deill,
Of morale doctryne, that men suld vycis fle.
Bot gyf he be nocht ioyus now lat se,
For quha so lyst seyr glaidsum gemmys leyr,
Ful mony myrry abaytmentis followis heir.
Now harkis sportis, myrthis and myrry plays,
Ful gudly pastans on mony syndry ways,
Endyte by Virgil, and heir by me translate,
Quhilk William Caxton knew nevir al hys days,
For, as I sayd tofor, that man forvays;
Hys febil proyss beyn mank and mutulate,
Bot my propyne com from the press fute hait,
Onforlatit, not iawyn fra tun to tun,
In fresch sapour new from the berry run.
Bachus of glaidness, and funeral Proserpyne,
And goddes of triumphe, clepyt Victorie,
Sal I 3ou call as 3our name war dyvyne?
Na, na, it suffysyt of 3ou ful smal memorie;
I byd nothir of 3our turmentis nor 3our glorie;
Bot he quhilk may ws glaid perpetually,
To bryng ws tyll hys blyss on hym I cry.
Sen erdly plesour endis oft with sorow, we se,
As in this buke nane exemplys 3e want,
Lord, our prottectour to all trastis in the,
Bot quham na thing is worthy nor pyssant,
To ws thy grace and als gret mercy grant,
So forto wend by temporal blythness
That our eternale ioy be nocht the less!
Heyr endys the proheym And begynnys the fifte buke
Ene fra Cartage salys, and quhou belyve

He with the tempest was in Sycill dryve.
In the meyn quhile tho gan Eneas hald
Sovirly hys courss throu the gray fludis cald,
Hys navy with north wynd scherand the seys.
Towart Cartage he gan behald, and seys
Be than the wallys lemand brycht and schyre
Of the onhappy Dydoys funeral fyre.
Quha had this gret fyre maid, and to quhat end,
Thai marvellyt, for the causys war onkend,
Bot by the sorofull takynnyng, not the less,
The Troianys in thar breistis tuke a gess
Quharfor it was, for weil wist Eneas
In violait lufe quhat strenth of dolour was,
And knew also quhat thyngis mycht be controvyt
By women in fury rage that strangly luffyt.
Bot fra the schippys held the deyp see,
That now na mair sycht of the land thai se,
Salve hevyn abuse, and fludis all about,
A watry clowd, blak and dyrk but dout,
Gan our thar hedis tho appeir ful rycht,
And down a tempest sent als dyrk as nycht;
The streym wolx vgsom of the dym sky.
Palynurus, the maistir, gave a cry
From the eft castell heich, thar as he stude:
“Quharfor, allace! samony clowdis onrude,”
Quod he, “bylappyt hess the hevynnys, lo?
Fader Neptune, quhat etlys thou to do?”
This beyng said, commandis he euery feir
Do red thar takillis, and stand hard by thar geir,
And wightly als thar arys vp to hail;
Hym self infangis the le schete of the saill,
And eftir said: “Maist curageus Ene,
Althocht our helpar, gret Iove, wald hecht it me,
I traist not with this weddir to wyn Itale.
The wynd is contrar, brayand in our bak saill,
Hard in our berd vpblawand wondir sayr,
And al with bubbys ombesett is the ayr;

Nor we may nocht stryve nor inforss sa fast
Agane the storm, bot stowtar is the blast.
And sen that forton masteris ws, tharfor
Lat ws follow tharon, and ryn befor,
Quhiddyr that the wyndis callys ws set saill.
Not far hens, as that I beleif, sans faill,
The frendfull, brothirly costis of Erycyss
And sovir portis of Sycill beyn, I wyss,
Gif I remembir the methys of starnys weill.”
Tho quod reuthful Eneas, “So haue I seyll,
I saw langsyne the wyndis ettyll that way,
And the invayn agane thame stryve perfay.
Tyte turn 3our salys and set thyddyr 3our went;
Thar is na land mair lykand to myne entent,
Nor quhar me lyst sa weil, and profitabill
Our very folkis to restyng and estabill,
Than in that cuntre quharin doith remane,
Ful deir to me, Acestes of blude Troiane,
And in his boundis, derrest outour the lave,
My faderis banys enbrasys, layd in grave.”
This beand sayd, towart the port thai stevyn,
The followand wynd blew strek thar saill furth evyn.
Fast our the wallys slydis the navy,
And in schort quhile arryvit ar blythly
At the strandis and costis weil bekend.
Bot, on the hie top of a hyll ascend,
Acestes gan behald, and had gret wondir,
And to the cost, als ferss as ony thundyr,
To meit hys frendis schippys dyd he speid,
A beyr skyn of Affryke abone hys weyd,
Ful grym of luke, with dartis keyn and rude
(Hys moder Troiane of Crinosus the flude
Consavit hym and bayr, as it is said).
Not for3ettyng hys ald kyn, blyth and glaid
Of thar return was he, and myrrely
Thame welcumand ressauyt by and by,
Gave thame of rural metis with glaid semblance,

And cherysyt thame with frendly purvyance.
Eneas in Sycill, but langar tary,
Maid for his fader the seruyce anniuersary.
The nixt morow, als sone as the brycht day,
The son vprysand, chasyt the starnys away,
Eneas gan fra euery cost about
Hys folkis all assembl in a rowt,
Syne spak thir wordis on a knollys hycht:
“O 3e my Troiane pepill, stowt and wyght,
Discend from worthy Dardanus the kyng,
And of the hie goddis ryall ofspryng,
The son hess run hys hail courss circular,
Hys monethis twelf, and the tyme anniuersar,
Sen that the reliqueis and bonys infeir
Of my dyvyne fader we erdyt heir,
And eyk the dolorus altaris consecrate.
Less than I be dissavyt, weil I wait
Thys is the day that euermor sall I
Meyn and regrait, and altyme reverently
In wirschip keip and with gret honour hald,
For so it plesith 3ou, goddis, and so 3e wald.
3a, thocht I war wilsum, and banyst this da
Amang sey sandis of Getulya,
Or 3yt with storm ourset in the Greik see,
Or in the cite of Myce hapnyt tobe,
Netheless suld I seruyce anniuersar
And exequeys, with solemnyt pomp and fair,
Dewly perform, and with myne awyn handis
Adorn the altaris with thar iust offerandis.
Now, as I weyn, or we persavyt the chance,
Not but the myghtis of goddis and purvyance,
Onto the assis and the bonys deir
Of my sayd fader bene we caryit heir,
Entrit in frendly portis and arryve.
Tharfor haue done, and lat ws all belyve
Perform this honour blithly, as efferis;
Ask prosper wyndis, and beseyk euery 3eris

That my fader wald eftir this ressaue
This sacrifice, quhilk I begunnyn haue,
Within our cite that we mon beild, God wait,
In tha templys onto hym dedicate.
Acestes, cummyn of Troy, for hys wirschip,
Two oxin sal 3ou geif for euery schyp.
Our Penates and Troiane goddis, for thy,
Bryng furth hyddir onto the maniory.
Do fech me eyk tha goddis to this cost,
Quhilk wirschippit ar by Acestes, our host.
And forthirmar, gyf that the nynt day
Ryss fair and cleyr, with hys brycht morow gay,
And gan hys bemys our the erth spreid,
First sal I ordand for my Troianys, in deyd,
Quha hess the swyftast schippis of our navy,
With al thar forss to stryfe for the mastry;
And eik, quha best on fute kan ryn, lat se,
To preif hys picht, or wersyll, and bair the gre,
Or dartis kast, and best schute arrowis lycht;
Or lyke a douchty campioun into fyght
With bustuus baston darryn stryve, or mayss —
Lat euery man address hym to this place
And mak hym reddy agane the sammyn day
Fortil opteyn and bayr the pryce away.
Annerd heirto, ilk man, rycht favorabilly,
And hald 3our payce, but owthir noys or cry,
And do 3our hedis with fresch bewys array.”
And sayand this, he gan hys templis twa
Covir with myrthus, that is his moderis tre.
The sam wyss dyd gret Helymus, perde,
Richt so hym self Kyng Acestes the ald,
Richt so the child Ascanyus so bald,
Quham followys al the laif in lyke maner.
The prynce Ene, from the counsale in feyr,
With mony thousandis walkand hym about,
Went to the tumbe amynd the thykkast rout,
Quhar fyrst, eftir thar payane ryte and gyss,

Twa flaconys ful of wyne in sacryfyss
Apon the erd he 3et, and othir twane
Ful of new mylkyt mylk, and syne agane
Twa ful of hayt blude was of the offerandis,
And purpoure flowris strowis with hys handis,
Syne said: "Hail, haly fader! Hail agane,
3e assys cald, ressauyt al invane,
Vmquhile contenyt my faderis sawle and gost.
Allace! was it not leful, thou onlost,
The boundis of Itale, with the, and fatale landis,
Forto haue socht, and eik onto the strandis
Of Tybir in Ausonya, quhar evir it be,
Arryvit sound, in falloschip with the?"
Scars said he thus, quhen of the holl graf law
A gret eddir slydand gan furth thraw,
In sevyn lowpis lynkyt, and tymys sevyn
Circulyt the tumbe about sweetly and evyn,
And glydand syne amang the altaris onon;
Of freklyt sprutlis al hir bak schone,
As goldyn mail3eis hir skalys glytrand brycht,
Lyke to the rayn bow amang clowdis lycht,
Drawand always, forgane the son cleir,
A thousand cullouris of diuerss hewis seir.
Eneas of the syght abasyt sum deill,
Bot scho at last, with lang fard, fair and weill,
Crepis amang the veschell and cowpis all,
The drynk and eyk the offerandis gret and small
Snokis and lykkyt, syne full the altaris left
And but mair harm in the graf enterit eft.
Quharfor Ene begouth agane renew
Hys faderys hie sawle queith, for he not knew
Quhiddir this was Genyus, the god of that sted,
Or than the seruand of hys fader ded.
Fyve twyntyrris brytnyt he, as was the gyss,
And alsmony swyne, and tydy quyiss
With hydys blak, and into cowpys syne
In gret plente 3et furth the hallowyt wyne,

Rowpand the sawle of gret Anchyses gone,
And hys gost fred from the flude Acheron.
Hys feris eik, euery man in thar degre,
Of syk thyng as thai mycht get plente,
Blithly thar offerandis addressis to inbryng,
Chargis the altaris, and brytnys styrkis 3yng.
Sum othir per ordour caldronys gan vpset,
And, skatyrte endlang the greyn, the colis het
Vndir the spetis swakkis, to royst in threyt
The raw spaldis ordanyt for the mulde meyt.
Of the gemmys proclamying, and the play,
Quhais fyrst dereyn four schippys dyd assay.
Cummin be thys was the desyryt day;
The nynte morow vpspryngis fresch and gay,
And Pheytoun gan hys faderis chayr furth dryve.
The fame of this triumphe gan spreid belyve,
That, for wirschip of Acestes, thar kyng,
All folkis enveron dyd to the costis thryng,
Gladly occupyand al the strandis about,
Sum to behald Eneas cowrt and rowt,
And sum, alsso, to stryfe for the mastery.
At the begynnyng, the wageouris by and by,
And the rewardis, in myddys of the feild
Befor thar eyn war set, at all beheld:
The gilt trestis, and the greyn tre,
The lawrer crownys, for the pryce and gre,
With palmys scheyn in takyn of victory,
Fair armouris of triumphe and myche glory,
The robbys fyne of purpoure richly dycht,
Seir talentis eik of gold and siluer brycht.
Tharwith, the trumpet blew, as beyn the gyss,
Apon ane hyght, declaris and notyfyiss
The gemmys tobe excersyt for that day.
With arys squair, the bargan gan assay
Four galeys fyrst, chosyn of al the flote.
The swyft Pystris witht spedye routht, fute hoyt,
Furth steris the stern Mynestheus onan,

Quhilk eftir bycam a lord Italian,
Of quhays ofspring and genealogy
The pepill ar descend, clepyt Memny.
The bustuus barge, yclepit Chimera,
Gyas, with fellon fard, furthbrocht allsua,
Sa huge of byrth a cite semyt sche,
Quham a gret nowmyr of 3ong Troiane men3e,
In thrynfald ordour, causis furth toglyde;
The arys rays thre rawis on athir syde.
The thryd schip, yclepyt Centaurus,
Furth haldis, with hir patron Sergestus,
Quham fra the famyle come hait Sergia.
The sovir sey schip tho, namyt Scylla,
Cloanthus gydis, efter quham, 3yt syne,
In Roym the pepill beyn callyt Cluenthyne.
Weil far from thens standis a roch in the see,
Forgane the fomy schor and costis hie,
Quhilk sumtyme, with the boldynnand wallis quhite,
Is by the iawpe of fludis coveryt quyte,
Quhen the southt est wynd, in the wynter tyde,
Gan with his stormy clowdis the starnys hyde;
And, in the calm or lowyn weddir, is seyn
Abufe the fludis hie, a fair plane greyn,
A standing place, quhar skarthis with thar bekis,
Forgane the son, glaidly thame pron3e and bekis.
In this place stykkyt heth the prince Ene
A mark or wyttir of a greyn aik tre,
In term and takyn onto the maryneris,
Quhar, forto turn agane, as thame efferis,
And set about thar lang courss, thai mycht knaw.
By kuttis than, per ordour, al on raw,
Thar place thai cheysyt at the costis bay.
The patronys in eftcastellis, fresch and gay,
Stude, al in gold and purpour schynand brycht.
The remanent of the rowaris, euery wight,
In poppil tre branchis dyght at poynt,
With spaldis makyt, schayn of oyl enoynt;

Apon thar seyttis and thoftis all atanys
Thar placis hynt, arrayit for the nanys,
With armys reddy outour thar aris fald,
Abydis lysnand the takyn to behald,
Thar hartis onflocht, smytyn with schame sumdeill;
Bot glaid and ioly, in hope forto do weill,
Rasys in thar breistis desyre of hie renoun.
Syne, but delay, at the first trumpys sown,
From thar marchis atanys furth thai spreit.
Vpsprang the clamour, and the rerd furth went
Heich in the skyis, of mony maryner.
The fomy stowr of sey rayss thar and heir,
Throu ferss bak drauchtis of feil gardeys squair.
Thai sewch the fludis that, swouchand quhar thai fair,
In sondyr slydis; ourweltyt eyk with arys,
From thar forstammys the bullyr brays and raris.
Nevir sa fersly, in feild nor in barrer,
The dowbill 3okkyt cartis in feir, of wer
Or for triumpe, furth of thar stabillys gan rusch;
Nor nevir sa thyk, with mony lasch and dusch,
The cartaris smate thar horssis fast in teyn,
With ren3eys slakkyt, and swete drepand bedeyn;
For, throu the gild and rerd of men so 3eld,
The egryness of thar frendis thame beheld,
Schowtand "Row fast", all the woddis resoundis.
Endlang the costis the vocis and the sowndis
Rollys inclusyt, quhill the mekyll hyllys
Bemys agane, hyt with the brute so schil is.
Amyd the press, thus as the rerd vpwent,
Befor the laif Gyas schyp furth spreit,
Ourslydand wallys croppys byssely;
Quhom Cloanthus followys nixt inhy,
Mayr sle in rowth, thocht sum deil slaw was sche,
For that hir holl was of sa hevy tre.
And eftir thame, elyke, furth in evyn space,
Pistris and Centawr straif for the fyrst place.
And now hes Pistris the fordell, and syne inhy

The byg Centawr hyr warris and slyppis by;
Now glyde tha bath togiddy furth in front,
Sewchquhand salt fame with thar lang kelis blont.
3yt quhou the schippys stryvys on the see,
Of thar nyce rayss, and quha that won the gre.
Wyth this thai gan towart the meyth approche,
And war almaist cummyn onto the roch,
Quhen that the patron Gyas, amynd the flude,
Wenying hym self victour, thar as he stude,
Callys on hys steris man, hayt Meneyt by name:
“Quhiddy goys thou so on steirburd? Fy forschame!
Frawart me thou haldis; set thi courss innarmor;
Seik hard on burd endlang fast by the schor
And suffir that the palmys of our arys
Hysyl on the crag almaist, ilk rowth, and waris —
Lat the othirris hald furth the deip sey large.”
Quod Gyas. Bot Menetes, for hys barge
Of the hyd rolkis blynd sum deill afferyt,
Towart the deip fludis hyr stevin ay steryt.
“Quhar, dysmall, wilt thou now?” gan Gyas cry,
“Hald to the crag agane, Meneyt, fast by.”
And tharwith, lo, Cloanthus he dyd behald
Hard at hys taill, that gan the nar way hald,
For, rycht betwix the rolk and Gyas schyp,
On bawbord fast the innar way he leyt slyp,
And wan befor the formast schip inhy;
Now is he passyt the wittir, and rollys by
The roch, and haldis sovirly throu the see.
Bot than, God wait, quhat payn in hart gan dre
The 3ong Gyas — hym thocht al brynt hys banys!
The watir bryst from baith hys eyn atanys;
For3et was wirschip and hys honeste thar,
For3et was of hys falloschip the weilfair,
The ancyant treuth of Meneyt for3ettis he,
And swakkyt hym our schipburd in the see.
Hym self, as skyppar, hynt the steir in hand,
Hym self, as mastir, gan maryneris command,

And threw the ruddyr to the costis syde.
Be than the auld Meneyt our schipburd slyde,
Hevy, and al his weid sowpyt with seys,
Skars from the watir grond vpboltyt he is,
Syne swymmand held onto the craggis hycht,
Sat on the dry rolk, and hym self gan dycht.
The Troianys lauchys fast seand hym fall,
And, hym behaldand swym, thai keklyt all,
Bot mast, thai makyn gem and gret ryot,
To se hym spowt salt watir of hys throte.
Heir first gude hope arrayss to the twa last,
That is to knaw, Mynestheus and Sergest,
Gyas schyp thar by to ourcum wenyng,
That tareys sum deill for lak of gude steryng.
Tho Sergest gan the fyrst place occupy,
With schip approchand towart the roche inhy;
And, nethelless, hail befor wan scho nocht,
Bot thrang hir forschip formast, as scho mocht,
So that Pistrys, hyr weryour, all the way,
Hyr forstam by hir mydschip haldys ay.
Than, rowmyng to and fra hys schyp our all,
Mynestheus gan hys feris exhort and call:
“Now, now, 3e vailliant feris of worthy Hector,
Hail stoutly vp 3our arys; thynk on 3our glori;
Thynk quhou, the lattir rewyne of Troy, 3ou I
Haue walyt, and brocht with me in cumpany.
Now schaw that strenth, now schaw that hie curage,
Quhilk on the schaldis of Affryk, in stormys rage,
3he dyd excerss, and the ilk forss, I wyss,
3he schew betwix Scylla and Carybdys,
Quhar that Ioneum clepyt is the see,
And als forgane the styth stremys of Malee.
As to the fyrst place, now byd I nocht craif it,
Althocht I be Mynestheus, wont til haue it;
Nor I byd not to stryve and wyn the gre,
Howbeyt, wald God, that war a gloir to se!
Do lat thame bruke the mastery and the pryce,

Quhamto Neptune lyst grant at hys devyce.
Bot gret lak war to return altharlast:
Deir frendis, defend 3ou fra that kankyrryt kast,
And do ourset sa schaymful hard myschance!”
With al thar forss than at the vtyrance,
Thai pynglyt arys vptobend and haill,
With sa strang rowthis apon athir wail,
The mychty karvell schuddryt at euery straik,
Down swakand fludis vndir hyr brayd bilge of aik;
So clappys the braith in breistis with mony pant,
Quhil in thar dry throtis the aynd worth skant,
And swait down triglys in stremys our alquhar.
Betyd a chance that ilk tyme fell thame fair,
And grantyt thame that honour tha desyryt;
For as Serfest, with fers muyde half enfyryt,
Turnyt hys stevyn towart the rolk our neir,
Ontil a wykkyt place hys schip dyd steir,
Quhil on the blynd craggis, myschewswly,
Fast stykkis scho, choppand hard quhynnys inhy,
And on the scharp skelleis, to hir wanhap,
Smaith with syk fard, the arys in flendris lap;
Hir forschip hang, and sum deil scoryt throu owte.
The maryneris start on fut with a schout,
Cryand, “Byde, how”, and with lang bolmys of tre
Pykyt with irne, and scharp roddis, he and he
Inforcis of to schowyn the schyp to save,
And brokkyn aris gadderyt on the streym thai haue.
Now quha was blith bot Mynestheus, ful 3or,
Quhilk, for this chance, mair egyrly than befor,
With swyft fard of arys, and wynd at wyll,
The reddy way held our the fludis chyll,
And frakkis fast outthrow the oppyn see.
Als swyftly as the dow affrayit doith fle
Furth of hir hoyll, and richt darn wynnyng wayn,
Quhar hir sweit nest is holkyt in the stayn,
So fersly in the feildis furth scho spryngis,
Quhil of hir fard the howsys ryggyng ryngis;

And sone eftir, scherand the lownyt ayr,
Down from the hycht discendis soft and fair,
Not byssy weyngyt, bot planand esyly —
So slaid Mynestheus throu the sey in hy,
So followys Pistrys, was langeyr alltharlast,
With fellow fard furth swepand alsso fast.
And fyrst Sergest behynd sone left hess he,
Wreland on skelleys and ondepys of the see,
With brokkyn aris lerand to haist agane,
And cryand, “Help!” bot that was al invane.
Syne Gyas schyp, the fellow Chimera,
Persewys he fast, quhilk gave hym place allswa,
For scho was spul3eyt of hir sterisman.
Thar restis na ma bot Cloanthus than,
Quham fynaly to persew he addrest,
And pynglys hir onto the vtyrmest.
The noyss and brute tho dowblys lowd on hycht,
For, on the costis syde, fast euery wight
Spurris the persewaris to roll bissely:
“Set on hym now! Haue at hym thar,” thai cry,
That huge clamour fordynnyt al the ayr.
The formast thocht thar awyn wirschip so fair,
And had disdeyn bot thai thar honour save,
To bruke it quhilk so hard wonnyn thai have,
Or thai thar lawd suld loyss or vassyllage,
Thai had far levir lay thar lyfe in wage.
The favorabill forton, and thar happy chance,
So gan the breistis of the otheris avance,
Thame thocht thai mocht thame wyn witht laubour lycht,
Becauss it semyt to thame at so thai mycht.
And peraventur, with equale stevynnys atany,
The pryce thai suld haue baith caught for the nany,
War not Cloanthus in the fludis cauld
With devote prayeris baith his handis gan hald,
And on the goddis callys, and maid hys vow:
“O 3he goddis, quhays fludis I ryn throw,
Vndir 3our empyre rewlyng the large see,

I sal glaidly on this cost syde,” quod he,
“A quhite bull offir in 3our sacryfyce,
So I my vow may bruke, and wyn the pryce;
The entralis eyk, far in the fludis brak,
In 3our reuerens, sal I slyng and swak,
And 3et tharin the sweit liquor of wyne.”
And, be hys wordis warryn brocht to fyne,
Law fra the boddum of the seys deip
Hys prayeris war except — tharto tuke keip
The nymphis all, clepyt Nereydes,
And thai that followis Phorcus, all the press,
The maid also quhilk Panopea hait;
The fader of havynnys, Portunus, al the gait
With his byg hand schot the schip furth hir went,
That swyftar than the southt wynd on scho sprent,
Or as a fleand arrow to land glaid,
And in the deip port enterit but abaid.
Quhou Eneas onto the maryneris
Gaif euery man thar reward, as efferis.
Anchises son Eneas than, ful wyss,
Callys thame forrowth hym al, as wes the gyss,
And, with ane harraldis lowd voce, gan declare
Cloanthus victour was, and on hys hair
Gart set a crown, was of the lawrer greyn,
And bad onto thar schippis bair bedeyn
Thre 3ong oxin onto euery barge,
Presandis of wyne, and of siluer a charge.
Bot principaly to the capitanys he gave
Honorabill rewardis, as thame efferit to haue:
To the victour, a mantil brusyt with gold,
With purpoure seluage writhyn mony fold,
And al byrunnyn and lowpyt lustely,
As rynnys the flude Meander in Thessaly;
Quharon was weyf, in suttel goldyn thredis,
Kyng Troyus son, the fair Ganymedys,
Vnder the thyk wod bewys of Ida
The swyft hartis chasand to and fra,

And with hys dartis baldly thame gan beyt —
He semyt porturyt pantand for the hete;
Quham, witht a surss, swyftly Iovys squyar
Caucht in hys clewis, and bair vp in the air;
The eldar huntaris, and hys keparis than,
Clappand thar lufis and thar handis, ilk man,
Sayr awondryt gan the starnys behald;
For hundis queste it semyt the lyft ryfe wald.
Onto hym, syne, Eneas gevyn hass,
That by hys vertew wan the secund place,
A habirgyon of byrnyst mail³eis brycht,
With gold ourgilt clowit thrynfald ful tycht,
Quhilk he sum tyme, with his strang handis two,
Tyrvyt and rent of bald Demoleo,
Quham vndir Troys wallys venquyst he,
Quhar Symois rynnys swyftly in the see;
This wirschipful gift to Mynestheus he gave,
That was hys beild in armys hym to save;
Sa paysand was this cote that scarsly mycht
Phegeus and Sagaris, twa seruandis wight,
Bair it on thar nek chargyt mony fald,
Bot, tharwith cled, Demoleo ryn fast wald,
Chasand the Troianys skatterit far on breid.
The thryd gyft syne, Eneas gaif in deyd
Twa gret caldronys of brass forgyt hoyt;
Twa syluer coppis schapyn lyke a boyt,
Punsyt ful weil, and with fyguris ingrave:
And thus thar gyftis gottyn al thai haue.
Apon syk wyss, ful pround of thar reward,
Ilkane of thame, furth pransand lyke a lard,
Arrayt weil the tymplis of thar hed
With purpour garlandis of the rosys red;
Quhen from the scharp rolk, scarsly, with gret slycht,
Sergestus gan vpwreil hys schyp evill dycht;
Of brokyn arys febilly with a raw,
Mokkyt and schent, scho cummys hame ful slaw.
Lyke as oft happynnys the eddyr amynd the way

Lurkand or glydand, in the hait symmyrris day,
Quham the hevy schod cart quheil doith ourtak,
Pressyng hir down, and ryvand hir tewch bak,
Or, with smart dynt or stane kast, half ded neir,
And kut in tway, leifis the travelleir;
Sche pressand fle, al for nocht, byssely,
Lang wrynklys makis oft with hir body;
The ta part ferss and fell, with byrnand eyne
Strekand hyr nek with hyssis lowd in teyn;
The tother part, lamynt, clynyschis and makis hir byd,
In lowpis thrawyn and lynkis of hir hyde —
With syklyke routhe this schip slawly furth went,
Syne maid sail at the last, and tharwith bent,
Entyrris in the havyn. And Sergest Eneas
Rewardis weil, as that his promys was,
For glaid he was the schip was salve onlost,
And brocht hys ferys hailskarthe to the cost.
To hym a servand woman, hayt Pholoa,
Was geyf, and, sowkand hyr, hir twynnys twa;
Of Creyt, as to hyr kynrent, born was sche,
And in the craft of Mynerve wondyr sle.

C marginal note weffynge; L B marginal note or mynerve.
Into this nixt cheptour followys heir
The fut mennys rynkis and rewardis seir.
Gentyll Ene, this sport endyt and done,
Ontyl a fayr plane greyn passyt sone,
Quhilk was enveronyt al with hyllys hie,
Schadowyt with woddys rank, and mony a tre.
Amyd the vale, in maner of cyrkyl rownd,
A playng place was markyt on the grond,
Syk as that clepyt beyn a theatry.
Thiddir the heir with mony thousand gan hy,
And evyn amydwart in hys troyn grete,
For hym arayt, takyn hes hyss sete,
Quhar, with rewardis seir, he dyd provoke
The curage and myndis of 3ong foke,

Syk as lykyt swyftly on fute to ryn,
Cum bayr the pryce away, and wageour wyn.
On athir half than gadderis hym about
Of Troianys sammyn and Sycilyanys a rowt;
And first come Nysus and the fresch Evrille,
Ewrillyus in grene 3outh and luf sylle,
Maist eligant of person, for quhays frendschip
And tendyrnes come Nisus in falloschip;
Quham followis nixt nobyl Dyores the gude,
Cummyn of the stok of myghty Priamus blude;
And eftir hym thar followys sone onon
Twa othirris sammyn, Salyus and Patron,
Of quham the tane born of Epyria,
And the tother was of Archadya,
Cummyn of the blude of Tegea that cite;
Twa othir 3ong men syne of Sycille,
Helymus and Panopes, baith feris
Onto the kyng Acestes ald of 3eris,
Hantyt to ryn in woddis and in schawis;
Seir othir come eik quhais namys onknaw is,
For that thai war of law stait and degre.
Amyddis of thame all, thus sayd Ene:
“Tak tent, frendis, remembir quhat I say,
Mark this in myndis glaidly, and bair away:
Neuer ane of al this falloschip,” quod he,
“Sal onrewardyt hyne depart fra me.
I sal 3ou geiffyn ilk man as efferis,
With brycht hedis, wrocht in Creyt, twa schort speris,
A syluerit ax also, to bair in hand;
For 3ou al equale salbe syk presand.
The thre formaste salbeir the pryce and gre,
Thar hedis crownyt with greyn olyve tre.
Quha cummys fyrst, and victour our the laif,
Ane horss with precyus harnessyng sal haif.
The secund, ane arow cayss of Ama3on,
Ful of arowys of Trace, sal haue onon,
Hungyn by a braid tysche of gold ilke ioynt,

The bukkil claspyt with a iemmys poynt.
The thryd most go hys way, and stand content
Bot of this Gregion helm, lo, heir present.”
Quhen this was said, thar placis haue thai tane,
And, fra thai hard the takyn, sone onane
Richt swyftly on thar rasys gan thai tak;
The stand thai leif, and flaw furth with a crak,
As wyndis blast, etland to the rynkis end.
Befor thame all furth bowtis with a bend
Nysus a far way, start mair spedely
Than thud of weddir, or thundyr in the sky.
Nyxt onto hym, bot nocht neir be far way,
Followys Salyus, and, a space eftir thame tway,
Ewrialus was the thryd, quham syne infeir
Followyt Helymus, quhamto held evir neir
Dyores, quhidderand at hys bak fute hait,
Hys tays choppand on hys heill al the gayt,
Writhand with hys schuldir to haue thrung hym by,
And, had he anys won mair rowm, tho inhy
He suld ful sone haue skyppyt furth befor,
And left in dowl quha come fyrst to the skoyr.
Be this thai wan neir to the rynkis end,
Irkyt sum deill befor the mark weil kend,
Quhen that Nysus fallys, onhappely,
Apon the glotnyt blude, quhar as fast by
The styrkis for the sacrifice, per cace,
War newly brytnyt, quharof al the place
And the greyn gerss bedyt was and wet.
As this 3ongkeir heiron tred and fute set,
Ioly and blith, wenyng hym victour round,
He slaid and stumryt on the slydry grond,
And fell at erd gruflyngis amynd the fen,
Or beistis blude of sacrifice; 3yt then
For3ettis he not Ewrialus luf, perfay,
Bot kest hym evyn ourthourtyr Salyus way,
Grulyng as he mycht apon the slydry grene,
Maid hym lycht wyndflaucht on the grond onclene.

Furth sprent Ewrialus formest, and, by supple
Of his frend Nysus, the first place wan he.
With rerd and favorabil hailsyngis furth he sprang,
As oft befallys, syk tymys, commonys amang.
Helymus nixt onto the stand is cummyn,
The thryd place now and gre Dyor has nummyn.
Tho Salyus fyllys al the court about
With lowd ramyngis, and with mony a schowt,
And gan, in presens of the nobillys, pray
Restor hys honour by dyssayt stollyn away.
The favour defendis Eurialus of hys ferys,
And of hys eyn brysting the seymly terys,
Sched for dysdeyn he suld swa leyss hys pryce —
The vertew, eyk, mair gracyus at all devyce
Was haldyn, at come of sa seymly person.
That helpyt mekyl, and Dyores evir onon
Chydis for hym fast, for alsmekill as he
The thryd place than had wonnyn and the gre;
Bot all for nocht may he the last pryce beleif,
Gyf that to Salyus the fyrst reward beys gyf.
Than the rewthfull Eneas spak and sayd:
“3our enterpryss, childeryng, beys blyth and glaid,
Remanys sovir to 3ou, for, owt of weir,
As fyrst was set the pryce, sal na man steir,
It moste be to me leful, rewth to haue
Of my frendis myschance, hys lak to save,
Quhilk in hys awyn defalt tynt not the gre.”
And sayand thus, to Salyus gave he
A bustuus lyonys skyn of Getuly,
With goldyn clewys, lokkerit and wegthy.
“Ha!” than quod Nysus, “gyf syk reward salbe
Gevyn onto thame at fallys and tynys the gre,
Gif the lyst rew on syk, quhat gyft condyng
Wilt thou geif Nysus, ran swyft in a lyng,
And worthy was the fyrst croun tohaue caught,
War nocht the sam mysforton me ourraucht
Quhilk Salyus betyd?” And with that word,

Hys face he schew besmottyr it for a bourd,
And al hys membris in mud and dung bedoyf.
Than lewch that ryal prynce on hym to goyf,
And bad do fech a rych scheild, wrocht quently
Sum tyme by ane Dodymaon maist crafty,
And by the Grekis alsso doun was dyng
Of Neptunys tempyll post quhar it dyd hyng;
This worthy 3ong man with that gyft soverane
Rewardis he, of syk geyr as mycht gane.
Of the twa kempys suld stryfe in the press
The bustuus Entellus and Darhes.
Eftyr thir rasys done, and gyftys geif,
“Now cummys heir,” said Ene, “quha lyst preif
To streke thar armys furth, and heys on hycht,
For mayss or burdon arrayit weil at rycht;
Quha hess tharto redde bald spreit lat se.”
For athir party the pryce ordanyt hess he:
For the victour a bul, and al hys hed
Of goldyn schakaris and royss garlandis red
Buskyt full weil; to hym venquyst, alssua,
A rych helm and a fyne sword, baith twa,
Set for hys solace. Than, but delay, Darhes
With buustuus forss schew hys face in the press.
As he vpstart, onon gret rumour rayss
Amang the commonys, sayand: “Lo! quhar he gays,
Alane was wont agane Parys debait;
3on sam is he quhilk, at the tumbe, fute hait,
Quhar beryit was Hector of maist renoun,
The campion Butes ourcum and bet doun,
Al flat hym speldyt on the dun sand,
In the dedthrawis; quhilk Butes, to vnderstand,
Fra Bebrycy com, of statur huge rude,
And hym avansyt of Kyng Amycus blude.”
Thys ilk Darhes, berand hys hed on hie,
Redde for batale, schew furth, at al mycht se,
Hys schulderis braid, and swakkis heir and thar
Hys armys strecht with gret flappys in the ayr.

Ane othir mache to hym was socht and speryt,
Bot thar was nane of al the rowt at steryt
Ne durst presume meyt that man on the land,
With mace nor burdon to debait hand for hand.
Ioly and glaid tharof, baith al and sum
Into bargane wenyng fortill ourcum,
Beforn Eneas feyt stad but delay,
The bul he grippys by ane of hornys tway
With hys left hand, and said upon this wyss;
“Son of the goddes, gyf na man wil ryss,
Ne dar hym self aventur in batelle,
Quhy stand I thus? Quhou lang efferis me dwell?
Command me leid away the pryce al fre.”
The Troianys with hym sammyn, he and he,
Murmuryt and bemyt on the ilke wyss;
“Reyk to the man the pryce promyst,” all cryiss.
Tho gan the grave Acest with wordis chyde
Entellus, sat on greyn sonk hym besyde:
“Entell,” quod he, “vmquhile the forycast
Of campionys clepyt, and the worthyast,
Invane that name thou beris, I dar say,
Gyf thou, sa thoilmude, sufferis leid away
Sa gret a pryce, but dereyn of batell.
Quhar is he now, gret Erix, as thai tell,
Our god renownyt, and mastir, al for nocht?
Quhar now that fame, our al Sycil onflochit
Quhilum dywlgate, is becommyn and gone?
Quhar beyn the spulze triumphal mony one,
Within thine howss hyngis on euery post?”
The tother ansuerd: “Nowthir for dreid ne bost
The luf of worschip nor honour went away is,
Bot certainly the dasyt blude, now on days,
Walxis dolf and dull throw myne onweldy age;
The cald body hess mynnyst my curage.
Bot war I now, as vmquhile it hess bene,
3yng as 3on wanton voustour, sa strang thai weyn,
3a, had I now syk 3outhed, traistis me,

But ony pryce, I suld al reddy be;
Na lusty bull me tyl induce suld neid,
For nothir I suld haue cravyt wage nor meyd.”
Quhen this was said, he hess, but mair abaid,
Twa kempys burdonys brocht, and befor thame laid,
With al thar harness and braseris by and by,
Of weght ful huge, and schap onmesurly,
Quhar with, vmquhile, the stern Erix was wont
To feght in bargane, and geif mony dont,
In that hard bellan hys brawnys to enbrace.
All wolx estonyst beheld thame in that place:
So huge weght and so gret quantite
Thai war, that weil thame semyt fortobe
Of curbulle corvyn sewyn gret oxin hydis,
Styf as a burd that stude, on athir sydis
Stuffyt and cowchit ful of irne and leid.
Abuf al otheris, Darhes, in that sted,
Thame tobehald abasyt wolx grettumly,
Thar with to mel reffusyng aluterly,
Bot, ful of magnanymyte, Eneas
Pasys thar weght als lychtly as a fass,
Thar hydduus braseris swakand to and fro.
Syk wordis gan the auld rehersyng tho:
“Quhat wald he haue said, that perchance had se
Hercules burdon and wapynnys heir,” quod he,
“And on this ilke cost the sorofull bargane?
Thir sammyn wapynnys Erix, thi broder germane,
Was wont to bair — behald thame smottyt quyte
Of his red blude, and harnys tharon owtsmyte.
With thir agane gret Hercules stude he;
With thir was I wont mach in the melle,
Quhil my fresch blude mair forss and strenth me lent,
Or that onfrendlych eild had thus bysprent
My hed and halffettis baith with canus hair.
Bot gyf that Troiane Darhes reffusys thair
With thir, our cuntre wapynnys, in feild to pass,
And eyk it lykis the curtas Eneas,

So that Acest my soverane that appreve
(Be not efferd, Darhes, na thing the greve),
Erix macis to the on syde lay I,
And thou thi Troiane burdon also do by;
With equale wapynnys lat ws go to sone.”
And, with that word, of hys schulderis hess done
Hys dowbill habyt, and hys lymmys squair,
Baith byg bonys and brawnys, maid al bair,
Syne stythly in the sand vpstandis he,
Of hydduus statur and of quantite.
The bargane of the kempys curageus,
The ferss Darhes and stalwart Entellus.
The prynce Anchises son, Eneas, than
Twa evynly burdonys walyt, as cunnand man,
And equale armour, but dyversyte,
On schulderis and thar gardeys buklys he.
Than athir gan contrar othir styth stand,
With fyngeris fast faikand thar mace in hand,
Syne heich abufe thar hedis in the ayr
Onabasytly rasyt thar armys squair,
And from the straik thar nek drew far abak.
Now, hand to hand, the dynt lychtis with a swak;
Now bendis he vp hys burdon with a mynt,
On syde he bradis fortill eschew the dynt;
He etlys 3ondir hys advantage to tak,
He metis hym thar, and charris hym with a chak;
He watis to spy, and smytis in al hys mycht,
The tother keppys hym on hys burdon wycht;
Thai foyne at othir, and eggis to bargane.
Lychtar on fute and agil was the tane
And in hys lusty 3outh sum deil ensuris;
The tother of lymmys byggar and corss mair stuyr is,
Bot hys faynt schankis gan for eild schaik;
Hys gowsty cost and membris, euery straik,
The febil braith gan to bete and blaw.
Thir hardy kempys, al in waist, leyt draw,
Athir at othir, mony rowtis grete;

On holl sydis feill dowbill dyntis gan bete
And on thar breistis lychtis with huge sownd;
Oft in the ayr about thar hedis rownd
Thar handis waveryt, and the straik went myss;
Hard halffettis clappyt oft vndir the dynt, I wyss.
Entellus standis styf and grave of corss,
Not movyng from hys fyrst stand in a forss,
And, with hys body only and walkryfe e,
The strakis onfar enchewys and keppty he.
Bot Darhes walkis about rycht craftely,
Of hys fyrst purposss frustrat, to espy
Sum avantage, with diuerss assaltis algait
Hym ombesetting sair and handland hait —
Lyke as by gret engynys quha sa wald
A strang cite assail or stalwart hald,
To wyn that strenth, or 3yt by craftis sle
To mynde the castell on the rochys hie,
Lurkand in harness wachis round about;
Now this tocome, now by that way gan lowt,
Quhar best he may cum to hys purposss sone,
Avysand weil the place maist oportone.
Entellus raxit hym and hevis on hycht
Hys rycht hand for tosmyte in al hys mycht;
The tother, seand the dynt cum, gan provide
To eschew swyftly, and sone lap on syde,
That al hys forss Entellus gan apply
Into the ayr, so that hys grave body,
All hym alane, with huge weght and sayr,
Ruschytt flatlyngis to the grond with a rair —
So as, quhilum, the mekil kosch fyr tre,
On Erymanthus the mont of Archade,
Or in the wod of Ida, with a sownd
Vp by the rutis rent, ruschis to grond.
The 3ongkeris tho of Troy and Sycilly
Gan starting all on fut delyvirly;
The clamour rayss, quhil all the hevyn dyd ryng,
And fyrst to hym ran Acestes the kyng,

And for compassioun hess vphynt in feild
Hys frend Entellus, onto hym evyn eild.
Bot, nother estonyst nor abasyt heiron,
Mair egyrly the vaillyant campion
Agane to bargane went als hoyt as fyre.
Hys strenthys now encessis al of ire;
For schame, alsso, and for that weil he knew
Hys auld prowes, hys forss dowblyt and grew,
And ardently, with fury and mekil boist,
Gan Darhes kach and dryve our al the cost;
Now with the rycht hand, now with the left hand, he
Dowblys dyntis, and but abaid leyt fle,
That nother rest nor quyet may he tak.
Als fast as rayn schour rappys on the thak,
So thyk with strakis this campoun maist strang,
With athir hand, feil syss at Darhes dang,
And drave to and fra with mony rowt.
The prynce Eneas than, seand this dowl,
Na langar suffer wald sik wreth procede
Nor ferss Entellus mude thus rage and sprede,
Bot of the bargane maid end but delay,
And wery Darhes hess withdrawyn away.
With wordys hym to mesyng thus he said:
“Onsyllle wight, quhou dyd thi mynd invaid
Sa gret wodness? Felys thou not 3yt,” quod he,
“Othir strenth and mannys forss hes delt with the?
Seys thou not weil thi self at thou art fey?
Tharfor to God thou 3eild the and obey;
The power of goddys ar turnyt in thy contrar;
Obey to God.” And with that word, but mair,
The bargane he dissolvyt. And than Darhess
Hys trew compan3eonys ledis of the press,
Harland hys wery lymmys dolf as led,
For sorow schakand to and fra hys hed,
And schaddis of blude furth spyttand throu hys lyppys,
With bludy gammys, led hym to thar schippys;
The helm and eik the sword with thame hess tane,

As thai commandyt war, and left alane
The bul ontill Entellus — sa was defynd.
He victour than, and abufe in hys mynd,
Prowd and reiosyt of this bull, gan say:
“Son of the goddes, and Troianys, I 3ou pray,
Behald, and know by this takyn and syng,
Quhat strenth was in my corss quhen I was 3yng.
Se fra quhat ded Darhes is savyt onslane,”
Quod he, and standand the bullys face forgane,
Quhilk of thar dereyn was the pryce and gre,
Hys stern burdon behynd hys bak onhie
With hys ryght hand gan tayss and mesour swa,
It smait hym evyn betwix the hornys twa,
Persyt the harn pan, draif out the brayn inhy;
Down duschit the beist ded on the land gan ly,
Spewland and flekkyrand in the ded thrawys.
And he abufe hym furth warpys syk sawys:
“For Darhes ded, Erix, lo, this,” quod he,
“A far mair ganand sawle, I offer the;
And victour eyk my craft and wapynnys fair
Vprendris heir, for now and evir mair.”
Into this nixt cheptour 3e may espy
Nyse craft of schotyng and of archery.
Onon Eneas induce gan to the play,
With arowys forto schute quha wald assay;
The pryce tharfor ordanys; and syne, but let,
With forss of mennys handis vp hess set
Amyd the greyn Sergestus schippys mast;
Apon the top tharof gart fessyn fast
A fleand dow intill a cord, quharat
Thai suld thar arowys schuyt. The men with that
Conuenyt togidder, and in a helm of steill
Thar kavillys haue thai castyn fair and weill.
And first of al, with frendly noyss and sound,
Hypocauston the first place hys hess fond,
That was of kynrent cummyn from Hirtacus;
Quham nixt eftyr followys Mynestheus,

Victour afor amang the schip bargane —
The grene olyve about hys forhed schane.
The thryd kavill betyd Evricyus,
Thy brodir, O maist doughty Panderus,
Quhilk vmquhile, forto brek the trewis command,
On the Grekis fyrst set with speir in hand.
And of the helmys boddome al thar last
The ancyant kyng Acestes lot furth past,
Quhilk, for Eneas sayk, durst anys assay
With hys awyn hand 3ong mennys sport and play.
Than euery man, accordyng thar strenth ful meyt,
Thair byg bowys gan bend, and at thar feyt
Dyd schaik onone thar arowys of thar cayss.
3ong Hippocaon, quhilk had the first place,
A quhidderand arow leyt spang fra the stryng,
Toward the hevyn fast throu the ayr dyd thryng;
The mastis top it hyt, and tharin stak,
Quhil al the tre trymlyt with the swak;
The fowle affrayt flychtris on hir weyngis;
Of gret rumour than al the feildis ryngis.
Nixt scharp Mynestheus, war and avysye,
Onto the hed hess halyt vp on hie
Baith arow and eyn, etland at the mark.
Bot it was reuth, the fowle, for al hys wark,
Ne mycht he twich; and nethelless 3yt quyte
The bandis and lyamys in twa dyd he smyte,
Quharwith, by baith the feyt, thar fast was sche
Attachit at the mastis top onhie;
Sche in the ayr and dyrk skyis flaw onon.
With arow reddy nokkyt than Ewricion
Plukkis vp inhy hys bow, and maid hys vow
Onto hys brothir Pander; with that the dow
Heich in the lyft ful glaid he gan behald,
And with hir weyngis sorand monyfald;
Hys arow he threw vndir the clowdis blak,
And persyt hir quyte owthrou the bak;
Hyr lyfe sche lost heich vp in the ayr,

Down fallys ded, and hass brocht with hir thar
The arow brochyt throu owt hir body.
Acestes now alane stude all reddy
To schute, quhen that the pryce was tynt and won;
And nethelless to schuyt he hess begun,
And threw ane arow in the ayr on hycht,
Schawand hys craft, and hys byg bowys mycht,
That lowsyt of the takill with a spang.
And sone betyd and in thar sychtis sprang
A fellon grysly monstre and wondryng,
As weil was knaw syne at the endyng;
The feirfull spa men tharof pronosticate
Schrewyt chancis to betyde and bad estate.
For quhy, this schaft, fleand in the moyst ayr,
Brynt in a bless, and the randoun alquhar
With low and flambyis gan do notyfy,
And al consumyt vanyst in the sky,
As doys oft starnschoit fallyng fra the hevyn,
Drawand thar eftyr a taill of fyry levin.
Estonyst in thar myndis, abasyt stude
The folk of Sycill and all the Troiane blude;
And nethelless maist douchty Eneas
Reffusyt nocht the takyn, bot gan embrass
Acestes glaidly, and rych gyftis hym gave,
Syne said hym thus: "Tak, fader myne, ressaue
Sik favorabill aspectis benevolent
As the gret kyng of hevyn heth to the sent,
That lyst with onkouth syngnys honour the.
Thou sal haue heir this reward and degre,
A cowp of gold engrave with figuris seir,
A presand vmquhile of my fader deir,
Ancyant Anchiss, quham Cysseus, of Trace kyng,
In remembrance hym gave and lufe takynnyng."
And sayand thus, hys tymplis al, but weir,
He gan involue and belt with grene lawrer,
And syne hess causyt, al the othiris befor,
Proclame Acestes and declair victor.

Nor gentill Euricion hys gloyr envyes nocht,
Quhoubeyt that he only the fowle down brocht,
And in the skyis smait hir ded, 3yt than
The secund place he tuke as curtass man;
Nixt eftir quham, the wageour hess ressaue
He that the lysch and lyam in sondir drave;
And last rewardyt was he, that hys flycht
Into the mastis top festynnyt on hyght.

C L B marginal note or kavill.

C L B marginal note or leisch.

Quhou that Ascanyus and 3ong childer gent
Assail3eit othir, in maner of turnament.
Eneas syne, the derenys not al done,
Epytides to hym hes callyt sone,
Mastir and gydar of Ascanyus 3ong,
Quhais secrete haris warryn 3yt onsprung,
And in hys trasty eyr thus prevaly
He rownys, sayand: "Pass thi way inhy,
Se gyf Ascanyus hes now reddy dycht
Hys falloschip of childir and horssys lycht,
Arrayt for the rynkis and the play.
Byd hym bryng hyddir hys rowtis to turnay,
And do hys grandschir honour and renown,
In hys harness schaw hym self reddy bown,"
Sayd Eneas, and tharwith gave comand
About the cowrt the pepil on rowm to stand,
That al the feild within suldbe patent.
Than sone the childir, arrayit fair and gent,
Enterit in the camp alsammyn, schynnand brycht,
On stedis pransand in thar faderis syght;
And, quhar thai went, al the gallandis of Troy
And Sycill wondyrris with gret brute and ioy.
Thar harys all war tukkyt vp on thar crown,
That baith with how and helm was thrystyt down;
Twa iavillyng speris with blunt hedis sum bair,

Sum on thar schuldyr a cace with dartys fair;
The wryth of gold, or chane lowpyt in ryngis,
About thar halss down to thar breistis hyngis.
Thai war in nowmyr cumpaneys thre,
On horssis rydand; and for ilk men³e
A capitane walkis rewland al hys rowt;
Twyss sax childir followys ilkane about
In thar parsmentis, arrayit in armour brycht;
The chiftanys warryn equale of a hycht.
A ward thar was of childir quham, ful ioyus,
Berand hys grandschiris name, 3ong Priamus
Led and rewlyt, quhilk thi genealogy,
O Polytes, plantyt in Italy;
Apon a horss of Trace dappil gray
He raid, quhays formest feyt bath tway
War mylk quhyte, and hys crest on hycht bair he,
With bawsand face, rynggyt the forthir e.
The secund, Atys, on a cursour bay,
Fra quham the Latyn lynnage to this day
Actii bene nemmyt; and this litill Atys
With child Ascanyus weilbelovyt is.
Lusty Iulus, in bewte dyd all exceid,
Come last montyt on a Sydon steyd
Of cullour quhyte, quham Dydo, the fair lady,
In hir remembrance hym gave and luf drowry.
The remanent of the falloschip, euery one,
Sycill horssis gan swyftly ryde apon,
That from the auld Acestes purchest wer.
With revell, blythness and a maner feir,
Troianys ressauys thame, and rycht gladly
Thar vissage gan behald, and dyd aspy
The prent of faderis facis on childir 3yng.
Eftyr thai had all cirkillyt in a ryng,
On horsbak, hail the place and feild abowt,
And ioyusly behaldyn all the rowt,
All reddy hufand thar coursys fortotak;
Epytides on far a syng gan mak,

Smaith with a clap, and cryis, “Go togidder!”
Than ran thai sammyn in paris with a quhidder;
The rowtis thre brak; ilkane chesyt hys feir;
And, quhen thai by war runnyn, thar horsis thai steir,
And turnys agane incontinent at commandis
To preif thar forss with iavillyngis in thar handis;
Syne went abak in sondyr a far space,
Ilkane at othir rynnyng with a rayss.
Syndry coursys and returnyngis maid thai;
Fast athir sort gan othiris rowt cumray,
And gan excers, by semblance, vndir scheild
The symylitude of batell or a feild.
Sum tyme the bak thai turn, as thai wald fle;
Sum tyme at othir threw dartis, he and he;
And, sone eftyr, assemmyl wald with a crak,
Thar handis schak, and pess togyddir mak.
Swa, as tha say, vmquhile the howss in Creyt,
Hait Laborynthus, with mony went and streyt,
Had wrynkillyt wallys, a thousand slychtis wrocht,
Forto dissaue al onkouth tharin brocht,
To wavyr and er thar onreturnabilly,
The subtell throwgangis followand sa quently —
Nane othir ways, in coursys mony ane,
Quhirlys thar trayss thir 3ong childir Troiane.
Thai lowke togidder, and countryfatis a chayss
In maner of bargane, makand mony a rayss
And seir deren3eis in thar sport and play;
Als swyft as dalphyn fysch, swymmand away
In the wak sey of Eryp or Lyby,
Persand the wallys, that plays iolely.
Thir maner of rynkis and iupertyis of bataill
Ascanyus hantyt, and brocht fyrst in Itail,
Quhen he with wallys closyt lang Albay,
And taucht the ald Latynys to hant syk play
The sammyn gyiss as he, a child, now wrocht,
And othir Troiane childir with hym brocht.
The Albanys taucht thar childir the sammyn way;

And mychty Roym, syne efter mony a day,
Syk oyss ressavyt hess, and gan vphald
In wirschip of thar antecessouris auld;
And now, childering hantying syk gem and ioy
Beyn Troiane rowtis namyt, and weir of Troy.
Quhou Irys, send fra Iuno in gret ire,
Gart Troiane wemen set thar schippys in fyre.
Thus, hyddyrtlylys, warryn derenys seyr
Excersyt in wirschip of hys fader deyr,
And in this tyme gan forton fyrst remove
Fra thame agane hir fyckill faith and lufe.
For, as Troianys dyd hallow on this wyss
By diuerss gemmys, as was tho the gyss,
Solemnlytly, the seruyce anniuersar
Besyde Anchises graf, furth of the air
And hevynnys hie, Saturnus get, Iuno,
That gan of wreth and malyce nevir ho,
Not satisfyit of hir ald fury ne wrok,
Rollyng in mynd full mony kankyrryt blok,
Hess send adoun onto the Troiane navy
Irys, and, that scho suld go spedely,
The prosper wynd gan efter hir inspyre.
Thys virgyn sprent on swyftly as a vyre,
And throu the clowdis hir trace, quhar scho went,
Schupe lyke a bow of diuerss hewis ment.
Sone slaid sche doun, onseyn of ony wy,
Gret confluence of pepill dyd aspy;
Scho walkis about the costis of the see,
Havynnys and flote left dissolate fand sche,
And al the Troiane wemen dyd sche ken
Sytand on the schor, secret far fra men,
The gret loyss of Anchises regratyng sair,
And al togidder gan to weip and rair,
Behaldand the deip seys sorrowfully,
And, with a voce, sayand al halely:
“Allace! behald, samony stremys gray,
And of thir salt fludis sa braid a way

Remanys 3yt, fortyl ourslyde and sayll,
By ws women irkyt of lang travaill!"
Thai al besocht God send thame sone, ilkane,
A cite or a town forto remane,
And tedyus thocht the seys laubour to bair.
Iris heirfor aspyis hir tyme best thair,
As scho that was in myscheif ful expart;
Amyddis of thame all in gan scho start,
Hir godly figur and hir weid laid by,
And bycame agyt Beroes inhy
In maner schap of symylitude and face
(That was Doryclus spowss, born of Trace,
Quhilk vmquhile was of hie genealogy,
Of gret renoun, and childir had mony),
And on syk wyss amang matronys Troiane
Transformyt entrys scho, and in is gane.
"O woful wrachit women all," quod sche,
"Quhilk to the deth, vndir the wallys hie
Of 3our natyve cite and kynd landis,
War not in batell harlyt by Grekis handis!
O pepill onhappy, to quhat myschewss end
Forton reseruys 3ou of this warld to wend?
Lo! sen the fal of Troy and dolorus weir,
Byrunnyn is the sevynt symmyr and 3eir,
Sen that samony seys, and alkyn landis,
Sa huge wilsum rolkis, and schawd sandis
And stormys gret, ourdrewyn and sufferyt haue we,
Lo, thus saland throw out the mekill see,
Quhar that we chayss Itale, that fleys ay,
And we ly warpyt on the wallys gray.
Heir beyn the bredyrly boundis of Erix stowt,
Our frend Acestes is our host but dowl:
Quha wil wss warn to beild vp wallys hie,
And to our citesanys set heir a cite?
O natyve land, and kynd goddis al invane
Reft from our fays, sal nevir nane agane
Troiane wallys be namyt nor vpbeild?

Sal I nevir se, allace! in all my eild,
Hectoriane fludis, Exanth and Symois?
Haue done tharfor, and now with me, I wyss,
Thir fey onhappy schippys al bedene
Lat ws go byrn, for in my sleip 3istreyne,
The figur of Cassandra, prophetess,
Gave me byrnand fyre brandis and said express
Heir suld we rest, bad seyke Troy na forthar —
Heir was our dwellyng place for euermar.
Now is the tyme ganand our wark to speyd;
To tary ma fatale syngnys quhat suld neid?
Lo! 3ondir beyn four altaris byrnand schyre;
Neptune the god thir hait brandis of fyre
Distributis to ws, and also hardyment.”
And sayand thus, to perform hir entent,
The peralus fyre first hynt scho forably;
With flambyss schynand on far thai mycht espy
Hir rycht hand rasyt, the blesys in tocast.
Of Troiane wemen the myndis worth agast,
And al thar hartis sum deil stupefak,
Quhen ane, the eldast amang thame al, spak,
Clepyt Pirgo, the quhilk had beyn, feil syss,
To mony of Kyng Priamus childir nuryss:
“O matronys, 3on was nevir Beroys,” quod sche,
“Born a Troiane, and Doryclus spouss, traist me.
Considir of hir bewte syngnys dyvyne:
Behald so brycht as baith hir eyn doith schyne,
Quhat sweit savour and smel from hir spryngis,
Quhatkyn vissage hess scho; quhou thynk 3e ryngis
Hir vocis sown, or quhat payss goys scho now?
My self left Beroes, as I come hyyddir rycht now,
Lyand seyke at hame, and ful ennoyit wight,
That scho alane suld want this ryal syght,
And, as scho wald, mycht not mak sacryfyce
In Anchys honour and funerale seruyce.”
Thus said Pirgo, bot than the matronys all
Stude fyrst in doweit quhat thing tha do sall,

And with evil willy eyn the schippys behaldis,
On hovir betwix wrachyt desyre, thame haldis
Forto abyd within that present land,
And of the fatis, on the tother hand,
That onto othir realmys doith thame call;
Quhen lo, the goddes, in form celestially,
With equale weyngis fleys vp to the hevyn,
And, in hir went, schup vndir the clowdis evyn
The figur of a raynbow huge grete.
Than pryncipaly begouth thar hartis bete;
Of syk wondris estonyst, thai al inhy
Cachit with wodnes begouth raym and cry,
And from the hallowyt ingill reft the fyre;
Part spul3eis altaris of thar flambys schire,
And byrnand branchis, faggottis and fyre brandis
Into the schippys swak thai with thar handis;
The flambe vpkyndilling blesys braid at large
Throw hechis, ourloft, ayr and payntyt targe.
Of the fyre sloknyng, quhilk the navy derys,
And quhou in Sycill Ene hes left hys feris.
Ontyl Anchises graf and theatry
First brocht Ewmolus word, quhou the navy
Was al infyryt. Thai luke and gan behald
The fyre sparkis fleand vp thyk fald
In a blak sop of reik, and fyrst Ascanyus,
As he on horss playt with hys ferys ioyus,
Als swyft and fersly spurris hys steid fute hoyt,
And but delay socht to the trublyt flote.
Hys mastirys, half ded for affray and draid,
Mycht nocht withhald hym — thyddir gan he speid,
And cryit: “Allace, O wrachit citesanys!
Quhat new wodness be this 3ou ourtane is?
Quhou now, quhou now, quhat meyn 3e for to do?
3our ennemyss floyt, nor Grekis schippys, lo,
3e byrn not, bot al hope of 3our weil fair!
Se, this is I, 3our awyn Ascanyus, ayr
Onto my fader!” And with that word his helm

Befor thar feyt al voyd doun dyd he quhelm,
Quharwith in the derenys cled was he
And contryfait the maner of a melle.
Eneas than and al the rowtis Troianys,
Fast as thai mycht, sped thame thiddir atanys.
Bot than the wemen al, for dreid and affray,
Fled heir and thair endlang the cost away,
Socht to woddys and cavys in euery rolk,
Eschamyt with thar deid, knew thar awyn folk,
Thar myndis changit, fled the lycht for dispyte,
Al Iunois rage smate from thar breistis quyte.
Bot not for this the flambys and byrnand bleyss
Dyd stanch thar forss ondantyt, ne appeyss.
The tuffyng kyndillys betwix the plankis wak,
Quharfra outthrawis the pykky smoke coil blak;
The hait fyre consumys fast the howe;
Our al the schip descendys the peralus lowe;
Thar was na strenth of vaillyant men to waill,
Nor large fludis on 3et, that mycht avail.
Reuthful Ene than of hys schulderis tway
The claith hess rent, and gan the goddys pray,
Vp baith hys handis hevand in the sky:
“Almychty Iove,” quod he, “aluterly
Gyf thou hess not al Troianys at haitrent,
Of gif thi reuthfull clemens takis tent,
As thou was wont, to mennys travel and pyne,
Now, haly fader, thi maieste inclyne;
Grant at our navy this fyre may eschaip,
And from distructioun delyvir and outscrape
Thir sobir trumpys, and meyn graith of Troianys;
Or, gif I haue deseruyt, with the remanys,
Smyte al togyddir ded with feirful thundir;
Lat thi rycht hand heir schaik wss al in sondir.”
Scarss this wes sayd, quhen that a blak tempest
Brays but delay, and al the lyft ourkest;
A huge weyt gan down powre and tumbill;
Hillys and valys trymlyt of thundir rummyll;

The drumly schour 3et furth our al the ayr
Als blak as pyk, in bubbys heir and thar,
Fylls the schippys, quhil thai flet our the walys;
Wrayngis half brynt bedyt in watir salys;
That al the forss of fyre was slokyt owt,
And from the perrell salf and out of dowl
Was al the navy, outtake four schippys lost.
And, quhil he rowmys vp and down the cost,
The fader Eneas, smyte with this smart cace,
Now heir, now thar, gan huge thyngis compace,
Rollyng in mynd quhiddir he suld or nay
Remane in Sycill, or thens pass away,
Or gif he suld seik 3yt to Italy,
Lyke as he had for3et hys destany.
Thus as he musyt, stad in sykkyn dowl,
Ane of the eldast herys stude abowl,
Clepyt Nawtes, quham the goddes Mynerve
Our al the layf instrukkyt hym to serve
And rendryt had ful scharp and rype of wyt,
Syk answer gave and plane declaris it,
Quhat pretendis this fellow goddes greif,
And eik, accordyng thar fatis, quhat was releif,
And comfortand Eneas, thus gan say:
“Son of the goddes, lat wss follow that way,
Bakwart or fordwart, quhyddir our fatis dryve;
Quhat evir betyde, this is na bute to stryve;
All chance of forton tholand ourcummin is.
Heir is thi tendir frend Troiane, I wyss,
Worthy Acestes, of dyvyne lynnage;
Cal hym to the in counsale, wyss and sage,
And weil willyng to thi purposs to apply.
Leif with hym all may nocht in thi navy
Be tursyt now, for lak of schippis lost;
Als syk as beyn ennoyt and irk almost
Of thi gret purposs, thi dedis and efferis;
And thai that beyn agyt passyt dait of 3eris,
Or ald matronys wery of the see;

Wail out al thame beyn waik and onweilde,
Or 3yt afferyt beyn in ilke affray —
Syk cummyrryt wightis suffir, I the say,
To haue ane hald and dwel heir in this land;
The cite salbe, as was first cunnand,
Acesta clepyt, eftir Acestes kyng.”
With syk wordis and prudent sermonyng
Of hys wyss agit frend, than Eneas
On all sydis gan ithandly cumpass
Quhat was to do; and as the dirk nycht
Rollyt hys cart ourthourt the polys bricht,
Eftir that all was went to rest and pace,
The ymage of hys fader Anchises
Gan from the hevin appeir, and but abaid
Ontil Eneas heth thir wordis said:
“O thou my child, derrer, so mot I thrive,
Quhil that I leuit, than myne awin lyve;
O son, in Troiane fatis exercit sayrly;
Hiddir, at the command of Iove, cummyn am I,
Quhilk from thi navy stanchit the fyre,” quod he,
“And from hie hevin at last heth reuth on the.
Follow the counsale is maist ganand and heynd,
That agit Nautes gave the, thi trew frend,
And chose 3ong men of hart maste curagiouss
Turss in Itale with the, I tel the thus;
A dour pepill, and of conditioun fell,
The nedis in Latium ourcum in batell,
Bot first, of Pluto the infernale see,
And deip regioun of hell, behufis the se,
To cum and speke with me, myne awin son deir.
Be nocht agast, my child, and haue na feir,
For I am nocht withhald, I lat the wyt,
In Tartarus, the soroful hellys pyt,
Nor drery pottis deip of saulis paill,
Bot in the hailsum rowtis, furth of baill,
I dwel amynd the plane of Elyse.
The chaist virgyn Sibil wil convey the

The rycht way thidder, quhilk at thou sal tak
By blude offerit of mony bestis blak.
Thar sal thou lern all thi genology,
And quhat cite is to the destany.
Adew, as now na langar dwell I may.
The donk nycht is al maist rollyt away,
And the ferss Orient wil at I withdraw —
I feil the ayndyng of hys horssys blaw.”
Thus hes he said, and with that word, but mair,
Vanyst away, as the reik in the ayr.
And quhen Eneas saw him pass, he said,
“Quhidder bradis thou now sa fast, without abaid?
Quhidder hastis thou swa? Quhom fleys thou? . . . Me, allace?
Quhat is the let I may the nocht embrace?”
Thus sayand the assys and coverit fyre bet he;
To Troiane Ingil, and the kannos Veste,
Within hys secret closet maid reuerence,
With hallowyt flour, deuotely, and incence;
Syne sone assemblyt his feris all in press,
Bot first of al the ancyant Acestes;
The wil and plesour of Iove schew thame cleir,
And eik the charge brocht by hys fader deir,
And tald thame planely his mynd and desyre.
Thai tary nocht at counsale, for this syre,
Acestes, was al reddy at command.
Than al tha folk quhilk list bide in that land,
For this new cite titil thai and writis;
The matronys first, and sik as nocht delytis
Nor hess in cure desyre of hie renoun,
Thai deput, and thai ordand for this town.
Thar hechis and thar ourloftis syne thai beit,
Plankis and gestis gret, squair and meit,
Into thar schippis ionand with mony a dynt,
In sted of thame war with the flambyis brynt;
Thar cabillis new, and thar hed towis reparis,
And gan to forge newly wrayngis and ayris.
In numbir war thai bot a few menȝe,

Bot thai war quyk and vailliant in melle.
In the meyn tyme, Eneas with a pleuch
The cite circulit, and merkit be a seuch;
By cavillys syne the tenementis dyd depart;
Heir ordanys Ilion, and, in 3ondir art,
Of Troy commandis beld othir memoriallis.
Of this new cite and thir frendly wallis
Glaid wolx Troiane Acestes, and, but mair,
Did mak proclame thar merkattis and thar fair,
And all the hedismen gadderis and set down,
Stabillis thar lawys and statutis for that town.
Syne, on the top of Erix the montane,
Full neir the lift, thai found, of marbill stane,
A tempil to Venus of Idalia,
And about Anchiss sepultur allsua
Ane hallowit schaw on breid as sanctuar
Plantit thai haue and stabillit prestis thar.
Eneas gan depart, and quhou Venus
Maid for hir son request to Neptunus.
Be this hass al the pepil, euery hyne,
The feste continewit fully days nyne,
And on the altaris, as was tho the gyss,
Thar offerandis endit and hie sacrifice.
The stabil ayr hass calmyt weill the see,
And sowtht pipand wyndis fair on hie
Challancis to pass on burd and tak the deip.
Bot quhen thai moste depart, lord, quhou thai weip!
Quhat huge waling rayss all the costis bay!
Brasand and halshand thai dwel al nycht and day.
And now thai moderis and thai onweldy men,
Quhom til, vmquhile, forto behald and ken
The seys figur was abhominabill
And eyk the forss tharof intollerabill,
Now wald thai wend, for all the seys rage,
Reddy to thoill al travale in vayage;
Quhom curtas Eneas with wordis frendly
Comfortis, and syne, wepand full tendirly,

Betaucht ontill Akest his cousing deir.
Thre velys tho, as was the auld maneir,
In wirschip of Erix he bad down quell,
And a blak 3owe to god of tempestis fell;
Syne chargit hail thar cabillis vp belyve.
Hys awin hed warpit with a snod olyve,
Heich in a schippis forcastell dyd stand,
Haldand a cowpe of gold intill hys hand,
The bestis entralis in the see can swak,
And 3et the cleir wyne furth in fludis brak.
From the eft schip vprays onone the wynd
And followit fast the see fararis behynd;
Eyk al the flote smate fast with arys the flude,
Kempand to welt our wallys as thai war wode.
In the meyn session Venus, al onflocht,
Amyd hir breist reuoluand mony a thocht,
Spak to Neptune with sik petuus regrate:
“Neptune,” quod scho, “the fel ire and consate
Of Queyn Iuno, with mynd insaciabill,
Constrenys me to condescend thus stabill
In all maner of request and prayeris;
The quhilk Iuno nowdir lang days nor 3eris,
Nor na divyne sacrifice, may appless;
Scho restis nevyr, nor may scho leif at eyss,
Albeit the power and charge of Iupiter
Resistis scho wait, and fatis ar hir contrar.
Scho thinkis it nocht eneuch and sufficient
By wikkit malice to downbet and schent
And for euer put to distruction
Master of the pepil of Frigia, Troys town,
And fortobe wrokin, be alkin panys,
Apon thar sary levingis and remanys;
Bot euer in ane 3it stil persewis sche
The ded banys and cald assys to spul3e
Of silly Troy, quhilk is to rewyne brocht.
A wondyr quhou scho may, intill hir thocht,
Of sa gret furour half the causys consaue!

Thi self is witnes quhou, laily, our the laif,
Sa masterful storm amynd the Libiane see
Scho rasit sone, quhil vp to hevynnys hie
The fludis kachit war, and sair opprest,
Throu help of Eolus wyndis and tempest —
Sa gret wrang in thi realme durst scho excerss!
O this detestabil wikkities to reherss!
Lo, hes scho nocht, newlingis, sa schamefully,
The Troiane matronys maid byrn thar navy,
By hir wod rage? and ar, for falt of schippis,
In onkouth land left from thar falloschippis?
In tyme cummyng, I the beseik,” quod sche,
“Schaw thi mychtis, that salfly throu the see
It may be leifful thai thar salys set:
Grant at thai may alsso atteyn, but let,
The flude Tybir, throu Lawrent feildis slydis,
Admyt myne askyn, gif so the fatis gydis,
Or gif that my desyre may grantit be,
Or 3it werd sisteris list geif thame that cuntre.”
Saturnus son Neptunus tho, I wyss,
That of the deip see fludis dantar is,
Ansuerit and said: “Citherea the fair,
It is resson, and ganand euermair,
Thou be assurit to rest at thi lyking
In my boundis and throw out al my ryng,
Quharfra thou hess thi first original,
As thi kynd grund and cuntre natural.
In othir placis als, furth of my land,
I haue deseruit thankis at thi hand,
And oft tyme hess sa gret curage, thou knawis,
Dantit baith of see and bustuus wynd at blawis.
To witnes draw I of this at I say,
Exanth and Symois, Troiane fludis tway,
That I na less cuyr tuke of thine Ene,
To salue him on the land, than on the see.
For quhen the ferss Achil persewit sair,
Chasand affrayt Troianys heir and thar,

The gret rowtis to the wallis thrymland,
Tofor his face half ded for feir trymland,
And mony thousandis on the grund layd ded,
The ryveris dittit with ded corpsys wolx rede,
Vndir bodeis bullyrrand; for sik multitude
Of slauchtir he maid, quhil Exanthus the flude
Mycht fynd na way to ryn onto the see;
Than, apon cace, with Achillis Ene
Matchit in fecht, nowdir of strenth or mycht
Equale be far, nor 3it sa weil at rycht
Favorit of the goddis as Achillis, perfay,
By a dyrk clowd I staw thi son away;
Quhoubeit, the ilk tyme, my desyre was set
Law fra the grond al Troy forto down bet,
Tha maynsworn wallis biggit with my handis.
As twichand Ene, quhou evir the chance standis,
The sammyn wyss 3it perseueris my mynd:
Haue thou na dreid, I salbe 3it als kynd.
Onto tha havynnys he sal cum sovirlly,
As thou desyris, and furthir him eyk sal I
Ontil Avern, clepit the louch of hell.
Ane sal alanerly be loste, I the tell,
Quham thou sal seik amang the fludis, dede;
For help of mony thar salbe gevin a hede.”
Eftir that with sik wordis Neptunus
Had mesit the mude of the goddes Venus,
Tho kan this fader of the see, but mair,
Hys horssis 3ok to draw his cart or chair,
With fomy bridill danting tha ferss bestis;
Thar ren3eis and thetys, at thame arestis,
With hys awin handys leit do slyp and slakkis,
And lichtly our the fludis croppis frakkis
Hys watry chair, furth fleand with a sownd,
Quhil al the wallis dowkis to the grownd;
Vndir the brayand quhelis and assiltre
The fludis strekis plane our al the see;
The bubbis and wyndy clowdis, heir and thar,

Gan fle onon furth of the large ayr.
Than of his court apperit figuris seir;
The hydduus quhalys, and al the rowtis in feir
Of agit Glaucus with his cannos hair,
And Palemon, Inoes son and ayr,
The swift Tritones with trump playand thar spryng,
Phorcus with al his falloschip and ofspryng,
And on hys left hand furth haldis Thetis,
With al the Nymphis hait Nereidis,
Sik as Melite, Spyo, Penopea,
Cymodoce, Nyse and Thalia.
Throu owt the flude merely salys Ene,
And Palynurus drownys in the see.
Glaiddnes and comfort than, in to sum part,
Begouth to kittil Eneas thochtful hart.
“Heyss heich the cross,” he bad, “al mak thaim bown,
And fessyn bonnettis beneith the mayn sail down.”
Than al sammyn, with handis, feit and kneis,
Dyd heyss thar sail, and trossyt down thar teys;
Now the le schete, and now the luf, thai slak,
Set in a fang, and threw the ra abak;
Baith to and fra al dyd thar nokkis wry;
Prosper blastis furth careis the navy.
Befor the laif, as lodis man and lard,
And al his salis vp with fellow fard,
Went Palynure; and hail the remanent
Was chargit hald the sammyn courss and went.
Be than the donk nycht had run almaist evin
His myd courss or methis in the hevin,
And euery maryner, but langar kepe,
Thar bodeis restis with the plesand sleip,
Endlang the hechis lyand heir and thar is,
Or in thar hard settis lenand on ayris;
Quhen that the swift god of sleip gan slide
Furth of the starnyt hevin, by nychtis tide,
And dyd away the dirknes of the ayr,
Removing schadowit skyis maid al fair;

Onto the, Palynurus, hess he socht,
And the, al innocent, soroful slepis brocht.
Heich in the eftschip dyd this god appeir,
In figur of Phorbantus, a maryneir,
And frendfully gan warp sik wordis owt:
“Iasyus son, Palynur, luke about;
The sobir seys beris sownd our navy;
The wyndis blawis ful evin and rycht makly;
Thou may sovirly tak the ane howris rest,
Leyn doun thi hede and sleip, for that is best
Thi wery eyn thou prevely withdraw
From langsum laubour, and sleip a litil thraw,
And I my self sal glaidly in thi place
Beir thyne office, and steir a litil space.”
To quhom Palynur, skars liftand his eyn,
Ansuerd and said: “Quhat thing wald thou meyn?
Byddis thou me be sa nyce I suld mysknaw
This calm salt watir, or stabil fludis haw?
Wilt thou I traste this monstre perellus?
Or quhat in wyndis sa dissaitful til ws,
And this cleir hevin sa oft hes trumpit me,
Wald thou I lippynnyt the maist nobil Ene?”
Sik wordis he said, grippand the helmstok fast,
Lenand tharon, and by na way nor cast
Wald part tharfra, haldand his eyn ful evin
Ay tobehald the starnys in the hevin;
Quhen lo! this god smate bath his tymplis twane
With a ful sleipry and bedyit grane,
Wet in the myndles flude of hell, Lythe,
And sowpit in Stix, the forcy hellys see;
Hys glotnyt and fordovirrit eyn two
He closyt hes, and sound gart sleip also.
Bot scarsly gan the first rest of sleip,
Or he was war, thus on his membris creip,
Quhen on him lenys this god, and tho he kneld,
And with a swak, as that the schip gan helde,
Ourburd him kest amynd the flowand see,

Richt al togidder with the helmstok of tre;
Than al for nocht apon his feris he cryis.
This god flaw vp lyke a bird in the skyis.
And nocht the less the schip held furth hir went,
As scho did ayr, throw the calm seys sprent,
But ony harm, and al the navy sone,
By the promyss of the fader Neptune.
With this almaste thai careit ar infeir
Onto the rochis and skelleis weill neir
Of Syrene, that we Marmadynnys clepe,
Dangerus vmquhile, for a mekil hepe
Of dede banys lay tharon ful quhite;
So gan the salt iawpis ythandly smyte
The holl rolkis, maid a sownd ful hayss.
Quhen Prince Ene persauyt, by his rayss,
Quhou that the schip dyd rok and tailzeve
For lak of a gude sterisman on the see,
Him self hess than sone hynt the rudyr in hand
And throu the fludis steris the schip to land,
Bewaland gretly in his mynde pensyfe,
For that his frend was fal and lost the lyfe.
“Allace! our mekil thou lippynnyt hess,” quod he,
“Into the stabillit hevin and calmyt see:
Bair and onerdit, in ane onkouth land,
Palynurus, sal thou ly on the sand.”
Thus wepand said, and leyt his flote go large,
Quhill at the last, baith ballyngar and barge
Apon the cost that hait Ewboica
Arryvit neir the cite of Cuma.
Than to the streme thai turnyt thar forschip,
Kest down thar bewchit ankyrris, ferm of grip,
Into the raid, endlang the costis bay
Thar eft castellis gan mustyr in array.
And al the 3ongkeris spedis hastely
Onto the schore of Hisperia fast by.
Sum smytis fyre furth of the hard flynt stane;
Sum spedely to the thik wod ar gane,

In dern dennys, quharin wild bestis dwellis;
And sum dyd schaw the new fund springand wellis;
To beit thar mystir al bissy for the nanys,
Sum to this turn, sum to that, start atany.

Heyr endis the fyft buke of Virgil in Eneados and begynnys sum
preambleis in the sext buke tharof and first twiching the opinionys
that the poetis and ald philosophouris had of hell and placis tharof

BUKE VI

The Proloug of the Saxt Buke
Pluto, thou patron of the deip Achiron,
Fader of tormentis in thyne infernal see,
Amyd the fludis, Stix and Flagiton,
Lethie, Cochite, the watyris of oblivie,
With dolorus quhirling of furyus sistyris thre,
Thyne now salbe my muse and drery sang:
To follow Virgil in this dyrk poyse
Convoy me, Sibil, that I ga nocht wrang.
Quhat wenys fulys this saxt buke be bot iapis,
Al ful of leys or ald ydolatryis?
O hald 3our pace, 3e verray goddis apis!
Reid, reid agane, this volume, mair than twyss:
Considir quhat hyd sentence tharin lyis;
Be war to lak, less than 3e knew weil quhat;
And gif 3ou list not wirk eftir the wiss,
Heich on 3our hede set vp the foly hat.
“All is bot gaistis and elrich fantasyis,
Of browneis and of bogillis ful this buke:
Owt on thir wandrand speritis, wow!” thou cryis;
“It semys a man war mangit, tharon list luke,
Lyke dremys or dotage in the monys cruke,
Vayn superstitionys aganyst our richt beleve;
Quhat of thir fureis, or Pluto that plukkit duke,
Or cal on Sibil, deir of a revyn sleif?”
Wald thou I suld this buke to the declare,
Quhilk war impossibil til expreme at schort?
Virgil is ful of sentence our all quhare,
Bot heirintil, as Seruius gan proport,
Hys hie knowlage he schawis, that euery sort
Of his clausys comprehend sik sentence,
Thar bene tharof, set thou think this bot sport,
Maid gret ragmentis of hie intelligence.
In all his warkis Virgil doith discrive

The stait of man, gif thou list vnderstand,
Baith lif and ded in thir fyrst bukis fyve;
And now, intil this saxt, we haue on hand,
Eftir thar deth, in quhat plyte saulis sal stand.
He writis lyke a philosophour naturall;
Twichand our faith mony clausis he fand
Quhilk beyn conform, or than collateral.
Schawis he nocht heir the synnys capital?
Schawis he nocht wikkit folk in endless pane,
And purgatory for synnys venyall,
And vertuus pepil into the plesand plane?
Ar al sik sawis fantasy and invane?
He schawis the way, evir patent, down to hell,
And rycht diffcil the gait to hevin agane,
With ma gude wordis than thou or I kan tell.
Heir tretand vertu, taxis he pane for vyce,
Feil woful turmentis of wrachit catyvis sary,
Notabil histories, and diuerss proverbis wyce,
Quhilkis to reherss war our prolix a tary;
Al thocht he, as a gentile, sum tyme vary,
Ful perfutely he writis seir misteris fell,
As quhou thir heithin childir thar werdis wary,
Wepand and waland at the first port of hell.
And, thocht our faith neid nane authorising
Of gentiles bukis, nor by sik heithin sparkis,
3it Virgil writis mony iust clauss conding,
Strenthing our beleve, to confound payan warkis.
Quhou oft rehersis Austyne, cheif of clarkis,
In his gret volume of the Cite of God,
Hundreth versis of Virgil, quhilk he markis
Agane Romanys, til vertu thame to brod!
And of this saxt buke walis he mony a scor,
Not but gude resson, for, thocht Criste grund our faith,
Virgil sawis ar worth to put in stor.
Thay aucht not be hald vagabund nor waith —
Ful riche tresour thai bene and precius graith:
For oft by Sibilys sawis he tonys his stevyn;

Thus faithfully in his Bucolykis he saith,
The maide cummyth bringis new lynnage fra hevyn.
As twiching hym writis Ascencyus,
Feil of his wordis bene like the appostilis sawis;
He is ane hie theolog sentencyus,
And maste profound philosophour he him schawis,
Thocht sum his writis frawart our faith part drawis.
Na wondir! he was na Cristyn man, per De,
He was a gentile, and levit on payane lawis,
And 3it he puttis a God Fader maste hie.
We trow a God, regnand in personys thre,
And 3it angellis hevinly spiretis we call;
And of the hevinly wightis oft carpis he,
Thocht he belevit thai war not angellis all.
Quhil Cristis passioun, of Adam from the fall,
All went to hell, thocht all war nocht in pane:
Or Criste he wrait this buke, quhar reid 3e sall
Distinit in hell specialy placis twane,
And principaly the sted of fell tormentis,
With seyr departingis in that laithly hald,
Ane other place quhilk purgator representis,
And, dar I say, the Lymbe of faderis ald,
With Lymbus puerorum, as I haue tald —
Schawis he not eik, by werkis meritory,
Quhou iust pepil, in welthis monyfald,
RaioSYS, syngand sangis of hevynly glory?
And, as he twichis greys seyr in payn,
In blys, elike wyss, syndry stagis puttis he.
Quhat sal I of his wondir warkis sayn?
For al the plesance of the Camp Elyse,
Octauian, in his Georgikis, 3e may se;
He consalis nevir lordschip in hell desyre,
Bot evir in hevin, intil sum his degre,
To cheyss his place, and not amang the fyre.
Quhat Cristyn clerk kouth hym haue consalit bettir?
Al thocht he was neuer Catholyk wight,
He hess writtin ful mony attentik lettir.

In that ilk buke he techis ws ful richt,
The world begouth in veyr, baith day and nycht;
In veir he says that God als formyt man,
The son, the mone and all the starnys bright:
We grant in veir that first the world began.
“Happy war he knew the causs of all thingis,
And settis on syde all dreid and cuyr,” quod he,
“Vndir his feyt at treddis, and down thryngis,
Chancis ontretabill of fatis and destane,
All feir of ded, and eik of hellis see.”
Happy he callys sik wightis, and sa do I.
Quhar may we swa optene felicite?
Neuer bot in hevin empire abone the sky.
Tyll write 3ou all hys tryit and notabil verss
Almaist impossibil war, and half invane,
For me behuffyt repeting and reherss
In seir placis the sammyn wordis agane.
This may suffice, I wil no mor sane:
Ane movar, ane begynnar puttis he,
Sustenys all thing, and doyth in all remane,
And, be our faith, the sammyn thing grant we.
I say nocht all hys warkis beyn perfyte,
Nor that sawllys turnys in othir bodeys agane,
Thocht we traste, and may preif be haly write,
Our sawle and body sal anys togiddir remane.
At thar bene mony goddis I wil not sane,
Thocht haly scriptur iust men “goddis” clepe.
Quhom cal I Pluto and Sibilla Cumane,
Hark; for I wil na fals goddis wirschepe.
Sibilla, til interpret propirly,
Is clepit a maid of goddis secret preve,
That hes the spiret divyne of prophecy.
Quha bettir may Sibilla namyt be
Than may the gloryus moder and madyn fre,
Quhilk of hir natur consavit Criste, and buyr
All haill the mysteris of the Trinite,
And maist excellent wark had vnder cure?

Thow art our Sibill, Crystis moder deir,
Prechit by prophetis and Sibilla Cumane;
Thou brocht the hevynly lynage in erd heir,
Moder of God, ay virgyne doith remane,
Restoring wss the goldin warld agane.
Sathan the clepe I, Pluto infernall,
Prynce in that dolorus den of wo and pane,
Nocht god tharof, bot gretast wrech of all.
To name the God, that war a manifest le;
Is bot a God, makar of euery thing —
I favour nocht the errour of Manache.
Set thou to Wlcane haue ful gret resembling,
And art sum tyme the minister of thundring,
Or sum blynd Ciclopes of thy laithly wra,
Thou art bot Iovys smytht, in the fyre blawing,
And dyrk fornace of perpetuall Ethna.
Thou wrocht na thyng, bot maid thi self a devill,
And that was not to mak, bot rather fail3e,
For Austyne says syn, myscheif or evill
Is nocht at all. For quhy? Thai nocht avail3e.
The dym dongeoun of Ditis till assail3e,
Or in the lyknes this mysty poetry,
Help me, Mare; for certis, vail que vail3e,
War at Pluto, I sal hym hunt of sty.
Heir endis the prologue and begynnys the saxt buke of Eneados

Ene aspyis Dedalus wark express,
And with Sibilla spak, the prophetess.
Qwil on this wyss ilk man occupyit was,
Reuthful Eneas bownys him to pas
Onone to serss the strenth and tempil tho
Dedicat ontill the myghty Apollo,
That feirfull gowsty cave far from the way,
And secret hald of Sibilla the may,
Quhais hait memor and resson oft infyrit
Delyus, the prophet divyne, and so inspirit
That scho the secretis fortocum did know.

With this thai entrit in the hallowit schaw
Of the thrynfald passynger Dyane,
And howss of brycht Apollo gold bigane.
The fame is so, that Dedalus, the wright,
Furth of King Mynos realm takand his flycht,
Sa bald was with swift fedrame, and happy
To aventur hym self heich in the sky,
And by a quent onvsyt way to know,
Towart the frosty poil artik he flaw;
Bot, at the last, softly he gan alicht
Of Chalcydonys apon the castell licht;
And rendrit fyrst into thir landis, he
Offerit and hallowit, Phebus, onto the,
The fard and flycht of baith hys weyngis two,
And thar grathit a fair tempil alsso.
Apon the portis dyd he carve and grave
Androgyus slauchtir, falsly brocht to grave,
And for hys deth the vengeance and the wrake;
Quhou of Athenes commandit war, alake,
Twyss sevyn childir onto Creyt be send,
Perpetually ilk 3eir, a sair presand;
The dedly vrn stand porturat mycht thai know,
Owt of the quhilk the lottis warrin draw.
Forgane Athenes, a litil our the see,
The ile of Crete he wrocht, musterand ful hie
(The kingis cite thar hecht Gnosya),
Quharin he porturit als ful, wallowa!
The lufe abhominabill of Queyn Pasyphe,
Quhou pryvely with the bul forlane was sche;
The blandit kynd, and birth of formys twane,
The monstuous Mynotawr, doith thar remane,
Ane horribill takin of schrewit Venus wark.
Thar was also craftely schape and mark
That namekouth howss, quhilk Laborynthus hait,
Ful of wrynckillit onreturnabil dissait.
Bot, nethelless, Dedalus, cawcht piete
Of the gret luf of fayr Ariadne,

That was the kyngis douchtir, tawght ful rycht
Of this quent howss fortill omdo the slycht —
Quhou by a threid the subtell wentis ilkane
Thai myghtin hald, and turn that way agane.
And thou alsso, the 3ong child Icharus,
Quhilk son was onto this ilk Dedalus,
A gret part of this wark suld haue beyn thyne,
Gyf that the dolour and the huge pyne
Had sufferit hym to kyth his craft on the:
In gold to grave thi fall twyss etlyt he,
And twyss, for rewth, fail3eis the faderis handis.
Eneas tho, and al at with hym standis,
This sculptur al espyit had on breid,
Ne war Achates, quhilk befor him 3eid,
Be than returnyt was, and with him brocht
The religyus woman quham thai socht,
Baith consecrate to Dyane and Phebus,
Hait Deiphobe, the douchtir of Glawcus,
Quhilk to the king sone spak apon this wyss:
“This tyme,” quod scho, “to stair and to devyss,
Govand on figuris, is not necessary.
Mair neidfull now it war, but langar tary,
Sevin 3ong stottis, that 3ok bur nevir nane,
Brocht from the bow, in offerand brittin ilkane,
And alsmony twyntyrres, as is the gyss,
Chosyn and ganand for the sacrifyss.”
On this wyss till Eneas spak Sibill,
And Troianys tareis nocht forto fulfill
Hir commandment, that, but langar delay,
The sacryfyis and offerand done haue thai;
And syne the nun to the hie tempill thame brocht,
Quhilk in maner of ane gret cave was wrocht,
Of Cuma holkit in the hillis side.
Ane hundreth entreis had it, large and wyde,
Ane hundreth durris tharon stekit closs,
Out at the quhilkis ruschit alsmony a voce,
Gevand responss onto this Sibilla.

Tho to the dur threswald cummyn ar tha,
Quhen that this virgyn said: "To ask answeris
Now is the tyme; lo, lo, the god me steris!"
And as scho gan sik wordis say and cry,
Without the entre standand, suddanly
Nowdir vissage nor cullour, as thai war air,
Remanys than, nor hir weil dressit hair,
Bot fast hir breist the breth dyd clap and bete;
Hir fers hart boldynnys vp ful grete,
Enragit of the sprete divyne alsso,
That of mair statur gan scho semyng tho;
Hir voce ne sovndis lyke a mortale wight;
For, with the goddis maieste and myght
Twichit and smyte, that drew hir mynde ful neir,
Hir hart pipis gan to flekkir and steir.
"Blyn nocht, blyn nocht, thou gret Troiane Ene,
Of thi bedis nor thi prayeris," quod sche,
"For, bot thou do, thir gret durris, but dreid,
And grisly 3ettis, sal nevir warp on breid."
And, with that word, scho cessit and no mor said.
The cald dreid gan tho Troianys invaid,
Thirland throu owt hard banys at euery part;
The king hym self than inkirly from his hart
Maid this oryson, and devoutly said:
"O bright Phebus, that evir reuth has had
On Troys hard aduersite and wo,
Thow quhilk direkkit the Troiane dartis so
In Achillis body, schot by Parys hand;
This see, at goys about mony gret land,
Thou beand my gidar, entrit haue I,
And eyk the wilsum desert land Masyly,
Quhar the schald sandys strekis endlang the schor;
Now at the last, that fled ws evir mor,
The forther cost of Ital haue we kaucht,
Thocht, hiddertillis, hard fortoun hass omberaucht
The Troianys, and persewit onfrendfully.
Now all 3e goddis and goddassis, quham by

Vmquhile was thocht gret Ilion ful of ioy,
And the schynand gloryus town of Troy
Semyng resist and gaynstand 3our godhede,
Lesum it is to desist of 3our fede,
And now to spair the puyr pepil Troiane.
O thou maist haly prophetess souerane,
Quhat is to cum hess knowlage of all thingis,
Grant at Tewcranys may dwel in Ital ringis,
For I ne ask na land, nor realm algatis,
Bot quhilk is grantit to ws by our fatis —
Schaw and declar for our goddis errand,
That cachit bene our mony see and sand,
Quhar sal thar resting place be to remane,
So eftir that to Phebus and Diane
Of sownd marbill tempillis beld may I,
And festual days for Appollo gar cry.
To the alsso, within our realmys, salbe
Mony secrete closet and revestre,
Quharin thi warkis and fatale destaneis,
Thi secret sawis, and thi propheceis,
Endite of my kyn and genology,
I sal gar kepe and obserue reuerendly;
And, O thou blissit woman, onto the
Wyss walit men sal dedicate and sacre;
So that thou write nocht on the levis thi wordis
For dreid al turn bot til a mok or bourdis,
Gif that the wynd thame skattir and blaw away.
Pronunce it with thyne awin mowth, I the pray.”
Tharwith he held hys pace and said no mor.
Bot than Sibill the prophetes, ful 3or
Within the cave, as half enragit wight,
Kouth nocht contene of Phebus the gret mycht;
And evir the mair scho hyr enforcys ay
The gret god from hir breist dryve away,
The mor he gan invaid hir and infest,
Hir rageand mowth and fers hart, as him lest,
Danting at wil, and forgeand hir sayngis;

Scho was constrenyt to schaw al suthfast thingis.
The answeris and the wordys to and fra
Betwix Eneas and this Sibilla.
The hundreth gret durriss of that howss, with this,
At thar awin willis warpit wide, I wys,
And brocht the prophetis ansuer to thar erys:
“O Eneas, that, eftir mony 3heris,
Now finally hess dryve to end,” quod sche,
“Sa mony huge gret dangeris of the see!
Bot on the land, I tel 3ou al and sum,
Far grettar perellis remanys forto cum.
The Troiane pepill to the realm of Lavyne
Sal cum (that is determyt be goddis dyvyne;
Out of thi mynde sik dowsis do away),
Bot forthirmor, I wil onto the say,
Quhen thai the grond of Italy haue nummyn,
Thai sal desyre neuer thiddir to haue cummyn.
Batalis, horribil batalis, to conclude,
I now behald, and Tibris, the gret flude,
For gret habundance of blude on spait walx reid.
Nowdyr Exanth nor Symois in that sted
Sal thou myss, nor 3it the Grekis army.
Thou sal befor the fynd in Italy
Ane othir Achil, born als of a goddes,
Nor Iuno, Troianys persewar expres,
Sal neuer mair fail3e in 3our contrary.
And quhen thou art thar, as thou waldbe cary,
Of succurss and of help al desolate,
Quhat pepill, and quhat citeis than, God wait,
In Ital salt thou beseik of supple!
Few sal remane onrequerit, trast me.
The causys of al this myscheif and pane,
Ane othir woman, a fremmyt gest agane
For the Troianys, is tobe spowss and wed,
A strange bride, or scho be brocht to bed.
Withdraw the from na perellis, nor hard thrist,
Bot evir inforss mair strangly to resist

Agane dangeris, than fortune sufferis the.
3our first reskew of succurss and supple
Furth of a Gregioun cite salbe schaw,
Quhilk thou leste wenys, a wondir thing to knaw.”
Furth of hir secret closet, thus onane,
Sik sawis warpis this Sibilla Cwmane,
Horribil answeris, ful dowtsum to consave,
Quhar as scho sat rumysand in hir cave,
In subtel wordis of obscurite
Involupand the trewth and verite;
For on sik wyss Apollo hir refrenys,
Bridillis hir sprete, and, as him list, constrenys,
From hir hart pipis his fers brod withdrawing.
As the divyne fury gan first sessing,
And eik hir ragiand mowth begouth to rest,
Godly Eneas begynnys als prest,
And said: “Virgyn, na kynd of pane may ryss
Onknaw to me, of new that may me gryss;
Or now I am warnyt of al sik chance,
And hess thame rollit in my remembrance.
Bot a thing I beseik the and requair;
Sen the entress and port, thai sai, bene heir,
Of the infernal king, and the layk dyrk
Of Acheron, gorgeit with fludis myrk,
Thocht it be rycht difficil, 3it grant me
Thai quent realmys I may behald and se,
And cum onto my deir faderis sight;
Thiddir the passage, and al ways rycht,
Do teche me, and tha secret portis onschet.
I hym delyuerit amynd from flambis het,
And on thir schulderis careit him away,
A thousand speris followand to assay,
From myd ennymeis brocht him to salfte;
In my vayage, accompaneit with me,
He went throu owt al seys and strange strandis,
All maner perrellis of fludis, stremys, and sandis,
And stormys of the hevin, thocht he was waik;

He sufferit and sustenyt, for my saik,
Ful huge pane, as he had beyn a page,
Abufe the strenth and common curss of age.
And forthir he me chargit and gan beseik
To the, lady, I reuerently suld seik,
And pass hiddir to thi sted and dwelling place.
Haue reuth now, haly woman, schaw sum grace
Baith to the son and fader, I requeir,
For thou may do all thing, I wait, but weir —
Ne not but gude resson, ful weil I knaw,
Beside Avernus, our hir hallowit schaw,
Proserpyn maid the patron and mastres.
Gif Orpheus mycht reduce agane, I gess,
From hell his spousis gost with his sweit stringis,
Playand on his harp of Trace sa plesand springis;
Or gif Pollux redemyt his broder Castor,
As he that was immortal get and boyr,
Partyng with him his immortalite,
Athir for other sufferand forto de,
That ych of thame, by coursis alternate,
Sa oft gais and returnys that gait;
Is it nocht anys lesum I pass that way?
Of Thesyus quhat nedis mair to say,
Or of the strang maste dowchty Hercules,
Quhilk thiddir went with sa gret forss and press?
Am I nocht eik descend from Iupiter?”
Sik prayer maid he, grippand the altar,
Quhil thus begouth the prophetess speke agane:
“Of goddis blude, Anchises son Troiane,
It is richt facil and eith gait, I the tell,
Forto descend and pass on down to hell;
The blak 3ettis of Pluto and that dirk way
Standis evir oppin and patent nycht and day:
Bot tharfra to return agane on hyght,
And heir abufe recovir this aris licht,
That is diffcil wark, thar lawbour lyis.
Ful few thar bene, quhom heich aboue the skyis

Thar ardent vertu hass rasit and vphyeit,
Or 3it quhom equal Iupiter deifyit,
Thai quhilk bene gendrit of goddis, may thidder attayn.
Al the myd way is wildirnes onplayn,
Or wilsum forest, and the laithly flude
Cochytus, with his drery bosum onrude,
Flowis enveroin rownd about that place.
Bot gif sa gret desyre and luf thou hass
Twyss til our sayll of Stix the dedly layk,
And twyss behald blak hellis pyt of wraik,
Or sa huge laubour delytis the,” quod scho,
“Harkyn quhat first behuffis the to do.
Amyd a rank tre lurkis a goldin bewch,
With aural levis, and flexibill twystis tewch,
Onto Iuno infernal consecrate,
That standis lowkit abowt and obumbrate
With dirk schaddowis of the thik wod schaw.
Bot it is na wyss lesun, I the schaw,
Thir secret ways vndir the erd to went,
Quhil of the tre this goldin grayn be rent;
Fair Proserpyn hess institut and command
To offer hir this, hir awin propir presand.
Ane other goldin grane, to the ilk effect,
Thou sal nocht myss, thocht the first be down brek;
Incontinent evir of the sammyn mettall
Sik a lyke branch sal burgion furth withall.
The nedis, tharfor, to hald thine eyn on hight,
It forto serss and seik; syne all at right,
Quhen it is fund, thou hynt it in thi hand.
For, gif it list, esely that sammyn wand,
Of the awin will, sal follow thi grip fut hait,
Gif so the fatis wil thou pass that gait;
Or ellis be na strenth thou sal it ryve,
Nor kut in twa with wapyn, sword or knyve.
And mair atour, beforne the in the place,
At thou ne wait, of thi deyr frend, allace!
Onerdyt lyis of new the ded body,

That with hys corps infekkis al thi navy,
The self tyme slane thow askand our answer
And in this place remanys with ws heir.
First se that hym to hys lang hame thou haue,
And, as efferis, gar bery law in grave.
Til his funeral entyre, or sacrifyss,
Do bring the blak bestis, as is the gyss;
Lat tha be 3our first expiationys,
And clenging graith, eftir 3our serymonys.
So at the last, of Stix the cayrful schaw,
And realmys wilsum for levand men to knaw,
Thou salbeald,” quod scho, and tho gan sess,
Hir mowth clappit to giddir, and held hir pess.
Of Mysenus entyrment at was slane,
And quhou Eneas fand the goldin grane.
Ene, with drery cheir and eyn down cast,
Levand the cave, furth on his way is past,
And in his breste gan roollyng all on raw
Thir onkouth chancis, wondir strange to knaw.
Achates, hys traste frend, furth by hym went,
Ilk step and payss musyng the sammyn entent,
Ful mony diuerss sermondys betwix thame two
Talkand and carpand oft quhar as tha go,
Dowtsum quhilk of thar feris this mycht be
The prophetes thame tald was done to de,
Or quhat corps was this scho thame bad bery.
And, as thai come apon the strandis dry,
Thai gan behald, ligging in the ilk sted,
Mysenus new slane be onworthy ded,
Mysenus, Eolus son, nane mair cunnand
Ostis to assembill with brasyn trump in hand,
That with his sovnd and weirly blastis oftsyss
The martial curage maid in brestis ryss.
Sum tyme he was ane of gret Hectoris feris;
About Hector evir hantit he the werys,
Now blawing with hys trump maste craftely,
Now with a speir ionand hys mastir by.

Eftir Achil reft him the lyfe in wer,
Til dowchty Ene this forcy chyvaler
Adionyt hess him self in falloschip,
A man of na less prowes nor wirschip.
Bot now, percace, with his boyss trump as he
Went onprovisitly blawand by the see,
To stryfe prouoking the goddis with his springis,
Gif it be lesum to trast sa shameful thingis,
Triton the god, havand tharat dispite,
Or he was war, hym hyntis and dyd smyte
Amang the fomy rolkis law adown,
And in the salt wallys the man gan drown.
Quharfor about his corps with gret clamour
The Troianys stude murnand, and maid dolour;
Bot principaly the rewthfull Eneas.
Sibillais heste, as he commandit was,
Tho sped in haist forto perform weping;
For the sepulcre funerale fyre or byng,
Ane hepe of treis thai press onone to dycht,
And vp onto the hevynnys rayss on hight.
Ontil ane ancyent forest socht thai then,
Entrand in mony dern wild bestis den;
Ful of roset down bet is the fyr tre,
Smyte with the ax dyd rayr the akis hie,
Gret eschin stokkis tumlys to the grond,
With weggeis schydit gan the byrkis sovnd,
The felloun elmys weltis down the hillys.
Ene him self also, with ful gude willys
Into sik warkis, with the first, al day
For tobe bissey gan hys feris pray,
With lwme in hand fast wirkand lyke the laif;
And in hys breste gan to and fra consaif,
Ful hevely, thir materis war betyde,
Behaldand the large wod on athir syde,
Thar as he stude thus makand hys prayer:
“Wald God 3on goldyn branch list now appeir,
And kyth the self to ws in this forest!

Sen lo, al thing the prophetes exprest
Of the, Mysenus, ar our trew, allace!”
Skars war thir wordis said, quhen, in that place,
A payr of dowis fra hevin come with a flycht,
And richt forgane the mannys face dyd lycht,
And on the grene sward thar place tuke law.
This rial prynce, alssone as he thame saw,
His moderis byrdis knew, and blithly than
Hys orison hess maid, and thus began:
“O haly fowlys, gif the way may be went,
Be 3e my gydis to compleit myne entent.
Address 3our courss throu owt the ayr in hy
Onto that haly schaw, with soyl myghty,
Quhar as that rych branch the grond ourheildis.
And 3e, my blissit moder, that our beild is
Into this dowsom cace, be nocht away:
I 3ou beseik be favorabill to our way.”
And prayand thus, efter the spamen werd,
He prentit baith his futsteppis in the erd,
Behaldand redly quhat syngnys thai schaw,
Or quhider thai mark, etand, pasyng on raw.
Thai at the last gan flychtir furth a space,
Half stalkand on the grond a soft pace,
Sa fer befor Achates and Ene
As thai mycht weil behald thame with thar e.
And alssone as thai come to the entre
Of Avernus, that styndand hellys see,
Vprayss thai swyftly, and in the moste ayr
Flaw furth, and syne gan alycht and repair
Apon thar segyss, quhar thame list tobe,
Of diuerss naturis perkit on the tre,
Throw quhais branchis, of seir hewis mony ane,
The brycht glittyrRAND goldin cullour schane.
Lyke as ful oft, in chil wyntiris tyde,
The gum or glew, amynd the woddis wide,
Is wont to seym 3allow on the grane new,
Quhilk nevir of that treis substance grew,

With saffron hewit frute doying furth sprowt,
Circulis and wymplis rownd bewis abowt —
Siklyke was of this gold the figur brycht,
That burgionynt fayr on the rank akis hycht.
Evir as the branch for py pand wynd reboundit,
The goldin schakeris ratlis and resoundit.
Eneas smertly hynt the grayn at schone,
And but delay hess rent it down anone;
Desyrus to compleit hys way allsua,
Bair it onto the hald of Sibilla.
And netheless Troianys, this ilk tyde,
Mysenus deth bewalit at the cost syde,
Onto the dolorus onsilly body
Funeral seruyce completand by and by.
At the begynnyng first vp hie thai beild
A huge munge or byng amynd the feild,
Of dry ayk schydis and fat roset treys;
Al sydis tharof, als fer as ony seys,
Was dek and coverit with thir dedly bewis,
And wild cipress, the tre of mortall hewys;
The top abufe arrayt was at richt,
And adornynt with schynand armour bricht.
Sum spedis to graith hait watir bissely
In caldronys playand on the fyre fast by;
The cald ded corps is weschin and invnct,
Enbalmynt with rich gummys euery iunct.
Thai schowting, gowling and clamour abowt him maid;
The body syne bewalit haue thai laid
In a soft bed, and thar abuf was spred
Purpoure robbis, quharwith he wont was cled.
Sum on thar schulderis the gret beir vpbair,
A dulf office, with mony sob and rayr,
And, as the maner of tendir frendis is,
For sorow thar facis writhis away, I wys,
Puttand the kyndling in with hait fyre brand.
Gret hepis of censs vpblesit fra hand to hand;
Cowpis and goblettis, warpit in the fyre,

Ful of oyl dolyve, brynt vp brycht and schire.
Efter all was fallin in puldir and in ass,
And the gret heit of flambis quynchit was,
The reliqueis and the dry ammeris syne
Thai sloknyt, and gan weschin with sweit wyne.
The banys, walit by and naitly chosit,
Choryneus in a brassyn twn hess closit;
And this ilk man his feris al, but dowt,
With cleyn watir clengit thryss abowt,
Strinkland a litil dewing, as was the gyss,
With the branch of a happy olyve thryss;
He purgit and aspergit weil the men,
The lattir word, “Al in done!” said he then.
Eneas tho gart vp erekkit be
A sepultur, of ful huge quantite,
In takynnyng of the mannys instrumentis,
Ane ayr and eik a trumpet tharon prentis,
Vndir the mont, vmquhile Aeryus
Was clepit, quhilk now is hait Mysenus,
Eftir his name callit perpetually,
That evir sal his memor testify.
Of Eneas sacrifyis be nycht,
And quhou to hel he tuk the way ful rycht.
This beand done, Sibillais commandment
Ene addressis perform incontinent.
Thar stude a dirk and profound cave fast by,
A hidduus hoill, deip gapand and grisly,
All ful of cragis and of thir scharp flynt stanys,
Quhilk was weil dekkit and closit for the nanys
With a fowle layk, als blak as ony craw,
And skuggis dym of a ful dern wod schaw,
Abufe the quhilk na fowle may fle but skath.
Exalationys or vapouris blak and laith
Furth of that dedly golf thrawis in the air,
Sik wyss na byrd may thiddir mak repair;
Quharfor Grekis Avernus clepis this sted,
The place bot fowlis to say, or pyt of ded.

Heir first Ene, at this ilk entre vyle,
Fowr 3ong stottis addressit, blak of pyle;
The nun Sibilla ressauys thame, and syne
Amyd thar forhedis quhelmyt on cowpis of wyne,
And of thar top, betwix the hornys twa,
The ovirmast haris hass scho pullit awa,
And in the haly ingil, as was the gyss,
Kest thame, in maner of the first sacrifice,
Apon Hecate cryand, with mony a 3ell,
Mychtful in hevin and dym dungeon of hell.
Sum slevit knyvis in the bestis throtis,
And otheris, quhilk war ordand for sik notis,
The warm new blude keppit in cowp and peyss.
Ene him self a 3ow was blak of flece
Brittnnyt with hys sword, in sacrifice ful hie
Onto the moder of the fureys thre,
And hir gret systir; and to the, Proserpyne,
A 3eld kow all to trynschit; and eftir syne
To the infernal kyng, quhilk Pluto hait,
Hys nycht altaris begouth to dedicate;
The hail bowkis of bestys, bayn and lyre,
Amyd the flambys kest and haly fyre;
The fat oly dyd he 3et and peyr
Apon the entralys, to mak thame byrn cleir.
Bot lo, a litill befor the son rysyng,
The grond begouth to rummyss, croyn and ryng,
Vndir thar feyt, and woddy toppys hie
Of thir hillys begyn to move thai se;
Amang the schaddowys and the skuggis mark
The hell hundys hard thai 3owl and bark,
At cummyng of the goddess Proserpyne.
Sibilla cryis, that prophetess dyvyne;
“All 3e that bene prophane, away, away!
Swith, outwith al the sanctuar hy 3ow, hay!
And thou,” quod sche, “hald on thi way with me.
Draw furth thi swerd, for now is neid, Ene,
To schaw thi manheid, and be of ferm curage.”

Thus far scho said, smyte with the godly rage,
And tharwith entris in the oppynnyt cave;
Eneas onabasisit, fra all the lave,
Followis his gide with equale pays ful rycht.
O 3he goddis, in quhais power and mycht
The sawlis beyn, and 3he dern skuggis dyrk,
Confusyt Chaos, quharof all thing beyn wirk,
Skaldand hellis flude, Flagiton, but lycht,
Placis of silence and perpetuall nycht:
Mot it be leful to me for to tell
Tha thyngis quhilkis I haue hard said of hell,
And, by 3our myghtis, that I may furth schaw
Seir thingis drynchit in the erd ful law,
And deip envoluyt in myrkness and in myst!
Thai walking furth sa dyrk, oneth thai wyst
Quhiddel thai went, amyd dym schaddowys thar,
Quhar evir is nycht, and nevir lyght dois repar,
Throwout the waist dongion of Pluto kyng,
Thai voyd boundis, and that gowsty ryng —
Siklyke as quha wald throw thik woddis wend
In obscure licht, quhen moyn may nocht be kend
As Iupiter, the kyng etheryall,
With erdis skugg hydys the hevynnys all,
And the myrk nycht, with hir vissage gray,
From every thing hess reft the hew away.
Befor the porch and fyrst iawys of hell,
Lamentatioun and wraikfull Thochtis fell
Thar luyng had; and thar at dwellis eyk
Pail Maladeis that causys folk be seik,
The feirful Dreid, and als onweldy Age,
The fellon Hungir with hir ondantit rage;
Thar was also the laithly Indigence,
Terribill of port and schameful hir presence,
The grysly Ded at mony ane hess slane,
The hard Laubour, and diseysful Pane,
The slottry Sleip, Dedis cousyng of kynd,
Inordinat Blithnes of peruersit mynd:

And in the 3et forganyst thame dyd stand
The mortal Batall with hys dedly brand,
The irne chalmeris of hellys Fureys fell,
Witless Discord, that wondryng maist crewell,
Wymplit and buskit in a bludy bend,
With snakis hung at euery harys end.
And in the myddis of the vtyr ward,
With braid branschis spred our al the sward,
A rank elm tre stude, huge gret, and stok ald —
The wlgar pepil in that sammyn hald
Belevis thir vayn dremys makis thar duellyng;
Vndir ilk leif ful thik thai stik and hyng.
Thar beyn eik monstreis of mony diuerss sort:
The Centawres war stablit at this port,
The dowbil porturat Scilla with thame infeir,
Bryareus with ane hundreth formys seyr,
The bysnyng best, the serpent of Lerna,
Horribilly quhysland, and quent Chymera
With fyre enarmyt on hir toppys hie,
The laithly Harpyes, and the Gorgones thre;
Of thrynfald bodeys gaistly formys dyd grone,
Baith of Erylus and of Geryon.
Eneas smartly, for the hasty dreid,
Hynt furth hys swerd in this place, and, gud speid,
The drawin blaid he profferis thar and heir
Onto tha monstreis, evir as thai drew neir;
And war not his expert mait Scybilla
Tawcht him thai war bot voyd gaistis all tha,
But ony bodeis, as wandrand wrechys waist,
He had apon thame ruschit in gret haist,
And with his bytand brycht brand, all invane,
The twme schaddowis smyttyn to haue slane.
Tyll hellys fludys Ene socht neddyrmar,
And Palynurus, hys sterysman, fand thar.
Fra thyne, strekis the way profund onone
Deip onto hellys flude of Acheron,
With holl bysme and hydduus swelch onrude,

Drumly of mud, and skaldand as it war wod,
Popland and bulrand furth on athir hand
Onto Cochitus all his slyke and sand.
Thir ryveris and thir watyris kepit war
By ane Charon, a grisly ferryar,
Terribil of schap and sluggart of array,
Apon his chyn feil kannos harys gray,
Lyart feltrit tatis; with burnand eyn red,
Lyk twa fyre blesys fixit in his hed;
Hys smottrit habyt, ovr his schulderis lydder,
Hang pevagely knyt with a knot togiddir.
Hym self the cobill dyd with hyss bolm furth schow,
And, quhen hym list, halit vp salys fow.
This ald hasart careis ovr fludis hoyt
Spretis and figuris in hys irne hewyt boyt,
All thocht he eildit was, or step in age,
Als fery and als swippir as a page;
For in a god the age is fresch and greyn,
Infatigabill and immortall as thai meyn.
Thiddir to the bra swarmyt all the rowt
Of ded gostis, and stud the bank abowt,
Baith matronys and thar husbandis all yferis,
Ryal pryncis, and nobill chevaleris,
Smal childering, and 3ong damysellis onwed
And fair springaldis laity ded in bed,
In fader and moderis presence laid on beir.
Als gret numbir thiddir thikkit infeir
As, in the first frost eftir hervist tyde,
Levis of treys in the wod doys slyde;
Or byrdis flokkis ovr the fludis gray
Onto the land seikand the nerrest way,
Quhom the cald session cachis ovr the see
Into sum benar realm and warm cuntre.
Thar stude thai prayand sum support to get,
That thai mycht with the formast ovr be fet,
And gan vp heving petuusly handis twa,
Langand tobe apon the forthir bra.

Bot this soroful boytman, with brym luyk,
Now thir, now thame, within his veschel tuke,
And other sum expellit, and maid do stand
Far from the ryvage syde apon the sand.
Awondrit of this sterage and the press,
“Say me, virgyn,” quod Ene, “or thou cess,
Quhat menys sik confluence at this watir side?
Quhat wald thir sawlys? Quhy nyl thai nocht byde?
Quhilk causis beyn, or quhat diuersite,
Sum from the brays thame withdraw I se;
And other sort, eik, of thir sawlys ded
Rollys owr this ryver, cullorit as the led?”
Thys ancyant relligius woman than,
But mair delay, to answer thus began:
“Anchises get, heynd child, curtass and gude,
Discend ondowtabill of the goddis blude,
The deip stank of Cochitus doith thou se,
And eik the hellis puyll, hait Stix,” quod sche,
“Be quhais myghtis the goddis ar full laith
And dredis sair to sweir, syne fals thar aith.
All thir thou seis stoppit at the schor
Beyn helples folk, onerdit and forlor;
3on grysly ferryar to name Charon hait;
Thai beyn all bereyt he careys in hys bayt.
It is not to him lefull, he ne may
Thame ferry owr thir rowtand fludis gray,
Nor to the hydduus 3onder costys haue,
Quhil thar banys be laid to rest in grave.
Quha ar onbereit ane hundreth 3er mon bide,
Waverand and wandrand by this bankis syde;
Than, at the last, to pass owr in this boyt
Thai beyn admyt, and costis thame not a grote,
And frely may behaldyn or espy
Tha lakis, quhilkis thame langis to vissy.”
Anchises son tho styntis a litil stownd,
And baith his futsteppis fixit in the grond,
Musyng in mynd sum deil, sad in a part,

And of this hard forton kauch rewth in hart.
Thar saw he, dolorus and wofull of cheir,
But funeral seruyce, nevir laid on beir,
Lucaspes and Orontes, baith twane,
Quhilum masteris of the schyp Lyciane,
Quham baith yfeir, as said befor haue we,
Saland from Troy throw owt the wally see,
The dedly storm ourquhelmyt with a quhiddir,
Baith men and schip welt vnder flude togyddir.
Lo, Palynurus eyk, his sterysman,
Amang otheris fast to the watir ran,
Quhilk laitly saland in the Libyane see,
As that he gan behald the starnys hie,
Togidder with the helmstok, quhar he stude,
Owr schipburd swakkit was amynd the flude.
And skarsly as he, Ene, gan hym espy,
Amang dirk skowgis standand full drery,
First he him gretis, sayand to him thus:
“Quhilk of the goddis, O Palynurus,
The ws bereft, and drynt amynd the see?
Quhow tyd that cace? Declar me, I pray the.
For certis, bricht Apollo nevir or now
Was fals to me; bot I wait neuer how
Of hys answer twiching the he ravyt,
And hess my mynd tharin al hail dissavit;
That schew thou suld hailskarth owr the see
Onto the grond of Ital cum,” quod he.
“Se, thus his lawte and promyt is keip!”
The tother answeris with a petuus peip:
“Maist worthy duke, Anchises son sa deir,
Nowder hath the of Phebus the answer,
Vndir his secrete cortyne, so dissave,
Ne 3it na god sa far hass me bywave,
Nor drownyt in the deip, as 3e beleve.
Bot, as I slaid our burd to my myscheve,
The helmstok, or gubernakil of tre,
Quharwith I rewlit owr courss throu the see,

Lenand tharon sa fast, per cace it threw,
And rent away owr burd with me I drew.
The wally seys to wytnes draw I heir,
That for my self tuke I nane sa gret feir
As of thi schip, quhom that I knew ful quyte
Spulzeit of hir graith, and lodysman furth smyte,
Dreding scho suld haue perist in sik neid,
Owr the huge swelland fludis rayss on breid.
The sowth wynd Nothus thre days me drave
Throw owt the see, with violent wallys wave;
Skarss on the ferd day at morn dyd I spy,
Heich from the wallys croppis, Italy.
Huly and fair onto the cost I swam,
And tho almaist in surte cummyn I am,
Ne war the crewel pepil of tha landis,
As that I grippit with my crukit handis
The scharp rolkis toppys at the schoyr,
In hevy wayt frog stad, and chargyt soyr,
Thai gan with irne wapynnys me invaid,
Wenyng a spy that I had beyn, thai said,
From thar cuntre sum pray to dryve away.
So now I am bedyit in fludis gray,
And wyndis warpis my corps apon the strandis,
Quhar for I pray the, hevand vp my handis,
And be the plesand light of hevyn requiris,
And be the hailsum ayr at thou inspiris,
And be thi weilbelovit fader dyng,
And gud hope of thi 3ong sonnys ofspryng;
O thou onvenquyst valyant champyoun,
Delyuyr me fra thir gret harmys onon,
Or, at the leist, grave me in sepulture,
Sen weil thow kan and may perform that cur;
Speir to the portis quhilkis Velynos hayt;
Or gyf thar may be fundyn ony gayt,
Quhilk thy blyssit moder hess the techit rycht,
Reke thy rycht hand onto this wrechit wight,
And haue me with the our thir fludis red;

So, at the leist, I may, eftir my ded,
Into sum plesand sted remane and rest —
For I beleve fermly thou nocht address
Sa large fludis but goddis authoryte,
Nor Stix this layk fortill owr swym,” quod he.
Quhen that he had thir wordis said express,
Syk answer til hym maid the prophetess:
“Palynurus,” quod scho, “thou sary syre,
Quhiddir is becommyn sik ondantyt desyre
To the, and ferss will sa onressonabill?
Wenys thou, onerdyt now, and thus onhabill,
Owr Stix the hellys puyll sik wyss to fair,
And grysly fludis, abowt quham doith repar
Thir dreidfull fureys, to behald and se?
Oncallyt, on the 3ondyr bra wald thou be?
Desist, and cess to weyn with thy prayer
The goddis decrete at thou may brek or steir.
Bot now inprent in thy ramembrance
Thir wordys, in solace of thy hard chance.
Quhar thy body is at this tyme present,
For feir tharof, the pepil adiacent,
By wondir takynnys from the hevynnys schaw
Constrenyt, sal bygrave thy banys law,
And on thy corps erect a sepultur,
Doyng tharto solempnyt funeral cur;
Palynurus to name that place for thy
Sal bar, and clepit be perpetually.”
With thir wordis assuagyt hys hevy thocht,
And fra hys sorofull hart, as that he mocht,
Sum deil expellyt hess the dolorus cayr,
Reiosyt of the grond hys surname bayr.
Quharfor Eneas and Scybill, baith tway,
As thai begunnyn had, held furth thar way.
Owr Stix the flude quhou that Ene dyd fair,
And Cerberus in cave hard 3ell and rayr.
And as thai gan approach toward the flude,
This churlych boyt man, on Stix quhar he stude,

Alsswyth as he persavit thame cum swa
Throw the darn wod, and draw nerar the bra,
First with sik bustuus wordis he thame grat,
And, but offence, gan thame chidyng thus plat:
“Quhat evir thou be, that cummys enarmyt so
Towart owr fludis, quhiddir etlys thou go?
For quhat causs come thou hyddir? Tell me tyte;
Stand styl thar as thou art, with mekill syte.
Press na forthir, for this is the hald richt
Of gaistis, schaddowys, sleip, and dovyrrit nycht:
Onlefull war, and ane forbodyn thing,
Within this passyngear our Stix to bryng
Ony levand wight. Certis, in myne entent,
I am nocht glaid 3yt of the last sa went,
Nor that I careyt Hercules owr this layk,
Ne Thesys, and Pyrothous hys mayk,
All thocht thai war cummyn of goddis lynage
And invynsibill of strenth and vassallage.
For this ilk Hercules, with hys stalwart handis,
The grym wardane of hell strenyt in bandis,
And drew hym trymlyng from the kyngis trone.
The tother twa gret violence wald haue done;
The fresch Proserpyne, Plutois lady gay,
Furth of hir bowr begouth to led away.”
To hym agane this answer maid express
Of Amphisya Phebus prophetess:
“Do all suspicioun furth of thy consate;
Heir is,” quod scho, “nane sik gyle nor dissate;
Na violence owr wapynnys doith pretend.
Weill lykis ws, it doith ws not offend,
Thocht in hys cave 3our hydduus portar
3owland affray the ded gaistis evyrmair;
We stand content, it sufficyth ws alssua,
That ay remane the chaste Proserpina
Within hir fader broderis boundis and ryng.
Bot heir is cummyn, of Kyng Troas ofspring,
Eneas, full of piete and knychthed,

To vissy hys luffit fader, quhilk is ded,
Discendit to the law skuggis of hell.
Of sa gret vertu and piete, quhilk I tell,
Gyf na considerance may the move,” quod sche,
“At leist thou knawys this goldin granyt tre,”
And with that word the branch schew and omdyd,
That pryvely vndir hyr klok was hyd.
The rageand hart, all ful of wraith and ire,
Than wolx appesit of this laithly syre,
And but ma wordys or langar delay,
Awondryt of the presand fresch and gay,
Thys fatale wand sa precyus was, I meyn,
That he tofor a lang tyme had nocht seyn,
Hys watry hewyt boyt, haw lyke the see,
Towart thame turnys and addressis he,
And gan approach onto the bra in haist,
Syne othir sawlys expellit hess and chast
Furth of hys bayt, quhilk sat endlang the wayll.
He strekyt sone hys ayris, and grathis his saill,
And tharwithall the byg wegthy Ene
Within his veschell boddum ressavis he.
Vndir the paysand and the hevy charge
Gan grane or geig full fast the saymyt barge,
Sa ful of ryftys, and with lekkis perbrake,
Scho suppit huge watir of the layk.
Bot, at the last, owtour the flude 3it than
Salfly scho brocht baith prophetess and man,
And furth thame set amynd the fowl glar,
Amang the fawch rysypys harsk and star.
Cerberus, the hydduus hund, that regioun
Fordynnys, barkand with thre mowthis sown,
Onmesurabill in hys cave quhar he lay
Richt ovr forgane thame in the hie way;
Quhom till the prophete, behaldand quhou in hy
Hys nekkis wolx of eddyrris all grysly,
A sop, stepyt intil hunny alsfast,
And of enchantit cornys maid, gan cast.

For hungry wod, he gapys with throtis thre,
Swith swellyand that morsell raucht had sche,
And tho hys terribyll body with a rerd
He tumlys owr, liggyn on the erd;
Of huge statur and fellon quantite,
Our all the cave furth strekit him hess he.
The circulyt ways in hell Eneas saw,
And fand Queyn Dido in the myr tre schaw.
Thus quhil the portar in sleip sowpit lyis,
The entre tho Eneas occupyis,
And owr the fludis bank ful swyftly sprent,
Quhais passage is onreturnabill went.
Onon thai hard seir vocis lamentabill,
Gret walyng, quhympring, sprachis miserabill.
In the first cyrkill, or the vtyr ward,
3ong babbys sawlys weping sor thai hard,
Quhom the hasty and blak duyful day
Sowkand thar moderis pap had reft away,
From the swete lyfe twynnyt ontymusly,
As cayrful corps plungit in grave gart ly.
Nixt thame, the secund place tha folkis hess
Wrangwysly put to ded for cryme sakless.
Nor, sykkyrly, thir settis to ilke wight
War nocht assignyt but iuge, doym and rycht,
For Kyng Mynos, inquistour and iustice,
The fatale vrne and ballance at device
Rewlys equaly, and be discretioun steris
To consale and to iugement as efferis;
The silly gostis callys in that secret cage,
Baith of thar life and crymys takkand knowlage.
Syne eftir thir, al sory and full of cayr,
The thryd place haldis, and sal evir mayr,
Giltles folk, that for disdene, wo or fed,
With thar awin handis wrocht thar self to ded,
And irkit of the life at thai war in,
Thar sweit sawlys maid fra the body twyn.
O, quhat penuryte and hard distres infeir

Wald thai now suffir tobe in this warld heir!
Bot the fatis and goddis decrete gaynstandis
That thai may nevir return onto thir landis:
The woful puyt with watyr onlufly
Withhaldis thame, so at thai may nocht go by,
And Stix, the flude, bylappis thame abowt
Nyne tymys, sa closs at thai sal nevir wyn owt.
Nocht far from thens, wide quhar on euery syde,
Thai mycht behald the large fieldis wyde
And boundis of Complaynt, all voyd of lycht
(Sa beyn thai clepit properly at rycht),
Quharin war all by strang lufe in thar days
With sik crewel infectioun wastit away is,
The hydlys held thai and the roddis darn,
A myr tre wod about thame lowkyt ȝarn;
Thar paynfull musyng and thar hevy thocht,
Eftir thar ded also, forȝet thai nocht.
Thar was Phedra, the spowss of Theseus,
And Procrys eyk, the wyfe of Cephalus;
In that ilke sted was trist Eryphyle —
Hir crewell sonnys wondis schawys sche;
Evadne he beheld, and Laodomya,
And Pasyphe in falloschip with tha,
And Ceneus, first a wench and syne a man,
In hyr ald schap eftir ded changit than.
Amang otheris the Phenyssyane Dido
Within the gret wod walkis to and fro,
The greyn wound gapand in hir breist all new,
Quhom as the Troiane barroun nerrer drew,
And throw the dyrk schaddowis first dyd knaw —
Sikwyss as quha throw clowdy skyis saw,
Or, at the leist, wenys he heth do se,
The new moyn quhen first vpwalxis sche.
The terys leyt he fall, and tendyrly
With hartly lufe begrat hir thus in hy;
“O fey Dido, sen I persave the heyr,
A sovir warnyng, now I knaw ful cleir,

Was schawin me, at thou with swerd was slaw,
Byreft thi self the lyfe, and brocht of daw.
Allace, I was the causar of thy ded!
By al the starnys schynys abone our hed,
And be the goddis abone, to the I swer,
And be the faith and lawte, gif ony heir
Trewth may be fund deip vndir erd,” quod he,
“Malgre my wyl, Prynces, sa mot I the,
From thy costis depart I was constrenyt.
Bot the commandment of the goddis onfenyt,
Quhais gret mychtis hess me hyddir dryve,
To pass throwout thir dirk schaddowis belyve,
By gowsty placis, welch savorit, must and hair,
Quhar profund nycht perpetual doith repar,
Compellit me from the forto dissevir;
Nor in my mynde ymagyn mycht I nevir,
For my departing or absens, I wyss,
Thou suldist kaucht sa gret dyseyss as this.
Do stynt thy payss! Abide, thou gentil wight,
Withdraw the not sa sone furth of my sight!
Quham fleist thou? This is the lattir day,
By werdis schape, that with the speke I may.”
With sik wordis Eneas, full of wo,
Set him to meyss the sprete of Queyn Dido,
Quhilk, all inflambit, ful of wreth and ire,
With acquart luke glowand hait as fyre,
Maid him to weip and sched furth teris wak.
All fremmytly frawart hym, as he spak,
Hir eyn fixit apone the grond held sche,
Moving na mair hir curage, face nor bre,
Than scho had bene a statu of marbil stane,
Or a ferm rolk of Mont Marpesyane.
Bot finaly, full swyft scho wiskis away,
Aggrevit fled in the darn woddis gray,
Quhar as Sycheus, hir first spowss, ful suyr
Correspondis to hir desyre and cuyr,
Rendring in lufe amouris equiualent.

And, nethelless, fast eftir hir furth sprent
Ene, perplexit of hir sory cace,
And weping gan hir follow a weil lang space,
Regratand in his mynd, and had piete
Of the distress that movit hir so to fle.
The ward of worthy weyrmen now Ene
Beheld, and heir with Deiphobus spak he.
Wyth al his speid fra thens he tuk the gayt
That was until him grantit by hys fayt.
And sone thai warin cummyn to the plane
And lattir wardys, quharin dois remane
Valyant folkis in feild and chevalry,
Tha secret stedis hantand by and by.
Heir him recontrit Parthenopeus,
And until armys valyant Tedeus,
The pail gost eik of Adrastus the king.
Thar saw he als, with huge greyt and murnyng
In mydlerd oft menyt, thir Troianys
Duryng the sege that into batale slane is,
Quhom as he gan behald wydequhar on raw,
Ful tendirly complenyng, thar he saw
Glawcus, Medontus and Thersylocus,
Anthenoris thre sonnys, and Polybetus
Onto the goddess Ceres consecrate;
Ideus saw he in his ald estate,
Baith rewland 3it his cart, and wapynnys weildand.
Onto Eneas left side and rycht hand
The sawlys flokkis, circulyt in a rowt.
Not sufficyt thame to spy him anys abowt,
Bot, desiring he tareit evir mair,
Furth with him forto walkin and repar
Weil lykis thame, towart him fast to thring,
And to inquire the causs of his cummyng.
The nobillis eik of Grekis, one by one,
With the gret rowtis of Agamenon,
Alssone as thai the stalwart Troiane saw
In brycht armour amynd the schaddowis law,

Gretly afferd war smyte with fellon dreid.
Sum gave the bak, takand the flycht gude speid,
As quhilum thai onto thar schippis socht;
Sum rasyt a cry with waik voce, as thai mocht;
Bot al for nocht, thar clamour was ful skant,
The sovndis brak with gasping or a gant.
Syne Deiphobus, quhilum armypotent,
Kyng Pryamis son, with body tor and rent,
Thar he behald, and crewel maglit face,
Vissage menzeit, and baith hys handis, allace!
Halfhedis spulzeit, of stowyt his erys tway,
By schaymful wound hys ness cuttit away.
With gret difficulte he him skarsly knew,
Trymlyng for lak, eschamyt red of hew,
As that he mycht, hydand hys fellon woundis.
Ondemandit, with frendly wordis and sovndis
Ene hym grat, sayand: "Of gret renown,
Deiphobus, armypotent champyoun,
Quha hess, allace! the marthyrit swa and slane
By sa crewel tormentis and hydduus pane?
Quhou euer was ony sufferit the sa to dight?
It was me tald, of Troy the lattir nyght,
Thou, wery and forfochtin in that sted
For sa feil Grekis be thi dyntis ded,
Abuf the hepe of ded corpsis ourane
Fell down for bled, thar standing thyne allane.
Than I my self, fra this was to me schaw,
Down at the ness Rethe, by the costis law,
A voyd tumbe rasyt, and with lowd voce thryss
Apon the wrethis and wandrand gaistis crys.
Thy armys and thy name that place doith hald.
My frend, thy body kouth I nocht behald
Nor fynd, thocht I wald it haue gravit eft,
The tyme quhen I our natyve cuntre left."
Kyng Pryamis son maid answer: "Suyth is it,
Na thing, my deir frend, dyd thou pretermyt;
All that thou aucht to Deiphobus, ilk deill

Thou hest perfurnyst worthely and weil,
As to my berial and sprete appertenyt.
Bot my hard fatis war wers than thou wenyt,
For the detestabil cursyt wikkytnes
Of Helyn born in Lacena, I gess,
Hass me involuyt in thir harmys 3e se —
Thir ar hir last luf drowreis left with me.
Ful weil thou wait quhou that the lattir nycht
In fals myrthis we spendyt, euery wight
(Allace the quhile, our gret mater of cayr
Behuffis ws hald in memor euermar),
Quhen that the fatale horss, to our ennoy,
Com speland ovr the hie wallys of Troy,
With belly chargit ful of armyt men.
That strang lurdane than, quham weil 3e ken,
The Troiane matronys hedis in a ryng,
Fen3eand to Bachus feste and karelllyng;
Amyddis al the laif a gret fyre brand,
Byrnand ful cleir, scho haldis in hir hand,
Quharwith, out from the master streyt of Troy,
The Grekis dyd scho bekyn and convoy.
This ilk tyme me, with hevy curis lang
Of irksum weir and sad, slumrys strang
Oppressyt, for my walkyn mony fald,
My fey chalmer gan my body hald.
Fordoverit as I lay in to that sted,
In swete profound rest of sleip lyke soft ded,
That notabil spowss furth of hir luyng place,
This meyn session, al armour dyd arrace;
My trasty sword fra vnder my hed away
Stall scho, and in the place brocht Menelay;
The chalmer durris oppynnyt scho in hy
Wenyng to wyrk a hie plesour tharby
To hir first luffar, and hir ald schame
Tharthrou to quynche, and recovyr gud name.
Quhat suld I tary, or 3ou langar hald?
The Grekis ruschit in the chalmyr thikfald;

Amang al otheris sammyn thidder spedis
That schrew prouocar of all wikkyt dedis,
Eolus nevo, cursyt Vlixes sle.
On siklyke wyss as thar thai dyd with me,
Gret goddis mot the Grekis recompens,
Gif I may thyg avengeans but offens!
Bot say me this agane, frend, altogidder,
Quhat aventur hess brocht the levand hydder?
Quhidder wavyt wilsum by storm of the see,
Or at command of goddis, cum thou?" quod he,
"Or quhat fortoun doith the cach and steyr,
That to this sory hald thou cummys heir,
To vissy this trublyt dym regioun,
Quhar evir is nycht, and nevir son 3it schon?"
Sibilla carpand tyl Ene gan tell
The tormentis of deip drery paynful hell.
The quhile as thai thus carpyt to and fra,
Hir rosy charyot the fresch Aurora
Amydwart of the hevynnys assiltre
Begouth fortill vproll and rayss onhie.
The myd declynyng of hir cownriss was went,
And thai, percace, on sik wyss mycht haue spent
The tyme compleyt was for thar iourne grant;
Bot sone hym warnys Scibilla the sant,
His trew marrow gan schortlie to him say:
"The nycht, Eneas, slydis fast away;
Weping the howris we consume and waist;
Heir is the place quhar our passage inhaist
Departit is, and sched in stretis twane.
This way, towart the rycht hand, strekis plane
To the hie wallys of Schir Ditis kyng;
It is our reddy went, quhilk sall ws bring
Onto the plesand playn of Elyse.
This other gait, on the left hand 3e se,
Convoys onto the sted of fell torment,
Quhar dampnyt schrewis in Tartarus ar sent
In woful pyt perpetual to remane."

Than Deiphobus maid this answer agane:
“Beis nocht agrevit, souerane nun, I pray,
I sal no langar dwel, bot go my way:
I sal compleyt my numbir furth,” quod he,
“And to dym schaddowis rendrit sall I be.
Pass on, pass on, our wirschip and renown,
Mair prosper chance to hant go mak the bown!”
Thus fer spak Deiphobus, and, with that saw,
About turnyt hys payss, and gan withdraw.
Eneas blent him by, and suddanly
Vndir a rolk at the left syde dyd spy
A wondir large castell, strang and stowt,
With wallys thrynfald lappit rownd about,
Quham the grysly Tartareane Flagiton,
That ravenus flude, closys enveron,
With watir blesand brym in fyry low,
And rolland stanys rumland deip and how.
The port in foirfront was ful huge gret;
Of ferm adamant war the pillaris bet,
Sa that na forss of men mycht thame down myne,
Nor 3it the strenth of goddis with strang ingyne;
Ane irne towr stude beildit wondir hie,
Quhilk semyt forto reke vp in the skye.
Tysiphone, that furyus monstre wild,
In bludy caip revestit and oursild,
Sittys keband, but sleip, baith nycht and day,
That sory entre and this porch alway.
Tho begouth thai first in this sted to heyr
Murnyng, granyng, gowlyng and duyfull beir;
Feil crewell strakis smytyn hard thai sovnd,
Frasyng of irne fettris and chanys rovnd.
Ene gan him arrest, in mynd within
Al abasit, herknand this feirfull dyn.
“O haly virgyn, say furth now,” quod he,
“Quhat kynd of grysly turment may this be?
In quhat punytioun, panys and distress
Beyn sawlis 3ondir stren3eit, prophetess?

Quhat menys this bruyt, weping and woful cryis,
With sik walyng semys fordyn the skyis?”
Scibilla thus begouth answer agane:
“O wirschipfull and gentil duke Troiane,
It is nocht lesum to nane innocent wight
Within boundis of wikkytnes or onrycht
Til entir, nor attayn to neir that 3et,
Bot the first tyme Proserpyn maid and set
Me mastress of Avern, hir hallowit schaw,
The goddys turmentis gan scho to me schaw
And me convoyit thar throw euery sted.
This maist dolorus realm to steir and led
Hess Radamanthus, vmquhile of Creyt kyng,
Haldand maste scharp and sayr lawys in hys ryng;
Chastiand folkis, speris thar offence express;
By turment thame compellis thar cryme confess,
Synnys committit abufe in the erd,
Quham ony, ioyand to thar awin wanwerd,
But proffyt doith conseil, hyde or delay,
Onamendit quhil dedis lattyr day.
Syk wikkyt and condampnyt wightis, als tyte
As thai cum in that dolly pyte of syte,
Tysyphone, the wrekar of mysdedis,
With quhip in hand al reddy fast hir spedis
Thame to assail, to tor, skurge and bete,
And with hir left hand terribil eddyrris gret
Thik at thame swakkis; syne to pyne thame, doith call
Of fel torment the rowt of systyrris all.
And tho at last with horribil sovndis trist
Tha wareit portis, iargand on the hirst,
Warpit vp braid. Lo, 3ondir may thou se
Quhat kynd wardane syttis in the porch,” quod sche,
“And quhou terribill of contenans and cheir
Thou hir behaldis kepis the entre heir;
Ane mair feirful monstre and mair fell,
Ane vgly serpent, syttis within 3on hell,
With fyfty hydduus blak throtis gapand.

And forthir eik 3on Tartarus ay trymland,
Quhilk is of hell the dirk dungeon and pyt,
Dippis twyss als holl down, I lat the wyt,
Semyng so law vnder the erth reke,
As that our sight may vp to hevynnys streke.
Tharin the anciant lynage of the erd,
Thir gyantis hait Tytanus, be wanwerd
With thundris blast down smytyn and ourthraw,
Ar warpyt in 3on pottis boddum law.
Thar saw I eyk Aloes twynnys twane,
Othus and Ephialtes, bredir germane,
With huge bodeis, that pressyt down to rent
With thar handis the large firmament,
And by thar forss begouth expell the kyng,
Hie Iupiter, furth of his hevynly ryng.
Thar I beheld Salmoneus alsswa,
In crewel torment sufferand mekil wa,
For that he gan to contyrfet him cast
Gret Iovis fyre and hevynly thundris blast.
By horssis four furth rollit was his char,
Secret condytis of fyre smytand sayr,
Throwout the pepil of Greys and of Arcad,
Amyd the cite of Elys, blith and glaid,
Prowd and haltand in hys hart, walkyt he,
And as a god bad honorit he suld be;
For that, intil his dotage and fuyll heyt,
By sownd of brass and stampand stedis feyt,
He maid hym forto feyn a simylitude
Of clowdis blast and rumland thundir rude,
Quhilk on na wyss aucht tobe contyrfet.
Bot the hie fader almychty from hys set
Throw thyk clowdis at hym hys dart dyd thraw,
Nowder blak fyre brand, nor reky flambyss law,
Bot suddanly, with a fel bless of thundyr
Threw hym to grond and smayt him al in sondyr.
To Tytyos thar was I schawin in deid,
With body speldyt nyne akyr on breid,

That fostyr child vmquhile was cleyp and call
Onto the Erth, quhilk moder is of all.
Ane hydduus grype with bustuus bowland beyk
Hys maw immortal doith pyk and owrreik,
Hys brudy bowellys torryng with huge payn,
Furth rentyng all, hys fuyd to fang full fayn,
Vndir his cost holkand in wail law,
And sparis nocht to rug, ryfe and gnaw:
All thocht the entralis springis new ilk day,
Thai get na rest, the fowle hess thar hys pray.
Quhat suld I rekkyn tha pepil of Thessaly,
That Lapytas ar hait, for gluttony
Distroyt all? Of Ixion to tell,
Or Pyrothous, quhat nedis langar dwell? —
Abuf quhom hyngis blak quhyn stanys gret,
Ay semand reddy to fall and thame to bete.
Befor Tantalus, and ane othir sort,
The goldin trestys schynand standis ourthwort,
Vndir ryche tablys dight for maniory,
Quharon, forgane thar face, is set reddy
All danteys langand tyl a kyngis fest.
Bot ane the gretast Fureys gan arest,
Syttand tharby, and hungyr in thame blawys,
And nethless thar handys scho withdrawys,
So that the mesys twichyn dar thai nocht;
As that thai mynt tharto, than all onflocht
With hait fyre brand in hand vp dois scho ryss,
Fleyis thame with flambe, grym luke and vgly cryiss.
Thai beyn also within 3on pyt turment
Quhilk at thar breidir envy held or haitrent
Quhil that thai levyt in this present lyfe;
And tha quhom by, throu thar deray and stryfe,
Thar faderis warryn chasyt in exile;
All tha that ony falset, slyght or gyle
Aganys thar seruandis or famyliaris wrocht;
And tha that, only setting all thar thocht
Apon thar rychess quhilk wonnyn thai haue,

Tuke nocht thar nedis tharof, nor na man gave,
Of quhom 3ondir beyn ane ful huge rowt;
And all tha for adultery schent, but dout;
And tha that movyt wrangwyss batall or weyr;
Tha not eschamyt thar promyss to forswer,
Brekand lawte plight in thar lordys hand:
All sik inclusyt ar 3ondyr, abydand
Every day new panys perpetuall.
Speir not at me, for nocht declar can I,
Quhat diuerss kyndis of torment 3ondir thoil thai,
Nor 3it quhat sort of payn is deput ay
For ilk trespass: to rekkyn I tak na keip
Quhat mysforton thame plungis in 3on deip.
For sum weltris a gret stane vp the bra,
Of quhom in numbir is Sisypheus ane of tha;
On quhelis spakis speldyt otheris hyngis.
The maist wrechit of all princis and kyngis,
Phlegyas, vmquhile kyng of Thessaly,
All mortale wightis admonysys with his cry
And lowd voce throw the dyrk awytnessyng:
'Be myne exampill all wightis, prynce and kyng,
Lernys,' quod he, 'to hant iustice and rycht,
And not contem the goddis strentht and mycht.'
Thar syttis eik, and sal syt evir mair,
The fey onhappy Thesysus, full of cair.
Sum 3ondir beyn, for reddy gold in hand,
Sald and betrasyt thar natyve realm and land,
And tharin brocht a myghty tyrant strang;
Sum otheris eik, for pryce or meid to fang,
That lawys maid and onmaid, as thame list.
Thar beyn also, ful sorofull and tryst,
Thai quhilke thar dochteris chalmer vyolate,
Or, havand na regard to thar estate,
Forbodyn or incestuus mariage
Gan hantying by ondantit lustis rage.
And schortly, all durst ymagyn or compass
Mastirfull wrang, myscheif or wykkytness,

Or ony sik consait brocht to effek,
Heir evyrmair the charge lyes on thar nek.
All thocht ane hundretht scharp tungis had I,
Ane hundreth mowthis forto clepe and cry,
Tharto my voce war strang as irne or steill,
All kynd of vicis to comprehend, half deill,
Nor all the namys of tormentis and of panys
I mycht nocht rekkyn, that in 3on hald remanys.”
Quhou finaly Scibilla and Ene
Com to the plesand plane of Elyse.
Fra that the anciant nun of Dan Phebus
Thir wordys endyt had, and spokkyn thus:
“Haue done,” quod scho, “now tak thi way express,
Perform thy wark quhilk thou begunnyn hess:
Speid ws fordwart, for 3ondir, lo, I se
Of Plutois chymmys the byg wallys hie,
Forgyt of irne full craftely and bet
Be the Ciclopes furth of thar furnace het;
Eik I behald, lo, heir forgane our facé
Tha portis with thar stalwart bow or brace,
Quhar our instructioun techis ws ful plane
This presand thar to leif and goldyn grane.”
Thus said scho, and onon tharwith baith tway
Gan walkyn furth throw out the darn way,
And sone our passyt hess the myddill space,
Approchyng to the portis of that place.
Eneas baldly sprang in at the 3et,
Hys body strynkillit, or a litil wet,
With cleir spryngand watir ran tharby;
Forgane thame eik, at the entre, in hy
The goldyn branch he stykkis vp far and weil.
This beand done at last, and euery deil
Perfurnyst langyng the goddess gyft gay,
Ontil a plesand grond cummyn ar thai,
With battil gyrss, fresch herbys and beyn swardis,
The lusty orchardis and the hailsum 3ardis
Of happy sawlys and weil fortunat,

To blissyt wightis the placis preparat.
Thir feildis beyn largiar, and hevynnys brycht
Ravestis thame with purpur schynand lycht:
The starnys, for this place conuenient,
Knawis weil thar son and obseruys his went.
Sum thar, amynd the gresy planys greyn,
Into palestral plays thame betweyn
Thar membris gan exerss, and hand for hand
Thai fal to werslyng on the goldyn sand,
Assayand honest gemmys thame to schort;
Sum other hantying gan ane other sport,
As forto dansyng, and to leid the ryng,
To syng ballatis, and go in karalyng.
Thar was also the preist and menstrale sle,
Orpheus of Trace, in syde rob harpand hie,
Playand proportionys and spryngis dyvyne
Apon his harp, sevyn diuerss sovndis fyne;
Now with gymp fyngris doying stryngis smyte,
And now with subtel evyr poyntalis lyte.
Heir was the nobil kyn and ancyant strynde,
The maist dowchty lynage sprang be kynde
Fra Kyng Tewcer, campyones souerane,
Into mair happy 3eris born ilkane;
Thar was Ilus, and eyk Assaracus,
And the begynnar of Troy, Schir Dardanus.
On fer Eneas and als Sibilla
Awondrit war, and mervellis baith twa
The armour and the men for tobehald,
And voyd charyotis of thir chyftanys bald.
Thar sperys stikkyng in the erd dyd stand;
Wydquhar al lowss owr feildis and the land
Pasturyt thar horsis, rakand thame fast by;
For quhat plesour of armys or chevalry,
Or quhat cuyr to address thar cart or wedis,
To fedying and to dant thar sleik swail stedis,
Thai hantyt quhil thai levyt heir alyve,
The sammyn solace, be thai man or wyfe,

3it doith thame follow vndir the erth stad.
And lo, ane other sort, ful blyth and glaid,
On athir hand behaldis Eneas,
At bankat on the greyn herbys set was,
In loving of the goddis ioyusly
Ympnys of pryce, triumphe and victory
All syngand glaid togydder in falloschip
And pryncipaly Apollo to worschip;
Within a wod of lawrer greyn thai dwell,
Fragrant of sweit odour and hailsum smell,
Quhar throw the schawis scheyn in strandis seir
Erydanus, the hevylny ryver cleyr,
Flowys contyrmont and vpwart to the lift.
Within this place, in al plesour and thryft,
Ar hail the pissance quhilk, in iust batal,
Slane in defens of thar kynd cuntre fell;
And al thai preistis and religius wightis
Quhilk levyt chaste cleyn lyfe, as to thame rycht is;
And al godlyke devote prophetis trew,
That suythfast thyng worthy to Phebus schew;
And thai quhilkis, by thar craftys or science fyne,
Fund by thar subtel knowlage and engyne,
Thar lyfe illumynat and annornyt cleir;
And tha by merytabil dedis and gyftis seir
That maid otheris hald thame in memory —
Of al thir war the tymplis by and by
Arrayt with a fresch garland snaw quhite.
And as thai flokkit abowt Ene, als tyte
Syk wyss onto thame carpys Sibilla,
Bot principaly to Museus, ane of tha,
Was stad amyddis of the mekill rowt,
As sche beheld hym with big schulderis stout:
“O 3he so happy sawlys, tellith me,
And thou, maste souerane poet, schaw,” quod sche,
“In quhat regioun and place bene Anchises?
Hyddir for his saik come we, and with gret press
Hess oursalit of hell the gret fludis.”

This ryall lord in few wordis concludis,
And ansuerit thus: "Frend, certane dwelling nane
In this cuntre haue we, bot all ourane
Walkys and lugis in thir schene wod schawys,
Endlang thir ryver bankis all on rawys;
Thir bene our settis, and beddis of fresch flowris
In soft bene medowis by cleir strandis all howris
Our habitatioun is and residens.
Bot gif 3our mynd langis to haue presens
Of Anchises, pass vp 3one swyre fut het,
I sall 3ou lyghtly in the hie way set."
And sayand thus, befor thame furth went he,
And can thame schaw, apon the hill on hie,
The schynand planys full of all plesance.
Agane returnys he, and thai avans,
Fra thyne discending from the hillis hyght,
Quhar thai at last of Anchises gat syght.
Quhou that Eneas with hys fader met,
And athir othir with frendly wordis gret.
The meyn session thys Anchises, the prynce,
Intill a wondir grene vaill full of fence
Sawlys inclusit, quhilkis war forto wend
To myddil erd and thare in bodeis ascend,
Can rekkyn, and behald attentfully
Hail the nowmyr of hys geneologie,
His tendir nevoys and posterite,
Thare fatis, and thare fortonys euery gre,
Thare conditions, thare strenth and hardyment.
And sone as he persavys quhar that went
Forganyst him, cumand throu gresy sward,
Hys derrest son Ene with hasty fard,
Baith his handys ioyfull furthstracht he than;
The teris trynglyng our his chekis ran,
And fra his mouth slydis thir wordis myld:
"Thou art cummyn at last, my deir child!
Thy gret piete, and kyndnes weil expert
Onto thy fader, causyt the and gart

This hard vayage venquyss and ourset!
Quhat, is it grantit me? Ha, sall I get
A verray sight, luffit son, of thy face?
And grantit ws to carp or talk a space,
To heir and render frendly wordis know?
Within my mynd ymagynyt I on raw
Swa suld betyde, and weil belevit I
Thou was tocum, and the tyme by and by
I calculit and comptit quhen that suld be,
And my consait hes nocht dissauyt me.
O God, throu quhou feill landis braid and large,
Quhou mony seys ourcareit in thy barge,
Efter quhou feil dangeris with storm oft schaik,
I now ressaue the heir, deir son, allaik!
Quhou gretlie dred I of Lybie that ryng
Suld the haue hyndrit, and harmyt in sum thing!”
Eneas answeris: “Fader, thy drery gost,
Sa oft apperand, maid me seik this cost:
In Tyrrehan sey abydis our navy.
Grant me, fader, now grant me by and by,
We athir may with other handis schaik —
Fra myne embrasyng withdraw the nocht, allaik!”
And sayand thys, tendyrly wepit he,
Baithyng hys face in terys gret plente.
On this wyss talkyng, or thar wordis sessit,
With hys lang armys thryss Eneas pressit
About hys halss hym forto haue belappit,
And thryss, invane, hys handys togidder clappit:
The figur fled as lyght wynd, or son beym,
Or mast lykly a waverand sleip or dreyrn.
Duryng this tyme Eneas gan aduert
Within a vail fer thens closyt a part,
Quhare stude a wod with swouchand bewys schene,
The flude Lythee flowand throu the fair grene;
About the quhilk pepill onnowmerabill
And silly sawlys fleys fast, but fabill,
Quhil all the feildis of thare dyn resoundis —

Lyke as, in medowys and fresch florist boundis,
The bissey beys in schene symmeris tyde,
On diuerss colorit flouris skalit wide,
Flokkiis about the blomyt lylleis quhite,
And other fragrant blossummys redymyt.
Mysknawyng quhat this ment, Eneas wight
Becam abasit of the soddane syght,
And can inquir the causys of this cace,
Quhat war tha fludys far befor hys face,
Or quhat bene tha men in syk numbyr swa
With so gret fard flokkit to athir bra.
Tho quod hys fader Anchises: "All 3on be
Thai sawlys quhamto, by the fatis hie,
Bene other bodeis eftir this yschape,
Quhilk drynkis 3ondir, or thai may eskape,
At 3one ryver and the flude Lythee,
The sikkyr watir but curis, trastis me,
Quharby oblyvyus becum thai als tyte,
For3etting pane bipast and langsum syte.
Forsuyth, I purpos furthwith to declare,
And schaw befor thy face now standand thar,
The sawlys all, and numbyr in thy presens,
Quhilkis ar tocum of my stok and discens;
So that the mair glaidly with me tharby
Thou may reioiss to haue fund Italy."
"O fader," quod Eneas, "quhidder or nay
Is that tobe belevyt at 3he say,
That souerane saulys from this place sall wend,
Onto the warld abufe or erd ascend?
Quhy may thai nocht in this swete stede remane,
Bot sal return in slaw bodeis agane?
Quhat cursyt covatyce causith wrachit wightis
So to desyre our life and drery lightis?"
"I sal the schaw forsuyth the causs," quod he,
"My derrest son, and sal no wyss hald the
Thochtfull in mynde, ne doutsum by na way."
Tharwith Anchises baith hys eyn twa

Gan lyftyng vp, and towart hewyn behald,
And euery thing per ordour thus he tald.
The seir punitioun of sawlis in purgatorye,
And quhou thai pass syne to the flude Lythe.
“Fra the begynnyng, all thing less and mar,
The fyry regioun, the erth, and the ayr,
The plane flowand boundis of the sey,
The lyghtnyt monys lamp that lemys hie,
The hevynnys starnys, and bryght sonnys ball,
Ane spreit thar is within, sustenys all:
In euery part the hie wysdome dyvyne
Diffundit movys this warldis hail engyne,
And by hys power mydlit is our all
This mekil body clepit vniuersal.
Fra this infusioun, and thir elementis seir,
Baith kynd of man and best cummys, but weir,
All leving foullys fleying in the ayr,
All fyschis, and the monstreis doith repar
Vndre the slekit sey of marbill hew.
A hait fyry power, warm and dew,
Hevinly begynnyng and original,
Beyn in thar sedis quhilk we saulys call,
Sa far as that thir noysum bodeis cald
Nocht tareis thame tharfra, nor doith withhald,
Nor withdrawis from souerane hevinly kynd:
Thar erdly lymmys, and eik thar irksom mynd,
Throu thar mortal membris euer deidlike,
Dullith thar curage and thar spretis godlyke.
Fra the quhilk cummys to al mankynd, that thai
Dredis, desiris, murnys or ioys ay;
Nor, in the dyrk mansioun and preson blynd
Of thir vyle bodeis yfettyrit and bynd,
The sawlis thar clene natur may attend.
So fer that, all efter the lattir end,
Quhen that the lif disseueris fra the body,
Than nethless nor 3it ar fullely
All harm ne cryme from wrachit sawlis separate,

Nor ald infectioun come of the body layt:
And thus, aluterly, it is neidfull thing
The mony vycis lang tyme induryng,
Contrackit in the corps, be done away,
And purgit on seir wonderfull wyss to say.
Tharfor thai suffir panys and torment
For thar inveterat vycis ald bywent,
By punytioun satisfacioun to mak.
Sum stentit in wysnand wyndis wak,
Of sum the cryme committit clengit be
Vndre the watir or deip hydduus sey,
And in the fyre the gilt of other sum
Is purefyit and clengit all and sum.
Ilkane of ws hys ganand purgatory
Mon suffir, and fra thyne ar send in hy
Onto the large feildis of Elysee:
Thar bene of ws nane, bot a few men^{3e},
Quhilkis cumis to inhabyt and remanys,
Bot ony purging, in thyr ioyful planys,
And heir mon dwell quhil that the lang day,
Be perfyte courss of tyme, heth done away
The spot of fylth hardnyt in the spreit,
For that it fand sum tyme the body sweit,
And quhil it be so purefyit and fynd,
Na thing remane bot a clene hevynly mynd,
And subtel pure flambe celestiall.
Thir other sawlis quhilk bene purgit all,
Eftir thai haue, within thir planys heir
By cirkill rollyt our a thousand ^{3e}ir,
God callis thame onto this flude Lythe,
With felloun fard, in numbyr as ^{3he} se,
To that effect, that thai myndless becum
Baith of plesour and ald panys all and sum,
Langing agane the warld abufe to se,
And gan begyn desire, baith he and he,
In bodeis ^{3it} forto return agane.”
Thus said Anchises, and tharwith baith twane,

Hys son and eik the prophet Sibilla,
Amyddys of that sort flokkit to the bra,
And gret rowt with rangald, in ledis he,
And gan ascend ontill a mote on hie,
Quharfra, per ordour, forganyst thame on raw,
Thai mycht thame rekkin all, and cleirly know
Thar vissagis and contenance also,
As that thai went and rowmyt to and fro.
Anchises schawis Eneas to the end
Alhail the lynage sal fra hym descend.
“Now harkis, me behuffis schortlie say,”
Quod Anchises, “or thou depart away,
And rekkyn our Troian ofspring all and sum,
Quhat glor and honour beis of ws tocum,
And quhat successioun or posterite
Of Ital frendschip sal descend of the,
And tha illustir sawlis salbe sent
Heir, eftir this, in name of our kynrent;
Thy fatis and thy destany also
I sal the teche per ordour, or thou go.
Seys thou 3on lusty springald or 3onkeir
That lenys hym apon his hedles sper?
The formast place by chance doith occupy
Tyl pass to life in our geneology,
And first sal ryss in the ovir warld agane,
Commixit of the blude Italiane,
Siluius, to surname clepit Albanus,
Born efter thy decess, child posthumus;
Quham, consauyt of thyne ancyent lynage,
Thy secund spouss, Lavinia, wyss and sage,
In woddys fostir sal, a vail3eant kyng,
And fader to al kingis of our ofspring;
Quharby our kynrent and famyl alswa
Sal ryng and lordschip hald in Lang Alba.
3on is Procas that standys nixt hym be,
Of Troiane pepill the honour and glory;
Syne Capys, lo, and Munytor, baith twane;

And he that representis thy name agane,
Siluyus Eneas, notabil cheveller,
Renownyt baith of piete or in war,
Gif evir he may his tyme optene and se
To ryng into Lang Alba the cite.
Behald quhat maner 3ong gallandis bene 3on,
Quhou gret curage thar hart is set apon,
Quhat gud semblant thai schaw of chevalre.
Bot 3on, with coverit hedys by and by
With ciuile crownys of the strang aik tre,
Sall beld and found to thy honour,” quod he,
“Nomentum cite, and Gabios the tovne,
And Fidenā, the cite of renoun;
Sum in the hillys hie sal set vp syne
The strenthis and the castellis Collatyne,
Pometios and New Castell, baith twa,
The cite Bolan, and the tovne Cora.
Thir namys salbe gevin thame efter this,
Quhar now but name the land remanand is.
Lo, Romulus, by martial wirschip
To hys grandschir ionyt in falloschip,
Quham, of Assaracus blude, the nobill kyng,
Hys moder Ilya descendit sal furth bring.
Seys thou nocht quhou apon thar hedys on hyght
Twa dowbil cristis standys schynand bryght?
Thar fader Mars, behald, this sammyn hour
Hass thame ymerkit with dyvyne honour;
And lo, my child, be 3on manis prowes
That gloryus cite Rome sal so increse,
Tyll hyr empire be with the erth maid evin,
And vertuus curage equal to the hevin;
The quhilk cite all round togidder sall
Sevin gret strenthis closs within a wall,
Happy and brudy of hir forcy ofspring —
Lyke as, throu out citeis of Phrecis ryng,
The moder of goddis, with hir towrit crowne,
Berecynthia, careit from tovn to tovn,

Within hir char yset, all ful of myrth
Of the goddis becauss of hir rich birth,
Hir hundreth childring and posterite
Ful tendirly in armys enbracis sche,
All haill the hevynly wightis to hyr behufe,
And all that weildis the hie hevynnys abufe.
Now turnys hyddir, my sweit son, albedene,
The cirkillis and the sight of baith thy eyn —
Behald thir pepill and thy cheif Romanys.
Cesar Iulyus, lo, in 3onder planys,
And all the famyl of hym Iulius,
Quhilk eftir thys ar tocum, trastis ws,
Vndre the gret hie hevynnys assiltre.
3on man, 3on man, my son, the sam is he
Quham thou so oft has hard promist or this,
Cesar August Octauyane, I wyss,
Cum of the goddys geneology and kyn,
Quhilk sall agane the goldin warld begyn,
As vmquhile was, in tyme of Saturn ald,
Throu Ital ryng baith be firth and fald;
And hys empire sal delait and wynde
Our Garamantas, and the forthar Inde;
The landis lyis without the starnys blenk,
Outwith the 3heris courss and sonnys renk,
Quhar the vpberar of the hevyn, Atlas,
On schuldir rollys the round speir in cumpas,
Ful of thir lemand starnys mony one.
Sall, at his hyddir cummyn, ror and grone.
The realme of Caspys or of Assery,
All Scithya, Meothys land fast by,
Horribill answeris sall of goddis heir;
All trublit in affray, trymlyng for feir,
To quakyng sall sevyn mowthis of Nyle flude.
Nevir, forsuyth, strang Hercules the gude
Samekil space of erth or land our3eid,
All thocht the wynd swift hart he schot to ded,
And stanchit Erymanthus forest roucht,

The serpent Lerna with hys bow persit throuch;
Nor Bachus, quhilk victor afor thir days
With wyne burgions the hillis top arays,
Dryvand the ferfull tygris fast away
Down fra the hyght of the gret mont Nysay.
And 3yt we dowl onto the forthir end
Hys gret vertu and dedys to extend!
Than quha suld dreid stop ws to occupy
Or till inhabyt land of Italy?"
Anchises 3it furthrekkynnys his ofspring,
As worthiast that euer in Rome sal ryng.
"Bot quhat maner man be 3on," quod Anchys,
"With olyve branch on sik gudly wyss
Arrayit, and eik berys mony a syng
Of sacrifice and ritis of offeryng?
I knaw hys canoss har and lyard berd
Of the wysast Roman kyng into the erd,
Numa Pompilius, quhilk sall in hys days
Begyn and statut with lawys and haly lays
The cheif cite Rome; and he sal pass
From a pur land, and smal cite Curas,
Send forto rewle and bruke a gret empire;
Quhamto thar sal succed a lordly syre,
Tullus Hostilius, that first of hys land
The peyss and quiet, quhilk solang dyd stand,
He sal dissolue and brek, and dolf men steir,
Quhilk lang hath bene disosyt fra the weir,
To armys and triumphe of victory,
And thame array in hostis by and by.
Quham nixt followis Ancus Martyus,
Of hys estait mar prowde and gloryus,
And ourgretlie evin now, persaued and se,
Vaynglor and favour of pepill desiris he.
Pless the behald the Tarquynys kingis two,
And the stowt curage of Brutus alsso,
Quhilk can revenge the wrang in hys cuntre,
His gret honour gif thou lest heir or se,

And ensen3eis send fra Ethrurianys:
This ilk Brutus sall first amang Romanys
Ressaue the dignite and stait consular;
With heding swerd bath felloun, scharp and gar,
Befor hym born throu all Romys tovne,
In takin of iustice executioun,
Hys awin sonnys, movyng onkyndly wer,
To punytioun and ded sal damp infeir,
To kepe frensches and souerane liberte;
And thus onsilly fader sall he be,
Quhou sa evir the pepil hys fatel dedis
In tyme tocum sal blason, quha thame redis;
The feruent lufe of his kynd natyve land,
And exceedand desyre he bar on hand
Of honour and hie glory to ressaue,
Mot at evil rumour fra his lawd byvaue.
Attour, behald, lo, athir Decyus,
And standing fer of, twa that hait Drusus;
Considir Torquatus 3ondir, doith him rax
So brym and fellow with the heding ax;
And Camyllus, the vail3eand capitane,
Bringand the Romane standartis hame agane.
3on twa sawlys, quhilk thou seis, sans fail,
Schynand with elike armys peregale,
Now at gud concord stad and vnite,
Ay quhil thai stand in myrk and law degre:
Allace, how gret batale and debait
Salbe betwix thame, gif thai til estait
May cum abufe, and to the lyght of lyfe!
O, how gret slaughter, assembleis and huge strife
Sal thai exerce and move into thar days!
Cesar, the eldfader, by the strait ways
With his gret rowtis our the Franch montanys
Discendand down Lumbardy throu the planys,
His mavch Pompey sal strech agane him went
With rayt ostis of the orient.
O my childring, cum nocht in vss to hant

Sik fremmyt batalis, bot 3our curage dant;
Exers 3he neuer 3owr vail3eand forss,” quod he,
“Amangis the entralis of 3our awin cuntre.
And O thou Cesar, thou formast in the press,
Cum of hevinly kyn, abstene and cess;
Myne awin lynage, obeys my command,
Do cast sik wapynnys fer furth of thy hand.
And he that standys 3onder, Lucyus,
Onto his surname clepit Munyus,
Efter he venquist haue Corinthe toвне,
And in batale the worthy Grekis bet down,
His char, with mekil glor triumphale,
Sal steir furth to the hie capitol wal.
And he 3on other, Quintus Metellus,
Ful gret honour sal conquess onto ws,
For he sal bet down and distroy al clene
Baith Arge and Agamenonys realm Mycene;
And 3onder Curyus with his fallow syne,
Pyrrus, cummyn of Kyng Eacus lyne
And of Achillis armipotent ofspring,
In batel sal ourcummyn and dovne thryng,
And thare eldris of Troy wreke and revenge,
And the tempill of Mynerve pollute clenge.
Quha wold the, gret Cato, lefe onhyt?
Or quha with silens Cossus pretermyt?
Quha list for3et the kynrent of Gracchus?
Or athir of the Scypionys gloryus,
Thai twa thunderis of batale in thar rage,
Fynale rwyne of Affrik and Cartage?
Quha wald, Fabricius, of the say na thyng,
That art ful myghty bot of litil thing?
Of the, Seranus, quha wald na thing schaw,
Quhar thou thi ryggis telys forto saw,
As thou was chosyn capitane of weir?
Quhidder withdraw 3he, Fabyus, cum neir,
Thole me na mar be irkyt 3ou tobehald:
Thow art that ilk mast souerane Fabius bald,

Quhilk only, throu thy slycht and tareyng,
Restoris the common weill of our ofspryng.”
Anchises gevis Eneas gud teching
To gyde the pepill vnder his governyng.
“The pepil of othir realmys, son,” said he,
“Bene mor expert in craftis, and mar sle
To forge and kerf lyflyke staturis of brass,
Be contenans as the spreit tharin was;
I trast, forsuyth, heirefter mony ane
Sal hew quyk facis furth of marbil stane;
Sum otheris bettir can thar causis pled;
Sum bene mar crafty in ane other sted,
With rewlis and with mesouris by and by
For til exers the art of geometry;
And sum mor subtel to discryve and prent
The starnys movyng and the hevynnis went:
Bot thou, Romane, ramember, as lord and syre,
To rewle the pepil vnder thyne empyre;
Thir sal thy craftis be, at weil may seme,
The peax to modefy and eik manteme,
To pardon all cumis 3oldin and recryant,
And prowde rabellis in batale forto dant.”
Thus said the noble fader Anchyses meik,
As thai awondrit can thir wordis eik:
“Behald Marcus Marcellus mast douchty,
Quhar that he walkis, lo, sa gloriously,
With the rich spulze triumphale deirly dycht,
Quhilk he reft from his aduersar in fyght,
As the maste vail3eant victor that I ken,
In bonty doith exceid all other men.
This worthy knyght the common weil Romane,
In gret affray perturbit, to rest agane
And quyet sal restor, and 3on is he
That venquys sal the Affricane men3e,
And the Franch rebelloun sall down bet;
The thrid armour or rych spulze gret,
Reft from chiftane of weir, this Marcellus

Sall hyng vp to the fader Quirynus.”
And for alsmekil as Eneas saw
In falloschip with this Marcus raik on raw
A ssembly springald, a far 3ong galland,
Rycht schaply maid, in armour brycht schynand,
Bot his vissage semyt scarsly blith,
With luke doun cast, as in his face dyd kith
That he was sum deill sad and no thing lycht:
“Fader,” quod he, “quhat be 3on drery knycht,
Quhilk haldis so with 3on prince cumpany?
Quhiddel his son, or sum nevo worthy,
Of our gret lynage and successioun?
O Lord, how gret brute, noys and sovn
Of confluens that walkyng him about!
Quhou gret apperance is in hym but dout
Tilbe of prowes, and a val3eant knycht!
Bot a blak sop of myst, als dyrk as nycht,
With drery schaddo bilappis his hed.”
The fader tho, Anchises, in the sted,
With teris bristying furth, begouth to say:
“O my sweit son, inquir nocht, I the pray,
The excedand regrait and womanting
Of thame bene fortocum of thyne ofspring.
The fatis sall bot for a litill space
Schaw 3on man to the erth and wardly place,
And sal no langer suffer him tharin.
O goddis abufe, the Romanys blude and kyn
Semyt to 3ou our myghty and potent,
Gif so it war the giftis 3he hym lent
Had remanyt, or lang his lyfe had lest.
Quhou gret murnyng of men all forcyest,
For hym, furth of the feildis marcyall,
Sall dyn and resound to the cite wall!
And O thou god of the flude Tyberyne,
Quhou mony fertyrris and duy l habetis schyne
Sall thou behald, as thou flowis at Rome
Down by his new maid sepultur or tovm!

Ne nevir child cummyn of Troiane blude
In sic beleif and glory and gret gude
Sal rayss his forbearis Italianys;
Ne nevir, certis, the grund of the Romanys
Of ony fostir sal him so avance.
Allace, quhat harm of the disseuerance!
Of thy gret piete and thyne ancyant treuth,
Thy hand onvenquyst in batale, O quhat reuth!
Nane suld, but dammage, hym in harnes meit,
Quhidder so aganyst him he went on feit,
Or 3it on horsbak, as thir knychtis rydis,
With spurris brochand the fomy stedis sydis.
Allace my child, so worthy tobe menynt,
Worthy tobe bewalit and complenynt!
Gyf thou thyne hard werdis mycht vincus,
Thou salbe namyt the souerane Marcellus.
Of fresch lilleis reke me my handis full;
The purpour flowris I sal skattir and pull,
That I may strow, with sik rewardis at lest,
My nevoys sawle, to cul3e and to fest,
And, but profit, sik costage sall exers.”
Apon this wyss seir thingis dyd reheress
Anchises, and thus wide quhar thai do walk
Our al that regioun, haldand spech and talk
Within the large feildis of hailsum air,
And euery thing per ordour visseyt thar.
And efter that Anchises, hand in hand,
Had thus his son led our all that land,
And his curage inflambit by and by
With the gret fame tocum and hie glory;
Syne to this val3eant man he rekkynnys heir,
Per ordour, all the batalis and the wer
Quhilk eftir this he had to ber on hand;
And of the pepill eik in Latyn land,
And of the cite of the kyng Latyne,
He him instrukkis; and tharefter syne
Taucht him quhat wyss he myght sustene or fle

Evir hard danger or aduersite.
Thar bene ordanyt for dremys 3ettis twane,
Quharof, thai say, of horn forgit is ane,
At quham the suythfast swevynnys by and by
Departis all ways, and ischis furth lychtly;
The tother port is forgit wail perfite
Of eliphantyne and polist evor quhite,
Bot tharat goddis infernal lattis owt
The fals swevynnys to the warld about.
So as Anchises had, apon this wyss,
Rehersit, as said is, all thingis at devyss,
Sibilla and his son togidder at schort
He leit depart furth at the evor port.
Eneas spedis the strecht way to the schippis,
And can vissy agane his falloschippis.
Fra thyne thai hald, endlang the costis bay,
Onto the port of Caiet the strecht way.
Furth of the forschip leyt thai ankyris glyde;
The navy raid endlang the schoris syde.
Eneas nurys, Caieta, can decess,
Quhar 3it the place kepis hir name, but less.
O Caieta, thou nurys of Ene,
Thou hass alsso, that tyme quhen thou can de,
Ontil our cost or fronteris of Itale
Gevin the bruyt and fame perpetual,
Quhil this day the ilke place and sted
Observis the renovn eftir thy ded,
Thy tumbe and banys merkit with thy name
In gret Hesperia witnessyng the same,
Gyf that be ony glory now to the.
The reuthfull than and devote prince Ene
Performyt dewly thy funerall seruys,
Apon the sepultur, as custum was and gyss,
Ane hepe of erd and lital mote gart vprayss,
And with bent saill syne furth his vayage tays;
Eftir that asswagit was the deip sey,
Thai leif the cost and sped on thar iourne.

The pypyng wynd blew in thar tail at nyght,
Nor the schene moyn hir curss and cleir lyght
Hass nocht denyit, so that the haw stremys
Couth schyne and glittir vndre the twynkland glemys.
The cost endlang the ille Circea
Thai swepyng fast by, hard on burd the bra,
Quhar as the ryche Sonmys douchtir, Circe,
Thai schawis, quhamto repar nane aucht tobe,
With hir ythand sweit sand and caralyng
Cawsys allway forto resound and ryng,
And in hir prowde place of beddis all the nycht
The weil smelland cedyr byrnys bright;
With subtil slays and hir hedlys sle,
Rich lyn3e wobbis natly wefis sche.
From this land redly on fer mycht thai her
The gret rageyng of lioness and the beir,
Quhilk thai dyd mak, refusyng tobe in band
In silens, all the lait nycht rumesand;
The byrsit baris and beris in thar styis
Roryng all wod with quhrynys and wild cryis,
And gret figuris of wolffis eik infeir,
3owland with 3ammering grisly forto her;
Quhilkis all this crwell goddess, hecht Circe,
By enchantment and forcy herbis sle,
Had furth of mannys figur and estait
Into wild bestis schap and form translait.
Quhilk monstros transmutatioun for the nanys
Ne happin mycht onto devoyt Troianys,
Gyf thai arrayvit in thai portis nyss
Thai cursit costis of this enchantryss,
At thai ne suld do entir, ne thame fynd,
Thar salis all with prosper followand wynd
Neptunus fillit, and maid thame sail swiftly,
All dangeris and gray schaldis careit by.
Heir endis the sext buke of Eneados And heir begynnys the prolog
of the sevynt buke

BUKE VII

[The Proloug of the Sevynt Buke]

As bryght Phebus, scheyn souerane hevynnys e,
The opposit held of hys chymmys hie,
Cleir schynand bemys, and goldyn symmyris hew,
In laton cullour alteryng haill of new,
Kythyng no syng of heyt be hys vissage,
So neir approchit he his wyntir stage;
Reddy he was to entyr the thrid morn
In cloudy skyis vndre Capricorn;
All thocht he be the hart and lamp of hevyn,
Forfeblit wolx hys lemand gylty levyn,
Throu the declynyng of hys large round speir.
The frosty regioun ryngis of the 3er,
The tyme and session bittir, cald and pail,
Tha schort days that clerkis clepe brumaill,
Quhen brym blastis of the northyn art
Ourquhelmyt had Neptunus in his cart,
And all to schaik the levis of the treis,
The rageand storm ourweltrand wally seys.
Ryveris ran reid on spait with watir brovne,
And burnys hurlys all thar bankis dovne,
And landbrist rumland rudely with sik beir,
So lowd ne rumyst wild lyoun or ber;
Fludis monstreis, sik as meirswyne or quhalis,
Fro the tempest law in the deip devalis.
Mars occident, retrograde in his speir,
Prouocand stryfe, regnyt as lord that 3er;
Rany Oryon with his stormy face
Bewavit oft the schipman by hys race;
Frawart Saturn, chill of complexioun,
Throu quhais aspect darth and infectioun
Beyn causyt oft, and mortal pestilens,
Went progressyve the greis of his ascens;
And lusty Hebe, Iunoys douchtir gay,

Stude spulzeit of hir office and array.
The soyl ysowpit into watir wak,
The firmament ourcast with rokis blak,
The grond fadyt, and fawch wolx all the feildis,
Montane toppis slekit with snaw ourheildis;
On raggit rolkis of hard harsk quhyn stane
With frosyn frontis cauld clynty clewis schane.
Bewte was lost, and barrand schew the landis,
With frostis hair ourfret the feldis standis.
Seir bittir bubbis and the schowris snell
Semyt on the sward a symylitude of hell,
Reducyng to our mynd, in euery sted,
Gousty schaddois of eild and grisly ded.
Thik drumly skuggis dyrknyt so the hevyn,
Dym skyis oft furth warpit feirfull levyn,
Flaggis of fire, and mony felloun flaw,
Scharpe soppys of sleit and of the snypan and snaw.
The dolly dichis war all donk and wait,
The law valle flodderit all with spait,
The plane stretis and euery hie way
Full of floschis, dubbis, myre and clay.
Laggerit lewis wallowit farnys schew,
Brovne muris kythit thar wysnyt mossy hew,
Bank, bra and boddum blanchit wolx and bar.
For gurl weddir growit bestis hair.
The wynd maid waif the red wed on the dyke,
Bedowyn in donkis deip was euery sike.
Our craggis and the front of rochis seir
Hang gret ische schouchlis lang as ony speir.
The grond stud barrant, widderit, dosk or gray,
Herbis, flowris and gersis wallowyt away.
Woddis, forrestis, with nakyt bewis blowt,
Stude stripyt of thar weid in euery howt.
So bustuusly Boreas his bugill blew,
The deyr full dern down in the dalis drew;
Smale byrdis, flokkand throu thik ronys thrang,
In chyrmynge and with cheping changit thar sang,

Sekand hidlis and hyrnys thame to hyde
Fra feirfull thuddis of the tempestuus tyde;
The watir lynnys rowtis, and euery lynd
Quhislit and brayt of the swouchand wynd.
Puyr lauboraris and bissy husband men
Went wait and wery draglit in the fen.
The silly scheip and thar lital hyrd gromys
Lurkis vndre le of bankis, woddis and bromys;
And other dantit grettar bestiall,
Within thar stabillis sesyt into stall,
Sik as mulis, horssis, oxin and ky,
Fed tuskyt barys and fat swyne in sty,
Sustenyt war by mannys governance
On hervist and on symmeris purvyance.
Wyde quhar with forss so Eolus schowtis schill
In this congelit sesson scharp and chill,
The callour ayr, penetratyve and puyr,
Dasyng the blude in euery creatur,
Maid seik warm stovis and beyn fyris hoyt,
In dowbill garmont cled and wily coyt,
With mychty drink and metis confortyve,
Agane the stern wyntir forto stryve.
Repatyrrit weil, and by the chymnay bekyt,
At evin be tyme dovne a bed I me strekyt,
Warpit my hed, kest on clathis thrynfald,
Fortil expell the peralus persand cald;
I crosyt me, syne bownyt forto sleip,
Quhar, lemand throu the glass, I dyd tak kepe
Latonya, the lang irksum nyght,
Hir subtell blenkis sched and watry lycht,
Full hie vp quhirlyt in hir regioun,
Till Phebus ryght in oppositioun,
Into the Crab hir proper mansioun draw,
Haldand the hight all thocht the son went law.
Hornyt Hebowd, quhilk we clepe the nycht owle,
Within hir cavern hard I schowt and 3owle,
Laithly of form, with crukyt cam scho beke,

Vgsum to heir was hir wild elrich screke;
The wild geiss claking eik by nyghtis tyde
Atour the cite fleand hard I glyde.
On slummyr I slaid full sad, and slepit sound
Quhil the ori3ont vpwart gan rebound.
Phebus crownyt byrd, the nyghtis orlager,
Clapping his weyngis thryss had crawin cleir;
Approching neir the greking of the day,
Within my bed I walkynnyt quhar I lay;
So fast declynys Synthea the moyn,
And kays keklis on the ruyf aboyn;
Palamedes byrdis crowpyng in the sky,
Fleand on randon, schapyn like ane Y,
And as a trumpat rang thar vocis soun,
Quhois cryis bene pronosticatioun
Of wyndy blastis and ventositeis;
Fast by my chalmyr, in heich wysnyt treis,
The soir gled quhislis lowd with mony a pew:
Quhar by the day was dawyn weil I knew,
Bad beit the fyre and the candill alyght,
Syne blissyt me, and in my wedis dyght,
A schot wyndo onschet a litill on char,
Persauyt the mornyng bla, wan and har,
With cloudy gum and rak ourquhelmyt the ayr,
The sul3e stythly, hasart, rouch and hair,
Branchis bratlyng, and blaknyt schew the brays
With hirstis harsk of waggand wyndill strays,
The dew droppis congelit on stibbill and rynd,
And scharp hailstanys mortfundeit of kynd
Hoppand on the thak and on the causay by.
The schot I closit, and drew inwart in hy,
Chyvirrand for cald, the session was so snell,
Schupe with hayt flambe to fleym the fresyng fell.
And, as I bownyt me to the fyre me by,
Baith vp and down the howss I dyd aspy,
And seand Virgill on a lettron stand,
To write onone I hynt a pen in hand,

Fortil perform the poet grave and sad,
Quham sa fer furth or than begun I had,
And wolx ennoyt sum deill in my hart
Thar restit oncompletit sa gret a part.
And to my self I said: "In gud effect
Thou mon draw furth, the 3ok lyis on thy nek."
Within my mynde compasyng thocht I so,
Na thing is done quhil ocht remanys ado;
For byssynes, quhilk occurrit on cace,
Ourvoluyt I this volume, lay a space;
And, thocht I wery was, me list not tyre,
Full laith to leif our wark swa in the myre,
Or 3it to stynt for bitter storm or rane.
Heir I assayt to 3ok our pleuch agane,
And, as I couth, with afald diligens,
This nixt buke following of profound sentens
Has thus begun in the chil wyntir cald,
Quhen frostis doith ourfret baith firth and fald. &c.
Explicit tristis prologus
Quharof the altar says thus:
Thys proloug smellis new cum furth of hell,
And, as our buk begouth hys weirfar tell,
So weill according dewly bene annex
Thou drery preambill, with a bludy text.
Of sabyll be thy lettyris illumynate,
According to thy process and estait.
Incipit Liber septimus Eneados
King Latyn of the goddis had command
To wed hys douchter with man of onkouth land.
Tho gan the sey of bemys walxin red,
And heich abuf, down from the hevinly sted,
Within hyr rosy cartis cleirly schane
Aurora vestit into brovn sanguane.
Eftir the wyndys lownyt war at will,
And all the blastis pacefyit and still,
Out our the calm streym of marbill gray
With ayris palmys sweip thai furth thar way.

And suddanly heir from the stabillit see
A large semly schaw beheld Enee,
Amyddis quham the flude he gan aspy
Of Tybir flowand soft and esely,
With sworland welis, and mekill 3allow sand,
Into the sey dyd entyr fast at hand.
The byrdis seir of mony diuerss hewis,
About the watir, abuf vp in the clewis,
On bankis weilbyknaw and fludis bay,
Wyth wryblis sweit and myrthfull sangis gay
Gan meyss and glaid the hevynnys and the ayr,
And throu the schaw went fleand our alquhar.
To turn thar courss he gan his feris command,
And stevin thar schippis to the sammyn land;
Ioyfull and blith thai entring in the flude,
That dern about skuggyt with bewis stude.
Now, thou my muse, Erato, I the pray,
Do schaw me this, at I may scharply say
Quhatkynd process of tyme was, and quhat kyngis
In ald Latium, and in quhat stait all thingis,
Quhen first this strange army or falloschip
In Italy gan arryvyn, euery schip:
I sall declar all, and reduce fut hait,
From the begynnyng of the first debayt.
O thou sweit goddes, O thou haly wight,
Convoy and tech thy poet to say ryght!
I sall the horribill batellis schaw and tell,
The bludy ostis, and the feildis fell;
Quhou, throw thar curage, douchty kyngis seir
As ded corpss becum war, and brocht on beir;
The power hale of all Tuscany,
And all the gret rowtis of Italy
Assemblit into armys on the land.
Per ordour now thar risis apon hand
Fer largear materis forto treit and write,
A grettar wark begyn we to endyte.
Tha boundis, with thar lusty citeis all,

By lang proces of peax, in stait riall
The king Latinus held in governyng;
Or than full agyt was this nobill kyng,
Quham, as we haue hard tald ful long agone,
By Kyng Fawnus engendrit was apon
The mayd or nympe of Lawrent, Marica.
And to this Fawnus fader was alssua
Picus the kyng, quhilk doith the represent,
Saturnus, for hys fader and parent:
Thou was the fyrst gan all thar blude begyn,
The first fundment and cheif stok of kyn.
By dispositioun of the goddis dyvyn,
Son nor manchild nane had Kyng Latyn,
For alsmekill as his 3ong son, a page,
Discessit was within his tendir age.
The kyngis palice and all that riall hald,
All hyr allane, a douchtir dyd with hald,
Now reddy for a man, and cum to age
In grene 3heris to compleit mariage.
Full mony nobillis into Latium
Axit hir to wyf, throu Itale all and sum:
Turnus hir axis, cummyn of hie parage,
Abuf all other maste gudly personage,
And tharto rich of frendis, and myghty
Of eldris gret and riall anchestry,
Quham Kyng Latinus spowss, Queyn Amata,
With diligens dyd procur, day by day,
That he adionyt war thar son in law.
Bot feirfull syngnys by the goddis schaw,
And syndry terrouris gan tharto ganestand.
Amyddis of the palyce closs dyd stand,
With blisfull bewis, a fair grene lawrer,
Haldyn in dreid and wirschip mony a 3er,
Quham this ilk prynce and fader Latinus
Dyd consecrat and hallow to Phebus,
For that he fand it growand in the feild
Quhar he hys ryall palyce first dyd beild:

The indwellaris of the grond, efter this tre,
Lawrentes onto name clepit hes he.
Betyd a wondir takynnyng for to say:
A gret flight of beys, on a day,
Careit our the sey heich throu the moist ayr,
With lowd bemyng gan alycht and repar
On the hie top of this forsaid lawreir;
Intill a clud ful thik togidder infeir,
Thar feyt al sammyn knyt efter thar gyss,
A swarm, or ony wyst quhou or quhat wyss,
Hang from a florist branch of this ilk tre.
Incontinent the spaymen cryis: “We se
A strange man tocum onto thir partis
With a gret rowt, and, fra the sammyn artis
Quharfra 3on beis cam, sal hidder seik;
Quhilk, for hys bonte and his thewis meke,
Sall weild this palice and hie sen3eory.”
Abuf this, eik, betyd a mar farly:
As Kyng Latinus kyndillis, on thar gyss,
Apon the altaris for the sacrefyis,
The clene schidis of the dry fyre brandis,
Quhar that also fast by hir fader standis
Lavynya the maid, his douchter fair;
A selcouth thing to se, in hir syde hair
It semyt the hait fyre kyndillit bricht,
And hir gay clething al with lowis lyght
Gan gleit, and sperkland birn vp in a bless;
Hir ryal tressis inflambit, evil at eyss;
Hir crownel, picht with mony precyus stane,
Infyrit all of byrnand flawys schane;
And efter that semyt this gudly wight
Tobe involuyt in 3allo reky lyght,
And furth our al the place and rufe on hie
The fyre blesys, thame semyt, skattirris sche.
Certis, this was reput with 3yng and ald
A grisly thing and wondrus to behald,
For the diuinys declaris by and by

Quhat this feirful takyn dyd signyfy:
That is to knaw, at this ilk maid suld be
Of fame excelland and felicite
Bot to the pepill pronosticatioun cleir
Of suddane batale and of mortal wer.
Bot than the king, thochtfull and al pensyve
Of sik monstreis, gan do seik belyve
Hys fader Fawnus orator and answar,
Quhilk couth the fatis for tocum declar;
And gan inquiryng responsions alssua
In the schaw vndre hie Albunea,
Quhilk is a cheif gret forest, as thai tell,
And namyt from a haly rowtand well,
Quhar, from the erth, in dern wentis heir and thar,
A strang flewyr thrawis vp in the ayr.
Thiddir hail the pepil of Italia,
And al the land eik of Onotrya,
Thar dowsit axyng tursis for ansuer,
And thar petitions gettis assolzeit heir.
The kingis offerand and rich sacryfyss
The preist thidder gart bring, as was the gyss,
And, vnder silence of the dirk nycht,
On scheip skynnys, weil spred and couchit rycht,
Quhilk slane war in the sacrifice that day,
He strekis him adovne and tharon lay,
Demandand swevynnys and visions til appeir.
On mervellus wyss, thir fleand schaddoys seir
And figouris nyss dyd he se and aspy,
And diuerss vocis hard he eik fast by,
And gan the goddis carping bruke and ioys,
With speche of thai spretis that beyn ycross
In Achyron, the depest pyt of hell,
And thame that far down in Avernus dyd dwel.
The kyng also, that tyme, atour the laif,
Heir wald him self his answer ask and craif:
Ane hundreth wollit wedderis, weil ganand,
In sacryfyss he brytynnys for offerand,

On quhais soft flesys, weil and dewly spreid,
The kyng down liggis for that nyghtis bed.
And suddanly, furth of the schawys closs,
Sayand him thus, thar com a hasty voce:
“O thou my child, cummyn of my stok,
Adress the nevir to knyt into wedlok
Thi dochter til a man of Latyn land;
Lyppin nocht in 3on allyance reddy at hand.
Tobe thi mawch sal cum ane alienar,
That of his blude sal gendir sik ane air,
Quhilk sal our name abufe the starnys vpbring;
Of quhais stok the nevoys and ofspryng
Vnder thar feit and lordschip salbehalde
All landis sterit and rewlit as thai wald,
Als fer as that the son, circuland we se,
Behaldis baith the est and westir seye.”
Efter Eneas com to Itale land,
Maid sacryfice to the goddis with offerand.
The kyng thir ansueris of his fader Fawnus,
And admonitions be nyght gevin thus,
Ne hydis nocht nor closys in his moutht;
So that the fame tharof walkis full couth
Our all the citeis of Italy wyde quhar,
Quhen as the 3onkeris of Troy arryvit war,
And at the schor, vndre a gresy bank,
Thar navy can thai ankyr fast and hank.
Eneas, and othir chiftanys gloryus,
And the fresch lusty springald Ascanius,
Vndre the branchis of a semly tre
Gan lenyng down and rest thar bodeys fre,
And to thar dyner dyd thame all adress
On grene herbis and sonkis of soft gerss.
The flowr sconnys war set in by and by,
With othir mesis, sik as war reddy;
Syne bred trynschouris dyd thai fyl and charge
With wild scrabbis and other frutis large.
Betyd, as was the will of Iupiter,

For falt of fude constrenyt so thai war,
The other metis all consumyt and done,
The paryngis of thar bred to mowp vp sone,
And with thar handis brek, and chaftis gnaw,
The crustis and the coffyngis all on raw;
Ne spar thai not at last, for lake of met,
Thar fatale four nukit trynschour forto eyt.
“Och!” quod Ascanius, “quhou is this befall?
Behald, we eyt our tabillis vp and all!”
He said na mair bot this, half deil in board.
Thame thocht thai hard a fatale voce or word,
Quhilk was as finale end of thar vayage.
Hys fader first of all, with glaid curage,
The word reft from his mouth as that he spak,
And followis on the answer stupefac:
“All hail thou grond and land,” quod he, in hy,
“By the fatis onto me destany,
And 3e, O trast Penates,” said Enee,
“Alhail our natyve goddis, weil 3e be!
Heir is our dwelling place quhar we sall leynd,
Forto remane heir is our cuntre heynd.
Certis, now I ramembir my fader Anchys
Syk secret takynnyis of fatis on this wyss
Schew and rehersit, sayand this to me:
‘Son, quhen in sik hungyr thou stad salbe,
As thou art careit till a strange cost,
That, all the mesis etyn, done and lost,
Thou art constrenyt thy burdis gnaw and fret,
Than thou, al irkyt, may thar beleif to get
A sovir duelling sted perpetualy.
Ramembir, in that place, or neir fast by,
To found thy first cite with thi hand,
Dychit with fowsys and wallys hie standand.’
This was that hungir tareit ws so lang,
This sall mak end of our myschevis strang.
Quharfor, tomorow ayrly, I 3ou pray,
First as the son vpryss, we glaidly may

Serss and inquir quhat place and land is this,
Or quhat maner of pepill tharin duellis,
And of thys kyth quhar standis the cheif cite;
Lat ws seik syndry ways fra the see.
Now mak we mery, away dolf hartis dull,
Now skynk, and offer Iupiter cowpis full,
And in 3our prayeris and orisons infeir
Do call apon Anchys, my fader deir!
Bryng wyne agane, set in tharof plente!”
And sayand thus, with a grene branch of tre
He dyd involup and aray his hed,
And Genys, the god of that ilk sted,
He dyd wirschip, and gan in prayeris call
Erth, the gret moder and first god of all,
The nymphis and the fludis 3it onknaw,
The nycht syne, with hir syngnys al on raw,
And Iupiter Ideus of Ida,
And Ciblylla the mother in Phrigia;
He gan also beseik, quhar that thai dwell,
Athir of his parentis baith in hevin and hell.
The fader than almychty with cleyr lycht
Gan thundir thryss down from the hevynnys hycht;
And schakand in his hand, quhar as he went,
A byrnand clowd schew from the firmament,
With fyry sparkis lyke to goldyn bemys
Or twynkilland sprayngis with thar giltin glemys,
And tho belyve dywlgat round abowt is
The noyss and rumour throu the Troiane rowtis,
The day was cummyn, and the place quhar thai
Thar cite promist suld beld and array.
For ioy thai pyngill than fortill renew
Thar bankettis with all obseruancis dew,
And, for thir tithingis, in flaon and in skull
Thai skynk the wyne, and wauchtis cowpis full.
Quhou Eneas ambassatouris dyd send
To Kyng Latyn with rewardis and commend.
The nixt morow, with his goldin lamp bryght

As the cleir day dyd ayr and erth alycht,
Thai boundis, costis and the cheif cite
Diuerss spyis went furth to serss and se,
And fand ane stank that flowyt from a well
Quhilk Munycus was hait, and eik thai tell
This was the flude of Tibir thai had fund,
And strang Latyn pepill inhabyt this ground.
Thar with Anchises son, the wyss Enee,
Per ordour chosyn of euery degre
Ane hundreth gay ambassatouris dyd waill,
To pass onto the kyngis sted riall,
Bad bair the prynce rewardis for the nanys,
And him beseik of peax to the Troianys.
With fresch garlandis and branchis all thai be
Arrayt of the olyve of Pallas tre;
And but delay, as he thame chargit had,
With swyft payss thai on thar message glaid.
And he into the meyn tyme fast can spur
Bot with a smal sewch, or a litill fur,
To mark the fundment of his new cite;
And fast by the ilk costis syde of the see
Hys first mansioun, in maner as it had bene
Ane ost of tentis stentit on the grene,
With turettis, fowsy and erd dikis ilk deill,
He gan address to closing wonder weill.
Be this the 3ong men send furth in message
Sa far has sped furthwart thar vayage,
That thai the towris and the turettis hie
Of Kyng Latyn the cheif chymmys gan se.
Vndre the cite wall childir and pagis
And lusty springaldis, al of tendir agis,
Thar horssis and thar stedis dyd assay,
And dantit cartis in the dusty way;
And sum thar big bowis dyd bend and draw,
Sum with armys leyt trymland dartis thraw,
Baith with swyft curss and schuting so thai wirk,
Ilkane bissy his party forto irk.

Than, careit on ane horss, a messynger
Brocht tithingis to the ancient kyngis eyr,
A gret men^{3e} of sturdy men war cum,
Cled in a strange habyt all and sum.
The kyng bad bryng thame in his palyce sone,
And set hym self amynd his eldris troyn.
Thar stude a gret tempill or sail ryall,
Of Lawrent cite seyt imperiall,
Belt with a hundreth staitly pillaris hie,
Of Kyng Picus the chymmys cheif to se,
With semly schawys circulit, and lang hald
In wirschip and reuerence be faderis ald;
Quhar was statut by the consent common
The kyngis suld ressaue ceptur and crowne,
And of iustice other ensen^{3e}is seir,
And thar the baner fyrst rayss for the weir.
In this tempill held thai curt on raw;
That was the set eik by thar gentil law
Deput for hallowit fest and mangeory;
And heir full oft at burdis by and by
The heris war wont togidder syt all sam,
Quhen britnyt was, eftir thar gyss, the ram.
And forthir eik, per ordour mycht ^{3e} know
Within the cheif deambulatur on raw
Of forfaderis gret ymagis dyd stand,
Of ald cedir carvyt with crafty hand:
Kyng Italus, and fader Sabinus
That first the wyne tre plantit, stok or buss
(The crukyt huke vndre hys weid held he);
The ancyent kyng Saturn thar mycht thou se,
And Ianus statur eyk with dowbill face,
With other pryncis porturyt in that place,
From the begynnyng of thar first discens,
Quhilk, of thar natyve cuntre for defens,
In marcyal batale sufferit woundis sair.
Apon the postis alsso mony a pair
Of harnes hang, and cart quhelis gret plente,

From ennemys war wonnyn in melle;
The bowand axis, helmys with hie crestis,
Of rich citeis 3ettis, stapillis and restis,
Gret lokkis, slottis, massy bandis sqwair,
Dartis and scheildis hyngis heir and thar,
And stalwart stevynnys, baith of irne and tre,
Reft from thir schippis fechtand on the see.
The ymage porturit was of Kyng Pycus,
Dantar of horssis, in chair sat gloryus,
Cled in a ryal rob auguriall,
And in his hand a ceptre wand riall,
And in his left hand haldand a bukleir;
Quham, revist for his luf, throu vennomys seir,
Circes hys spouss smate with a goldin wand,
And in a byrd hym turnyt fut and hand
With sprutlyt weyngis, clepit a Speicht with ws,
Quhilk in Latyn hait Pycus Marcyus.
Kyng Latyn speris the causs of thar cummyng,
And Ilioneus maid gudly ansueryng.
In sik a tempill of goddis Latyn kyng,
Amyd his faderis set ryall sytting,
Gart fech the Troianys to his presens heir,
And as thai entrit, and befor him wer,
With glaid semlant and vissage ful benyng
Thir wordis first to thame carpis the king:
“Say me, Troianys, quhat 3e desire,” quod he,
“For weil we knaw 3our lynage and cite,
And it is alsso cummyn to our erys
3e set 3our courss our se thir mony 3eris;
Schaw for quhat causis, or quhat necessite,
3our schippis our sa feill haw stremys of see
Beyn hiddir to this cost of Italy
Careit or dryve, or quhidder 3our navy
Has errit by thar courss, and far gone will,
Or 3it by forss of storm catchyt hiddertill,
As oft wil happin by the frawart tyde
To marynaris on fludys deip and wyde.

Gyf 3e sik wyss within our ryver bankis
Be entyrt, or remanys with our thankis
In to our port and havynnys fast heir by,
Withdraw 3ou not, ne fle nocht that harbry;
Nor mysknaw not the condityons of ws
Latyn pepill and folk of Saturnus,
Onconstrenyt, not be law bund thartill,
Bot be our inclinatioun and fre will
Iust and equale, and but offencis ay,
Ar rewlit eftir the ald goddys way.
As twichyng eik 3our discens and ofspryng,
Weil I ramembir that I haue hard sum thing;
Bot that is passyt, or now, sa mony 3heris,
The fame almaste for3et is and efferis;
Agit men of the cite Arunca,
With gret avant, forsuyth, thame hard I say,
Of this cuntre Schir Dardanus ybor
Throw out the sey socht far and ferthymor
Tyl Samo, fyrst, in Trace, the nerrest gait,
Quhilk Samothracia now to name is hait;
Syne socht he to the land of Phrygia,
And citeis set in the wod of Ida.
The goldyn palyce now with sternys brycht
Of hevyn in seyt riall withhaldys that wyght,
That vmquhile socht fra hyne of Tuscany,
And Corith cite, standis our cost hard by;
That now a god is clepit our all quhar,
And to thar numbir ekis hys altar.”
Thus said the kyng, and Ilioneus, but baid,
Onto hys wordys thus wyss answer maid:
“Maist ryall prynce, cummyn of hie parage
Of god Fawnus, nowdyr the seys rage
By forss of dyrk tempest has ws dryve
Onto 3our realm, and tharat maid arryve,
Nor 3it the laid stern from our courss bywauyt,
Nor strange cost of this regioun dissauyt.
Bot by assent common, and of fre will,

And set purposs, we socht this cite till,
As folkis flemyt fra thar natyve cuntre,
Vmquhile the maste souerane realm, trast me,
That evir the son from the far part of hevyn
With hys bemys ourschane, or man can nevin.
From Iupiter dyd our lynnage begyn,
And all the ofspring of Schir Dardanus kyn
Of Iupiter thar forbader can reioss;
Of Iovis stok in hyast gre most choiss
Our kyng descend, the strang Troiane Enee,
In message send ws heir to thy cite.
Quhou gret tempest of batale and debait
Our Troiane feildis wyd hass walkyt layt
By cruel Grekis hydduus confluens,
Quhat fatale bargane thar maid and defens,
Athir part knawys of the warldis twa,
That is to say, Europ and Asya,
And gif thar ony ferthir regioun be,
Diuidit be the streym and occiane see
Fra the ferm land, tharof thai haue hard tell,
And thai also, gif ony thar may dwell,
The sonnys myd cirkill remanys vnder,
Hait Torrida Zona, dry as ony tundir,
Quhilk is amynd the hevynnys situat
Amang four othir plagis temperate.
Fra that diluge eschape and feirful spait,
Careit throu feil large haw stremys wayt,
A litil sted or mansioun, we beseik,
Grant to our natyve kyndly goddis meik,
The bair sey cost, hurtand na mannys rycht,
With air and watir common to euery wight.
Na mar lak to 3our realm sall we be,
Nor na repreif tharby to 3our renowne
Be ws, nor nane other, sal nevir spreid;
Nor 3it the thankis of sa frendful a deid
Sal ony tyme into obliuion slyde;
Nor Italy, with hir braid bundis and wide,

Sal nevir repent that scho the folk of Troy
Hess ressauyt, nor tharof thynk ennoy.
Be al Eneas destaneis I sweir,
Hys trasty faith, or rycht hand into weir
Sa val3eand at onset and defens,
And by his lang wse and experiens
Of armys, quhilk he hes in batale hantit:
Ful mony pepil, victoryus, ondantit,
Desirit ws in frendschip and ally,
And tobe ionyt in thar sen3eory;
Nor lichtly not forthy our frendly proffer,
Quhilk of our fre will onrequirit we offir,
With wordis of request and of treti,
The takynnys in our handis born vp hye;
For oft the fatis of the goddis seir
Hass ws compellit by thar strang power
Onto 3our landis and thir costis seik.
Schir Dardanus born of this cuntre eik
Desiris hiddir to return agane;
And with commandmentis strait, ful mony ane,
Appollo chargit ws to sper bedene
To Tybyr, flowand in the sey Tirrene,
And to the fontane and the strandis cleir
Of Munycus, the hallowit fresch ryver.
And forthir eik our prince hes to the sent
Of his ald fortoun bot a smal present,
The sobir levyngis reft from Troys fyre.
Into this cowp of gold Anchiss hys syre
At the altar was wont to sacrifice;
And of the gret kyng Pryam, mast douchty,
This was the cheif dyademe our the laif,
With quham he crownyt sat and domys gaif;
Hys ceptre als, and eik his tyar hat,
Hallowit quharwith at sacrifice he sat;
And this was eik hys precius rob ryall,
By Troiane ladeis wrocht and brusyt all.”
Herand sic wordis of Ilioneus,

Ful stil his vissage haldis Latynus;
Hys syght onmovyt to the erd dyd he prent,
Witht eyn rollyng, and erys rycht attent.
The brusyt purpur movis hym na thing,
Nor Priamus ceptour sa sar steris the kyng,
As that he musys thochtfull gretumly
Apon his douchteris spousage and ally,
And in his mind gan cumpas oft infeir
His fader Fawnus responsse and answer,
Thynkand this ilk Eneas semyt tobe
The self stranger, quham fatale destanee
Signyfeit tocum furth of ane vncouth sted,
Tobe his son in law, and forto led
Equale dignite with him in that ryng,
Ful of souerane vertu, quhais ofspring
By thar power suld ioys and occupy
The haill world vndre thar sen3eory.
And at the last, efter ful lang musyng,
Witht ioyus cheir on this wyss said the kyng:
“The goddis 3our begynnyng furthir and speid,
And thar pronosticatioun manifest in deid.
I grant thyne axyng, Troiane messynger,
And 3our rewardis ressauys in thank, for heir
3e be all hartlie welcum, trastis me:
So lang as levys Kyng Latyn in this cuntre,
The riches of mast plentuous fertil grund
3e sal nocht want, that in this realm is fund,
Ne 3it nane othir welth, weiflar and ioy
Quhilkis 3e war wont to bruke and haue in Troy.
Bot, at the lest, 3e causs 3our prince Enee,
Gyf that so gretlie he desiris tobe
With ws confiderat intil allyance,
Or gif he langis, but langar discrepans,
Within our palice to entir befor othir,
And be clepit our compan3eoun or brother,
Dwel no langar, bot cum hidder in haist,
Ne skar not at his frendis face as a gaist.

For the mast part of our convene and band
To me salbe to twich 3our kyngis hand.
And now agane 3e sal, turnand 3our went,
Bar to 3our prince this my charge and commandment.
I haue a douchter quham responsis schaw
Furth of my faderis oratory law,
And mony feirful takynnys of the hevin
Be diuerss ways schawin, and fyry levin,
Wil not suffir at scho in wedlok be
Gevin ontill a man of our cuntre;
Bot all the spaymen declaris, by and by
Thar suld cum to remane in Italy,
Fra strange costis, tobe our son in law,
A douchty man, vnkouth and onknaw,
Quhilk, of his lynage and posterite,
Our name abufe the sternys sal vphie.
Gyf that my mynd can ocht ymagyn rycht,
I weyn that he suldbe the sammyn knyght,
And gladly wald, with al my hartis desire,
The werdys tharto callit that rial syre.”
This beand sayd, the kyng Latyn but fail
Gart cheiss of al his stedis furth the waill.
Thre hundreth mylk quhite horss and far had he,
Seysit and fed in stalwart stallis hie:
For euery Troiane per ordour thar the kyng
With purpour howsouris bad a cursur bring;
Thar brusyt trappuris and patrellis reddy bovine,
With goldin bruchis hang from thar brestis dovine;
Thar harnessing of gold rycht deirly dicht;
Thai runge the goldin mollettis burnyst bright.
Ontill Eneas als, thar prynce absent,
A ryal chair richly arrayit he sent,
With twa stern stedis tharin 3ok infeir,
Cummyn of the kynd of hevinly horssis wer,
At thar neyss thirlys the fyre fast sneryng owte;
Of the ilke stok and stude sprungyn, but dowe,
Quhilk Circes, crafty and engenyus,

And mar subtell than evir was Dedalus,
Be a quent way fra hir awin fader staw,
Makand his stedis byleip meris onknaw,
That by hir sle consait and wily mynd
Sik maner horss engendrit of bastard kynd.
Iuno, persavand the Troianys beild a town,
For greif and dolour like to swelt and swoun.
Wyth sik giftis Eneas messyngeris,
And of Kyng Latyn with ioyful answeris,
Returnys, montit hie on horss ilkane,
Of peax and concord bodword brocht agane.
Bot lo, the spouss of Iove, cruell Iuno,
The self tyme can return fro Arge tho
(The quhilk cuntre, of nobill brute and fame,
From Innachus the kyng has tak his name)
And has careit throu the ayr puyr,
Quhilk is hyr proper regioun. As scho fur
Down from the skyis, on far can do spy
Of the heland Pachynnus in Scycilly;
Beheld the Troiane navy stand on raw,
And Eneas blyth and glaid scho saw
Of the ioyus bodword onto him brocht,
That bissely, with all the haist he mocht,
Inforcis thar herbry and strenth to beld,
Than all assurit of this land and feld,
And thar schippis left desolate and waist.
In extasy scho stude, and mad almaist;
In suddand dolour smyttin wonder smert,
Can schak hir hed, with harmys at hir hart,
And of hir breist thir wordis warpis in hy:
“Och, kynd of pepill haitfull and onworthy!
For all the willis and the fatis Troiane
Bene to our mynd and destaneis euer agane.
Mycht thai nocht all haue bene slane in Troy feildis?
Mycht thai nocht all haue swelt thar vnder scheildis?
Ar thai nocht venquist and ourcum ilkane?
Quhat, may nocht thir presoneris agane betane?

Hess nocht Troy all infyrit 3it thame brynt?
Na, all sic laubour is fornocht and tynt.
Haue thai nocht fund, forto eschape away,
Throw myd fyre and myd ostis, sovir way?
So trast I now at last my fors and mychtis
Lwis dolf and irkit be 3on cative wightis:
Insaciate of haitrent, I rest in pess,
That was so bald afor, and nevir wald cess,
Quhen thai war chasyt of thar natyve land,
To sturt thame on the streme fra hand to hand,
And to persew tha flemyt vavengouris
Throw all seys, my self, ilk tyde and howris.
Agane Troianys consumyt ar be me
The strenth of all the hevynnys and the see.
Quhat proffittit me Syrtis, that sowkand sand,
Or 3it Scilla, the swelch is ay rowtand?
Or quhat avalit Caribdis bisme huge?
Ar thai not stakit at rest, and weil luge
In the desirit sond of Tybris bay,
Assoverit of the sey, and hes na fray
Of me, ne of my malice and fant thocht?
The stern pepil Lapythos bryng to nocht,
And quyt distroy, mycht Mars for his offens.
Was it nocht eik grantit in recompens
To Dyan, by the fader of goddis ichone,
To wreke hir greif in ancyeut Calidone?
Quhat falt maid the Lapythos or trespas,
Or Calidon, at sa sar punyst was?
Abuf myssour forsuyth thai chastyit war.
Bot I, the spouss of the gret Iupiter,
Quhilk sa onhappy al ways I mycht fynd
Thame til ennoy consait left nocht behynd,
Quhilk hes myself in propir person eik
Turnyt and writhit all wentis I couth seik,
Am now venquist be a man, this Ene.
Bot, gif my power nocht sufficient be
Or gret eneuch, quhy suld I dreid or spar

To purches help, forsuyth, atour alquhar?
Gif I may nocht the hevinly goddis inclyne
To my purposs, I sal seik forthir syne
To thame that far doun into Achiron dwell,
And sal commove that depast pyt of hell.
I put the cace, that I may nocht optene
From Latyn land thame to expel al clene,
Bot be the fatis immovabill destane,
Lavynya remanys spouss to Ene:
3yt at lest may fall stop or delay
In sa gret materis for a 3eir or twa,
And lefull is it eik of athir kyng
The retennew in batale down to dyng.
Lat the eldfar and mawch knyht vp frendschip
Be price of thar pepillis and falloschip.
With gret effusioun of the blude Troiane,
And sammyn of pepill Rutiliane,
Thou salbe saisynt, madyn, to dowry;
Bellona, goddes of batale, sal stand by,
Tobe convoyar of the mariage.
Nevir Heccuba, of Cisseus lynage,
Quhilk, bund with child, dremyt scho dyd furth bring
A gleid of fyre, or hait brand lycht byrnyng,
Was deliuer of sik flambis, but fail,
As thou salber, and fyris coniugale;
And forthir eik, this Venus proper birth,
And secund Paris, Ene, litill wirth,
Sal rayss and kyndill dedly flambe agane
Of hait fyre brondis amang the wallis Troiane.”
Fra this was said, with horribil mynd in haist
Doun to the erth scho socht, and the laith gaist
Furth of hir set and myrk dongeoun of hell
Scho dyd provoke, and callys with a 3ell
Ane of the sory furyus sisteris thre,
Aleto, quhilk causis all myschefe tobe,
And evir mar desiris of hir kynd
And hess full grene enprentit in hir mynd

The dedly batalis and the dolorus wer,
Stryfe and dissait, harm and discordis seir.
This fendlych hellys monstre Tartareane
Is hatit with hir other sisteris ilkane,
And Pluto eik, the fader of hellis see,
Reputtis that bysmyng belch haitfull to se:
Into samony grisly formys seir
Scho dois hir self translate, and of sik feir
Bene hir cruell schappis and vissage,
Sa fowle and laithly all hir personage,
That, for hir pilis, and in sted of hir hair,
Feil snakis springis our hir body alquhar.
Quhilk fury quent, of kynd sa peralus,
Luno tystis to myscheif, sayand thus:
“Do to me, virgyn, dochtir of the dyrk nycht,
This a seruyce, thy proper wark be richt,
Do me this laubour, quhilk is thyne of det,
That our honouris and fame be nocht ourset,
Ne 3it subdewit into sik a place
As with 3one Troianys, standis voyd of grace:
Lat nevir Ene so prowldly to optene
The spousage of Latinus douchter schene,
And, by na way, lat nevir his feris weld
A fut braid of Italiane grond nor feld.
Thou can brethir of ane assent mony 3eris
Aganyst other enarm in mortale weris;
Thou may ourturn with haitrent and with strife
The hail houshald, the man agane his wife;
Thou may skurgying and strakis in luyngis rayss,
And thou of frendis may mak mortale fays,
And dedly fyrbrondis kyndill in thak and rwys;
A thousand namys thou hass that na man luffis,
A thousand ways folkis to ennoy and schent.
Knok on thy brudy breist at myne entent;
Brek and cast down thar concord maid of new;
Causys of stryfe and batale I wald thou sew;
Gar all the power, and euerilk stowt 3ongkeir,

First in thar myndis desire to move the weir,
Syne cry, and ask armys and batale all,
And rusch tharto forselly gret and small.”
Alecto, throw persuasioun of Iuno
Queyn Amata al wytlless gart sche go.
This cruel monstre, Alecto, onane
Infect with feil vennom Gorgonyane,
Socht first to Latyum, and the chymmys hee
Of Lawrentyn, the kyngis cheif cite,
And prevely begouth awach and lowr
About his spouss Quene Amatais bour,
Quhilk, all inflambit in ire and wifely thochtis
Of this new come of Troianys, all on flocht is,
The bissy curis of Turnus mariage
Skaldyng hir breist and mynd half in a rage.
Thys wikkyt goddes towart hir alsfast
Ane of hir slymy serpent haris dyd cast,
Deip in hir bosum leyt inslip with slycht,
Amyd hir hart pipis or precordialis lycht,
That be this ilk monstres instigioun
Wod wraith scho suld perturble al the toun.
Thys eddir, slyding ovr slekit bodeis soft
Of thir ladeis, amang thar wedis oft
Went thrawin so that nane felt quhar scho glidis,
The furyus queyn dissauyng on athir sydis,
And in hir mynd can blaw and kyndill syne
Ane felloun greif or curage serpentyne.
The grysly serpent sum tyme semyt tobe
About hir halss a lynkit gold chen3e;
And sum tyme of hir curche, lap with a waif,
Becum the selvage or bordour of hir quafe,
Sum tyme hir hed layss, forto knyt hir hair —
Ful slyde scho slippis hir membris our alquhar.
Sone as the first infectioun a litil we
Of slymy vennom in3et quently had sche,
Than scho begouth hir wittis to assale,
And depe amyd hir banys forto skail

And multiply the rage or byrnand fury;
For 3it nocht all our hyr breist cruelly
The spreit hes felt the flambe frenettical.
Quharfor the mar sobirly furth with all,
Eftir the common custum and vsage
Of ald matronys in thar wyld dotage,
With huge complaynt for hir dochter and regrate,
And Troiane wedlok contrar hir consate,
Thus said scho weping, and that ful petuusly:
“O fader Kyng Latyn, quhy wilt thou, quhy?
Quhat, sal our child, Lavynya the may,
To banyst men be geif to leid away?
Nowdir hess thou of thy tendir get piete,
Ne 3it compassioun of thy self, ne me
Hir moder, quham sa sone, ful dissolate,
3one falss sey revar wil leif in sturt, God wayt,
And cary the maid our the deip fludis haw,
Alssone as evir the first north wynd dois blaw?
Was it nocht evin be sik a fen3eit gyrd
Quhen Parys furth of Phryge, the Troiane hyrd,
Socht to the cite Laces in Sparta,
And thar the dochter of Lydea stal awa,
The fair Helyn, and to Troy tursyt raith?
Quhat sal avale 3our faith and hallowit aith?
Quhat of 3our ancyeit purvyance, schire kyng,
That 3e had of 3our frendis and ofspring?
Quhat of 3our richt hand, hald sa gloryus,
Sa feil syth gevin to our cousyng Turnus?
Gyf that thou sekis ane alienar onknaw
Tobe thy mawch or thy gud son in law,
And hes that thing determyt in thy hed,
Constrenyt tharto by the command and red
Of thy fader Fawnus, as to that gate
Heir a litil my fantasy and consate.
All cuntre onsubieckit vnder our wand,
It may be clepit ane oncouth strange land,
And al at thar indwellis alienaris bene;

Of sik strangeris the goddis spak, I weyn.
And gyf we list seik forthirmar, 3it than
To compt the first begynnyng of Turnus clan,
Inachus and Achrysus, but weir,
Twa kyngis of Grece, his forfaderis wer;
Thus is he Greik, to compt his greis a pece,
And cum of Myce the myddil realm of Grece.”
Eftir at the quene with sik wordis, all for nocht,
Assayt had Kyng Latyn, as scho nocht,
And fand at he resistit hyr entent,
The furyus poyson than of the serpent
Deip in hir breist and entralis swiftly 3eid,
And dyd our all partis of hir body spreid,
So that, forsuyth, catchit onhappely
With hydduus monstreis, gan scho ryn and cry
Throw owt the large cite in wild dotage,
But resson, strikkin with the nymphis rage.
As sum tyme sclentys the round tap of tre,
Hyt with the twynyt quhip dois quhirl, we se,
Quham childyr dryvis bissy at thar play
Abowt the closs and voyd hallis all day,
Scho smyttyn with the tawys dois rebound,
And rynnys about, abowt, in cirkill round:
The wytless sort of forsaid babbys 3yng
Studeis awondrit of sa nyce a thing,
This turnyt tre so all that berdless rowt
Ferleis to se swa sleip and quhirl abowt,
And all thar mynd settis it to cach and dryve —
Na slawar went Amata, the kyngis wife,
Throw owt the myd citeis of Latyn land,
And throu the ferss pepill, fra hand to hand.
And forthir eik, onto the woddis grene
With swyft fard catchys furth this quene,
Fen3eand the rage of Bacchus, and gret mycht,
A mar myschefe forto controve and slycht,
And grettar fury swyth scho can begyn;
Hyr douchter hyd thir woddy hillys within,

Tharby the Troiane spousage to delay,
Stop and prolong thar fest and brydell day.
Scho schowtis, "Hey how! Bacchus, god of wyne,
Thow only art worthy to haue our virgyne,"
And this with lovd voce cryis and schowtis sche.
To the, Bacchus, scho rasyt eik on hie
Gret lang speris, as thai standartis wer,
With wyne tre branchis wippit on thar maner;
To the scho led ryng sangis in caralyng,
To the hir hair addressit leit down hyng.
The fame heirop wyde our all dyd spreid,
Quhill at the last the sammyn fury can spreid
In all the matronys brestis of the land:
Catchit with forss tha flok fra hand to hand,
Thar howsis thai forhow and levis waist,
And to the woddis socht as thai war chaist,
And leit thar nekkis and hayr blaw with the wynd;
Sum othiris went 3elland vnder the lynd,
Quhill all the skyis of thar scryke fordynnys;
And sum, war cled in pylchis of fowne skynnys,
Into thar handis rasyt vp on hie
The lang stowris, wond with the sweit wyne tre.
Amyd thame all the queyn Amata gais,
And fersly dyd a byrnand fyrrtre rayss,
And of hir douchter eik and of Turnus 3yng
The wedding sangis and ballettis dyd scho syng,
With bludy eyn rollyng full thrawynly.
Oft and rycht schrewitly wald scho clepe and cry:
"Owt harro! matronys, quharso evir 3e be,
All Latyn wyfis harkis now to me:
Gif ony favouris or frendschip 3it remanys
In 3our devote brestis, amangis thir planys,
Of the onhappy mother Amata,
Gif ony thocht remordis 3our myndis alssua
Of the effectuus piete maternall,
Lowss hed bandis, schake down 3our haris all,
Walk in this wod heir caraland with me,

Syng Bacchus sangis, sen na bettir may be.”
Quhou Alecto persuadit hess Turnus
To move batale incontrar Latinus.
Alecto thus, amang the woddis dern,
Mony wild bestis den and depe cavern,
Into sic rage this ilk Queyn Amata
With Bacchus fury catchis to and fra.
And efter that this wikkit fals goddes
Thocht scho had scharpit weill eneuch, I gess,
The first fury of sa dolorus rage,
Fortyll distrubbill the forsaid mariage,
And quyte pervert or turnyt top our taill
Latynus howshald, purpos and counsale,
But mar delay, with wallowit weyngis sche
Wiskis from thyne onto the wallis hie
Of the curageus Rutiliane Turnus,
Quhilk cite the douchter of Acrisyus,
Fair Danas, fundyt for hir men and hir,
Drevin to that cost with the south wyndis bir;
Quhilk sted was sumquhile clepit Ardea,
Fra Ardea, a fowle, 3it namyt swa,
And, to this day, the forsaid riall hame
Be fortoun brukis of Ardea the name.
Within tha hyghty boundis Turnus rycht
Lay stil at rest amyddis the dirk nycht.
Alecto hir thrawin vissage dyd away,
Al furyus membris laid apart and array,
And hir in schap transformyt of a trat,
Hyr forret skorit with runclys and mony rat,
And with a vaill oursprede hir lyard hair,
A branch of olyve tharto knyttis 3ar;
Of Iunoys tempill semyt scho tobe
The nun and trattes, clepit Calybe.
Befor the visage of this stowt 3ong knycht
Present hir self, with thir wordis on hicht:
“Turnus, quhat, wylt thou suffir this ondocht,
Thy lang travale and laubour be for nocht,

And thy ceptre and crown delyuerit be
To 3on banyst new cum Troiane men3e?
The kyng Latyn the spousage of Lavyne,
And thy dowry, bocht with thy blude and pyne,
Denyis forto grant the, or ellis ocht,
And to succed in his realm hess besocht
Ane alienar, born of ane oncouth land.
Pass now thy way, and set the to ganestand
Thir perellis, but all thankis or gayn3eld!
Sen thou art mokkit, go down bet in feld
The ostis of Hethruria, and syne
Defend in peax and rest the folk Latyne.
Almychty Saturnus douchtir aluterly,
As thou be nycht thus doith at quiet ly,
Bad me schaw planely all thir thingis to the.
Haue done therfor, assemblil this cuntre,
Addres thy fensabill men in thar array,
Enarmyt glaidly move and hald 3our way
Toward the portis or havynnys of the see,
And set apon 3on sam Troiane men3e.
Dryve thar chiftanys of this land, but hone,
Thar pantit carvellis byrn. So to bedone
The gret power of hevynly goddis dyvyne
Commandit hes, decret and determyn.
Lat Kyng Latynus feil to his awyn harmys,
And haue experiens of the, Turnus, in armys,
Bot he the grant to wife his child Lavyne,
And kepe to the hys promyss and conveyne.”
The 3yng man morkand at the prophetes,
Herand sic speche, answeris with mouth express:
“It standis not so as thou wenys, but weris:
The messynger is nocht gone by myne erys,
Full lang or now, quhou that a strange navy
Arryvit in this Tibris streme fast by.
Fen3e na cawsis me fortill effray:
Weyn not me list my purposs leif na nay,
Nor ryall Iuno, quene of realmys all,

List our querrell for3et, nor thoil we sall.
 Bot, O ald dame, thy vile onweldy age,
 Ourset with hasart hair and faynt dotage,
 Quhilk voyd is of all treuth and verite,
 In sic curys invane occupyis the,
 And the dissavis, as prophet, be fals dreid,
 That gevis thi mynd tharon thou has na heid,
 As forto treyt of batalis betweix kyngis.
 Thyne occupatioun standis on othir thingis,
 Quhilk suld haue cure of nocht alanerly
 Bot goddis tempillis and ymagis to spy:
 Thoill men of pess and wer carp and rehers,
 Quhamto pertenyis the batalis to exers.”
 At sic wordis Alecto, hait as fyre,
 Brynt in hir fury rage and felloun ire,
 So that, the 3ong man spekand, suddanly
 The trymlyng hynt all membris of his body;
 His eyn stud abasyt in his hed;
 This hellis monstre, full of wreth and fed,
 Hyssyt and quhislyt with sa feill eddir sondis,
 And hir figour sa grysly gret abundis,
 With glowrand eyn byrnand of flawmys blak.
 Turnus awondryng styntis and drawis abak,
 And, as he purposit mekill mar to say,
 Insted of haris scho rasis vp serpentis tway,
 And of hir scourge the sound scho made him heir;
 With rageand mouth syne said and fellown beir:
 “Behald, is this my vile onweldy age,
 Ourset with hasart hair and faynt dotage,
 Quham eild, void of al trewth and verite,
 Be fals dreid dissavys so?” quod sche.
 “As forto treyt of batale betwix kyngis,
 Behald gif it so be, consider thir syngis!
 Lo me present, ane of the sisteris thre,
 Infernal fureis of feirfull hellis see!
 Se, I bar in my handis and power
 The ded of batalis and the mortale wer.”

And sayand thus, at this ilk fers 3yng knycht
Ane hait fyre brand kest scho byrnand brycht,
And in hys breste this furyus lemand schide
With dedly smok fixit deyp can hyde.
The huge dreid with this dissoluyt his slepe,
Our all his body bristling furth dyd crepe
The warm swait throw euery lith and bane,
And all enragit can eftir harnes frane;
Armour all wytles in his bed sekis he,
Armour our all the luyng law and hie.
The gret curage of irne wapynnys can waid
Cruell and wild, and all his wyt invaid
In wikkit wodnes batale to desire,
Quharon he byrnys hait in felloun ire —
Lyke as quhen that the ingill of stikkis dry
With blesand sownd is layd to by and by,
About the sydis of the pot playing,
The licour sparklis for the heyt bulyng;
Within, the fervent bullyr violent
Of watir makyng reky froith vpsprent;
So swellis vp the skum and bellis bedene,
The veschell may na mar the broth contene,
Bot furth it poplys in the fyre heir and thar,
Quhill vp fleys the blak stew in the air.
And for alsmekill as Turnus thus was stad,
The gretast of hys chiftanys go he bad
To Kyng Latyn, and him declar, but wer,
The paix was brokyn, and he wald move the were;
To graith thar armour fast commandis he,
To defend Ital, and of thar awin cuntre
Thar ennemyss expell and dryve; as 3it
He was eneuch for baith, he leyt thame wyt,
Baith to recuntyr the Latynys and Troianys.
Quhen this was said, and, on sik wyss as ganys,
The goddis callit tobe in thar helping,
Than bissely Rutilianys, our all thing,
Can athir othir fast exhort and pray

On thar best wyss for werfar to purvay.
Sum the maste semly farrand personage
Tistys to the feild, to preif his grene curage,
Sum on his 3outhed, and his thewes gude;
Sum is movit throw hys ryall blude,
For hys progenitouris noble kyngis wer;
And sum war eik inducit to the weir
For hie prowes knawin in ilke landis,
And dedis wrocht maste knychtly with his handis.
Ascanyus huntand hass a taym hart hurt,
Quhilk was the first moving of strife and sturt.
Quhill Turnus on this wyss, about all partis,
In the Rutilyanys rasys hardy hartis,
Alecto towart Troianys, but mair tary,
With hir infernall weyngis furth can cary.
By ane new slycht a place spyit hes sche,
Quhar, for the tyme, by the cost of the see,
The 3yng semly Ascanyus at solace
Dyd hunt the wild deir, followyng the chace.
Thar suddanly this hellis wench infest
Ane hasty fury on his hundis kest;
Thar ness thirlys with a sover sent
Scho fillis so, that bissely thai went
Eftir the fute of a taym hart, quhilk thing
Was the first causs of weirfar and fechtynge,
And first sterit the wild fosteris fell
To move debait, or mak thame for batell.
This hart of body was baith gret and squar,
With large hed, and tyndis burnyst far,
Quham childir of ane Tyrrheus thame amang,
Reft from his moderis pap, had nurysit lang;
Tyrrheus thar fader was fee master and gyde
Of studis, flokkis, bowis and heirdis wide,
As storour to the kyng, dyd kepe and 3ym,
Of the large plane all trast was gevin to hym.
Full dantit and full taym at thar command
Was so becum this best, that, but demand,

Siluya thar sister with all diligens
Arrayt hym of flowris sweit as sens;
Oft plet scho garlandis for his tyndis hie;
The deir also full oftyme kem wald sche,
And feil syss wesch intil a fontane cleir.
Full weil sufferit hir handis the tame deir,
And was accustomyt so quhen he list eyt,
At his awin masteris burd to seik his meyt.
Our all the woddis wald he raik ilk day,
And at evin tide return hame the strecht way
Till hys luyng weillbekend, fute hait,
All by him self, war the nycht neuer so lait.
This hart, errand far from hys resset,
Ascanyus wod hundis ombeset,
As that, per cace, for the hait sonnys gleme,
He held doun swymmmand the cleir ryver streme,
To cuyll hys heyt vnder a gresy bra.
Ascanyus the child hym self allsua,
Byrnyng in desire of sum notable renown,
With nokkyt bow ybent all reddy bown,
Wenand hym wilde, leyt sone ane arow glide;
The goddes was all reddy fast besyde,
That can hys hand address but waveryng;
The flane flaw fast with a spang fra the stryng;
Throw owt the wame and entrellis all, but stynt,
The scharp hedit schaft duschit with the dynt.
The deir, so dedly woundit and to laym,
Onto his kynd resset can fleyng hame,
And entrys in his stall, and that onon,
All blude besprent, with mony grank and gron,
And like a man besocht help and supple;
With hys plenyng all the howss fillis he.
Siluya, the eldast sister, with a schowt,
Hir handis clappyng fast hir schulderis abowt,
Cryis efter help, and can togidder call
The landwart folkis and dowr foresteris all.
Thai tho assemblit to the fray in hy

And flokkis furth rycht fast onwarnystly,
For the ilk fury pestilenciall that hour
Full prevely in the dern wod dyd lowr
To cast on thame slely hir feirfull rage,
That furth vpstartis bath wife, man and page,
He with a burdon of ane lang stif tre,
The poynt scharpit and brynt a litill we,
He with a knotty club and knorry hed;
Quhat ilk man fand first reddy in that sted,
Sekand a swerd, new rynnand fra the pleuch,
Thar greif maid that thing wapyn gud eneuch.
Tyrreus, the master storour, in a rowt
The churlys all assemblyt hym abowt,
Quhar as, per cace, byssy with weggis he
Stude schidand a four squarit akyn tre,
With mony pant, with fellow hauchis and quakis,
Als oft the ax rebundit of the strakis.
This cruell goddes, feirful Alecto,
Fortill annoy hir tyme espyit tho,
And spelis vp ful sone, as scho war wod,
Apon a heich stabill quhar that bestis stude.
Right bustuusly apon the rufe on hie
The hyrdys ensen^{3e} lowd vp trumpis sche,
And in a bowand horn, at hir awin will,
A feyndlich hellis voce scho liltis schill,
At quhais sovnd all trymlyt the forest,
The dern woddis resondit est and west,
The blast was hard thens mylis mony ane
At the deip lowch of Triuia or Dyane;
The dyn was hard eik ellis quhar ful far
At the sulphuryus quhite ryvar callit Nar,
And at the laik or fontane of Velyne.
Baith to and fro our all the cuntre syne
Wemen and moderis, effrayt of this cace,
Thar 3yng childring fast to thar brestis dyd brace.
Than spedely, with haste and bissy far,
The laubouraris ondantit heir and thar

Hynt wapynnys, and assemlyt on euery side
Towart the sovnd, quhar as the trump that tyde
With dedly voce blew this feirfull syng:
The Troiane power alsso can furth thring
With haill rowtis, Ascanyus to reskew.
The batalis war adionynt now of new,
Nocht in maner of landwart folkis bargane
With hard blokkis raschand all ourane,
Nor blunt steyngis of the byrsillit tre,
Bot with scharp scherand wapynnys maid melle.
The grond blaknyt and feirfull wolx alssua:
Of drawyn swerdis sclentyng to and fra
The brycht mettale, and othir armouris seir,
Quharon the sonnys blenkis betis cleir,
Glitteris and schane, and vnder bemys brycht
Castis ane new twynklyng or a lemand lycht.
This stour sa bustuus begouth to ryss and grew,
Lyke as the sey changis first hys hew
In quhite lippiris by the wyndis blast;
Syne peiss and peys, the flude boldnys so fast,
Quhill finaly the wallis vprysis mar,
That fra the grund it warpis vp in the air.
At the first cuntre into this bargane
Almon, Tyrreus eldast son, was slane,
A fair 3yng springald, quhilk caucht dedis wond
Throw dynt of arrow schot with felloun sound,
That smate hym rycht evin in at the halss bone;
The loppirrit blude stoppyt hys aynd onone,
And closyt in of lyfe the tendir spreit.
Abowt hym fell down ded, and lost the sweit,
Mony of the hyrdmen, amangis quham was ane,
The eldar Galesus, as that he allane
Offerit hym self amynd the ostis tway,
To treit concord of pess and of the fray,
Quhilk was the iustast of a rurall man
And mychtyast in hys tyme levyng than;
Our all the boundis of Ausonya

Hys fyve flokkis pasturyt to and fra,
Fyve bowis of ky ontill his hame reparit,
And with ane hundreth plewis the land he aryt.
Fra the first slauchter maid upon this wyss,
Turnus and all the pepill for batal cryis.
And as this bargane on this maner 3eid
In plane feld and evinly batale sted,
This hellis goddes, ioysing at hir will
Hir promys, quhilk scho hecht forto fulfill,
Alssone as was this gret melly begun,
The erth littyt with blude and all ourrun,
And the first slauchter was commyt and done
In dedly weir; than Italy alssone
Scho levis, and with swift fard can do fle
Throw owth the skyis to the hevynnys hie,
Haiffand hir purpos, said with woce full prowde,
Onto Iuno thus spak scho throw a clowd:
“Lo, now, discord performyst, as thou wald,
With schrewit batale and carys monyfall!
In tender frendschip lat thame now convene,
Knytt vp allyance and falloschip bedene,
Sen that I haue the Troianys all bysprent
With blude of the Italyanys, or I went,
And, gif thi mynd be ferme tharto with me,
I sall thus mekill eik to my wark,” quod sche,
“Fortill induce the citeis adiacent
Onto the bargane, or that I hyne went.
With schrewit rumouris, I can among thame skaill,
Thar myndis so I sall enflambe alhail
By wode ondantit fers desyre of Mart,
Thai sall forgaddir to help from euery art,
Quhill batale, armouris, swerdis, speris and scheldis
I sall do saw and strow our all the feildis.”
Than answerit Iuno: “At abundans thar is
Of thi dissaitfull slycht and frawd, I wyss,
And eik of feirfull terrour and deray.
Weill ar perfurnyst causys of this weir payfay:

Thai fecht togidder mydlit on the land,
Baith face for face, with drawin glavis in hand,
And new sched blude littis thar armour cleyr,
Quhilk thai by fortoun cawch haue first in weir.
3on worthy squyer of Venus blude and kyn,
And King Latynus, now lat thame begyn
Sik wedlok to contract and spousale feste.
Bot the gret fader of hevin, at my request,
Will suffir the at large no langar heir
To walk, nor tary abufe the skyis cleir.
Withdraw the of this place, forthy, weil sone.
Gif ony chance restis mar tobedone,
I sall my self that mater rewle and gy.”
Thir wordis spak Iuno; and scho tharwith in hy
Hir dowbill weyngis with edder sound dyd bete,
Levand the hevynnys, socht to hir hellis sete.
Amyddis Itall, vnder hillys law,
Thar standis a famus sted weil beknaw,
That for his bruyt is namyt in mony land,
The vail Ansactus hait, on athir hand
Quham the sydis of a thik wod of tre
Closis full dern with skowgy bewys hie.
A rowtand burn amydwart tharof rynnys,
Rumland and soundand on the craggy quhynnys,
And eik forgane the brokkyn brow of the mont
Ane horribill cave with braid and large front
Thar may be sene, a thyrl or ayndyng sted
Of terribill Pluto, fader of hell and ded;
A ryft or swelch so grysly for to se,
Till Acheron revin dovne, that hellis see,
Gapand with his pestiferus gowle full wide;
At quhais bysme the fury can down slyde,
This hutit goddes, and by that discens
Delyverit hevyn and erd of hyr presens.
And nethelless, duryng the meyn session,
The queyn hir self, Saturnus get, onon
Set to hyr hand, and ondyd the batell.

Off hyrdmen all the rowtis with a 3ell
Ruschit fra the feild to the cite but tary,
The sclane bodeis away with thame dyd cary —
Almon the child, and ded Galesus als,
With blud bysparkyt vissage, hed and halss.
Thai thyg vengeance at the goddis, and syne
Thai raym and cry fast on the kyng Latyne.
Turnus was by, and amynd this deray,
Thys hait fury of slauchtir and fell affray,
The terrour dowblis he and feirfull dreid,
That sik forloppyn Troianys at this neid
Suld thankfully be resset in that ryng,
Or Phrigiane blude confiderat with the kyng,
And he furth of tha boundis tobe expellit.
The self tyme eyk, for the matronys at 3ellit
And roundis sang so in thar wilde dotage,
In the dern woddis, smyttyn with Bacchus rage,
Gret rowtis dyd assemblill thyddir in hy,
And rowpyt eftir batale ernystfully;
Thar the detestabill weris euer in ane,
Agane the fatis all, thai cry and rane,
Contrar answeris and dispositions all
Of goddis, for the weir thai clepe and call.
Led by the power and frawart godhed
Of cruell Iuno with ald ramembrit fed.
Full fast thai thryng about the kyngis palyce,
Bot this ilk Latyn, knawand thar malyce,
Rasistis onmovit as a rok of the see,
Quham, with gret brute of watir smyt, we se
Hym self sustenys by hys huge wecht
Fra wallis feill, in all thar byr and swecht
Iawpyng about hys skyrtis with mony a bray;
Skelleis and famy craggis thai assay,
Rowtand and rarand, and may not empar,
Bot gif thai sched fra his sydis the wair.
So, eftir that the kyng mycht nocht resist
Thar blynd purpos, for as evir Iuno list

The mater went, all set to cruelte;
Full mony goddis and the hevynnys hie
To wytnes drew he, all was by his will,
Bot all for nocht, na tent was take thartill.
“Allace,” he said, “we ar tobroke and ryve
By the fatis, by storm catchit and dryve.
O, O, 3e wrachit pepill!” gan he cry,
“With cruell pane full deir 3he sall aby
This wilfull rage, and with 3our blude express
The wrangis of sic sacrilege redress.
O Turnus, Turnus, full hard and hevy wraik
And sorofull vengeance 3it sal the ourtake,
Quhen, al to lait, in thy helpyng thou sall
With prayeris on the goddis clepe and call.
For I had fund my rest and eyss,” quod he,
“Now at the dur deth reddy bydis me,
Quhar now of happy pompis funeral
I spul3eit am, and sik triumphe riall.”
Na mor sayng, with that ilk word fut het
Ful closs within his palice he him schet,
Of all sik thingis gaue our the cure and charge,
Sen na better mycht be, to go at large.
The portis of weir to twich the prynce refusis,
Quhilkis Iuno brekis, syne al for batal musis.
The maner than was, and the ald custum
Within the land of ancyeut Latyum,
Quhilk blissit vsance efter mony a day
The citeis and faderis of Alba kept ay,
Now the gret master souerane cite dyng
Of Rome kepis and hantis the self thing;
That is to know, quhen first thai move or steir
The marciall ensen3eis for the wer,
Quhidder so thai list to set with ostis plane
On the Gethys, pepill Tartareane,
With dolorus and with ful lamentable wer
In Hyrcany or Araby to steir,
Or fortill etill in to Inde furth eik,

Towart the dawyng and son rysyng to seik,
Or 3it til ask and reduce hame agane
Thar standartis from the dour pepill Persane.
Twa portis beyn of batale and debait,
So thai war clepit to thar name, and hait,
Haldyn in religioun of haly reuerence
Of Martys cruel dreid and his offence;
A hundreth brasyn hespis thame claspit queym,
And strenthy irne slottis, that dyd seym
Tobe eternal and inconsumptive;
Nor Ianus, kepar of this entre of strive,
Was no quhile furth of this ilk hallowit hald.
Bot quhen the ferm sentens of faderis ald
Was ony tyme determyt to move weir,
Than he that was cheif duke or consuler,
In rob ryall vestit, that hait Quyrne,
And rich purpour, eftir the gyss Gabyne,
Gyrd in a garmont semly and fut syde,
Thir 3ettis suld vp oppin and warp wyde;
Within that girgand hirst alsso suld he
Pronunce the new weir, batale and melle;
Quham all the fensabill men suld follow fast,
With plane assent and brasyn trumpis blast.
The kyng Latyn furthwith command thai than
On this maner, as prince and grettast man,
To proclame weir and decrete the melle
Agane Troianys, thidder cum with Ene,
And warp tha sorofull 3ettis vp on breid.
The prynce refusyt to do sa vile a deid,
Ne list not anys thame twich, nor brek his heist,
Sor agrevit planely ganestud thar requeste,
And in his secret closet hym withdrew.
Than from the hevin downe quhirland with a quhew
Come Queyn Iuno, and with hir awin handis
Dang vp the 3ettis, brak but delay the bandis:
This cruell douchter of the ald Saturn
The marbill hirst can weltir and ourturn,

And strang 3et chekis of weirfar and batell
Strake down, and rent the gret irne postis fell.
Onsterit lang tyme, and onmovit, Ital
Now byrnys into fury bellicall.
Sum grathis thame on fut to go in feild;
Sum hie montit on horsbak vnder scheld
The dusty pulder vpdryvand with a stour,
And euery man socht wapynnys and armour;
Thar schynand scheildis sum dyd burnys weill,
And sum polist scharp speir hedis of steill,
To mak thame brycht with fat creisch or same,
And on quhitstanyis thar axis scharpis at hame;
To beir pynsellis it gladis thame vp and dovne,
And ar reiosyt to heir the trumpettis sovne.
Fyve the grettast and maist cheif citeis,
Thar wapynnys to renew in al degreis,
Set vp forgis and steil styddeis fyne;
Rych Atyna, and the prowd Tyburyn,
Ardea the cite, and Crustumere,
And eik Antemne with strang towris he
And weirly wallis battellit about,
The sikkyr helmys penys and forgis owt;
Thar targettis bow thai of the lycht sauch tre,
And boss bukleris coverit with cuyrbul3e;
Sum steil hawbrikis forgis furth of playt,
Burnyst flaukartis and leg harnes, fut hait,
With latit sowpill siluer weill annelit;
All instrumentis of pleuch graith, irnyt or stelit,
As cultyris, sokkis and the somys gret,
With sythis and al hukis at scheris quhet,
War thidder brocht and tholis temper new.
The lust of all sik wark lomys was adew:
Thai dyd thame forge in swerdis of mettel brycht,
Forto defend thar cuntre and thar rycht.
Be this, thar armour grathit and thar geir,
The draucht trumpet blawis the brag of weir;
The sloggorn ensen3e, or the wach cry,

Went for the batale all suldbe reddy.
He pullis down his sellet quhar it hang,
Sum deill effrayt of the noys and thrang;
He dryvis furth the stampand horss on raw
Onto the 3ok, the chareottis to draw;
He clethis hym with his scheld, and semys bald;
He claspis hys gilt habirgyon and thrynfald;
He, in his breistplait strang and his byrne,
A sover swerd beltis law down by his the.
The poet makis to goddis his prayer,
Dewly to compt the folkis grathis for this weir.
3he Musys now, sweit goddessis ichone,
Oppyn and onschet 3our mont of Helycone,
Reveil the secretis lyand in 3our myght,
Addres my stile, and steir my pen go rycht,
Entone my sang, and til endyte me leir
Quhat kyngis dyd remufe furth to this weir,
Quhat rowtis followit euery prynce in feild,
With ostis braid that dyd the plane ourheld,
With quhat maner of val3eand men sik ways
The happy grund Ital flurist tha days,
With quhatkyn armys it enflambit schane:
Furthschaw thir ancyeent secretis euery ane.
3he blissyt wightis forsuyth ramembris weill
All sic thingis, and, quhar 3ou list, may reveill,
Thocht scarsly, for the process of lang 3eris,
Be smal rumour tharof cum tyl our erys.
First, from the land and costis hait Tyrreyn,
Onto the batale bownys stern and keyn
Me3entius the kyng, that in hys day
Contempnar clepit was of the goddis ay.
The gydar of hys army and hys rowt
Was hys son Lawsus, val3eant and stowt,
Abuf all other the maste semly wight,
Except the person of Turnus the gentil knycht,
Quhilk was the flour of all the Lawrenteis.
This Lawsus was weil taucht at all degreis

To dant gret horss, and as hym list arrest,
Hunt and doun bet the deir and ilk wild best.
A thousand men he led of hys convyne
From Corete the cite Agilyne.
Worthy he was to rewle a gret empyre,
And tobe cummyn of sum mar happy syre
Than of Mezentius, banyst and indyng,
Bot to haue beyn sum emperouris son or kyng.
The lusty Aventynus nixt in press
Hym followis, the son of worthy Hercules.
Throu gresy planys hys char with palm ryall
Was rollit furth by horss victoriall,
Quhilk, in hys musteris, schew he in the feild
Hys faderis takynnys merkit in his scheld,
Ane hundreth eddris and other snakis in sete
Lynkit abowt of Larn the serpent gret;
Quhom the nun Rhea and woman dyvyne
In the dern wod of the mont Aventyne
Bair and brocht furth onto this warldis lycht.
Ful prevely, onknaw of ony wight,
The woman mydlit with the god went bond,
Eftir this ilk Hercules had brocht to grond
And venquyst Gereon with prowde bodeis thre,
Syne in the feild besyde Lawrent cite
Was entrit as hym lyst to tak his rest,
Hys Spanze oxen, quhom hym likit best,
Dyd bathing and refresch, to mak thame clene,
In Ital strandis at the cost Tyrrhene.
This Aventinus followis in thir werys,
Bair in his handis lans stafis and burrel speris
And dangerus facheonys into staffis of tre;
With round stok swerdis faucht thai in melle,
With poyntalis, or with stokis Sabellyne.
Thar capitane, this ilke strang Aventyne,
Walkis on fut, hys body wymplit in
A felloun bustuus and gret lyon skyn,
Terribill and roucht, with taty lokkyrrand haris;

The quhite tuskis, the hed and clowis thar is:
And on sik wyss, grym and awfull to se,
Within the kingis gret palyce entris he,
Our his schuldris hyngand, as said is plane,
His faderis talbart cote Herculeane.
Twa bredering to this batale bownys syne,
Furth of the wallit cite Tiburtyne,
Leding thai pepill namyt, ane and other,
Fra Tiburtus, that was thar eldar brother;
And thai war clepit, the tane Catillus,
And tother Coras, strang and curageus,
Stowt 3yng men, Grekis born of Arge bath twane.
Befor the formast ostis in the plane
Amyd a buss of speris in raid thai,
Generit of the clowd lyke to Centaures tway,
Quhen, fra the montane top of Homolane,
Or snawy Otryn hill, downe to the plane,
With felloun fard and swift curss he and he
Can do discend, levand the holtis hie;
The large wod makis placis to thar went,
Buskis withdrawys, and branchis al to rent
Gan rattillyng and resound of thar deray,
To red thar renk, and romys thame the way.
Nor Ceculus was not absent, trast me,
The foundar of the cite Preneste,
Quham all eyldis reputis and schawis ws
Engendrit was by the god Vlcanus,
And by the fyre syd fund, a 3yng fundlyng,
Our landwart bestis syne wolx lord and kyng.
A hail legioun in a rowt followis hym
Of wild wod men, quhilk doys thir catel 3ym;
All thai pepill on breid, baith he and he,
That inhabitis the heich tovn Preneste,
And thai that occupyit the feildis alsso
Of Gabyne, quhilkis ar dedicat to Iuno;
And thai that duellis langis the chil ryver
Of Anyene, and thai alsso infeir

Amang the dewy strandis and craggis remanys
Of Hernyca, in the Sabyne montanys;
And thai also that bred and fosterit be
In boundis of rich Anagnya cite;
And eik thai pepill dwelling fair and bene
In Champan3e, on the flude Amasene.
Amangis al thir pepill na brycht armyng
Mycht thou heir sovnd, nor scheild our schulder hyng,
Or cartis clattir, bot of thame the maste part
To schut or cast war perfite in the art,
With leyd pellokis from engynys or staf slyng
By dyntis bla thar famen down to dyng;
Sum dowbill dartis castyng in handis buyr,
And for defens, to keip thar hedis suyr,
A 3allow hat woir of a wolfis skyn,
For thai waldbe lyght bodyn ay to ryn.
Thar left fut and all that leg was bair;
Ane rowch rylllyng of raw hide and of hair
The tother fut coverit weil and knyrt.
Neptunus son list tho na langar syt,
Hait Mesapus, bot bownys furth to gang;
Dantar he was of stedis wild and strang,
Quham na man with steil wapyn forgit brycht,
Nor byrnand fyre, onto his ded mycht dycht.
Now hastely in armys callys he
The rowtis of hys pepill and men3e,
Quhilkis lang tofor dysvsit had the weir
With curage dolf that idill lay thar geir;
Thar swerdis now and burnyst glavys gray
He maid thame furth bedraw and oft assay.
With hym thai folk in falloschip led he
That inhabitis Fascenyum the cite;
And the iust pepill, clepit Falyscy;
And thame that duellis in Saracte fast by,
A strang cite, and hie situat,
Onto the god Appollo dedicat;
And thai that in Flavynya feildis dwell,

Or that wonnys besyde the layk or well
Of Cymynyk, vndre the montane bra,
Or 3it amang the schawys of Capua —
In gudly ordour went thai and array,
And of thar kyng sang bellettis by the way.
Syk wyss as sum tyme in the skyis hie
Throw the moste ayr doys snaw quhite swannys fle,
Quhen thai fra pastur or fedyng dois resort
To seik thar solace, and on thar gyss to sport;
Weill soundyng wriblys throw thar throtis lang
Swouchyng makis in maner of a sang,
That of thar bruyt resoundis the ryveir,
And all the laik of Asya fer and neir —
So, in like wyss, on far was nane mycht ken
That rowt had bene ane ost of armyt men,
Bot of the swouchand swannys suld he wene
A sop fleand in the ayr thai had bene,
Quhilk chasyt, or affrayt, iolely
Socht crowpyng to the costis syde fast by.
3it comptis the poet the chiftanys al and sum,
Aganys the Troianys sal in weirfar cum.
Lo, Clausus eik, that douchty was and gude,
Discendit of the ancyent Sabinis blude,
A mekil rowt furth ledis to the weir,
As gret man worthy syk ane ost to steir;
Fra quham the clan and pepill Claudyane
Is cummyn our all the boundis Italiane,
Eftir that Rowme was gevin and maid fre
To the Sabynys, as thar proper cite.
Togiddir can assembill a huge rowt
That fra the cite Amatern flokkis ow; t;
The ancyent Sabynys hait Quyrtes then,
And of Erety all the fensabill men,
Of Mystisca, quhilk now heicht Tribule,
Quhar growys of olyve treys gret plente;
All thai that dwellis in cite Momentyne,
Or rosy feildis besyde the laik Velyne,

Or on the scharp craggy rochis hie,
Quhilk for harsknes ar clepit Tetryce,
With hyngand hewys and mony a skowland bra;
Thidder held the cite of Casperia,
Thai that inhabittis Forolas that towne,
Or on the flude Hymella vp and downe;
All thai that drynkis of Tibir the ryver,
Or Fabarus that rynnys fresch and cleir;
And thai that wynnys in Nursya so cald,
And of Ortyne the navy gret and bald;
The Latyne pepill also, and all tha
Quhar the onhappy flude of Allya
Flowis throw the boundis and bedyis thar land.
Alss thik thai gadder, and flokkis fra hand to hand,
As evir the fomy bullerand wallis hie
Is seyn weltyr on the large Lybyane see,
Quhen the stormy Orion hys hed schrowdis
In wyntir vnder the blake watry clowdis;
Or how feil eichyrris of corn thik growyng,
With the new sonnys heit byrsillit, doys hyng
On Hermy feildis in the symmyr tyde,
Or in the 3allow corn flattis of Lyde —
Alsmony scheildis clattris and targatis,
That for dynnyng of thar feyt all the gatis,
For stamping stedis, and for trumpys blast,
The grond wolx all affrayt and agast.
The ennemy to Troiane name onon,
The bastard son of Kyng Agamenon,
Hait Halesus, can with ferss mud acwart
Adioyn hys horss forto draw his cart,
And, in the aid of Turnus and supple,
A thousand ferss folkis assemlyt he:
Thay quhilkis with rakis ourturnys euery bra
Fertyll of wynys in the mont Massica;
And thame also dwelland in hillys he,
Send from the ald faderis of Arunca cite;
And thai that dwellis hard on the sey bray

Besyde the cite of Sydycina,
Or come fra Cales into Champany,
With all tha pepillis into cumpany
Inhabitant the schauld flude Wlturnus,
And frawart folkis, hait Saticulus,
Togiddir eik with the haill multitude
Of Oscores, that pepill stern and rude.
Thyr bair in feild, of wapynnys in the stedis,
Round casting dartis, or macis with pikit hedis,
Quhilk in thar leid is clepit ane “aclyd”;
And, so it mycht the mair suyrly abyde,
Onto thar armis is knyt with a tewch stryng,
Quharwith thai do it at thar fays slyng.
A ballen pavys coverys thar left sydis,
Maid of hart skynnys and thik oxin hydis;
And crukyt swerdis, bowand as a syth,
Thai bair at hand reddy to draw ful swith.
Nor thow, Oebalus, onreknyt sal nocht wend
By our metyr, but lovyng and commend,
Quham Kyng Telon engendrit, as thai say,
On Sabetrydes, the lusty nympe or may,
That tyme quhen he ryngnyt as lord and kyng
Our Capreas ilys, and in governyng
Led the pepill hait Theleboes bald;
Or than, far step in age was he and ald.
Bot hys son, this Oebalus, in his entent
Of his faderis boundis stud nocht content,
That lang afor to his obeysans he
Subdewit had the pepill Sarraste,
And all the large feildis, bonk and buss,
Quhilk ar bedyit with the ryver Sarnus;
Thai that occupyit Rufa and Batulane,
In Champany rich and strang townys twane;
The planys eik and sulze of Celene,
Quhilk dedicat ar onto Iuno quene;
And thai behaldis the weirly wallit cite
Of Nola, witht his stalwart towris he,

Quhar gret plente of apillis orrange growis;
Quhilk pepill in thar weirfar had na bowis,
Bot war accustomit forto thraw oft syss
The castyng speris on the Duchmenis gyss;
Quhais hed ger war of ful sobir extent,
Maid of the cork or bark fra treis rent;
Bukclaris thai bair, with boyss or plait of steill,
And schynand swerdis of mettal burnyst weill.
Thai pepill eik that clepit beyn Nursanys,
Quhilkis in the strait and hie montanys remanys,
Send to the feld ane chiftane of defens,
Of worthy fame, the renownyt Vfens;
Happy in armys and redowtit was he,
Bustuus abuf al otheris his menȝe,
The folkis clepit of Equicola,
That hard furrys had telit mony a da,
And all enarmyt laubour thai thar land;
Thai hant ful oft huntyng in woddis at hand;
Evir lykis thame to cach and dryve away
The recent spreith and fresch and callour pray,
And on spulȝe to leif and on rapyne.
Onto this batale bownys the preste dyvyne,
Vmbro to name, the strenthyast a man
Of all the pepill in Marrubya clan,
Send fra the kyng Archippus with his feris,
As thar chiftane and rewlar in the weris,
Hys helm arrayt with a garland schene
Plet of the happy olyve branschis grene.
All kynd of eddir and hissand serpent fell
With incantatioun he couth gar ryfe and swell,
Or cast apon thame sleping with his sang,
And, with his charmys and his herbis strang,
Thar wraith and wenom couth he dant and mess,
And heill thar stangyng, and sik hurtis eyss.
Bot he couth fynd no curis nor remede
To salf hym from the Troiane speris hed:
Hys slepy charmys had no forss nor mycht,

Ne herbis gadderit on Marsys montis hycht,
To help thai hurtis he caught in the melle.
O soverane preist, quhat reuth was it of the!
For the the woddis wepyt of Angytus,
The cristal strandis murnyt of Fuscynus,
The bewalit cleir lakis and spryng wellis,
Nymphis, virgynys, matronys and damysellis.
Furth to the batale eik held Virbyus,
The son mast semly of Hippolitus;
Hys cheif maternal cite, ful of mycht,
Aricya, furth sent this worthy knyght;
In schawis schene, endlang the watir bra
Of flud Hymetes, by Agerya
That nympe he fosterit was ful tenderly,
Quhar as of manswete Diane fast tharby
The altar, eith fortyl apless, vpstandis,
Oft ful of sacrifice and fat offerandis.
For mony haldis opinion, sayand thus
Be common voce and fame, Hippolitus,
Efter that he slane was and to ded dycht
By falss dissait of his stepmoderis slycht,
And had eik sufferit by his blude and breth
The cruel panys of his faderis wreth,
As tobe harlit with horss that caught affray
And skeichit at a merswyne by thir way;
3it nevir the less, for the luf of Dian,
He was restorit to this ilk lyfe agane,
And come to dwell vndir our hevin and ayr,
That heir abuf contenys thir starnys fair;
Quhilk cuyr was done by Asculapyus sle,
Throw the mychtis of the royss Pyone.
Than Iupiter almychty fader hie,
Havand disdene ony mortal suld be
Rasyt to lyfe, or over warldis lyght,
From the dyrknes of neddir hellis nycht,
The fyndar of this crafty medycyne,
Quhilk was byget be the god Appollyne,

That is to know, this Asculapyus,
With thunderis dynt bath fell and dangerus
Vnder the erth smate dovn, forto remane
In hellis ground and watir Stigiane.
Bot than the thrynfald Diane ful of blyss
In secret place Hippolitus with this
Hyd, and betaucht Agerya the may
Tobe kepit in the ilk forest gay,
Quhar, him allane, in woddis of Italy
Hys lyfe he led onknow of ony wy,
And quhar he, first was hait Hippollitus,
Changit his name, yclepit Vyrbyus.
And, be this self resson 3it alsso,
From the tempill of Dian euermo
Thir horny hovit horsis bene debarrit,
For sa mekil as thai at the sey monstreis skarrit,
And brak the cart throw thar ondantit mycht,
And furth swakkit Hippolitus, gentil knycht.
3it nethless, hys son, this Virbyus,
The ardent stedis fers and chevalrus
Throw owt the plane feild dryvis al in feir,
And furth hurlis his chariot to the weir.
Quhou Turnus to this batal bownys to ga,
And als this weirlyke woman Camylla.
Turnus him self, of weir the cheif capitane,
Amyd pryncis and gret chiftanys ilkane
Enarmyt walkis, turnand to and fro
With corps of statur eligant, that so,
Quhar as he went throw out the rowtis on hie,
Abuf thame all hys hed men mycht weil se,
Quhar on his helm set ful richly schane
With cristis thre lyke til ane lokkyrrit mane;
Tharon as tymbrill standing Chymera,
That wondrus monstre, with wide chaftis bla
Furth blawand fyre and flambe sulphureus,
Lyke byrnand Ethna, that mont peralus;
The mair wod wraith and furyus wolx sche,

With sorofull fyre blesys spowtand hie,
Evir as the batale worthis mor cruell
By effusioun of blude and dyntis fell.
Hys schynand scheld was all of fyne gold bet,
Quhar in thar was in sted of armys, set
Io the wench, sum tyme but hornys, now
With hair ourgrow, transformyt in a kow;
Quhilk was gret argument and probatioun
That he was of his blude a Gregioun.
The kepar eik of this ilk maid, Argus,
Was porturit thar, and fader Inachus,
Furth of ane pantyt pig, quhar as he stude,
A gret ryver defundand or a flude.
Ane ost of fut men, thik as the hail schour,
Followys this Turnus, dryvand vp the stour;
With scheildis schrowdyt mony huge rowt
Thik forgaderis the large feildis about:
Thai 3onkeris quhilk of Grekis war descend
The power of Arunca thiddir send,
The garnysons alsso of Rutilyanys,
And the ancyeit pepill hait Sycanys,
Of Sacrane the army bald in feildis,
The Lybicanys eik with thar pantit scheildis,
Quhilk telys on thy bankis, Tybyr flude,
Or 3it endlang thy gresy brays gude
Of Munycus, thou hallowit fresch ryver,
And thai that with scharp cultyr teil and scheir
Of Rutuly the hilly knollis hie
Or camy eyge and holtis fair to se,
That Circeus to surname clepit ar —
Quhar Anxurus, the berdless Iupiter,
For patron is hallowit our the planys,
And Iuno eik ful ioyusly remanys
In Feronya, hir sweit schaw ay greyn,
Neir by the blak laik clepit Satureyn,
Quhar as the chil ryver, hait Vfens,
Sekis with narrow passage and discens

Amyd holl valeis his renk and ische,
And hydis hym self within the Tyrrhene see.
Abuf all thir the stowt wench Camylla,
Of the famyl and kynrent of Volsca,
Com ledand armyt ostis and stern feldis
In burnyst plait arrayt and schynand scheldis.
Forsuyth, ane worthy weriour was sche:
Hir womanly handis nothir rok of tre
Ne spyndill vsit, nor brochis of Mynerve,
Quhilk in the craft of claithmakyng doys serve;
Bot 3it this maid was weil accustumate
To suffer bargane dower and hard debait,
And throu the speid of fut in hir rynnynge
The swift wyndis prevert and bakwart dyng;
Or than also so spedely couth scho fle
Our the cornys, ourtred thar croppis hie,
That with hir curss na reid nor tendir stra
Was harmyt ocht, nor hurt by ony way;
And, throu the boldnand fludis amyde the see
Born soverly, furth hald hir way mycht sche,
The swyft solis of hir tendir feyt
Nocht twichand anys the watir hir to weit.
All 3ong folkis, on hir forto ferly,
Furth of howsys and feildis flokkis in hy:
Lital childer and matronys awondring
On far behaldis hir stowt pays in a lyng,
So manfully and baldly walkis sche,
With spreit abasyt thai gove hir forto se
Quhat wyss hir slekyt schuldris war array
With kyngly purpoure, honorabill and gay;
And quhou the hair was of this damoyzell
Knyt with a button in a goldyn kell;
And how a quavir closs scho bair allsua,
With grondyn dartis wrocht in Lycia;
And ane hail sippyn of a gret myr tre,
Quhilk hyrdis mycht ourheld with bewis he,
In maner of a speir in hand scho bair,

Hedit with forgit steill ful scharp and squair.
Alswith as Turnus, our the master towr
Of Lawrentum, hys baner quhite as flour
In syng of batale dyd on breid display,
The trumpys blast and hornys maid deray,
And stern stedis stampyng for the dyn,
The armour clattris, fast ilk man can ryn;
Incontinent togidder, with myndis amovit,
All Latum assemblit sone controvit
Ane coniuratioun or hasty conveyne,
As in feirfull affray thar land to tyne,
And wod wraith wolx thir 3onkeris, he and he,
With byrnand hartis fers to the melle.
The first chiftanys for assay or defens,
The gret Mesapus, and the strang Vfens,
With Me3entyus, of goddis contempnar,
The rowtis for supple baith neir and far
Compellis to assemble with thar poweris,
And large feildis laid waist of lawboreris.
Ane Venulus also was send, a Greik,
To gret Diomedis cite, to beseik
Supple and help, and to schaw all and sum
Quhou Troianys war discend in Latum;
Ene with navy arryvit vp at hand,
And brocht his venquyst goddis in thar land,
Sayand that, by the fatis and destanee,
He thiddir callit was as kyng tobe;
And that he suld eik to Diomedis schaw
That mony pepill war adionynt and draw
Onto this ilk forsaid strangear knyght,
For he was cummyn of Dardanus the wyght,
And wyde quhar our al partis of Italy
Hys name begouth to spreid and multiply;
And sen he had begun sic thing on hand,
Quhat syne he etlyt mycht be vnderstand,
That is to knaw, gif forton war so heynd
By aventour of weir tobe his frend,

Mair evidently he covat to proceid
Agane his ancyent ennemy, Diomed,
Than to ourset the 3ong knyghtly Turnus,
Or 3it ourcum the ald kyng Latynus.
Heir endis the sevynt buke of Eneados And syne begynnys the
proloug of the aucht buke

BUKE VIII

[The Proloug of the Aucht Buke]

Of dreflyng and dremys quhat dow it to endyte?

For, as I lenyt in a ley in Lent this last nycht,

I slaid on a swevynnyng, slummyrrand a lite,

And sone a selcouth seg I saw to my sycht,

Swownand as he swelt wald, sowpyt in syte

(Was nevir wrocht in this warld mair wofull a wycht),

Ramand, “Resson and rycht is rent by fals ryte,

Freundschip flemyt is in Frans, and faith hes the flycht,

Leys, lurdanry and lust ar our laid starn,

Peax is put owt of play,

Welth and weiflar away,

Luf and lawte baith tway

Lurkis ful darn.

“Langour lent is in land, all lychtnes is lost,

Sturtynt study hes the steir, distroyand our sport,

Musyng marris our myrth half mangit al most;

So thochtis threthis in thra our brestis ourthwort,

Bailfull bessynes baith blyss and blithnes can bost.

Thar is na sege for na schame that schrynkis at schort,

May he cum to hys cast be clokyng, but cost,

He rakkis nowder the rycht nor rakles report;

All is weill done, God wate, weild he hys will.

That bern is best can nocht blyn

Wrangwyss gudis to wyn;

Quhy suld he spair, for ony syn,

Hys lust to fulfyll?

“All ledis langis in land to laucht quhat thame leif is:

Lufferis langis only to lok in thar lace

Thir ladeis lufly, and louk but let or releifis,

Quha sportis thame on the spray sparis for na space;

The gallyart groym grunschis at grammys hym grevis,

The fillok hyr deformyt fax wald haue a fair face,

To mak hir maikles of hir man at myster myscheif is;

The gudwif grulyng befor God gretis efter grace,
The lard langis efter land to leif to his ayr;
The preist for a personage,
The seruand efter his wage,
The thral tobe of thrillage,
Langis ful sair.

“The myllar mythis the multyr with a met skant,
For droucht had drunkyn vp his dam in the dry 3eir;
The cadgyar callis furth his capill with crakkis wail cant,
Calland the col3ar a knafe and culron ful qweir;
Sum schippart slais the lardis scheip and says he is a sanct,
Sum grenys quhil the gyrss grow for his gray meir,
Sum sparis nowder spiritual, spousyt wife nor ant,
Sum sellis folkis sustynance, as God sendis the feir,
Sum glasteris and thai gang at, and all for gait woll,
Sum spendis on the ald vse,
Sum makkis a tvme ruys,
Sum grenys efter a guse
To fars his wame full.

“The wrach walis and wryngis for this warldis wrak,
The mukkyrrar murnys in his muyd the meill gaue na pryce,
The pyrat pressys to peill the peddar hys pak,
The hasartouris haldis thame heryt hant he nocht the dyce,
The burgess byngis in hys boith, the brovne and the blak
Byand bessely, and bane, buge, bevir and byce,
Sum ledys langis on the land, for love or for lak,
To sembyll with thar schaftis and set apon syss,
The schipman schrenkis the schour and settis to schor,
The hyne crynys the corn,
The broustar the beir schorn,
A fest the fedlar to morn
Covatis full 3or.

“The ral3ear raknys na wordis, bot ratlis furth ranys,
Full rude and royt ressons baith roundalis and ryme;
Swengeouris and scurryvagis, swankeis and swanys,
Gevis na cur to cun craft, nor comptis for na cryme,
With berdis as beggaris, thocht byg be thar banys,

Na laubour list thai luk till, thar luffis ar byrd lyme;
Get ane bysmer a barn, than all hir blyss gane is,
Scho will nocht wirk thocht scho want, bot wastis hir tyme
In thiggyn, as it thrift war, and other vayn thewis,
And slepis quhen scho suld spyn,
With na will the warld to wyn;
This cuntre is full of Caymis kyn,
And sik schire schrewis.

“Quhat wikkytnes, quhat wanthrift now in warld walkis!
Baill hes banyst blythnes, bost gret brag blawys,
Prattis ar reput polycy and peralus pawkis,
Dignyte is laid down, darth to the dur drawis.
Of tratlys and tragedyis the text of all talk is:
Lordis ar left landles be onleill lawys,
Burgessis bryngis hame the bothe to breid in thar bawkis,
Knychtis ar kowhubeis and commonys plukkyt crawis,
Clerkis for oncunnandnes mysknawis ilk wight,
Wifis wald haue all thar will,
Enewch is nocht halff fyll,
Is nowder resson nor skill
In erd haldin rycht.

“Sum latyt latton, but lay, lepys in lawyd lyt,
Sum penys furth a pan boddum to prent falss plakkis;
Sum gowkis quhill the glass pyg grow full of gold 3it,
Throu cury of the quynt essens, thocht clay muggis crakkis;
Sum wernour for this warldis wrak wendis by hys wyt;
Sum crachour crynys the cun3e, and kepys corn stakkis;
Sum prygpenny, sum pyke thank with prevy promyt,
Sum iarris with a ied staf to iag throu blak iakkis.
Quhat fen3eit fair, quhat flattry and quhat fals talys!
Quhat mysery is now in land!
Quhou mony crakkyt cunnand!
For nowther athis, nor band,
Nor selis avalis.

“Prestis, suldbe patterraris and for the pepill pray,
Tobe papis of patermon and prelaceis pretendis;
Ten tendis ar a trump, bot gif he tak ma

Ane kynryk of parroch kyrkis cuppillit with commendis!
Quha ar wyrkaris of this weir, quha walkynnaris of wa,
Bot incompetabill clergy, that Cristyndome offendis?
Quha revis, quha ar ryotus, quha rakles, bot tha?
Quha quellys the puyr commonys bot kyrkmen, weil kend is?
Thar is na stait of thar stile that standis content,
Knycht, clerk, nor common,
Burgess, nor barroun —
All wald haue vp that is down,
Weltrit the went.”
And as this leyd at the last lyggand me seys,
With a luke onlufsum he lent me sic wordis:
“Quhat bern be thou in bed, with hed full of beys,
Grathit lyke sum gnappar, and, as thi greis gurdis,
Lurkand lyke a longeour?” Quod I: “Lovn, thou leys.
Ha, wald thou feght?” Quod the freik: “We haue bot few swordis.
Thar is sic haist in thi hed, I hope thou wald neyss,
That brawlys thus with thi bost quhen bernys with the bourdis.”
Quod I: “Churle, ga chat the, and chyde with ane other.”
“Move the nocht,” said he than,
“Gyf thou be a gentill man,
Or ony curtasy can,
Myne awyn leif brother.
“I spek to the into sport; spell me this thyng,
Quhat lykis ledis in land? quhat maste langis thou?”
Quod I: “Smake, lat me sleip, Sym Skynnar the hyng:
I weyn thou byddis na better bot I brek thi brow.
To me is myrk myrrour ilk mannys menyng;
Sum waldbe cowrt man, sum clerk and sum a cachkow,
Sum knycht and sum capitane, sum Caser, sum kyng,
Sum wald haue welth at thar will, and sum thar wame fow,
Sum langis for the luffyr ill to lyk of a quart,
Sum for thar bontay or boyn,
Sum to se the new moyn —
I lang to haue our buke done,
I tell the my part.”
“Thy buke is bot brybry,” said the bern than,

“Bot I sal leir the lesson to lyss all thi pane.”

With that he racht me a roll: to reid I began

The roytast ane ragment with mony rat rane,

Of all the mowys in this mold sen God merkyt man —

The moving of the mapamond, and how the moyn schane,

The Pleuch, and the polys, the planetis began,

The son, the Sevyn Starnys, and the Charl Wayn,

The Elwand, the elementis, and Arthurus Hufe,

The Horn and the Hand Staf,

Prater Iohne and Port Iaf,

Quhy the corn hes the caf,

And kow weris clufe.

“Thys romans ar bot rydlys,” quod I to that ray,

“Leyd, lern me ane other lesson, this I ne like.”

“I persae, schir parson, thi purposs perfay,”

Quod he, and drew me doun dern in dolf by a dyke,

Had me hard be the hand quhar a hurd lay,

Than prevely the pennyss begouth vp to pike —

Bot, quhen I walknyt, all that welth was wiskyt away,

I fand nocht in all that feild, in faith, a be byke;

For as I grunschit at this grome and glifnyt abowt,

I grapyt graithly the gyll,

Every modywarp hyll,

Bot I mycht pyke thar my fyll

Or penny come owt.

Than wolx I teyn at I tuke to sic trufis tent,

For swevynnys ar for swengeouris that slummyrris nocht weill;

Mony mervellus mater nevir merkit nor ment

Will seggis se in thar sleip, and sentens but seill:

War all sic sawys suythfast, with schame we war schent.

Thys was bot faynt fantasy, in faith, that I feill,

Nevir word of verite, bot all in waist went,

Throw roytnes and ravyng, that maid myne eyn reill,

Thus lysnyt I, as losanger, syk lewydnes to luke;

Bot, quhen I saw nane other bute,

I sprent spedely on fute,

And vndre a tre rute

Begouth this aucht buke.

Heir endis the proloug of the vii buke of Eneados and begynnys the aucht buke of the sammyn

Quhou Tiberinus, god of the ryver,
Till Eneas in visioun gan appeir.
As thys convyne and ordinance was maid
Of Lathyum throw owt the boundis braid,
Quhilk, euery poynt, this Troiane lord onon,
Cummin of the howss of Kyng Laomedon,
In hevvy curis flowand all on flocht,
Avysys weill, how all this thing was wrocht,
And hastely in mynd on euery sydis
Now for this purposs, now for that, providis,
Now heir, now thar, ryvest in syndry partis,
And sersys, turnand to and fra all artis —
Lyke as the radys sonnys bemys brycht,
Or than the glymerand monys schaddo lycht,
Reflexit from the brasyn veschell, we se,
Fillyt with watir to the cirkyll on hie,
Our all the howss reboundis and doys spreid
Schynand, and sersys euery sted on breid,
Quhil in the ayr vpgoyes the twynkland lycht,
Glitterand on euery spar and ruf on hyght.
The nycht come, and al thing levand sessit;
Wery of wark baith byrd and brutal best
Our all the landis war at rest ilkane,
The profund swouch of sleip had thame ourtane;
Quhen this ilk prince, Eneas, all on flocht,
With mynd sowpyt in cuyr and hevvy thoct,
And for this sorofull batale richt onglaid,
Apon the ryver bank hym self down laid
Vndre the cald firmament for the nanys,
And gave schort rest onto his wery banys.
Quham to the god of that sted dyd appeir,
Tyberynus, furth of the still ryver,
Amyd the branchis of the popill treys,

As agyt man semyng hym self vpheis;
A len3e watry garmond dyd hym vaill,
Of cullour fawch, schaip lyke a hempyn saill,
And leiffy redis dekkis weill hys haris.
To meyss Eneas thochtis and hys sarys,
Thus he begouth to speke, and sayd, but dyn:
“O gentill get, cummyn of hie goddis kyn,
Quhilk from thy fays to ws with mekill ioy
Hes hyddir brocht the gret cite of Troy,
And Pergama, the Troiane wallys wight,
Eternaly conservis throu thy myght;
Desyrit maist of lang tyme, now welcum
Onto the grond and soill of Lawrentum,
And all the feildis eik of Latyn land.
Heir is thy sikkir duellyng place at hand,
Ane sovир ferm habitatioun for ay;
Withdraw the not fra hyne, pass nocht away,
Nor dreid na thing the bost of this batell.
The rancour all of goddis, I the tell,
And boldynnand wreth, appesyt ar almaste.
And so thow weyn not at my wordis be waist,
Nor fen3eit dremys do to the appeir,
Vndyr sawch treis by thir bankis neir
Onon thou sall do fynd a mekill swyne,
With thretty hed ferreyt of grysyes fyne,
Of cullour quhite, thar luyng on the grond,
Hyr quhite brodmell abowt hyr pappis wond.
That is the place to set vp thy cite,
Quhilk of 3our laubour sovир rest salbe;
Quhar that, as thretty 3heris byrun and gane is,
Ascanyus sal do beld of lyme and stanys
The cite hait fair Alba of delyte,
Berand hys name fra the fair cullour quhite.
Thus I declar the nane oncertane thing,
But verray suythfast takynnys and warnyng.
Now harkis bot a litill, I the pray,
I sall the lern in quhat wordis, quhat way

Thow may cum speid, and haue the haill ourhand
Twichand this instant mater now at hand.
Thar bene pepill of Arcad from the ryng
Cummyn in this land, descend of Pallas kyng,
Quhilk, with Evandir kyng in cumpany,
Followand the syngnys schaw, hess fast heir by
Chosyn a sted and beldit a cite
Amang the knollis round or motis hie,
Efter thar forfader of nobill fame,
Pallas, clepyt Pallanteum to name.
Contynualy thir folkis euery 3eir
Agane the Latyn pepyll ledis weir;
Adione to thir thyne ost in falloschip,
Do mak with thame a lyge, and bynd frendschip.
I sall my self convoy the the rycht way
Betwix thir brays vp the fludis gray,
So that agane the streme, throu help of me,
By ayris rowth thydder careit sall thou be.
Haue done, get vp, thou son of the goddess;
First as the starris declynys, the address,
I meyn into the dawyng rycht ayrly,
Dewly to Iuno se thou sacryfy,
Hyr wreth and all sik mannans to ourset
With devoyt supplications maid of det:
And, quhen thou has optenyt victory,
To me thou sall do wirschip by and by.
I am God Tybris, watry hewyt and haw,
Quhilk, as thou seys, with mony iawp and iaw
Bettis thir brays, schawyng the bankis down,
And with full flude flowand fra tovn to tovn,
Throw fertill feildis scheryng thar and heir,
Vnder the lift the maste gentill ryver.
Heir is myne habitatioun huge grete,
Of mychty citeis cheif and souerane sete.”
This beand sayd, this ilk god of the flude
Vnder the deip can dowk down quhar he stude,
And socht onto the watir grond onone,

So darnly hyd nane wist quhar he was gone.
The sow with grysis, as Tiberinus said,
Eneas fand, and sacrifice hass maid.
The nycht fled, and the sleip left Ene.
On fut he startis, and onon can he se
Furth of the orient in the brycht mornying
The sonnys hevynly bemys newly spryng,
And in the holl lufis of his hand quhar he stude
Dewly the water hynt he fra the flude,
Syne to the hevyn thus wyss his prayeris maid:
“O nymphys all of fludis blith and glaid,
And O 3e haly nymphys of Lawrentum land,
Quham fra this fresch ryveris, and euery strand
That flowys rynnyng as we se sa cleir,
Hess thar begynnyng furth of sowrssys seir;
And O thou haly fader Tiberyne,
With Tybris eyk, thy blissyt flude dyvyne,
Ressaue Eneas to 3ow onbekend,
And now at last from all perrellys defend.
And, gif thou takis rewth of our gret skathis,
Heir I awow and promittis with aithys,
Quhar evir thy lowch or fontane may be fund,
Quhar evyr so thy spryng is, in quhat grund,
O flud mast plesand, the sall I our all quhar
Hallow with honorabill offerandis euermar.
Hornyt ryver, ryngand as lord and kyng
Our all the fludis in to Itall ryng,
Be in our help, now at last, I requer;
Eftyr sa feill dangeris and perellis seir,
Conferm thy promys and orakill in hy.”
Quhen this was said, furth of all his navy
Twa galeis dyd he cheiss the ilk tyd,
With dowbill raw of ayris on athir syde,
And for the rowyng weil grathit thaim hess he,
Syne for the weir instrukkit his men3e.
Bot lo, in haist befor hys eyn he saw
A mervalus and wondrus thyng to know —

A mylk quhite sow within the woddis lay
Apon the grene wattris bank in hys way,
With hir lyttar new ferreit in that sted,
All of a cullour, grys sys thretty hed,
Quham the devoyt Eneas on hys gyss
Onto the, gretast Iuno, in sacryfyss
Brytnys, and, with hyr flok and followaris,
Hes set and offerit vp on thy altaris.
Tybyr his swelland fludis all that nycht,
Quhow lang at evir it was quhil days lycht,
Stabillys and cawmys at hys awin will;
The streme bakwartis vpflowys soft and still;
On syk wyss mesand his watir, that he
Ane standand stank semyt for tobe,
Or than a smoith puyl, or dub lovn and fair,
So that the ayris mycht fyndyn na contrar.
Tharfor Eneas can hys tyme aspy,
And hastis on hys vayage bissely;
With prosper curss and sobyr quhisperyng
The pikkyt bargis of fyr fast can thryng,
And slydis throw the schaldis stil and cleir;
The watir ferleys of thar fard and beir;
The forest, nocht accustummyt to se
Sik thingis, wondris quhat at this mycht be,
As to behald schynand scheldis on far
On mennys schuldris ay cummand nar and nar,
The pantit carvellis fletyng throu the flude.
Baith nycht and day ilk man, as thai war wod,
Can spend in rowth with irksom lauboryng,
The lang stremys and welys rovnd sworlyng
Our slydyng fast vpwartis the ryver,
Hyd and ourheldit with mony treys seir;
Endlang the still fludis calm and beyn
Thai seik and schar throu owt the woddis greyn.
Quhou Eneas with Kyng Evander met,
And bandis of kyndnes hass betwix thame knet.
The fyry son be this ascendit evin

The myddill ward and regioun of the hevyn;
That is to know, be than it was myd day,
Quhen that on far the cite wallis se thai,
With towris and the howss hedis on raw
Skatterit disperss, and bot a few to know;
Quhilk now the mychty power of Rome tovn
Hes onto hevyn maid equal of renovn.
The kyng Evander, of moblys nocht mychty,
Held for that tyme bot sobyr sen3eory.
In haist thyddir thar stevynnys can do steir
Eneas sort, and to the tovn drew neyr.
Thys Kyng Evander, born was of Arcad,
Percace the self day a gret honour mayd,
Solempnyt fest, and full hie sacryfyss,
Onto the gret Hercules on thar gyss,
That fostyr son was till Amphitryon,
And to the other goddis euery one,
Befor the cite in a hallowit schaw.
Pallas, hys son, was thydder also draw,
Togiddir with the principalis of 3onkeris,
The sobir senatouris, and pur officeris,
All sammyn kest ensens; and with a stew
Besyde the altar blude sched and scalit new,
Beand lew warm, thar full fast dyd reik.
Bot 3it als swyth as thai persauyt eyk
The gret bargis slydand thus on raw,
And throw the dern woddis fast thydder draw,
So stilly bendand vp thar ayris ilk wight;
Thai worth affrayt of the suddand syght,
And euery man thai left the burdis in hy,
On fut gan starting from the mangeory.
Quham hardy Pallas dyd forbyd and diffend
Thar sacrifyss tobrek, quhill it war end:
He hynt a wapyn, with a few men3e
Thame to recontyr onon furth haldis he,
And 3it weill far from a hill or a know
To thame he callys: “Standis, 3yng men, howe!

Quhat caussh hes movit 3ou apon sik way
Thir strangis wentis onknawin to assay?
Quhiddir ettill 3e, or quhat kynrent 3e be?
Schaw quhens 3e com, and quhilk is 3our cuntre.
Quhidder do 3e bryng onto our boundis heir
Bodword of peax, or cumis in feir of wer?"
Eneas tho, the fader of wirschip,
Maid answer from the pulpyt of the schip,
And in hys hand straucht furth, at he mycht se,
In takyn of peax a branch of olyve tre:
"My frend," quod he, "thou seys pepill of Troy,
To Latyn folkis ennemyss, man and boy;
Quhilk, flemyt of our realm, newly agane
Thai ilk Latynys hess socht with prowde bargane.
Onto the kyng Evander all seik we,
Hym to requir of succurss and supple.
Bair hym this message, and declar hym plane,
That chosyn men descend from Kyng Dardane
Beyn hyddir cummyn, besekyng hys frendschip,
To knyt vp band in armys and falloschip."
Pallas, estonyst of sa hie a name
As Dardanus, abasyt worth for schame:
"Cum furth," quod he, "quhat evir thou be, bern bald,
And say befor my fader quhat thou wald,
And entyr in our luyngis the to rest,
Quhar thou salbe ressaulyt welcum gest."
And furth onone he hynt hym by the hand,
A weil lang quhile hys ryght arm embrasand;
Syne furth togidder rakyt thai on raw,
The flud thai leif, and entris in the schaw.
Eneas tho, with frendly commonyng,
Spak curtasly, thus sayand to the kyng:
"O thow maste curtass pryncce, and best in neid
That evir was byget of Grekis seyde,
Quhamto fortoun wald I suld cummyn heir,
The lawly to besekyng and requir,
And wald also I suld furth reke to the

Wippyt with bendis the branch of olyve tre,
In takyn that of thy supple I neid;
Forsuyth, I caught na maner feir ne dreid,
Thocht thou a capitane of the Grekis be,
Yborn alsso of Arcad the cuntre,
Of blude coniunct to the Atrides tway,
I meyn onto Agamenon and Menelay:
Bot myne awin vertu, and haly oracleis
Of the goddis be devyn miracleis,
And our forbearis all of a kynred,
Thy fame dyuulgat into euery sted,
Hess me fermly adionyt onto the;
The fatis eik tharto inducis me,
That wilfully I obey thar command.
Schir Dardanus, the kyng first in our land
That belt the cite Troy or Ilion,
Our cheif fader, as Grekis grantis ilkone,
Born of Electra, Atlas douchter 3yng,
Careit be schip come first to Troys ryng;
And this Electra gret Atlas begat,
That on hys schuldyr baris the hevynnys plat.
Mercur is fader of 3our clan alssua,
Quham the schene madyn, the fair fresch Maya,
Apon the frosty hillys top all bair,
Quhilk Cillenus is hait, in Arcad bair;
And this ilk Maya suythly, gif that we
Ony credens to it we heir or se
May geif, Atlas bygat, that sam Atlas
That rollys the hevynly starrit speir cumpas;
So baith our kynrentis, schortlie to conclud,
Devidit ar furth of a stok and blude.
Quharfor, havand confidens in thir thyngis,
Nothir by ambassat, message nor writingis,
Nor other craft, thy frendship first socht I;
Bot myne awin self in person com in hy,
That onto the submittit has my hed,
And the to pray socht lawly to this sted.

For the ilk pepill vnder Dawnus kyng,
That the Rutilianys has in governyng,
Quhilk ledis weir aganys thi cuntre,
With cruell batal now persewis me;
And gif thai mycht expell ws of this land,
Thai weyn tharby that nocht may thame ganestand,
Bot at thai sall vnder thar sen3eory
Subdew alhaill in thraldom Italy,
And occupy thai boundis oriental
Quhar as the ovir see flowys alhaill,
And eik thai westir partis, trastis me,
Quhilkis ar bedyt with the neddir see.
Ressaue and knyt vp faith and ferm cunnand,
Tak our promyt and geif ws treuth and band;
Strang bodeis til abyde bargane haue we,
With hardy myndis in batal or melle,
Exercit in weir, and expert at sik nedis,
In lusty 3outh likly to do our dedis.”
Thus said Eneas, and Evander than,
Fra tyme that he first forto speke began,
Hys eyn, hys mowth, and all hys body rycht
Gan to behald, espying with hys syght,
Syne schortly maid hys ansuer thus agane:
“O quhou glaidly the, mast forcy Troiane,
I do ressaue as tendir frend and feir!
Quhou blythly now I knaw and weil may heir
The voce, the wordis and the speche, but less,
Of thy fader, the gretast Anchises!
And full perfytyl now I draw to mynd
The vissage of that worthy knyght maste kynd.
For weill I do ramembir, lang tyme gone,
Quhou Priamus, son of Laomedon,
To vissy hys sisteris land Hesiona,
Socht to the cite hait Salamyna,
And at the sammyn rayss hys vayage maid
Throu the cald frosty boundis of Arcaid.
My grene 3outh that tyme with pilis 3yng

First cled my chyn, or berd begouth to spryng;
I ioyt to se the Troian dukis ilkone,
And on the son of Kyng Laomedone,
That is to say, this ilk 3ong Priamus,
Forto behald was mervel gloryus;
Bot thy fader Anchises, quhar he went,
Was hyar far than all the remanent.
My mynd brynt, of 3outhed throu desire,
To speke and common with that lordly syre,
Tobe acquentit, and ioyn hand intil hand,
Cunnand to knyt, and bynd fordwert or band.
To hym I went desyrus of frendschip,
And sped that sammyn so in falloschip,
Within the wallys of Pheness I hym led,
And quhen he dyd depart, or thens hym sped,
Ane courtly quavir full curyusly wrocht,
With arowis, maid in Lycia, wantand nocht,
Ane garmond he me gaue, or knychtly weid,
Prynnyt and wovyn full of fyne gold threid,
Twa goldyn bridillis eik, as he dyd pass,
Quhilk now my son occupyis, 3ong Pallas.
Quharfor our allyance, faith and richt hand,
As 3e desire, ar ellys adionyt in band —
We bene of ald confideratis, perfay:
Quharfor to morn, alssone as the brycht day
Begynnys allycht the landis and the sky,
With succurss and suppovell blythly I
Sal 3ou fra hyne hame to 3our army send,
And with my gudis and my mobillis amend.
And in the meyn tyme, sen, my frendis deir,
Onto our sacrefyis 3e be cummyn heir,
Quhilk 3eirly vsyng we as anniuersary,
That bene onlefull to defer or tary:
Tharfor with ws do hallow our hie fest,
And with glaid semlant blythly maste and lest
Accustom 3ou from thens, and now instant
Our tabillis as 3our frendly burdis hant.”

Quhen this was said, mesis and cowpis ilkane,
Quhilk war away tak, bad he bring agane,
And he hym self the Troiane men fut het
On sonkis of gresy scheraldis hes doun set.
Thar pryncipal capitane syne, Ene,
Beside hym self on dess ressauys he;
The benk, ybeldyt of the grene holyne,
With lokkyrrit lyoun skyn oursprede was syne.
Than 3ong men walit bissy heir and thar,
And eik prestis of Hercules altar,
The rostit bullys flesch set by and by,
The bakyn breid of baskettis temys in hy,
And wynys byrlis into gret plente.
Eneas, sammyn with hys Troiane men3e,
Dyd of perpetual oxin fillettis eyt,
And purgit entralis, clepit clengyng meit.
Evander tellith till Eneas, but baid,
The verray caus quhy this sacrefice was maid.
Eftir that stanchit was the hungris rage,
And appetit of meit begouth asswage,
Said Kyng Evander: “Na superstitioun vayn,
Nor mysknowlage of goddis ancyane,
Thys hie fest and gret solempnyte,
Nor this bankat and mesys, as 3e se,
Hes institut to ws, and this alter
Of sa excelland maieste standyng heir;
Bot, my deir frend and nobill gest Troiane,
We, preservit from cruel peralus pane,
Hantis this seruys apon sik maner,
As proper det and observans ilk 3er.
First, do behald 3one schorand hewchis brow,
Quhar all 3on craggy rochis hyngis now,
Quhou the huge wegthy brays bene down cast,
The holkit fows in the mont syde left waste,
Quhar as the craggy quhynnys, down declyne,
Has drawyn of the hill a huge rewyne.
3on was a cavern or cove in ald days,

With gousty entray far furth of all ways,
A grisly den and ane forworthyn gap
Of Cacus, that na mar had bot the schap
Of mannys form, for skant half man was he
Throw cruel dedis of iniquyte,
That in 3one fendlich hole dwelt hym allane —
A hellis byke, quhar sonnys beme nevir schane,
Quhar the vile flur evir lew warm was spred
With recent slauchter of blud newly sched.
Befor that tyrrandis 3et of men that ded is
Affixit stud mony dolorus hedis,
With vissage blaknyt, blude byrun, and bla,
The laithly ordur or filth stilland thar fra.
Onto this hutyt monstre, this Cacus,
The god of fyre was fader, Wlcanus;
And at hys mouth, a wondir thing to se,
Hys faderis reky flambe furth 3iskyt he.
As to hys body, quhar so evir he passit,
Of bustuus statur lyke nane other was it.
Proces of tyme at last hess ws inspirit,
And send ws help, as we full lang desyrit,
Be cummyng of the mychtful goddis presens;
For the danter of monstreis, our defens,
The maste redoutit Hercules, com at hand
Be aventour onto this ilke land,
New from the slauchter into stern melle
Of Geryon, the quhilk had bodeis thre.
With prowde spul3e arrayving triumphal,
This conquerour maid thyddir dryve and call
Hys bullys and hys oxin huge gret,
And eik hys ky, to pastur and to eyt
Endland 3one valle that is large and wyde,
And tuk thar luyng on this ryver syde.
Bot the ondantit fury mynd of this theif,
Schrewit Cacus, all way ful of myscheif,
By his frawart engyne and sle consait
So that no maner wikkytnes nor dissait

Mycht be, that he ne durst nocht tak on hand,
Ne onassayt leif, out from thar stand
Four semly oxin of body gret and squar,
Als mony tendir quyis exceedand fair,
Of all tha catal away with hym drave.
And, that thar tred suld na way be persaue,
Onto hys cave ay bakwartis by the talys
To turn thar futsteppis he thame harlys and tralys;
And thus his spreith he had until his in,
And with a queym stane closyt hes the gyn.
Sik way he wrocht that, quha thar tred list goif,
Na takynnys suld convoy thame to his coif.
In the meyn quhile, as all the bestis war
Repatyrit weil efter thar nychtis layr,
At morow ayrly first as thai removit,
For Hercules depart from thens behuffit,
The catal gan to rowtyng, cry and rar;
The woddis rang of thar sound our alquhar,
And with thar noys dynnyt hillis and knowys,
Quhil in the caif as that a quyok lowis,
With lowd voce squeland in that gousty hald,
All Cacus trast reuelit scho and tald.
Bot tho in greif this worthy Hercules,
Alceus nevo, the douchty Alcides,
That so oft syss was clepit commonly,
Within hys skyn begouth to byrn and fry
In brym fury of his bitter gall;
Hys wapynnys and his armour hynt withall,
Hys wegthy burdon, or his knorry mayss,
And to the hillys hycht held in a rayss.
Than was the first tyme that ony in this erd
Of our pepill persavyt Cacus efferd,
Within his hed trublit his eyn tway.
Swyft as the wynd he fled and gat away,
And to his cave hym sped with ery spreit —
The dreid adionyt weyngis to his feyt.
And fra he had hym self sesyt tharin,

A stane of huge weght for to closs the gyn
He leyt do fall, and with sic haist down thrang,
The chen3eis brak quharwith it festnyt hang,
That forgit war by hys fadris engyne;
With gret irne slottis schet the entre syne.
Bot lo, in haist Hercules come at hand
With furyus mynd careyng our the land,
Passage and entre sekyng bissely,
Now heir his eyn, now thar, rollyng in hy,
Graslyng hys teith and byrnand full of ire.
Of Aventynus hill thryss all the swyre
He sersys our, and thryss assays he
To brek and rent that craggy stone entre,
Bot all for nocht, thocht he was nevir sa wight;
So, thryss irkyt, down from the hillys hyght
To rest hym is he to the valle gone.
Thar stude a pynnakill of quhyn or flynt stone,
Apon the baksyde of this cavern cald,
That rayss on end rycht hie fortobehald,
For wild fowlys of reif a ganand sted,
That rent raw flesch of bestis bonys ded;
The craggis all about this rolk war worn,
With wedderis blast to holkyt and to torn:
And as it stud on schor sweyand that tyde,
Down with the bank towart the watir syde,
Hercules it smytis with a mychty towk
Apon the rycht half, forto mak it iowke,
Inforsyng hym to welt it our the bra;
And sa rudly it branglys to and fra,
That from the rutis he it lowsyt and rent,
And tumlyt down fra thyne, or he wald stent.
The large ayr dyd reirding with the rusch,
The brays dyndlit, and all down can dusch;
The ryver wolx effrayt with the rak,
And demmyt with the rokis, ran abak.
Than this gret cove, of Cacus sail ryall,
Was discoverit; hys inwart cavernys all,

Wont tobe dyrk, worth patent now and knaw —
Non otherwyss than quhen the erd ourthraw
By fors of thundyr, or erdquake with a clap,
Ryvys vp a terribill sewch or grisly gap,
Oppynnand the hellis mansioun infernall,
And onclosys that dyrk regioun pail
Quhilk of the goddis al abufe is hayt;
Or thocht the hellis bysme in sik estait
War oppynnyt, that his bodum se men mycht,
And dampnyt sawlys effrayt of new licht.
Quharfor this worthy stalwart Hercules,
That on this wyss had Cacus set in press,
And fund onwarnyst by this licht suddane,
Quhar he was closyt in a cave of stane,
Fast rumesand apon a strange maner;
This campyoun with dartis fell of weir
Gan down tobet, and in his wod fury
Eftir all kynd wapynnys can do cry,
With branchis rent of treis, and querral stanys
Of huge weght down warpand all at anys.
Bot this ilk Cacus, quhen that he dyd se
Fra this danger thar was na way to fle,
Furth of his throt, a wondruss thing to tell,
A laithly smok he ȝiskis blak as hell,
And all the houss involuyt with dyrk myst,
That sone the syght vanyst, or ony wist,
And reky nycht within a litill thraw
Gan thikkyn our al the cavern and ourblaw,
And with the myrknes mydlit sparkis of fyre.
The hie curage of Hercules, lordly syre,
Mycht this na langar suffir, bot in the gap
With hasty stert amynd the fyre he lap,
And thar as maist habundyt smokis dyrk,
With huge sop of reyk and flambis myrk,
So that the caif dyd glevyn of the heyt,
Thar hass he hynt Cacus, that wikkyt spreit,
That all invane hys hait kyndlyng furth gaspyt;

For as a ball he hym in armys claspyt,
And so stren3eis hys throt, furth chirt hys eyn,
Hys hals worth dry of blud. Than mycht be seyn
This mirk dungeoun and onsemly hald:
The entre oppynnyt Hercules the bald,
Bet down the closeris, and syne brocht to the lycht
Hys oxin fra him reft by subtel slycht;
And by the feyt furth harlyt was onon
Of Cacus the deformyt carion.
The hartis than and myndis of our men3e
Mycht nocht be satisfyit on him to luke and se,
As to behald hys vgly eyn twane,
Hys terribil vissage, and hys grisly gane,
The rouch byrsys on the breist and creste
Of that monstross half deil wilde beste,
And in his gorge stikkand the sloknyt fyre.
Evir sen that tyme, to Hercules the gret syre
We haue this honour mayd and sacrifice;
Al our ofspring and 3ong men on this wyss
This day kepis solempnyte, as 3e se.
Potitius first master heir with me,
And the famyll of Pynaria the bald,
The cheif keparis of Hercules hallowyt hald,
3on altar in this cuthyll dyd vpbeild,
That onto ws in euery tyme of eild
Is clepyt maist solempnyt and hie altar,
And salbe reput gretast euermar.
Tharfor haue done, 3ong gallandis; now in hy
In wirschip of this fest and mangeory,
Of greyn branschis plet for 3our hed garlandis,
Do waucht and drynk, bryng cowpys full in handis,
Call on our patron common god dyvyne is,
And with gud will do skynk and birl the wynys.”
Thus sayand, the party popill grayn
Heldit his hed with skug Herculyane,
The levis from the plettis down hyngand,
Ane haly cowp fillit in hys rycht hand.

Than ilk man smertly tastis the wyne at tabill,
Prayand thar goddis fortobe aggregaill.
In lovyng of the douchty Hercules
The pepill syngis hys warkis mar and less.
In the meyn session Hesperus drew neir,
Throw the declynyng of the hevynly speir:
Tharwith the prestis of the sacryfyis,
Gyrdyt in skynnys, eftir thar auld gyss,
Gan trasyng furth togidder in a rowt,
And formest went Potityus the stowt,
All do thai beir the byrnand hait fyre brandis,
And, to renew the bankat, with thar handis
Ful delicat danteis for the second mete
Thai dress onone, and furth of platis gret
With paysit flesch plenyst the altaris large,
Tharon bestowyng in hepis mony a charge.
Syne the menstrualis, syngaris and danseris,
To syng and play with soundis, as afferis,
Abowt the kyndlit altaris, quhil thai brynt,
Assemblit ar ful swyth, and wald nocht stynt,
With poppil tre hattis buklyt on thar hed.
The 3onkeris 3onder in ane other sted
Led rowndis, dansys and fresch caralyng;
Other agit persons thame addressit to syng
In ympnys, ballettis and lays, throu the press,
The lovabill gestis of mychty Hercules:
Quhou the first monstreis of his stepmoder sle,
Lugyng a bab in creddill, stranglit he;
That is to know, twa gret serpentis perfay,
The quhilk he wyrreit with hys handis tway;
And how this ilke Hercules of renovn
The ryall citeis assegis and bet down,
Of Troy, and eik the strang Echalia,
A thousand hard iourneis sufferyng alssua,
Vndre the kyng clepit Euristeus,
By Iunoys frawart will mast envyus.
And thus thai syng: “Invyncebill weriour,

That bair of strenth and hardyment the flour,
The stern Centawres thou slew and down bet,
Dowbill of form, and on the clowd byget;
Thow brytnys eik and with thi hand hess slane
Pholus and Helyus, stalwart gyantis twane;
Of Creit the monstreis dantis thou at full,
The savage bestis, as wild bair and bull;
Vndre a roik, Nemee forest within,
Thou slew and rent the hydwyss lyoun skyn.
The laik off Stix trymlyt for dreid of the;
The grisly portar of the hellys see,
Lugyng in caif on ded banys half gnaw,
Dyd quaik for feir, quhen he thy vissage saw.
Na kynd of bysnyng figour dyd the gryss,
Nor byg Typhesus, that agane Iove oftsyss
Movyt batell, with wapynnys fell in hand
Mycht the affray, nor thy gret strenth ganestand;
Nor the serpent of Lern, thou put to ded,
Fand the want nowder wysdom nor manhed,
Thocht scho, of hedis with hir mekil rowt,
The dyd assail and ombeset about.
Hail, verray child of Iove; hail, honour hie
Adionyt to the goddis in maieste!
Baith ws and eik thi sacrifyce infeir
We pray the wissy, at thou may cum heir
With prosper presens and ful happy fut,
In our helpyng fortobe our bute.”
In sic sangis thar fest thai sanctify,
And Hercules hie lovyng syng and cry.
Bot principaly, and last of the laif,
Thai maid mensioun of Cacus slane in caif,
And quhou that he the flambis furth dyd blaw.
The wod resoundis schill, and euery schaw
Schowtis agane of thar clamour and dyn,
The hillys rerdis, quhil dyndlis roik and quhyn.
Syne, quhen dyvyne seruys was at end,
To the cite bownys ilk man to wend.

Furth held the kyng onweldy in ald 3eris,
Fast by hym haldand, as his frendis and feris,
The prynce Eneas and his 3ong son Pallas,
And, quhil thai thus towart the cite pass,
With syndry sermondis schortis he the way.
Eneas awondris of that he dyd say,
And kest his eyn about delyuerly,
Thai stedis all to serchyn and espy;
Sa fair placis to se and vissy tyte
This strange knyght caucht plesance and delyte,
And gladly can inquiryng euery thing,
And hard the answer of the agit kyng,
Quhilk teching him perordour to him tald
Memorialis of seir forfaderis auld.
Quhou Kyng Evander rehersis til Enee
In eldris days the rewle of that cuntre.
Thys kyng Evandrus than, the first foundar
Of Romys burgh or palyce, can declar
And dyd reherss ontil his gest Enee:
“Thir woddis and thir schawis all,” quod he,
“Sum tyme inhabyt war and occupyit
With nymphis and fawnys apon euery syde,
Quhilk fairfolkis, or than elvys, clepyng we,
That war engendryt in this sam cuntre,
That with ane kynd of men yborn, but leys,
Furth of ald stokkis and hard runtis of treis;
Quhilkis nowder maneris had nor polecy,
Na couth thai eir the ground, nor occupy
The plewis, nor the oxin 3ok infeir,
Nor 3it had craft to conquyss nor wyn geir,
Nor kepe thar moblis quhen it gadderit was;
Bot, as thir bestis, or the doillit ass,
Thar fude of treis dyd in woddis fet,
Or of the wild veneson scharp to get.
First from the hie hevynnys into this land
Saturnus com, fleand gret Iovis brand,
Hys realmys reft, and banyst eik was he;

Bot tha ontaucht pepill of this cuntre,
That skatterit dwelt in hie hillis greyn,
He maid forgadder togidder and conveyn,
Gae thame lawys and statutis thame to lede,
And wald also this regioun euery sted
War callit Latium, and clepit to hyss name,
For that he surly lurkyt in the same.
And as thai tel, and redis in mony ryme,
Of gold the world was in that kyngis tyme;
Sa lykandly, in paix and liberte,
At eyss his common pepill governyt he;
Quhil, peiss and peiss, the elde syne war and war
Begouth to wolx, that cullour fading far,
As, in the sted of paix, the rage of wer
Begouth succeid, and covatyss of geyr.
Syne the pissance com of Ausonya,
And the pepill Sycany hecht alsswa,
By quham the land of Saturn, war and wyss,
Hes left and changit his ald name oftyss.
Syne kyngis com, amangis quham for the nonys
Stern Tybrys rygnyt, a man byg of bonys,
Fra quham, ay syne, all the Italiane blude
Thar gret ryver hess clepit Tibrys flude;
Thus Albula hys auld trew name hes lost.
And me also to duel within this cost,
Banyst and flemyt of my natyve land,
Strang destany, quhilk may nocht be gaynstand,
And fortoun eik, clepit omnipotent,
Throu all extremys of sey hes hydder sent.
The reuerend alss and dreidfull monysyngis
Of Carmentes my moder, in mony thingis
Expert as nympe and prophetes dyvyne,
And the autorite of god Appollyne,
Hes me constrenyt to dwel in this hald.”
Scarss hes Evandrus all thir wordis tald,
Quhen, walkyng thens furth bot a litil space,
He can do schaw the altar and the place

Quhilk in the langage Romane 3it, sans fail,
Is to this day clepit port Carmentaill,
Quharby ramemmorit is in the ilk tovn
This ald Carmentes wirschip and renovn,
Quhilk was baith nympe and fatale prophetes,
That first declarit, in hir sawys express
The gret pryncis fortocum of Ene,
And of Pallanteum the nobilite.
The kyng syne schew him to the haly schaw,
Quhilk strang Romulus dyd reduce and draw
In maner of franchises or of sanctuary.
He schew him eik, but ony langar tary,
Vnder the frosty bra, the coif, was call
Ful mony 3eris in thar leid Lupercall,
Efter thar gyss of Arcaid and estait,
To Pan the god of Lyce consecrait.
He schew also the wod hait Argilete,
That to the man of Arge, thar lost the swete,
Was dedicat, and drew to witnes that sted
That he was nevir culpabill of his ded,
And can to him declar the mater plane,
Quhat wyss his gest, this man of Arge, wess slane.
Fra thyne, to mont Tarpeya he him kend,
And beknyt to that sted, fra end to end,
Quhar now standis the goldin Capitoll,
Vmquhil of wild buskis rowch skroggy knoll,
Thocht, the ilk tyme, 3it of that dreidfull place
Ane feirfull reuerent religioun, per cace,
The ery rural pepill dyd affray,
So that this crag and scroggis wirschippit thai.
“In 3on schaw, on this woddy hillis top
That skowgit is with mony buskis crop,”
Quod Evander, “tharon a god dois dwell,
Bot quhat god at he be can na man tell:
My pepill that bene cummyn from Arcaid
Wenys thai saw 3onder, as thai me said,
Gret Iove hym self, as he ful oft at large

Dyd schake his tawbart, or his beknyt targe,
And with his ryght hand dyd assemblill and steir
The watry clowdis, that makis thundris beir.”
And furthir eik he said ontill Enee,
“3on twa town stedis thou behaldis,” quod he,
“With barmkyn down bet and euery wall,
Of forfaderis thai bene memoriall:
This cite beldit our ald fader Ianus,
And 3onder cite fundit Saturnus:
Ianiculum this hecht, myne awin leif brother,
And Saturnya clepit was that other.”
Amangis thame with sic carpyng and talk,
Toward Evandrus pur lugyng thai stalk:
The catal eik behald thai raik on raw,
And in that sted thar pasturand thai saw,
Quhar now in Rome is the cheif merkat platis,
Baith squeil and low in thai ilk plentuous gatis
Quhilk sum tyme hecht Caryne, fair and large,
Quhar the howsis war like a turnyt barge.
And quhen thai cummyn to the palice wer,
Quod Evander, “At thir ilk 3ettis heir
The conquerour entrit, douchty Hercules;
This sobir manss ressauyt hym, but less.
My gentil gest, enforss the and address
To lern to dar contemp welth and richness,
And do thi self compone, and schaw in deid
In goddis steid worthy to succeed,
With thame equal ressauyt in sic herbry;
Amang smal geir now entris bowsumly.”
And sayand this, the myghty gret Ene
Within hys narrow chymmys ledis he,
And maid him sytting down apon a bed,
That stuffit was with levys, and oursprede
With the rouch skyn of a bustuus wild beir
In Affrik bred befor mony a 3er.
Ontil Eneas Venus armour requiris
Fra Wlcanus, quhilkis grantis hir desiris.

The nycht approchis with hir weyngis gray,
Ourspred the erd and put all lycht away,
Quhen Venus moder till Ene efferd,
And not but causs, seand the felloun rerd,
The dreidfull bost and assembly attanys
Aganys hir son of pepill Laurentanys,
To Wlcanus, hir husband and gud man,
Within hys goldyn chalmyr scho began
Thus forto spek, and with hir wordis the fyre
Of dyvyne luf can towartis hym inspire.
Quod sche: “Quhil that the kyngis of Grece and Arge
Down bet the Troiane wallys wyde and large,
That destinat war, bath towr, town and wall,
Of ennemyss be flambyss to down fall,
Na help onto thai wrachit folkis I socht,
Nane armour axit, nor thy craft besocht,
Nor the, my deirest spowss, exerss bad I
Thy craft, nor wark invane wald occupy,
Albeit that to the childring of Pryam kyng
I was bedettit into mekill thing,
And the ontollerabill laubour of Ene
Bewalit oft wepand ful sair,” quod sche,
“Quhilk now by Iovys power stad remanys
Within the boundys of Rutilyanys.
Quharfor this tyme I, thy ilk spowss and wyve,
Thy blissyt godhed, derrest to me on lyve,
Cummys lawly tobeseik and requer
For wapynnys, harness, armour and sic ger:
For my deir son I, moder, prays the,
Sen Nereus douchter, Thetys, mycht,” quod sche,
“Induce the till enarm hir son Achill,
And eik Tythonus spouss, at hir awin will,
Aurora, with hir terys so the brak
Fortill enarm hir child Menon the blak.
Behald quhat pepill, lo; assemblit bene,
Quhat wallit townys with 3ettis closyt in teyn
Gryndys thar wapynnys aganys me and myne,

To bring ws to distructioun and rewyne.”
Thus said the goddess, and in hir milk quhite armys
Ful tendirly belappys him and warmys,
Quhil that he musys so, that hait fyre sle
Of luf bekend onon ressauyt he;
The natural heit into the merch dyd glyde,
Persand the banys maid soft on every syde:
Nane other wyss than as, sum tyme, we se
The schynand brokkyn thundris lychtning fle
Wyth subtil fyry stremys throu a ryft,
Persand the watry clowdis in the lift.
Venus hys spowss, confiding in hir bewte,
Ful glaid persavys that hym caught had sche.
The fader than Vulcanus, god abuf,
Lokkyt in the eternal cheyn of luf,
Answerd and said: “Quharfor, myne awin hart deir,
Sa far about thou glosys thy mater?
Why axis thou nocht planely thy desire?
Quhiddir is becum of me, thy lord and syre,
The ferm confidence, thou suld haue, goddess?
Quhat nedyt mor bot schaw thy mynd express?
Gyf siclike curis and desire had bene
Into thy mynd that sam tyme, I meyn
Duryng the subuertioun of Troys ryng,
To ws it had bene bot a lesum thing
Troianys til haue enarmyt at thy request:
Nowder the fader almychty at the lest,
Ne 3it the fatis contrary dyd ganestand,
Bot Troys cite mycht haue langar stand,
So that Kyng Priamus ryng, by our power,
Mycht haue remanyt fully othir ten 3eir.
And now, gif thou the grathis forto fecht,
And tharto be thy mynd set, I the hecht
All maner thing, with solist diligens,
That may be wrocht in my craft or sciens,
Or 3it may be forgit in irne or steill,
Or moltyn mettall graif and burnyst weill,

Sa far as fyre and wynd and hie engyne
Into our art may cumpass or dyvyne.
Tharfor desist of thi strenth to haue dreid,
Or me to pray in ocht at thou hess neyd,
For in sic cakis thar nedis na request.
Am I nocht reddy to fulfill thy behest?"
Thir wordis beyng said, this hait syre
Gan hir enbrasyng al at his desyre,
And, lappit to hys spowsys breist in armys,
The plesand natural sleip, to beit his harmys,
And eyss hys wery membris, can he tak.
Syne as he had slummyrrit bot a snak,
Quhen the first silence of the quyet nycht
Hys myddil curss and cirkill run had rycht,
Provokying folk of the first sleip awaik;
Lyke as the purr wife, quhilk at evin had raik
Hyr ingill, rysys fortobeit hir fyre,
As scho that hess nane other rent nor hyre
Bot with hir rok and spynnyng forto thryve,
And tharwithall sustene hir enty lyve;
Hir day wark to encress, or scho may se,
Thartill a part of the nycht eikis sche,
And at the candill lycht hir handys tway,
And eik hir pur damysellis, as scho may,
Natty exercis forto wirk the lyne,
To snoif the spyndill, and lang threidis twyne,
Quharby scho mycht sustene hir powerte,
Kepe chaist hir spowsys bed in honeste,
And tharwith eik foster hir childer lyte —
The mychty god of fyre this tyme als tyte,
And no slawar, bot on the sam maner,
Furth of hys bed startis, and hynt his geir,
And to hys smyddy craft and forge hym spedis.
Thar standis ane ile, with reky stanys as gledis,
Vpstrekying hie betwix the cost Sycille
And Lyparen, god Eolus wyndis ille;
Vndre the quhilk byg iland in the see

Ane coif thar is, and hyrnys feill thar be,
Lyke till Ethna holkyt in the mont
By the Ciclopes fornace worn or bront,
That makis rumlyng, as quha dyd thunder heir,
The bustuus dyntis on the styddeys seir;
Ane huge dyn and noys the strake doyth mak.
The irne lumpys in tha cavys blak
Can byss and quhissill, and the hait fyre
Doith fuf and blaw in blesys byrnand schire;
Quhilk forges bene Wlcanus duellyng call,
And efter Wlcan that cuntre nemmyt all.
The mychty god of fyre down from the hevin
Into this forsaid ile descendit evin,
Quhar as, intill hys large and gowsty caif,
The hydduus Ciclopes forgit furth and draif,
Brontes, Steropes, and nakyt Pyracmon,
The glowand irne to well and peyn onon.
The fyreflaucht, 3yt nocht formyt perfitely,
Quhilk the fader of goddis oft throw the sky
From euery art down in the erth doys cast,
Thai had into thar handys wirkand fast;
That ane part polist, burnyst weill and dycht,
Thar other party not perfytit rycht.
Thre rawys wel tha of the frosyn hail schour,
Thre of the watry clowd, to eik the stowr,
Thre blesys of the byrnand fyris brycht,
With thre blastis of the south wyndis lyght,
Syne to thar wark, in maner of gun powder,
Thai myddillyt and thai myxit this feirful sowder,
A grysly sound, gret dreid, and goddis ire,
Quham followys ay the fel flambys of fyre.
Ane other sort ful bissely to Mart
The rynnyng quhelys forgis, and weir cart,
Quharwith the men to batale doys he steir,
And movys citeis to rayss mortal weir.
Thai dycht and polyss egirly alssua
The horribill terget, bustuus Egyda,

Quhilk is the grevyt Pallas gryslly scheild,
With serpent scalys puldrit in goldyn feild,
Togidder lynkyng lowpyt eddris twa
And in the breist of the goddess graif thai
Gorgones hed, that monstre of gret wondir,
With eyn wawland, and nek bane hak in sondyr.
“Away with this, 3he Ethna Ciclopes,”
Quod Wlcanus, “and all sic warkis sess,
And at I say enprentis in 3our thocht.
Ontill a forcy man ar tobe wrocht
Harness and armour; now nedys it,” quod he,
“3our strenth exerss and pythis schaw; lat se
Quha nymlyast can cum and turn thar handis;
Now on all master poynt of craft it standis.
Do put away in haist all maner delay.”
Na mar he said, bot wondir frakly thai
Onto thar laubour can thame all address,
Assignand euery man hys part express:
The irne the mettall throw ther cundytis flowys,
The moltyn gold and weirlyk steil hait glowys,
And furth of gousty furnace fundyt ran.
Maste craftely to forgyng thai began
A hug gret semly target, or a scheild,
Quhilk only mycht resistyng into feild
Agane the dynt of Latyn wapynnys all;
In euery place sevin ply thai well and call.
Sum can ressaue the glowand heyt, sum wynd
With blawand bellys bet the fyre behynd;
Sum of the trowch upon the sparkand gledis
The byssand watir strynklys and ourspredis.
The huge coif and all the mont within,
For strak of styddeys, can resound and dyn.
Amangis thame self thai grisly smythys gret
With mekill forss dyd forge, peyn and bet,
And can thar armys hesyng vp and down
In nowmyr and in dew proportioun,
And with the grippand turcass oft alsso

The glowand lump thai turnyt to and fro.
Evander telland Eneas thingis seir,
Vlcanus armour dyd in the sky appeir.
Quhil that the fader of Lemnos, Vlcanus,
Within the boundis of wyndy Eolus
To wyrk this geir hastis on euey syde,
The blisfull lycht ayrly at morrow tyde,
And myrthfull sangis of the byrdis bay,
The swallow, syngis on the ruf hir lay,
Awalknyt Kyng Evander, and maid ryss
Within his sobir chymmys quhar he lyis.
Vpstart the ald, and cled hym in hys cote,
Apon his feyt hys meit schoys hote
War buklyt on the gyss of Tuscany;
Syne our hys schuldris, down hys myddil by,
Hyngis buklyt hys trasty swerd Arcaid;
From hys left arm, about the rycht syde layd,
Ywymplyt was the spottit pantheris skyn;
Hys twa keparis can furth by hym ryn
From the hie palyce, bustuus hundis two,
That haldis thar lordis payss quhar evir he go.
Furth held this heir the secret prevy way
Towart the sted quhar as Eneas lay,
Hys Troiane gest, ramembring al at rycht
Hys help and promys grantit 3ister nyght.
On the sam wyss, at morow ful ayrly,
Eneas hastis vp, and mycht nocht ly.
The kyng only bot with his son Pallas,
Achates with Eneas accompaneit was.
Thai ionyt handis sone as thai war met,
And syne amynd the chalmer down thame set,
Quhar, finaly, thai fel in commonyng
Of secret materis and attentik thing.
The kyng begouth, and said first til Ene:
“Maist souerane ledar of Troiane cumpane,
Quha beand on lyfe nevir grant I sall
Troy is distroyt, nor castyn down the wall,

Nor 3it the Troiane power put at vnder;
We haue bot sobir pissance, and no wonder,
To help in batale, and to mak supple
Onto so hie excellent maieste:
On this half closyt with the Tuscan flude,
On 3onder syde ar the Rutylianys rude,
Nyddris our boundis, as full oft befallis,
With thar harnes clatter yng about our wallis.
Bot I purposs adione to the onon
A huge pepill, and landis mony one,
Ostis of fertill realmys neir fast by.
O fortoun, or we wyst, so happely
Thou schawist the in our help and supple!
And O maste douchty campioune Ene,
Desyrit of the destany and fatis,
Heir 3e be weill arrayvit many gatis!
Fundyt of ald stanys, not far hyne,
Inhabyt stand the cite Agyllyne,
Quhar that the worthy pepill Lydyane,
Vail3eant in batale, duellis and dois remane
Apon the egge of the Hetruscan hillys.
Thir folkis all in lykyng at thar willis
This land inhabyt, vale, mont and swyre,
Quhil fynaly, ful prowde in his empyre,
Me3entyus begouth thar tobe kyng,
And in gret forss of armys tharon yng.
Suld I reherss the ontellabil myscheif,
The cruel dedis, slauchter and huge greif,
Of that tyrant, quhilk 3it the goddis dyng
Apon hys hed reseruys and ofspring!
For he, besyde his othir wikkyt deyd,
The quyk bodeis, speldit furth on breid,
Adionyt to the corps and caryoun ded,
Layd hand to hand, baith face to face and hed,
Quhil quyk mowthis dyd ded mowthis kyss —
O, quhat maner of torment call 3e this!
Droppand in worsum and filth laithly to se,

So miserabilly enbrasyng, thus wyss he
By lang process of ded can thame sla.
Quhil, at the last, of this ennoy and wa
Hys citesanys irkyt, syne in a rowt
Enarmyt ombeset his manss abowt.
Hym al enragit on his wild maner
Besegit thai, and of his complicitis seir
Hes slane onon, and all in pecis hakkit,
And fyre blesis on his hie biggingis swakkit.
Amyd the slauchter, on cace, eschapit he,
And to the feildis Rutilyane can fle,
Quhar intill armys, be Turnus hys ost,
He hym begouth defend apon that cost.
Quharfor Hetrurya all, full iustly
Aggrevyt, rayss in armys by and by,
Onto punytioun and all tormentis seir
Thar kyng to ask, and seik in feir of weir.
To thir mony thousand pepill,” quod he,
“Souerane ledar I sal the ione, Ene.
For now thar schippys ful thik reddy standis,
Brayand endlang the costis of thir landis.
Thai byd display thar baneris owt of faldis,
Bot ane ancyeut dyvynour thame withhaldis,
Schawand the fatale godly destyne:
‘O 3e mast val3eand 3ong gallandis,’ quod he,
‘And pepill cummyn from Meonya,
3he that bene flour of chevalry alssua,
The vertu and the strenth of vassallage
Of ancistry and men of 3our lynnage,
Quham iust dolour steris on this wyss,
Baldly aganys 3our ennemyss to ryss:
All thocht Me3entyus, to hys myscheif,
Hess weil deservit aganys hym 3our greif
Thus in commotioun forto rayss and steyr,
3yt neuertheless belevys, owt of weir,
So gret a pepill, as vnder Turnus kyng
And Latynus leyndis, forto down thryng

Onlesum is till ony Italyane —
3ow behuffis to seik a strange chiftane.’
Of Hetrurya the ostis vnder scheild
With that word stoppit in the sammyn feild,
Of the goddis admonysyng all effrayt.
Tarchon hym self, thar duke, lyst not delay it,
Bot to me send ambassatouris all bovn,
Offerand to me the ceptre and the crowne
Of al thar realm, and thar ensen3eis brocht,
Requyryng me that I refusyt nocht
Tocum and be chiftane of thar army,
The realm Tyrrheyn eik to ressaue in hy.
Bot my febill and slaw onweldy age,
The dasyt blude gane far by the hait rage,
Or than the owtworn dait and mony 3eris,
With forss fal3eit to hant the strange weris,
Envyis that I suld ioys or bruke empyre.
My son Pallas, this 3ong lusty syre,
Exhort I wald to tak the steir on hand,
Ne war that of the blude of this ilk land
Admixit standis he, takand sum strynd,
Apon hyss moderis syde, of Sabyne kynd.
Bot thou, quham baith thi 3eris and thy blude
The fatis favouris, and is so conclude
By the goddis abufe as, owt of weir,
Tobe callyt and schaip for this mater,
Go to the batal, campyoun maste forcy,
The Troianys baith and Italyanys to gy.
And forthir eik, this sammyn 3yng Pallas,
Our son, our hop, our comfort and solace,
I sal adione in falloschip,” quod he,
“As his master, to exerss vndre the,
And lern the fayt of knyghtly chevalry,
Hard marcyall dedis hantying by and by,
Tobe accustommyt and behald thy feris,
For wondyr followyng thy warkis in 3yng 3eris.
Twa hundreth walyt horss men, wight and stern,

Of Arcaid, sal I geif onto that bern,
And of hys awin behalf, in thy supple,
Alss mony Pallas sal promyt to the,
Quhilk in the hail may weill four hundreth bene.”
Skant this was said, quhen castyng down his eyn,
Trast Achates, and Anchyss son Ene,
Sat starrand on the grond, baith he and he,
And in thar hartis dyd full oft compass
Ful mony hard aduersyte and cace,
With drery cheir and myndis sad bath twa,
Ne war Venus, lady Citherea,
Down from the hevin of comfort to thame sent
Ane oppyn takyn, cleir and evident.
For suddanly thai se, or thai be war,
The fyreslaucht betyng from the lyft on far,
Cum with the thundris hydduus rumlyng blast,
Semyng the hevyn suld fall and all down cast;
The ayr onon can dynnyng vp and down
With brag of weir and Tyrreyn trumpys sovn.
Thai lysnyng to persauie and heir the dyn,
Ay mar and mar agane it dyd begyn
To rerd and rattill apon a feirfull wyss,
Quhill at the last thai se and al espyss
Throw the cleir sky and regioun of the hevyn,
Amang the clowdis, brycht as fyry levyn,
The glitterand armour burnyst lemand schene,
And, as thai schuke, thar rayss thunder bedene.
Abasyt in thar myndis worth the laif,
Bot this lord Troiane knew and dyd persave
Full weil the sound and all the cace express
Be promys of hys moder the goddes;
Syne can rehers it plane, and thus gaitis said:
“Forsuyth, forsuyth, my gentill ost, be glaid,
The nedis not to ask, ne 3it speir
Quhat signifyis thir wondris dyd appeir;
For I am callyt to the hevin,” quod he.
“The haly moder, my genitryce, schew me

That sic a takyn suldbe send, scho said,
Gyf ony wald with batale ws invaid,
And, in my helpyng, hecht doun throu the ayr
To send Wlcanus armour, gude and fair.
Allace, how feill slauchter now apperis
To wrachit Latynys in thir mortal weris!
By me, Turnus, quhat panys salt thou dre!
O Tybir fair that rynnys in the se,
Quhou mony scheldis, helmys and stern body
Vndre thy fludis warpyt law sall ly!
Lat thame array thar ostis now lat se,
And baldly brek thar frendschip maid with me.”
Evander sendis hys son, the 3ong Pallas,
With hys army in help of Eneas.
Fra this was sayd, from his hie set he start;
And first the sloknyt fyris hes he gart,
The rakyt harthis and ingill 3ister nycht,
On Hercules altar beyt and kyndill bryght,
And glaidly went to wirschip and to call
Sobir Penates, goddis domesticall;
And walyt twynteris, efter the auld gyss,
He slew and brytnyt onto sacryfyss,
With hym Evander eik, and all hys feris
Of Troiane men3e, lusty fresch 3onkeris.
Syne doun in haist he went onto hys schippys,
Hys folkis he visseyt and his falloschippys,
Of quhais nowmyr hess he walyt owt
Ane certane, the mast lykly, bald and stowt,
Quhilk suld hym follow into euery place.
The remanent tuk byssely thar rayss
Down by the watyr, on the followand flude
Discendand slawly, to beir message gude
Sone efter this ontill Ascanyus 3yng,
Twychand hys fader and of euery thing.
The horssys syne war gevin and furth brocht
To the Troianys that onto Tuscanne socht;
And till Eneas led onon thai gaue

A gentill steyd excedand all the laif,
On quham at all partis was oursprede and fold
A dun lyonys skyn with nalys of gold.
Than throu the litil cite all on raw
The fame onon dywlgat swyftly flaw,
Quhou that the horsmen spedis thame bedene
To go onto the land and cost Tyrrene.
The wyssys and avowys than, for feir,
By woman and the matronys dowblet wer;
Mor grew the dreid the narrar drew dangar,
Now Martis ymage semys walxin mair.
The fader than Evander, as thai depart,
By the rycht hand thame gryppyt with sair hart,
Hys son enbrasyng, and full tenderly
Apon hym hyngis, wepand ontellabilly,
And thus he sayd: "O sen omnipotent
Hie Iupiter my 3yng 3heris by went
Wald me restor! in sic strenthis and eild,
So as I was quhen first in batal feild
The armys of the ostis down I dang
Of Preneste vndir the wallis strang,
And victor of myne ennemyss, as prowde syre,
Hail hepyss of thar scheildis brynt in fyre;
Quhar, with this sammyn rycht hand quellyt and slane,
Vndre the hellys grond Tartareane
Kyng Herylus was sent to dwell for ay,
Quhamtill hys moder Feronya the gay,
Into the tyme of hys natiuite,
Grisly to say, had gevyn sawlys thre,
And that he suld beir armour thryss in fyght,
And thryss behwyt to the ded be dicht;
Fra quham that tyme this rycht hand, not the less,
Tha sawlys all bereft, and thar express
Of alsmony enarmouris spulzeit clene.
Gyf so war now with me as than hess bene,
Ne suld I nevir depart, myne awyn child deir,
From thyne maste sweit enbrasyng, for na weir;

Nor our nychtbour Mezentys in hys fed
Suld na wyss, mokkand at this hasard hed,
By swerd haue killyt so feill corpss as slane is,
Nor thys burgh of samony citesanys
Left desolat and denudyt,” quod he,
“Bot O 3e goddis abuf, and Iove mast hie,
The governour of hevynly wyghtis all,
On 3ou I cry, on 3ou I clepe and call;
Begyn to haue compaciens and piete
Of 3our awin wofull kyng of Arcadye;
Oppyn and inclyne 3our dyvyne godly erys,
To heir and ressaue the faderis meik prayeris.
Gyf it be so 3our godhed and gret myghtis
Be presciens provyd hess, and forsychtis,
Pallas my son in salfty hail and feir,
Gyf the fatis preservys hym of danger,
So onys in my lyfe I may hym se,
Agane togidder assemblyt I and he;
I 3ow beseik my febill lyfe to respyte,
That I mycht lyf, and endur 3yt a lyte
All pane and laubour that 3ou list me send.
Bot, O faynt fortoun, gyf thou doys pretend
And mannancis ony myschewoss cace,
Now, now furthwith, into this sammyn place
Suffir me swelt, and end this cruel lyfe,
Quhill dowtsum is 3yt all sic sturt and stryfe,
Quhil hope oncertane is of thing tocum,
And quhil I thus, my deir child, all and sum
My lustis plesance, and my last weifair,
The in myne armys enbrasis but dispar;
So that, eftir, na sorowfull messynger
With smert ennoy hurt nevyr myne agit eyr.”
The fader Evander with full sory hart,
At lattir poynt quhen thai war to depart,
Thir wordis spak, syne fel in swoun rycht thar:
Hys men hym hynt and to hys chalmyr bar.
Be this, the rowt of horsmen strang in fyght

War ischit at the portis euery wight;
Amangis the formast the duk Eneas,
And eik the trast Achates, furth can pass,
Syne other nobillis of the Troianys stowt;
The 3yng Pallas rydyng amynd the rowt,
So farrand and so lusty personage,
Cled in a mantill in hys tender age,
Quhilk dyd ourheld hys burnyst armour brycht —
On hym to luke was a mor gudly syght
Than on the day stern, quhilk at morn ayrly
Baithit in the oceane rysys in the sky,
Quhois fyry bemys Venus in speciall
Chosys abuf all starnys gret and small,
Heich in the hevin lifyng hys vissage schene,
To chayss away the myrknes with hys eyn.
The wofull moderis, quakand for cald dreid,
Stude on the wall behaldand quhar thai 3eid,
And dyd convoy or follow with thar sight
The dusty sop, quharso the rak went rycht,
Govand apon thar bryght armour at schane,
So fer as that thar luke mycht thame attane.
The cumpany al sammyn held array
Throw scroggy bussys furth the narrest way,
Enarmyt rydyng thyddir as thai wald.
The brute and dyn from thame vpsprang thik fald,
The hornyt hovynt horss with four feyt
Stampand and trottand on the dusty streyt.
Quhou that Venus ontill Eneas brocht
The godly armour be Wlcanus wrocht.
Thar growys a gret schaw, neir the chil ryver
Quhilk that flowys with hys frosty stremys cleir
Down by the cite of Agillyna,
That other wyss is clepyt Cereta,
Quhilk is in wirschip haldyn and in dreid
By faderis ald, the large boundis onbreid,
As sanctuar; and with deip clewchis wyde
Thys schaw is closyt apon euery syde —

Ane thyk ayk wod of skowgy fyrris stowt
Belappys all the said cuthill abowt.
The fame is that the Grekis ancyane,
Quhilk clepyt bene to surname Pelasgane,
That quhilum lang tyme in the formast eildis
The Latyn boundis occupeyt and feildis,
To Syluanus fyrst dedicat this schaw,
The god of bestis and of feildis faw,
And constitut to hym solempnyt fest.
Duke Tharcon, and the Tuscany maste and lest,
Not fer from thens, intyll a strenthy place
Thar palzeonys all had plantyt apon cace,
That from the top of the hillys hyght,
The army all thai mycht se at a syght,
With tentis stentit strekand to the plane.
Thyddyr held Eneas, the souerane Troiane,
And all the bernys of hys ryall rowt
Chosyn for the batall, lusty, stern and stowt,
And, wery of thar travale, thocht thai best
Thar self and horssis to refresch and rest.
Bot than Venus, the fresch goddes, bedene
Amang the hevynty skyis brycht and schene,
Berand with hir the dyvyne armour cleir,
To mak tharof a presand, can draw neir,
And as on far hir son scho dyd behald,
Secret allone by the chill ryver cald,
Amyd ane holl cleuch, or a dern valle,
Of hir fre will tyll hym apperis sche,
And with sic wordis to hym spak, sayng:
“Lo, my reward heir, and my promysyng
Fulfillyt iustly by my husbandis wark;
So that, my son, now art thou sovyr and stark,
That the not nedis to haue ony feir
Fortill resist the prowde Latynnys in weir,
Nor 3it the strang Turnus to assaill,
Hym to provok, or challance for batale.”
Thus said the scheyn Citherea fair of face,

And, with that word, can hyr deyr child enbrace,
And thar the schynand armour forgane his sycht
Vndre a bowand aik layd down full rycht.
Seand sic gyftis of this trast goddess,
This gentill knycht reiosyt wolx, I gess,
Glaid that so gret honour ressaulyt he,
That scarsly kowth he satisfyit be
Forto behald thir armour bryght and schene;
On euery peyss to vissy kest hys eyn,
Tharon wondrand; betwix hys handis two
And byg armys thame turnys to and fro.
The grysly crystit helm he can behald
On feirfull wyss spowtand the fyre thik fald,
The fatale swerd, dedly to mony ane,
The styf hawbryk of steill yburnyst schane,
Of huge weght and bludy sangwyne hew,
That sic a glanss or variant cullour schew,
As quhen the byrnand sonnys bemys brycht
The watry clowd persand with hys lyght,
Schynand on far, forgane the skyis how
Schapys the figour of the quent rayn bowe.
The lyght legharnes on that other syde,
Witht gold and burnyst laton purifyde,
Grathit and polyst weill he dyd aspy,
The speir, and eik the scheild so subtelly
Forgyt that it was ane ontellabill thyng.
For Vlcanus, of fyre the lord and kyng,
Knewand full weill the art of prophecy,
And syndry thingis to cum eik by and by,
The val3eand dedis of Italyanys,
The gret triumphys als of the Romanys,
And of Ascanyus stok all nobil knyghtis,
Thar batalys all per ordour, weir and fyghtis,
Had tharin porturat properly and grave,
Amang all otheris, in Martis gresy cave
The sukkyn wolf furthstrekand breste and vdyr;
Abowt hir pappys, but feir, as thar moder,

The twa twynnys, smal men childer 3yng,
Sportand ful tayt gan to wrabill and hyng;
And scho hir lang rovnd nek bane bowand raith
To geif thame sowke, and can thame cul3e baith,
Semyng scho suld thar bodeis by and by
Lyk with hir tong, and clenge full tenderly.
Not fer from thens Rome cite eikyt he,
Quhar by ane new inuentioun wonder sle,
Settand into ane holl valle or slak,
Within the lystis for the triumphe mak,
War Sabyne virgynys revyst by Romanys,
As that thai war assemblyt for the nanys
The gret gammys Circenses forto se,
Quhilk iustying or than turnament cleip we.
With hasty sterage thar most thou behald
The werys rasyt aganys Romanys bald
By agyt Tatyus and fell Curitanys:
Syne the ilk princis, and the said Romanys,
The weris sessyt sammyn all infeir,
Enarmyt stad befor Iovys alter,
With cowpys full in hand for sacryfyss
Thar mycht thou se thame, efter the ald gyss,
The swyne stekit brytnyt sone and slane,
Conferm thar trewys and mak paix agane.
Quhou that Wlcanus thar, amang the laif,
Storys tocum dyd in the armour graif.
Fra thyne not far the chariot thou mycht know,
Metus Suffytius in seir pecis draw;
Albeit thou thocht this cruelte, Kyng Albane,
Quhy wald thou not at thy promyss remane?
Quhy list thou not thy faith obserue and saw?
Thys faithles wyghtis entralys war outdraw,
By command of Tullus Hostilyus,
And throw the woddis harlyt, euery buss,
Quhil that the tharmys and the bowellys rent
Scroggis and breris all with blude bysprent.
Thar mycht thou se Tarquynus in exile

Furth cast of Rome, and syne, within schort quhile,
By Kyng Porsenna into batale plane
Commandit fortobe ressauyt agane;
With that a felloun sege al Rome about
Dyd ombeset, and closyt with hys rowt;
The Romanys than descendit from Enee
Rusch onto wapynnys for thar liberte.
Thou mycht behaldin eik this ilk Porsen
Lyke as he had dyspite, and bostand men;
For that the hardy Cocles, darf and bald,
Durst brek the bryg that he purposit to hald,
And eik the virgyn Chelya, quhar scho stude,
Hyr bandis brast, and swam our Tibir flude.
Manlyus the knycht abufe into the scheild,
In the defens for Iovys tempil beild,
Kepand the strenth and castell Tarpeia
And haldand the heich Capitoll alssua,
Stud porturat, neir the chymmys calendar,
Quhais ruffis laitly ful rouch thekit war
With stra or gloy by Romulus the wight.
Thar was also engravyt all at ryght
The siluyr ganer, flyghterand with lowd scry,
Warnand all reddy the gilt entre by,
Quhou the Franchmen dyd the 3et assaill:
Thar mycht thou se the Franch army alhaill
Haist throu the bussys to the capitoll,
Sum vndermyndand the grond with a hoill,
So that almaist thai wan the forteress;
Gret help thame maid the closs nychtis myrknes;
Thar haris schane as doith the brycht gold wyre,
And all of gold wrocht was thar rich attyre,
Thar purpour robbys bygareit schynand brycht,
And in thar hand withhaldand euery knycht
Twa iavillyng speris, or than gyssarn stavis,
Forgit in the montanys al sik maner glavyis,
Thar bodeis all with lang tergis ourheild.
Syne 3onder mar was schapin in the feld

The dansand prestis, clepit Salii,
Hoppand and syngand wonder merely,
And Panos prestis, nakit Lupercanys,
The toppyt hattis quhar the woll threid remanys,
And bowyt buklaris falland from the sky.
Thar mycht besene, forgyt maste craftely,
The chaist matronys throw the cite all
In soft charis thar gemmys festual
Ledand, and playand with myrthis and solace.
A far way thens ful weill engravit was
The vgly hellis set Tartareane,
The deip dungion quhar Pluto dois remane,
And of the wikkyt pepill all the pyne;
Thar was thou markyt, cursyt Catylyne,
Hyngand out our ane schorand hewch or bra,
And trymland for the feirfull dreid and wa,
To se the furyus grysly sisteris facis,
That with thar scurgis wikkit pepill chacis;
The rychtwyss folkis, at levit deuotly,
Fra thame war partit in a place far by,
And the wyss man Censorius Cato
Gevand thar iust rewardis till all tho.
Myd way betwix the other storeis seir,
The swelland seys fygour of gold cleir
Went flowand, bot the lippyrrand wallys quhyte
War pulderit full of fomy froith mylk quhite;
The delphyn fysches, wrocht of siluer schene,
In cirkill swepand fast throu fludis grene,
Sewchand swyftly salt stremys; quhar thai far,
Vpstrake thar talys the stour heir and thar.
Eneas mervellys of the storeys seir
Wrocht be Wlcanus in hys armour cleir.
Amyd the seys mycht be persauyt weill
The weirly schippis with thar snowtis of steill,
The Actiane batalys, semyng as quha dyd se
The mont Lewcata, standand by the seye,
For ostis arrayt glowand as the gleyd;

Of glitterand gold schane all the flude on breid.
On that a party, thar myght thou behald
Cesar August Octauyan the bald,
Movand to batale the Italyanys,
With hym senatouris and worthy pepill Romanys,
And goddis domestik, quhilk Penates hait,
With all the gret goddis of mair estait;
Heich in the forstam stand he mycht be sene,
From hys blyth browys brent and athir eyn
The fyre twynklyng, and hys faderis star
Schew from hys helmys top schynand on far.
The byg and stowt Agrippa, hys frend deir,
Hys navy led at hand weil by neir,
As he that in hys help and succurss fyndis
The prosper favouris baith of goddis and wyndis:
Quhais forhed schane of ane prowde syng of weris,
A crown with stammys sic as schippis beris.
Marcus Antonyus cummys thame aganys
With hail suppoval of barbaryanys,
As nobill victour and cheif conquerour,
Careand with hym of Orient the flour;
Diuerss armyis and pepillys for melle,
From Perss, Egipt and costis of the Red See,
The power all assemblit in hys flote,
Ane huge rowt and multitude, God wote,
The 3ondermast pepill, clepit Bractanys,
Quhilk neir the est part of the world remanys.
Hym followys to the feild, ane schame to say,
Hys spouss Egiptiane, Queyn Cleopatra.
Thai semyt sammyn ruschand all togidder,
Quhill all the sey vpstowris with a quhiddir;
Ourweltit with the bensell of the ayris,
Fast fra forstammys the flude swowchis and raris,
As thai togidder matchyt on the depe.
Thou suld haue wenyt, quha tharto tuke kepe,
The gret ilandys, Ciclades, hail vprent,
Apon the sey fletand quhar thai went,

Or huge hie hillys, concurrand all atany,
Togiddir rusch and meyt with other montany;
On athir hand with sa gret forss and weght
The men assalys in schip of towr to fecht.
Thai warp at other brycht blesys of fyre,
The kyndillyt lynt and hardis byrnand schire;
The castyng dartis fra hand to hand dyd fle,
Slang gaddis of irne, and stane cast gret plente:
Neptunus feildis, all the large flude,
For new slauchter wolx blandit red of blude.
Amyd the ostis Cleopatra queyn
The rowtis dyd assembl to fecht bedene,
With tympane sound, in gyss of hir cuntre,
Prouocand thame to move in the melle:
Nor 3it beheld scho not the eddris twane
Behynd hir bak, that efter hes hir slane.
The monstruus goddis figuris, of al kynd
That honorit ar in Egipt or in Inde,
And eik the barkand statw, Anubis,
Agane Neptune, agane Venus, I wyss,
And als agane Mynerva, porturat standis
In that bargane, with wapynnys in thar handis.
Amyd the feld stude Mars, that felloun syre,
In plait and mail, wod brym and ful of ire;
The sorofull Fureys from the firmament
By the goddys to tak vengeans war sent;
In went Discord, ioyus of that iourne,
With mantill rent and schorn men mycht hir se;
Quham followit Bellona of batell,
With hir kynd cosyng, the scharp scurgis fell.
Actyus Appollo, seand in the sky
Of this melle the dowtsum victory,
Hys bow abufe thar hedis hes he bent,
Lyke forto schote hys dartis and down sent;
For dreid of quham all the Egiptianys,
All thai of Ind, and the Arabyanys,
And thai of Sabey, turnyt bak to fle.

Cleopatra the queyn thar mycht thou se
Wynd sayll about, and gang befor the wynd,
Ay mar and mair dredand persute behynd,
Sclakand schetis, and haldand rowme at large,
With purpour saill abufe hir payntit barge.
The mychty god of fyre hir wrocht and maid
Ful pail of hew, sorowfull and not glaid,
In syng tocum of hir smert hasty ded,
Amangis ded corpsis new of slauchter red,
And, with the west wynd and the wallys haw,
Frawart the flude of Nyle our stremys blaw;
Quhilk Nylus ryver, murnand for thar diseysse,
Hys large skyrt onbrede spred thame to pless,
With all his habyt oppynnyt thame to call,
As thocht hym list ressaue the venquyst all
Within hys watry bosum, large and rude,
And hyde in secret condyte of his flude.
Within the wallis syne of Romys cite,
Cesar, ressaulyt with triumphis thre,
Thou mycht behald, thar offerand on his gyss
Till Itale goddis immortal sacryfyce;
Our all the cite, in maist singular ioy,
The blyssfull fest thai makyng man and boy,
So that thre hundreth ryall tempillys dyng
Of ryot, ryppet and of revellyng
Ryngis, and of the myrthful sportis seir
The stretis soundyng on solacius maner;
At euery sanctuary and altar vpstent
In caralyng the lusty ladeis went;
Befor the altaris eik, in cirkyll round,
The brytnyt bestis strowyt all the ground.
Cesar hym self, seysit in sete ryall,
Within the snaw quhite statly merbill wall
Of God Phebus tempill, thar as he sat
Visseand the pepillis gyftis, this and that,
And on the prowde pillaris, in takynnyng
Of hys triumphe, maid thar be vp hyng.

The pepill by hym venquyst mycht thou knaw,
Befor hym passand per ordour, all on raw,
In langsum tryne; and how feil kyndis seir
Of tungis and of langage men mycht heir,
Alss mony diuerss habyttis wor thai strange,
Alss feil sortis of armouris dyd thai change.
Vlcanus heir the beltles Numydanys,
And thai folkis that in Affrik remanys,
Had gravyn weill; and 3onder porturat was
The Leleganys, and the pepill Carras,
And Gelones, tha pepill of Sythia,
In archery the quhilk ar wonder thra.
The mekill flude Eufrates, fast by,
With streym now semyt flow mair sobirly;
The Moryn pepill eik, fast by the see,
Of men reput the last extremite,
The forkyt flude of Reyn eik pantit was,
And the ondantit Danys thar dyd pass,
The flude Arax of Armeny alsso,
Havand disdene a bryg our it suld go.
Eneas, of hys moderis gyft wondryng,
Our al Vlcanus scheild samony a syng
Wrocht on sic wyss, nocht knawand the mater,
To se the figouris of thir storeis seir
Reiosyt wolx, and syne deliuerly
Apon hys schulder hyntis vp in hy
The famus honour, and hie renownye,
Or gloryus iestis of hys postheryte. etc.
Explicit liber octauus Eneados Incipit prologus noni libri eiusdem
Sequitur prologus

BUKE IX

[The Proloug of the Nynth Buke]

Thir lusty warkis of hie nobilyte
Agilyte dyd wryte of worthy clerkis,
And tharin merkis wysdome, vtilyte,
Na vilyte, nor sic onthryfty sperkis;
Scurilyte is bot for doggis at barkis,
Quha tharto harkis fallys in fragilyte.
Honeste is the way to worthyness,
Vertu, doutless, the perfyte gait to blyss;
Thou do na myss, and eschew idilness,
Persew prowes, hald na thing at is hys;
Be nocht rakless to say sone 3a, I wyss,
And syne of this the contrar wyrk express.
Do tyll ilk wight as thou done to waldbe;
Be nevir sle and doubill, nor 3it our lyght;
Oyss not thy mycht abufe thyne awin degre,
Clym nevir our hie, nor 3it to law thou lycht;
Wirk na malgre, thocht thou be nevir sa wyght,
Hald with the rycht, and press the nevir to le.
Eneuch of this, ws nedis prech na mor,
Bot, accordyng the purpos said tofor,
The ryall style, clepyt heroycall,
Full of wirschip and nobilnes our all,
Suldbe compilit but thewhes or voyd word,
Kepand honest wyss sportis quhar thai bourd,
All lowuss langage and lychtness lattand be,
Observand bewte, sentens and grauyte.
The sayar eik suld weil considir thys,
Hys mater, and quhamto it entitilit is:
Eftir myne outhouris wordis, we aucht tak tent
That baith accord, and bene conuenient,
The man, the sentens, and the knyghtlyke stile,
Sen we mon carp of vassalage a quhile.
“Gyf we discryve the woddis, the treis,” quod he,

“Suld conform to that manis dignyte
Quhamto our wark we direct and endyte.”
Quhat helpis it? Full litill it wald delyte
To write of scroggis, broym, haddir or rammale;
The lawrer, cedyr or the palm triumphale
Ar mar ganand for nobillis of estait:
The muse suld with the person aggre algait.
Stra forto spek of gayt to gentill wight;
A hund, a steid, mar langis for a knyght,
Quhamto efferis hant na rebald dail —
Thar suld na knycht reid bot a knychtly tail.
Quhat forsis hym the bussart on the brer,
Set weil hym semys the falcon heroner?
He comptis na mair the gled than the fewlume,
Thocht weil hym lykis the goshalk glaid of plume.
The cur, or mastys, he haldis at smal avail,
And cul3eis span3ellis, to chace pertryk or quail.
Ne byd I not into my stile for thy
To speke of trufis, nor nane harlotry;
Sen that myne author with sic eloquens
Hys buke illumnyt hes, and hie sentens,
Sa fresch endyte, and sang poetical,
That it is clepyt the wark imperiall,
Endyt onto the gret Octauyane,
The emperour excellent and maste souerane;
By quham, the gospell makis mensioun,
The hail warld put was to discriptioun
To numbir all the pepill tharin suldbe,
So, but rebelloun, al quhar obeyit was he.
Bot, sen that Virgill standis but compar,
Thocht in our leid hys sayngis to declar
I haue in ryme thus far furth tane the cur,
Now war me laith my lang laubour myssur:
All thocht my termys be nocht polist alway,
Hys sentence sall I hald, as that I may.
Gyf ocht be weill, thank Virgil and nocht me;
Quhar ocht is bad, gays myss, or owt of gre,

My lewytnes, I grant, hess all the wyte,
Kouth not ensew hys ornat fresch endyte,
Bot, with fuylhardy curage malapert,
Schupe to enterprit, and dyd perchance pervert,
Thys maist renownyt prynce of poetry —
Quhar I sa dyd, mea culpa I cry.
3it, by my self, I fynd this proverb perfyte,
“The blak crow thinkis hyr awin byrdis quhite:”
Sa faris with me, bew schirris, wil 3e hark,
Can nocht persave a falt in all my wark,
Affectionoun sa far my rayson blyndis.
Quhar I mysknaw myne errour, quha it fyndis
For cheryte amendis it, gentil wight,
Syne pardon me, sat sa far in my lycht,
And I sal help to smor 3our falt, leif broder;
Thus, vail que vail, ilk gude deid helpis other.
And for I haue my wark addressyt and dycht,
I dar sa, baith to gentil barroun and knycht,
Quhais name abufe I haue done notyfy,
And now of prowes and hie chevelry
Behuffis me to write and carp a quhile;
The mar glaidly I sal enfors my stile,
And for hys saik do scharp my pen all new,
My maste renownyt author to ensew,
That thar salbe, wyll God, litill offens,
Salvand owr bustuus wlgar differens.
Na mar as now in preambill me list expone,
The nynt buke thus begouth Eneadon. etc.
Explicit prologus Incipit liber nonus Eneados
Iuno to Turnus in message Iris sent,
To sege the Troianys, Eneas tho absent.
Quhyll on this wyss, as I haue said or this,
Sik materis and ordinancis wirkand is
In diuerss placis set full fer ytwyn,
Saturnus get, Iuno, that list not blyn
Of hir auld malyce and iniquyte,
Hir madyn Iris from hevin sendys sche

To the bald Turnus malapert and stowt,
Quhilk for the tyme was with all his rowt
Amyd ane valle wondyr lovn and law,
Sittand at eys within the hallowyt schaw
Of god Pilumnus, hys progenitor.
Thamantis douchtir knelys hym befor,
I meyn Iris, this ilk fornamyt maid,
And with hir rosy lippys thus hym said:
“Turnus, behald on cace reuoluyt the day,
And of hys fre will sendys the, perfay,
Sik advantage and oportunyte,
That set thou wald haue axit it,” quod sche,
“Thar was nevyr ane of all the goddis dyng
Quhilk durst haue the promittit sic a thing.
Eneas, desolat levand hys cite,
Hys navy eik, hys ferys and hail men3e,
Is till Evander socht, and Palatyne,
That burgh. But not eneuch, for farther syne
To the extreme citeis of Tuscany
In mont Corythus haldys he in hy,
And doys assemblill the wild lauboreris,
That quhilum com fra Lyd, till armys in weris.
Quhat dredis thou? Now tyme is to prik horss,
Now tyme fortill assay 3our cartis and forss.
Haue done, mak na mar tary nor delay,
Set on thar strenthis sone, gif thame affray.”
Quod sche, and tharwith, in hys presens evin,
With equale weyngis flaw vp in the hevin,
Vndre the clowdis schapand, quhar scho went,
A gret rane bowe of diuerss hewys ment.
The 3ong man knew hir weill, and hastely
Vp baith hys handis hevis to the sky,
With sic wordis followand, as scho dyd fle:
“Iris, thou bewte of the hevynnys hie,
Throw all the clowdis and thir skyis browen,
Quha hess the send to me in erth a down?
Quhow is becummyn on this wyss,” quod he,

“Sa brycht weddir and cleir serenyte?
I se the hevynnys oppynnyt and devyde
And movand sternys in the lyftis syde:
So gret takynnys and reuelacions schaw
I sal persew, and fallow quhat befaw;
Quhat evir thou be that callys to the weris,
Thy command sal I obey, as efferis.”
And thar withall, with wordis augurall,
Eftir thar spayng cerymonys diuynal,
Onto the flude onon furth steppis he,
And of the stremys crop a litill we,
The watir lyftis vp intill his handis,
Full gretumly the goddys, quhar he standis,
Besekand till attend to hys prayer,
The hevynnys chargeyng with feil awowis seir.
With this the ostis all in the plane feild
Held furth arrayt, schynand vnder scheld.
Men mycht behald full mony riall stedis,
Full mony pantyt targe and weirlyke wedis;
Of gilytn geir dyd glytter bank and buss.
The formast batale ledis Mesapus;
The hyndmast ostis had in governyng
Of Tyrhys the sonnys or childer 3yng;
Turnus thar duke rewlys the myddill ost,
With glave in hand maid awful feir and bost,
Thame till arrayt raid turnand to and fro,
And by the hed alhaill, quhar he dyd go,
Hyear than all the rowt men mycht hym se.
In sik ordour furth haldis his men3e
Lyke as sum tyme Ganges, the flude Indane,
Sevyn swelland ryveris efter spayt of rayn
Ressauyt in hys large bosum inhy,
In hys deip trowch now flowys esely;
Or as vmquhile the fertill flude, Nylus,
Ourfletand all the feildis, bank and buss,
Syne, efter the gret fludis watry rage,
Returnys swagit to hys auld passage.

Turnus segis the Troianys in gret ire,
And all thar schippis and navy set in fyre.
Be this the Troianys in thar new cite
A dusty sop vprysand gan do se,
Full thik of stowr vp thryngand in the ayr,
And all the feildis myrknyt mair and mair.
Caycus first cryis, as he war wod,
Down from the hie garrat quhar he stude:
“O citesanys, how gret ane ost,” quod he,
“Is lappit in 3one dusty stew I se!
Swith hynt 3our armour, tak 3our wapynnys all,
Bryng hydder dartis, speil vp on the wall!
Our ennemys cummys at hand, but dowt!”
“Hay, hay, go to!” than cry thai with a schowt,
And with a huge bruyt Troianys at schort
Thar wallys stuffyt and closyt euery port,
For sa Eneas, maste expert in armys,
At hys departing, dredand for thir harmys,
Gaif thame command, gif thai assal3eit wer
Or hys returnyng, be hard fortoun of weir,
That thai ne suld in batale thame array,
Nor in the plane thar ennemys assay,
Bot bad thai suld alanerly withhald
Thar strenth within thar fowseis, as he wald,
And kepe thar wallys forsely and weill,
With fowcy dichis and wapynnys styfe of steill.
Tharfor, all thocht baith schame and felloun ire
Thar breistis had enflambyt hait as fyre,
In the plane feild on thar famen to set,
3it neuertheless thar portis haue thai schet
Fortill obey the command of Enee;
On boss turrettis and on towris hie
Enarmyt stude thar fays till abyde.
Turnus the chiftane on the tother syde
Come to the cite, or that ony wist,
Furth fleand swipperly, as that hym best list,
Befor the ost, quhilk went bot esy pass,

With hym a twenty chosyn men he hass;
Apon a sterand steid of Trace he sat,
Of cullour dapill gray and wail fat,
Full hie rysand abuse his knychtly hed
Hys goldin helm, with tymbrel al blude rede.
“Go to, 3yng gallandis, quha that list,” quod he,
“Thar ennemyss assail3e first with me!”
And, with that word, threw a dart in the air,
As he to geif batale all redy war,
Syne in plane feild with browdyn baneris gay
Bargane to byde drew hym till array.
Hys feris all ressauyt the clamour hie,
And followand thar chiftane, he and he,
The bruyt rasyt with grisly sound attanys,
And gan to mervell the dolf hartit Troianys,
That durst nocht, as thame semyt, in plane feild
Thame self aventour, nor 3it with sper and scheld
Mach with thar fa men in patent bargane,
Bot hald thame in thar strenthis euery ane.
And all commovit, brym and full of ire,
Baith heir and thar Turnus the grevyt syre
Went on horsbak, seirsand abowt the wall
Every dern way and secret passagis all,
Gyf ony entre or tocome espy
He myght, fortill assail the cite by.
Lyke as we se, wachand the full scheip fald,
The wild wolf ourset with schowris cald
Of wynd and rane, at myddis of the nycht,
Abowt the bowght plet all of wandis tyght
Brays and gynyns; tharin bletand the lammys
Full sovirly liggis vnder thar dammys;
He brym and felloun his rageand furour
Aganys the absentis, reddy to devour,
Rasys in ire, for the wod hungris lyst;
Hys wysnyt throt, havand of blude sic thrist,
Gendris of lang fast sic ane appetyte
That he constrenyt is in extreme syt —

Nane other wyss, the feirfull fervent ire
In Turnus breist vpkyndillis hait as fyre,
Seand thir wallys and fortressis attanys;
The huge ennoy byrnys hym throu the banys,
Imagynand by quhat resson or way
Hys ennemyss he mycht wyn till assay,
And on quhat wyss the Troianys fra thar strenth
He mycht expell, and in plane feild on lenth
Mak thame to ische in patent batale place.
And as he musand was heiron, percece,
The navy of thar schippys he dyd invaid,
That fastby ionyt to the wall was layd,
With dychys and with fowseis dern abowt,
In the flude watir, as neir owt of dowl;
Quham fra he had espyit, but abaid
At hys feris, quhilkis wilfull war and glaid,
Eftir the fyre and kyndillyng dyd he cry,
And in hys awin handis hyntis vp in hy
A blesand fyre brand of the fyrryn tre.
Than byssely Rutilyanys, he and he —
So the presens of Turnus dyd thame steir,
That euery man the rekand schydis in feir
Rent fra the fyris and on the schippis slang;
The semys crakkis, the watir byssyt and sang,
The tallowynt burdis kest a pikky low,
Vpblesis owrloft, hechis, wrangis and how,
Quhill myxt with reik the fell sparkis of fyre
Heich in the air vpglydis byrnand schire.
Quhou the fyre was expellit fra he navye,
The schippis translait in nymphis or goddassis of see.
Say me, O Musys, rehersed and declare,
Quhilk of the goddis sa cruel flammys sayr
Held from Troianys? quha sa vehement fyre
Drave from thar schippis, thus wyss byrnand schire?
The deid is auld forto beleif or wry,
Bot the memor remanys perpetually.
The first tyme quhen the Troiane Eneas

By sey to tak hys vayage schap to pass,
And gan do beld his schippis vp ilkane
In Ida forest, that mont Phrygiane,
The moder of goddis, Berecynthia,
Spak to hir son gret Iupiter, thai sa,
With sikkynd wordis, sayand: “My child deir,
Grant this ane axin quhilk I the requeir,
Grant thy belovit moder bot a thing,
Thou at art master of the hevynly ryng.
Apon the top of Gargarus,” quod sche,
“Thar grew a fyr wod, the quhilk into dante
Full mony 3eris held I, as is know.
Thys was my cuchill and my hallowit schaw,
Quhar that the Phrygianys maid me sacrifice;
Ful weill me lykyt thar to walk oftsyss,
With pikky treis blak skuggit abowt,
And abundans of hattyр gestis stowt,
Quhilk glaidly I haue gevin a 3ong Troiane,
Strang Eneas, discend from Kyng Dardane,
Fortill support the mysteris of hys navy.
And now the dowtsum dreid, for the ilk quhy,
Full pensyve haldis me and doith constrene:
Deliuер me of thys feir be sum meyn,
My deir son, suffir at thy moderis request
Be admittit this a tyme, be the leste,
So that tha schippis be nevir mair ourset
With contrar curss, nor 3it with storm down bet;
Quharby thai may haue sum avale,” quod sche,
“At thai vmquhile grew in our hillys hie.”
Hyr son, the quhilk rewlys at hys lykyng
The hevyn, the starris, and all erdly thyng,
Ansuерd and said: “O moder best belovyt,
Quhou art thou thus agane the fatis amovyt?
Or quhartо axis thou to thir,” quod he,
“With mortale handis wrocht of stokkis and tre,
That is to say, thir schippis so habill to faill,
That lesum war thai suldbe immortale?”

And that Enee, in dedly corps onsure,
Assoverit fermly throw all dangeris fuyr?
Quhat god hess to hym grantyt sik frelage?
Bot for thy saik, quhen fully thar vayage
Thai haue compleyt, and at costis of Itale
Arryvit ar, and in tha portis set sail,
And thar duke Troiane careit our the see
To boundis of Lawrentum, that cuntre,
Alsmony of thame as than hess eschaipe
The wally fludis sall I turn and schaip
Furth of thar mortale formys corruptabill,
And sall command thame fortobe mair habill
From thens forthwart, as immortale,” quod he,
“In nymphes turnyt and goddessys of see,
Lyke as Nereus douchter, Clotho gay,
And Galathea, throw fomy fludis gray
Scheryng with braid brestis delytabill,”
Quod Iupiter, and till hald ferm and stabill,
Be Stix the flude, Pluto hys broderis see,
Hys godly aith and promyss sworn hes he;
Be that ilk pykky laik with brays blak,
And laithly sworlys, till kepe at he spak
He dyd afferm hys hecht, and in takynnyng
The hevynnyss all maid trymmyll at hys likyng.
Tharfor the day that he by promys set
Is now at hand, and the ful tyme of det
By the werd sisteris schaip is now compleit,
Quhen Turnus thus in hys iniuryus heit
Admonyst hess hys pepill and commandis,
With dry schydis and with hait fyre brandis,
The moder of goddis by sik flambyss fell
Furth of hir hallowyt schippis to expell.
At this tyme first apperis in hir syght
A new takynnyng of gret plesand lycht,
And a braid schynand clowd thai dyd aspy
Cum from the est, rynnand our all the sky;
The rowtis eik onone thai gan behald

Of Ideanys, tha wightis that in the hald
Ar of the moder of the goddis closs;
Dovn throu the air eik come a feirful voce,
And fillit all the ostis baith atany
Of Troiane pepill and Rutuliany,
Sayand: “Troiany, dreid na thing, haist 3ou nocht
Fortill defend my schippis, albeit 3e mocht,
For that causs tak na wapynnys in 3our handis,
For rather, now as that the mater standis,
Sal it be lefull Turnus fyre the see,
Or that he byrn my bargis maid of tre.
O 3e my schippys, now to 3ou I say,
Go fre at large quhar 3ou list away,
Go furth and swym as goddessis of the see;
The moder of goddis commandis so tobe.”
And, wyth that word, als tyte furth from the bra
Ilk barge bownys, cuttand hir cabyll in twa,
Lyke delphyn fysch onon as thai tuke kepe,
Thar snowtis dowkand held vnder the deip.
Syne from the grond, a wonder thing to say,
With als feill virgyne facis vpsprang thai,
And throu the fludis, quhar thame list, dyd fair,
Quhou mony steill stammyt bargis that ayr
Stude by the costis syde, or thai war fyryt.
Rutyliany wolx affrayit with myndis myryt;
Mesapus musyng can withdraw on dreich,
Seand hys stedis and the horssis skeich;
And eik the ryver brayt with hayss sovnd,
Quhill Tyberinus bakwartis dyd rebound,
As thocht hyss curss dyd stop and step abak.
Bot nethelless, for all the feir thai mak,
The hie curage and forcy hardyment
Baid onamovyt in Turnus stowt entent,
So that baldly with hardy wordis on hie
Thar spretis rasyt, and rycht fersly he
Can thame repreve, that tuk for nocht affray.
“Thir monstuous takynnys at 3e se, perfay,

Sekis myscheif to the Troianys," said he,
"And by this way gret Iupiter, as 3e se,
Hess now byreft thar help and confidens,
Quharby thai wont war to fle for defens.
Now nowder Rutyliane fyre nor swerdis dynt
May thai withstand, for all thar fors is tynt.
Sen that thai may not eschape by the see,
Nor hess na maner hope away to fle,
The maist half of the Troiane help is lost;
This land is in our power, feld and cost;
So that thai sal na wyss eschape our brandis,
Quhou mony thousand douchty men of handis
Ar heir assemblyt, all Italyanys.
I compt na thing all thocht 3on fant Troianys
Rakkyn thar fatis that thame hydder brocht;
All syk vayn ruyss I feir as thing of nocht,
In cace thai prowde be of the goddis answeris,
And thame avant tharof with felloun feris.
It may weill suffyss, and eneuch, I wyss,
Baith to thar fatis and Venus grantit is,
That evir thir Troianys in this cost fast by
Hes anys twichit the bowndis of Italy.
My werdis eik and fatale destane
Be the contrar is grantit onto me,
Thys cursyt pepill tobet down with my glave,
For my deir spouss, quham byreft me thai have:
Nor this ennoy alanerly twichis nocht
The twa Atrydes, that Troy to rewyne brocht
(I meyn the principal chiftanys, breder twa,
That is to know, Agamennon and Menelay);
Nor 3it allane this causs to armys steris
The pepill of Myce to move batale and weris;
Bot principaly this querrell myne I know.
Gif it had bene eneuch, as that thai schaw,
At thai bot anys distroyit aucht tobe,
It war enewch and mycht suffyss, think me,
That thai haue faltit anys lang tyme befor.

Quhy dowbill thai thar trespass mor and mor?
All thocht that wemen brocht thame to folly,
3yt hait thai not wemen aluterly.
Quhat meyn thai be this myddill mantill wall,
This litill stop of dykis and fowseis all?
Weyn thai this be a strenth that may thame save?
Thar lyfe is now in iuperte, thai raif,
Full neir thar ded thai stand: all man may knaw
Quhidder gif the wight wallys of Troy thai saw,
Belt by the hand of Neptunus, that syre,
Rent and bet down, and all the town in fyre.
Bot O 3e walyt knychtis of renown,
Quham I behald with pykkis brekand down
3on forteress, and now present with me
Assal3eand this affrayt strenth we se;
Ws nedis not Wlcanus armour heir
Aganys thir maste fant Troianys in our weir,
Nor 3it we mystir not a thousand schippis.
All thocht hail Tuscany in to falloschippis
With thame adione, and cum on euery syde,
Lat thame nocht dreid that we, be nyghtis tyde,
Sall thyftuusly Palladium steill away,
Nor sla thar wachis slepand; na perfay,
Dern in ane horssis belly large or wyde,
Thame to dissave, we sall ws neuer hyde,
For we determyt haue by forss in fyght,
In plane batale, and on days lyght,
With fyre and swerd 3on wallys ombeset.
So dowchtely we schape to do our det,
That thai sall not beleif weir vndertane
Agane Grekis, nor pepill Pelasgane,
Quhilkis in thar weris previt sa spreitless men
That Hector thame delayt 3eris ten.
Now, chosyn men and walyt weriouris,
Sen the maist part of this days howris
Is gane,” said he, “I hald it for the best
Eftir this gud iournay 3e tak 3ou rest;

Do eyss 3our bodeis and 3our horss quhil day,
Bot hald 3ou reddy for the batale ay.
In the meyn tyme, of the nycht wach the cur
We geif Mesapus, the 3ettis to discour
And forto beit brycht fyris abowt the wallys.”
Twyss sevin Rutilianys for al chance befallys
Was chosyn with knychtis forto wach the town;
Ilkane ane hundreth fallowys reddy bown
Of 3oung gallandis, with purpour crestis red;
Thar giltyn geir maid glitteryng euery sted
Quhar so thai walk and romys still and soft.
Thai stalk about, and wardis changis oft,
And sum tyme, on the greyn herbys down set,
Thai byrll the wyne, and ilk man dyd hys det
Fortil ourturn goblettis of mettell bryght.
The schynand fyris our al the land kest lycht;
And all the fornycht thir wachis sikkyn way,
But sleip, dyd spend in reuale, gam and play.
Heir Nysus carpis to his frend Eurilly
Till vndyrtak ane aventur onsilly.
The Troianys, from thar fortress quhar thai stude
All thar deray beheld and vnderstude,
And baith with armour and with wapynnys brycht
The towr hedys thai stuffyt all that nyght,
And feill tymys in hasty effeir for dreid
The portis vissy thai, gyf ocht war neid,
And draw briggis befor the 3ettis vprasyt,
Iunct to the wallys, at thai suld nocht be trasyt;
And euery man stud reddy in hys geir
Enarmyt weill, and in his hand a speir.
Mnestheus stern and eik Serestus stowt
Ful bissey war to walk and go abowt,
Tyll ordinance forto put every thing,
For thame Eneas at his departyng
Had deput rewlaris to hys 3ong son deir,
And master capitanys of hys ost in weir,
Gyf so betyd ony aduersyte

Or aventour befor hys returne.
Ane haill legioun about the wallis large
Stude wachyng, bodyn with bow, speir and targe;
The danger was by cuttys sone decyde,
At euery corner quha, or quha, suld byde,
And euery man his curss abowt dyd sleip,
Quhill that his fallow had his ward to keip.
Nisus, Hirtacus son, that tyme was set,
As for hys stand, to byde and kepe the 3et,
As he that was in armys bald and stowt,
Ane the maist val3eant intill all that rowt,
Quham Ida hys moder, ane huntryce,
In falloschip send with Ene ful wyss;
To cast dartis nane sa expert as he,
Nor forto schoyt swyft arrowys half sa sle.
Euryalus, hys fallow, stude hym by,
Of all Eneas ost nane mair gudly,
Nor 3it mar semly cled in Troiane armys,
Stowt, of hie curage, dredand for na harmys;
Hys florist 3outh ravest hys vissage 3yng,
3it nevir schavyn, with pilis newly spryng.
To thir twa was a will in vnyte,
A lust, and mynd in vniformyte;
Sammyn thai 3eid to mete, to rest or play,
And baith togidder in batale ruschit thai;
Now sammyn eik thai war in statioun set,
As baith in feir to kepe the common 3et.
Nisus thus spekis: "O brothir myne Ewrylly,
Quhiddir gif the goddis, or sum spretis sylly,
Movys in our myndis this ardent thochtfull fyre,
Or gif that euery manis schrewit desyre
Be as his god and genyus in that place,
I wait nevir how it standis; bot this lang space
My mynd movys to me, heir as I stand,
Batale or sum gret thyng to tak on hand.
I knaw not to quhat purpos is it drest,
Bot be na way may I tak eyss nor rest.

Behaldis thou not so surly, but affray,
3on Rutylianys thame haldis glaid and gay?
Thar fyris now begynnys schyne full schire,
Sowpyt in wyne and sleip baith man and syre
At quyet luyng 3ondyr at thar will;
Queym silens haldis the large feildis still.
Considir this profoundly, I the pray,
Quhat suld I dreid, quhat thynkis thou, now say.
Baith common pepill and the heris bald
To bryng agane Eneas ful fane thai wald;
Langyng ful sair efter hys hame cummyng,
And of hys mynd to haue sur wrytyng,
Thai all desyre sum attentik men be send.
Gyf, as I wald, thou had licens to wend,
Sen weill I knaw thy famus nobill dedis,
In sik a cace, me think, na ma thar nedis,
Vndre 3on moyte the way fund weill I se
To hald onto the wallys of Pallante.”
Ewrialus, smyte with hie fervent desyre
Of new renown, quhilk brynt hym hait as fyre,
And half eschamyt of this bodword glaid,
Thus til hys best belovyt fallow said:
“Nisus broder, in souerane actis hie,
For ony causs, quhou may thou refuss me
With the to go in falloschip as feir?
Suld I the send allane in sik danger?
My fader, Opheltes, the quhilk all hys days
The weris hantit, nevir apon that ways
Instrukkit me, nor tawcht sik cowardy.
Was I not lernyt to hant chevalry
Amyd the Grekis brag, and Troiane weris?
Haue I me born with the, at thou afferis
Off my curage? The maist douchty Enee,
And of fortoun to the last extremyte,
Haue I not followyt, refusand na pyne?
Heir is, heir is, within this corps of myne,
A forcy spreit that doith this life dispyss,

Quhilk reuttis fair to wissyll, apon sik wyss,
With this honour thou thus pretendis to wyn,
This mortale stait and life that we bene in.”
Nisus ansueris: “Forsuyth, my broder dyng,
Of the, God wait, 3it dred I nevir sic thing,
For so to think in faith onlefull wer.
So hail and feir mot salf me Iupiter,
And bryng me sowund agane with victory,
As euer 3it sic consait of the had I.
To wytnes draw I that ilk god,” quod he,
“With frendly eyn quhilk dois ws heir and se,
And in my mynd first movit this consait.
Bot gif that so betyde, as weill 3e wait
In sic aventouris thar bene dangeris seir,
Be hard fortoun or aventour of weir,
Or goddys dispositioun happin it fall,
My will was the to salue fra perrellis all:
Thy florist 3outh is mair worthy to leif
Than forto put in danger of myscheif.
I wald also at hame sum frend haue had
That gif at I war takyn and hard stad,
Or fra me reft the lyfe, and sa with hald,
Quhilk my body or banys ranson wald,
And lay in grave eftir our Troiane gyss;
Or, gyf fortoun wald suffir on na wyss
My body mycht be brocht to beriall,
Than to hys frend the seruyce funeral
With obsequeis to do for corps absent,
And in my memor vp a tumbe to stent.
Ne wald I not also that I suld be
Causs or occasioun of sic duyll,” quod he,
“To thy maist reuthfull mother, trast and kynd,
Quhilk anerly of hir maist tender mynd,
From all the other matronys of our rowt,
Hess followyt the, hir luffyt child, abowt,
Ne for thy saik refusyt not the see
And gave na forss of Acestes cite.”

The tother tho hym ansuerit sone agane:
“My frend, for nocht thou says sik wordis vane,
Ingirand cacis ar of nane effek;
My first entent I list not change nor brek.
Haist ws,” quod he, and tharwithall baith twa
The nixt wach thai walknyt quhar thai lay,
Quhilk gat on fut and to thar rowmys went.
Eurialus, to fulfill hys entent,
With Nysus furth can hald hys way onon,
And to the prynce Ascanyus ar gone.
Quhou at the consal the fornamyt two
Ontill Eneas purchest leif to go.
Apon the erth the othir bestis all,
Thar bissy thochtis sessyng, gret and small,
Ful sownd on sleip dyd cawcht thar rest be kynd,
All irksum laubour for3et owt of mynd;
Bot the cheif ledaris of the Troiane rowt,
And flowr of fensabill 3yng men stern and stowt,
In the meyn tyme sat at wyss consell
For common weill and materis hie befell,
Consideryng wisly quhat ado thar was,
Or quha suld message beir to Eneas;
Amyddis thar tentis, in feild quhar thai stand,
With scheildis schrowd, apon thar speris lenand.
Tho Nysus and Eurialus, baith twane
Glaid of this cast, seand thair tyme maste gane,
Besocht thai mycht be admittit to say
A gret mater of weght, quhais delay
Mycht harm gret deill, and eik be thar avyss
Thar erand was worth audiens and of price.
Ascanyus first, seand thar hasty way,
Admittit thar desire, and bad thame say.
Than this Nisus, Hirtacus son, thus said:
“Gentill Troianys, with equal myndis glaid
Ressaue my wordis, for this thing,” quod he,
“Quhilk I 3ow tell may nocht considerit be
With sik as ws, nor men sa 3ong of 3heris,

Bot to 3our wisdomys till avyss efferis.
The Rutilianys, ourset with sleip and wyne,
Lyggis sowpit, fordoverit, drunk as swyne:
To set apon thame, and await with skaith,
The place surly we haue espyit baith,
Quhilk reddy may ful esely be get
In 3ondir forkyt way, strekis fra the 3et
Down to the seys cost the nerrest went,
Quhar the fyris fast fal3eis, neir owt brynt,
So that the blak reik dyrknyss all the air.
Gif that 3e suffir wald, as I said ayr,
That we mycht vse this oportunyte
Quhilk fortoun hass ws grant, sone suld 3e se
Eneas socht by ws at Pallantyne,
And hyddir brocht in schort quhile efter syne,
With ryche spal3e, and mekill slauchter maid.
We know the way thidder full weill,” he said,
“And all the watyr of Tibyr vp and down;
In dyrk valeys oft we saw the town,
As we by custum oft the huntyng hantit.”
Agit Alethes, that na wisdom wantit,
Bot baith was rype in consale and in 3heris,
Onto thir wordis digestly maid ansueris:
“O kyndly goddis of our natyve landis,
Vndre quhais myghtis all tyme Troy vpstandis,
All thocht the weill tharof in dowl remanys,
3it list 3ou not distroy all the Troianys,
Ne thame so clene defait aluterly,
Sen sa stowt myndis as we heir aspy
And sa bald reddy breistis gevin haue 3he
To thir 3ongkeris.” And sayand thus, can he
The rycht handis and schuldris of baith embrace,
With terys tryncland our his chekis and face.
“O manly knyghtis, quhat reward condyng
May ganandly be geif for syk a thyng,
Forsuyth I can nocht in my mynd devyss;
Bot 3our maist cheif gan3eld and gyft to pryss

The gret goddis mot rendyr 3ou,” said he,
“And 3our awin vertu mot be renowne;
The remanent onone 3e sall ressaue,
Sa that na wyss 3e sal 3our medis crave,
By the handys of reuthfull Eneas;
Or, gif he sone from this lyfe happynnys pass,
Ascanyus, quhilk as 3it is bot page,
3ong and fordward into hys hailsum age,
Sall render 3our desert, I tak on hand,
And sik thankis, quhil that he is levand,
Sal nevir be for3et nor do away.”
The sammyn word onon, as he dyd say,
Furth of hys mowth Ascanyus hes hynt:
“I hecht forsuyth that deid sall nevir be tynt,
For all my weil alanerly doys hyng
Apon my faderis prosper hame cummyng.
Nysus,” said he, “I 3ou pray and beseik,
Be our Penates, kyndly goddis meik,
And be Assaracus goddis domesticall,
Quham 3e the cheif stok of our kynrent call,
And be the secret closettis or entre
Of the venerabill auld canus Veste,
Bryng hame my fader sone, I 3ou exort:
All that perteynyng is to me, at schort,
Baith twychand consale and commandment,
Or aventouris of fortoun, in 3our entent,
In 3our willys, I put all haill,” quod he,
“Bryng hame my fader that I may hym se,
For had we hym ressaulyt, I dar say,
Is no thing suld ennoy ws nor effray.
Twa siluer cowpys, wrocht ryght curyusly
With figuris grave, and punsynt ymagery,
I sall 3ou geif (the quhilk my fader wan
Quhen conquest was the cite Arisban),
Twa charis rych, or trestis quently fold,
And twa gret talentis of the fynast gold,
And eik the crafty ancyeint flaconys two

Quhilkis to me gave the Sydoness Dido.
And gyf, certis, as victouris ws betydis
To conquyss Ital, as the fatys provydis,
Tharin to bruke the crown and ceptre wand,
And to distribut the pray, as lord of land —
Beheld 3e nocht quhat kyn a cursour wycht,
Quhou prowde armour, weil gilt and burnyst brycht,
That Turnus bair this 3ister nyght?” quod he.
“The sammyn scheld, and helm with crestis thre
Semyng of fyre all rede, and the ilk steid,
Fra this sammyn hour, Nysus, salbe thy meid;
I sall thame sort fra all the remanent.
And forthir eik my fader, of hys ascent,
Twelf chosyn matronys sall 3ou geif all fre,
To be 3our sclavys in captiuite,
With all thar childryng and thar hail ofspryng,
Thar moblys, catal, rentis and armyng;
And eik that feild and pryncipal peyss of land
Quhilk Kyng Latinus hess now in hys hand.
And O thou wirschipfull 3ong child, quhais age
Is to my 3outhed in the nerrest stage,
With all my hart I the ressaue evin heir,
In all cacis as tendir fallow and feir.
But the, na glorijs act in my materis
Salbe exercyt, nother in paix nor weris:
In euery thing, baith into word and deid,
The maist trast salbe geif the for thy meid.”
Ewrialus maid this answer for hys syde:
“That day sal neuer cum, nor tyme betyde,
For my defalt onworthy sall I be
Fortyll attene sa souerane dignyte.
Lat fortoun send ws gude luk, gif scho lest,
Or mysaventour, I sal do my best —
Lo, this is all, na mair I may promyt.
Bot, abuf all thingis, a gift grant me 3it,
That I beseik the oft and monyfald:
Ane moder, cummyn of Priamus blude of ald,

Within this town I haue, quhilk silly wyfe,
Me forto follow not comptand hir lyfe,
The realm of Troy mycht not withhald,” said he,
“Nor 3it in Sycyll Acestes fair cite.
Now hir I leif onhalsyt as I ryde,
Of this danger, quhat so evir betyde,
All ignorant and wait no thyng, puyr wight;
To wytnes draw I heir this ilk gude nycht,
And thy rycht hand, my lord and prynce maste hie,
The wepand teris may I not suffir nor se
Of my deir moder, nor that rewthfull syght.
Bot I beseik thy gentyll hart of ryght
Forto comfort that cayrfull creatur;
That desolat wight to succur schaw thi cuyr.
Grant this a thyng, and suffir that of the
This a gude hop I bair of town with me;
And far the baldar, quhat so fortoun send,
Ontill all dangeris glaidly sall I wend.”
The Troianys all for reuth, at speke hym heris,
Smyte with compassioun, brastis furth of terys,
With tender hartis menand Ewrialus.
Bot principaly lusty Ascanyvs,
The ymage of hys faderly piete
Prent in hys mynde, hym strenys swa that he
Wepand answerd, and said: “My brother deir,
I promyss all thou desiris, out of weir,
For thy commancement and stowt begynnnyng
Is sa douchty I may the nyte na thyng.
Forsuyth this woman, quhat so evir scho be,
Fra thyne fordwart sal moder be to me,
Wantyng na mar of my moder in plane
Alanerly bot Creusa, hyr name;
And thus of sik a byrth na litill blyss
Sall hyr betyde, quhou evir efter this
The chans turnys, owder to weill or wo.
Be this ilk hed I swer to the also,
By quhilk my fader wont was forto swer,

All that I haue onto the promyst heir
Gyf thou returnys in prosperyte,
Fail3eand tharof, as Ioue defend swa be,
To thy moder and onto thy kynred
Sall fully bene obseruyt, in thy sted.”
Thus sayd he wepand, and tharwith allsua
Hys gyltyn swerd he hynt his schuldris fra,
Quham wonder craftely in the land of Creyt
Lycaon forgyt had, and wrocht it meyt
Within a burnyst scheith of evor bone;
Thame baith togidder he gaue Ewryll onone.
Syne Mnestheus a bustuus lyon skyn,
That rowch and weirlyke tawbart na thing thyn,
To Nysus gave; and the traste Alethys
With hym hes helmys cosyt, and gaue hym hys.
Furth haldis Nysus and Eurillius baith tway,
And huge slauchter thai haue maid be the way.
Onon thai held enarmyt furth thar way,
Quham all the nobillys 3yng and ald, perfay,
Convoyt to the portis, na thyng fayn,
Prayand full oft Ioue bryng thame weil agane.
Bot principaly the fresch Ascanyus 3yng,
Abufe al otheris in hys commonyng
Schawand the wysdome, consait and forsyght
Of agit man, and eik the curage wight,
Gave thame feill chargis and commandmentis
To beir hys fader, twychand hys ententis;
Bot with the wynd tha skatterit war on raw,
And all for nocht amang the clowdis flaw.
Furth ischit thai, and by the fowcyis went is,
In silens of the dyrk nycht, amangis the tentis
And perellus pail3eonys, to thame ennemy,
Thai entrit ar, and caught gret harm tharby
(Bot nethless, or ony skaith thai hynt,
The ded of mony was thar douchty dynt).
Apon the gyrss, ourset witht sleip and wyne,
Fordoverit, fallyn down als drunk as swyne,

The bodeys of Rutylianys heir and thar
Thai dyd persae; and by the cost alquhar
The cartis stand with lymowris bendyt strek,
The men lyggyng, the hamys abowt thar nek,
Or than amangis the quhelys and the thetis;
All sammyn lay thar armour, wyne and metys,
Baith men and cartis myddillyt all our ane.
With ane bass voce thus Nysus spak agane:
“Ewrialus, the mater now thus standis,
Fortobe stowt and forcy of our handis.
Thys is our passage, quhilk way we mon wend.
Thy part salbe to kepe and to defend
That nane onset cum on ws at the bak;
Spy far about, tharto gude tent thou tak.
I sall befor mak voyd passage and way,
And the convoy throu a large streit away.”
Rehersand this, onon he held hym closs,
So that na noys mycht thar be hard or voce,
And tharwith eik with drawyn swerd in press
He can assail the pompus Rhamnetes,
Quhilk lay, percace, slepand soft and sownd
On prowde tapetis spred apone the grond;
A kyng he was, and a spa man, suyth to sayn,
To Turnus kyng mast traste auguriane,
Bot with hys diuination nor augury
The trake of deth ne cowth he not put by.
Thre of hys seruandis, that fast by hym lay,
Ful raklesly he kyllyt, all thocht thai
Amang thar speris lyggyng war infeir;
And quellyt ane to Remus was squyer.
The cartar syne, luggying apone the streit,
He hynt onon amang the horssis feyt,
And with hys swerd hys nek, hyngand on syde,
In twane hes hakkyt; and the sammyn tyde
Thar lordis hed, I meyn this said Rhamneyt.
Of smytis he, quhill all the bed wolx weyt;
Lyke a ded stok the corps wantand the hed

Lay bullerand, al besprent with sprayngis red,
And als the erth grew warm with teppet blude.
Attour he stekit hes eik, quhar he stude,
Twa forcy men, Lamus and Lamyrus,
And als the lykly 3ong child, Serranus,
That all the fornycht in ryot and in play
Had spendyt as he lyst, and now he lay
With membris strekit, and plesand vissage brycht,
Ourset with god Bachus mekill of myght:
Ful happy and weill fortunat had he be,
In sport and gam on the sam wyss gif he
All the remanent of that nycht had spent,
Quhil the lycht day, and tyl hym self tane tent.
Lyke as the empty lyoun, lang onfed,
Be nychtis tyde quhen all folk sleip in bed,
Trubland the fald full of silly scheip,
The wod rage of hys hungir is so deip
That he constrenyt is sik wyss to fair;
He ryvis and he harlys heir and thar
The tendir bestis, that for awfull feir
Of hys presens dar nowder bleyt nor steir;
He rummysis with bludy mowth and brays —
So dyd Ewrilly, and none other ways,
And na less slauchter maid he in the plane,
Of ire inflambyt in his wod brane.
A multitude of commonys of birth law,
By quhilk resson thar namys ar onknaw,
He ombeset and put to confusioun,
And Fadus syne with Hesebus dang he down,
And Arabys also onwarnystly,
And Rhetus eik, lay walkand hard thame by
Behaldand all thar sterage and deray,
Bot, of the stowt Ewrialus for affray,
Behynd a wyne bote or a pype hym hyd,
Quham Eurialus, as the cace betyd,
Keppyt on hys swerdis poynt, that all the blaid
Hyd in hys cost vp to the hyltis glaid —

To ded he duschis down bath styf and cald,
And vp the purpour spreit of lyf he 3ald,
And blude and wyne mixt he can furth schaw,
At he last drank owt 3eskis in the ded thraw.
And, by sik slyght full brym, thus he enforcis
To mak huge slauchtir of onweldy corpcis,
Etlyng wightly to the nixt stude fast by.
Thar as Mesapus feris all dyd ly,
And the last fyris almaste quynchit owt,
The horss, per ordour, tyit weill abowt,
Etand thar meit he mycht behald and se;
Quham schortly Nysus bad sess and lat be,
For he persauyt Eurialus by his feris
Had our gret lust to slauchter, and dangeris
Persauyt nocht quhilkis war apperand eft.
“Desist,” quod he, “this mater mon be left,
For the day lycht, quhilk is to ws onfrend,
Approchis neir, we may na langar lend.
Gret harm is done, eneuch of blude is sched,
Throw owt our fays a patent way is red.”
And sayng thus, thai sped thame on thar way:
Behynd thame, for vptakyng quhar it lay,
Mony brycht armour richly dyght thai left,
Cowpys and goblettis, forgyt far, and beft
Of massy syluyr, lyand heir and thar,
Prowd tapysry, and mekill precyus war;
Salf that Eurialus with hym tursyt away
The rial trappouris, and myghty patrellys gay,
Quhilkis war Rhamnetes stedis harnessyng,
And, for the mair remembrance in takynnyng,
Ane ryche tysche or belt hynt he syne,
The pendentis wrocht of burnyst gold maste fyne
(Quhilk gyrdill ane Cedicus, that was than
Duryng his tyme ane the myghtyast man,
Bereft a strang Rutiliane, as thai tell,
Quham he venquyst in singular batell,
And send it syne to ane Remulus hes he,

That duke was of the Tiburtyne cite,
In syng of frendship and ferm acquaintans:
Thus athir absent ionyt allyans;
Syne this ilk prynce, into hys legacy,
That tyme apon hys ded bed dyd he ly,
This gyrdill left to 3ongar Remulus,
Hys tendyr nevo, that is heir slane thus);
Euryll, as said is, hess this iowell hynt,
Abowt hys sydis it brasyng, or he stynt —
Bot all for nocht, supposs the gold dyd gleit.
Mesapus helm syne, for him wondir meit,
With schynand tymbret and with crystis hie,
Apon hys hed onon buklyt hes he.
Furth of the tentis with this bownyt thai,
And fra thar fays held the sovyr way.
Quhou capitane Volscens, cumand Turnus till,
Recontrit Nysus and hys fallow Ewriill.
In the meyn quhile, as this other army
Thus at the sege gan in the feildis ly,
From Lawrentum, Kyng Latinus cite,
War horsmen sent to Turnus, forto se
Quhat he plesyt, and the kyngis entent
Tyll hym to schaw; thre hundreth men furth went
With scheild on schuldir vndre capitane Volscens,
And be this cummyn war to the distens
Neir to thar ost, and, as the cace dyd fall,
Thai held fast vnder this new cite wall.
Quhar as on far towart the left hand thai
Turnand thar curss bakwart persauyt tway
(For the brycht helm in twynkland starny nycht
Mythis Eurilly with bemys schynand lycht,
Quhilk he, onwar, persauyt nocht, allace!),
And as thai scars war thus aspyit on cace,
Volscens the capitane, from amyde his rowt,
Said, “Stand, fallowis,” and cryis with a schowt,
“Quhat is the causs of 3our cummyng,” said he,
“That rydis thus enarmyt? Quhat 3e be,

And quhidder ar 3e bown, 3e schaw ws plane.”
The tother twa maid nane ansuer agane,
Bot in the woddis hyis at the flicht,
Assurit gretly in dirknes of the nycht.
The horsmen than prekis, and fast furth sprentis
To weil beknawin pethis, and turnys wentis
Baith heir and thar; sone ombeset haue thai
The owtgatis all, thai suld nochit wyn away.
The wod was large, and rowch of buskis ronk,
And of the blak ayk schaddowis dym and donk,
Of breris ful, and thyk thorn ronnyis stent —
Scarsly a strait rod or dern narow went
Tharin mycht fundyn be that men mycht pass,
Quharthrou Eurialus gretly cummyrrit was;
Quhat for myrknes, thik buskis, branch and breir,
And weght also of the new spalzeit geir,
Tharto the hasty onset and affray
Maid hym gang will in the onknawin way.
Nysus wes went, and by this chapyt cleir
Hys ennemys, onwar quhar was hys feir:
And as he stude at that sted, efter syne
From Alba cite clepit was Albyne,
Quhar, for the tyme, this forsaide Latyn kyng
Hys horss at pastour held in stabillyng,
He blent abowt to se hys frend so deir,
Bot all for nochit, thar was na man hym neir.
“Ewryll,” quod he, “allace onhappely
In quhat part of this land the left haue I?
Or quhar sall I the seik? O wailaway!”
Tharwith this ilk wilsum perplexit way
Bakwart he held, euery futstep agane,
Throw the dern wod dissaitfull and onplane;
Quhil, at the last, amang rank buskis he
Errit by the way, becauss becaus he mycht nochit se.
The horss stampyng and the dyn he heris,
The wordis and the takynnys come to his erys
Of thame quhilk at persewit hym at the bak.

A lytil space efter tent gan he tak,
And hard a scry; harknand quhat that suld be,
Eurilly takyn in handys dyd he se,
Quham the dissaitfull onbekend dern way,
The myrk nycht, and the hasty dowtsum fray,
Betrasyt had, that all the mekill rowt,
Or he was war, hym lowkyt rownd about.
Full gret debait he maid, as that he mocht;
Ourset he was, defens was all for nocht.
Quhat mycht than silly Nysus do or say?
Be quhat forss or wapynnys dar he assay
Forto deliuer hys tendir cousyng deir?
Suld he or not aventour hym self heir,
And rusch amynd hys ennemys in that sted,
To procur in haist by wondis ane honest ded?
Vprasys he onon hys arm bakwart
To thraw a gevillyng or a castyng dart,
And, lukand vpwart towart the cleir moyn,
With afald voce thus wyss he maid hys boyn:
“O Latonya, goddes of mekill myght,
Mastres of woddis, bewte of sternys brycht,
Be thou present, and send me thy supple,
Address my wark, be directrix,” said he:
“Gif euer that Hirtacus, my fader deir,
Offrit for me sum gift at thy alter;
Or gif that I of my huntynge and pray
Ekyt thy honour ony maner way,
Or, at thy standart knoppit post of tre,
Thy haly tempillys rufe, or bawkis hie,
Gif evir I hung or fixit ony thyng,
Wild bestis hed, wapynnys or armyng;
Thoil me to trubbill this gret rowt of men,
Do dress my dartis in this wilsum den,
So that my schote and myssour may go rycht
Throu the dyrk ayr and silens of the nycht.”
Thus sayand, with al forss of hys body
The grundyn dart he leyt do glyde in hy.

The fleand schaft the nycht schaddoys devydis,
And rycht forgane him on the tother sydis
It smate Sulmonys scheild, hang on his bak,
Quharin the querral al in schuldir brak;
Bot with the dynt the rynde is revyn swa,
Hys hart pipis the scharp hed persyt in twa.
Down duschis he in ded thraw all forlost,
The warm blude furth bokkand of his cost,
And for the cald of deth hys lungis lap,
With sobbys deip blawys with mony clap.
Hys ferys lukis about on euery syde,
To se quharfra the grundyn dart dyd glyde.
Bot lo, as thai thus wondrit in effray,
Thys ilk Nysus, worthin provd and gay,
And baldar of this chance swa with hym gone,
Ane other takill assayt he onon,
And with a sownd smate Tagus, but remede,
Throu athir part or tymplis of his hed;
In the harn pan the schaft he hes affixt,
Quhil blude and brane al togidder mixt.
The felloun capitane, Volscens, neir wod wendis,
Seand na man quhamof to get amendis;
He mycht do stanche his ire, and syth his thocht,
For quha that threw the dartis saw he nocht.
“Thou, not the less,” quod he, “that standis by,
With thy hait blude for baith twa sal aby
The pane for this myscheif.” And with that word,
He ran apon Euryll with drawyn sword.
Than Nisus, dredand for his fallow kynd,
Begouth to cry, all wod and owt of mynd,
Nor na langar in dern hym hyde he mycht,
Nor of his frend behald sa reuthfull syght:
“Me, me, 3e sla; lo, I am heir,” he said,
“That dyd the dede; turn hidder in me 3our blaid
And swerdis all, O 3e Rutilyans!
All be my slycht now 3our feris slane is;
That silly innocent creatour so 3yng

Myght, nor 3it durst, on hand tak sic a thing —
Be hevynnys he, and all the starnys, I swer,
That ws behaldis with thar bemys cleir.”
Sik wordis said he, for on sic maner,
And sa strangly, his frend and fallow deir,
That sa myschancy was, belovit he,
That rather for hys life him self list de.
Bot thar was na remedy nor abaid:
The swerd, wightly stokit, or than was glaid
Throu owt hys cost — allace, the harmys smart!
That mylk quhite breist is persyt to the hart.
Down ded ruschit Eurialus ryght thar.
The blude bruschand outour his body fair,
And on hys elbok lenand a litill on wry,
Hys hed and hals bowys hevely —
Lyke as the purpour flour in fur or sewch,
Hys stalk in two smyt newly with the pleuch,
Dwynys away, as it doith faid or de;
Or as the chesbo hedis oft we se
Bow down thar knoppis, sowpit on thar grane,
Quhen thai be chargyt with the hevy rane.
Bot Nysus than ruschit amynd the rowt,
Amangis thame all sekand Volscens the stowt,
And on Volscens alanerly arestis,
Thocht rownd about with ennemys he prest is,
Quhilk heir and thar onon at euery syde
Hym ombeset with warkand woundis wyde.
Bot nethelless thame stowtly he assalit,
Not amovit, as na thing him had alit,
And euer his schynand swerd about him swang,
Quhil at the last in Volscens mouth he thrang,
As he, forgane him standand, cryit and gapit.
Allace, quhat reuth was it he not eschapit!
For he deand bereft his fa the life;
Stekit and hurt sa oft with speir and knyfe,
Fell down abuf his frendis ded body,
Quhar best him likit ded to rest and ly.

O happy baith, O fortunat and dyng!
Gif myne endyt or stile may ony thing,
Nevir day nor process of tyme sal betyde,
That 3our renown sal owt of memor slyde,
Quhil the famyl and ofspring of Enee
The stane immovabill of the Capitolie
Inhabitis, and sa lang as Romanys bald
The monarchy of the empyre sal hald.
The schamful victouris, thir Rutilyanys,
The pray and spreth, and other geir that ganyis,
Ioysyng but obstakil, Volscens ded body
Onto the tentis wepand bair in hy.
And na less murnyng hard thai in that sted
For Rhamnetes, fund hedless, pail and ded,
Togiddir with samony capitanyis,
And gret herys, so wrachitly as slane is,
Serranus 3yng, and the gentill Numa,
And nobill corpsis brytnyt mony ma.
Gret press flokkit to se the bodeis schent,
Sum men 3it throwand half ded on the bent;
Of recent slauchter and the hait effray
The feld abowt all warmyt quhar thai lay,
That all with spait was blandyt and on flude
In bullyrrand stremys of the fomy blude.
The spul3e led away was know full rycht,
Mesapus rich hewmet schynand brycht,
The goldin gyrdill, and trappouris prowdly wrocht,
With mekill swete and labour agane brocht.
Ewrillys moder hir sonnys deth bewalis,
And quhou Rutilianys the cyte first assalis.
Be this Aurora, levand the safron bed
Of hir lord Titan, had the erth oursprede
With new cleirness, and the son scheyn
Begouth defund hys bemys on the greyn,
That euery thing worth patent in the lyght.
Turnus, enarmyt as ane douchty knyght,
Till armys steris euery man abowt,

In plait and maill full mony forcy rowt
Prouocand to the bargane and assay;
Ilk capitane hys folkis settis in array,
And gan thar curage kyndill in ire to fyght,
Be schamefull murmur of this 3ister nycht.
And forthir eik, ane miserabill thing to se,
Ewril and Nysus hedys, on speris hie
Fixit, thai rasyt haldand to the wall,
With huge clamour followyng ane and all.
The forcy and the stowt Eneadanys,
That for the tyme in this cite remanys,
The bront and fors of thar army that tyde
Endlang the wallis set on the left syde,
For on the rycht hand closyt the ryver;
Thai held the forfront quhar thar was danger,
Kepand the braid fowseis and towris hie;
And as thai stand ful dolorusly, thai se
The twa hedys stikkand on the speris,
A miserabil syght, allace, onto thar feris;
Thar facis war ourweil bekend, baith twa,
The blaknyt dedly blude droppand tharfra.
In the meyn quhile, throw the drery cite
The weyngit messynger, Fame, dyd swyftly fle,
And slippand come to thy moder, Ewriilly.
Than suddanly that wrachit wight onsilly
Al pail become, as na blude in hir left,
The naturale heit was from the banys reft.
Furth of hir hand the spynnyng quheil smate sche,
The 3arn clewis, spyndill and broche of tre,
All swakkit our, and full onhappely
Furth fleys scho with mony schowt and cry,
With wepyng and with wifly womentyng,
Ryvand hir haris, to the wallys can thring
All wod enragit, and with a spedy payss
Dyd occupy tharon the formaste place,
Takand nane hed, na 3it na maner schame,
Swa amangis men to ryn, and rowp or raym;

Na maner feir of perrel seys sche,
Nor mynd of dartis cast that fast dyd fle.
And as that from the wall hyr sonnys hede
Behaldis sche, wofull, and will of rede,
With hir petuus rewthfull complantis sayr
The hevynnys all scho fillyt and the ayr.
“O my Ewryll,” lamentabilly scho cryis,
“Sall I the se demanyt on syk wyss?
O thou, the lattyr quyet of myne age,
Quhou mycht thou be sa cruell in thy rage
As me to leif alyve, thus myne allane?
O my maist tendir hart, quhar art thou gane?
Na licens grantit was, nor tyme, ne space,
To me thy wrachit moder, allace, allace,
Quhen thou thy self onto sik perrellis set,
That I with the mycht samekill laser get
Als forto tak my leif for evir and ay,
Thy last regrait and quethyng wordis to say.
Ichane, allace, intill ane oncouth land,
Nakyt and bair thy fair body on sand
To fowlys of reif and savage doggis wild
Sall I as pray, myne awin deir only child!
Nor I, thy moder, layd not thy corps on beir,
Nor with my handis lowkyt thyne eyn so cleir,
Nor wysche thy wondis to reduce thy spreit,
Nor drest the in thy lattir clathis meyt,
The quhilkis I wrocht, God wayt, to mak the gay,
Full bissely spynnand baith nycht and day,
And with sic wobbis and wark, for the, my page,
I comfort me in myne onweldy age,
And irkyt not to laubour for thy sake.
Quhar sall I seik the now? allake, allake!
Or in quhat land Iyis now, maglyt and schent,
Thy fair body, and membris tyrvit and rent?
O deir son myne, O tendir get,” quod sche,
“Is this the comfort at thou dois to me,
Quhilk hes the followyt baith our seys and landis?

O 3e Rutilianys, steik me with 3our brandis;
Gyf thar be rewth or piete in 3our banys,
Do swak at me 3our dartis all atanys;
With 3our wapynnys first 3e sal me sla.
O thou gret fader of goddis,” can scho say,
“Haue reuth apon me, wrach of wrachis all,
And on my catyve hed thou lat down fall
Thy thundris dynt of wildfyre fra the hevin,
Law vndre hell tharwith to smyte me evin,
Sen that this langsum cruel life I ne may
Consume nor endyng be nane other way.”
With this regrait the Troiane myndis all
War smyte with reuth; endlang the large wall
The duyfull murnyng went and womentyng;
Thar hie curage, to tel a wondyr thyng,
That oneffrayt was batale to sustene,
Wolx dolf and dull the petuus sycht to sene.
Bot as scho thus kyndillis sorow and wo,
Ane Ideus, and Actor, Troianys two,
At the command of Illyoneus past,
And 3yng Ascanyus wepand wonder fast,
And hynt hyr vp betwix thar armys squar,
Syne hamewart to hir lugyng thai hyr bair.
Bot than the trumpettis weirly blastis abundis,
With terribill brag of brasyn bludy soundis;
The skry, the clamour, followys the ost within,
Quhill all the hevynnys bemyt of the dyn.
The Volscenaris assemblyt in a sop
To fyll the fowseis and the wallis to slop,
All sammyn hastand with a pavyss of tre
Hesyt togidder abuf thar hedys hie;
Sa sairly knyt that maner embuschment
Semyt tobe a closs volt quhar thai went.
Ane other sort pressyt to haue entre,
And clym the wallis with leddyrris large and hie,
Quhar as the army of the Troiane syde
Was thynnast scattyrrit on the wallis wyde,

And brycht arrayt cumpany of the men
War diuidit or sloppit, at thai mycht ken
The weirmen not sa thyk in syk a place.
Bot the Troianys, that oft in sik lyke cace
Be lang vsage of weir war lernyt and kend
Quhou thai thar town and wallys suld defend,
All kynd of wapynnys and dartis at thame slyngis,
And dang thame down with pikkis and poyntit styngis,
Down weltyng eik of huge weght gret stanys,
Be ony way gif tharby for the nanys
Thai mycht on forss dissevyr that pun3e
Quhilk thame assal3eit thekit with pavyss he,
For weill thai knew thar fays al maner of teyn
Vndir that volt of targis myght systeyn,
Sa lang as thai sammyn onsyverit war.
Bot now thai mycht thar ordour hald na mar;
For the Troianys, or evyr thai wald cess,
Thar as the thikast rowt was and maist press,
Ane huge weght or hepe of mekill stanys
Ruschys and weltis down on thame atanys,
That diuerss of Rutilianys lay thar ondyr;
The laif skalyt on brede; brok was in sondir
The covertouris and ordinance of thar scheldis.
Fra thens, the hardy Rutilianys in the feildis
Pressyt na mar in hydlys forto fyght,
Bot thame enforcis now with all thar mycht,
With gan3eis, arrowys, and with dartis slyng,
Thar famen from the wallys forto dyng.
And at ane other syde with felloun feir
Me3entyus the grym, apon a speir,
Or heich styng or stour of the fyr tre,
The blak fyre bless of reik in swakkis he;
And Mesapus, the dantar of the horssys,
Neptunus son, with hys men3e enforcis
Tyl vndermynd the dike and rent the pail —
Leddyris he axis the wallys to assaill.
Quhou Turnus set the 3et towr into fyre,

And maid gret slauchter of Troianys in his ire.
Calliope, and O 3e musys all,
Inspire me til endyte! On 3ou I call
To schaw quhat slauchter and occisioun,
Quhou feill corpsis thar war brytnyt down
By Turnus wapynnys and hys dartis fell,
Quham euery man kyllit and send to hell:
Help and assist to revolve heir with me
The extreme dangeris of that gret melle.
3he blissyt wightis, forsuyth, ramembris weill
Sik thyngis, and quhar 3ou lyst may reveill.
Thar stude a towr of tre, huge of hycht,
With batellyng and kyrnellys all at ryght,
Set in ane neidfull place neir by the 3et,
Quham to assail3e, ourcum and down bet,
With hail pyssance all the Italianys
At vtir power ombeset atany;
And by the contrar, on the tother syde
Alkynd defencis can Troianys provyde,
Threw stany down, and sillys heir and thar,
At euery part or oppyn fenystar
The grundyn dartis leyt down fle thikfald.
Turnus the prynce, at was baith darf and bald,
Ane byrnand bleiss leyt at the fortress glyde,
And festynnyt the fyre hard to the towris syde,
Quhilk with the wyndis blast, thar as it stak,
Vpblesyt in the burdis and the thak,
And spreddis wide amangis the gestis gret;
The byrnand low consumyt all throu hete.
Within thai schuddrit for the fell effray,
Bot all for nocht to press to wyn away;
Na laser was the danger to eschape,
For as thai ran abak, and can thame schaip
Fortill withdraw towart the tother syde
Quhar as the fyre was not 3it ourglyde,
And hurlyt all togydder in a hepe,
Tho with thar swechtis, as thai reill and leipe,

The byrnand towr down rollys with a rusche,
Quhill all the hevynnys dyndlyt of the dusch.
Down weltis the men half ded with brokyn banys,
The huge heip thame followit all atanys,
On thar awyn wapynnys stikkand he and he,
Sum stekit throu the cost with spilys of tre
Lay gaspand, of thame all that scarsly tway,
Ane Helenor and Lycus, gat away;
Of quhom the formest, this ilk Helenor,
Now in hys florist 3outh, was get and bor
Betwix Meonyus kyng, in prevyte,
And Lycynya the boynd wench wondir sle,
Quhilk hym to Troy had send that hendyr 3er,
Onkend, in armour forbodyn for wer;
Delyver he was with drawin swerd in hand
And quhite target, onsemly and evill farrand.
Thys Helenor, seand hym self in dowl
Amyd thousandis enarmyt of Latyn rowt,
Behaldand graithly apon athir hand
Arrayt ostis of Latyn pepill stand;
Lyke the wild ragyt best, quham huntaris stowt
Hess ombeset with thyk range all abowt,
Seand be na meyn that scho mycht evaid,
Apon the wapynnys rynnys with a braid,
Slyppis hir self, and with gret forss hir beris
Apon the pantis of the huntyng speris —
Nane othir wyss, this ilk 3ong Helenor,
Thus ombeset behynd and als befor,
Amyd hys fays ruschys reddy to de,
Quhar thikkast was the press thar etlys he,
Quhilkis, but abaid, alssone hess hym slane
As spark of gleid wald in the sey remane.
Bot Lycus, spedyar far on fut than he,
Throw owt the ostis and armyt men can fle,
And to the wallys wan, and vp on hyght
Enforcis hym to clym with all hys mycht
And forto grip sum of hys feris handis;

Quham Turnus, lanssand lychtly our the landis,
With speir in hand persegys forto spill,
And quhen he hess ourtane him at his will,
Thus dyd hym chyde: "O catyve wytless knaip,
Quhat, wenyth thou our handis to eschaip?"
And tharwith drew hym doun, quhar he dyd hyng,
And of the wal a gret part with hym bryng —
Lyke as the egill, Iovis squyer, straucht
Within hys bowand clukis had vp clawcht
A 3ong cygnet, or quhit swan, or a hair,
Tharwith resursyng heich vp in the ayr;
Or as a ravanus bludy wolf throu slycht
Hyntis in hys gowl, furth of the fald be nycht,
The litill tendyr kyd, or the 3ong lam,
With feill bletingis socht by the gait, hir dame.
Rutlianys for ioy than rasyt a schowt,
And fast invadys the cite all abowt;
With hepys of erd the fowsy do thai fyll;
Sum otheris presyt with schydis and mony a syl
The fyre blesys abowt the ruf to slyng.
Bot Ilioneus that tyme dyd doun dyng
With a gret quhyn, or roch of cragy stone,
Ane Lucetyus, and brak hys nek bone,
As that he dyd approche towartis the 3et,
The hait flammys of fyre tharin to set.
Liger a Troiane from the wall also
Doun bet a Rutliane hait Emathio.
A Phrigiane eik, Asylas, stern and stowt,
All tofruschit Choryneus withowt,
Quhilk was in dartis castyng wonder sle;
On far to schute scharp flanyis and lat fle
Nane mar expert than this Emathio.
Ceneus ourquhelmyt Ortygius also;
And this Ceneus, quhilk than gat the mastery,
Belyve Turnus with a dart ded gart ly;
And doun dyngis alsso this ilk Turnus
Ithis, Clonyus, and eik Dioxippus,

Promulus als, and bustuus Sagaras,
And syne the huge byg Troiane, hait Idas,
Standand forto defend the towris hie.
Capys, a Troiane, bet doun Pryverne,
Quham Themyllas with a scharp casting dart
Had newly hurt and wondyt in sum part;
And he hys hand plat to the wound in hy,
Hys scheild besyde hym swakkand fulychly,
So that the fedderit arrow furth dyd glyde,
And nalyt hys hand plat to the left syde;
The schaft and hed remanyt in hys cost,
Be dedly wound the lyfe thus hes he lost.
Arcens, Arcentis son, stude on the wall,
In brycht armour ful semly schynand all,
Hys mantill of the purpour Iberyne,
With nedill wark brusyt rych and fyne,
Of vissage was he plesand forto se;
Hys fader Arcens send him with Enee;
Fostyrrit he was and vpbrocht tendirly
Within hys moderis hallowyt schaw, fast by
The flude Symethus into Sycill land,
Quhar as the plentuus fat altar dyd stand
Of the placabill goddis, Palycy hecht.
Ane gret staf slung byrrand with felloun weght
Hynt Mezentius, hys scheild syne by hym lays,
The stryngis thyrss abowt hys hed assays,
And this ilk Arcens standyng hym forgane
Hes smertly with a ledyn pellok slane;
Hys harn pan and forhed al to claif,
Quhil at the led in sondir brak and raif,
That he ourtumlys speldit on the sand.
Thus gret slauchtir was maid fra hand to hand.
Heir 3yng Ascanyus the strang Numanus slew,
Quhill wordis owtragyus to the Troianys schew.
Ascanyus this ilk tyme, as is said,
That wont was with his schot bot to invaid
The wild bestis, quhilkis cowth do not bot fle,

First heir in bargane leyt swyft arrowys fle,
And by hys handis slew strang Numanus,
That was to surname clepit Remulus,
Had laitly Turnus 3yngast systir wed,
As for hys spowss, and brocht ontill hys bed.
This ilk Numanus Remulus in that sted
Befor the frontis of the batell 3eyd,
Furth schawand mony diuerss sawys seir,
Baith ganand and onganand forto heir,
Rycht prowde and hely in his breist and hart
That newlyngis of the kynrik was a part
To him befall. His gret estait this wyss
Woustand he schew with clamour and lowd cryis:
“Aschame 3e nocht, Phrigyanys that twyss taik is,
Tobe inclosyt amyde a fald of stakis,
And be assegit agane sa oft syss
With akyn spilis and dikis on sik wyss?
Schame 3e not to prolong 3our lyvis?” said he.
“Thir venquyst cowart wightis behald and se,
That dar our spousage into batale craif!
Quhat wild dotage so maid 3our hedis raif?
Or quhat onthrifty god in sic foly
Hes 3ou bywavit heir till Italy?
Heir ar not the slaw weirmen Atrydes,
Nor the fen3ear of fair speche Vlixes.
Bot we, that bene a pepill derf and dour
Cumyn of kynde, as keyn men in a stour,
Our 3oung childring, the first tyme born thai ar,
Onto the nixt rynnand flude we bair
To hardyn thar bodeis and to mak thame bald
With the chil frostis and the watyr cald.
Our childir 3yng exercis bissely
Huntynge with hundis, hornys, schowt and cry,
Wild deir throw owte the woddis chaiss and mait.
To dant and reyn the horssis ayr and layt,
That is thar game and sport thai hant on raw,
Or with thar bowys schute, or dartis thraw.

Our 3ong spryngaldis may all laubouris endur,
Content of litill fuyde, I 3ou assur,
Of 3outh thai be accustumat tobe skant,
The erd with plewch and harrowys forto dant,
Or than in batal bettis citeis down.
In euery age with irne graith ar we bown,
And passand by the plewys, for gad wandis,
Broddis the oxin with speris in our handis;
Nor 3it the slaw nor febill onweldy age
May waik our spreit, nor mynyss our curage,
Nor of our strenth to altyr ocht or pair.
The steill helmys we thrist on hedis hair;
Best likis ws all tyme to rug and reif,
To dryve away the spreth, and thar on leif.
3our pantit habittis dois of purpourschyne;
3our hartis lykis best, so I dyvyne,
In idilness to rest abuf al thing,
To tak 3our lust, and go in karelling;
3our cotys hess traland slevys our 3our handis,
3our foly hattis trappouris and brasyng bandis.
O verray Phrygiane wifis, dasyt wightis!
To call 3ou men of Troy that on rycht is;
3e be onworthy to sa hie style to clame.
On Dyndyma top go, and walk at hame,
Quhar as the quhissill rendris soundis seir,
With tympanys, tawbronys, 3e war wont to heir,
And boss schawmys of turnyt buschboun tre
That grew in Berecynthia montane hie,
Onto the moder of Ida dedicat,
Callys efter 3ou to danss, and nocht debait:
3eld 3ou to men, and leif al 3our armyng,
Rendir 3our swerdis, and all wapynnys resyng.”
Ascanyus 3yng, byrnand for proper teyn,
Sa gret owtrage of wordis mycht not sustene,
Herand sa hie avant of pompus pryde,
And sik dispyt blawyn owt apon hys syde.
Hys bow with horss sennonys bend hes he,

Tharin a takill set of sovir tre,
And tasand vp his armys far in twyn,
Thus onto Iove lawly dyd begyn
To mak hys first petitioun and prayer:
“Omnipotent hie Iupiter, me heir
Assist to this hardy commancement.
My self onto thy templis sal present
Solempnyt gyftis, maste gudly may be get,
And eik befor thyne altar sall I set
A 3oung bullok of cullour quhite as snaw,
With goldin schakaris hys forhed arrait on raw;
The best salbe full tydy, tryg and wight,
With hed equale till hys moder on hycht,
Can all reddy with hornys fuyn and put,
And scrape or skattyr the soft sand with his fut.”
The fader of hevin exceppit hys prayer,
And, on that part quhar the lift was maist cler,
Toward the left hand maid a thundyring;
All sammyn soundyt the dedly bowys stryng.
Quhyrrand smertly furth flaw the takill tyte,
Quyte throw the hed the Remulus dyd smyte;
The grundyn steill outthrowch hys tympillys glaid.
“Hald on thy ways in haist,” Ascanyus said,
“Thy self to loif, knak now scornfully
With prowde wordis all at standis by.
Sik boydword heir the twyss takyn Troianys
Sendis for hansell to Rutylianys.”
Thus far spekis Ascanyus, and na mair.
Bot the Troianys rasyt a scry in the ayr
With rerd and clamour of blithnes, man and boy,
That to the starnys thar curage sprang for ioy,
Ascanyus extolland abuf the skyis.
And, as thai mak this ryot on sik wyss,
Down from the regioun of the hevin tho
The brycht curland haryt Appollo,
Apon a clowd sittand quhar he wald,
The ostis of Italianys can behald,

And eik new Troys cite, with cheir glaid
Till Iulus the victor thus he said:
“Eik and continew thy new vail³and dedis,
Thou 3ong child, for that is the way the ledis
Vp to the starnys and the hevynnys hie,
O thou verray goddis ofspring,” quod he,
“That sall engendir goddis of thy seyde.
In the, be verray resson and of neid,
All batalys, quhilkis by werd ar destinate
Agane Assaracus howss to move debait,
Salbe appasit, and to quyet brocht.
This litill town of Troy, that heir is wrocht,
May nocht withhald the in sik boundis lyte.”
And sayand thus, from the heich hevin als tye
Discendis he, movand the hailsum ayr,
And to the child Ascanyus socht rycht thar;
Hys figur changit that tyme as he wald
In lykness of ane Butes, hayr and ald,
That pursevant tofor and squyer had be
To Troiane Anchys, fader of Enee,
And trasty kepar of hys chalmyr dur;
Now had Ene committ to hym the cur
For tyll attend apon Ascanyus 3yng.
Lyke to this ancyeit Butes in al thyng
Furth steppys Phebus, baith in voce and hew,
With lokkis quhite and armour na thing new,
Rowsty, and with a felloun sound clattring,
And sic wordis spak to Iulus 3yng,
That otherwyss is hayt Ascanyus,
With ardent mynd of bargane desyrus:
“Eneas verray douchty son and ayr,
It may suffice, the nedis do na mair,
Sen, thou onhurt, with thy schote in this sted
The strang Numanus thou hess dung to ded.
This first loving and eik hie renownee
The souerane Apollo grantys the,
Nor na disdene at the sal haue, suthly,

Tobe hys peregall intill archery.
Leif of, my child, and of sic batale cess;
Na mair at this tyme; draw the owt of press.”
On this wyss carpys the brycht Appollo,
And in the myddis of hys sermond tho
He vanyst far away, I wait neuer quhar,
Furth of this mortal sycht in the schire ayr.
The nobillys, and the Troiane capitanyis trew,
Be thir takynnys the god Appollo knew,
And hard hys arrowys clatterand in hys cace.
Tharfor thai haue withdraw furth of that place
Ascanyus, at brycht Phebus mychty charge,
And wald no langar thoill hym go at large;
All thocht to fecht he had desyre and ioy,
Hame to hys innys dyd thai hym convoy;
Syne to the bargane hess thame sped agane,
In oppyn perrellys, dangeris and all pane
Thar personys and thar lyvys for thar town
Offerand, and for defens maid thame bown.
Quhou Pandarus and Bitias, brethir twane,
Kest vp the 3ettis, and thar was Bytias slane.
Endlang the wallys kyrnellys euerystand,
The bruyt and clamour rayss fra hand to hand;
Thar bustuus bowys keynly do thai bend,
Scharp querrellis and castyng dartis furth send,
Quhilk thai with lyamys and thwangis lang owt threw;
Sa thik the gan3eis and the flanyis flew,
That of schaftis and takillys all the feildis
War strowit, and the large planys ourheldis.
In boss helmys and scheldis the weirly schote
Maid rap for rap, reboundand with ilk stot.
Scharp and awfull inressis the bargane,
Als violent as euer the 3et down rane
Furth of the west doith smyte apone the wald
In October, quhen the twa sternys cald,
That clepyt beyn the Kyddis, first vpspryngis;
And als thik as the hail schour hoppys and dyngis

In furdys schald, and brays heir and thar,
Quhen trublit beyn the hevynnys and the ayr
With stormy tempest and the northyn blastis,
Quhill clowdis clattris, and all the lyft ourcastis.
Pandarus and Bytias, twa brethir germane,
By Alcanor engendryt, that Troiane,
Quham Hybera, the wild foresteress knaw,
Bred and vpbrocht in Iovys haly schaw,
Sa byg 3ong men thai war, sa gret and wight,
That equale semyt thame tobe of hight
With fyr treis of thar landis or hillys;
And tharto eik sa egyr of thar willis
At thai the port, quhilk be Eneas charge
Was commandyt to kepe stekit, all at large
Has warpyt oppyn onbreid to the wall,
And baldly dyd thar fays clepe and call
To entyr, gyf thai durst, and thame assay,
Sa gret confidens in thar forss had thai.
And thai within stude by the 3et, that tyde,
Quhilk oppin was on the rycht and left syde,
As thai had towris beyn baith gret and squar,
Enarmyt with thar wapynnys brycht and bar,
The hie tymbrettis of thar helmys schane —
Lyke tobehald as bustuus akis twane
Besyde the beyn ryver Athesys grow,
Or flowand fludis bankis of the Pow,
Vpstrekand thar byg croppys to the ayr,
And onsned branschis wavand heir and thar.
Alsswith as the Rutylianys dyd se
The 3et oppyn, thai rusch to the entre,
Quercens formast, and Equycoly,
A lusty knyght in armys rycht semly,
Wight Tynarus, ferss myndyt to assaill,
And bald Hemon, with curage marcyall.
Bot thai with all thar complicis in fyght
War dung abak, and constrenyt tak flycht,
By Troiane rowtis, or than in that stryfe

Quha that abaid lost in the port thar lyfe.
The brymmar grew thar ferss mudis within,
So that the Troianys can flok and sammyn ryn
Towart that place, and maid felloun debait;
So bald thai wolx that in the plane gait,
Ischand without the portis on the land,
Thai durst recontyr thar fays hand for hand.
A messynger to Turnus come that tyde,
That wondir fersly at ane othir syde
The town assal3eis; and thar he til hym schew
Quhat hait slauchter hys fays maid of new,
And sik a port had all wyde oppyn set.
Hys first purpos he left, and to that 3et,
With felloun ire movit, furth sprent he tho,
Towart the Troianys and prowde brethir two;
And fyrst hes slane byg Antyphates,
That him on cace met formest in the press,
Son to the bustuus nobill Sarpedon,
In purchess get a Thebane wench upon.
Hym smate he down with the cast of a dart;
The fleand schaft Italian to his hart
Glydand, throw owt the schire ayr duschit sone,
The stomok persyt, and in the cost is done.
The how cavern of his wond a flude
Furth bruschet of the blaknyt dedly blude;
So deip the grundyn steill hed owt of sycht is,
Ful hait and warm it festnyt in his lychtis.
Syne Meropes and Erymanthus he
And Aphydus slew with his hand al thre;
And efter that, with a stern mynd full teyn,
Slew Bytias, for al his glowrand eyn,
Bot that was nother with dart, swerd nor knyfe
(For na sik wapyn mycht him haue reft the lyfe),
Bot with ane hydduus byssand fyre speir,
That clepit is “phalarica” in weir,
Quhilk with sa vehement force this Turnus threw
That as the thundris dynt at him it flew,

Quham nowder scheld of twa bull hydys thik,
Nor 3it the dowbill malyt traste hawbrik,
All gilt with gold, mycht it resist nor stynt.
The bustuus body down duschit of the dynt,
Quhil all the erd to granyt with a rattill;
The hydduus scheild abufe him maid a brattill —
Lyke as the hie pillar of marbill stone
Standand apon the cost Euboycon,
Vmquhile besyde Bais, the rych cite,
With grysly swecht down duschit in the see;
Quhilk was of ald of massy stanys a byng,
And by the fludis sik wyss down was dyng,
Hys fall drew down the cite quhar it stude,
And ruschit in a fer way in the flude;
The seys mixt ourran, and all ourhed
Blak slyke and sand vp poplit in the sted;
Quhill of the feirfull sovnd the ilandis twa
Trymlyt, Inaryme and eik Prochita;
Quhil Inaryme, at Iupiteris command,
Full hard bed is to Typheus the gyand.
At this tyme Mars, the god armypotent,
Ekyt the Latynys fors and hardyment,
With felloun ire prikland so thar myndis
That as hym lyst he turnys so and wyndis;
And makis the Troianys tak the flycht gud speid,
On thame he kest sik feir and schamfull dreid.
The Latyn pepill flokkis on euery syde
Quhen thai beheld the port sa oppynnyt wyde,
Seand thai had a rowm to fecht at will;
The god of stryfe thar curage steris thartill.
Quhou Turnus the byg Pandarus smat down,
Lyke a wod lyoun past within the town.
Pandarus, seand hys brotheris corps at erd,
And on quhat wyss thus fortune with thame ferd,
And quhou the chance of batale 3eid al wrang,
Full forcyly with hys braid schuldris strang
He thristis to the levys of the 3et,

And closyt queym the entre, and furth schet
Without the port a gret sort of hys feris,
In hard bargane amynd the mortal weris;
And of hys ennemyss sum inclosyt he,
Ressavand all at thrang to the entre.
A fuyll he was and wyttles in a thyng,
Persauyt not Turnus, Rutilian kyng,
So violently thryng in at the 3et;
Quham he onwar within the cite schet,
Lyke as ane rageand wild tygyr onstabil
Amang the febill bestis onfensabil.
Sone as Turnus hym hess inclusyt seyn,
A glowand new lyght brystis from hys eyn,
Hys armour ryngis or clattris horribilly;
Hys crystis trymlyt on hys hed in hy,
That in hys sanguane bludy scheild als straucht
Kest schynand fyry bemys lyke fyre flaucht.
All suddanly, affrayit Eneadanys
Hys face onfrendly persaut and byg banys.
The hydduus Pandarus than hym self furth schew,
That wonder fervent in hys furour grew;
Hys broderis slauchter to revenge in will,
Thus austernly he spekis Turnus ontill:
“Thys is not Queyn Amatais cheif cite,
Suld the begeif into dowry,” said he,
“Nor 3it the myddis of Ardea cite bald,
Thi faderis burgh, Turnus, doith the withhald.
Thou seys thy fays strenth and wallys wyde;
3eild the for thy, thou may eschape na syde.”
Turnus agane, with curage blyth and glaid,
Nocht abasyt, ful baldly to hym said:
“My frend, begyn, gif thou hess hardymment,
And mach with me allone apon this bent,
And hand for hand, gif at it be thy will,
Thou sal schaw Pryam heir thou hes fund Achill.”
The tother tho a huge speir of haill tre,
With bark and knottis altogidder, leyt fle

In al his forss, bot the dynt dyd no deir;
Nocht bot the ayr was wondyt with the speir,
For wikkyt Iuno, the ald Saturnus get,
Choppyt by the schaft, and fixt it in the 3et.
“Ha!” quod Turnus, “sa sal thou not astart
Thys wapyn now in faith or we depart,
Nor on sik wyss eschape this bytand brand,
Quhilk my gret forss thus rollys in my hand;
For he that aw this swerd, and wond sal wyrk,
Is not sa faynt, ne sa sone sall nocht irk.”
And with that word, standand on hys typtays,
Hevyng hys swerd, heich hys hand dyd rayss;
Down with the dynt duschit the steil blaid keyn
Amyd hys forhed, hard betwix hys eyn,
Hys berdless chekis or hys chaftis rownd
In sondyr schorn hess with a grysly wound:
Sa felloun sownd or clap maid this gret clasche,
That of hys huge weght, fell with a rasche,
The erd dyndlyt, and all the cite schuke.
So large feild hys gowsty body take,
That fer onbreid oursprede was all the plane,
Hys armour sparkyt with hys blude and brane.
Baith to and fra, apon hys schuldris tway,
Hys hed clovyn in equale halfis lay.
Of dreidfull raddour trymlyng for affray,
The Troianys fled rycht fast and brak away,
And gif Turnus had than incontinent
Ramembryt hym, and kauch in mynd to rent
The lokkis vp, and oppyn the 3ettis wyde,
So that hys feris without the port that tyde
Mycht haue entryt, and cumyn in the cite,
The last day of the batale that had be,
And latter finale end to the remanys
Of Phrigiane folkis and pepil Troianys.
Bot sic ardent hie furour marcyall,
And of slauchter desire insaciall,
Draif hym to follow thame that hym gaynstandis;

And first he kyllit Phalarys with his handis,
And ane other, that Gyges hecht, alssua,
Of quham the howchys bath he smate in twa;
Syn speris rent and hynt vp all on raw
And at the flearis bakkis fast dyd thraw,
That wondir was to se hym quhar he went,
For Iuno ek yt hys strenth and hardyment.
Syne ane Hales onto the corpsis ded
In cumpany he ek yt in that sted;
And Phegeas doun brytnys in the feld,
Spetit throw owt the body and hys scheld;
Alchandrus syne, and the prowde Halyus,
Nemonas eik, and keyn Prytanyus,
Quhilkis mysknew Turnus was within the wall,
And to the bargan dyd that feris call,
Apon the grund onon al ded he layd,
In bargan full expert; syne dyd invaid
With schynand swerd, hard at the dykis syde,
Ane Lynceus, the quhilk the sammyn tyde
Resistys, as he myght, with fell afferis,
And efter help cryis apon hys feris;
Bot with a strake he smate hys nek in twa,
Baith helm and hed flaw far the body fra.
And, efter thir, ane Amycus he slew,
That bayn had beyn to wild bestis enew;
Was nane other mair happy nor expert
To graith and til invnct a castyng dart,
And with vennom to garnys the steil hedis.
By Turnus handis the ilk tyme done to ded is
Eolus son, hait Clytijs, the heynd,
And Creteus also, was the Musys frend —
Creteus, poet to Musys famyliar,
That in hys mynd and breist all tymys bar
Sangis and gestis, musyk and harpyng;
Apon hys stryngis playd he mony a spryng,
Lays and rymys on the best awyss,
And euermar hys maner and his gyss

Was forto syng, blason and discryve,
Men and stedis, knychthed, wer and stryve.
The Troianys set on Turnus dyntis rude,
Quhill at he fled, and lap into the flude.
At last Mnestheus and strang Serestus,
The Troiane capitany, herand quhow that thus
Thar pepill slane war down, dyd convene;
Thar feris fleand pail and wan haue thai sene,
And thar cheif ennemy closyt in thar wallys.
Mnestheus on thame clepys thus and callys:
“Quhar ettill 3he to fra hyne? Quhiddel wald 3he fle?
Quhar other wallys seik 3he, or cite?
Quhat haue 3e other strenth or forteress?
O citsanys, behaldis heir express
Nane bot a man standand 3ou agany,
Closyt within 3our dykis and wallys of stanys,
Onrevengit, sa gret occisioun
And huge slauchter sal mak within 3our tovn,
Or sa feill val3eand 3yng capitany kend,
Onresistit, thus down to hell sall send!
O maste onworthy cowartis, ful of slewth,
Of 3our onsilly cuntre haue 3he na rewth,
Nor piete of 3our ancyeنت goddis kynd?
Think 3he na lak and schame into 3our mynd,
To do sa gret owtrage to strang Enee,
In hys absens thus catyfly to fle?”
The Troianys by sik wordis as he said
In curage grew, and fermly all abaid,
Abowt thar fa man flokkand in a rowt.
Turnus a litil, thocht he was stern and stowt,
Begouth frawart the bargane to withdraw,
And sattil towartis the ryveris syde a law,
Ay peyss and peyss, to that part of the tovn,
Was closyt with the ryver, rynnand down.
Troianys, that seand, the mar apertly
Assal3eit hym with mony schowt and cry,
And thikkyt fast abowt hym inveroin.

As quhen abowt the awfull wild lyoun,
With thar invasibill wapynnys scharp and squar,
Ane multitude of men bilappyt war,
And he full fers, with thrawin wlt, in the start,
Seand the scharp poyntis, recullys bakwart,
Bot forto gif the bak and fle away
Nowder hys greif nor curage suffir may;
And, thocht he wald, for all hys mekill mycht,
Agane samony men and wapynnys brycht
To press fordwart may he cum na speid.
Nane other wyss Turnus, at sik a neid,
Steppys abak with huly payss full still,
Hys mynd scaldand in greif and egir will;
And forthir eik amyde hys fays he
Twyss ruschit in, and schuddrit the melle;
And twyss also that onrebutit knycht
Endlang the wallys put thame to the flycht.
Bot al togidder, intyll ane conveyne,
Apon hym haill the town assemblyt syne,
Nor Saturnus get, Iuno, in that fyght
Agane thame durst him minster strenth nor mycht;
For Iupiter had from the hevynnys fair
Send down Iris, quhilk duellis in the ayr,
Onto hys spouss and sister thar at hand
Ful scharp chargis bryngis and command,
Less than Turnus, quhou evir the chance befallis,
Withdrew hym fra the fatale Troiane wallys;
Quharthrow this valzeand campioun zong and keyn
Nowder with his scheild sa mekil mycht sustene,
Nor sic defens mak with his hand, as ayr.
With dartis at him swakkit heir and thar
On sik wyss is he quhelmyt and confundyt,
That euer in ane hys boss helm rang and soundyt,
Clynkand abowt hys halfheddis with a dyn;
Hys sovir armour, strang and na thyng thyn,
Is brokkyn and byrsyt with feill stonys cast;
So thik war dyntis, and strakis smyt so fast,

That of his helm down bettyn war the crestis;
Sa sair the bosys of hys target prest is,
Hys scheild na langar mycht sik rowtis sustene;
The Troianys, with this Mnestheus, in thar teyn
Dowblys thar dyntis at hym with speris cast,
As it had bene the hydduus thundris blast.
Our all hys body furth 3et the swait thik,
Lyke to the trynland blak stremys of pyk;
Ne gat he laser anys hys aynd to draw —
The febillit brath ful fast can beit and blaw
Amyd hys wery breist and lymmys lasch.
Than at the last, al suddanly, with a plasch,
Harnes and al togiddir, quhar he stude,
Him self he swakkis and lap into the flude.
With giltyn stremys hym kepptyt the ryver,
And bar hym vp abuf hys wallis cleir,
Syne blithly careit to hys feris bedene;
All blude and slauchter away was weschyn clene. &c
Explicit liber nonus Sequitur prologus in decimum

BUKE X

Incipit prologus libri decimi

He plasmatour of thyngis vniuersall,
Thou renewar of kynd that creat all,
Incomprehensibill thy warkis ar to consave,
Quhilk grantyt hess to every wight to haue
Quhat thing mast ganys onto hys governall.
Quhou mervellus beyn diuisions of thy gracis,
Distribut so to ilk thing in all placis!
The son to schyne our all and schaw hys lyght,
The day to laubour, for rest thou ordanyt nycht,
For diuerss causys schupe seir sessionys and spacis,
Fresch veir to burgioun herbys and sweit flowris,
The hait symmyr to nuryss corn all howris
And breid all kynd of fowlis, fysch and beste,
Hervist to rendir hys frutis maste and leste,
Wyntir to snyb the erth with frosty schowris.
Not at thou nedyt ocht, all thyng thou wrocht,
Bot to that fyne thou maid al thing of nocht,
Of thy gudnes to be participant;
Thy Godhed na rychar, nor 3it mar skant,
Nowthir now nor than, set thou ws wrocht and bocht.
Thy maist supreme indiuisibill substans,
In ane natur thre personys, but discrepans,
Regnand etern, ressauys nane accident;
For quhy? thou art rycht at this tyme present
It at thou was, and evir sal, but varians.
Set our natur God hass to hym vnyte,
Hys Godhed incommixt remanys perfyte,
The Son of God havand verray naturis twane
In a person, and thre personys all ane
In deite, natur, maieste and delyte.
The Son the self thing with the Fader is,
The self substans the Haly Gaist, I wyss,
Is with thame baith; thre distinct personage,

Ar, war and be sall, euer of ane age,
Omnipotent, a Lord, equale in blyss,
Quhilk souerane substans, in gre superlatyve,
Na cunnyng comprehend may nor discryve;
Nowther generis, generat is, nor doith proceed,
Allane begynnar of euery thing, but dreid,
And in the self remanys etern on lyve.
The Fader, of nane generat, creat ne boir,
Hys only Son engendris evirmor;
Not makis, creatis, bot engendris all way
Of hys substans; and all tyme of baith twa
Procedis the Haly Gaist, equal in glor.
Of baith, from ane begynnyng, procedis he;
So bene the warkis of the Trinite
Maist excellent, and wondirfull to consave —
3it thame to traste the mair meryte we have,
That be na manys rayson prevyt may thai be.
The Fader knawys hym self, quhilk knowlege spredis
Be generatioun etern, that evir breidis
Hys Son, hys word and wysdom eternall:
Betwix thir twa is luf perpetuall,
Quhilk is the Haly Gaist, fra baith procedis.
Not at the Faderis natur mynyst is,
Of hys substans he generis his Son in blys;
Ne so the Son of hys kynd is ybor,
That he a part hess tharof, and na mor;
Bot all he gevys hys Son, and all is hys.
The ilk thing he hym gevis, that he remanys:
Thys syngill substans indifferently thus ganys
To thre in ane, and ilkane of tha thre
The sammyn thing is in a maieste,
Thocht thir personys be seuerall in thre granys:
Lyke as the sawle of man is ane, we wait,
Havand thre poweris distinct and separate,
Vndirstandyng, rayson and memor;
Intelligens consideris the thing befor,
Rayson discernys, memor kepys the consait.

As thai beyn in a substans knyt all thre,
Thre personys ryngnys in a Deite.
We may tak als ane other similytude,
Grosly the sammyn purpos to conclud;
Flambe, lyght and heit bene in a fyre we se.
Quhar euer the low is, lycht and heit bene thar,
And had the fyre bene byrnand euermar,
Evyr suld the flambe engendrit haue hys lyght,
And of the byrnand low the flambys brycht
Perpetualy suld heit haue sprung alquhar.
So generis the Fadir the Son with hym etern,
From baith procedis the Haly Gaist coetern.
Thus rude exemplys and figuris may we geif;
Thocht, God by hys awin creaturis to preif,
War mair onlikness than liknes to discern.
Frend, farly nocht, na causs is to complene
Albeit thy wyt gret God may nocht attene,
For mycht thou comprehend be thyne engyne
The maist excellent maieste dyvyne,
He mycht be reput a pretty God and meyn.
Considir thy raison is so febill and lyte,
And hys knowlage profund and infynyte,
Considir quhou he is onmensurabill:
Hym, as he is, to know thou art not habill;
It sufficis the beleif thy creid perfyete.
God is, I grant, in all thing nocht includyt;
Gevis all gudness and is of nocht denudyte;
Of hym hēss all thing part, and he nocht mynyst;
Hail he is alquhar, not diuidit ne fynyst;
Without all thing he is, and nocht excludit.
O Lord, the ways beyn investigabill!
Sweit Lord, thy self is sa inestimabill,
I can write nocht bot wondris of thy mycht,
That lawyt sa far thy maieste and hyght
Tobe born man intill ane oxis stabill.
Thow tuke mankynd of ane onwemmyt maid,
Inclosyt within a virginis bosum glaid,

Quham all the hevynnys mycht nevir comprehend;
Angellis, scheiphyrdis and kyngis thy Godheid kend,
Set thou in cryb betwix twa bestis was laid.
Quhat infynyte excellent hie bonte
Abufe thy warkis all, in wonderfull gre,
Lord, quhen thou man wrocht to thyne awyn ymage,
That tynt him self throu hys fulych dotage!
Thou man becam, and deit to mak hym fre.
Maid thou not man first president vnder the,
To dant the bestis, fowlis and fysch in see,
Subdewit to him the erth and all tharin,
Syne paradice grantit hym and all his kyn,
Gave him fre will, and power nevir to dee,
Enarmyt him with raison and prudence,
Only bad hym kepe thyne obediens,
And to hym suld all creatouris obey?
Bittir was that fruyt for his ofspryng, and fey,
Maid deth onknawin be fund, and lyfe go hens.
O thyne inestimabill luf and cheryte
Becam a thrall to mak ws bondis fre,
To quykkyn thy sclavys tholyt schamfull ded maste fell!
Blissyt be thou virginal frute, that hereit hell,
And pait the pryce of the forbodin tre!
Thocht thou large stremys sched apoun the rude,
A drop had bene sufficient of thy blude
A thousand warldis to haue redemyt, I grant;
Bot thou the well of mercy wald nocht skant,
Ws to provoik to lufe the, and be gude.
Our all this syne, thyne infynyte Godhed,
Thy flesch and blude in form of wyne and bred,
Tobe our fuyd of grace, in plege of glor,
Thou hest ws geif, in perpetuall memor
Of thy passioun and dolorus paynfull ded.
Quhat thankis dew or ganzeld, Lord benyng,
May I, maist wrachit synfull catyve indyng,
Rendir for this souerane peirles hie bonte?
Sen body, saule and all I haue of the,

Thou art my pryce, mak me thy praye condyng.
My makar, my redemar and support,
Fra quham all grace and gudnes cumis at schort,
Grant me that grace my mysdedis til amend,
Of this and all my warkis to mak gud end:
Thus I beseik the, Lord, thus I exort.
From the begynnyng and end be of my muse:
All other Iove and Phebus I refuss.
Lat Virgill hald hys mawmentis to him self;
I wirschip nowder ydoll, stok nor elf,
Thocht furth I write so as myne autour dois.
Is nane bot thou, the Fader of goddis and men,
Omnipotent eternal Iove I ken;
Only the, helply Fader, thar is nane other:
I compt not of thir paygane goddis a fudder,
Quhais power may nocht help a haltand hen.
The scripture clepys the God, of goddis Lord;
For quha thy mandat kepys in ane accord
Bene ane with the, not in substans, bot grace,
And we our Fader the clepys in euery place:
Mak ws thy sonnys in cherite, but discord.
Thow haldis court our cristall hevynnys cleir,
With angellis, sanctis and hevynly spretis seir,
That, but cessyng, thy glor and lovyng syngis:
Manifest to the, and patent, bene all thyngis,
Thy spowss, and queyn maid, and thy moder deir.
Concord for ever, myrth, rest and endles blyss,
Na feir of hell, nor dreid of ded, thar is
In thy sweit realm, nor na kynd of ennoy,
Bot all wilfair, eyss and euerlestand ioy;
Quhais hie plesance, Lord, lat ws neuer myss! Amen
Explicit prologus Incipit liber decimus &c.
Quhou Iupiter the court of goddis dyd call,
And Venus makis complaynt amangis thame all.
On breid or this was warp and maid patent
The hevynly hald of God omnipotent.
The kyng of men and fader of goddis all

Ane consale or a sessioun maid do call,
Amang the spretis abufe and goddis gret,
Within hys sterret hevyn and mylky set:
Quharfra, amyd hys trone sittand full hie,
Our all the erd he mycht behald and se
The Troianys castellys and the pepill Latyne.
Down sat the goddis in thar segis dyvyne,
The faldyn 3ettis baith vp warpyt braid.
First love hym self begouth, and thus he said:
“O hevynly wightis, of gret power and mycht,
Quhou is betyd 3our myndis bene sa licht,
That 3our decreit fatale and sentens hie
Retretit thus and turnyt bakwartis suldbe?
Or quhy with frawart myndis now of layt
Aganys 3our ressonabill oraclys 3e debait?
My will was not at the Italianys
In batale suld concur contrar Troianys.
Quhat maner discord be this at we se,
Express agane our inhibitioun?” said he,
“Quhat dreid or reuerens thame, or thame, hess movyt
To ryn till armys, and rasys weir controvit?
Or hes sic wyss persuadyt to bargane,
With bludy wapynnys rent, and mony slane?
Haist not the session to provoke nor prevene;
Of batale cum sal detfull tyme bedene,
Heirefter, quhen the ferss burgh of Cartage
To Romys boundis, in thar feirfull rage,
Ane huge myscheif and gret qualm send sall,
And thyrll the hie montanys lyke a wall:
Than war iust tyme in wreth to mak debait,
Than war the tyme to rug and reif thus gait.
Now of sic thingis leif and desist; with me
Gladly do makis frendly amyte.”
A few wordis on this wyss Iupiter said,
Bot not in quhoyn wordis him answer maid
The fresch goldyn Venus: “O thou,” quod sche,
“Fader of all, O eternal powste,

Regnand abufe all men, and goddis eik,
To the I cum, the rewthfully beseik,
Sen thar nane other maieste bene ne glor
That in sik neid may help ws to implor.
Thow seys quhou, with bost and felloun feir,
The Rutilianys makis gret derray and steir,
And quhou Turnus, pransand on semly stedis,
Throw owt the ostis rydis in steill wedis,
And quhou orpyt and prowldy ruschis he
Amyd Troianys, be fawour of Mars,” quod sche,
“The strenth of wallys, nor the portis schet,
May nocht salf Troianys; lo, within the 3et,
Amyd the closs mural3eis and pail
And dowbill dikis, quhou thai thame assaill,
Quhill the fowceis of blude rynnys on spait;
Eneas absent of this na thing wait.
Quhiddel gif that thou list suffir neuermar
Thar sege scalit, nor thame fre of dangar?
Behald agane abowt New Troys wall,
3it bot begyn to byg, and not closs all,
Quhou inverioin mustervis thar ennemyiss;
Ane other ost and sege abowt thame lysis,
And newly, lo, Tedeus son, not far
From Arpos cite into Calabar,
To wery Troianys movis, Diomed.
I feill agane my wondis newly bleid,
And I, thy blude, thi get and douchter schene,
3it mortale wapynnys mon thoil eik and sustene!
Gyf the Troianys, but thy benevolens,
Or repungnant to thy magnificens,
Hess socht onto the cost of Italy,
Lat thame be punyst and thar cryme aby,
And I sall suythly stand content for me,
Thou mak thame na kynd help nor 3it supple.
Bot gif thai followit haue for thar behufe
Sa feill responsis of the goddis abufe,
With syndry admonitions, charge and redis

Of the infernal wightis and spretis that ded is,
Than wald I know the causs or resson quhy
That ony mycht pervert or 3it bewry
Thy commandmentis? How, or quharfor, may thai
New fatys mak and the ald do away?
Quhat nedis to reheress, quhou on the cost
Of Scycilly thar schippis brynt war lost?
Or quharto suld I dwel, to schaw 3ou thus,
Quhou be the god of tempest, Eolus,
The rageand wyndis send war our alquhar,
Or Iris catchit throw clowdis of the ayr?
Now movyt eyk bene fendlych wightis affrayt:
Befor, only that chance was onassayt,
Bot now Alecto newly is furth sent
Into the ovir world, that fell torment,
With Bacchus fury enragit by and by,
Walkand throu all citeis of Italy.
Na thyng I pauss on the empyre,” quod sche,
“All thoct we hoip had at sic thing suld be,
Quhen fortoun schew tharof sum apperans:
Lat thame be victour quham thou lyst avans.
And gif na realm in this world remanys,
Quhom thy stern spouss list geif to the Troianys,
I the beseik of Troy by the rewyne,
By that subuersioun rekand, and huge pyne,
Suffyr that 3yng Ascanyus mot be
Salf fra all wapynnys, and of perrell fre;
And, at the lest, in this ilk mortall stryve
Suffir thy nevo to remane alyve.
As for Ene, forsuyth, I mak na cair:
Thoill hym in onkowth stremys, as he was ayr,
Be dryve and warpyt euery sey abowt,
To follow furth in danger and in dowl
Quhat curss and went at fortoun lyst hym sent;
Most it pless the fader omnipotent
That I may bot defend 3on litill page,
And hym withdraw from this ferss weris rage.

I haue in Cipyr the cite Amathus,
And the hie standand burgh that hayt Paphus,
And eik the ille yclepyt Cythera,
The hallowyt hald als of Idalya,
Quhar, rendryt vp all armys in that stede,
Duryng hys age he sobir lyfe may led.
And command eik with gret forss and mastry
The burgh of Cartage down thryng Italy;
Fra thyne sall na thyng resist nor gaynstand
Contrar citeis of Tyre or Affrik land.
Quhat proffit hass it done, or advantage,
Of Troys batale to haue eschape the rage,
And throw amynd the Grekis fyrys eik
Haue fled away, and throw the sey haue seik,
Sa feill dangeris bywent and ourdryve
Our streym and landis; gyf that thus belyve
Troianys hes socht till Itail, to vpset
New Troys wallys, tobe agane doun bet?
Had not bene bettir thame in thar natyve hauld
Have syttyn still among the assys cauld,
And lattyr isillys of thar kynd cuntre,
Or barrand soyll quhar Troy was wont tobe,
Than thus, fra ded to ded, from payn to payn,
Be catchit on, and euery day be slane?
Restor, I pray the, to thai wrachit wightis
Xanthus and Symoes, fludis quhilk of rychtis
Was wont tobe thar propyr herytage.
O fader, suffir the fey Troiane barnage
To seik agane quhat hard myschance befallys
To Troy or Ilyon with thar brokyn wallys.”
To Venus complaynt Iuno fra end till end
Maid hasty ansuer, hir actioun to defend.
The queyn Iuno than, but mair abayd,
Prykkyt with felloun fury thus furthbrayd:
“Quhy doys thou,” said sche, “to me sik offens,
Constrenyng me brek closs profund sylens,
And with thy wordis, quhar ayr I was koy,

Prouokis to publyss and schaw myne hyd ennoy?
Quhat maner man, or quhilk of goddis, lat se,
To move batale constrenyt hess Ene,
Or to engyre hym self to Latyn kyng
As mortal fa, within hys proper ryng?
I geif the cace, to Italy socht he
Of the fatys by the autoryte,
Provokyt tharto be the wyld dotage
Of wod Cassandra in hir fury rage.
Lat se, for all this, gyf that anys in sport
To leif hys strenthis we dyd hym exhort,
Or forto put hys lyfe in ony danger,
To sayll, or submyt hym to wyndis seir?
Lat se, gyf we hym causyt to walk at large,
And till ane bab commyt the batellys charge,
And governance haill of hys cite wallys?
Lat se gyf we, how evir the chance befallys,
Persuadyt hym forto commove and steir
Other quyet pepill with hym to rayss the weir,
Or till adione vp frendschip and ally
With Tyrrhene pepill and folk of Tuscany?
Quhat god amovit hym with sic a gawd
In hys dedis to oyss sik slyght and frawd,
Or quhilk of our hard poweris wrocht sic thyng?
Quhar was Iuno with all, this lady 3yng?
Or quhar was sche also quhen, 3istir nycht,
Irys was send down throu the clowdis brycht?
Is this a thing ful onlesum, but let,
Thocht Italianys with flambyes ombeset
The new cite of Troy vprysand, lo?
And is it not full gret dispyt also
That, in hys natyve land and faderis ryng,
Turnus remane, or pretend tobe kyng,
Quhamto the god Pylumnus grandschir is,
And haly nympe Venylia moder, I wyss?
Quhat, thinkis thou lesum is at Troianys infeir
Violens to mak with brandis of mortall weir

Agane Latynys, syk onkouth heritage
Tyll occupy and subdew in bondage,
And thar catale in spreth to dryve away?
Quhat, haldis thou lesum als, I pray the say,
From otheris to withdraw sa thyftuusly
Thar eldfaderis and maist tendyr ally,
Or, from betwix thar breist and armys tway,
Thar treutht plyght spowsys forto reif away?
Tocum and beseik trewys in strange landis,
With syng or takyn of paix born in thar handis;
And nethless, to mak reddy for weir,
Purway thar schippis, provide armour and geir?
To salf Ene, hess thou not power and mycht
From Grekis handis hym to withdraw be slycht,
And set in sted of that man, light as lynd,
Owder a clowd or a waist puft of wynd?
And eik thou may transform the schippis,” quod sche,
“Intil alsmony goddessis of the see.
Bot, be the contrary, Rutilyanys ofspryng
We suld support, that is forbodyn thyng!
Thy son Ene, mysknawyng this deray,
As thou allegis, is absent now away:
And quhat iniurys, absent mot he remane,
And ignorant for ay of this bargane?
Thow hass Paphos, thyne is Idalia,
And thyne mot be the ile of Cithera.
Sen thou hess all thir at command and will,
Lat other folkis in paix and rest dwell styll.
Quharto assal3eis thou a strang cite,
That hess bene oft exercyt in melle,
And lyst invaid pepill with hartis kene?
I can not fynd quhat occasioun 3e meyn.
Haue we etlyt the Phrigyane febill geir
Down from the grund to welt our into weir?
Quhidder was it we, or than Parys, that faltyt,
That wrachit Troianys by Grekis war assaltit?
Quhat was the causs that Europ and Asya

To rayss the weir in armys war sa thra
Aganyst otheris, and thar auld allyans
With thiftuus reif to brek on sic myschans?
Was I not governour and cheif ledar thar,
The tyme quhen that the Troiane adulterar
Ombesegyt the cite of Spartha,
And the queyn Heleyn reft and brocht awa?
Or quhidder gif I evir into that weir
Mynysterit dartis, wapynnys or sic geir?
Or 3it that bargane stuffyt or bet, lat se,
With Cupydis blynd lust and subtilite?
Than had bene honest tyme, and ganand baith,
Till haue previdit for thy frendis skaith.
Now, al to layt, with thyne iniust complantis
Aganyst ws thou rysis, and attantis
Forto warp owt thy vane wordis chydyng,
Quhilk certis may avale the in na thing.”
With siclyke wordis Iuno fra end to end
Gan hir querrell sustene and als defend,
And all the hevynly wightis dyd quhyspir and rown,
In opynyons full diuerss, vp and down —
Lyke as first, or wyndis blast be persave,
The swouch is hard within the woddis waif,
With frasyng soundis quhisland, 3it onknaw
Quharof cumis this bruyt owt throw the schaw,
All thocht it be to maryneris a syng,
Of wyndis blast to follow sur taknyng.
The fader than omnipotent maist hie
That our all thingis hess souerane maieste,
Begouth to say, and quhen he spak, all cessyt,
The hevynly heich howss of goddis was pecyt,
The erthis grund schuke trymlyng for feir,
And still but movyng stud the hevynnys cleir,
The wyndis eik thar blastis lownyt sone,
The sey calmyt hys fludis playn abone.
“Ressaue,” quod he, “my sawis, and tak tent,
And thir my wordis within 3our myndis enprent.

Sen that algatis 3it may not sufferit be
Latynys confidir with Troianys and Ene,
Nor 3e can nocht mak end of 3our debait,
I sal me hald indifferent, the meyn gait,
And as for that, put na diuersyte
Quhiddir so Italianys or Troianys thai be;
Quhow evir this day the fortoun with thame standis,
Bruke weill thar chance and werd on athir handis,
Lat ich of thame hys hoip and fortoun sew:
Quhidder so the fatys hess determyt of new
Troianys to be assegit with Italianys
To thar myscheif, or wraik of the Troianys,
Quhilkis with frawart admonytions sa lang
Peraventour hess errit and gane wrang —
Nowder Troianys nor Rutilianys freith will I.
Lat athir of thame thar awin fortoun stand by,
And bruke thar wark thai haue begun; but faill,
Kyng Iupiter salbe to all equale.
The fatis sal provyd a way mair habill.”
And with that word, fortill hald ferm and stabill
Hys godly aith and promys, sworn hess he
Be Stix the flude, Pluto hys broderis see,
Be that ilk pykky layk with brays blak,
And laithly golf, to kepe all that he spak,
And, til afferm hys aith, at hys lykyng
The hevynnys all maid trymbill, for a syng.
Thus endit was the consale, and al doyn,
And Iupiter rayss fra hys goldyn troyn,
Quham hevynly wightis amyddis thame with ioy
Ontill hys chymmys ryall dyd convoy.
Quhou the Troianys defendis thar cyte,
Eneas absent sekand mair supple.
Duryng this quhile, all the Rutilianys stowt
The cite portis lappit rownd abowt,
Forto down bet the Troianys, euery syre,
Inveroin all the wallys with hait fyre.
Eneas barnage, at myschefis huge

Thus ombeset, and segyt but refuge,
Inclusyt war but hop to wyn away,
And sobyrly at defens, as thai may,
On the hie towris hedis stud on raw.
Ful thyn the cirkylls of the wallys law
Thai mannyt abowt, for in the first front stude
Iasyus, Imbrasus son, and eik the gude
Tymetes, son of strang Icetoan,
And by thame also the Assaracus twane,
The eldar Thybrys with Castor full wroth,
Brethir germane to Kyng Sarpedon boith,
Quham Clarus had and Hemon, ferys twa,
Followyt from the hie realm of Lycya.
Ane Agmon of Lyrnesya fast thar by
Presys with all the forss in hys body
A felloun stone to welt the wallys tyll,
Quhilk semyt be a gret part of a hyll;
Na less of statur than hys fader Clytyus
Was he, nor ellys hys brother Mnestheus.
With dartis thai assaill the cite fast,
And thai defend with slungis and stane cast;
Sum presys thik the wyld fyre into slyng,
The arrowys flaw spangand fra euery stryng.
The Dardane child, the 3yng Ascanys,
Principall thocht and cuyr of Dame Venus,
Amyd the rowtis, in covert quhar he 3eid,
Thar mycht be seyn in hys fresch lustyhed,
Lyke as ane gem, with hys brycht hew schynyng,
Departis the gold set amydwart the ryng,
Or in the crownell pyght, or rych hynger,
Quhilk doys the nek array or the hed ger;
And mair semly than evor bane to se,
Craftely closyt within the box of tre,
Or than amyd the blak terbynthyn
Growys by Orycia; and, as the geit dois schyne,
Hys curland lokkis hyngis down weill dek
About hys schuldris our hys mylk quhyte nek,

Ane circulet of plyabill gold so bryght
Abuf hys haris apon hys hed weil pyght.
Thow Ismarus, of magnanymyte
Fulfyllit, eik thar myght men the se,
Invnctand venemus schaftis the ilk tyde,
Address dartis, and wyrk wondis full wyde;
Cummyn of the gentill blude of Meony,
In Lyde cuntre born thou was, fast by
The plentuus sulze quhar the goldyn ryver
Pactolus warpys on grund the gold vre cleir.
Reddy at hand was Mnestheus wight,
Quham the renowne of this 3istir nycht,
For that he Turnus our the dychys drave,
Full prowde maid in hys curage our the laif.
With hym was Capys thar alsso, quham by
The town Capua is namyt in Champany.
Thus athir party into hard barganyng
Stude at debait, quhill Eneas the kyng,
With all hys ferys, baith day and mydnycht
Slydis throw owte the salt famys lyght.
For efter that fra Kyng Evander he
Departit was, as heir abufe said we,
And entrit in amyde the Tuscan tentis,
The kyng he socht, and tald hym hys ententis,
Hys name to hym rehersyng and hys blude,
And hys desyre, fully to conclude,
Hess schawyn planely, twychand quhat he socht,
And quhat supple alsso with hym he brocht,
And tald quhat army prowde Mezentius
Had convenyt, and how the bald Turnus
So violent and ferse was in hys will,
Exhortyng hym to tak gode heyde heirtill,
And how instabill was all warldis chance,
All manis surte hyngand in ballance;
And onto this hys request and prayer
Adionynt Hess on full gudly maner.
Thar was na mair delay, bot Tarchon kyng

All reddy was to fulfyll hys lykyng,
With moblys and all ryches at command,
And vp gan knyt thar fordward and cunnand
Of amyte and perpetuall ally.
Than of the fatys fre, in thar navy,
At command of the goddis, pepill Tuscan
Ar entrit in thar schyppys euerilkane,
Submytting thame ontill a strange duke.
Eneas barge than furth the vayage tuke
Befor the laif, as almeral of the flote,
And in hir stevyn kervyn full weil, God wot,
The lyonys that the Phrygyane armys bene,
Abufe the quhilkis porturat fair and greyn
Was Ida forest, to fugytyve Troianys
Thar best belovyt forest and natyve wany.
In hyr was set the gret prynce Eneas,
That with hym self can mony thing cumpas
Twychyng the chancis of batal in that tyde.
Pallas adionyt sat by hys left syde,
And he at hym dyd wysly ask and speir
The curss and namys of the starnys cleir,
Quhilk in the styl hevyn schynys on the nycht;
Now speris he, franand with all hys myght,
To know Eneas wandryng be the see,
And quhou huge payn he had on landis dre.
Heir comptis Virgill the pepil of Tuscan,
Quhilkis with Eneas com to the bargane.
The Musys now, sweit goddassis ychone,
Oppyn and oncloss 3our mont of Helycon,
Reveil the secretis lyand in 3our mycht,
Entone my sang, address my style at rycht,
To schaw quhat pyssance, ostis and army
At this tyme from the boundis of Tuscany
In falloschyp com with the prynce Ene,
And stuffyt schippys of weir set to the see.
Fyrst, Prynce Massycus cummys with hys rowt,
Into hys barge Tygrys, with stelyt snowt,

Sowchand throw owt the fludis quhar scho went,
A thowsand stowt 3ong men of hys talent
Vndir hym ledyng, for the batale bown,
From Clusyum com vmquhile, that nobill town,
And fra the Tuscan cite of Cosa;
Baith castyng dartis and flany vsyth tha,
With arrow casys and other quavyrris lycht,
And mortal bowys buklyt for the fyght.
Sammyn furth salys Abas, and hym by
Hys barnage stud enarmyt rychly;
Hys weirlyke schip our the fludis ilkane
Of god Appolloys goldyn statw schane.
The rych cyte of Populonyas,
Hys natyve cuntre, quharof born he was,
Sax hundreth men of armys in wer expert
With hym hess send, and the ile in that part
Illua callyt, within the Tuscan see,
Sa rych of steill it may nocht wastyt be,
Thre hundreth eik hess send with hym to pass.
The thryd capitane, worthy Asylas,
Of goddis eik and men interpretur,
Of euery spayng craft that knew the cuyr,
Quhat the hart pypis and bestis entralys ment,
Quhat signyfeit the starnys, quhar thai went
Thar rycht cursis abufe the hevynnys hie,
And euery byrdis vocis weil knew he,
And quhat betaknyt, schynyng from the hevyn,
Thyr fyry blastis or this thundris levyn;
A thousand men assemblyt with hym ledis,
With awful speris and scharp grundyn hedis;
Quham the Hetruscan cite, Pysa gud,
Inhabyt first from Alpheus that flude,
Send tyll obey hym as thar capitane.
Syne followys Astur, the semlyast of ane,
Astur, maist sovyr horsman forto seik,
Of variant cullour was hys armour eik;
Thre hundreth walyt men with hym he led.

All of a will, furth to the batal sped
The folkis alhail dwelt in the cite sweit
Of Agelyn, otherwyss callyt Cerete,
And thai that dwellys in tha feldis, I wyss,
Endlang the bankis of flud Mynyonyss,
Or intill ancyeint Pyrgus town allsua,
Or inhabytis the cyte Grauyssa,
Ful contagius of tempest and grewss ayr.
Suld I the pretermyt, sen thou was thar,
I meyn the, Cygnus, of Lygurianys
The cheif ledar, amang other capitanyss
Ane the maist forcy into batal sted?
Ne wil I not for3et, suld I be ded,
The, strang Cupauus, with thy few men3e,
Fra quhais tymbret rysys apon hie
The lusty swannys fedrame, brycht and scheyn
(The cryme and cawss of all 3our woful teyn
Was luf and amouris), or pompus array
Schrowd in 3our faderis connysans al to gay.
For, as thai tell, quhil dolorusly Cygnus
Maid hys complant amang the scroggy buss
Of poppill tre branschis lang and squar,
Quharin the twa systeris transformyt war,
And gan bewail Phaeton, hys best belovyt;
Quhil that he sang and playt, as hym behwyte,
The dolly tonys and lays lamentabill,
With sic regrate to comfort and astabill
Hys hevy amorus thochtis ennoyus,
In quhite canoss soft plumys ioyus
Became ourheld, in lyknes of a swan,
And led hys age na mar furth lyke a man,
Bot tuke hys flycht vp from the erd in hy
And with a swouchand voce socht in the sky.
Hys son, this tyde, havand hys falloschippys
Distribut equally into syndry schippys,
Amang the navy and the flote at large,
With ayris rollys furth hys bustuus barge,

Clepyt Centaurus, and ithandly syne he
Dryvys throu fludis of the stormy see.
Byg of statur stude he lyke to feght,
Bostand the streme with ballast of huge weght,
And with hys lang and lusty ballyngar
Ourslydis the deip fludis in thar fair.
The nobill Ocnus from hys natyve land
A fair army assemlyt brocht at hand,
Son of god Tibris, the Tuscan ryver,
Beget apon Manthus the lady cleir,
That was baith nympe and famus prophetes.
Thys Ocnus was the ilk man quhilk express
Of Mantua the cite dyd he wall,
And eftir hys said moderis name can call
Mantua, myghty of ald ancystry
And forfaderis. Bot hys geneology
Was not of ane kynrent cummyn all,
For that town had thre clannys principall,
And, vnder euery clan or trybe of tha,
War other sobyr famyllis twyss twa;
Mantua eik was cheif and principall hed
Till all thir pepill wonnyng in that sted,
Takand thar forss and hardyment ilkane
From the lynage and nobill blude Tuscan.
Mezentius, throu hys auld tyrranny,
Furth of this cite aganyst hym in hy
Fyve hundreth men till armys maid do steir;
Quham Myncyus, the fresch rynnand ryver,
That from the lowch of Bennacus ischis down,
And is ourheldyt all with redis brovn,
Hess careit to the braid seys large
Within thar weirly schip and awfull barge.
Furth held the stowt and degest Aulestes,
Quhilk with gret strenth of rowaris in that press,
Rasyng thame on thar thoftis for the nanys,
The fludis smate with hundreth arys at anys,
Quhill that the fomy stowr of stremys le

Vpweltis from the braid palmys of tre.
The mekill howke hym bair was Tryton callyt,
For in hir forstam was the monstre stallt,
With watry trumpe fleyand the fludis gray;
Quhar as scho salyt, men mycht se hym ay
With byrsy body porturyt, and vissage
All rowgh of harys, semyng of cullage
In mannys form fra hys cost to hys crown,
Bot from hys belly, and thens fordwart down,
The remanent straucht lyke a fyschis tayll,
In symylitud of huddon or a quhaill;
Vndre the breist of this ilk bysnyng thyng
The sey wallys bulrand makis murnyng.
Sa mony walyt capitany, nobill men,
In help of New Troy, with schippys thriss ten,
Slydis throw the salt stremys of the see
With stelyt stevynnys and bowand bylge of tre.
Eneas schippis, translait in nymphis of see,
Tald hym quhou Turnus assegit cyte.
Be this declynynt was the days lyght;
The moyn intill hyr waverand cart of nycht
Held rollyng throw the hewynnys myddil ward,
As Eneas, the Troiane prynce and lard,
For thochtis mycht na wyss hys membris rest,
Samony curys in hys mynd he kest,
Bot sat in proper person, and nane other,
To steir hys carvell and to rewle the ruther,
And forto gyde the salys takand tent.
Onone, amynd hys curss, thar as he went,
Recontyris hym hys falloschip in hy
Of nymphis, quham of schippys and his navy
The haly moder, clepyt Cybele,
Maid to becum goddessys in the see.
All sammyn swam thai, hand in hand yfeir,
And throw the wallys fast dyd sewch and scheir,
Als feill in numbyr nymphys throu the flude,
Als laitly with thar stelyt stevynnys stude

Of Troiane schippys by the costis syde.
A weil far way, as our the streme thai glyde,
Thar kyng thai knaw, and all in carralyng
About hys schyp went circulyt in a ryng,
Amangis quham, in speche the maist expert,
Cymodocea to the wail astart,
And with hir ryght hand can the eft casteill
Do gryp onon, that all hir bak ilk deill
Abuf the sey watir dyd appeir;
Beneth the calmyt stremys fair and cleir
With hir left hand craftely swymmys sche;
Syne on this wyss spekis till Enee,
That of this wonderus mervell knew na thing:
“Walkis thou or not, thou verray goddis ofspryng,
Our prynce and master Eneas? Now awaik,
Takill thy schippys, and thy schetis sclaik.
We beyn thy navy and thy flote,” quod sche,
“Bowyt sum tyme of fyr and bych tre,
Grew in the haly top of mont Ida,
And now, as present thou behald ws may,
Nymphes we beyn, and salbe euermor.
For, as 3on faithles Turnus by the schor
Invadyt ws with glavys and with fyre,
On forss constrenyt for the flambyss schire,
Thy cabillys we in sundyr brak in haist,
To seik the throw the sey, as we war chaist;
And than the moder of goddis, Cybele,
Havand of ws compassioun and piete,
In this figour hass ws all translait,
For euermar tobe deificat,
As goddessys, quhar so ws lykis best,
Amangis the fludis forto leif and lest.
Bot thy deir child, 3yng Ascanyus stowt,
Besegyt is, and closyt rownd abowt
With wallys, fowcy and trynschis, ather syde,
Amyd dartis or quarrellys fast doys glyde,
And dreidfull hostis of stern pepill Latyne,

By weir enforsyng to distroy all thyne.
Evandrus horsmen, clepyt Arcadanys,
Mydlyt sammyn with Hetrurianys,
Quham in thy help thou sendis by the land,
Thai placis now, quhar as thou gaue command,
Can occupy, abydand thy cummyng:
Bot Turnus hess determyt, as certane thing,
Gret garnysonys to send betwix thame sone,
That 3our hostis sall not togidder ioyn.
Get vp, haue done, and sone in the mornyng,
Alsswyth as the brycht day begynnys to spryng,
Thy ferys haill thou fyrst to harnes call,
And with thy scheild invynsibill tharwithall
Thy selvyn schrowd, quham mychty god of fyre
To the, as ane maist souerane lord and syre,
Hass wrocht and gevyn, and with gold sa brycht
The bordouris hass ourgylt and forgit at rycht.
Gyf thou belevys not my sawys invayn,
The lyght of day to morn, I schaw the playn,
Huge hepys sal behald in feld dung down
Of Rutilianys by fell occisioun.”
Thus said sche, and, departand with a skyp,
By hir rycht hand schowys furth the schyp
As scho that was in that craft rycht expert,
And throw the wallys on the tother part
Glydys away vndir the fomy seys,
Als swyft as gan3e or feddyrrit arrow fleys,
That stryvys forto pyngill with the wynd:
The remanent hir followys fast behynd.
Anchises son, the gret Troiane Ene,
Awondris, onwyttynge quhat this mycht be,
And, nethelless, hys curage dyd avance
With this ilk fatale augury or chance;
Syne schortly, lukand to the hevyn abone,
On this maner can pray and maid hys boyn:
“O blyssyt moder of the goddis,” quod he,
“That hallowyt art in the montane Ide,

Quhamto the toppys of mont Dyndyman,
And eik the towryt citeis mony ane,
With renyt lyonys 3okkyt to the char,
Ful tendyr bene and hartly euermar;
Be thou in batall now my president,
Be my protectrix, dewly takand tent
At this orakyll be hastyt to our weill;
O haly goddess, with happy fute of seill
Cum and assistis to thyne awyn Troianys.”
No mor he spak, bot, with that word atany,
In the meyn quhile vpspryngis the brycht day,
Chasand the clowdis of the nycht away.
And fyrst Eneas gan hys ferys command
Thar baneris to displayt and follow at hand,
Thar curage eik and curace to address,
And graith thame for the batail all express.
For he, be than, hys Troianys mycht behald,
And of the eft schyp into hys town and hald
Men mycht hym se and knaw, quhar at he stude,
Hys schynand new scheild from amynd the flud
Into hys left hand rasyt hie on hyght.
The Troianys from the wallys of that sycht
War sa reiosyt, vp thai rasyt a cry
That rerdis to the starnys in the sky.
The hoip of hys returnyng hait as fyre
Dowblyt thar curage, and vprasyt thar ire,
That with thar handis fast thai dartis slyng,
With sic a dyn of clamour and crying,
And trumpys blast rasyt within the town
Sik maner bruyt, as thocht men hard the sovn
Of crannys crowplyng, fleand in the ayr
With spedy fard in randoun heir and thar;
As from the flude of Trace, hait Strymone,
Vndre the dyrk clowdis, oft we se,
Thai fle the weddris blast and rak of wynd,
Thar glaidsum soundis followand thame behynd.
Bot quhat mycht meyn this affeir and deray

A gret farly and wondyr was, perfay,
To Turnus, kyng of Rutuleis, that tyde,
And the Italiane dukis hym besyde,
Quhill thai at last beheld towart the cost,
And saw the navy cum and mekill ost,
Semand the sey of schippys all ourflet.
The creist or schynand tymbret that was set
Abufe Eneas helm and top on hyght
Kest byrnand flambyss with a glytterand lycht,
And eyk the goldyn boyss of hys bukleir
Large fyry stremys on breid schew fair and cleir —
Lyke as the comete stern sanguynolent,
With hys red cullour tryst and violent,
Schynys sum tyme apon the donk nycht;
Or frawart Syrius, that fervent star brycht,
Quhilk with the scaldand heyt at hys rysyng
Byrnys the erth of drowth, and is the syng
Pretendand tyll all mortale folk, I gess,
Contagys infirmyteis and seiknes,
That with hys schrewyt lyght canicular
Infekkyt all the hevynnis and the ayr.
Bot Turnus hardy stalwart hie curage,
For all this feir, demynyst nevir a stage,
Quhilk manfully schup thame to withstand
At the cost syde, and dyng thame of the land,
That on na wyss thar thai suld arryve;
And with glaid semlant gan his folk belyve
Exortyng forto rayss thar spretis on hie,
And with hys wordis forthirmar eik he
Gan thame repreif of thar sa hasty feir.
“Lo! now present,” says he, “is cummyn heir
The mater quhilk 3e lang desyrit haue;
The tyme is now to gryp in hand 3our glaif;
The tyme of batale reddy is at hand,
Quhar strenth beis schawyn in stalwart stowr to stand.
Now euery man ramembir on his spowss,
Thynk on thar natyve land and dwellyng howss;

Reduce 3e now onto 3our mynd, ilkane
The worthy actis of 3our eldris bygane,
Thar lovabyll fame, and 3our awyn renowne;
And lat ws formest haist ws to the see,
And thar recontyr our fays, or thai land,
Quhill as thai first set fut apon the sand,
With slyde tocummin, half deil in effray,
Or thai thar fut steppis ferm, and tak array.
Hap helpis hardy men, be myne avyss,
That weil dar tak on hand stowt interpryss.”
Thus said he, and tharwith in hys thocht
Devisys quham maist ganandly he mocht
Led with hym, to resist and meit his fays,
Or quham he suld not from the sege vprays,
Bot styll remane to ferm and closs the town,
The wallys and the trynschis enveroun.
Eneas fra the schippis landit his ost,
And Turnus thame assalit at the sey cost.
In the meyn session, the Troiane Ene
Begouth hys folkis from thar schippis hie
On bryggis and on plankis set on land:
Mony abaid the ebbing of the sand,
Quhill the swarf fard wallys abak dyd draw,
Than in the schaldis dyd thai leip on raw;
And sum with ayris into coggis small
Etlyt to land. But tho amang thame all
The prynce Tarchon can the schor behald,
Thar as hym thocht suldbe na sandis schald,
Nor 3it na land bryst lypperryng on the wallys,
Bot quhar the flude went styll, and calmyt all is
But stowr or bullyr, murmour or movyng;
Hys stevynnys thydder steryng gan the kyng,
And on this wyss hys ferys dyd exort:
“Now, O 3e walyt flour of weir, at schort,
Bend vp 3our ayris styth, and rayss 3our schippys.
Haist ovr the flude, bair to the schoyr with skyppys,
And with 3our stelyt stevynnys, ane and all,

Thys ground onfrendly to ws and inimicall
Do scheir and cleif in sundyr lyke a stok,
Lat euery barge do prent hir self a dok:
Na forss I not in sik port by this meyn
To brek the schyp, sa we the land atteyn.”
Fra Tarchon had thir wordis said, but mair
Hys feris startis ilk man till ane ayr.
The stowrand famy bargis dyd rebound,
Inrowand fast towart the Latyn grond,
Quhyl that thar stammys tuke the bankis dry,
And thar kelys stak in the slyke fast by,
Bot ony harm or danger, euery one.
Bot sa tyd not onto thy schyp, Tarchon,
For in the schald scho stoppys, and dyd stand
Apon a dry chyngill or bed of sand,
A lang tyme all to schakyng with the flude,
Quhill fynaly, thar rokkand as scho stude,
To brystis scho, and ryvys all in sondyr,
Warpyt the men amynd the faym thar vndir;
The plankis, hechis and mony brokyn ayr,
That on the streym went flotand heir and thar,
Maid to thar landing gret impediment,
And slyddry glar so from wallys went
That oft thar feyt was smyttyn vp on loft;
Bot finally, all drowkyt and forwrocht,
Thai salwynt war, and warpyt to the cost.
Than na delay of sleuth nor feir ne bost
With held Turnus, bot with hys haill armee
Aganyst Troianys by the cost of the see
He dyd array all sammyn in that stound.
The trumpettis blew thar bludy weirlyke sownd.
And fyrst, in syng of gud luk in the weris,
Ene the rowtis of the lauboreris,
Or rurall husbandis, invadis and ourset,
And hess the Latyn commonys haill doun bet,
By slauchter fyrst of thar chiftane, Theron,
Amang all otheris the biggast man of one,

Quhilk set apon Eneas or he wyst;
Bot he throw owt hys syde hys swerd hes thyrst,
Persyt the stalwart platit scheild of steill,
And throw the schynand hawbrek euery deill;
The gilty mail³eis makis hym na sted,
For in the cost he tholys dynt of ded.
Syne smate he Lychas, and hym hess al to torn,
That of hys ded moderis waym was furth schorn,
And onto Phebus god was consecrait,
And was sa chancy in hys ³ong estait
That he the swerd eschapit by hys hap;
Bot not at this tyme so the dedis clap.
And not far thens this douchty Eneas
Kyllyt the dour and stalwart Cysseas,
And put to deth the bustuus Gyas strang,
That with hys burdoun down haill rowtis dang:
Thar strenthy handis helpyt thame na thyng,
Nowder Hercules wapynnys nor armyng
Mycht thame defend, nor ³it thar syre, that heght
Melampus, and compan³eon was in fecht
To Hercules in hys sair iourneis feill,
Quhil he in erth was levand and in heill.
And lo, as Pharon cryis and dois rowst
With haltand wordis and with mekill woust,
Eneas threw a dart at hym that tyde,
Quhilk, as he gapyt, in hys mowth dyd glyde.
And thou also, the fey Greyk, Cydon,
Quhilk strangly luffyt thir ³ong childer ichone,
As thou the ³yng Clytius dyd persew,
Quhais ³allow berd begouth to spryng of new,
And was alhaill thy new lust and desyre,
Be the rycht hand of this ilk Troiane syre
Thar had bene maid end of thy amouris greyn,
And wrachitly had lyin ded, I weyn,
War not the brethir of the clan Phorcany
Apon Eneas assemblit all atanys;
In numbyr sevyn thai war, and dartis sevin

Alsammyn thai kest, forcy as fyry levin,
Of quham sum dyd but harm or other deir
Stot from hys scheild, his hewmet or hed geir,
And sum, that wald haue hyt hys corps in hy,
Venus hys haly moder choppyt by.
Than to the traist Achates said Ene:
“Reik me dartis and castyng speris,” quod he,
“That in the Grekis bodeis fixit stude,
Quhylum in Troys planys bedyit with blude,
And my rycht hand sall thraw thame so ilkane
On Rutulanys, that nane sal fle invane.”
A bustuus schaft with that he grippyt hass,
And incontrar hys aduersaris gan tayss
Quhilk flaw towartis Meonyus fast by;
Owt throw the scheild platit with steill in hy
Duschyt the dynt, and throw the corslettis glydis,
Gyrd throw the cost persyng baith the sydis.
Onto hym startis Alcanor, hys brothir,
To beir hym vp, quhen that he saw hym schuddir,
With hys rycht arm, bot throw hys gardy sone
The grundyn hed and bludy schaft ar done,
Furth haldand the self randoun as it went;
The ryght arm, from the schulder al to rent,
Apon the mankyt sennonys hyngis by,
As impotent, quyte lamyt, and dedly.
Than Numytor furth of hys brotheris corps
Ruggis the trunschon, and with all hys forss
It swakkis at Ene, bot he na mycht
Had till attane ne wond the nobill knycht;
3yt with the dynt the gret Achates thee
He hurt and stren3eit hass a litill wee.
With this come Clawsus, full of vassalage,
Confidand in hys 3outh and florist age,
The Curytanys with hym brocht in the press,
And with a lang styf speir ane Dryopes
Smate in the halss, vnder the chyn, sa sair
That hym byreft was in the place rycht thar

Baith voce and spreit of lyfe, and that na wonder,
For hys nek bayn and throte war carf in sondir,
That doun he duschys with a felloun rerd,
Quhil that hys forret raschit on the erd,
And of hys mouth, a petuus thing to se,
The lopprit blude in ded thraw voydis he.
Thre otheris syne this ilk Clawsus hass slane,
Born into Trace of the clan Boryane;
And thre com fra the cite of Idas,
And other thre of cite Ismaras,
By diuerss chancis put he al to ded.
Alesus hym recontris in that sted,
And all the barnage com from Aurunca,
That auld cite; and thame followys alssua
To that melle the son of Neptunus,
That is to knaw, the worthy Mesapus,
Quhilk into horsman craft was maist expert.
Now presys this syde, and now 3onderwart,
To reill abak and to expell in fyght
Thar aduersaris, and mak thame tak the flycht.
Thus by the cost Ausonya that tyde
Hard wolx the batale apon athir syde.
As thocht sum tyme amynd the large ayr
The contrar wyndys stryvys heir and thar,
With brethfull blastis in thar equale nychtis,
Nane lyst obey tyll other, all sa wight is,
Nowder thai amang thame self, nor 3it the clowdis,
Ne 3it the rageand seys, quhilkis sa lowd is;
So that the bargane lang standis in dowl,
Quha salbe victor, and quha vnderlowt,
Sa forcyly remanys the elementis
Contrary otheris to thar awin ententis —
Nane other wyss the Troiane hostis in feild,
And Latyn rowtis 3okkit vnder scheild,
Metys in the melle: ionyt sammyn than
Thai fewtyr fut to fut, and man to man.
Quhou Pallas confortis his ost of Archadye,

Quhilkis gave the bak and tuke purposs to fle.
Bot quhen that Pallas at ane owtyr syde
Persavyt hys Arcad army that tyde
In sic a place had takyn land attanys,
Quhar as a burn had warpyt rowand stanys,
And buskis with the brays down had bet,
That thai war in sa hard myscheif ourset,
As men nocht vsyt forto go feght on fute,
And than, constrenyt, knew nane other buyt,
For scharpness of that sted, bot leif thar horss;
That weil persauyt he how that on forss
Thai gave the bak, and schupe to tak the flycht,
The Latynys followand thame in all thar mycht:
Than, quhile with prayer, now with wordis sowr,
Thar curage he enflambis to the stowr,
Quhilk maner havynGIS, suyth as is the creid,
As vtir poynt remedy at sik a neid.
“My ferys,” say he, “quhidder do 3e fle?
I 3ou beseik, be 3our gret renowne,
And be 3our forcy dedis done of ald,
And by 3our pryncis fame, Evander bald,
And be the ostis and mony victoryss
That 3e in weir and batale wan feill syss,
And be my gude beleif and hoyp, that now
With haill confidens restis fixt in 3ow,
As to atteyn onto my faderis glor,
To ondertak sik dedis done befor;
Do nevir, for schame, onto 3our self that lak,
To lyppyn in speid of fute and gyf the bak.
With swerdys dynt behuffis ws, perfay,
Throw amyddis our ennemys red owr way.
Quhar 3ondir sop of men thikkis in a rowt,
3ondir is the passage quhar we moste wyn owt;
3ondir 3our nobill cuntre wyl 3e pass;
3on way to wend exhortis 3our duke Pallas.
Heir is na power of dyvynyte,
Nor goddis myght gaynstandyng ws,” quod he,

“Nane other bargane haue we in thir fyghtis
Bot agane dedly and with mortale wightis:
Alsmony mortale bodeis heir haue we,
And als feill handis to debait the melle.
Behaldis, quhou the sey with obstakill gret
Inclusys ws, and at our bak can bet;
On land is left ws heir na place to fle.
Quhat, wald 3he ryn to Troy owt throw the see?”
Thus said he, and furthwith, or he wald cess,
Amyd hys fays ruschit in the press,
Quhar as the rowtis thikast war in stowr.
And first of other, to hys fatale howr,
Hym metys Lagus, a Rutilyane,
Quham fyrst ourrollyt with a mekill stane,
Throw gyrd hys cost syne with a castyng dart,
Persyng hys rybbys throuch, at the ilk part
Quhar beyn the cupplyng of the ryg bone,
And the ilk schaft stak in hys corss onone.
Pallas it ioggillit, and furth drew in hy;
Quham ane Hysbon, standand neir tharby,
Wenynt to have kawcht, bot the gryp he falyt;
For as onwar he stowpyt, and devalyt
Wod wroth for wo of this myschewss ded
Of hys deir fallow, in the ilk sted
Pallas hym kepptyt syk wyss on hys brand
That all the blaid, vp to the hylt and hand,
Amyd hys flaffand longis hyd hass he,
On sik maner that na man mycht it se.
Syne Pallas set apon Anchemolus
And Sthenelus, that of the kyng Rhetus
Prynce of Marrubyanys, ancyent pepill, beyn;
The quhilk Anchemolus was that ilk, I weyn,
Defowlyt hys faderis bed incestuously,
And had forlayn hys awyn stepmoder by.
And 3e also, stowt gemel brether twa,
Childir and sonnys onto hym Dawcya,
Tymber, I meyn, and thy brother Laryde,

Amyd the feild Rutiliane dyd abyde;
3e war sa lyke in form and symylitude
Nane mycht decern betwix 3ou quhar 3e stude
(Quhilk maner errour, or sik mys knawying,
To fader and mother is oft plesand thyng.
Seand thar childer resembill ane lykness);
Bot at this tyme hass Pallas, as I gess,
Markyt 3ou swa with sic rud differens,
That by hys keill 3e may be knaw fra thens.
For swa stud with the, Tymber, thou art ded,
Evandrus swerd hess swepyt of thy hed;
And thy rycht arm of smyttyn, O Laryd,
Amyd the feild lyis the besyde,
And half lyfless thi fyngyrris war sterand,
Within thy neif doys gryp and faik the brand.
Than schame and dolour, mydlit baith ourane,
Baldis the pepill Arcad eueryane
To the bargane aganyst thar ennemyss,
For Pallas wordis maid thar curage ryss,
And eik, for thai beheld befor thar eyne
Hys dowchty dedis, thai hym love and meyn.
For Pallas than throw gyrd Rhethus the kyng,
As he on cace glaid by on char fleying:
Na mair space was of tary ne delay
That Ilus deth prolongit the ilk day;
For as agane the, Ilo, with fell feir
Pallas addressyt had a stalwart speir,
Rhethus start in betwix, and cawch the dynt,
As he on cace was fleand ferss as flynt
From thy handis, the maist forcy Teutras,
And thy brother Tyres, that by the was:
Ourweltis Rethus in ded thrawys atanyis,
And with hys helys smayt the Rutilian planys,
Tumlyt from hys hie cart chargit quhar he sat,
And on the grund rebundis with a sqwat.
And lyke as sum tyme in the symmyris drowth,
Quhen wyndis rysys of the north or sowth,

In seir placis the hyrd, at hys desire,
Amang the scroggy rammell settis the fyre;
Wlcanus hostis of brym flambyes red
Spredand on breid, vpblesys euery sted;
Than he that set the kyndillyng glaid and gay
Behaldis quhou that the low doys mak deray,
Blesand and crakand with a nyce reuery —
Non other wyss, the Archadanys in hy
All sammyn socht in feild with all thar mycht,
And maid debait to help Pallas in fyght.
Bot tho Alesus, keyn into batale,
Thame to recontyr etlys, and assaill,
And gan hym self weil schrowd vnder his scheild,
Syn manfully ruschit amyde the feild,
Quhar that he slew ane Lacon, and Pheres,
And Demodocus eftir in the press
As hym Strymonys by the gorget grippyt,
With hys brycht brand hys rycht hand he of quhyppyt;
And Thoas syne sa smayt apon the hed
With a gret stane, quhil myxt of blud all red
The harnys poplit furth on the brayn pan.
Thys ilk Alesus fader, as witty man,
Forto eschew hys sonnys fatys strang,
Hyd hym prevely the thik woddis amang;
Bot, fra the auld Alesus lay to de,
And 3eldis vp the breth with wawland e,
The fatale systeris set to hand onon,
And can this 3ong Alesus so dispon,
That by Evandrus wapynnys, the ilk stownd,
He destinat was to caught the dedis wond;
Towart quham Pallas bownyt hass ful sone,
And in hys renk on this wyss maid hys boyn:
“Now grant, thou god and fader Tyberyne,
Gude chance and forton to this hed of myne
The quhilk I tayss apon this castyng speir,
That it may throw Alesus body scheir;
And 3on harness, cote armour and spulze brycht,

Quhilk now sa weirly schynys on 3on knycht,
Sall hyng apon ane ayk fast by thi bra.”
The god hys askyn hard as he dyd pray,
For quhil Alesus onavisytly
Cled with hys scheild Imaonus, hym by,
That was to hym hys frend and fallow deir,
Hys breist stud nakyt, but armour or geir,
Quharin he Pallas dedly schaft ressauyt.
Bot Lawsus, wilfull hys syde to haue savyt,
As he that was a gret part of the ost,
And lyst not suffir, with sik feir na bost,
Or slauchter maid be Pallas and deray,
At his cumpan3eis suld caucht mair affray,
Ruschit in the melle; and first in hys teyn
Slew Abas, that gret bargane dyd sustene.
The thikast sop or rowt of al the press,
Thar as maist tary was, or he wald cess,
Thys Lawsus alto sparpillyt and invadyss:
Down bettyn war the barnage of Archadyss,
Down bettyn eik war the Hethruryanys,
And 3he also, feil bodeis of Troianys,
That war not put by Grekis to vtyrrans.
Than all the ostis semlyt with speir and lans,
The chiftanys all ionyt with hail poweris,
The hyndmast wardis swarmyt al yferis;
So thik in staill all marryt wolx the rowt,
Oneyss mycht ony turn hys hand abowt
To weild hys wapyn, or to schuyt a dart.
Full douchtely Pallas on the ta part
Inforcis hym to greif hys fays that tyde;
Lawsus resistis on that othir syde.
Thar agis was not far indifferent,
And of maist semly statur, quhar he went,
Thai war excellent of bewte baith tway;
Bot so it stude, at fortoun, walloway,
Wald nother suffir to hys realm resort.
And nethelless to meyt sammyn at schort,

As into feild to preif thar hardyment,
The governour of hevyn omnipotent
Lyst na way thoill; for, belyve eftir this,
To athir of thame thar dedly fatys, I wyss,
To ane far grettar aduersar remanys,
As heir onon doys follow vnder anys.
Quhou that ferss Turnus has 3ong Pallas slane,
For quham hys folkis makis gret dolour and mayn.
Duryng this fervour of the bargane swa,
The haly nympe, clepit Iuturna,
Hir brother Turnus dyd monyss and exhort
To succur Lawsus, and hys folk support;
The quhilk Turnus, as in hys spedy char
The myd rowtis went sloppand heir and thar,
Beheld hys ferys debatand with Pallas:
“Lo, now is tyme to desist, and lat pass
All sic bargane,” quod he, “cessis in hy;
For I will set on Pallas anerly;
Only to me, and to nane other wight,
The victory pertenyis of sik a knycht;
Gladly I wald hys fader stude heirby,
This interpryss to dereyn and aspy.”
Thus said he, and hys feris at command
Voydit the feild, and all plane left the land.
Than 3ong Pallas, seand Rutylianys
Withdraw the feild sa swith, and rovm the planys,
At the prowde bydding of thar prynce and kyng,
Amervellit full gretly of this thing,
And farly can on Turnus to behald,
Our all hys bustuus body, as he wald,
Rollyng hys eyn, and all hys corps in hy
With thrawyn luke on far begouth aspy;
Syne movyng fordwart, with sic wordis on hie,
To answer Turnus speche, thus carpys he:
“Owthir now”, quod he, “for ay be lovyt I sall
Of ryche kyngly spulze triumphall,
Quhilk heir I sall rent from myne aduersar,

Or than salbe renownyt evirmar
Of ane excellent end moist gloryus.
Do wa thy bost and mannance maid to ws,
For my fader, quhom thou desyris besyde,
Reputtis all elyke, quhou evir the chance betyde.”
And sayand thus, amynd the plane furth startis:
The blude congelyt abowt Archadyane hartis.
Turnus down lepys from hys twa quhelit char,
And bownys fast towartis his aduersar.
Lyke as ane lyoun from the hillys hycht,
Amynd the valle had scharply gottin a sycht
Of sum prowde bull, with hys horn in the plane
Addressand hym reddy to mak bargane,
Cummys bradand on the best fast in a lyng —
On siclyke wyss was Turnus tocummyng;
And quhen that Pallas saw hym cum sa neir
He mycht areke to hym a casting speir,
Formast he bownys to the ionyng place,
Gyf sa betyd that forton, of hir grace,
Hys interpryss for stowt ondertakyng
Wald help, or hym support in ony thing,
As he that 3ong was, and of strenth all owt
Na wyss compeir to Turnus stern and stowt;
And to the gret goddis in hevyn abone
Apon this maner prayand said he sone:
“I the beseik, thou myghty Hercules,
Be my faderis gestnyng, and the ilk dess
Quhar thou strangear was ressauyt to herbry,
Assist to me, cum in my help in hy,
To perform this excellent fyrst iourne,
That Turnus in the ded thraw may me se
Bereif fra hym hys bludy armour red,
And 3aldand vp the breth in the ilk sted,
Mot with hys eyn behald me hym befor
In hie tryumphe, with ourhand as victor.”
Gret Hercules the 3ong man hard onon,
And from the boddum of hys hart can gron,

Hydand hys smart for rewth of Pallas 3yng,
Seand the fatys wald haue hys endyng;
And for ennoy salt terys, all invayn,
Furth 3ettyng our hys chekis thyk as rayn.
Tho Iupiter, hys curage to astabill,
Thus to hys son spak wordys amyabill:
“Tyll euery mortale wofull wight, perfay,
Determyt standis the fixit lattir day;
Ane schort and onrecoverabill term is set
Of lyfe, quhen all most neydlyngis pay that det:
Bot, to prolong thar fame by nobill dedis,
Fra vertuus wark that cumys and procedis.
Quhou mony sonnys and deir childryn,” said he,
“Of goddis kyn, vnder Troy wallys hie
War done to ded, and brytnyt blude and bone,
So that amangis all otheris Sarpedon,
My tendir get, my kyn and blude, lyis slane.
Forsuyth also, I say the into plane,
The fynale fayt awatis Turnus in feild,
The dait and methis approchis of hys eild.”
Of this wyss spak gret Iove to Hercules,
And with that word, hys eyn towart the press
On the Rutilian feild addressis he.
And, the ilk stownd, 3ong Pallas lattis fle
With mekill forss at Turnus a gret speir,
And syne onon hys brycht brand burnyst cleir
Hyntis furth of the scheith to mak debait.
The schaft flaw towart Turnus, and hym smait
Apon the schulder, abuf the gardis hie
That rysys vmast therapon we se,
And throw the bordour of the scheild swa persyt
Quhill fynaly in sum deill it traversyt,
And hurt a part of Turnus byg body.
Than Turnus smyttyn, full of felony,
A bustuus lance with grundyn hed ful kene,
That lang quhile taysyt he in proper teyn,
Leyt gyrd at Pallas, and thus wyss said he:

“Considir 3ongkeir, gyf our lancis be
Bettir of tempyr and mair penytratyve.”
And, with the word, the schaft flaw furth belyve,
So that the scharp poynt of the brangland speir
Throw owt amyddis of the scheild can scheir,
Persand sa mony platis of irne and steill,
And sa feill plyis of bull hydis ilk deill,
All sammyn cowchit in hys target strang,
The bustuus strake throw all hys armour thrang,
That styntit na thing at the fyne hawbryk,
Quhil throu the cost thyrlyt the dedly pryk.
Pallas, nocht schrynkand for the mortale dynt,
Invane the hait schaft of hys wond hess hynt,
For al togidder by the sammyn way
The blude and sawle passys hyne bath tway.
Apon hys wond onon he ruschis down,
Abuf hym rang hys harness with a sovn,
And that onfrendly erth ennymycall
That in hys deth he suld not scryk nor call,
As was the gyss, with bludy mowth bait he.
Turnus, abufe hym standand, carpys on hie:
“O 3he pepill of Arcaid, takis tent,
And my wordis do reherss and present
To Kyng Evandar, sayand hym playnly,
That hys son Pallas to hym send haue I
In sik array as that he hess deservyt;
And, of my gentryss, wil he be preservit
To all estait and honour funerall,
With all solace pertenyng beryall
Of tumbe and of entyrment, as efferis.
Na lytill thyng, perfay, into thir weris
Hes hym bycost the frendschip of Ene.”
And sayand thus, with hys left fut hes he
Pallas ded corps ourwelt, or euer he stent,
And syne abowt hys sydis sone hass rent
Hys goldyn gyrdill, pasand a gret deill,
Quharin was gravyn craftely and weil

Of Danavs douchteris the iniquyte,
Quhou that the fyfty 3ong men, schame to se,
War fowllly murthuryt on the first nycht,
As thai war spowsyt to thar ladeis brycht;
The chalmeris portyrit war bysprent with blude;
Quhilk historeis Eurition, warkman gude,
Had carvyt weill and wroch full craftely
In wegthy platis of the gold massy,
Of quhais spulze now is Turnus glaid,
Ioyfull and blyth that he it conquest had.
O manis mynd, so ignorant at all
Of thingis tocum and chancis quhilkis may fall!
Vpheit sone in blynd prosperyte,
Can not be war, nor myssour hald with the!
The tyme sall cum quhen Turnus sall, perpay,
Hait and wary this spulze and this day,
Desyrand he mycht by for mekill thing
That he had nevir twichit Pallas 3yng.
Abowt the corps assemblit tho his feris,
With mekill murnyng and huge plente of terys;
Apon a scheild Pallas body thai laid,
And bair hym of the feild, and thus thai said:
“O Pallas, quhou gret dolour and wirschyp
To thy fader, and all hys falloschip,
Sall thou rendre and bryng hame,” said thai.
“Thys was to the in weyrfar the first day,
Quhilk first in bataill dressyt the to go;
The ilk for ay hass the bereft tharfro!
And, not the less, thy swerd leiffis in the planys
Gret hepys ded of the Rutilianys.”
The rich Magus na ranson mycht reskew,
And preist Hemonydes, baith Eneas slew.
Tho nane incertane rumour nor demyng,
Bot sovyr boydword cam thar, and warnyng,
Ontill Eneas of this gret myschance,
Schawand quhou that his folkis stud in ballance,
As bot in litill distans all from ded;

The tyme requiryt forto set remeid,
And succur Troianys quhilkis had tane the flycht.
Than, as wod lyon, ruschit he in the fight,
And all quham he arekis nerrest hand
Without reskew dovn mawis with his brand;
The bytand blaid abowt hym inveroum
Amyd the rowtis reddis large rovm.
Enragit and inflambit thus in ire
Throw owt the ostis Turnus, that prowde syre,
Quhilk had this new slauchtir maid, socht he,
Ay prentand in his mynd befor hys e
The gudly Pallas, was sa stowt and 3yng,
And the gret gentryce of Evander kyng,
The cheir and fest hym maid bot a stranger,
Per ordour all thing, quhou and quhat maner
He was ressauyt and tretit thankfully,
Syne of hys band of frendschip and ally
With athis sworn and interchangit handis,
Remembryng tho his promyss and cunnandis.
Amovit in this heit, or euer he stynt,
Four 3ong men quyk he hess in handis hynt,
That born was of the cite hecht Sulmon;
Alsmony syne he takyn hass onon
Bred and vpbrocht besyde the flude Vfens,
Quham that he etlys forto send from thens
To Pallas lykewalkis and obsequeis,
To strow his funeral fyre of byrnand treis,
As was the gyss, with blude of presoneris,
Eftir the ald rytis into mortale weris.
Syne hynt Eneas a perellus lance in hand,
And it addressis far furth on the land
To ane Magus, that subtell was and sle,
And iowkit in vnder the speir hass he;
The schaft schakand flaw furth abufe hys hed;
And he Eneas in that sammyn sted
Abowt the kneis grippyt humylyly,
With petuus voce syne thus begouth to cry:

“By thy deir faderys gost I the beseik,
And be that gud beleif quhilk thou hass eik
Of Ascanyvs vprysyng to estait,
Thys silly sawle of myne, sa faynt and mayt,
Thow salf to my a son and fader deir.
I haue a howss, rych, full of mobillis seir,
Quharin bedelvyn lyis a gret talent,
Or charge of fyne siluer, in veschell quent
Forgyt and punsynt wonder craftely;
Ane huge weght of fynast gold tharby,
Oncunzeit 3it, ne nevir put in wark:
Sa thou me salf, thy pyssans is so stark,
The Troianys glory nor thar victory
Sall na thyng change nor dymynew tharby,
Nor a purr sawle, thus hyngand in ballance,
May sik diuisioun mak nor discrepans.”
Thus said this silly Magus, all invane,
Quhamtill Eneas answeris thus agane:
“Tha mony talentis of fyne siluyr and gold,
Quhilkis thou rehersand heir befor hess told,
Do kepe onto thi small childyr and ayris;
Lat thame bruke weill, I consent it be tharis.
All interchange and ransonyng, perfay,
In this batale Turnus hess done away,
Now laityly slayand 3ong Pallas, allace!
That rewthfull harm, and that myschews cace,
Felys baith Ascanyus and my faderis gost,
For thai na litill thyng tharby hess lost.”
Thus sayand, by the helm hym grippys he
With hys left hand, and fast as he mycht dre
Writh down hys nek, quharin, but mair abaid,
Hys bludy brand vp to the hyltis slaid.
Not far thens stude Hemonydes allane,
Prest onto Phebus and the thrynfald Dyane,
On quhais hed wympillit holy garlandis
With thar pendentis lyke to a mytyr standis,
Hys habyt as the scheyn son lemand lycht,

And all hys armour quhite and burnyst brycht;
Quham Eneas assalyt myghtyly,
And gan to chayss owt throw the feld in hy,
That fleand stummyrryt and to grond went sone;
The Troiane prynce down lowtis hym abone,
And with hys brand hym brytnys at devyss,
In maner of ane offerand sacryfyss.
The large schaddow of Eneas in feild
Dyd hail the ded corps of this preist ourheld.
Serestus sortis vp hys armour gay,
And on hys schuldris careit hess away,
To hyng as trophe or syng victoriall
Tyll Mars the god, quhilk Gradyus is call.
Quhat douchty chiftanys of the Latyn land
That day Eneas kyllit with hys hand.
Ceculus, discendit of Wlcanus blude,
And Vmbro eyk, the stalward chiftane rude,
That cum was fra the montanys Marsyane,
The bargane stuffis, relevand in agane.
Bot Eneas, discend from Dardanus,
Ganstandis thame, ful brym and furyus,
And onto ane, hech Anxurus, in the feild
Of strak the left arm all down with the scheld;
Quhilk had maid sum gret vant, spekand proudly,
Wenyng that in hys sawys by and by
Thar had bene gret effect and hardyment,
As thocht he wald extoll in hys entent
Hys manhed to the hevyn and starnys hie,
And promyss to hym self, for hys bonte,
Agit kannos hayr and lang process of 3eris:
Lo, now he lyggis law, for all hys feris!
Syne baldly with glaid curage, as I gess,
Agane Eneas can Tarquytus dress,
In schynand armour wonder proud and gay,
Of Dryope born, the nymphe or schene may,
To Fawnus wonnyng in the woddis greyn;
And, to recontyr Ene inflambyt in teyn,

Kest hym selvyn; bot the tother, but feir,
Buyr at hym mychtyly with a lang speir
Throw owt hys scheild of payss and hawbrik fyne,
That to the grund gan down hys hed declyne;
All thocht he than full humylly hym besocht,
And schupe to say mekill, all was for nocht;
Hys pallat in the dust bedowyn stude,
And the body baithit in the hait blude
Ene ourweltis, sayand thir wordis withall,
With trublit breist and mynd inimicall:
“Now ly thou thar, that wenyit the so wight
That thou was feirfull ontill euery wight.
Thy best belovit mother sall the not haue
To erd, as custum is, nor delf in grave,
Na do thy bonys honour with sik cuyr
As thame to lay in fadyrris sepultur;
Bot salbe left to the wild bestis fuyd,
Or than the spait watir of this flude
Sal bair the in the deip, and thar on raw
With empty throtis sal thy banys gnaw
Thir sey monstreys in thar wod rage,
And lape thy blude thar hungir to asswage.”
Syne, but delay, Antheus and Lycas,
Quhilkis that of Turnus first ward ledaris was,
Persewys he, and also Numa bold,
And Camerthes, brycht schynand all of gold,
Son of the manly Volscens capitan;
In all the fertill grond Ausonyane
The richast man, and kyng was this Volscens
Of Amyclys the cite of silens.
And lyke as Egeon, the kyng of gyandis,
Quhilk had, thai say, ane hundreth armys and handis,
And fyfty mowthys, of quham the fyre dyd schyne,
As he into the batale gigantyne
Incontrar Iovis thundir and fyre flaucht
With alsmony scharp drawyn swerdis fawght,
Clatterand in bargane with samony scheildis —

The sammyn wyss, enragent throw the feildis
Went Eneas, as victor with ourhand,
Fra tyme that anys bedyit hys burnyst brand
And wet he had in hait Rutiliane blude.
So that alsso, in this ilk fury wod,
He draif at Nypheus amynd the breste bane,
Set in hys fourquhelit chariot allane;
Bot fra the horss on far dyd hym aspy
Sa grym of cheir stalkand sa bustuusly,
For feir thai start abak, and furth can swak
The duke Nypheus wyd oppyn on hys bak,
And brak away with the cart to the schor,
With stendis feill and mony bray and snor.
The self stound, amynd the press fut hoyt
Lucagus entyris in hys chariote,
With quhyte horss drawyng wonder lustely,
Hys brother Lyger sittand neir hym by;
This Lyger led the ren3eis with hys hand,
Bot bald Lucagus swakkis a burnyst brand.
Eneas mycht nocht suffir nor sustene
Of thame sic fervour in thar felloun teyn,
Bot ruschit furth, and with a gret speir
Forganyst thame can into feght appeir;
Quhamto this Liger carpys upon hie:
“Thou seys nocht Dyomedis stedis heir,” said he,
“Nor 3it Achillis char persavis draw,
Thocht athir venquyst the in feild, we know;
Nor 3it the Troiane planys behaldis thou.
The end of thyne age and of bargane now
Salbe maid in thir landis on this grond.”
Sic wordis vayn and omsemly of sovnd
Furth warpys wyde this Lyger fulychly,
Bot the Troian barroun onabasitly
Na wordis pressis to rendir hym agane,
Bot at hys fa leyt fle a dart or flayn,
That hyt Lucagus, quhilk, fra he felt the dynt,
The schaft hyngand into hys scheild, but stynt

Bad dryf hys horss and char al fordwart strecht,
As he that hym addressit to the fecht,
And strekit furth hys left fut in hys char;
Bot sone Eneas speir was reddy thar,
Beneth hys schynand scheild reversyt law,
So that the grondyn hed the ilk thraw
At hys left flank or leisk persyt tyte,
Quhill clar owt our the charyot is he smyte,
And on the grond weltis in the ded thrawys;
Quham on this wyss with sowr wordis and sawys
The petuus Eneas begouth to chyd:
“Lucagus,” said he, “forsuyth as at this tyde
Na slaw curss of thy horssys onweldy
Thy cart has rendryt to thyne ennemy,
Nor 3it na vayn wrathys nor gaistis quent
Thi char constrenyt bakwart forto went,
And malgre thyne withdraw thi fays gryppys;
Bot lo now, of thy fre will, as thou skyppys
Owtour the quhelys of thy cart, God wait,
Levand the renys and horss all desolat.”
Thys beand said, the horss renys he hynt.
The tother fey brother, or evyr he stynt,
Lap fra the cart, and kneland petuusly,
Vphevand hys bayr handis, thus dyd cry:
“O Troiane prynce, I lawly the beseik,
Be thyne awyn vertuus and thy thewys meyk,
And be thy parentis maist of renowne,
That sik a child engendryt hess as the,
Thow spair this wofull sylly sawle at lest,
Haue rewth of me, and admyt my request.”
With wordis feill as he thus can requer,
Ene at last on this wyss maid answer:
“Syk sawys war langer furth of thy mynd.
Sterve the behuffis, less than thou war onkynd
As for toleif thy broder desolait
All hym allane, na follow the sam gait.”
And tharwithall the hymys of hys gost

He rypyt with the swerd amyd hys cost,
So tyll hys hart stoundis the pryk of deth;
He weltis our, and 3aldis vp the breth.
Thys Dardane prynce as victor thus in weir
Samony douchty corpsis brocht on beir,
Amyd the planys reddand large gait,
As doys a rowtand ryver red on spaite;
That for hys dyntis wolx hys fays agast,
As for the feirfull drumly thundris blast;
Quhil fynaly Ascanyus the 3yng page,
And the remanent of Troian barnage,
Quhilk war, as said is, besegyt invane,
Thar strenth hess left and takyn hess the plane.
Iuno rycht quayntly causys Turnus to fle,
Ane fen3eit figour persewand of Enee.
The ilk stound, of hys awyn fre volunte,
Iove callys Iuno, and thus carpys he:
“O thow my syster german and my feir,
My best beluffyt spowss, most leif and deir,
Thyne opynyon hass not dissauyt the,
As thou belevyt: now may thou not se
Quhow Venus doys susteyn and fortyfy
The Troiane rowtis and pyssans by and by?
Nane actyve handis, nor stowt myndis, I weyn,
Nor bodeys reddy all perrellys to sustene,
Haue thai, thou may se be experiens.”
Quhamto Iuno, with humyl reverens,
Answeryt: “My sweit and mast gudly husband,
Quharto lyst the renew my sorow at hand,
As cayrfull wight, that lykis nocht sic bourdis?
All efferd of thy fatal dreidfull wordis
I am bestad; bot war I now, I weyn,
Als strangly belovyt as I sum tyme haue bene —
Thocht 3it, God wait, accordyt so tobe
Baith to myne honour and thy dignyte —
I say, war I beluffyt as I was ayr,
Thou Iove almyghty ryngand euermar

Suld not deny me sa sobyr a thyng,
Bot at I mycht withdraw, at my lykyng,
Furth of the feild Turnus, and hym save
Onto hys fader Dawnus, that our the lave
Belovyt hym, as rayson wald,” quod sche.
“Now sall he perysch, and now sal he de,
And sched hys gentyll blude sa pacient,
In grewss panys be Troianys tort and rent;
And nethelless hys kyn origynall
Is renownyt of godly stok ryall,
Discendit of our seid and hevynly clan,
Fra god Pylumnus to rekkyn the ferd man;
And eik thow wait, full oft with large hand,
With mony oystis and ryght fair offerand,
Thy templys and thyne altaris chargit hass he,
In wirschyp of thy myghty maieste.”
The souerane kyng of hevyn imperiall
In few wordis maid answer thus at all:
“Gif thow askis a resput or delay,
Bot for a tyme or tyll a certane day,
Of thys evident deth of Turnus 3yng,
Desyrand I suld grant the sik a thyng,
All thocht he mortale be rycht sone we know,
I leif the to remove hym and withdraw,
And from this instant perrellus hard fayt
Steill hym away, and gyde hym by the gait,
For so lang space 3yt restis at will of me
To lenth hys lyfe, quhilk I the grant,” quod he.
“Bot gif sa beys, that vndre thy request
Mair hie pardon lurkis, I wald thow cest;
For gif thou wenys that all the victory
Of the batale, and chancis by and by,
May be reducyt and alterat clar agane,
A mysbyleve thou fosteris all invane.”
To quham Iuno on this wyss said wepyng:
“Quhat harm mycht fall, thocht be sum takyn or syng
Thow schew thy mynd, and grantit that,” quod sche,

“Quhilk be thy wordis of fatale destane
Now grunschis thou to geif or to conceid?
That is to say, quhat forss, thocht thou in deid
Waldyst appreif and ratyfy agane
That Turnus lyfe a lang tyme suld remane?
Bot now approchis to that innocent knyght
A feirfull end — he sal to ded be dicht,
Or than my sawys ar voyd of veryte.
And O, wald God at rathar sa suldbe
That I dissauyt war bot with fals dreid,
And at thou list, as thou has mycht in deid,
Thy fatale promyss and thy statutis strange
In bettir purpos to translait and change!”
Fra scho thir wordis had said, the ilk tyde
Down from the hevyn scho leyt hir selvyn slyde,
Befor hyr dryvand a tempestuus wynd,
And all abowt, befor and eik behynd,
Within a clowd of myst circulyt cleyn:
So throw the air bownyt furth this queyn
Toward the Troiane hostis in the planys,
And to the tentis socht of Lawrentanys.
Thys goddes than furth of ane boyss clowd
In lyknes of Ene dyd schaip and schrowd
A voyd figur, but strenth or curage bald,
The quhilk wondyrus monstre tobehald
With Troiane wapynnys and armour grathis sche,
With scheild and helm and tymbret set on hie,
Be semlant lyke Eneas godlyhed;
And tharto ekis scho in euery sted
Quent fen3eit wordis, fant and contyrfait,
With voce, but mynd, or ony other consait;
And fen3eis eik hys concernans and pacis
(Syklyke as that, thai say, in diuerss placis
The wraithis walkis of goistis that ar ded,
Or as the slepy dremys, fra sted to sted
Fleand in swevyn, makis illusionys,
Quhen mennys myndis oft in dravillyng gronys);

And all befor the forfront of the feild
Richt haltandly, as curageus vnder scheild,
Musturis this ymage, that with dartis keyn
Aggrevyt Turnus, and dyd hym chyde in teyn,
Prouocand hym to bargane and tyl ire.
And Turnus tho als hoyt as any fyre
Thys figur dyd invaid, and tharat he
In gret dispyte a quhirrand dart leyt fle;
Bot this ilk schaddo, as sum deill addred,
Turnyt abowt, and gaif the bak and fled.
Than Turnus, wenand Ene had tane the flycht,
And al awondryt of that selcouth syght,
Within hys mynd a vayn comfort kawch he,
And cryis lowd: "Quhydder fleys thou now, Ene?
Leif nevir, for schame, thus dissolait and waist
Thy new allyans promyst the in haist,
Of Lavynya the spousyng chalmyr at hand,
And all this ilk regioun and this land,
Quhilk thou sa far hass socht owt our the se:
My rycht hand sal the saysyng geif," quod he.
With sik wordis he schowtand dyd persew,
And ay the glymmyrand brand baith schuke and schew,
Nathyng persavand quhou this myrth and blyss
Away quyte with the wynd bewavit is.
On cace thar stude a mekill schip that tyde,
Hyr wail ionyt til a schor rokis syde,
With plankis and with bryggis layd on land,
The entre reddy grathit weill thai fand;
In the quhilk schyp Osynyus kyng, I wyss,
Come laitly from the cite of Clusys.
Thydder went this wrath or schaddo of Ene,
That semyt, all abasyt, fast to fle,
And hyd hyr dern vndre hychis tharin.
Na slawar Turnus hastis hym to ryn,
That but delay he spedis to this schyp,
Ran owr the bryg, and inwith burd can skyp;
And scars was entrit in the forcastell,

Quhen Saturnys douchter saw hir tyme befell;
Than soyn the cabyll in sondir smytis sche,
And fra the schor draif the schip throu the see.
Bot Turnus absent thus that sammyn howr
Eneas seyrssys throw amyd the stowr,
And in hys renk quham euer be met lay ded;
Full mony a man he kyllit in that sted.
And tharwithall hys lycht and fen3eit gost,
Fra tyme the schip was chargyt fra the cost,
No langar sekis hyrnys hir to hyde,
Bot flaw vp in the ayr the sammyn tyde,
And al dissoluyt into a dyrk clowd.
The meyn session, can forss of wyndis lowd
Turnus far furth amyd the deip sey dryve;
He dyd behald abowt hym tho belyve,
All ignorant quhat wyss this chance was wrocht,
And of hys lyfe salvyng na thyng he rocht;
With handis iunct vphevit towart hevyn,
Syk wordis he furth braid with drery stevyn:
“Almychty fader of the hevynnys hie,
Hass thou me reput on sic wyss tobe
Confusyt in this schame for myn offens?
And will I suffyr syk torment and pennans?
Quhidder am I dryve, and from quhens am I cumyn?
Quhat maner eschewyng or fleyng haue I nummyn?
In quhat estait sall I return agane?
Sall I evir se the wallys Lawrentane,
Or evir eft my tentis sall I se?
Quhat may 3on ost of men now say of me,
Quhilkis my querrell and me followit to feild,
Quham now, allace, lo, feghtand vnder scheild
3ondir (schame to say the harm) sa wikkytly
Reddy to myschews deth beleft haue I?
Lo, I behald thame fleand paill and wan,
And heris the granyng of mony douchty man
In my defalt falland fey to grond.
Quhat sal I do, allace the wofull stond,

Or quhilk land (thocht a thousand tymys I stervit)
May swelly me sa deip as I haue servyt?
Bot, O 3e wyndis, rathar haue mercy,
On rowkis and on craggis by and by
Do swak this schyp, sen heir na erth I se,
And haue of wrachit Turnus sum pyete,
Quhilk of hys fre will, stad in this maner,
Besekis 3ow with all hartly prayer;
Do warp my body on the schaldis onkend,
Far furth on Syrtys at the warldis end,
Quhar Rutilyanys me nevir fynd agane,
Sa that na fame nor rumour may remane
Eftir my deth of this schaymfull trespass.”
And, sayand thus, in mynd dyd he cumpass
Full mony chancis rolland to and fro,
Quhiddir gif he suld, for proper lak and wo,
Into this fury smyte hym with hys brand,
And thyrst the bludy blaid in with hys hand
Throw owt hys rybbys and sched his hart blude,
Or than to swak hym self amyd the flude,
Swymmand to seik the nerrest costis bay,
In feild agane the Troianys to assay.
Athir way till assay thyrss presyt hes he,
And thyrss hym styntis Iuno, queyn mast hie,
Havand compassioun of this 3ong man bald,
And can asswage hys mynd, and hand withhald.
Furth held the schip, slydand owt our the fludis,
With prosper wynd and followand tyde sa gude is,
Quhill he is careit suyrly throw the see
Tyll Ardea, hys faderis auld cite.
In Turnus sted Me3entius dyd succed,
Killyt down his fays, and spul3eit of thar weid.
Durand this quhile, in fatis marciall,
Me3entyus movyt with ardour bellycall,
Be instigatioun of Iove in that neid,
Can to the batale in hys place succed,
And the Troianys to invaid na thing sparis,

That semyt prowde as all the feild war tharis.
Than sammyn to recontyr hym atanys
Semlyt haill ostis of Hethrurianys,
And all assailzeit Mezentys allon;
Aganyst a man thai rowtys euery one,
Inflambyt all in malyce, maid persutys,
And thik as haill schour at hym schaftis schutis.
Bot he, lyke to a ferme rowk, quhilk we se
Strekyt on lenth amyde the large see,
Sytuat aganys the rageand wyndis blast,
And brym wallys boldynnand wondyr fast,
From all that violens doys hym self defend,
And haill the forss sustenys to the end
Baith of the hevynnys and byr of seys rage,
Remanand onremovyt ferme in hys stage:
Als stern standis Mezentys in that stound.
And first he hes fellit and laid to the ground
Hebrus, the son of ane Dolycan,
And hym besyde Latagus slew onon,
And Palmus eik, accusumat to fle:
Bot with a stane Latagus brytnyt he
Quhilk of a montane semyt a gret nuke,
With quham hym on the vissage he ourtuke;
And Palmus howgh sennonys smait in tway
Maid hym sa slaw he mycht nocht fle away;
Thar armour syne to Lawsus gevyn hess he
To weir on hys schuldris, and crowne on hie
Thar creistis set, the quhilk sa rychly schane.
He slew also Eneas a Troiane,
And Mynas syne he kyllys in the feild,
Quhilum to Parys companjeoun and evin eild;
Quham on a nycht Theana, gude and fair,
To hys fader Amycus in Troy bair,
Quhen Heccuba, douchter of Cisseus,
Dremyt scho was gret, the story tellis thus,
With a fyre broynd, and the self samyn nycht
Was delyver of Parys, the fey knyght,

Quhilk in hys natyve cite maid hys end:
Bot thir feildis Lawrentan ombekend
Withhaldis now the body of Mynas.
So brym in stowr that stond Mezentius was,
Lyke to the strenthy sangler or the bor,
Quham hundis quest with mony quhryne and ror
Down dryvyng from the hightis maid descend,
Quhilk mony wyntyr tofor had hym defend
In Vesulus, the cauld montane hie,
That is ourheldyt with mony fyr tre;
Or than the bustuus swyne weil fed, that breidis
Amang the buskis rank of ryspe and redis,
Besyde the layk of Lawrens, mony 3heris,
Quham that he is betrappyt fra his feris
Amyd the huntyng ralys and the nettis,
Standis at the bay, and vp his byrsys settis,
Grasland hys tuskis with astern fyry eyn,
With spaldis hard and harsk, awfull and teyn,
That nane of all the huntmen thar present
Hym to engreif hass strenth or hardymment,
Nor dar approchyng within hys byt neir,
Bot standand far on dreich with dart and speir,
Assoverit of hys reik, the beste assays,
With felloun schowtis, bustuus cryis, and brays.
Nane other wyss stud all the Tuscan rowt
This stalwart knyght Mezentius abowt,
And, thocht thai iust cawss had of wreth and feyd,
Thar was nane of thame durst hym put to ded,
Nor curage had with drawyn swerd in hand
Hym till assaill, nor mach apon the land;
Bot with takillis and castyn dartis on far
Thai warp at hym, bot durst not ane cum nar,
And with huge clamour hym infestis that tyde;
He, onabasyt, abowt on euery syde
Behaldis, gyrnand full of proper teyn,
And with hys scheild choppyt by schaftis bedene.
Furth of the ancyeit boundis of Coryt tho

Was cum a Greik, quhilk clepyt was Acro,
That fugityve into his lusty heyt
Had left hys spowsal trewth plicht oncomplete;
Quham as Mezentius saw amynd the rowt
Hym grevand soir, as weriour stern and stowt,
And saw the plesand plomys set on hycht
Of hys tymrell, and eik the purpoure brycht,
Quhilk of his trewthplycht lufe he bair in syng;
Than lyke a hungry lyon rumysyng,
Constrenyt by hys rageand empty maw,
The beistis dennys circuland all on raw,
Gif he on cace aspyis a swyft ra,
Or the 3yng hart with spryngand tyndis twa,
Ioyful he bradis tharon dispytuusly,
With gapand gowle, and vprasys in hy
The lokkyrris lyand in his nek rowght,
And all the bestis bowellis thrymlys throwght,
Hurkylland thar on, quhar he remanyt and stude,
Hys gredy gammys bedyis with the red blude —
On the sammyn wyss, Mezentius rycht baldly
Mydwart hys fays rowt ruschit in hy;
Down smytis fey Acron amynd the ost,
That in the ded thraw, 3aldand vp the gost,
Smate with hys helys the grond in maltalent,
And brokkyn schaftis with hys blude bysprent.
This ilk Mezentius eik deden3eit nocht
To sla Orodes, quhilk than was onflocht,
That is to know, quhill frawart hym he went,
And reput na wyss, as by hys entent,
Syk ane fleand to wond into the bak,
Onawarnyst, quhen he na defens mycht mak,
Bot ran abowt and met hym in hys rayss;
Than athir man assemblit face for face.
Orodes mair of prattik was all owt,
Bot the tother in dedis of armys mair stowt,
That to the erth ourthrawyn he hess his feir,
And possand at hym with hys stalwart speir,

Apon hym set hys fut, and thus he said:
“O now my feris, beys blyth and glaid;
Lo, a gret party of this weir, but less,
Heir lyis at erd, the douchty Oroles.”
Hys feris sammyn rasyt vp a cry,
With ioyus sound in syng of victory,
And blew the pryss triumphall for his deth;
Bot this Oroles, 3aldand vp the breth,
Onto Me3entyus carpys thus on hie:
“Me onrevengit, thou sal nocht victour be,
For weill I wait that sone I salbe wrokyn,
Na, for all thy prowde wordis thou hass spokkyn,
Thow sall nocht lang endur into sik ioy;
Bot siclyke chancis and semblant ennoy
Abydis the, thocht thou be nevyr sa bald,
Thys sammyn feild sall thy ded corps withhald.”
To quham Me3entyus smyland said in teyn:
“Thou sall de first, quhat evyr to me forseyn
Or prevydyt hass myghty love,” quod he,
“Quham fader of goddis and kyng of men cleip we.”
And sayand thus, the schaft the ilk thraw
Furth of hys wond and body dyd he draw.
Tho Oroles the hard rest doith oppress,
The cauld and irny slepe of dethys stress,
And vp the breth he 3ald onon rycht
With eyn closyt in evyr lestand nycht.
Cedicus altotrynschit Alcathous,
And Sacrator to grund laid Hydaspus;
Rapo, ane Arcaid, hass Parthenyus slane,
And Orses, wondir byg of blude and bane;
And Mesapus kyllt the stowt Clonyvs,
And Erycates with Lychaonyus;
The formast lyggand at the erd he ourraucht,
That by hys hedstrang horss a fall had cawcht,
And Lychaonyus eik, a fut man, he
Lyghtit on fut and slew in the melle.
Aganys hym than went a man of Arge,

Hait Lycyus, bodyn with speir and targe;
Bot by the way Valerus, gude in nedis,
Nocht inexpert in douchty eldris dedis,
Recontryt hym, and put hym to the ded;
Salyus a Troiane in that sammyn sted
Atronyus slew; and Nealces, expert
To schut the fleand arrow or castyng dart,
Quhilk invadis a man or he be war,
Slew Salyus with schot, beand on far.
Quhou Eneas the 3ong Lawsus hass slane,
Quhilk fred his fader hurt in the bargane.
Thus awfull Mars equaly with hys brand
The sorow rasyt apon athir hand:
Huge slauchter mayd was and seir woundis wyd,
Thai kyll and ar bet down on euery syde,
That sammyn in the feild thai fall infeir,
Baith the victouris, and thai that venquyst weir,
And nother party wist, nother he nor he,
To salf hym self quhar away to fle:
So that the goddis in Iovys hevynly hald
Had compassioun and rewth for tobehold
The wroith and ire of athir in the fightis,
That sik distress rang amang mortal wightis.
Venus towart the Troiane syde tuke tent;
Aganyst quham, all full of maltalent,
Saturnus douchter Iuno, that full bald is,
Towart the party aduersar behaldis;
And the pail furour of Tysiphone
Walkis wod wroth amydwart the melle.
Bot pryncipaly Me3entyus all engrevyt,
With a gret speir, quharwith he feill myschevit,
Went brangland throu the feild all hym allon;
Als bustuus as the hydduus Orion,
Quhen he on fut woysd throu the mekill see,
Scherand the streym with hys schuldris hie,
Abufe the wallys of the flude apperis;
Or lyke ane ancyeit ayk tre, mony 3heris

That grew apon sum montane toppys hycht,
Semand so hie to euery manis sycht,
Quhilk, thocht hys rutis spred in the grond all sydis,
Hys crop vpstraucht amynd the clowdis hydis —
Syk lyke Mezentius mustyrris in the feild,
With huge armour, baith speir, helm and scheild,
Aganyst quham Eneas fast hym hyis,
Fra tyme amynd the rowt he hym aspyis.
The tother, onabasyt, all reddy thar
The cummyng of hys douchty aduersar
Abydis stowtly, fermyt in hys forss,
And massely vpstude with bustuus corss:
And, mesurand with hys e als large spaiss
As he mycht thraw a castyng speir, thus says:
“My rycht hand, and this fleand dart mot be,
Quhilk now I tayss, as verray God to me!
Assistyng to my schot I 3ou beseik;
For I awow, and heir promittys eyk,
In syng of trophe or triumphall meith,
My lovit son Lawsus forto cleith
With spul3e and all harness rent,” quod he,
“Of 3ondir rubbaris body, falss Enee.”
Thus said he, and fra hys hand the ilk tyde
The castyng dart fast byrrand lattis glyde,
That fleand sclentis on Eneas scheild,
Syne, standand far onrovm 3ond in the feild,
Smate worthy Anthores the ilk thraw,
Betwix the bowellys and the rybbys law:
Anthores, ane of gret Hercules ferys,
That com from Arge into hys lusty 3heris,
Inherdand to Evander the Arcaid,
And had hys dwellyng and hys residens maid
In Palentyn, cite Italian,
Onhappely now lyggis thus down slane,
All of a wound and dynt quhilk in the fycht
Addressit was towart ane other knyght.
3it, deand, he beheld the hevynnys large,

And can ramembir hys sweit cuntre of Arge.
Than the reuthfull Eneas kest hys sper,
Quhilk throu Mezentius armour all dyd scher;
Throw gyrd hys targe platyt thryss with steill,
And throw the cowchit lynnyn euery deill,
And thrynfald plyis of the bullys hydys,
That law down in hys flank the dynt abydis;
Bot it byreft hym nowder lyfe ne mycht.
Eneas tho, quhilk was expert in fyght,
Ioyfull quhen that Mezentius blude saw he,
Furth hynt hys swerd at hang law by hys thee,
And fervently towart hys fa can pass,
Quhilk, for the dynt, sum deill astonyst was.
Quhen Lawsus saw this aventour of weir,
He wepyt wail sair for hys fader deir;
Sa wobegone becam this lusty man
That salt teris fast our hys chekis ran.
Forsuyth, I sall not ourslyp in this sted
Thy hard myschance, Lawsus, and fatale ded,
And thy maist dowchty actis bellycall:
O fresch 3ongker, maist dyng memoriall
I sall reherrs, gyf ony faith may be
Gevyn to sa gret dedis of antiquyte.
With this Mezentius men3eit drew abak,
Harland hys leg quharin the schaft stak,
That quhar he went he baris our the feild
Hys ennemyss lance fixit in hys scheild.
Betwix thame ruschys in the 3ong Lawsus,
Amyd thar wapynnys, stern and curagus,
Hym self hass set forto sustene the fyght;
Vnder Eneas rycht hand rasyt on hycht,
That reddy was to smyte a dedly wond,
In steppis he, and baldly the ilk stound
The bytand brand vphevyt keppty he,
And can resist and stynt the gret Enee.
Hys feris followys with a felloun schowt;
Quhill that Mezentius of the feild wan owt,

Diffend and coverit with hys sonnys scheild,
Thai cast dartis thikfald thar lord to held,
With schaftis schot, and flanys gret plente,
Perturband thar stern aduersar Ene,
That all enragyt hys sovir targe erekkit,
And thar vndre hym haldis closly dekkyt.
And lyke as sum tyme clowdis brystis attanys,
The schowr furth³ettand of hoppand hailstanys,
That all the plewmen and thar hynys inhy
Fleis of the croftis and feildis by and by;
And eik the travellour ³ond vnder the wald
Lurkand withdrawys to sum sovir hald,
Owdir vnder watyr brays and bankis dern,
Or in sum craggis clyft, or deip cavarn,
So lang as that the schour lestis on the plane,
That he may, when the son schynys agane,
Exers hys iourne, or hys wark alsfast —
Syk wyss Ene with schoit and dartis cast
Was all ourheld, and ombeset ilk syde,
Quhil he the press of batale styntis that tyde,
And all thar forss sustenyt and deray;
Reprevand Lawsus, thus begouth to say,
And mannansyt hym with brand of blude all red:
“Quhidder hastis thou sa fast apon thy ded?
Or quhou dar thou ondertak into fyght
Syk interpryss, quhilk is abuf thy mycht?
Thou art nocht wyss; thy tendir hart,” quod he,
“And rewthfull mynd all owt dissavis the.”
Bot for all thys ³ong Lawsus, vail que vaill,
Wald no wyss cess Eneas till assaill.
Than hyear rayss the wraith and felloun ire
Of the ilk manfull Troiane lordly syre,
And eyk the fatale sisteris tho in deid
Had wymplyt vp this Lawsus lattyr threid:
For so Eneas stokis hys styf brand
Throw owt this ³ongker, hard vp to hys hand,
That swerd, befor maid mannansyng and bost,

Throw gyrd that gentill body and hys cost,
Hys target persand and hys armour lycht,
And eik hys cote of goldyn thredis brycht
Quhilk hys moder hym span; and, to conclude,
Hys bosum all is fillyt of hait blude;
Sone efter is the spreit of lyfe furth went
Down to the goistis law with sad entent,
And left the body ded, and hyne dyd pass.
Bot quhen Anchises son, ferss Eneas,
Beheld hys wlt and contenans in deying,
Hys sweit vissage sa in the ded thrawying
Becummyn wan and paill on diuerss wyss,
He sychit profoundly owder twyss or thryss,
And drew abak hys hand, and rewth hass hynt;
For sa into hys mynd, eftir the dynt,
The ymage of hys faderly piete
Imprentit wass, that on this wyss said he:
“O douchty 3ynglyng, worthy tobe menynt,
Worthy tobe bewalyt and complenyt,
Quhat sall the reuthfull compacient Ene
For sa gret lovabill dedis rendre the?
Or quhat may he the 3eld sufficient
For sik natural and inborn hardyment?
Thyne armour, quharof sumtyme thou reiosyt,
With the I leif, for ay tobeyn eniosyt;
Onto thy parentis handis and sepulcre
I the belief tobe entyrit,” quod he,
“Gyf that sic maner of triumphe and cost
May do thame plesour, or eyss onto thy gost.
Bot thou, onsilly child, sa will of red,
Do comfort heirwith thy lamentabill ded,
That thou ourmatchit art and thus lyis slane
By the gretast Eneas handis twane.”
Syne he hys feris can repreif and chyde
That thai sa lang delayt hym besyde,
Makand na haist to bair hys corps away;
And he hym self betwix hys armys tway

The ded body vplyftis fra the grond,
That with red blude of his new grene wond
Besparklyt had hys 3allow lokis brycht,
That ayr war kemmyt and addressyt rycht.
Fra Me3entius knew 3ong Lawsus decess,
Hym to revenge his lyfe lost in the press.
The meyn session, hys fader with his feris,
Down at the fludis syde of Tyberis,
Stanschit his wondis with watyr by and by,
Weschand the blude and swait from hys body.
Hys helm of steil besyde hym hang weil ne
Apon a grayn or branch of a grene tre;
Hys other wegthy harness, gud in neid,
Lay on the gyrss besyde hym in the meid;
Hys trasty chosyn verlettis hym abowt;
And he ful sor wondyt, all in dowt,
Stude lenand with hys wery nek and bonys,
Owt our a bowand tre, with sair gronys;
Hys weil kemmyt berd, hyngand ful straucht
Apon his breist, onto hys gyrdill raucht;
And feill tymys on Lawsus menys he,
Prayand full oft he mycht hym salfly se,
And mony messyngeris onto hym hess send,
To withdraw hym the feild, and to defend
That he abyde na langar in bargane
And schaw quhat sorow for hym hys fader had tane.
Bot than Lawsus ded owt of the feild
Hys wofull feris careit apon a scheild,
Wepand sa gret a man was brocht to grond,
And discumfyt with sa grysly a wond.
Me3entius mynd and consait, the ilk tyde,
Suspekand the harmys quhilkis war betyde,
Onfar considerit the causs of thar murnyng,
And on hys canos hair the dust gan slyng,
With mekill powdir fyland hys hasart hed;
And baith hys handis in that sammyn sted
Towart the hevin vphevis in a fary,

And he the goddis and starnys fast dyd wary;
Syne, lenand on hys sonnys corps, thus cryis:
“O my deir child and tendir get heir lyis!
Had I sa gret appetit and delyte
Onto this wrachit lyfe, sa ful of syte,
That I the sufferit to entyr in my sted
Vndre our fays hand, and with thy ded
My lyfe is salfit? Ha, I thy fader heir,
Quhilk the begat, my only son sa deir,
Suld I be salf and lyfand eftir the,
Throu tha sa grisly wondis that I se?
Allace, onto me, wrachit catyve thing,
Myne exill now at last and banysyng
Becummyn is hard and insufferabill!
The stound of deth, the panys lamentabill,
Is deip engravyn in my hart onsound;
Now am I smyttyn with the mortal wond!
I, the self man was the causs of thy ded,
With my trespass, my child, in euery sted
Filyt the glor and honour of thy name,
Thy hie renovn bespottand with my schame,
As I that was, by invy and haitrent
Of my awin pepill, with thar haill assent,
Expellit from my ceptre and my ryng,
And was adettyt, for my mysdoynge
Onto our cuntre, till haue sufferit pane:
I aucht and worthy was to haue bene slane,
And to haue 3ald this wikkyt sawle of myne
Be all maner of turment and of pyne,
Fortill amend myne offencis and fed.
Ha, now I lyf, allace, and thou art ded!
3it want I not off men the cumpany,
Nowder lyght of lyfe, ne cleirness of the sky,
Bot soyn I sal thame leif and part thar fra.”
And sayand thus, sammyn with mynd ful thra
He rasyt hym vp apon hys wondit thee,
And determyt to revenge hym or de;

For thocht the violens of hys sair smart
Maid hym onfery, 3it hys stalwart hart
And curage ondekeit was gude in neid.
He bad go fech Rhebus, hys ryall steid,
Quhilk was hys wirschip and hys comfort hail,
And hys support hys fays to assaill;
For by this horss in euery gret iourne
Hame fra the feild victour eschapit he.
Quhamto Me3entyus, but mair abaid,
Seand the steid drowpand and sad, thus said:
“Rhebus, we twa hess levit lang yfeir,
Gyf that to mortal wightis in this erd heir
Ony tyme may be reput lang,” quod he.
“Owder this day beys thou revengear with me
Of Lawsus dolorus deith, and wreck our schame,
And sall as victour with the bryngyn hame
3on bludy spul3e, and Eneas hed;
Or, gif na fors nor strenth into that sted
Will suffir ony way that it be so,
We sal in feild sammyn de baith two.
For, O moist forcy steid, my lovyt foill,
I can na wyss beleif at thou may thoill
Tobe at ony otheris commandment,
Nor that the list dedeyn, gif I war schent,
Till obey ony master or lord Troiane.”
And sayand thus, ful towartly onane
The steid bekend held to hys schulder plat,
And he at eyss apon hys bak down sat,
And baith hys fystis fillyt with dartis keyn,
With helm on hed burnyst brycht and scheyn,
Abuf the quhilk hys tymbret buklyt was,
Lyke till a lokryt mayn with mony fass.
And into sik array with swyft curss he
Furth steris hys steid, and draif in the melle.
Deip in hys hart boldynnys the felloun schame,
Myxit with dolour, angir and defame;
The fervent luf of hys son 3yng of age

Gan catchyng hym into the furyus rage;
Tharto alsso persuadis to the fyght
Hys forss weil knawin, hys hardymment and mycht;
And, in sik poynt, throw owt the rowtis all
With mychty voce thryss dyd Eneas call.
Eneas hard hym cry, and weil hym knew,
And glaid tharof can towartis hym persew,
And prayand says: “The fader of goddis hie,
And eik mychty Apollo, that grant to me,
Thou wald begyn in bargan on this land
To mell with me, and to meyt hand for hand.”
Thus carpyt he, and with stern lance, but tary,
Furth steppys forto meyt hys aduersary.
Bot Mezentius, seand hym cumand,
Cryit to hym onon and bad hym stand:
“O thou maist cruell aduersar,” said he,
“Quhat wenys thou so to effray and bost me,
Sen thou my son hass me bereft this day,
Quhilk was only the maner and the way
Quharby thou myght ourcum me and distroy?
Now, sen that I haue tynt all warldis ioy,
Nowdyr I abhor the ded, to starve in fycht,
Nor rak I ocht of ony goddis mycht.
Desist, and cess to bost me or mannass,
For I am cum to de in this ilk plass;
Bot first I bryng the thir rewardis,” quod he.
With that word, at his fa a dart leyt fle,
And efter that ane other hass he cast,
And syne ane other hass he fixit fast,
About hym prekand in a cumpas large:
Bot all thir dyntis sustenyt the goldin targe.
Thryss on the left half fast, as he war wod,
About Eneas raid he quhar he stude,
Thik with hys handis swakkand dartis keyn;
And thryss this Troiane prynce our all the greyn,
Intil hyss stalwart stelyt scheild stikand owt,
Lyke a hair wod the dartis bair abowt.

At last, as he ennoyt of this deray,
This irksom traysyng, iowkyng and delay,
And cumryt wolx samony dartis invane
Thus oft to draw furth and to cast agane,
As he that was matchit that tyme, but faille,
With hys fa man in bargane inequale,
Quhilk ay was at advantage and onflocht,
Full mony thing revoluyt he in thocht;
Syne on that weirman ruschit he in teyn;
In the forhed, betwix the horsys eyn,
He kest hys speir with all his fors and mycht.
Vpstendis than the stalwart steid on hycht,
And with his helys flang vp in the ayr;
Down swakkis the knycht sone with a fellow fair,
Foundris fordwart flatlyngis on hys spald,
Ourquhelmyt the man, and can hys feit onfald.
Than the Latynys, and eik pepill Troianys,
The hevynnys dyndlit with a schowt at anys.
Eneas gyrd abufe hym with a braid,
Hynt furth hys swerd, and forthir thus he said:
“Quhar is he now, Mezentius, sa stern?
Quhar is the ferss stowt curage of that bern?”
Quhamto Mezentius, this ilk prynce Tyrreyn,
Fra that he mycht alyftyn vp his eyn
To se the hevynnys licht, and draw hys braith,
And hys rycht mynd agane recoverit haith,
Thus answeris: “O thou dispetuus fo,
Quharto me chydis thou reprochand so,
And mannancis me to the ded by and by?
Of my slauchter I think na villany,
Nor on sik wyss heir com I not in feild,
That I stand aw to swelt vnder my scheild;
Nor, I beleif, na frendschip in thy handis,
Nane syk trety of sawchnyng nor cunnandis,
My son Lawsus band vp with the, perfay.
Bot of a thyng I the beseik and pray,
Gif ony plesour may be grantit or beld

Till aduersaris, that lyis venquyst in feild;
That is to know, suffir my body haue
Ane sepultur, and with erd be bygrave.
I know abowt me standand in this sted
My folkis byttir haitrent and gret feid:
Defend me from thar furour, I requier,
And grant my corps, besyde my sonnys infeir,
Into sum tumbie entyrit for tobe.”
And sayand thus, knowand at he most de,
Befor hys eyn persavvyt the burnyst brand,
That throuch hys gorge went from Eneas hand;
Within hys armour, shortly to conclude,
Furth bruscht the sawle with gret stremys of blude.
Be this the son declynyng was almost,
So that the Latyns and Rutilian ost,
Quhat for the absens of thar duke Turnus,
And new slaughter of bald Mezentius,
Withdrew thame to thar raset in affray,
And Troianys went onto thar rest quhil day.
Explicit liber decimus Eneados Sequitur prologus in Vndecimum
eiusdem

BUKE XI

[The Proloug of the Elevint Buke]

Thow hie renown of Martis chevalry,
Quhilk gladis euery gentill wight to heir,
Gif thou mycht Mars and Hercules deify,
Quharfor beyn nobillys to follow prowes swer?
Weill auchtyn eldris exemplis ws to steir
Tyll hie curage, all honour till ensew:
Quhen we considir quhat wirschip tharof grew,
All vyce detest, and vertu lat ws leyr.
Prowes, but vyce, is provit lefull thyng
By haly scriptur into syndry place,
Be Machabeus, Iosue, Daudid kyng.
Mychael, and eyk hys angellys full of grace,
That can the dragon furth of hevynmys chace
With vailzeand dyntis of ferm myndis contrar,
Nane other strokis nor wapynmys had thai thar,
Nother speir, buge, pol ax, swerd, knyfe nor mace;
In takynnyng that in chevalry or fyght
Our myndis suld haue iust ententioun,
The grond of batale fundyt apon rycht;
Not for thou lyst to mak discentioun
To seik occasyons of contentioun,
Bot rype thy querrell, and discuss it plane:
Wrangis to reddress suld wer be vndertane,
For na conquest, reif, skat nor pensioun.
To speke of moral vertuus hardyment,
Or rathar of dyvyne, is myne entent;
For worldly strenth is febill and impotent
In Goddis sight, and insufficient.
The Psalmyst says that God is not content
In mannys stalwart lymmys nor strenth of corss,
Bot into thame that trastis in hys forss,
Askand mercy, and dredand iugement.
Strang fortitud, quhilk hardyment cleip we,

Abuf the quhilk the vertu souerane
Accordyng pryncis, hecht magnanymyte,
Is a bonte set betwix vicis twane:
Of quham fuyl hardynes clepit is the tane,
That vndertakis all perrellis but avice;
The tother is namyt schamefull cowardyce,
Voyd of curage, and dolf as ony stane.
The first is hardy all owt by mesur,
Of tyme nor rayson gevis he na cuyr,
No dowt he castis, bot all thinkis suyr,
Nocht may he suffir, nor hys hait endur;
The tother is of all prowes sa puyr,
That evir he standis in feir and felloun dreid,
And nevir dar vndertake a douchty deid,
Bot doith all curage and all manheid smuyr.
The first soundis towart vertu sum deill,
Hardy he is, couth he be avyse;
Of hardyment the tother hass na feill:
Quhou may curage and cowardys agre?
Of fortitud to compt 3ou euery gre,
As Arestotill in hys Ethikis doith express,
It wald, as now, conteyn our lang process;
Quharfor of other chevalry carp will we.
Gyf Crystis faithfull knyghtis lyst ws be,
So as we aucht, and promyst hess at font,
Than mon we byd baldly, and neuer fle,
Nowder be abasyt, tepyt nor 3it blunt,
Nor as cowartis to eschew the first dunt.
Pawle witnessith, that nane sall wyn the crown,
Bot he quhilk dewly makis hym reddy bown
To stand wightly, and feght in the forfront.
And quha that sall nocht wyn the crown of meid,
That is to say, the euerlestand blyss,
The fyre eternall neidlyngis most thai dreid:
For Cryst into his gospell says, I wyss,
Quha bydis nocht with me contrar me is;
And gif thou be aganyst God, but weir

Than art thou wageour onto Lucifer.
God salf ws all from sik a syre as this!
The armour of our chevalry, perfay,
So the Apostyll techit ws express,
Not corporall bot sperituall beyn thai,
Our conquyst haill, our vassellage and prowes,
Aganyst spretis and pryncis of myrknes;
Not agane man, owr awyn brother and mait,
Nor 3it aganyst our makar to debait,
As rabell tell all vertu and gudness.
The flesch debatis aganys the spiritual gost,
Hys hie curage with sensual lust to law,
And, be the body victor, baith ar lost;
The spreit wald vp, the corpss ay down list draw:
Thy secund fa the warld, ane other thraw,
Makis strang assaltis of covatyss and estait,
Aganyst quham is full perrellus debait;
Thir fays famyliar beyn full quaynt to know.
Lyff in thy flesch as master of thy corps,
Lyf in this warld as nocht ay to remane;
Resist the fendis slycht with all thy forss,
He is thy ancyent ennemy, werst of ane;
A thousand wyls he hess, and mony a trane,
He kendillis oft thy flesch in byrnand heit,
He causys wrachit plesans seym full sweit,
And, for nocht, of this fals warld makis the fane.
He is thy fa and aduersar principall,
Of promysсион wald the expell the land,
For he the sammyn lost, and caught a fall;
Enfors the strangly contrar hym to stand.
Rayss hie the targe of faith vp in thy hand,
On hed the halsum helm of hoip onlace,
In cheryte thy body all embrace,
And of devoit oryson mak thy brand.
Stand at defens, and schrynk not for a schor;
Thynk on the haly marthyris at ar went,
Thynk on the payn of hell, and endless glor,

Thynk quhou thy Lord for the on rude was rent,
Thynk, and thou fle fra hym, than art thou schent,
Thynk all thou sufferis ontyll hys paynis nocht is,
Thynk with quhou precyus pryce as thi sawll bocht is,
And ay the moder of grace in mynd enprent.
Feill beyn thy fays, fers and full of slycht,
Bot be thou stalwart campiou and knyght;
In feild of grace with forsaid armour brycht
Thou may debait thame lyghtly in ilk fyght:
For of fre will thyne acton is sa wight
Nane may it perss, wilt thou resist and stand;
Becum thow cowart, crawdoun recryand,
And by consent ory cok, thy ded is dycht.
Thynk quhou that fa is waik and impotent,
May venquyss nane bot thame lyst be ourcum;
He sall the nevir ourset, but thy consent.
Eith is defens to say nay, or be dum;
And for thy weill, lo, thys is all and sum:
Consent nevir, and thou sall nevir be lost,
By disassent thou may venquys ane ost,
And, for anys 3a, tyne thy meid eueri crum.
Na wondir is, for by exempill we se,
Quha servys hys souerane intill all degre
Full mony days, and efter syne gif he
Commyttis anys trayson, suld he nocht de,
Less than hys prynce, of gret humanyte,
Pardoun hys falt for hys lang trew seruys,
Gyf he wald mercy craif? The sammyn wyss
We beyn forgevyn, so that repent will we.
Bot quhat avalys begyn a strang melle,
Syne 3eld the to thy fa, but ony quhy,
Or cowardly to tak the bak and fle?
Na, thar sall nane optene hie victory,
Less thai sustene the bargane dowchtely;
And quha so perseueris to the end
Ane conquerour and campiou euer is kend,
With palm of triumphe, honour and glory.

The maist onsilly kynd of forton is
To haue beyn happy; Boetius techis so;
As, to haue beyn in welth and hartis blyss,
And now tobe dekeit and in wo:
Richt so, quha vertuus was, and fallys tharfro,
Of verray rayson malewrus hait is he;
And 3it, by grace and hys fre volunte,
He may recovir meryt agane alsso.
I say “be grace”, for quhen thou art in grace,
Thou may eik grace to grace, ay mor and mor;
Bot quhen thou fallys be syn tharfra, allace,
Of thy meryt thou gettis hyr nevirmor;
3it quhen thou dewly disponys the tharfor,
Doand all that in the thar may be done,
Of hys gudnes the etern Lord alssone
Restorys the meryt, with grace in arlys of glor.
Haill thy meryt thou had tofor thy fall,
That is to say, thy warkis meritabill,
Restorit ar agane baith gret and small
And grace tharto, quhilk is sa profitabill
That thou tharby to eik meryt art habill;
Bot nocht ilk gre of grace thou had befor;
That gettis thou not sa soyn, quhill forthyrmor:
Be war tharfor, fall not, bot standis stabill.
For lyke as quha offendit had hys lord,
That lang tofor hys trew servand had bene,
And syne agane becumis at ane accord
With hys master, all thocht hys lord wald meyn
On hys ald seruyce, 3it nethless, I weyn
He sall nocht soyn be tendir, as he was ayr:
Be war tharwith, and kepe 3ou fra the snair,
Tyne nocht 3our laubour and 3our thank betweyn.
Exempill takis of this prynce Ene,
That, for hys fatale cuntre of behest,
Sa feill dangeris sustenyt on land and see,
Syk stryfe in stour sa oft with speir in rest,
Quhill he hys realm conquest bath west and est:

Sen all this dyd he for a temporall ryng,
Press ws to wyn the kynryk ay lestyng,
Address ws fast fortill opteyn that fest.
He may be callyt, as says Sanct Augustyn,
Ane delicat, owr esy, Crystyn knyght,
Refusys to thoill traval, sturt or pyne,
And but debait wenys till optene the fycht.
To wyn the feild, and nevyr preif thy mycht,
That war nyce thyng! Thy kyng Cryste in batell
Quhat sufferit he for the, O catyve wight?
Lysis thou at eyss, thy prynce in bargane fell?
Aschamys of our sleutht and cowardyce!
Seand thir gentyles and the paganys ald
Ensew vertu, and eschew euery vyce,
And for sa schort renown warryn so bald
To susteyn weir and panys teyr ontald;
Than lat ws stryve that realm forto posseid,
The quhilk was hecht till Abraham and hys seyde;
Lord, at ws wrocht and bocht, grant ws that hald! etc.
Explicit prologus Sequitur liber vndecimus
Eftir the feild Enee maid sacrifice,
Offerand the spulze to Mars, as was the gyss.
Duryng this quhile, furth of the sey dyd spryng
The fresch Aurora with the brycht dawyng.
Ene, albeyt hys hasty thochtfull curis
Constrenyt hym, as twychyng sepulturis
Of hys folkis new slane and beryng,
Forto provide a tyme mast accordyng,
And gretly eik in mynd he trublyt was
For the slauchtyr and ded corps of Pallas;
3it nethelless, as first the son vpsprent,
Scheddyng hys bemys in the orient,
As victor he onto the goddis als tyte
With sacryfyce can hys vowys acquyte.
Ane akyn tre, was huge gret and squar,
The branschis sned and kut abowt alquhar,
Apon a motys hycht vpset hass he,

And all with schynand armour cled the tre;
The coyt armour and spul3e tharon hang
Of Me3entius, the vail3eand campion strang;
To the, gret god of stryfe, armypotent,
In syng of trophe tharon was vpstent
Hys cryst and hewmet all besprent with blude,
The brokyn trunschions of hys speris rude,
And hys fyne hawbyrk, with speir, swerd and macis,
Assayt and persyt into twyss sax placis;
Hys stelyt scheild dyd on the left syde hyng;
Abowt hys gorget, or hys nek armyng,
Was hung hys swerd with evor scawbart fyne.
And thus exortis Ene hys ferys syne,
The chiftanys all about hym lowkyt war,
Quhilk glaidsum warryn of this ioyus fair:
“O douchty men,” quod he, “worthy in weris,
The grettast part of our warkis and afferis
Beyn endit now, sa that in tyme cummyng
All feir and dreid ar passyt of ony thyng:
Thir bene the spul3e and first weirly weid
Reft from the prowde kyng be my handis in deid;
Lo, heir Me3entius venquyst lyis down bet.
Now to the wallys of Lawrent and the 3et
The way is maid to Kyng Latyn to wend.
Tharfor address 3our myndis, and attend
To armys and to weirfar euery ane,
Provydand in 3our consatis for bargane;
So that 3he reddy be, and na delay
May stoppyn 3ou, nor stunnys ane other day,
Be 3our awyn sleuth, for lak of gude forsycht,
Gif 3e onwarnyst beys callyt to the fycht:
Alssone as fyrst the goddis omnipotent
By sum sygnys or takyn lyst consent
The ensen3eis and baneris be vphynt,
And all the 3onkeris meyt for swerdis dynt,
Of thar tentis convoyt in array,
Se 3he all reddy be than, but delay.

And in the meyn quhile, lat ws to erd haue
The corpsys of our fallowys onbegrave,
Quhilk only honour is haldyn in daynte
At Acheron, the lawest hellys see.
Pass on," he said, "tha sawlys val3eant,
Quhilk, with habundans of thar blud besprent,
Hass conquyst ws this realm apon sik wyss,
Do honour with thar funeral servys,
And wirschip with thar finale last rewardis.
Bot first, befor all corpsis of tha lardis,
Ontill Evandrys dolorus cite
Of 3ong Pallas the body send mon we,
Quham, wantand na vertu nor prowes,
The wofull day hess ws byreft express,
And with a wofull slauchter caucht, allace!"
Thus said he, wepand salt terys our hys face;
Syne tuke hys vayage towart the ilk sted
Quhar Pallas lyfless corps was lyggand ded;
Quham ancyeut Acetes thar dyd kepe,
With flottyryt berd of terys all beweip;
The quhilk Acetes had tofor ybe
Squyer to Kyng Evander, from the cite
Of Parrha cummyn into Arcady,
And at thys tyme was send in cumpany
With hys deir fostyr child he had in cur,
Bot not, as ayr, with happy aventur.
About the corps alhaill the multitud
Of servyturis and Troiane commonys stud,
And dolorus Phrigyane wemen, on thar gyss,
With hair down schaik, and petuus spraichis and cryis.
Bot, fra that enterit was Eneas bald
Within the portis of that large hald,
A huge clamour thai rasyt and womentyng,
Betand thar brestis quhill all the lyft dyd ryng;
So lowd thar wofull bewalyng habundis
That all the palyce dynnys and resoundis.
Thys prynce hym self, fra that he dyd behald

The snaw quhite vissage of this Pallas bald,
Hys hed vphald, mycht nocht the self sustene,
And eik the gapand dedly wond hess sene,
Maid by the sperys hed Rutilyane
Amyd hys sneith and fair slekyt breist bane,
With terys brystand from hys eyn, thus plenyt:
“O douchty child, maist worthy tobe menynt,
Hass fortoun me envyit sa far that, eft
Our weill is cummyn, thus thou art me bereft,
Sa that thou suld not se our ryng,” said he,
“Nor 3it as victor with prosperyte
Onto thy faderis cite hame retour?
Syk promyss hecht I not the lattir hour
To thy fader Evandrus, quhen that he
At my departyng last embrasyt me,
And send me to conquyss a large empyre;
And, dredand syk for the, that lordly syre
Vs monyst tobe war and avyse,
Becauss the men quhamwith to do had we
War bald and stern; said we had wer at hand
With bustuus folk that weill in stryfe durst stand.
Now, certis, he levand in hoip, invane,
For thy prosper returnyng haym agane
Perchans doith mak prayer and offerandis,
Chargand the altaris oft with hys awyn handis:
Bot we hys lyfless child, quhilk aw na thyng
Onto the goddis of the hevynly ryng,
With womentyng heir menand tendyrly,
And vayn honour, accumpaneis by and by.
O fey onhappy kyng Archadian!
Now thy sonnys ded corps crewelly slane
Thou salbehold: allace, the panys strang!
This is our haymcom thou desyrit lang;
This salbe our triumphe thou lang abaid,
To se thy a son on hys beir tre laid!
Ha, quhat, is this my promyss and gret faith?
Bot, O Evander, beys not with me wraith;

Thou sall not se thy son was dryve abak
With schamefull wondis that he caught in the bak;
Ne thou hys fader, war he alyve this day,
Suld nevir haue lak of hym, ne for hym pray
For hys desert he deit a schamefull deth;
And now with honour hess he 3ald the breth.
Bot, netheless, quhat harm, ful ways me!
Quhou large support, hey, quhat beld or supple
In hym hess tynt Ausonya the ryng,
And quhou gret deill hess lost Ascanyus 3yng!”
3ong Pallas corps is till Evander sent,
With all honour accordyng hys tyrment.
Quhen he bewalyt had on this maner,
This wofull corps he bad do lyft on beir,
And with hym send a thousand men in hy
Walyt of euery rowt and cumpany,
Forto convoy and do hym falloschip
At hys last honour and funeral wirschip,
And tobe present at the lamentyng
Of hys fader, to comfort hys murnyng;
Thocht smal solace was that to hys regrait,
Quhilk was sa huge, bot to hys estait
Accordit weill that sik thingis suld be,
Quhen all wightis mycht rew on hym to se.
Sum of Eneas ferys bissely
Flakis to plet thame presys by and by,
And of small wikkyris fortobeld a beir
Of sowpill wandis and of bronys seir,
Bund with the syonys or the twystis sle
Of small rammell or stobys of akyn tre.
Thyr beddis beldyt, or funeral lytteris,
Syk tumbys as for ded corpss efferis,
With greyn burgionys and branschys fair and weill
Thai gan ourheld, and stentys euery deill:
Amyd the quhilkis, of blumys apon a byng
Strowyt full hie, thai laid this Pallas 3yng;
Lyggyn tharon als semly forto se

As is the fresch flowris schynand bewte,
Newly pullyt vp from hys stalkis smail
With tendyr fyngeris of the damysaill,
Or the soft violet that doys freschly schyne,
Or than the purpouir flour, hayt iacynthyne;
Quham all thocht the erth hys moder with sap
Hym nurys not, nor comfortis on hir lap,
3yt than hys schene cullour and figur glaid
Is not all went, nor hys bewte defaid.
Eneas syne twa robbys furth gart fold
Of rych purpouir and styf burd of gold
Quhilk vmquhil Dydo, quheyn of Sydones,
Of sik laubour full byssy tho, I gess,
As at that tyme to pless hym wonder glaid,
With hir awyn handis to hym wrocht and maid,
Wovyn full weill, and brusyt as rych wedis,
Of costly stuf and subtell goldyn thredis;
And with the tane of thir full dolorusly
Eneas cled the 3yng Pallas body,
Tobe hys finall and hys last honour;
Hys lokkis and hys harys the self hour,
Quhilkis war forto be brynt in assys cald,
Into the tother habyt dyd he fald.
Abuf all thys, rewardis mony ane,
Yconquest in this batall Lawrentane,
In haill hepys with hym hess he send,
And bad thai suld tak gud kepe and attend
To leid the pray per ordour pompusly.
Feill horssys als he gaue thame by and by,
With wapynnys eik, and other precyus gear,
That he had reft hys fa men in the weir;
The presoneris alsso, quham he had tak,
He sent with handis bund behynd thar bak,
Quhilkis, at the obsequeis or entyrment,
To the infernal gostis suldbe sent,
And with thar bludis sched, as was the gyss,
The funerall flambe strynkyll in sacrifyss.

He bad the capitany and the dukis all,
In syng of trophe or pomp triumphall,
Gret perkis bair or treyn saplyng that squair is,
Cled with the armour of thar aduersaris,
To wryte and hyng tharon baith all and sum
The namys of thar ennemyss ourcum.
Furth led was the onsilly Acetes,
Ourset with age, and sorow mycht nocht cess;
Now bludyand hys awyn breist with hys fystis,
Now with hys nalys hys face rentis and brystis,
And oft down fallys spaldit on the erd,
With mony gowl, and a full petuus rerd.
And furth war led rych cartis for the nanys,
Besprent with blude of the Rutylianys.
And eftir com Aethon, hys werly steid,
Dispulzeit of hys harnessyng and weid;
Wepand he went for wo, men mycht haue seyn
With gret terys floddyrrit hys face and eyn.
Ane bair hys helm, ane other bair hys speir;
For the remanys of hys harness and geir,
Syk as hys rych gyrdill and cotarmour,
Turnus victor byreft hym in the stour.
Furth haldis syne the drery cumpany
Of Troianys, and Tyrrheyn dukis thame by;
And wofull Archadis, in syng of dolour, weris
Scheldis reversyt, and doun turnyt thar speris.
And efter that, per ordour, by and by,
Thai beyn furth passyt euery cumpany,
Eneas tho can styntyng and abaid,
And with a petuus regrait thus he said:
“The horribill batellys of thir sammyn weris
Tyll otheris funerall womentyng and terys
Callys ws from thens; we may nocht follow the,
Thyne entyrment forto behald and se.
Adew for ay, Pallas, beluffyt best,
Fair weill for evyr intill eternall rest!”
Na mair he said, bot went towart New Troy,

Entrand tharin with terys of ennoy.
Quhou Eneas onto the Latynys gave
Twelf days of respyt the ded corpsis to grave.
Be this war cum fra Kyng Latynys cyte
Ambassatouris, with branch of olyve tre,
Besekand favouris and benevolens;
That he wald suffir tobe careyt from thens
Tha corpsys ded, quhilkis on the feldis broun
Lay strowyt heir and thar, with swerd bet down,
And thame restor agane of hys gentre,
To suffyr thame begravyn fortobe;
Assuryng hym, thar mycht be led na weir
On venquyst folkis, that lyfless mycht not steir,
And prayt spair thar pepill at syk myschans,
Quhylum clepyt hys frendis and acquaintans.
Quhen that Eneas, heynd, curtass and gud,
Thar peticioun sa ressonabill vndirstud,
As man that was fulfillt of bonte,
Thar hail desyre full glaidly grantit he,
And forthir eik onto thame thus he said:
“O Latyn folkis, quhat mysfortoun onglaid
Hass 3ou involuyt in sa onhappy weir
That 3he chayss ws away, 3our frendis deir?
Desyre 3he paix bot for thame that bene lost
By marcyall fayt, and slane into this ost?
And I, forsuyth, tyll all that levand be
Wald glaidly grant the sammyn, I say for me.
Neuer hyddyr had I cummyn, wer not, perfay,
Into this sted the fatys hecht for ay
Our restyng place providit and herbry;
Ne na weirfar with 3our pepill led I.
Bot 3our kyng hass our confiderans vpgeif,
And rather hess settyn all hys beleif
On Turnus vassalage and his hie prowes;
Thocht mor equale and ganand war, I gess,
To this Turnus, the brekar of our paix,
Till aventour hym self to de in press.

Gif he pretendis in batale with a brand
To end the weir, or Troianys of this land
Forto expell, heir semyt hym vnder scheild
With wapynnys to recontre me in feild,
That nane bot ane of ws war left levand,
Quhais lyfe God lyst withhald, or hys rycht hand.
Now haldis on, and all the lyfless banys
And corpsis of 3our wofull cite3anys
Do byrn and bery efter 3our awyn gyss,”
Says Eneas, the Troiane war and wyss.
Than of hys speche so awondrit war thai,
Kepit thar silens, and wist nocht quhat to say;
And athir towartis otheris turnys, but mayr,
And can behald his fallow in a stair.
The eldast man amang thame, finally,
Clepyt Drances, that had full gret envy
At 3yng Turnus, all way to hym infest
For ald malyce or of cryme manyfest,
Begouth to speke and ansuer thus agane:
“O huge gret is thy fame, thou duke Troiane,
Bot far grettar all owt we may aspy
Thy dedis of armys and thy chevalry;
With quhat lovyngis equaill may I compair
The to the goddis in hevyn abuf the ayr?
Quhidder sall I fyrst extoll, and wonder in the,
Thy gret gentryce and sa iust equyte,
Or thy gret fors and laubour bellicall?
Gladly, forsuyth, now haymwart bair we sall
Ontill our natyve bundis and cite
Thir sa gret sygnys of humanyte:
And, gif that ony chanss can fynd the way,
We sall do fully all that evir we may
The to conione with Kyng Latyn in hy:
Lat Turnus quhar hym list go seik ally.
And forthir eik weil lykis ws at all
To help till rayss this fatale massy wall,
And fortober apon our schuldris war ioy

Thir stonys gret to this new wark of Troy.”
Thus said Drances, and all the remanent
Tharto annerdis with haill voce and consent.
Twelf days of trewys thai band, to stanch debait,
Forto kepe paix, and werys sequesterate;
Than throu the woddis and thir holtis hie
Troianys and Latynys sammyn, he and he,
Quhar so thame list, wandris but danger.
The heich eschis soundis thar and heir
For dyntis rude of the scharp stelyt ax;
Down weltit ar with mony granand strakis
The fyrrys rekand to the sternys on hie;
The mekill syllis of the warryn tre
With weggis and with proppis beyn devyd;
The strang gustand cedyr is al to schyde;
Na cess thai not apon the iargand wanys
The gret akys to turss away atany.
The kyng Evander complenyt sor and wareit,
Quhen his son Pallas ded was to hym careit.
Than Fame with this, alsfast as scho mycht spryng,
As messynger of sa gret womentyng,
Flaw furth, and all with murnyng fillys sche
Evander kyng hys palyce and cyte,
Quhilk layt tofor had schawyn that Pallas
In Latyum landis sa victoryus was;
Now says sche, “Lo, is he brocht on beir!”
The Archadis ruschit to the portis in feir,
And euery wyght in handis hynt als tyte
Ane hait fyre broynd, efter the ald rye,
In lang ordour and rabill, that all the stretis
Of schynand flambys lemys brycht and gletis,
Quhil all the large feildis of the light
Myght seueraly be raknyt at a sight.
The Troiane rowtis, on the tother hand,
With thame adionys thar folkis sair wepand,
Quham as the matronys beheld on sik wyss
So duyfully wend to the kyngis palys,

The dolorus town in euery streit and way
With petuus scrykis and gowlyng fyllit thai.
Than was na fors Evander mycht refreyn,
Bot in amyddis thame with gret disdene
He ruschis, plenand on wofull maner,
And fell on growf abuf ded Pallas beir,
Wepand and waland as his hart wald breke;
Embrasyt hym, bot no word mycht he spek
And scars at last with gret difficulte
The cundytis of his voce war lowsyt fre.
Quhen he mycht speke, than thir hys wordis was:
“This is nocht thy last cunnand, son Pallas,
Thou promyst not so vnto thy fader deir,
Bot at thou suld pass mair warly in weir,
And not in danger of the cruell Mart.
Owr weill I wist, with harmys at my hart,
Quhat aventour, and of quhou mekill mycht
Till ony 3ong man, the first feld in fight,
Was gret desire of new loif or glory,
And how sweit was renown of chevalry.
Allace, the first commancement and assays
To 3yng men beyn in weir full fey always,
And rycht hard bene the first entechment
Of hasty batall to thame beyn not acquent.
My vowys nor my prayeris gret and small
War not accept to nane of goddis all.
O thou my blissyt spowss, decessit or now,
Full happy of that ded in faith was thou,
That to thys sorow not preservyt was!
Bot be the contrar I, allace, allace,
Ourlevit hass my fatys profitabill,
And am alyve as fader miserabill;
Quham wald God in 3on sammyn mortale weris
Rutilyanys had ourquhelmyt with thar speris,
That, followand to the feild my feris of Troy,
I mycht haue 3ald this sawle full of ennoy,
So that this funeral pomp, quhilk heir is wrocht,

My body, and nocht Pallas, hame had brocht!
Ne byd I nocht 3ou, Troianys, to argew
Of amyte and allyance bund of new,
Ne our rycht handis and promyss, quhilkis we
In frendschip knyt and hospitalyte:
This mysfortoun is myne of ald thirlage,
As tharto detbund in my wrachit age.
Bot had this hasty ded, sa ondigest,
Haue sufferit bot my son a stound to lest,
Quhill of Rutilianys he had slane thousandis,
And investit the Troianys in thar landis,
That is to say, in Latyum or Lavyn,
Weill lykty me that he had endyt syne.
And forthir eik, Pallas, my son so deir,
Na mair rychly cowth I the lay on beir,
Nor with mair wirschip list me entyre the,
Than is providit be reuthfull Enee,
Be myghty Troianys and pryncis Tyrrheyn;
For all the Tuscan men3e, as heir is seyn,
Gret trophe and rich spul3e hydder bryngis,
On perkis rychly cled with thar armyngis
Quham thy richt hand in feild had put to ded.
Bot, O thou Turnus, in this sammyn sted
Amangis otheris heir suld thou haue be,
In form and maner of a stok of tre,
Gyf 3he of age had beyn equale and perys,
And baith elyke cummyn to 3our strenthy 3heris.
Bot now, allace, I, fey onhappy wight,
Quharto delay I Troianys from the fyght?
Pass haym in haist, and remember to say
Thir my desiris to 3our prynce, I 3ou pray:
Evander says that thy ryght hand, Ene,
Is all the cawss that he delays to de,
Or that this haitsum lyfe sustene he wald,
Sen now is lost hys son Pallas the bald:
Sa till hym that he oblist is of det,
Baith to the son and the fader, to set

3on Turnus slauchter for owr recompens:
To the Eneas only, but offens,
And to fortoun, remanys this iournay 3it,
Quharwith thou may thankfully be acquyt.
Tell hym, na lust to lyf langar seyke I;
Onlesum war syke plesour I set by;
Bot for a thraw desyre I to lest heir,
Turnus slauchter and deth with me to beir,
As glaid tithandis onto my child and barn,
Amang the gostis law in skowgis dern.”
Heir athir party takis byssye cuyr
The ded bodeis to graif in sepultur.
The meyn session Aurora rasyt hir lycht,
Richt confortabill for euery mortall wight,
Rendryng agane the oportunyte
Of laubour and of wyrkyng, as we se.
The prynce Eneas, and the kyng Tarchon,
Gret byngis hass of treys mony one
Vpbeldyt, by the bowand costis bay.
Thydder euery ane dyd cary, but delay,
Efter thar eldris gyss, onto that sted
The corpsis of thar frendis that war ded,
As fortodo thar observans of det;
And thar vnder the smoky fyre hass set,
Quhill that the hevynnys hye dyd walxin dirk,
Involuyt with the reky stewys myrk.
And thryss on fut all sammyn euery man
In schynand armour abowt the fyris ran,
And thryss the wofull funerall inglys thai
Circulyt abowt on horsbak in array,
With gowlyng and with vocis myserabill;
Quhill that of trigland terys lamentabill
The feildis strowyt war in euery place,
Armouris all wet with wepyng, and thar face.
The clamour of the men and trumpys stevyn
Gan spryngyng vp on hight onto the hevyn.
Syne cumis sum, and in the fyre dyd slyng

The weirly wedis, spulze and armyng
Rent from the Latynys slane into the weir,
As helmys, scheildis, and rych swerdis seir,
Brydillys, and all thir stedis trappouris fair,
The hasty hurland charyot quhelys squair;
Ane other sum kest in the fyre syk geir
As weilbekend the corps was wont to weir,
Thar awyn wapynnys, and thar onsilly scheildis,
Quhilk mycht thame nocht defend into the feildis.
Full mony carcage of thir oxin gret
Abowt the fyris war brytnyt and downbet,
And bustuus bowkis of the byrsyt swyne,
Our feildis all byreft from euery hyne;
Thai steik the beistis, and swakkis in the fyre,
Endlang the costis all tho byrnand schyre;
And can behald quhou that thar feris brynt,
Observand weill the gledis half owt quent,
And eik the assys half brynt of the ded;
Ne may thai thens be harlyt of that sted,
Quhill at the hevyn ourquhelmyt the dirk nycht,
That ganand is for fyry sternys brycht.
And, nethelless, the Latynys lamentabill
In placis seir fyris innumerabill
Vpbeldit hass, and sum with wofull rerd
Feill corpsis deip bedelvys vnder erd;
And sum alsso in cartis haue thai sent
To townys in the feildis adiacent;
And sum alsso war send to the cite,
Tobe entyrit as thame accordyt be.
The remanent all sammyn assemlyt ourane,
But numbyr and but ordour, euery ane,
Of corpsys slane in huge heip byrn thai;
And thus on athir sydis, the hie way
And large feildis dyd oft of fyris schyne.
As that the thryd days lycht eftir syne
The dyrk nycht removyt from the sky,
The assys deip, murnand with mony a cry

Doun dyd thai cast, and scrapis owt atany
The hait amyrris and the byrslyt banys;
And 3it all warm, onculyt, sone thai haue
Bedelvyn thame, and in the erd begrave.
Bot, certis, than renewys the womentyng
Within the mychty burgh of Latyn kyng,
The rumour rayss and murmour principaly
Of bewalyng all owt the maist party.
The wofull moderis and matronys wepis heir,
The eldmoderis, and eyk the systeris deir;
Thar mycht be hard with duyfull breistis greyt
The 3yng babbys walyng on the streyt,
That had thar faderis slane this hynder day,
Cryand, "Ichane, allace, and weill away!"
Thai curss and wary fast this vengabill weir,
And Turnus wedlok bannys with mony a teir:
All in a voce thai cry, desirand he
Suld ondertak the batall and melle,
And fecht allane to mak end of this thing,
As he the quhilk pretendis to weld the ryng
Of Italy with honour pryncipall,
Desyrand that he suldbe lord of all.
The brym Drances aggregis weill this thyng,
And buyr on hand baldly befor the kyng
Nane bot this Turnus challance wald Enee,
Turnus only to fecht desyris he.
And, be the contrar, mony sensymentis
For Turnus schawys evident argumentis:
Of Queyn Amatha the gret authorityte
Dekkis and defendis hym with wordis sle;
And hys gret fame and actis triumphall
Hys querrell dyd susteyn agane thame all.
Befor Kyng Latyn and hys consale in deid
Venulus schawis respons of Diomeid.
Abuf all this, lo, the ilk stound onon
Thyr messyngeris, all trist and wobegon,
Returnyt haymwart into thar maist neid

From the gret cite of Schir Dyomed,
Reportand answer, that alhaill was lost
Thar lang travale and maist sumptuus cost;
Schortly, thai had doyn thar na thyng at docht,
The rych gyftis nor gold avalyt nocht,
For all thar large requestis and prayeris;
To help the Latyn pepill in thar weris
Behuffyt thame to seik other supple,
Or to mak paix with Troiane prynce Ene.
Herand thir wordis, this ald Latyn kyng
Falys all curage, with gret lamentyng,
For patently the goddis wraik, hym thocht,
Schew that by fait Ene was thyddir brocht,
And manifest mycht of goddis hym dyd sustene,
That schew the new gravys befor thar eyn.
Quharfor, a gret consale assemlys he,
And callys the cheif ledaris of hys menȝe,
Chargeand thai suld in hys palyce conveyn
Onto the riall chymmyss. Tho bedeyn
Thai flok so fast that euery way was hyd.
Thys ancyent kyng dyd set hym down amyd
The cepturyt men, as first and pryncipall,
Bot no thyng semyng glaid of cheir at all.
Than the ambassat, that was returnyt agane
From Dyomedis cite Etholiane,
He bad do schaw the credens that thai brocht,
Per ordour haill thar answer, faland nocht.
Silens was maid, ilk man hys tong held than,
And Venulus, of thame the gretast man,
Begouth fortill obey the kyngis charge,
And schew hys credens planly thus at large:
“O citeȝanys, we haue visseit Diomed,
And seyn thai strenthys by thame of Arge in deid
Vpbeldyt in the boundis of Italy;
The ways thiddir we haue met by and by,
And eschapyt all dangeris by the gait,
All thocht our iourney was nocht fortunait.

We haue twichit that sammyn douchty hand
By quham of Troy distroyt was town and land;
Quhilk now as victor, in the feildis plane
Besyde the skyrtis of the mont Gargane,
Within boundis of Iapigia sul3e,
That now on days Apul3e clepyng we,
Vprasyt hess the cite Argyripas,
Quham fra hys natyve pepill namyt he was.
Fra that we entryt war in hys presens,
And forto speke was geif ws audiens,
The gyftis and rewardys present we;
Our credens, our estait, and our cuntre,
Declaryt plane, and quha with wer ws socht,
And quhat occasioun had ws thidder brocht.
He hard ws weill, and on a frendly wyss
Thus answer maid with wordis war and wyss:
‘O fortunat folk, quhar Saturn regnyt swa,
3he ancyent pepill of Ausonya,
Quhat mysaventour and onkyndly heyt
3ou steris from 3our lang rest and quyet,
Prouocand 3ou to movyng, rayss and steir
Sa peralus, onknowth and onthrifty wer?
For euery ane of ws that dyd offens
In Troys bundis with swerd and violens,
Or cruell handis set fortill inuaid
Kyng Priamus, and of hys realm degraid
(I leif ontald all thai that in the feld
By Troys wallys hess swelt vnder scheld,
Or that the flude of Symois by the town
Drownyt in stremys warpis vp and down),
Our all the warld of ws hail the remanys
Beyn punyst sor with onrehersabill panys,
And sufferit hess all maner of turment.
Ful weill knawis my wordis, quhat I ment,
The sorofull constillatioun of Mynerve,
Quhilk causyt mony douchty man to sterve;
And on the costis of Euboica

The rokis beris witness 3it alssua,
And the montane Caphareus, God woit,
That vengeans tuke and wraik apon our floyt.
From that weirfar and cursyt chevalry
We cachyt ar to syndry costis, far by
Our natyve bundis and ald heritage.
Lo, Menelay, ane of the cheif barnage
And Atrius son, yclepyt Atrydes,
To Protheus pillaris, hait Pyramydes,
Constrenyt is in exill forto wend;
Vlixes alsso, as full weill is kend,
Bewavyt is wyd quhar our all the see,
So that the Ciclopes of Ethna saw he.
Quhat suld I tell of Neoptolemus,
That other wyss to name is hait Pyrrus,
The hard myschans and tynsell of hys ryng?
Or quhou aganys Idomens the kyng
Hys kyndly goddis and cuntre dyd rebell,
And hym gan of hys natyve realm expell?
Or quhou the Locrys, Ajax Oelyus ost,
Now doys inhabyt the waist Lybyan cost?
Sen he hym self the gret Agamenon,
The kyng of Myce, and cheif ledar of on
Of all the Grekis ostis in batale,
Ha, schame to say, fowlely befell
That by the handis of hys awyn wife
The first nycht in hys palyce lost hys lyf.
And he that venquyst Asya lyis ded;
The sle adultrar occupiis hys sted.
The goddis eik sa far dyd me invy,
That in my natyve land neuer sall I spy
My chaist spousage, lyke as befor hess bene,
Ne Calydon my realm of crymys cleyn.
And now alsso, a grisly thyng to se,
Ane selcouth monstre, lo, betyd hes me:
My ferys lost with plumys in the ayr
As thame best lykis ar fleand our alquhar

(Allace of my folkis the vengeabill wraik!),
Transformyt in fowlys, wandris by the laik,
And of thar lamentabill and wofull sowndis
The large costis dynnys and redoundis.
Thir myschevys for my trespass and cryme,
I may traist, hess betyd me sen that tyme
That I, witles and so rakless, perfay,
The hevynly bodeis durst with swerd assay,
And with smert wond was our presumptuus
To violat the rycht hand of Venus.
Solist na mar,' quod he, 'persuaid me nocht
That to so dangerus batellis I be brocht.
Eftir the bettyng down of Troys wallys,
With the Tewcranys, quhat chance that euer befallis,
I will na mair debatis mak nor weris;
Nor of our ald stryfe thir hynder 3heris,
That so myschews was and bad to se,
May I glaidly remember now,' said he.
'Tha gyftis rych and mony fair presandis
Quhilkis 3e to me hess brocht furth of 3our landis,
Return and beir onto the prynce Ene.
Contrar hys keyn dartis ellis stand haue we,
And hand for hand matchit hym in fycht:
Beleif me as expert, quhou stowt and wight
Is he owther in batale place or feld,
And how sternly he rasys vp hys scheild,
Or with quhou gret a thud in the melle
Ane lance towartis hys aduersar thrawys he.
Forthir,' he said, 'I certify 3ou alssua,
That, gif the forsaid grond of Phrygia
Twa othir sik men fosterit had or bred,
The citeis all of Arge mycht sor haue dred,
And the ofspryng of Dardan esely
Mycht in our realmys arryvit by and by,
So that Grece suld haue murnyt, euery tovn,
The fatis ald reuersit vp syd down.
Alhail the stop, resistans and delay

Mayd at Troy wallys, quhil the sege thar lay,
Was by the handis of Hector and Ene:
The Grekis conquyst lang tyme, trastis me,
By thame was styntit, apon sik maner
That it prolongit was quhil the tent 3er.
Athir of thame in bonte and curage
Excelland war, and full of vassalage;
Athir of thame maist souerane and douchty
In dedis of armys, prowes and chevalry;
Bot this Ene was first all owt express
Of reuth, compassioun and of gentilnes.
Tharfor all sammyn adionys 3our rycht handis
In ferm allyance of concord, and sik bandis
Be ony wyss se 3he obtene,' quod he;
'For, gif thai start till armys in melle,
Be war with thame fortill debait, I red.'
Maist nobill kyng of kyngis, in this sted
Hys answer hess thou hard, as I haue tald,
And twichand this gret batale quhat he wald."
The kyng proponys with Enee to tak pess
Incontrar Turnus; tharto persuadis Drances.
Scars had the messyngeris thir wordis said,
Quhen all the Latynys, trublyt, full onglaid,
Fra hand to hand quhispyris fast and roundis,
On diuerss wyss demyng with murmur soundis —
Lyke as the swyft watir stremys cleir
Sum tyme rowtand men on far may heir,
Quhar it is stoppit with thir stanys round,
That of the ryveris brute and brokkyn sound,
Brystand on skelleis our thir demmyt lynnys,
The bankis endlang all the fludis dynnys.
Bot efter that thar mudis mesyt wer,
Thar waverand wordis stanchit and sik beir,
With reuerens first blyssand the goddis mycht.
The kyng thus carpys from hys trone on hycht:
"O Latyn pepill, forsuyth I wald al gait,
And so had beyn far better, weill I wait,

Full lang or now avisyt had we be
Twychand the common weill and materis hie;
And not at sik a poynt, apon this wyss,
Our consale to assemblill and to avyss,
Quhen that our fays and aduersaris ar bown
Forto bysege the wallys of our town.
O cite3anys, we move and ledis at hand
Ane wer inoportune, quhilk is onganand,
Aganys folkis of goddis clan discend,
That beyn invincybill, and weill can defend
So that na bargane may thame irk nor tyre;
Nor thocht thai venquyst war, baith man and syre,
May thai desist, ne withdraw the melle.
Gif ony hope or confidens had we
In chevalry of the Etholianys,
Quhilkis in Napillis with Dyomed remanys,
And for thir men of armys thidder send,
Do all sik traste away, and 3ou defend:
Lat euery man in his awyn self haue hope.
But quhou febill sik traste is 3e may grope,
And eik befor 3our eyn cleir may 3e se
In quhou gret perrell and proplexite
All other materis lyis now or standis;
All sic thyngis bene braid amang 3our handis.
I will accus nor argu now na wight.
All haill the forss or strenth mycht be in fycht
Exercyt was, I wait; sen all the flour
And pyssans of this realm dyd stryve in stour.
Now so it is that I will breifly end,
And in schort wordis mak onto 3ou kend
The dowtsum purpos in my mynd remanys;
Attendans geif, and harkis all at anys.
I haue, besyde Tyber the Tuscane flud,
Ane ald feld onprofitabill and rude,
Far strekand west to the bundis quhar remanys
The Scicyll pepill, quhilkis clepit ar Sycanys;
The folk Auruncane and of Rutuly

This grund sawys full onthriftely,
With scharp plewis and steill sokkis seir
Thai hard hillys hyrtis forto eyr,
And on thir wild holtis harsk also
In faynt pastur doith thar bestis go.
All that cuntre and band of hillis hie,
Sa full of rochis pynnakillis, as we se,
Lat it be geif for amyte and concord
To the Troianys, and Eneas thar lord;
Syne offer thame equale trety condyng,
And, as our perys, do call thame in this ryng;
All sammyn lat thame dwell heir by and by;
Gif thai haue sik desyre to Italy,
Do lat thame beld thar cite wallys squar.
Bot gif so be that thai lyst ellis quhar
To othir costis or pepill forto wend,
Thar duellyng place for ay to apprehend,
And possibill be that of our boundis thai
May so depart, and from thens wend away;
Twyss ten schippis lat ws beld agane
Of strang tymmyr and treis Italyane,
And gif thai wald compleit ma in this land,
The stuf lyis all reddy by the strand;
Of thar schippis the numbir and maner
Lat thame command, and we sal furnyssh heir
The irne graith, the wark men, and the wrychtis,
And all that to the schippis langis of rychtis.
And forthir eik it lykis me,” quod he,
“To ber my wordis to this prynce Ene,
And to conferm our frendschip and our pess,
Ane hundreth gay ambassatouris, but less,
Of gretast blude of the Latyn men3e,
And in thar handis reke furth the paceabill tre;
And bair hym giftis and rewardis large,
Of gold and evoir mony sovm and charge,
The char or sete accordyng for the ryng,
Our rob ryall, ensen3eys of a kyng.

Avyss heiron amangis 3ou for the best,
And help to bryng our febill weill to rest.”
Ane Drances tho vpstud, and speke began,
The quhilk Drances was the self man
That, as we said haue laitly heir tofor,
Was rycht molest to Turnus euermor,
Quham the renovn of Turnus and glory
Prikkyt full sor with lurkand hyd envy;
Of moblis rych and plentuus was he,
And maste expert in speche and wordis sle,
Bot of his handis into batale sted
Full cald of curage, dolf as ony led,
And into consalys gevyng he was hald
A man nocht indegest, bot wyss and cald;
Bot ane seditioun or a brek to make
Sa masterfull, tharin was nane hys mayk;
The nobill kynrent of hys moderis syde
Maid hym full gret of blude, and full of pryde;
Hys fader was oncertane and onknaw.
And vp he startis in this ilk thraw,
With thir wordis Turnus to ourcharge,
Aggregyng on hym wrath and malyce large:
“O douchty kyng, thou axis consale,” said he,
“Of that mater quhilk, as semys me,
Is nother dyrk nor dowtsum, bot full cleir,
That mysteris not our avicis beyn heir.
The pepill haill grantis that thai wait
Quhat forton schawys, and in quhat estait
Our materis standis; bot thai ar arch to schaw,
Quhispirand amangis thame, thai stand sik aw.
Bot causs hym geif thame liberte to speke,
Do way his bost, at thar breth may outbreke;
I meyn of hym, by quhais onhappy werd
And fraward thewys, now ded on the erd
Samony cheif chiftanys and dukis lyis:
Forsuyth, I sall say furth all myne avyss,
All thocht with brag and bost, or wapynnys, he

Me doith await, and mannans forto de;
For by hys dedis may we se express
Thys cite haly plungit in distress,
Quhillys that he has maid hym to assay
The Troianys strenth, and stall sa sone away,
Havand assurans to withdraw and fle,
And into armys dois bost the hevynnys hie.
Bot, O thou all thar best and riall kyng,
To all thir gyftis ekis bot a thyng;
Onto thir presandis and wyss wordis seir,
That to Troianys thou hass byd say and beir,
Ekis a gift, and lat neuer demyt be
The bustuusness of ony may dant the.
Bot that thi douchter, O thou fader gude,
Onto 3on worthy prynce of gentill blude
Be gevyn, tobe thy son in law, I wyss,
As he that worthy sik a wedlok is;
And knyt vp paix, but mor disseuerans,
With that eternall band of allyans.
And gif sa gret raddour or dreid haue we
Within our myndis or our breistis,” quod he,
“That, for Turnus, we dar nocht do sik thyng,
Than lat ws for the weiflar of this ryng
Beseik hym tharfor and with haill entent
Requir hym at he wald grant hys consent,
So that the kyng, at hys fre volunte,
Mycht oyss and do hys proper dewyte,
And, for the weill publik of this land,
Desyre that he na wyss tharto ganestand.
O Turnus, hed and causar verraly
Of thir myschevis gret in Italy,
Quharto sa feill syss in playn perrellis now
Thir sylly wrachit cite3anys warpis thou?
Nane hoip of weiflar haue we in this wer:
For paix halely we all the requer,
Togiddy with Lavinia the schene may,
Quhilk is the pand or plege, this dar I say,

Of paix tobe kepit inviolate.
And I, forsuyth, quhilk, as be thy consait,
Thou fenys thyne evill willar fortobe,
And for the common weill, sa mot I thee,
So fortocum I refuss nocht, gud broder,
Bot lo me heir, now formest of all other
Humylly the besekyng: I requer,
Haue mercy, lord, of thyne awyn frendis deir,
Lat be thy stowt mynd, go thy way but lak,
With ane mair strang rebute and dryve abak.
Ded corpsis bet down enew haue we seyn,
Our large feildis and boundis all betweyn
Left desolate and waist of induelleris.
Bot gif thy fame and gret renown the steris,
Gyf in thy breist sa hie curage and mycht
Thou hass consauyt, thynkand the sa wight,
And gif that on sik wyss this hald ryall
Suldbe thy dowry and rych gyft dotall
Thou berys in hart, and is to the sa deir;
Do vndyrtake this thyng, and end the weir:
Address thy body baldly, and not spayr
Forto recontyr alone thyne aduersar,
To that entent, that Turnus all hys lyfe
May weld the kyngis douchter to hys wyfe;
So that we, dolf of curage as the led,
Be not doun strowit in the feildis ded,
In cumpaneis onberyit or bewalyt.
Bot thou, that hass in feild sa feil assalyt,
Gyf ony strenth thou hass or hardyment,
Or marciall prowes steryng thyne entent
For thy cuntre; aganyst the, for hys rycht,
Behald thy fa prouocand the to fyght,
3ondir all reddy to mak hys party gude;
Delay no mor, bot manfully go to it.”
Turnus, at Drances speche commovit sair,
Rycht subtelly allegis the contrar.
The fers mude of Turnus, this bald syre,

At sik sawys kyndillyt hait as fyre,
Sychand rycht sor deip in hys breist onon,
Thir wordis pronuncis with a petuus grone:
“Drances,” said he, “forsuyth euer hess thou beyn
Large and to mekill of spech, as weil is seyn
Now, quhen the batale desyris wark at hand;
The consale syttand, first thou doys vpstand.
Bot not with wordis suld the cowrt be fillyt,
Set thou be gret tharin and ful evill willyt,
With haltand wordis fleand from the heir,
Quhen thou assouerit art of al danger,
Sa lang as that our strenthty wallys gude
Our ennemys debarrit doith exclude
Or quhil the fowceis of our forteress
Rynnys not our of bludy spait, I gess.
Tharfor trump vp, blaw forth thyne eloquens,
As thou was wont to do, mak thy defens:
Bot than thou may, Drances, be myne avice,
Me to reproch of feir and cowardyce,
Quhen that thi rycht hand into batale sted
Samony hepis of Troianys hes laid ded,
And quhen thou takynnyt hess so worthely
With syng tropheall the feildis, as haue I.
Full eith it is fortill assay, and se
Quhat may our sprety fors in the melle;
And, as full weill is knawyn to ws eik,
Our fais beyn not far from hens to seik,
Bot plant about the wallis of our town:
Aganyst thame go mak ws reddy bown.
Quhy duellys thou and tareis thus al day?
Quhiddel gif thy marcial dedis, as thai war ay,
Into thy wyndy clattrand tung salbe,
And in tha cowart feit, euer wont to fle?
Says thou I was repulsyt and dryve away?
O maist onworthy wight, quha can that say,
Or me iustly reprochyng of syk lak,
That I rebutyt was or dung abak,

By me quhen thou behald mycht Tyber flude
Boldyn and ryn on spait with Troian blude,
And all the famyll of Evander kyng
Brocht onto grond alhail and his ofspryng,
And the Archadis, confundyt and ourset,
With mony ma in armys I doun bet?
The grysly Bytias, and Pandarus his brother,
Thai ar expert gif I fled one or other,
And eik thai thousand sawlys on a day
As victor I to hell send hyne away,
Quhen that I was inclusyt at distress
Amyd myne ennemyss wallis and forteress.
Thou says, in weir na hoip is of weilfar:
O wytless wyght, pronounce that, and declar
Sik chance betyd 3on Dardan capitane,
And spa sik thyng onto thy dedis ilkane!
And forthir eik, sen thou art mad becum,
Cess not forto perturbill all and sum,
And with thy felloun raddour thame to fley;
The febill myghtis of 3on pepill fey,
Into batale twyss venquyst schamefully,
Spar not fortill extoll and magnify;
And, by the contrar, the pissans of Latyn kyng
Do set at nocht, bot lychtly, and down thryng.
Now the nobill Myrmydon capitany
Quakis in armys for feir of the Troianys,
And now Tedeus son Diomedes
Agast is, and Larissyane Achilles;
And Aufidus, the swyft flowand ryver,
Rynnys contyrmont frawart the sey for feir.
And quhill also this ilk schrewit wight,
That is controvar of mony wykkyt slycht,
Fen3eis hym fleyt or abasyt tobe,
That he dar not chide furth incontrar me,
Than with hys dreid and sle controvit feir
My cryme aggregis he on hys maner.
Desist, Drances, be not abasyt, I pray,

For thou sal neuer loss, schortly I the say,
By my wapyn nor this ryght hand of myne,
Sik ane pevyche and catyve saule as thyne:
Nay, lat it duell with the, as best may gane,
Within that wrachit corps, and thar remane.
Now, O thou gret fader and prynce souerane,
To the and thy consale I turn agane.
Gyf thou list no thyng trasting nor affy
Into our armys nor our chevalry,
Gyf that we be of help all desolate,
And haill at vnder into this last debait,
Distroyt for ay, and na help may mak,
For that our ost was anys drevyn abak,
And forton hess na return ne regress;
Lat ws beseik for paix at sik distress,
Mak hym request to rew apon our harmys,
And reke hym furth our ryght hand bair of armys.
Quhou beit, O, wald God in this extreme neid
That ony thyng of curage or manheid
Remanyt, as was wont with ws tobe!
Abufe the laif thame worthy thinkis me,
Maist fortunat in fatys marcyall,
And excellent in hie curage our all,
Quhilk wilfully, as that thame selvyn wald,
At thai ne suldyn sik myscheif behald,
Fell ded to grond by fatale happy werd,
And with thar mowth anys bait the erd.
Bot gif we haue rychess and moblys seir,
And nevir assayt 3it fresch 3ong power,
And, in our helpyng, of Italianys
Citeis and pepillys habundis and remanys,
Or gif that also to the Troiane syde,
With effusioun of blude and wondis wyde,
This victory betyd is (trastis me,
Thai haue als feill ded corpsis as haue we,
Gyf this tempestuus trake of the batale
On baith the halfis is all owt equale),

Quhy fail3e we so schaymfully our mycht
Into the first entre of the fycht?
Quhy quakis thus our membris vp and down,
Befor the bludy blast and trumpis sovn?
For tyme, feill syss, and eik the variant chance
Of our onstabill lyfe hung in ballance,
Reducit hess full mony onlykly thyng
To bettir fyne than was thar begynnnyng;
And fortoun interchangabill with blenkis quent
Full mony ane dissauyt hess and schent,
Syne efter in a thraw, this weill I wait,
Restoryt thame agane to thar ferm stait.
I put the cace, set the Etholianys,
With Dyomed and the pepill Arpanys,
Lyst not cum in our helpyng nor suple;
3it than the bald Mesapus weill wylbe,
And the happy Tolumnyus alsso,
With all tha other dukis mony mo
That fra so feill pepillys beyn hydder sent:
And na litill renown, be myne entent,
Followys the chosyn folkis of Italy,
Nor thame that duellis in Lawrent feildis heirby.
Haue we not eik the stalwart Camylla,
Of the famyll and kynrent of Volsca,
Ledand thir armyt ostis and stern feildis,
In byrnyst plait arrayt and schynand scheldis?
Bot gyf the Troiane pepill, euery ane,
Desyris me to feght in feild allane,
Gif that be plesand onto the, schir kyng,
And I sa far, efter Drances menyng,
Gaynstandis the common weill; into that cace,
That schame sal nevir betyd me in na place,
For victory me hatis not, dar I say,
Nor lyst syk wyss withdraw thir handis twa,
That I refuss suld to assay ony thyng
Quhilk mycht sa gret beleif of weil inbryng.
With stowt curage agane hym wend I will,

Thocht he in prowes pass the gret Achill,
Or set in cace sik armour he weris as he,
Wrocht by the handis of God Vlcanus sle.
To 3ou, and Kyng Latyn my fader in law,
I Turnus heir, quham full weill 3e know
No thyng behynd, nor tobe reput less,
To nane of all our eldris in prowes,
This saul and life, the quhilk sa weil I lufe,
Doith promyss and awowis for 3our behufe.
Thai say, allon me challancis Ene;
And I beseik gret God he challance me:
Ne byd I not that Drances deir aby
Ocht with hys deth, quhar that apposit am I;
Nor, quhidder this turn to goddis wrethfull wraik,
Or hardyment and honour, we ondertake,
Na thing at all tharof salbe his part —
The chans is myne, I will it not astart.”
Duryng this disputatioun, as is said,
Enee hys ost abowt the town hass laid.
Quhill thai thus at gret altricatioun wer
Amangis thame self in dowtsum thingis seir,
Eneas all his ost and haill army
Hess rasyt, trumpyng to the town in hy.
A messynger com ruschand in with haist,
Amyd the rowtis ran as he war chaist,
That with huge rumour and a feirfull dyn
Fillit onon the kyngis riall in,
And with gret dreid the cite stuffit alquhar;
Schawand quhou that thar fays cummyn war
In plane batale arrayt, to conclud,
The Troiane barnage from Tibir the flude,
With ordinance of Tuscan, that dyd spreid
In forfront al the large feildis on breid.
Onon the pepillis hartis effrayt wer,
And commonys breistis proplexit all for feir;
In sum, the greif and ire dyd fast habund,
Rasyt with brethfull stangis full onsond,

And with a felloun dreid all on steir
Thai hynt to harnes, and cryis eftir thar ger:
“Harness, harnes,” all the 3ong cite3anys
With fellon brute and noys schowtis atany;
The febill and agyt faderis wobegone
Can pleyn and weip with mony a petuus grone.
In euery part the gret clamour and cryis
In diuerss opinionys rayss vp to the skyis —
Nane other wyss than as sum tyme we know
The flycht of byrdis fordynnys the thik schaw,
Or than the rawk vocit swannys in a rabill,
Sondand and swouchand with noys lamentabill
Endlang the bemand stankis and stremys cleir
Of Padusa, sa full of fyschis seir.
Turnus, that fand hys tyme sa oportune,
Now baldly says he: “Cite3anys, haue doyn;
Do call 3our consale, takis avysment,
Sittand at eyss ilkane say his entent,
Carpys of paix, and ruyss it now, lat se,
Quhen that thai 3onder invadis 3our cuntre,
3our mortale fays enarmyt 3ou to assaill.”
Na mar he said, but startis vp sans fail,
And of the cheif palyce ischit furth in hy,
Thus carpand to the noblys stud hym by:
“Go tye, Volusus, to the banereris
Of the Volscanys, and thame that standartis beris;
Charge thame thar ensen3eis forto rayss on hycht,
And in thar armour adress thar men to fyght:
And 3he, Mesapus, Coras, and 3our broder,
The horsmen all enarmyt, ane and other,
Convoys furth onto the feildis braid.
A party of the cite3anys,” he said,
“Do stuf the entreis, and the portis defend;
Sum to the towris and wall hedis ascend;
The remanent of all our hail men3e,
Quhen I command, lat thame set on with me.”
Onon our all the cite by and by

Vp on the wallys ryn thai than in hy.
The kyng Latyn hys consale, full onglaid,
And gret materis quhilkis he begunnyn had,
Left and differrit quhil ane other day,
Trist in his mynd, and trublit of that delay;
And mony ways hym self he accusyt,
That he sa lang had slewthit and refusyt
To ressaue glaidly the Troiane Ene;
Repentyng sor, for weill of his cite,
That he had not requirit hym and draw,
Or than, tobe his mawch and son in law.
Sum tho, thar cite entre forto kepe,
Befor the portis delvis trynschis deip;
Sum to the 3ettis weltis wegthy stonys,
And sum gret iestis and sillys for the nonys;
The bass trumpet with a bludy sovn
The syng of batell blew our all the tovn.
The wallis than thai stuffit rownd abowt
With diuerss sortis of mony syndry rowt,
Baith wifis, barnys, childer, men and page
(Na kynd of stait was sparit tho, nor age);
The heyast poynt and lattir resistens
Callit euery wight to laubour and defens.
The queyn also, Amata, furth can hald
Onto the tempill and Pallas souerane hald,
Born in hir char, and walkyng hir abowt
Of matronys and nobil wemen a rowt;
Offerandis and gyftis brocht with hir scho had;
Nixt hand hir went Lavynia the maid,
The causs of all this harm and wofull teyn,
That down for schame dyd cast hyr lusty eyne.
The matronys entris in the goddis presens,
And smokis the tempill with sweit vapour and sens,
And reuthful vocis warpis lovd on hie.
Alssone as thai attenyt the entre,
“O thou,” said thai, “Pallas armipotent,
Tritonia clepit, maid, and president

Of batale and of weris eueryone,
With thy virginal handis breke onon
3on Troiane revaris wapynnys and his speir;
Hym self als tyte down to the grund thou ber,
Vndre our portis and our wallis hie
Down warp hym ded, that we that sycht may se.”
Heir Turnus and Camylla gan devyss
Practikis of weir, the Troianys to suppryss.
Turnus hym self, als fers as ony gleid,
Ful bissely addressyt on his weid,
Desyrus of the batale and bargane.
Intil a closs curass Rutilyane
Be than his body weill embrasyt had he,
Hys burnyst armour, awfull for to se,
With lymmys claspit in platis gilt with gold
And hed all bair; 3it, as hym selvyn wold,
Hys dedly brand he beltis by his syde;
And, schynand all of brycht gold, fast can glide
Throw owt the palyce ryall heir and thar,
Reiosyt in his mynd, as thocht he war
In ferm beleif fortill ourset his fo;
And on sik wyss gan walkyng to and fro,
With hart hyngand on the ioly pyn.
As sum tyme dois the curser start and ryn,
That brokkyn hes his band, furth of his stall,
Now gois at large out our the feldis all,
And haldis towart the studis in a rage,
Quhar merys rakis in thar pasturage,
Or than onto the deip rynnand ryver,
Quhar he was wont to drynk the watir cleir;
He sprentis furth, and full provd walxis he,
Heich strekand vp his hed with mony a ne,
Out our his spaldis and nek lang by and by
His lokkyrrit mayn schakand wantonly —
Siklyke this Turnus semys, quhar he went.
And, as he bradis furth apon the bent,
The maid Camylla cumis hym agane,

Accumpaneit with hir ostis Volscane.
Befor the portis down lyghtis the queyn,
Quham all the rowt hess followyt bedeyn,
Discendand from thar horssis esely;
Syne on sic wyss this lady spak in hy:
“Turnus,” says sche, “gif ony hardy wight
May traste or assur in thar awyn mycht,
I vndertak, and dar promyss, allane
To mach in feild the ostis Eneadane,
And baldly dar recuntir in melle
All the horsmen of the Tuscan men^{3e}.
I the requyr, suffir me to assay
With my retenew and thir handis tway
The first danger in batale, or I stent:
Byde thou behynd on fut in enbuschment,
And kepe the wallis of this tovn,” scho said.
Turnus his eyn hes fixit on this maid,
That weirlike was and awfull onto se,
Syne on this maner to hir ansueris he:
“O thou virgyn, glory of Italy,
Quhat thankis 3eld or rendir the may I,
Or quhat may I refer of thy renovn?
Bot, sen thou art to all thyng reddy bovn,
Surmontyng all in curage souerane,
Now at this tyme of sic laubour and payn
Grant me my part, so that on athir syde
Betwix ws twa the bargane be dyvyde.
Hark, I sall schaw 3ou myne avyss,” quod he,
“3on detestabill and myschews Enee,
As that the rumour surly hess maid kend,
And als my spyis schawis was thidder send,
A certane horsmen, lycht armyt for the nanys,
Hes send befor forto forray the planys;
Hym self ascendis the hie band of the hyll
By wentis strait and passage scharp and wyll,
Schaip on our cite fortocum prevely.
Tharfor a prattik of weir devyss will I,

And ly at wait in quyet enbuschment
At athir pethis hed or secrete went;
In the how slak, be 3onder woddis syde,
Full dern I sall my men of armys hyde.
Set thou apon the Tuscan horsyt rowt,
With pynsellis semlyt sammyn with a schowt.
The stalwart Mesapus with the sall go,
The Latyn barnage, and the brethir two,
That capitany come fra Tyburtyn cite,
With all thar ordinance and hail men3e:
Tak thou the cuyr with thame to rewle and steir
Alhaill that ryall army into weir.”
Thus said he, and with sic wordis at schort
Mesapus to the fyght he dyd exhort,
And all his feris, syne euery capitane;
And syne towart his aduersaris is gane.
Thar lay a valle in a crukyt glen,
Ganand for slycht till enbusch armyt men,
Quham, wonder narrow, apon athir syde
The bewys thik hampirrit and doith hyde
With skowgis darn and full obscur, perfay,
Quharthrow thar strekit a rod or a strait way,
Ane narrow peth, baith outgang and entre,
Full scharp and schrowit passage wonder sle;
Abufe the quhilk, apon the hill on hycht,
Quhar men may spy about a weil far sycht,
Thar lyis a playn to the Troiany onknaw;
Bot, quha so list towart that sted to draw,
It is a stellyng place and sovir harbry,
Quhar ost in stail or enbuschment may ly,
Quhiddel men list the bargane to abyde
Owder on the rycht hand or on the left syde,
Or on the hycht debait thame for the nanys,
And on thar fays welt down wegthy stany.
Thyddir 3ong Turnus held and dyd ascend,
As he that all the passage weil bekend;
The place he tuke, and ful prevy, onknaw,

Lyggis at wait vnder the darn wod schaw.
Quhou that Opis was down from Dyane send,
And of quhat kyn Camylla was descend.
The meyn session, Latoneis douchter Dyan,
Within hir set of hevynnys souerane,
The swyft Opys, a nympe ane of hir feris,
Ane haly virgyne of hir sort mony 3heris,
To hir callis, rycht dolorus and onglaid,
And, sychand sair, to hyr syk wordis said:
“O virgyn deyr, lo now, Camylla gays
To cruell batall aganyst hyr mortal fays,
And, al invayn, with hir into syk werys
Our wapynnys and our armour with hyr berys.
I the declar and certifeis,” quod sche,
“Abuf all other full deyr is sche to me;
Ne this luf, suythly, is nocht cummyn of new,
Nor 3it of lait in Dyany's brest vpgrew,
And with a hasty sweitness movyt my spreit,
Bot of ald kyndnes lang tyme onforleit.
For quhen hir fader, Metabus the kyng,
Was throw invy expellit hys ancyent ryng
Of Pryvernum, and for the cruelte
Of his pepill fled from that cite,
With hym he bair this 3ong infant sa deir,
Tobe his fallow in exill, and play feir,
And efter hir moderis name, hait Casmylla,
Camylla hes clepit, a lettir tane awa.
Befor hym in hys bosum he hir bair
And socht onto the wilsum holtis hair.
Hys cruel fays with thar wapynnys keyn
Hym ombeset on all partis in teyn.
With armyt men and wageouris the Volscanys
So neir almost bylappyt hym at anys,
Thar was na passage quhar away to fle;
For lo, amynd the went quhar etlyt he,
Amasenus, that ryver and fresch flude,
Abuf the brays bulryt as it war wod;

From the clowdis war bryst sik spait of rayn
The ryver flowis our the large plane.
He, dressand hym to swym, at the bank syde
For luf of the 3ong bab most neid abyde,
And, for his deir byrdyng dredand soir,
Ilk chance in haist dyd roll in his memor;
And scars this sentens prent into hys mynd,
Hys douchtir forto closs within the rynd
And stalwart sapplyn or bark of cork tre
(For in hys hand the self tyme had he
A bustuus speir, per cace, baith styth and stuyr,
As he that was a worthy weriour;
The schaft was sad and sound, and weill ybaik);
Ywypmillit in this bark tho dyd he take
Hys 3ong douchter, and with hys awyn hand
Amyddis of this lans full suyrly band;
Quhilk tasand with hys rycht hand, sone on hye
Onto the hevyn abuf thus carpys he:
'O blissyt maid Latonya, our alquhar
Of wild forestis the inhabitar,
I, fader, heir professys servand to the
Thys tendir 3onglyng, bund onto this tre;
Fleand hys fays throw the skyis, llo,
Knyt to thy schaft, lawly besekis scho.
Ressaue hir, lady, and testify, God wait,
As thyne alhail, onto the dedicate,
Quhilk now thou seis standis in danger,
Commyttit to the wyndis and the ayr.'
Thus said he, and onon with a swak
Hys gardy vp hass bendit far abak,
And threw the speir with all hys fors and mycht;
The stremys soundyt of the schaftis flycht.
Owr this ferss ryver to the farthyr bra
This fey onsilly bab, 3ong Camylla,
Flaw knyt onto this quhirrand schaft of tre.
Bot this Metabus, quhen that he dyd se
The gret press of hys fays cum sa neir,

Na langar duelt, bot swam throu the ryver;
And cummyn to hys purposs blyth and glaid,
The speir onon, sa buklyt with the maid,
In presand onto the thrynfald Dyane,
Furth of the gresy sward he has vp tane.
Na rurall byggyngis, nor 3it na strang cite,
Wald hym ressaue within thar wallys he,
Nor, thocht thai wald hym to harbry haue tane,
Hys fers mynd couth not subdew to nane;
So that, in maner of hyrdis in pasturage,
On wild montanys he wonnyt all his age;
Quhar that his dochtyr, amang buskis ronk,
In dern sladis and mony scroggy slonk,
With mylk he nurist of the beistis wild,
And with the pappys fosterit he his child
Of savage stude meris in that forest;
Oft tymys he thar pappys mylkit and prest
Within the tendir lippys of his get.
And, fra the child myght fut to erd set,
And with hir solis first dyd mark the grond,
With dartis keyn and hedis scharply grund
Hir fystis and hir handis chargyt he;
And at hir schuldir buklyt hess on hie
Ane propir bow and lital arow cace;
And for hir goldyn garland or hed lace
In sted eik of hir syde garmont or pall,
Our the schuldris fro hir nek down with all
The grisly tygrys skyn of rent dyd hyng.
The self tyme 3it sche bot tendir 3onglyng
Thir dartis and the takillis swyft leit glyde;
And oft abowt hir hed the ilk tyde
Wald warp the stryngis of the stowt staf slyng,
Quhar with feill syss to grund ded wald scho dyng
The cran of Trace, or than the quhite swan.
For nocht scho was desirit with mony a man,
And moderis feill throu the townys Tuscan
Desirit hir thar gud doucher, invane;

For scho only, full ferm in hir entent,
Of Diane, goddes of chastyte, stud content,
And list to hant evyr in woddis with me
The dartis schutyng, and love virginyte,
Remanand incorrupt and a cleyn maid.
I wald, forsuyth, at this tyme scho abaid,
And had not hastit to sic chevalry,
Forto molest the Troianys stowt army;
Bot that ane of my ferys scho suld be,
As scho that is at all tyme deir to me.
Haue done onon, thou nympe Opys,” scho said,
“With wikkyt fatis sen bestad is 3on maid,
Thou slyde down from the hevyn, and that inhy;
The Latyn feildis thou vissy and aspy,
Quhar, in the wofull batale and melle,
To ane onhappy chance betaucht is sche.
Tak thir dartis, and sone owt of my cayss
That ilke revengeabill arow thou owt rayss:
Quha evir with wond doys hurt or violat
Hyr haly body onto me dedicat,
Quhiddir he be Troiane or Italiane,
All is in like, that he onon be slane,
And with hys blude myn offens deir aby.
My self thar eftir the reuthfull corps in hy
Amyd a boyss clowd sall cary away,
Onspul3eit of hir armour or array,
And hir bygrave, reducit to hir cuntre,
In sepultur full gloryus,” said sche.
Than Opys lyghtly of the hevynnys glad,
Throw owt the skyis sowchand fast down slaid,
Persand the ayr with body all ourschrowd
And dekkyt in a watry sabill clowd.
Quhou that Eneas with hys haill power
Towart the cyte wallys drawis neir.
Dvryng this quhile, the Troiane power all
Approchys fast towart the cite wall,
The Tuscane dukis and horsmen rowtis alhaill

Arrayt in batale, euery ward and stail,
Our all the planys brays the stampand stedis,
Full gal3art in thar bardis and weyrly wedis,
Apon thar strait born brydillis brankand fast,
Now thrympand heir, now thar, thar hedis can cast:
The large grond worth grysly onto se
Of steill wapynnys and scharp speir hedis hie;
And as the fyre all byrnand schayn the feildis
Of brycht armour, heich helmys, and braid scheildis.
Aganyst thame also onon apperys
The bald Mesapus, val3eant in werys;
The agill Latyn pepill with hym was,
And duke Catyllus, with his brother Coras,
And eik the weyng of Wolscane pepill in feild
With the stowt wench Camylla vnder scheild;
And furth thai streik thar lang speris weill far,
Drew in thar armys with schaftis chargit on far,
Tasyt vp dartis, taclys and fleand flаныs;
The contyr or first tocome for the nanys
Full ardent wolx, and awfull forto se,
The men byrnand to ioyn in the melle,
And furour grew of stedis sterand on stray.
Now thai, approchyng sammyn in array
Within ane arow schot on athyr syde,
Syne maid a litill stop, and still dyd byde;
Rasyt vp a schowt, bad on thame with a cry,
Quhil bruyt and clamour fordynnyt the sky.
Thar fers stedis dyd for the bargane cheir;
On athir half thai mak a weirlike feir;
And tharwithall at anys on every sydis
The dartis thik and fleand takyllys glydis,
As doith the schour of snaw, and with thar flycht
Dyrknyt the hevynnys and the skyis lyght.
Tyrrhenus tho, ane of the Tuscanе rowt,
And Acontevs, a Rutilyane full stowt,
Togidder semblyt with thar speris ran,
To preif the first fall sammyn, man for man.

Thai meit in melle with a felloun rak,
Quhil schaftis al to schuldris with a crak;
Togiddir duschis the stowt stedis atanys,
That athyris contyr fruschytt otheris banys.
And Aconteus, lyke to the thundris blast,
Smyte from hys sadill a far way was cast,
Or lyke a stayn warpyt from the engyne,
That altofruschit down he dyd declyne,
With sik rebund and rewyne wonder sair
That he his lyfe hes sparpellit in the ayr.
All suddanly the Latynys tuke affray
And gaue the bak bedeyn, and fled away,
Thar scheldis our thar schuldris kest behynd,
And to the tovn spurris als ferss as wynd.
The Troianys dyd persewyng on the chayss,
And fast invadis thame Prynce Asyllas.
Quhen thai approchyng to the portis neir,
The Latyn pepill returnys all infeir,
Thar weill dantit horss nekkis quhelit abowt,
Syne gaue a cry, and on thame with a schowt:
The tother party than hess tane the flight,
Leit ga the brydill, and fled in all thar mycht.
Lyke as the flowand sey with fludis rude
Now ruschis to the land, as it war woyd,
And on the skelleys at the costis bay
Vpswakkis fast the fomy wallys gray,
And with his iawpys coverys in and owt
The far sandis our the bay abowt;
Now with swyft fard gois ebband fast abak,
That with hys bulrand iaschis and owt swak
With hym he sowkis and drawys mony stayn,
And levis the strandis schald and sandis plane —
The Tuscan folk the Latynys on sik wyss
Onto the cite wallys chasyt twyss;
And twyss thar self dyd fle and gif the bak,
With scheldis at defens behynd thame swak.
Bot tharefter the thryd assay thai mak,

The ostis sammyn ionyt with a crack,
That euery man hess chosyn hym his feir.
And than, forsuyth, the granys men mycht heir
Of thame that stervyn and down bettyn beyn,
That armour, wapynnys, and ded corpss bedeyn,
And stedis throwand on the grond that weltis,
Mydlit with men quhilk 3eld the gaste and sweltis,
Bedowyn lay full deip in thar awyn blude.
The stowr encressis furyus and woyd.
Orsilochus, a Troiane, with all his forss
Dressis his lans at ane Remulus horss,
For hym to meit he stude a maner feir;
The hed remanyt vnder the horssis eyr,
The steid enragit for the cruell dynt,
And lansys vp on hycht als fers as flynt,
As he that was inpacient of hys wond,
That Remulus down weltis on the grond.
Catillus, ane of the brethir Tyberyne,
Iollas down bet, and thareftir syne
The gret Hermynyus, wondir byg of corps,
Bot far byggar of curage and of fors;
Quhais hed and schuldris nakyt war and bar,
And on his crovn bot lokrand 3allow hair;
And thocht he nakyt was, and voyd of geir,
Na wond nor wapyn mycht hym anys effer;
Forgane the speris so bustuus blomyt he,
That this Catillus stalwart schaft of tre
Throw gyrdis baith hys stalwart schulder banys,
And with the dynt stud schakand all at anys,
Transfixit so, and persand euery part,
It dowblis and renewys the manis smart.
The blaknyt dedly blude on athir syde
Furth ruschis owt of warkand wondis wyde;
The swerdis baithit wolx in bargane red;
Feill corpsis kyllit in the feild fell ded,
And caught a douchty end to swelt in fycht,
By hurtis feill forto manteym thar rycht.

Quhou Camylla hir fays doun can dyng,
And venquyst Awnus, for all his fair flechyng.
The awfull maid Camylla the ilk tyde,
With cace of arrowis tachit by hyr syde,
Amyd the slauchter and melle apon hyr foyne
Prowdly pransys lyke a wench Amazon,
That, forto hant the bargane or assay,
Hyr rycht pap had cut and brynt away.
And now the sowpill schaftis baldly sche
On ather sydis thik sparpellis and leit fle;
Now, not irkyt in batale stith to stand,
Ane stalwart ax scho hyntis in hir hand;
Apon hir schulder the giltyn bow Turcas,
With Dyany's arowys clatterand in hyr cayss.
And gif that so betyd into that fight
Hyr ferys gave the bak and tuke the flycht,
Into the chaiss oft wald scho turn agane,
And, fleand, with hir bow schuyt mony a flane.
Abowt hir went hir walit stalwart feris,
The maid Laryna and Tulla 3ong of 3heris,
And Tarpeia, that stowtly turnys and swax
With the weil stelit and braid billit ax;
Italyany's born; quham the nobil Camylla
Had to hir lovyng and honour deput swa,
Tobeyn hir servandis in ganand tyme of paix,
And in batale to stand by hir in press.
Lyke as of Trace the wenchis Amazonys
Dyndillis the flude Thermodoon for the nonys,
As in thar payntit armour do thai fycht,
Owder abowt Hippolita the wight,
Or by the weirlyk maid Penthesile,
Rolland hir cart of weir to the melle;
The wemen rowtis baldly to the assay,
With felloun bruyt, gret revery and deray,
Furth haldis sammyn our the feldis sone,
With crukyt scheldis schapyn like the moyn.
O thou stern maid Camylla, quhat sal I say?

Quham first, quham last, thou smait to erth that day?
Or quhou feil corpsis in the batale sted
Thou laid to grond, ourthrew and put to ded?
With the formast, Ewmenyus, that was one
Son to Clysius; quhais braid breist bone
With a lang stalwart speir of the fyre tre
Throw smyttyn tyte and persyt sone hes sche;
He cavis owr, furthbokand stremys of blude,
And with his teith eik, schortly to conclude,
The bludy erd he bait; and, as he sweltis,
Apon hys wond oft writhis, tumlys and weltis.
Abuf this nixt scho ekis other two,
Lyris, and ane Pegasyus alsso,
Of quham the tane, that is to say, Lyris,
As that he fordward stowpand was, I wys,
To hynt hys horssis reyn that gan to fundir,
And the tother present, to kep hym vndir,
Furth straucht his febill arm to stynt his fall,
To grund togidder ruschit ane and all.
And to thir syne the son of Hyppotes,
Amastrus hait, ded scho adionynt in press;
And lenand fordwart on hir lance of tre,
Terreas and Harpalicus chasys sche,
Persewand eik full bustuusly onon
The bold Chromys, and strang Demophon:
Quhou feill dartis with hir hand kest this maid,
Alsmony Troianys ded to grund scho laid.
Ane Ornytus, ane huntar, far on raw,
In armour and in cognycens onknaw,
Raid on a curser of Apulze throu the feild;
Hys braid schuldris weill cled war and ourheld
With a zong bullis hyde newly of hynt;
Hys hed coverit, to salf hym fro the dynt,
Was with ane hydduus wolfis gapand iowis,
With chaftis braid, quhyte teith and bustuus powis.
To mak debait, he held intill his hand
A rural club or culmas in sted of brand;

And, quhar he went, amyd the rowtis on hie
Abuf thame all his hail hed men myght se.
Camylla hym at myscheif hess on set,
Scho bair hym throw, and to the grund down bet;
Nor na gret curage, forsuyth, was that, na mycht,
For all his rowt tofor had tane the flycht.
Bot forthir eik this forsaid Camylla,
With mynd onfrendly, can thir wordis sa:
“Thow Tyrrheyn fallow, quhat, wenyt thou tobe
In woddis chasand the wild deir?” quod sche.
“The day is cummyn that 3our prowde wordis hait
A womanis wapyn sal resist and debait.
And, not the less, na litill renowne
From thens thou sal do turss away with the,
And to our faderis gostis blythly schaw
That with Camyllais glave thou art ourthraw.”
Incontinent this madyn eftir thys
Slew Orsilochus, and ane that hait Butys,
Twa biggast men of body and of banys
Of all the ost and fallowschip Troianys.
Bot this ilk Butys, standand hir befor,
Outthrou the nek dyd scho perss and bor,
Betwix the hawbrig and the helm inhy,
Quhar that his halss scho dyd nakyt aspy;
For our his left schulder hang his scheld.
Bot this Orsilochus fled hir in the feild,
And gan to trump with mony a turnyng went;
In circulis wyde scho drave hym our the bent,
With mony a curss and iowk, abowt, abowt;
Quhar euer he fled scho followis in and owt;
And at the last scho hess ourtak the man,
And throw hys armour all, and his harn pan,
Hir braid poll ax, rasyt so on hie,
With all hir forss and mycht syne strykis sche;
As he besocht for grace with gret request,
Scho dowblit on hir dyntis, and so hym prest,
With feil wondis his hed hass tort and rent;

Hys harnys hait our all his vissage went.
Than Awnus son, quhilk also Awnus hait,
On cace betyd approche in the debait
Towart this maid, and, alsone he hir saw,
Abasyt huvis still for dreid and aw:
Into the mont Appennynus dwelt he,
Amang Liguriane pepill of his cuntre;
And not, forsuyth, the lakeist weriour,
Bot forsy man, and rycht stalwart in stour,
So lang as fatis sufferit hym in fycht
To excerss prettykis, iuperty or slycht.
This Awnus, fra that weil persavit he
Na way to fle nor eschew the melle
Nor mycht eschaip the queyn stude him agane,
Than he begouth assay hir with a trayn,
And with a sle dissait thus first he said:
“Quhat honour is till a stowt wench or maid
Fortill assur and trast in a strang horss?
Leif thy swyft steid, and traste in thyne awyn forss;
At nane advantage, quhen thou lyst to fle,
Lyght on this plane, and hand for hand with me
Address ws to debait on fut allone:
Thar sall thou se, thar sall thou knaw onon,
Quhamto this wyndy glor, voust, or avantis,
The honor or, with payn, the lovyng grantis.”
Thus said he, bot scho than als hait as fyre,
Aggrevit sor, inflambit in felloun ire,
Alycht, and to hir mait the horss betaucht;
At his desyre onon on fut vpstraucht,
With equale armour bodyn wondir lycht,
The drawyn suerd in hand that schane full brycht,
And onabasyt abaid hym in the feild,
Abylzeit only bot with a quhite scheild.
The 3ong man, wenyng with his sle dissait
He had begilit hir be his consait,
Abowt his bridill turnyt but mar delay
And at the flycht sprent furth and brak away,

And feil syss leit the horss sydis feill
The scharp irne spurris prik apon his heill.
“O,” quod the maid, “thou fals Liguriane,
Our wanton in thy prowde mynd, all invayn;
O variant man, for nocht perfay,” quod sche,
“Hess thou assayt thy cuntre craftis sle!
Dissaitfull wight, forsuyth I to the say,
Thy slycht and wylis sal the nocht beir away,
Nor haylscarth hyne do turss the hame fra ws
Onto thy faderis howss, the fals Awnus.”
Thus said the wench onto this other syre,
And furth scho sprent as spark of gleid or fyre;
With spedy fut so swyftly rynnys sche,
By passyt the horssis renk, and furth can fle
Befor hym in the feild with gret disdeyn,
And claucht onon the curser by the reyn;
Syne set apon hym baldly, quhar scho stude,
And hir revengit of hir fays blude —
Als lychtly as the happy goishalk, we se,
From the hycht of a rokis pynnakill hie
With swyft weyngis persewis wonder sair
The silly dow heich vp into the ayr,
Quham finaly he clippis at the last,
And lowkyt in his punsys sarris fast,
Thristand his tallans sa throu hir entralis
Quhill at the blude abundantly furth ralyis;
And, with hir beik deplumand, on al sydis
The lycht downys vp to the skyis glidis.
Tarchon, gret chiftane of the Tuscan ost,
The fleand folkis to turn agane can bost.
The fader of goddis and men with diligent eyn
Hass all hir dedis vnderstand and seyn,
And, situat in his hevynly houss on hie,
Inducis and commovis to the melle
Tarchon, of Tuscanys pryncipall lord and syre,
In breithfull stoundis rasyt brym as fyre;
So that amyde the ful myschewoss fyght,

The gret slauchter and rowtis takand the flycht,
On horsbak in this Tarchon baldly draw,
Wilfull his pepill to support and saw;
The wardis all of euery natioun
With admonitions seir and exhortatioun
And diuerss wordis tystis to fecht, for schame,
Clepan and calland ilk man be his name,
Quhill thai that drevyn war abak and chaste
Relevys agane to the bargane in haist.
“O Tuscanepill, quhou happynnys this,” said he,
“That 3he sal evir sa doillyt and bowbartis be
Onwrokyn sik iniurys to suffir heir?
O, quhat be this? Quhou gret a dreid and feir,
Quhou huge dolfnes and schaymful cowardice
Hes ombeset 3our myndis, apon sik wyss
That a woman allon, and thus belyve,
Apon sik wyss sal scattir 3ou and dryve,
And gar sa large rowtis tak the flycht?
Quharto bair we thir steill egis in fyght?
Or quhat avalys to hald in hand, lat se,
For nocht thir wapynnys, gyf we a wife sall fle?
3e war not wont tobe sa lyddyr ilkane
At nycht batellys and warkis venerian
Or quhar the bowand trumpet blew the spryng,
At Bachus dans to go in caralyng,
Syne go to fest at tabill, and syt at dess,
Se cowpys full, and mony danty mess:
Thar was 3our lust, plesour, and appetite,
Thar was 3our bissy cuyr and 3our delyte;
Quhen that the happy spay man, on hyss gyss,
Pronuncit the festual haly sacryfyss,
And the fat offerandis dyd 3ou call on raw
To banket amynd the dern blissyt schaw.”
And, with that word, amydwart the melle,
Reddy to sterf, his horss furth sterys he,
And awfully onon with all his mayn
Ruschit apon Venulus, stud hym agane;

And with hys ryght arm can hys fa enbrass,
Syk wyss he dyd hym from hys horss arraiss,
And with huge strenth syne dyd hym cowch and lay
Befor his breist, and bair hym quyte away.
The Tuscanys rasyt a clamour to the sky,
And Latynys all thar eyn abowt dyd wry.
This Tarchon, ardent as the fyry levyn,
Flaw furth swyft as a fowle vp toward hevyn,
Berand with hym the armour and the man;
And fra his speris poynt of brak he than
The stelit hed, and syne seyrsis all artis,
Euerilk entre, and all the oppyn partis,
Quhar he mycht fynd into sa lital stovnd
A place patent to geif hym dedis wond.
And, be the contrar, Venulus full wight
Maid all debait and obstakill at he mycht,
And can hys hand from hys throt oftsyss chop
With all hys strenth, hys violens to stop.
Lyke as, sum tyme, the 3allo egill be sycht
The eddir hyntis vp and careis on hyght,
Syne, fleand, in hir feit stren3eis sa fast
That oft hyr punsys outthrow the skyn dois thrast;
Bot the serpent, wondyt and al toschent,
In lowpyt thrawys wrythis with mony a spreit,
Hyr sprutlyt skalys vpset grysly to se,
With quhisland mouth strekand hir hed on hie;
All thocht scho wreill and sprynkill, bend or skyp,
Evir the sarar this ern strenys hys gryp,
And with hys bowand beik rentis grewsly,
Sammyn with hys weyngis soursand in the sky —
Noyn othyr wyss, this Tarchon tursys hys pray
Throw owt the Tyburtyn rowtis glaid and gay.
The pepill Tuscan, quhilum cum fra Lyde,
Seand the exempill and prosper chans that tyd
Of thar stowt duke, followys hys hardyment,
And with a rusch sammyn in the bargane spreit.
Quhen as ane Aruns, by hys mortal fait

Onto myschewos ded predestinate,
Circulis at the wait, and aspyis abowt
The swyft madyn Camyll, of all the rowt
In honest fait of armys maist expert,
And best betaucht to schute or cast a dart;
He sekis by quhat ways or fortoun
To fynd the fassoun and tyme oportune
Maist esely this lady to assaill;
And all the wentis and renkis, sans fail,
This furyus maid held mydwart the melle,
The sammyn gait and passage haldis he,
And prevely hir futsteppys dyd espy;
And quhar scho dyd return with victory,
With fut bakwart frawart hir aduersar,
This ilk Aruns was ful reddy thar,
And thyftuusly onon the sam way he
Withdrew hys payss, and held on hir hys e;
Lurkand at wayt, and spyand rownd about,
Now this tocome, now that onset, but dowl,
At euery part thys pevech man of weyr,
And schuke in hand hys oneschewabill speir.
Aruns the preist slays Camylla be slycht,
Syne cowardly onon takis the flycht.
Per chans that tyde Choreus, of gret estait,
Ane spiritual man blissyt and consecrat,
That to Cybele sum tyme preist had be,
A weill lang space 3ond in the melle
Abilzeit rychly and full gloryus schane
In pompus armour and array Phrygiane:
Furth dryvys he the fomy sterand steid,
With weirlyke bardis cled, and sovyr weid
Of coyrbul3e or leddir with gilt nalys,
Cowchyt with plait of steill als thik as skalys;
And he hym self, in brovne sangwane weill dycht,
Abuf hys onkouth armour blomand brycht,
Schaftis he schot, and takillys wrocht in Creyt,
With Lycyane bow nokkyt with hornys meyt,

And clattryng by hys schuldyr for the weir
Hys gan3e cays and goldyn awblaster;
The helm of gold schane on the prestis hed;
Of safron hew, betwix 3allow and red,
Was hys rych mantill, of quham the forbrest lappys,
Ratlyng of brycht gold wyre, with gyltyn trappys
Or cordis fyne was buklyt with a knot;
Of nedill wark all brusyt was hys cote;
Hys hosyng schane of wark of barbary
In porturatour of subtell brusery.
Thys man only of all the mekyll rowt
The maid Camvlla followis fast about;
Quhyddir so it was that Troiane armour shce
Lyst hyng in tempill for memor of trophe,
Or than desyryt this wantoun hunteress
In goldyn attyre hir selwyn to address,
Quhilk scho in feild byreft hyr aduersar;
Throw owt the ost onwarly went alquhar,
Blynd in desyre this Troiane to assay,
In womanly appetyt ardent of this pray,
This precyus spul3e, and array sa prowde,
Quharwith, as said is, was this preist yschrowd.
Thys forsaide Aruns liggyng at the wait,
Seand this maid onflocht at sik estait,
Chosys hys tyme that was mast oportune,
And towart hir hys dart adressyt sone.
With voce express hys prayer thus maid he:
“O brycht Apollo, souerane god mast hie,
Of haly mont Soractis the wardane,
Quham pryncipaly we wirschipp euery ane,
Quhamto the fyry smok of sens, we se,
Blesys in the kyndillit byngis of fyr tre;
As we that wirschippis the with obesans,
Be support of thy devoyt observans,
Oft with our futsteppys and our nakyt solys
Down thryngis feil hait syndris and fyry colys;
Grant me, fader almychty, now I pray,

With our wapynnys this schame to do away.
I ask na trophe, nor the pomposs weyd
Of this maid down bet or repulsyt in deid,
Nowder byd I therof spulze nor renovn;
My other dedis syne mot mak me bovn
To report honour and lawd efter this;
Bot at this tyme I byd na mair, I wyss,
Salf that this wench, this vengeabill pest or trake,
Be bet down ded by my wond and smert strake,
And syne that I may to my kynd cite
Bot ony glor return alyve,” quod he.
Phebus hym hard and grantit to fulfyll
Of hys axin a party, at hys wyll;
Bot for the tother part, suyth to say,
He leit do waif with the swyft wynd away;
Consentand that he suld down bet and sla
By hasty ded the awfull Camylla;
Bot, at hys cuntre hailscarth haymwart brocht
Suld se hym eftir that, he grantit nocht;
And in the clowdy blastis of the sky
That voce and wordis flaw away in hy.
So that, als fast as from hys hand, that stond,
Thirland the ayr this takill gaue a sound,
The rowtis can aduert and takis tent,
Turnand thar syghtis, ilk wight, with a blent
Towart the queyn, thar lady, this Camyll;
Bot scho nane heyd nor tent hess tane thartill,
Nowder of the hasty motioun of the ayr,
Nor 3it the byrrand sovnd this flycht maid thar,
No 3it persavyt this awfull schaft of tre
Discendand swyftly fra the hevyn on hie;
Quhill that the lance hir smate and hurt, perfay,
Quhar that hir pap was schorn and cut away,
And weggyt deip within hir cost stude,
Furth sowkis largely of this madynnys blude.
Hyr complicis alsammyn in this neyd
Start to thar lady in affray and dreid;

And sone thai claucht and lappyt in thar armys
This queyn, that funderand was for hir smart harmys.
Bot fyrst of all, for feyr and fell affray,
Thys Aruns fled full fast and brak away,
With blythnes mydlyt havand paynfull dreid:
For he na langar durst into this neyd
Assur forto debait hym with hys speir,
Na 3it abyd the virgynys wapyn, for feyr.
And lyke as that the wild wolf in hys rage
Knewand hys recent falt and gret owtrage,
Quhen that he hass sum gret 3ong oxin slane,
Or than weryit the nolt hyrd on the plane,
Tofor hys fays with wapynnys hym persew,
Onon is he to the heich mont adew,
And hyd hym self full far owt of the way;
Hys taill, that on hys ryg befor tymys lay,
Vnder hys waym lettis fall abasytly,
And to the wod can hast hym intill hy —
Nane other wyss Aruns, that fleyt wight,
Fled, and belyve withdrew hym owt of sycht;
Content only to gyf the bak and fle,
Among the thikast press hym hyd hess he.
And this Camylla, stervand the ilk stound,
The schaft hass pullyt of hir dedly wound
With hir awyn hand; bot 3it among the banys
The scharp steill hed fixt to the rybbys remanys
In a full deip wond and a grewos sayr.
All paill and bludles swarthis scho rycht thar,
And in the deth closys hir cald eyn;
The rudy cullour, vmquhile as purpoure scheyn,
Blaknyt, and fadys quyte owt of hir face;
And, 3aldand vp the gost in the ilk place,
Onto ane of hir damysellis and ferys,
Clepyt Acca, that had beyn mony 3heris
Only maste trast, and hald in speciall
To Camylla abuf the otheris all,
That knew alhail the secretis of hir hart,

With quham hir thochtful curys wald scho part,
That tyme scho spak, and said on this maner:
“Acca, Acca, my leif systyr deyr,
Onto this hour I haue done at I myght;
Bot now this dolorus wond so hess me dycht
That all thyng dymmys and myrkmys me abowt.
Go fast thy way, and hy the of this rowt;
Schaw Turnus thir my last commandis,” quod sche,
“Byd hym entyr in fecht in sted of me,
And fra the cite thir Troianys dryve away.
Adew for evir! I haue na mar to say.”
Sammyn with that word the renȝeis slyp leyt sche,
And slayd to grond, nocht of fre volunte.
Than the cald deith and last stondis mortall
The spreit dissoluyt from the corps our all;
Hyr sowpil crag inclynand and nek bayn,
Bowyt down hyr hed that was with deth ourtane;
Furth spreit hyr armys in the ded thrawyng,
And fra hir kest hir wapynnys and armyng.
The spreit of lyfe fled murnand with a grone,
And with disdene down to the gostis is goyn.
Opis the nympe with dartis of Dyane,
Camylla to revenge, hass Aruns slane.
Ane huge clamour than dyd ryss on hycht,
That semyt smyte the goldyn starnys brycht.
The bargane walxis mair cruell and het
Quhar that the stowt Camylla was down bet,
For all the rowtis of the bald Troianys,
The Tyrrheyn dukis semlyt all at anys,
And eik Evandrus wardys of Arcadys,
Sammyn in the press thar aduersaris invadis.
Bot Opis tho, the nympe, that weill neirby
Be thrynfald Dyane send was to espy,
Sat a lang space apon ane hillys hight,
And onabasyt dyd behald the fyght.
Syn tharefter onfar scho can espy,
Amyd quhar as thir ȝonkeris rasyt this scry,

With schaymfull deth ourtane, Camyll the maid;
Scho wepyt soir, and plenand thus scho said,
Sobband full deip law from hir breist within:
“Allace, virgyne, to mekill, and that is syn,
To mekill all owt, sa cruell punysyng
Hass thou sufferit, certis, for sik a thyng,
Becauss thou hest inforsyt with all thy mycht
Fortill ennoy the Troianys in this fight!
Quhat proffitis the in buskis thyne allane
To haue servyt so lang the blissyt Diane?
Or by thy syde, or than on schuldir hie,
So lang our quavyrris to haue born?” quod sche.
“And, nethelless, but honour in this sted
Thy queyn hess not the left in poynt of ded;
Nor this thy slauchter but ramemberyng
Amang all pepill sall not be, nor menyng;
Ne salt thou not that schame suffir, trast me,
Forto betald thou suld onwrokyn be.
Quha evir with wond hess schent or violait
Thy fair body, to Dyane dedicate,
He sal repent the tyme that euer thou stervit,
And with his deth aby, as he hes servyt.”
Vnder the montane law thar stude fute hoit
A byng of erth, vphepit like a moyt,
Contenyng the cald assis and brynt banys
Of ald Dercennus, kyng of Lawrentanys,
Ourheld with akyn treis and bewys rank:
Thyddir this goddess, hastand down the bank,
Hyr self hess careyt, and thar huvys styll,
And from this knowys hycht, or lityll hyll,
Abydis this ilk Aruns till espy.
And fra scho hym persavys glydand by,
In rich armour schynand wonder brycht,
And all invayn, prowde, wantoun, gay and lycht:
“Quhy haldis thou awaywart so?” quod sche.
“Dress hyddermy thy futsteppis towart me;
Now cummys hyddir to peryss and to sterve,

And caught dewly, as that thou hess deserve,
Thy reward for Camyllys ded, perde.
On Dyanys dartis, ha, suld syk ane de?"
And with that word, lyke a stowt wench of Trace,
The swyft gilt arow schuke owt of hir cace,
And, rycht amovit, hir hornyt bow hass bent,
Quharin onon the takill vp is stent;
Syne halys vp in ire and felloun haist,
Quhil that the bow and nokkis met almaist;
And now hir handis raxit hyt euery sted,
Hard on the left neyf was the scharp steill hed,
The stryng, vp pullit with the rycht hand in feir,
Went by hir pap almaste ontill hir eyr.
Aruns onon the motioun of the ayr
Sammyn with the quhislyng of the takill squar
Persavit hess, and eik the dynt atanys;
The dedly hed throu gyrd his body and banys.
Hys ferys all hess hym for3et allane,
Quhar as he swelt with mony a wofull grane,
And in ane onkouth feld hess left hym ded,
Bedoif in dust and puldyr, will of red:
Syne Opys with hir weyngis swyft can fle
Abufe the skyis heich in the hevynnys hie.
Acca to Turnus schawys Camyllais chance,
Hir army fled, and left all ordinans.
The swyft army and active rowt wyth this
Of Camilla fled first the feld, I wyss,
For thai had lost thar lady and capitane:
The pissans haill and ostis Tyburtane
Affrayt all togydder gave the flycht;
The bak hess tane Atynas bald and wight;
The chiftanys brak array, and went thar gait,
The banneris left all blowt and desolait,
Socht to warrand on horsbak, he and he,
Frawart thar fays, and held to the cite.
For nane of thame, sa mayt and sa agast,
The ferss Troianys, quhilk thame assal3eit fast,

Onto the ded and myscheif dyd invaid,
With wapynnys anys to styntyng maid a braid,
Nor thame sustene ne 3it resist thai mycht,
Bot all atanys sammyn tuke the flycht,
And on thar wery schuldris with gret schame
Thar byg bowys onbent hass tursyt hame;
And the stowt stedis with thar huvys sovnd
With swyft renkis dyndlyt the dusty grond.
The blak stowr of puldir in a stew
Als dyrk as myst toward the wallys threw;
On the barmkyn abufe, and turettis hie,
The wemen bet thar breistis, was reuth to se,
Rasand atanys a wofull wyfly cry
Went to the starnys and thyrlt throw the sky.
And quha mycht formest, with swyft curss hess thame set
To brek in at the oppyn patent 3et;
The rowtis of thar ennemyss myxt ourane
Apon thame ruschis, and ourthrawys mony ane;
Nor thar eschape thai nocht the wrachit deth,
Bot in the portis 3aldis vp the breth,
Stekit amynd thar native wallys hie,
And among howsis quhar sovir semyt thame tobe.
A part closyt the entre and the portis,
Ne to thar ferys, nor 3it nane other sortis,
The 3ettis listyng oppyn, nor mak way,
Nor, thocht thai oft besekyng thame and pray,
Durst thame ressaue within thar wallys squar.
A duyfull slauchter onon vprisys thar
Of thame in armys stude the portis to defend,
And thame with glavys war kyllt and maid end.
The son furthschet, that pety was to seyn,
Befor thar wepand wofull faderis eyn;
Sum in the holl fowcy war tumlyt down,
Sa thik thame cummyrris the press thrang to the tovn;
Sum hasty and onwarly at the flycht
Sclakis thar brydillys, spurrand in all thar mycht,
Can with a ramrayss to the portis dusche,

Lyke with thar hedis the hard barris to frusch.
The moderis eik and wemen albedene,
Fra tyme Camylla kyllyt haue thai sene,
Knewand thar was extreme necessite,
With all debait stude on the wallys hee.
Sik thyng to do that tyme and tak on hand
The perfyte luf thame taucht of thar kynd land,
And all agast dartis and stanys doun threw:
The syllys squar and hedyt styngis enew,
And perkis gret with byrslyt endis and brunt,
Full hastely doun swakkis, dunt for dunt,
And, for defens of thar kynd wallys hie,
Offerit thame self with the formest to de.
In the meyn quhile, as Turnus at the wait
Lay in the wod, fast by the passage strait,
All the maist cruell tithingis fillys hys erys,
For Acca schawys to hym and all hys ferys
The huge affray, quhou the batale was gane,
The Volscae ostis distroyt, and Camyll slane,
Thar noysum fays encressyng furyus rage,
And by thar prosper Martis vassallage
Discumfyst all hys ostis, euery rowt,
That now the cite wallys stud in dowl.
He walxis brayn in furor bellicall,
So desyrus of dedis marciall,
For the hard fatys and strang mychtis he
Of the gret Iove wald that so suldbe:
The hyllys heich he left quhar at he lay,
And from the dern woddis went away.
And scarsly was he passyt owt of syght,
In the plane feild cummyn all at rycht,
Quhen that the prynce Ene with all his men
Hess entryt in and passyt throu the glen,
And our the swyre schawys vp at hys hand
Eschape the dern wod, and won the evyn land;
So that baith twa with thar haill rowtis at last
In all thar speid held to the cite fast.

And na lang space thar ostis war in sondir,
Bot that Ene the feildis reik lyke tundir
Of dusty stowr persauyt a far way,
And saw the Latyne rowtis ryde away;
And ferss Eneas, wyrkar of hys harmys,
Turnus persauyt also ryde in armys,
The dynnyng of thar horss feit eik hard he,
Thar stampyng sterage, and thar stedis ne.
Incontinent thai had to batale went,
And in the bargane previt thar hardyment,
Ne war, as than, the rosy Phebus red
Hys wery stedis had dowkyt our the hed
Vnder the stremys of the occeane see,
Reducyng the dyrk nyght, thai mycht not se;
Alhaill declynynt had the days lycht.
To tentis than befor the tovn ilk wight
Bownyng to rest, al thai that war with owt,
And delvys trynschis all the wallys abowt.
Explicit liber vndecimus Eneados Incipit prologus in duodecimum
eiusdem

BUKE XII

The Proloug of the xii Buke of Eneados
Dyonea, nycht hyrd and wach of day,
The starnys chasyt of the hevyn away,
Dame Cynthia down rollyng in the see,
And Venus lost the bewte of hir e,
Fleand eschamyt within Cylenyus cave;
Mars onbydrew, for all his grundyn glave,
Nor frawart Saturn from hys mortall speir
Durst langar in the firmament appeir,
Bot stall abak 3ond in hys regioun far
Behynd the circulat warld of Iupiter;
Nycthemyne, affrayt of the lyght,
Went ondir covert, for gone was the nycht;
As fresch Aurora, to myghty Tytan spows,
Ischit of hir safron bed and evir hows,
In crammysyn cled and granyt violat,
With sangwyne cape, the selvage purpurat,
Onschet the wyndoys of hir large hall,
Spred all with rosys, and full of balm ryall,
And eik the hevynly portis cristallyne
Vpwarpis braid, the warld till illumyn.
The twynklyng stremowris of the orient
Sched purpoure sprangis with gold and asur ment,
Persand the sabill barmkyn nocturnall,
Bet down the skyis cloudy mantill wall;
Eous the steid, with ruby hamys red,
Abuf the sey lyftis furth hys hed,
Of cullour soyr, and sumdeill brovn as berry,
Forto alichtyn and glaid our emyspery,
The flambe owtbrastyng at his noyss thyrlys;
Sa fast Pheton with the quhyp hym quhyrlys,
To roll Appollo hys faderis goldyn char,
That schrowdith all the hevynnys and the ayr;
Quhill shortly, with the blesand torch of day,

Abilzeit in hys lemand fresch array,
Furth of hys palyce ryall ischit Phebus,
With goldyn crowne and vissage gloryus,
Crysp haris, brycht as chrisolyte or topace,
For quhais hew mycht nane behald hys face,
The fyry sparkis brastyng from hys eyn,
To purge the ayr, and gylt the tendyr greyn,
Defundand from hys sege etheryall
Glaide influent aspectis celicall;
Befor hys regale hie magnificens
Mysty vapour vpspryngand, sweit as sens,
In smoky soppys of donk dewis wak,
Moich hailsum stovys ourheldand the slak;
The aureat fanys of hys trone souerane
With glytrand glans oursprede the occiane,
The large fludis lemand all of lycht
Bot with a blenk of hys supernale sycht.
Fortobehald, it was a glor to se
The stablit wyndis and the cawmyt see,
The soft session, the firmament sereyn,
The lowne illumynat ayr, and fyrrh ameyn;
The syluer scalyt fyschis on the greit
Ourthwort cleir stremys sprynkland for the heyt,
With fynnyss schynand brovn as synopar,
And chyssele talys, stowrand heir and thar;
The new cullour alychtnyng all the landis,
Forgane thir stannyriss schame the beriall strandis,
Quhill the reflex of the diurnall bemys
The beyn bonkis kest full of variant glemys;
And lusty Flora dyd hyr blomys spreid
Vnder the feit of Phebus sulzart steid;
The swardit soyll enbrovd with selcouth hewys,
Wode and forest obumbrate with thar bewys,
Quhois blisfull branschis, porturat on the grund,
With schaddoys schene schewe rochis rubicund;
Towris, turettis, kyrnellis, pynnaclys hie
Of kyrkis, castellis and ilke fair cite,

Stude payntit, euery fyall, fayn and stage,
Apon the plane grund, by thar awyn vmbrage.
Of Eolus north blastis havand no dreid,
The sulze spred hir braid bosum on breid,
Zephyrus confortabill inspiratioun
Fortill ressaue law in hyr barm adoun;
The cornys croppis and the beris new brerd
With glaidsum garmont revestyng the erd;
So thik the plantis sprang in euery peyce,
The feildis ferleis of thar fructuus fleyce;
Byssy Dame Ceres and provd Pryapus,
Reiosyng of the planys plentuus,
Plenyst sa plesand and mast propyrly,
By natur nurysyt wondir nobilly,
On the fertill skyrt lappys of the grund
Strekyng on breid ondyr the cyrkyl rovnd;
The variand vestur of the venust vaill
Schrowdis the scherald fur, and euery fail
Ourfret with fulzeis of figuris full diuerss,
The spray bysprent with spryngand sprowtis dispers,
For callour humour on the dewy nyght.
Rendryng sum place the gerss pilis thar hycht,
Als far as catal, the lang symmyris day,
Had in thar pastur eyt and knyp away;
And blisfull blossomys in the blomyt 3ard
Submittis thar hedis in the 3ong sonnys salfgard:
Ive levys rank ourspred the barmkyn wall,
The blomyt hawthorn cled hys pykis all;
Furth of fresch burgionys the wyne grapis 3yng
Endland the treilzeis dyd on twystis hyng;
The lowkyt buttonys on the gemmyt treis
Ourspredand leyvis of naturis tapestreis,
Soft gresy verdour eftir balmy schowris
On curland stalkis smylyng to thar flowris;
Behaldand thame sa mony diuerss hew,
Sum perss, sum paill, sum burnet, and sum blew,
Sum greyce, sum gowlys, sum purpour, sum sangwane,

Blanchit or brovne, fawch 3allow mony ane,
Sum hevynly culloryt in celestially gre,
Sum watry hewit as the haw wally see.
And sum depart in freklys red and quhite,
Sum brycht as gold with aureat levys lyte.
The dasy dyd onbreid hir crownell smaill,
And euery flour onlappyt in the dail;
In battill gyrss burgionys the banwart wild,
The clavyr, catcluke, and the cammamyld;
The flour delyss furthspred hys hevynly hew,
Flour dammes, and columby blank and blew;
Seir downys smaill on dent de lyon sprang
The 3yng greyn blomyt straberry levys amang;
Gymp gerraflouris thar royn levys onschet,
Fresch prymross, and the purpour violet;
The royss knoppys, tutand furth thar hed,
Gan chyp, and kyth thar vermel lippys red,
Crysp scarlet levis sum scheddand, baith atany
Kest fragrant smell amynd from goldyn granys;
Hevynly lylleis, with lokrand toppys quhyte,
Oppynnyt and schew thar creistis redymyte,
The balmy vapour from thar silkyn croppys
Distilland hailsum sugurat hunny droppys,
And syluer schakaris gan fra levys hyng,
With crystal sprayngis on the verdour 3yng;
The plane pulderit with semly settis sovnd,
Bedyit full of dewy peirlys rovnd,
So that ilk burgioun, syon, herb and flour
Wolx all enbalmyt of the fresch liquour,
And bathit hait dyd in dulce humouris fleyt,
Quharof the beys wrocht thar hunny sweit,
By myghty Phebus operations,
In sappy subtell exalations.
Forgane the cummynd of this prynce potent,
Redolent odour vp from rutis sprent,
Hailsum of smell as ony spicery,
Tryakill, droggis, or electuary,

Seroppys, sewane, sugur, and synamome,
Precyus invnctment, salve, or fragrant pome,
Aromatik gummys, or ony fyne potioun,
Must, myr, aloes, or confection —
Ane paradyce it semyt to draw neir
Thir galȝart gardyngis and ilke greyn herber.
Maist amyabill walxis the amerant medis;
Swannys swouchis throw owt the rysp and redis,
Our al thir lowys and the fludis gray
Seirsand by kynd a place quhar thai suld lay.
Phebus red fowle hys corall creist can steir,
Oft strekyng furth hys heckill, crawand cleir,
Amyd the wortis and the rutys gent
Pykland hys meyt in alleis quhar he went,
Hys wifis, Toppa and Partelot, hym by,
As byrd al tyme that hantis bigamy.
The pantyt povn, pasand with plomys gym,
Kest vp his taill, a provd plesand quheill rym,
Yschrowdyt in hys fedrame brycht and scheyn,
Schapand the prent of Argus hundreth eyn.
Amang the bronys of the olyve twestis
Seir smaill fowlys wirkand crafty nestis,
Endlang the heggeis thyk and on rank akis,
Ilk byrd reiosyng with thar myrthfull makis.
In corneris and cleir fenystaris of glass
Full bissely Aragne wevand was,
To knyt hir nettis and hir wobbys sle,
Tharwith to caught the myghe and litill fle.
So dusty pulder vpstowris in euery streit,
Quhil corby gaspyt for the fervent heit.
Vnder the bewys beyn in lusty valys,
Within fermans and parkis cloyss of palyis,
The bustuus bukkis rakis furth on raw;
Heyrdis of hertis throw the thyk wod schaw,
Baith the brokkettis, and with braid burnyst tyndis,
The sprutlyt calvys sowkand the red hyndis,
The ȝong fownys followand the dun days,

Kyddis skip pand throw ronnys efter rays;
In lyssouris and on leys litill lammys
Full tait and tryg socht bletand to thar dammys,
Tydy ky lowys, veily by thame rynnys;
All snog and slekit worth thir bestis skynnys.
On salt stremys wolx Doryda and Thetis,
By rynnand strandis Nymphes and Naedes,
Sik as we clepe wenschis and damysellis,
In gresy gravys wandrand by spryng wellis,
Of blomyt branchis and flowris quhite and red
Plettand thar lusty chaplettis for thar hed;
Sum sang ryng sangis, dansys ledys, and rovndis,
With vocis schill, quhill all the dail resovndis;
Quharso thai walk into thar caralyng,
For amorus lays doith the rochys ryng:
Ane sang, "The schyp salys our the salt faym,
Will bryng thir merchandis and my lemman haym;"
Sum other syngis, "I wilbe blyth and lycht,
Myne hart is lent apon sa gudly wight."
And thochtfull luffaris rowmys to and fro,
To lyss thar pane, and pleyn thar ioly wo,
Eftir thar gyss, now syngand, now in sorow,
With hartis pensyve, the lang symmyris morow:
Sum ballettis lyst endyte of hys lady,
Sum levis in hoip, and sum aluterly
Disparit is, and sa quyte owt of grace,
Hys purgatory he fyndis in euery place.
To pleyss his lufe sum thocht to flat and feyn,
Sum to hant bawdry and onlesum meyn;
Sum rownys to hys fallow, thame betwene,
Hys myrry stouth and pastans lait 3isterevin:
Smyland says ane, "I couth in previte
Schaw the a bovr." "Ha, quhat be that?" quod he,
"Quhat thyng?" "That most be secrete," said the tother.
"Gud Lord, mysbeleif 3e 3our verray broder?"
"Na, neuer a deill, bot harkis quhat I wald;
Thou mon be prevy." "Lo, my hand vphald."

“Than sal thou walk at evin.” Quod he, “Quhiddel?”
“In sik a place heir west, we baith togydder,
Quhar scho so freschly sang this hyndyr nycht;
Do choysse the ane, and I sall quynch the lycht.”
“I salbe thar I hope,” quod he and lewch,
“3a, now I knaw the mater weill eneuch.”
Thus oft dywlgat is this schamefull play,
Na thyng accordyng to our hailsum May,
Bot rathar contagiuss and infective,
And repugnant that session nutrytyve,
Quhen new curage kytlys all gentill hartis,
Seand throu kynd ilk thyng spryngis and revertis.
Dame Naturis menstrualis, on that other part,
Thar blyssfull bay entonyng euery art,
To beyt thir amorus of thar nychtis baill,
The merl, the mavyss and the nychtyngeale
With mery notis myrthfully furth brest,
Enforcyng thame quha mycht do clynk it best:
The cowschet crowdis and pyrkis on the ryss,
The styrlyng changis diuerss stevynnys nyss,
The sparrow chyrmys in the wallis clyft,
Goldspynk and lyntquhite fordynnand the lyft;
The gukgo galys, and so quytteris the quail,
Quhill ryveris rerdit, schawis and euery vaill,
And tender twystis trymlyt on the treis
For byrdis sang and bemyng of the beys;
In wrablis dulce of hevynly armonyis
The larkis, lowd releschand in the skyis,
Lovys thar lege with tonys curyus,
Baith to Dame Natur and the fresch Venus,
Rendryng hie lawdis in thar obseruance;
Quhais suguryt throtis maid glaid hartis danss,
And al smail fowlys syngis on the spray:
“Welcum the lord of lycht and lamp of day,
Welcum fostyr of tendir herbys grene,
Welcum quyknar of floryst flowris scheyn,
Welcum support of euery rute and vayn,

Welcum confort of alkynd fruyt and grayn,
Welcum the byrdis beild apon the brer,
Welcum master and rewar of the 3er,
Welcum weifar of husbandis at the plewys,
Welcum reparar of woddis, treis and bewys,
Welcum depayntar of the blomyt medis,
Welcum the lyfe of euery thyng that spredis,
Welcum storour of alkynd bestiall,
Welcum be thy brycht bemys, gladyng all,
Welcum celestial myrrour and aspy,
Attechyng all that hantis sluggardy!”
And with this word, in chalmer quhar I lay,
The nynt morow of fresch temperit May,
On fut I sprent into my bair sark,
Wilfull fortill compleit my langsum wark
Twichand the lattyr buke of Dan Virgill,
Quhilk me had tareit al to lang a quhile;
And tobehald the cummyng of this kyng,
That was sa welcum tyll all warldly thyng,
With sic tryumphe and pompos curage glaid
Than of hys souerane chymmys, as is said,
Newly aryssyn in hys estait ryall,
That, by hys hew, but orleger or dyall,
I knew it was past four howris of day,
And thocht I wald na langar ly in May
Less Phebus suld me losanger attaynt —
For Progne had or than sung hir complaynt,
And eik hir dreidfull systir Philomeyn
Hyr lays endyt, and in woddis greyn
Hyd hir selvyn, eschamyt of hir chance;
And Esacus completis hys pennance
In ryveris, fludis, and on euery laik;
And Peristera byddis luffaris awaik:
“Do serve my lady Venus heir with me,
Lern thus to mak 3our obseruance,” quod sche,
“Into myne hartis ladeis sweit presens
Behaldis how I beynge, and do reuerens.”

Hyr nek scho wrynklys, trasyng mony fold,
With plomys glitterand, asur apon gold,
Rendryng a cullour betwix greyn and blew,
In purpour glans of hevynly variant hew;
I meyn our awyn natyve byrd, gentill dow,
Syngand in hyr kynd, "I come hydder to wow,"
So pryklyng hyr greyn curage forto crowd
In amorus voce and wowar soundis lowd,
That, for the dynnyng of hir wanton cry,
I irkyt of my bed, and mycht not ly,
Bot gan me blyss, syne in my wedis dress,
And, for it was ayr morow, or tyme of mess,
I hynt a scriptour and my pen furth tuke,
Syne thus begouth of Virgill the twelt buke. etc
Explicit scitus prologus,

Quharof the autour says thus:

The lusty crafty preambill, "perle of May"
I the entitil, crownyt quhil domysday,
And al with gold, in syng of stait ryall
Most beyn illumnyt thy letteris capital. etc
Turnus, persavand the Latyn pepill fail,
Promittis Eneas allone hym tyll assaill.
Quhen Turnus knew the Latyn pepill haill
Irk of the weir, and saw thar curage fail,
By the frawart aduersiteis of Mart,
Quhilk war tofor onbrokyn and stowt of hart,
And thocht the tyme requiris hym, but abaid,
Forto compleit the promys he had maid,
Semyng as towartis hym tho euery wight
To that effect addressyt thar luke and sycht,
Than, onrequirit, by insaciabill desyre
Langang to feght, and byrnand hait as fyre,
Full hie rasand hys curage and hys cheir,
He gan amynd the audiens appeir.
Fers as a wild lyoun 3ond in Trace,
By the huntar wondyt in the chace,
Quhen the smert straik in hys breist all fast is,

For ire the lokkyrris of hys nek vpcastis,
Than first begynnyng to rayss hys stern moyd,
Reiosyt of the bataill, fers and wod,
Onabasytly raschand the schaft in sundir,
And on the man liggand at wait thar vndir,
Hym to revenge, with bludy mouth doys bray —
Nane other wyss ferd Turnus the ilk day,
Smytyn so brym in fervent violens,
That all commouyt in the kyngis presens
On this maner begouth to speke and say:
“Thar sall in Turnus be fund na delay;
And al for nocht 3on cowart Eneadanys
Thar promyss and thar wordis cumis aganys,
Willyng retreit thar behestis and sawys;
Sa salt thai nocht; we wil nane sik lawys:
I sal thar falshed resist and ganestand,
And feght contrar thar chiftane hand for hand.
Thou ryall prynce and fader, Kyng Latyne,
Do sacryfy and conferm this convyne:
For owdyr sall I with thir handis twa
3on ilk Troiane, banyst of Asya,
Do put to deth, send down to hell,” quod he,
“Lat Latyn pepill syttyng by to se
Quhou, myne allane with swerd in thar presens
I sall revenge and end our allyris offens;
Or than, gyf so betyd he wyn the gre,
Lat ws all venquyst to hym subiect be,
3eld hym the crown enduryng term of lyve,
And lat hym ioys Lavinia to hys wyfe.”
Kyng Latyn tho with sad and degest mynd
To hym answeris, and said apon this kynd:
“O douchty 3yngkeir, excellent of curage,
Quhou far as by thy forcy vassallage
My febill age thou doith exceid,” quod he,
“Als far mair diligently pertenyys me,
And ganand is, to consell and provyde,
And exemyn euery chance may betyde,

As I that hass in part a maner feir,
Be lang experiens knawand the dowtis of weir.
Thow weldis Dawnus thy faderis realm and land,
And feil citeis conquest with thyne awyn hand;
Tharto thou hass alsso a gentill hart,
Liberall and fre, and in weir most expert,
And Kyng Latyn hess gold to geif the eik.
Perfay, enew otheris, not far to seik,
Of madynnys beyn onwed in Latyum wyde,
And in the Lawrent feildis heir besyde,
Of blude and frendschip na thyng myssemand,
Bot worthy to be queyn of ony land.
Thoill me, I pray the, al dissait done away,
Thir wordis quhoyn of weght to the till say,
And sammyn prent thir sawys in thy wyt.
Onlesum is I suld in wedlok knyt
My doughtir till ald wowaris of this land,
That hir tofor had axit in sik band:
All the spa men and goddis revelyng
Declarit plane that was onlesum thyng.
And netheless, I, venquyst cleyn but weir,
For luf of the my spowsys cousyng deir,
Ourcummyn be hir wofull terys and syte,
All maner bandys now hess brokyn quyte;
And fra my son in law, full wrangwisly,
Hys spouss onto hym promyst reft haue I,
And forthir on hym movit a wikkyt weir.
Sen syne in quhate chance I stand and danger,
And quhou fers batellis now persewys me,
Full weill thou wait and seis, Turnus,” quod he,
“And quhou huge travale thou has tholit and pane,
As principall maste douchty capitane.
Lo, twyss in batale venquyst haue we be,
And now scantly within our wallit cite
The hope and weill of Italy defendis;
Now of our recent blude, as noterly kend is,
The flude of Tibir walxis hait agane,

And of our huge banys quhite semys the plane.
Quhou am I sterit thus in purposse seir?
And quhidder flow I thus oft thar and heir?
Quhat mad foly all tochangis my thocht?
Gyf that I reddy be and dowtit nocht
The Troianys for my frendis to ressaue,
Gif so war Turnus ded war and bygrave,
Quhat, aucht I nocht far rather end the weir
He beand in prosperyte haill and feir?
Quhat wald our cosyngis, the Rutilianys,
Or quhat wald say the other Italianys,
Gyf the I suld thus wyss sa wilfully,
Axyng our douchteris wedlok and ally,
Expone or offer to the ded?" quod he.
"Forton defend that chance at sa suld be!
Behald the chance of batale variabill,
Persave of weir the fyckill ward onstabill:
Haue reuth and mercy of thy fader ald,
Quham Ardea now, hys cuntre, doys withhald,
Diuidit far and disseuerit from the,
And for thy saik quhou wobegone is he."
Thus said the kyng, bot the violent curage
Of Turnus hie mynd bowit neuer a stage;
Quha wald with cuyr of medycyne hym meyss,
The moir encressys and growys hys mail eyss;
And, eftir that he first mycht speke agane,
Thus he began expreym with wordis plane:
"O thou maist souerane fader, I the pray,
To salue my honour, thou wald do away
Thir curis, thochtis and solicitude
For me thou takis; and, schortly to conclude,
Suffir me forto plege my deth in wage,
For gloryus renovn of vassillage;
For we, fader, can swak dartis and brandis,
Nocht with febill bot stalwart rycht handis,
And of our wondis the red blude ruschis owt.
To 3onder provd Troiane, clepit sa stowt,

Hys moder at this tyme salbe far to seik,
Quhilk goddes with hir subtell slychtis eik
Hir son, accustomat to tak the flycht,
Was wont to dek, and to hyde owt of sycht
Within a wifly clowd, as for a trayn,
And heild hir self also in schaddois vayn.”
The queyn perswadis Turnus fra stryfe desist,
Bot he for batal can agane resist.
Be than the queyn Amata, all in feir
Of this onkouth and new maner of weir,
Wepying full soir, all dedlyke, full of harmys,
Hyr son in law Turnus hynt in hir armys,
That was sa fervent in his ardent desyre.
“Turnus,” said scho, “thou best belovit syre,
Be thir ilk wofull terys I the pra,
And be the wirschip thou aw till Amata,
Gyf ony honour of hir or thy kyn
Twichys or movis into thy breist within,
I the beseik a thyng, myne awyn knycht;
Desist and cess to mach Troianys in fight.
Thou only comfort of our febill eld,
Thou all our rest, our weiflar and our beld,
Haue reuth and piete of my wofull baill:
In thy power and mycht restis alhaill
The wirschip and empyre of Kyng Latyn;
Hys howss and famyll, now lyke to declyne,
In the remanys, and is by the vpbor.
I the assuyr, and certifeis tharfor,
Quhat aventour in this fight sall happyn the,
The self chance, Turnus, sall betyd me:
Sammyn with the, gif thou endis in that stryfe,
I sal depart furth of this irksum lyfe,
Nor nevir thrall sall I remane to se
3on ilk Eneas son in law to me.”
Lavinia the maid, with soir smert,
Hyr moderis wordis felt deip in hyr hart,
So that the rud dyd hyr vissage glow,

And full of terys gan hyr chekis strow;
The fervent fyre of schame rysys on hie,
Kyndland mar large the red culloryt bewte,
So that the natural heit the blude dyd chace
Our all the partis of hir quhitly face;
Quhill that this virgyn, in this wofull rage,
Syk cullouris rendris from hir fresch vissage,
As quha byspark wald the quhite evor Indane
With scarlet droppis or with brovn sangwane,
Or quhar the scheyn lylleis in ony sted
War pulderit with the vermel rosys red.
The hait luf trublys sor the knyght,
That on this maid he fixis all hys sycht,
And all the mair he byrnys in desyre
Of bargane into armys, hait as fyre;
Syne to the queyn Amata, but abaid,
In few wordis on this wyss he said:
“O my deir moder, of thy wepyng ho,
I 3ow beseik, do not, do not so,
Persew me not thus with 3our grete and teris,
Nor quhen I pass onto thir mortall werys,
In marciall bargane contrary my fo,
Do wa to present me sik takyn of wo:
In Turnus myghtis lyis nocht,” quod he,
“The chance of deth to mak hym selvyn fre,
I say, gyf deth this way be to me schaip,
Now may I not astart, nor it eschape,
For at this tyme instant my messynger,
Idmon clepyt, my credens hecht tober
Now to 3one Troiane tyrrand, rehersyng
My wordis, quhilkis lykis hym na thyng,
That is to knaw, to morow, als ayrly
As brycht Aurora in the orient sky
With rosy chariot lyftis vp hir hed,
The firmament schrowdyng in cullour red,
That he move not aganys Rutilyanys,
Hys ostis, nor nane army of Troianys,

Bot athir half fra batale, for the best,
Baith sall Troianys and Rutilianys thame rest;
And lat ws twa, this bargane to conclud,
Betwix ws only dereyn with our blude,
And into 3onder feld, in stalwart stryfe,
Lat athir seik Lavinia to hys wyfe.”
Fra this was said, fast to hys in he spedis,
And bad onon do lat hym se hys stedis:
Behaldand thame reiosys he in hart,
To se thame stand sa fers with curage smart;
Quhilk kynd of horss quhilum, as thai say,
Orythia, the lusty fresch may,
Of Athenis the kyngis douchter and ayr,
As ane maste ryall presand, wonder fair,
Send from hir cuntre to Kyng Pilumnus,
Was forgrandschir onto this ilk Turnus;
The quhilk stedis, schapyn at all delyte,
Excedit far the snaw in cullour quhite;
To speke of speid, thar swyftnes was ontald,
For thai the wyndis blast forryn wald.
The byssy knapys and verlettis of hys stabill
Abowt thame stud, full 3aip and seruyabill,
And with thar holl luyffis gan thame cheir,
Dyd clap and straik thar leyndis to mak thame steir,
Thar lokrand manys and thar crestis hie
Dressys with trel3eis and camys honestlye.
Fra thens onto hys chalmyr went he syne;
Abowt his schuldris assays hys halbryk fyne,
Of burnyst maill, and schynand rychely
Of fynast gold and quhitly alcomy.
Tharwith alsso hys swerd addressis he,
Quhat way he wald it oys in the melle;
Hys sovir scheld assays he alsso,
And eik hys tymbret helm with crestis two;
Quhilk swerd was maid onto Dawnus hys syre
Be Wlcanus, the myghty god of fyre,
That forgyt this blaid and temperit with hys handis,

Hait glowand dyppyt in the Stigiane strandis.
Syne with gret fors, enarmyt in all hys geir,
Full lychtly vp he hynt hys stalwart speir,
Quhilk tho amyddis the hall lenand stud
Vp by a pillar huge squar and rude,
Quhilum the spulze he byreft from ane
Clepyt Actor, a capitane Auruncane;
The schaft he schuke and branglys lustely,
Tharto with lowd voce thus can he cry:
“O now thou speir, that nevir failzeit thy deid
Quhen I the callyt to my desyre in neid,
Quhilum the weldit Actor, mast douchty knycht,
Now the in hand withaldis Turnus wight;
Now is the tyme that I maste myster the;
Forto down bet the corps thou grant to me
Of 3ondir Phrigiane, is skant half a man,
That with my stalwart handis I may than
Hys halbrik of hys body to arrass,
Hakkyt and rent and persyt in mony place,
And in the dusty puldyr heir and thar
Suddill and fyle hys crispan 3allow hair,
That ayr maid creyss, and curlys now sa weill,
Yplet ilk nycht on the warm broch of steill,
Dekkyt and donk, on hys wifly maner,
Of fragrant myr and other envnctmentis seir.”
With sykkyn fury rage catchyt is he,
That thus he carpys till a schaft of tre;
And from the vissage of this ardent syre
The sparkis glydis as the hait fyre,
For veray fervour of the feirfull teyn
Schynys and brystis furth of baith hys eyn —
Lyke as the bull, that bargane begyn wald,
Gevis terribill rowstis and lowis monyfald,
Or than aggrevit, bustuus and furthborn,
Presys hys ire to assay with hys horn,
Lenand hys spald to the stok of a tre,
And with hys dynt the wynd torentis he,

Or, forto mak debait apon the land,
With hys hard clufe vpwarpy fast the sand.
In the self tyme, na less of curage, Enee,
Cled in hys moderis armour awfull to se,
Scharpys hym self in furour marciall,
Rasand hys greif for ardour bellicall,
And ioyus wolx of weir to mak ane end
By syk proffer and poyntment as was send.
Syne comfortis he hys ferys dolorus,
And mesyt the dreid of sad Ascanyus,
Declarand thame the fatale ordinans,
Thar destyne, and goddis purvians;
And to the kyng of Lawrenteis, Latyn,
Twychand this forsaid treti and convyne,
Bad the messyngeris bair hame but delay
Sovir answer, as thai desyrit alway,
And of the peyss and trewys, as thai spak,
Proclame articulis and lawys of contract.
Iuno, knawand Turnus last day at end,
To stop the bargane hass Iuturna send.
Scarsly vpsprang the nixt day followyng,
Scheddand the bemys of hys bryght mornyng
Apon the toppis of the montanys hie,
As Phebus stedis first of the deip se
Rasyt thar hedis and noyss thirlys on hight,
Our all the feildis blawand the cleir lyght;
Quhen that the Troianys and Rutilianys
The grund myssouris, evynnys, dichtis and planys,
Vndir the wallys of the cheif cite,
Thar as the feild and fechtyng place suldbe;
Amyddis quham the harthis vp thai set,
Quharon the fyris suldbe maid and bet,
And to the common goddis eik bedeyn
The altaris coverit with the scherald greyn.
Sum otheris brocht the fontane watir fair,
And sum the haly ingill with thame bair;
With lynnyng valis or lyke apronys lycht

Thai war arrayt, and thar hedis dicht
In wyppys of the haly herb vervane.
The legionys tho furth haldis to the plane,
And all the rowtis of Awsonyanys,
That otherwyss ar hait Italyanys,
Furth thryngis at the portis full attonys,
With lancis lang and pykkis for the nonys.
Thydder all the Troianys wardis, by and by,
And Tyrrheyn ostis ruschis hastely,
Bodyn full weill in nobill armour seir;
Nane otherwyss with wapynnys and with geir
Arrayt for the batale all at rycht,
Than thocht the fury of Mars thame callit to fycht.
Amyd the thousandis swyftly throw the planys
Furth sprentis lustely thir capitanyis,
In rich purpour arrayt and fyne gold brycht,
Assaricus sonnys and Mnestheus wight,
And on the tother part strang Asilas,
And bald Mesapus also with hym was,
Neptunus son, expert in horss dantying.
And eftir that the trumpet blew a syng,
Than euery partymment bownys to thar stand,
And gan thar speris stik down in the land,
Set by thar scheildis, to behald the fyne.
The wemen wedois and the matronys syne,
Desyrys forto se the bargane stowt,
Of childyr and of commonys mony a rowt
That couth na wapynnys weld, nor armour weir,
With the onweldy agit folk infeir,
Clam on the hight and hedis of the towris,
The wallys all and howsis ryggyngis flowris;
And sum abufe apon the portis hie
Ascendit ar to behald the melle.
Bot Iuno tho down from the hycht, I wyss,
Of the montane that Albane clepit is
Now in our days (set than this hyllys down
Had nowder name, honour nor renovne),

Scho dyd behald amynd the feildis plane
Athir batellis and the ostis twane,
Baith of the Troianys and the Laurenteis,
And Kyng Latynus cite eik scho seys.
Onon to Turnus systyr vp on hie,
That clepit was Iuturna, carpys sche,
Thys goddes to that haly nymphe, mastres
Of wellys, stankis and rowtand stremys express,
Quhilk honour love, the kyng of hevynnys hie,
Hyr gave for the byreft virginite,
Said: "O thou nymphes, wirschip of fludis cleir,
That to my saul is hald maste leif and deir,
Thow knawys weill, I the preferrit ay
To all the otheris damysellys, perfay,
Of Latyn cuntre, quhat so evir thai wer
That wrangwisly ascendit or drew neir
The bed onprofitabill of Iupiter mast hie;
And glaidly eik haue I not stakyt the
Intill a party of the hevyn allsua?
Hark now thy sorow, thou Iuturna,
And wyte me not bot I the warnyt haue.
Turnus and thy cheif cite haue I save,
Sa lang as that the fatis sufferit me,
And quhill werd sisteris sa tholyt tobe;
Bot now I se that 3ong man haste, but faille,
To mach in feild with fatis inequaille;
The lattir day and term approchis ne
Of fatale fors and strangast destyne.
Nowder this bargane 3onder on the greyn
Nor confideratioun may I se with eyn.
Pass thou on, for thy deir brothir germane
Gyf thou dar suffir ony mar dreidfull pane;
To the this semys and pertenyis," quod sche,
"Gyf that, perchans, ony bettyr may be,
Or eft betyd onto 3on catyvis kend."
Scars had Iuno thir wordis brocht to end,
Quhen that the nymphe Iuturna bedeyn

Plente of terys furth³et from hir eyn;
Hyr fair quhite breist, thar as scho dyd stand,
Thryss or four tymys smait with hir awyn hand.
Saturnus get, this Iuno, says: “Tha terys
Na wyss to this tyme pertenyys nor efferys.
Hast the, gyf that thou can be ony way
Withdraw thy brother from the deth away;
Or than do mak the ostis baith on steir,
Provok the batale, and thame move to weir,
And this convyn and tetry, new consave,
Do brek, disturb and with the wynd bywave.
I sall the warrand and the wyrkar be
To mak the baldly vndertak,” quod sche.
On this wyss Iuno can this nympe exort,
And left hir hail in weir and dowl, at schort,
With mynd full tryst, wobegone and onsound,
Full deip smyttyn with the sorowfull wound.
Heir followis the sacrifyce and prayer
Fyrst of Eneas, syne Kyng Latyn infeir.
In the meyn tyme, the kyngis of athir rowt
From thar citeis and strenthis ischis owt.
Amyd a four quhelit char Latyn that thraw
With huge pomp by stedis fowr was draw,
Quhais haris and hys tymplis war weil dycht
With ryall crown of fyne gold burnyst brycht,
Quharon stud turrettis twelf, lyke bemys scheyn,
As it ane ryche enornament had beyn
Of cleir Phebus, that was hys grandschir hald:
Nixt quham furth rollyt was Prynce Turnus bald
Within a twa quhelyt chariot of delyte,
That drawyn was with stedis twa mylk quhyte;
In athir hand held he, in feir of weir,
The braid hed brangland on the ievillyng speir.
The fader Eneas also furth withall,
Of Romane lynnage the originall,
Apon the tother half com thame agane,
With byrnyst scheild that brycht as starris schane,

And hevynly armour lemand all of lycht:
Besyde hym raid Ascanyus the sweit wyght,
That semyt weil, till euery manis doym,
Ane other gude beleif and hope to gret Roym.
Furth come the preste, quhamto accordyt mak
The sacrifice of concord and contract,
In vestment cleyn, for syk religioun wrocht,
And a 3ong byrsyt swyne befor thame brocht,
With a rowch twyntyr scheip sammyn infeir,
Quhais woll or fleyce was neuer clyp with scheir;
The bestis furth hess tursyt this ilke syre
Onto the altar blesand of hait fyre.
The princis tho, quhilkis suld this payce makyng,
Turnys towartis the brycht sonnys vprysyng,
With the salt meldyr in thar handis raith;
The forrettis of thir bestis toppys baith
They clyp and myssour, as tho was the gyss,
And cowpys full of wyne in sacryfyss
Abowt the altaris 3ettis he and he.
With drawyn swerd syne the reuthfull Enee
Hys orison furth maid, and thus he said:
“O thou brycht son, with thy scheyn bemys glaid,
Be wytnes now till my behest, I pray;
And this ilk grund mot testyfy quhat I say,
For quham sa gret payn and aduersyte
I sufferit haue feill syth on land and see;
And thou almychty Iove heir my prayer;
Saturnus douchtir, thou hys spowss sa deir,
Now mor benyng than thou was of befor,
Sweit goddess, heir me now, I the implor;
And gentill Mars now takis tent heirtill,
That withhaldis and writhis at thy will
Every batale, stryfe, weirfar or debait
Vndyr thy hie power deificait;
All fludys I call, fontanys and stremys cleir,
And all maner of reuerend goddis seir
Abuf the hevyn ydred and starrit sky;

And 3ow eik, blissy wightis, I testify,
That vnder erth or law in hell doun beyn,
Or in the fomy seis stremys greyn:
Gif so betyd, that fallys the victory
To Turnus on the Ausonian party,
It is conuenient, and we grant to fle,
As venquyst folk, till Evandrus cite;
Ascanyus sall als tyte thir feildis withdraw,
Nor Eneadanys neuer, from the ilk thraw,
Aganyst 3ou sall rebell nor move weir,
Ne with na wapynnys eft thys cuntre deir.
Bot gif so beys, Mars our god glorius
The victory and ouyrhand grantis ws
(As I beleif far rathar sal befall,
And that als tyte conferm mot goddis all
Throw the gret mychtis of thar deite!),
Gif that sa fair fortoun betydis me,
Ne will I not command Italianys
Tobe subiect, nor obey the Troianys,
Ne 3it this realm desyre I not to me;
Bot athir of our pepill mot go fre,
Onthrall, onvenquyst, in lawys all evynly
Confiderat in perpetuall ally.
The wirschipyng of goddis in sacryfice
I sal thame lern and tech at my devyss:
My fader in law, the kyng Latinus heir,
Most rewle the pepill baith in peax and wer;
My fader in law, as souerane lord and syre,
Duryng hys lyfe most bruke solempnyt empyre.
Suffir my Troianys than, as we ar bovn,
For me to beild a strenth and wallyt tovn,
And to this cite, quhar we sall duell at hame,
Lat the madyn Lavinia gif the name.”
Thus first Eneas said, and efter syne
Apon this wyss hym followys Kyng Latyn,
Behaldand towart hevyn quhar he dyd stand,
And to the starnys vphevyis hys rycht hand:

“By this ilk erth, seys and starnys hie,
I sweir inlike wyss onto 3ou, Enee,
And by Latoneis byrth, or twynnys twa,
The brycht Apollo, and chast Diana,
And by the dowbill frontit Ianus, and all
The pyssans of the goddis infernal,
And by the dyrk sanctuary, blak as sabill,
Of grevoss Pluto, that god revengeabill:
The hie fader abuf mot heir my cry,
That dois with thundir sik concord ratify.
I twich thyr altaris and ingill present,” quod he,
“And testifyis ilk godly maieste;
Sall nevir tyme, session nor day betyd,
To breke this peax on the Italian syde,
Ne this confiderans anys part in two,
Quhat way that evir happynnys the mater go;
Ne na manner of violens, bost nor aw
Sall ony wyss me tharfra withdraw,
Bot ferm and stabill all sall haldyn be:
All thocht the erth wald myddill with the see,
And with diluge or invndatioun schent
Covir and confund athir eliment;
Or thocht the hevyn in hell resolute wald,
Our promyss sall inuiolat be hald.
Lyke as this ilk ceptour wand 3he see,”
(Perchans that tyme a ceptour in hand bair he)
“Sall nevyr burgioun, nor spred branchis lyte,
Nowder rank levys, nor blosom of delyte,
Sen it is anys in wod, thar as it grew,
Law from hys stok hard by the rutis hew,
And wantis now hys moder of nurysyng;
For all the syonys and twystis wont to spryng
Or grow thar fra, as 3he may se perfay,
With egge lumys bene sned full quyte away;
Vmquhile a growand tre, thar it dyd stand,
That now thus by the crafty wark manis hand
Inclusyt is and coverit lustely

In burnyst gold and fynast alcomy,
And gevyn our forbaderis of Latyn land,
As ceptour ryall, fortober in hand.”
With wordis sik and ferm relatioun
This fynal suyr confideratioun
Athir pryncis hass confermyt and sworn,
Amyd thar nobillys standyng thame beform:
Syne, eftyr thar auld cerymonys and gyss,
The bestis dewly adrest for sacryfyss
Thai brytnyt haue amyd the flawmys red,
And rentis out, or thai war fully ded,
The entralys of thir bestis 3it alyve;
Syne furth of platys or ballancis belyve
With pasyt flesch plenyst the altaris large,
Tharon bestowand in hepys mony a charge.
Bot tho begouth of new this ilk bargane
Semyng to the Rutilianys, euery man,
Tobe ane rycht onevylnly interpryss,
And diuerss rumour can in thar brestis ryss,
With mony syndry demyng and consait;
He thynkis thus, and he ane other gait;
And ay the nerrar and mar diligently
At thai the mater consider and aspy,
Weill thai persauue and behaldis, sans fail,
Thir campionyis war not of strenth equaill.
And onto this opinioun the ilk thraw
Helpit mekill, that with still payss so slaw
This Turnus musand towart the altar past,
And it lawly adournyt with face doun cast,
With chekis walxin leyn, to thar semyng,
Quharon the soft berd newly dyd furth spryng,
As all to 3yng with sic ane till haue daill,
Thai thocht hys vissage all becommyn pail.
Quhou Iuturna be slycht and enchantment
Brekis the peax, and hasty batale sent.
And eftyr that this ilk commonyng
Thus walxand mar and mar by mony a syng

Iuturna hys systyr dyd persaue,
And saw the common wlgar hartis wave
In diuerss sentencis and ententis seir;
Than in amynd the rowtis drew scho neir,
In form and lyknes of Camertis bald,
Of nobill blude cummyn and lynnage ald,
And of hys fader the bruyt and renowne
Was magnifeit in wirschip wonder hie,
Tharto hym self maste douchty cheveller
In dedis of armys and in fait of weir.
Amynd the ostis this wyss dyd scho thryng,
Not onexpert to convoy sik a thing,
And diuerss rumouris in the press skalis sche,
Syne siclyke wordis carpis apon hie:
“O Rutilianys, aschame 3he not for feir
Into sa gret a perrell and danger
A sylly sawle to put in aventour,
That for 3ow all sall vndirly sik cuyr?
Quhiddir ar we not equale in our entent,
To the Troianys in numbyr or hardyment?
Lo, all the Troianys and Archadianys
Befor ws heir arrayt on the planys:
The fatall pissans is hail in this sted,
And the Tuscany that Turnus hess at fed.
Sa few tha beyn, 3he may behald and se,
That gif we list mak onset, trastis me,
The half of all our men3e gret and small
Sall not fynd 3ondyr a fa to mach withall.
3on Turnus, to the goddis abuf full straucht,
To quhais altaris hym vowyt and betaucht
He hess for 3ou, as that 3he se,” said sche,
“With fame eternal sal vpheit be,
As euermar alyve and maist name couth,
Carpit and sung in euery mannis mowth;
Quhen we, as thrallys, leif sal our natyve land,
And onto prowde tyrrantis, hess the ovrhand,
Salbe compellit as lordis till obey,

That now, thus sleuthfully, sa fant and fey
Hufys still on thir feldis as we war ded,
And for our self list schape for na remed.”
With siclike wordis the myndis and consait
Of the 3ongkeris was inflawmyt hait,
And mair and mar now, all the feld abowt,
The murmur crepys out throw euery rowt;
So thai quhilkis air desyrit peax and rest,
And for the common weill thocht it was best
To mak end of the bargane on this wyss,
Ar alterit haly in ane other avyss;
For now desyre thai batale, but abaid,
Prayand God this contract had neuer bene maid,
And hass compassioun caucht in hart, but faill,
Of Turnus chans, semyng so inequale.
Thys self tyme eik hess Iuturna, I wyss,
Ane other grettar wondir ekit to this,
And heich vp from the hevyn befor thame plane
A takyn hess scho schawyn auguriane;
Syk a syng, that nane other to that entent
Was mar effectuus nor conuenient
To trubbill Italian myndis and mak thame raif,
And with fals demonstratioun to dissaue.
For Iovis fowle, the ern, com sorand by,
Fleand vp heich towart the brycht red sky,
Befor hym catchand ane gret flycht or ost
Of fowlys that dyd hant endlang the cost,
Quhilk on thar weyngis, sair dredand hys wraik,
Skrymmys heir and thar with mony sprauch and craik;
Quhil suddandly this egill with a surss,
As he towartis the fludis maid hys curss,
Dispittuusly intill hys punsys he
Hes claucht a swan excellent of bewte.
Than the Italianys apon athir syde
Rasyt thar myndis to se quhat suld betyd,
And sone the other fowlys heich in the sky
Turnyt agane with money screym and cry,

To chaiss and to assail thar aduersar,
A wondir thing to se, vp in the air:
The lyght thai dirkyn with thar pennys thik,
And throw the skyis with mony a strake and pik,
Sammyn in a sop, thik as a clowd, but baid,
Thar fa thai dyd assalȝe and invaid,
Sa lang, quhil that by forss he was ourset,
And of the hevy byrdyng sa mait and het
That hys mycht falȝeit, and of his clukis rude
The egill leit hys pray fall in the flude,
And vp amang the clowdis flaw away.
Than the Rutilianys all, full glaid and gay,
With huge brute and clamour lowd onan
Salust this syng or takyn augurian;
Syne sped thar hand, and maid thame for the fight.
And, first of othir, Tolumnyus the wight,
That was a spa man and diuinour sle:
“Ȝa, this was it, Ȝa, this was it,” quod he,
“Quhilk oft I visseit and desirit by and by:
This gud takyn I ressaue and ratify,
And knawys the goddis favour in our supple.
Rutilianys, hynt ȝour wapynnys, and follow me,
Quham now ȝon vauengeour, ȝon ilk stranger,
Affrays so with hys onworthy weir,
Lyke tyll onweldy fowlys on the cost,
And our marchis with fors and mekill bost
Inuadis, rubbis and spulȝeis, as ȝe se:
He sall, for fer, sone gif the bak and fle,
Mak sail onon, and hald for euer away
Throu the deip sey outour the fludis gray.
Tharfor ȝhe sall all sammyn, with ane assent,
Assemblil now ȝour rowtis heir present,
And into feild defend, as men of mayn,
Ȝour kyng Turnus he be nocht reft and slane.”
Thus said he, with that word als sa fast
Towartis his fais forganys hym dyd cast
A weirly dart onon with all his byr:

The sovir schaft flaw quhisland with a quhir,
Thar as it slydis scherand throw the ayr,
Oneschewabill, bath certane, lang and squar.
Sammyn with this, vp rysis for the nanys
Ane huge noys and clamour all at anys;
With sik affray and hydduus dyn and beir
The wardis all and ostis war on steir,
That, for the rerd and deray, hait in ire
The hartis kyndillis of euery bald syre.
Furth flaw the takill rycht our forgane his face,
Thiddir as for the ilk tyme stude, percece,
Nyne brethir germane, fresch and 3yng of age,
Nane in thar ost mair semly personage,
Quham the trew faithfull wife Tyrrhene ilkane
Bair till hir spowss Gilip Archadiane;
Of quham this dart hyt ane, thar he dyd stand,
A gudly spryngald, a fair 3yng galland,
Richt schaply maid, in armour schynand brycht,
And at the myddill markyt hym full rycht,
Quhar as the wovyn gyrdill or tysche
Abufe his navill was beltit, as we se,
And smate hym evyn into the sammyn place
Neyr quhar the bukill hys sydis dyd embrace,
Throw gyrd hys body with a grevoss wond,
And spaldyt hym stark ded apon the grond.
Bot than hys bald brethir in a rowt,
Wod wraith for wo, sum hyntis swerdis owt,
Sum claucht in hand the dart with the steil hed,
And in thar blynd fury, full of fed,
Ruschit on thar fays with a feirfull braid.
Aganys quham to resist and invaid,
The rowtis of the army Lawrentanys
Ran to recontyr thame; and tho atanys
Agane assemblit, as a spait of flud,
The Troianys and the Tuscanys wraith and woid,
With thame of Arcad in arrayt feildis,
With burnyst armour and thar payntit scheildis;

Apon sik wyss that all, with ane assent,
Caucht haill desyre to fecht apon the bent,
And to dereyn in feild with bytand brand
The haill mater. Sum schot doun with thar hand
The altaris markyt for the sacryfyss.
Belyve our all the lyft vp semyt ryss
The fell tempest of dartis schote and flanyss,
So thik as ony schour of scharp hailstanys,
As dyd incress this flycht of stelit hedis.
Full grewos grew the bargane in all stedis:
Sum ran to the wyn flaconys for gret ire,
And sum hynt vp the furnace full of fyre.
The kyng hym self, Latinus, for the affray,
Fled to the cite, and tursyt with hym away
Hys goddis and hys mawmontis, drevyn abak
With a schamefull rebute and mekill lak,
Left the concord ondone, not brocht till end.
Sum brydillys stedis and cartis vp dyd bend,
And sum in haist with a lowp or a swak
Thame self vpcastis on the horsys bak,
And war all reddy in the stowr at hand
With drawyn swerd and nakit burnyst brand.
Mesapus, full desyrus in the press
Fortill confund the tref and the pess,
A kyng Tyrreyn, Aulestes, in that sted
With kyngis ensen³eis and with crown on hed,
Affrays sor, at hym dryvand hys steid;
The tother drew away for feir and dreid,
And bakwartis fallys on hys schuldris and crowne,
Onhappely, apon ane altar down,
Quhilk stud percace behynd hym on the land.
Mesapus than, full ferss, with speir in hand
Apon hym drave, thocht he besocht hym fair,
And with this schaft, that was als rude and squar
As it had beyn a cabyr or a spar,
Down from hys stowt cursor, na thyng skar,
Smait hym a grewoss wond and dedly byt,

And syne thir wordis said: "Ha, art thou hyt?
Ha, that thou hass! This is, be myne avyss,
To our gret goddis mair ganand sacrifyss."
Italianys hurlys on hym in a floyt,
Spulzeit hys corps, hys membris 3it all hoyt.
Chorineus tho, that was a stowt Troian,
To meit ane Ebusus, com hym agan,
That wald haue smyt hym with a bustuus dynt,
And on ane altar a byrnand schide hass hynt,
And gan it rycht amynd hys vissage stair,
That blesyt vp hys lang berd of hair,
Quhilk, scaldit thus, a strang fleur dyd cast.
And forthir this Chorineus also fast
Ruscht on hys fa, thus fyrefangit and onsaucht,
And with hys left hand by the hair hym claucht,
Syne with hys kne hym possit with sic a plat
That on the erd he spaldit hym all flat,
And with hys styf stok swerd in sik estait
Throu baith the sydis at the first dynt hym smait.
And Podalirius with drawyn swerd list not cess
Alsus the hyrd to persew throu the press,
Quhilk ruschis abak for feir, hys life to save,
In the vangart, throw mony a poyntit glave;
Bot quhen he saw his fa sa neir invaid
That he na wyss mycht eschew nor evaid,
Vphesit he hys braid ax rude and squair,
And akwartly strake at hys aduersar,
Quhilk from amynd hys forhed, neir hys crowne,
Onto hys chyn the egge dyd carvyn down,
That far onbreid hys armour, quhar he stude,
Was all bysprent and blandit full of blude.
Tho Podalirius the hard rest dyd oppress,
Or cald and irny sleip of dethis stress,
And vp the breith he 3ald into thar sycht,
With eyn closyt in euerlestand nycht.
Enee sair wondyt of the feild dyd pass,
In quhais absens Turnus mair cruell wass.

Than the reuthfull and pacient Eneas,
Behaldand quhou all wrang the gem dyd pas,
Hys rycht hand onenarmyt to stynt thar fed,
Furth strekis and oncoverit hess hys hed,
And cryis and clepis on his pepill tho:
“My frendis deir, quhidder now hurll 3e so,
Ilkane aganys other? Quhou may this be?
Quhat hess movit this hasty discord?” quod he,
“O, stanch 3our wraith for schame, or all is lorn!
The payce and concord now is twichit and sworn,
And the articulis and the lawys dyng
Appunctit vp, and promist euey thing.
Of det and ryght I aucht apon this land
Allane Turnus recontyr, hand for hand:
Suffir me perform my dereyn by and by,
And do away all dreid and villany.
I sall with my hand sone make ferm and stabill
Our appoyntment, for evir onvariabill,
For this ilke sacrifice violate in this sted
Sall rendre onon Turnus to me ded.”
Amyd sic sawys, as he thir wordis said
Forto asswage thar mynd, but mar abaid
A quhirrand arrow, lo, with fedderit flycht
At swift randon dyd in hys the bayn lycht,
Oncertane fra quhat hand that it was sent,
Quhat kynd of schote, nor of quhat instrument.
The hie glory of sa notabill a deid
Is hyd, that nane knew quha it dyd but dreid,
Nor wist quha wrocht had to the Rutilianys
Sa gret wirschip and lovyng for the nanys;
Quhidder it betyd on cace and aventur,
Or of sum god be dispositioun suyr;
Nor nevir person eftir, he nor he,
Dyd hym avant he wondit had Ene.
Quhen Turnus all the chiftanys trublit saw,
And Eneas sair wondit hym withdraw,
Than, for this hasty hope als hait as fyre,

To mell in feght he caucht ardent desyre;
He askis horss and harnes baith atany,
And haltandly in hys cart for the nanys
He skippis vp and musturis wantonly,
Furth sprentand throu the feildis by and by,
And at his will, quharso hym list tobe,
With hys awyn hand the ren3eis rewlis he;
And dryvand furth thus into his ire
Laid feill corpsis ded and mony bald syre,
Down strowand eik vnder fut in the plane
Diuerss otheris 3it throwand and half slane:
Owder with his cart the rowtis he drave away,
Or, as thai tuke the flycht for gret affray,
Castyng speris and dartis scharp hynt he,
And leit thame thik amang his fays fle.
Sik wyss as bludy armipotent god Mars,
Besyde hys frosty flude Hebrum in Trass,
Full hastely bownand to batale feild,
Makis gret bruyt and clatterying with hys scheild,
Quhen he list movyng weir mast chevalrus;
Furth steris hys stedis, ferss and furyus,
Quhilk fleys furth sa swith with mony a stend
Owtour the planys at large quhar thai wend,
That thai forryn and goys befor alway
3ephyrus and Nothus, swyftest wyndis tway;
And, with the dyn of thar feyt and hys cart,
All Trace gronys onto the ferthar part;
Abowt hym walkis, as hys godly feris,
Dreid with paill face, Debait, and mortale Weris,
The Wraith, and Ire, and eik fraudfull Dissait,
Lyggyng vndir covert at enbuschment or await —
Turnus siclike, als chery, prowde and lycht
Amyd the batale catchys to the fycht
Hys stedys, rekand of swete quhar thai raid,
And sa baldly hys fays dyd invaid,
With sik slauchter, that piete was to se;
And sik deray hass maid in the melle,

That hys swift stedis hovys, quhar thai went,
Spangit vp the bludy sparkis our the bent,
Quhil blude and brane, in abudans furth sched,
Mydlit with sand vndir horss feit was tred.
For he, or now, hess doun bet Sthelenus,
And kyllit eik Thamyras and Polus
(The formast twa he slew machit at hand,
And this Polus, as he far of dyd stand);
On far eik slew he of Imbrasyus
The sonnys twa, Glawcus and Iasus,
Quham this Imbrasyus fosterit had, baith twa,
Into the far cuntre of Lycia,
And thame instrukit had full equally
In fait of armys, and to hant chevelry,
Owder till assaill befor, or 3it behynd,
Or with swift horss fortill forryn the wynd.
3ond, in ane other part, amynd the feild
The ferss Eumedes walkis vnder scheild,
Quhilk was the son and air, as that thai tell,
Of agit Dolon val3eant in batell:
The name he bair of hys forgrandschir wight,
Bot the strang handis and stowt curage in fight
Of hys awyn fader, this Dolon, he bair;
Quhilk at Troy vmquhile, as the sege lay thar,
And was of sa stowt curage and hie will
That he durst ask the chariot of Achill
To his reward, for that he sa baldly
The Grekis tentis tuk on hand to aspy;
Bot the son of Tedeus, Diomed,
Ane other fasson hess hym quyt his meid
For sa stowt ondyrtakyn, and hym slewch;
And 3it for all his renovn, provit eneuch,
Ne durst anys pretend, for all hys dedys,
That he was worthy to weld Achillys stedys.
Bot to our purposs: this forsaid Eumedes
As Turnus dyd behald 3ond in the press,
On the plane feld thar as he dyd ryde,

First weill a far way at hym leyt he glyde
A fleand dart; and furth with that, rycht thar,
Gan stynt hys horssis and his quhirland char,
And ferely dyd lepyng from hys cart,
And sone apon hys aduersar astart,
Quhilk tho was fall to grond, and half deill ded;
Syne with hys fut doun thyrst in the ilk sted
Hys fair nek bayn, and owt of hys rycht hand
Richt austernly hass he thrawyn the brand,
Quhilk schynand brycht into hys throte he wet,
And tharto ekyt thir wordys wondyr het:
“O thow prowde Troian, lyggand thar at grond,
Now may thou myssour the feld at thou hass fund;
Lo heir the bundis, lo heir Hesperia,
Quhilk thou to seik in weirfar was sa thra!
Thys is the bontay tha sal bair away
That dar with wapynnys or armour me assay.”
To hym in feir also hass he laid
With a scharp castyn hed, but mar abaid,
Ane Butys, and eftyr hym ane Chloreus,
Syne Sybar, Dares, and Thersilocus,
And Thymetes, a man of full gret fors,
Castyn from hys staffage, skeich and hedstrang horss.
And as the blastis with thar bustuus sovn
From mont Edoin in Trace cumis thuddand doun
On the deip sey Egean fast at hand,
Chasand the flud and wallys to athir land;
And quhar the wyndis assalys, the suyth to say,
The clowdis fleys fast our the hevyn away —
The sammyn wyss, quhat way at Turnus went,
The rowtis red hym plane rovm on the bent,
And all the ostis fast abak dyd fle,
For with sik forss and fard furth dryvys he,
Hys bissy movand tymbrell euery art
Catchis the wynd and ayr forgane hys cart.
Phegeus, a Troiane, seand Turnus all mad
Sa instantly assaill with strakis sad,

Na langar mycht hym thoill, bot with bald hart
Hym self kest in the way to meit hys cart;
And he the renys in hys ryght hand hynt,
Syne writhit hess about, or euer he stynt,
The fomy mowthis of the hasty stedis.
And as this douchty man, sa gud at nedis,
Thus hang and harlyt was in euery art
By the lymmouris and hamys of the cart,
That he hys body mycht nocht kepe nor held,
To covyr with hys armour and his scheld,
The speir hym followis with scharp hed and braid,
And rent hys hawbrik of dowbill plyis maid,
Hurt his body sum deill, nocht fully sond,
Persand the hyde, and maid a litill wond.
He, nocht the less, agane hys fa furthsprent,
With hys braid scheild or target evir vp stent,
And in hys hand held drawyn the burnyst blaid,
Cryand for help his aduersar till invaid;
Quham tho (allace, gret piete was to se!)
The quhirland quheill and spedy swyft extre
Smate down to grond, and on the erd lay plat;
And, as he fell, Turnus followis with that,
And evyn betwix the helm can hym arrass
And vmast roll or hem of hys curass,
Smait of his hed clenly with hys brand,
And left the corps lyke a stok in the sand.
Na mannys cuyr nor craft of surrurgyne
Mycht heill Eneas, bot Venus medycyn.
And as Turnus thus in the batale sted
With the ovirhand sa feil corpsis laid ded,
The meyn quhil Mnestheus and traste Achates
Hess led the bald Eneas of the press,
Ascanyus 3yng with thame in cumpany,
And to the tentis brocht hym all bludy,
With steppis slaw furth stalkand all in feir,
Lenand ilk payss on a lang poyntit speir.
Wod wroith he worthis, for dysdene and dispyte

That he ne mycht hys ferys succur als tyte.
He wrythis, and enforsys tyll owt draw
The schaft in brokkyn, and the hed withall:
He axis help at all thar standand by,
Quhat was the nerrest way and maist reddy,
And bad thai suld with a scharp knyfe that tyde
Scheir down the wond, and mak it large and wyde,
Rype to the boddum weill, and tak gude tent
To serss the hyrnys quhar that the hed was went,
That thai mycht hast thame self, but mair delay,
To the batale, forto stynt this effray.
Now was thar than present in the press
Iapis, that was son of Iasides.
Abuf all otheris to the god Phebus he
Was best belovyt and haldyn in dante;
With quhais favour vmquhile strangly caught,
This god Appollo gladly hass hym taucht
Hys craftis and hys officis, by and by,
Of diuinatioun or of augury,
The musik tonys to play on harp waill sle,
And forto schute and lat swyft arrowis fle.
Bot this Iapis, fortill prolong, perfay,
Hys faderis fatis, quhilk as bedrall lay
Befor hys 3et, of hys lyfe in dispar,
Had levyr haue knawyn the sciens and the lair,
The myght and forss of strenthy herbys fyne,
And all the cunnyng of vse of medycyne,
And with sik secrete craftis prevely
To leid hys lyfe and tyme mair esely.
Eneas standis byttryrly chidand,
Lenand apon a bustuus speir in hand,
Amyd gret confluens of thir childer 3yng,
And eik his son Ascanyus sair wepyng;
Bot he na thing hym movit at thar terys.
Than this Iapis, sage and ald of 3heris,
With habyt schapyn on surrugyn mak,
Vprollit weill and wymplit far abak,

Richt bissely with hys nait handis tway
Begouth fortill exem, and till assay
The wond with mony crafty medycyn,
And mychty herbys taucht be god Appollyn;
Bot all for nocht his travale and hys pane.
Oft with hys rycht hand sersis he, invane,
To rype the owtgait of the wond sa wyde,
And forto seik the schaft on euery syde,
With hys wynrys and grippand turcas sle
To thrist the hed, and draw furth, pressis he;
Bot, for na chance that evir betyd may,
Wald forton dress hys hand the sovir way.
Na thing avalyt hys crafty medycyne,
Nor ocht hym helpys his master Appollyn.
And now the grisly dreid, ay mair and mair,
Our all the feildis walkis heir and thar,
Nerrar drawys the perrell and effray,
So that all dyrknyt wolx the cleir day
Of dusty puldir in the hevyn dyd stand;
The horsmen all approchis fast at hand,
That dartis thik amynd the tentis fell.
Wofull clamour with mony cry and zell
Went to the skyis of 3ong men faucht in feild,
And thame that swelt, sair wondit vnder scheild.
Venus hys moder tho, this pane to meyss,
Caucht rewth and piete of hir sonnys dyseyss,
And from the wod of mont Ida in Creit
Vp hess scho pullit dittam, the herb sweit,
Of levis rank, rypit and wondir fair,
With sprowtis, sprayngis and vanys our alquhar,
As that we se on sik verdour spryngand,
And on the top a purpour flour curland:
Sik gresis gude beyn nowyss onknaw
To the wild bestis, quhen that ony thraw
Thai with the fleand arrow beyn ourtake,
The hed stikand owther in syde or bak.
Thiddir brocht Venus this herb (and scho was schrowd,

Baith face and body, in a watry clowd),
And with the herb alsso mydlit hess sche
The hailsum thryfty watir wondir sle,
That from hir brycht lippys scho 3et inhy;
And temperis and enbalmys prevely
The plastyr tharwith, strynkland all ourane
The hailsum ius of herb ambrosian,
And the weill smelland herb hait panaces.
This ancyeut surrigian, Iapes,
With sik watir or ius, that he nocht knew,
The wond mesys, and softnyt hes of new;
And suddanly the payn vanyst als cleyn
Of hys body, as thocht it had beyn
Bot a dyrlyng or a litill stond;
All blud stanchit and stud in the deip wond.
Tharwith baith hed and schaft com owt droppand,
But ony pull followyng of manis hand,
That strenth and fors of new to mak debait
Restoryt war onto thar ald astait.
“Harnes, harnes, bryng hym hydder in hy!
Quhy stand 3e sa?” Iapis gaue a cry,
And with this word aganyst thar fays he
Hess first thar spreit inflammyt to melle.
“O Eneas,” quod he, “I mak 3ou suyr,
Throw manis mycht was neuer wrocht this cuyr,
Nor be na mastir craft of medycyne:
Thou art not helyt by this hand of myne,
Bot be sum grettar god, full weill I se,
The quhilk to grettar warkis preservis the.”
Eneas tho, desyrus of bargane,
Hys lymmys in legharnes gold begane
Claspyt full closs and dyd hym self array,
Bad speid in haist, for he hatit delay;
He schuke and branglit fast his speir that tyde.
And eftir hys active scheild was by his syde
Cowchit full meit, and on his bak full thik
Seysit his curace or his fyne hawbrik,

Ascanyus 3yng tendirly the ilk place,
With all his harness bilappit, dyd embrace,
And throw his helmys ventral a litill we
Hym kyssyt hass; syne on this wyss said he:
“O thou my child, do lernyng, I the pray,
Vertu and verray laubour till assay
At me, quhilk am thy fader, as thou wait;
Desyre tobe chancy and fortunate
As othir pryncis, quhilkis mair happy beyn.
Now sall my rycht hand thy querrell susteyn,
And the defend in batale by and by,
To mak the partis man of gret sen3eory.
Do thou siclyke, I pray the, myne awyn page,
Als fast as thou cumis to perfyte age,
Ramembir heiron, and revolve in thy mynd
Thy lynage, thy forbearis, and thy kynd;
Exempill of prowes in the steris frendis befor,
Baith fader Eneas and thyne vncle Hector.”
Iuturna gydys hir brotheris cart rycht sle
Frawart the batal, he suld nocht mache Enee.
Quhen this was said, furth at the portis hee,
Schakand in hand a gret speir, ischit he.
With hym also to the feild ruschis owt
Anteus, Mnestheus, and ane full thyk rowt:
Alhail the barnage flokkis furth atanyis,
Left voyd the tovn and strenth with wasty wanyis.
Than was the playn ourset, quha com behynd,
With dusty stew of puldyr maid folk blynd,
And, for stampyng and fell dynnyng of feyt,
The erd movit and trymlyt euery streyt.
Turnus, apon the party our rycht forgane,
Persauyt thame thus sterand throw the plane,
Thame saw also the pepill Ausonyanys,
And the cald dreid for feir ran throw thar banys.
First of the Latynys all, this ilke maid
Iuturna thame knew, and was not glaid;
Scho hard the soundis and the fell deray,

And quakand fast for feir hess fled away.
Bot this Eneas, full bald vndyr scheld,
With all hys ost drave throw the plane feld,
And with hym swyftly bryngis our the bent
A rowt coill blak of the stew, quhar he went.
Lyke as the bub or plaig of fell tempest,
Quhen that the clowdis brekis est or west,
Dryvys by fors throw the sey to the land,
Doand the cayrfull husbandis vnderstand
The gret myscheif tocum and felloun wraik;
Quhilk, with sair hartis quakand, “Allake, allaik!”
Says, “Lo, 3on bub sall stryke down growand treys,
Doun bet our cornys, and by the ruyt vpheis,
And far onbreid ourturn all doys vpstand:
Hark, heir the swouch cumis brayand to the land” —
On siclyke wyss this ilk chiftane Troian
The cory pasand Osyris hess slane.
Mnestheus kyllyt Archet, and Achates
Byhedit hass the wight Epulones;
Gyas down bet Vfens the gret captane;
Down fell also the gret augurian,
Tolumnyus him self, that the ilk day
Threw the first dart hys fays till assay.
Vpryis than the clamour, and a scry
Quhilk semyt wend onto the starnyt sky.
Thar curss abowt than the Rutilianys
Hess tane the flyght, and gave the bak atanyis,
Skatterit throw owt the feildis heir and thar,
Quhil stovr of puldir vpstrikis in the air.
Bot the chiftane, this vail3eant Ene,
Deden3eit nane down bet as thai dyd fle,
Ne thame invaid that met hym face for face,
All thocht thai fawght with wapyn, swerd or mace;
Bot throw the thikast sop of dust in hy
Only Turnus went to seik and aspy,
And hym allane, accordyng the tretye,
He askis and requiris into melle.

With dreid heirof the mynd was smyttyn so
Of Iuturna, the verray virago
(Quhilk term to expone, be myne avyss,
Is a woman exersand a mannys offyss);
Amyd the lyamys and the thetis thar
Doun swakkis scho Metiscus the cartar
That Turnus char had forto rewle on hand,
And left hym lygand far 3ond on the land,
Fra the cart lymmowris warpit a gret way;
And scho in sted hyss office dyd assay.
And with hir handis abowt writhis sche
The flexibill renys frawart the melle,
Berand the lyknes in all maner thing
Of Metiscus voce, person and armyng.
Als feill wrynkis and turnys can scho mak
As dois the swallow with hir plumys blak,
Fleand and seirsand swiftly thar and heir
Our the gret luyngis of sum myghty heir,
Apon hir weyngis scummand euery syde
Thir heich hallys, bene full large and wyde,
Gadderand the small morcellis est and west
To bair hir byrdis chepand in thar nest;
Now into gowsty porchis doith scho fle,
Now by the donky stankis soundis sche:
In siclike wyss this Iuturna belyfe
Throw owt the ostis gan the horssis dryfe,
Circuland abowt with swift fard of the cart
The feildis our allquhar in euery art,
And schew hir bruthir Turnus in his char,
Now brawland in this place, now voustand thar;
Na be na way wald scho suffir that he
Assembill hand for hand suld with Enee;
Bot fled hym far, and frawart hym held ay,
Writhand hir cartis curss ane other way.
In na less haist Eneas on the bent
Hys quhelys turnys and writhis mony a went;
The man he seirsis throw the effrait rowtis,

And on hym callis with lowd cry and hie schowtis.
And als feill syss as he his eyn kest
Apon his fa, al tymys he hym adrest
To chass hym with swyft curss throu the melle,
On horssis that semyt ryn as fowle dois fle;
Bot evir als oft Iuturna ane other art
Awaywart turnys and writhis hyr broderis cart.
And thus Eneas remanys all on flocht
In syndry motioun of ire, bot all for nocht.
Allace, ne knawis he not now quhat to do:
Diuerss thochtis and seir consatis, lo,
Hys mynd in mony contrar purpos sent.
And as he thus was trublit in entent,
Mesapus, that on cace was neirhand by,
And in hys left neif haldis all reddy
Twa sowpill castyng speris hedit with steill,
Of quham that ane full sovirly and weill
Toward Ene addressit leit he glyde.
Eneas hovit still the schote to abyde,
Hym schrowdand vndir his armour and his scheild,
Bowand hys howch, and stude a litill onheld;
And, nethless, this speir, that scharply schar,
Of hys basnet the tymbrell quyte doun bair,
And smait away the creistit toppis hie.
Than mair in greif and ire vpgrowis he,
Seand hym catchit with dissait and slycht,
Quhen that he hess persauyt in his sycht
Turnus horssis furth drevyn ane other art,
Awaywart turnyng sa feill syss his cart:
Tho mony tymys lowd did he testify
Gret Iupiter, quhou that sa wrangwisly
He was iniurit, and constrenyt to fight;
To witness drew he als with gret onrycht
The altaris of confiderans violate;
And now at last, full furyus and hait,
The mydwart of his ennemyss dyd invaid.
With prosper chance of batale, sa onglaid

And terribill to his fays walxis he,
That hail, but ony differans of degre,
All goith to wraik, for na man list he spair:
A cruell slauchter he hess rasit thar.
All kynd of wreth and breithfull ire now he
Leyt slyp at large, but brydill, with renȝeis fre.
Heir followys of the slauchter monyfald
Maid by Turnus and be Eneas bald.
Quhat god sall now me techyng to endite
Samony wondis and this cairfull syte,
Or quha me lern in metyr to declar
Sa feill and diuerss slauchteris as was thar,
And gret decess of dukis in that sted,
Our all the feildis strowyn lyggis ded,
Quham euery ane sammyn hys curss abowt
Now down bet Turnus, now Eneas stowt?
O Iupiter, was it plesand to the,
With sa gret motioun of crudelyte
Athir pepill suld rusch on other in press,
Quhilkis eftir suldbe ane in etern pess?
Eneas first, that tareit not to lang,
Smate ane Sucron, a Rutilian strang;
A grevouss wond he hyt hym in the syde,
Throw owt hys rybbys can the stif swerd glide,
Persyt hys cost and breistis cundyt inhy,
Thar as the fatale deth is maste hasty:
This bargane first fermyt Troianys to stand,
That langeir fled Turnus fra hand to hand.
Tho Turnus hass rencontyrit in the press
Amycus, and hys brother Diores,
Quham, fra thar horssis on the grond down bet,
On fut in feild strangly he ombeset;
And the formast with a lang stif speir
Smate ded, and with a swerd the tother in feir,
Syne baith thar hedis hakkit of in hy,
And at his cart thame hyngis by and by,
The blude tharfra dreipand, tursys away.

The self stound Eneas at ane assay,
Or ane onset, hess kyllit Tanaus,
Talon also, and the stowt Cethegus;
Syne, eftyr thame, he kyllit in the press
The sad and ay sorofull Onytes,
Renownyt of Thebes blude, and the ofspryng
Discendyng down from Echion the kyng,
And of hys moder born, Peridia.
This othir chiftane, Turnus, killit twa,
That brethir war, and owt of Lycia send,
Appollois cuntre, Troianys to defend;
And efter thame ane Meneit hess he slane,
A 3ong man that was born ane Archadane,
That all his days evir hatit the melle,
Bot all for nocht, for he most neid thus de —
About the laik of Lern and fludis gray
Hys craft was forto fysching euery day;
A puyr cote houss he held, and buyr hym law;
Rewardis of rich folkis war to hym onknaw;
Hys fader eyrit and sew ane peyss of feld
That he in hyregang held tobe his beild.
And lyke as that the fyre war new vpbet,
And in sum dry wydderit wod vpset,
Baith heir and thar, at diuerss partis seir,
Amyd the sovndand buskis of lawrer;
Or quhar the fomy ryveris, red on spait,
Hurlys down from the month a large gait,
With hydduus bruyt and felloun fard atanys,
Thar as thai ryn ourflowand all the planys;
Ilkane distroys, wastis and dryvis away
All that thai fynd befor thame in the way —
Na slawar baith this Turnus and Ene
Hurlys and ruschis ferss throw the melle.
Now, now, the brethfull ire and felloun thocht
Within thar myndis boldynnyys all on flocht,
And tha breistis, can na wyss venquyst be,
Now bristis full of greif and cruelte;

Now lasch thai at with bludy swerdis brycht,
Fortill mak wondis wyd in all thar mycht.
The tane of thame, that is to know, Enee,
Kyng Murranus, of anchestry mast hie,
Sovndand the name of his forfaderis ald,
Our all the clan of Latyn kyngis bald
Observyt man by man onto his day,
Furth of hys cart hess smyttyn quyt away,
And bet hym down onto the erd wyndflaucht,
With a gret roik or quhirrand stane ourraucht;
That this Murranus the renys and the thetis,
Quharwith hys stedis 3okkit war in thretis,
Vndyr the quhelis hess do weltit down,
Quhar, as he lyggis in hys mortall swoun,
Of hys awyn stedis abuf hym rap for rap
The sterand hufis, stampand with mony clap,
Ourtreddis and down thryngis thar master law,
And gan thar lordis his estait mysknaw.
And Turnus hess recontryt ane Hilo,
That ruschand hurlit throw the melle tho,
Full ferss of muyd and austern of curage;
Bot this Turnus, for all hys vassalage,
At hys gilt halffettis a grundyn dart dyd throw,
That fixit throu hys helm the schaft flaw,
Persand hys brane, quhill owt bruschit the blude.
Nor thy rycht hand, Creteus, sa gude,
Thou forcyast Greik, cumyn from Archad land,
Mycht the deliuer from this ilk Turnus brand.
Nor all hys goddis Cupencus in the plane
Myght defend from Ene, com hym agane,
Bot at hys breist with the steill poynt is met,
That thirlyt hes throu all, and hym down bet,
That nother scheild nor obstant plait of steill
This catyvis breist hes helpit neuer a deill.
O Eolyn, the feildis Lawrentan
Hess the behald tharon down bet and slane,
And with thy braid bak in thy rich weid

The grund thou hess byspred rycht far onbreid:
Thar lyis thou ded, quham Gregioun ostis in fycht
Nother venquyss nor to the erth smyte mycht,
Nor ferss Achilles to the grund couth bryng,
That was ourquhelmar of Kyng Pryamus ryng:
Heir war thy methis and thy term of ded:
The houss and famyll or the nobill sted
Of thy kynrent stant vndir mont Ida,
In the gret cyte of Lyrnessia,
Bot in the feildis of Lawrentane sul3e
Thy sepultur is maid for ay tobe.
Apon this wyss the ostis and wardis hail
On athir part returnyt in bataill,
Aganyst othir to feght sammyn attanys,
All the Latynys and alhaill the Troianys;
Duke Mnestheus, and the stern Serestus,
And, on the tother half, Prynce Mesapus,
That of gret horss the dantar clepit was,
And with hym eik the stalwart Asylas,
The Tyrreyn rowtis semblit all atanys,
And Kyng Evandrus army Archadianys:
Euery man for hym self, as he best mycht,
At the vtyrrans of all hys forss gan fyght.
No rest nor tary was, thai so contend,
Sum to confundyng all, sum to diffend.
Quhou Eneas segit the tovn agane,
And Queyn Amata hir self for wo hass slayn.
At this tyme, the bargane induryng thus,
Eneas moder, the farest dame Venus,
Into hys mynd scho hass put this entent,
To hald onto the wallys incontinent,
And steir hys ost the cyte till assay
With hasty onset and suddane affray,
At gret myscheif the Latynys to effeir,
Quhilk of hys cummyng tho onwarnyt wer.
And as at he held movyng to aspy
Turnus throu syndry rowtis by and by,

On euery syde he hass castyn hys e,
And at the last behaldis the cite,
Saikless of batale, fre of all syk stryfe,
But payn or travale, at quyet man and wyfe.
Than of a grettar bargane in hys entent
All suddanly the figour dyd imprent:
He callys Mnestheus and eik Sergestus,
Chiftanys of hys ost, and strang Serestus,
And on a lytill mote ascendit inhy,
Quhar sone forgadderit all the Troian army,
And thik abowt hym flokkyng can, but baid;
Bot nother scheld nor wapynnys down thai laid.
And he amyddis on the knollis hight
Onto thame spak thus, herand euery wight:
“Heir I command no tary nor delay
Be maid of my preceptis, quhat I sal say,
Nor se that na man be sweir nor slaw to ryn;
Till our hasty onset we wil begyn,
Sen Iupiter assistis onto our syde.
Now harkis quhat I purposs do this tyde:
This day I sal distroy and cleyn bet down
Of Lawrent haill the cite and the tovn,
Quhilk is the causs of all our werying,
And quyte confund the kyng Latinus ryng,
Less than thai wil ressaue the bridill at hand,
Be at obeysans, and grant my command;
And 3on hie turrettis, and tha toppis hie
Of rekand chymnais 3ondir, as we se,
I sal mak plane and equale with the grond.
Quhat suld I tary or delay a stond,
Abydand heir into sik plyte,” quod he,
“Quhil Turnus lyst feght with ws in melle;
Or quhil that he, ane other tyme agane
Ourcum and venquyst into batale plane,
May haue refuge to this tovn to releif,
Syne efter in feild vs recontyr and greif?
O cite3anys, the hed is this cite

Of our weirfair, and cheif of iniquyte:
Turss thiddir inhy the hait byrnand fyre brandis,
And with the blesand flawmys in 3our handis
Renewys and requir agane,” said he,
“The treti sworn and promyst 3ou and me.”
Quhen this was said, thai put thame in array,
Togiddir all the cite tyll assay:
Thai pyngill thraly quha mycht formest be
With dour myndys onto the wallys hie:
Knyt in a sop, with gret pissans thai thrist
The leddyrris to the wallys, or ony wist,
And hasty fyre blesis dyd appeir.
Sum otheris of the Troianys ruschit infeir
Onto the portis, and the first thame met
Hes kyllyt at the entre and doun bet:
Sum otheris schotis dartis, takillis and flanyss
At thame quhilkis on the barmkyn hed remanys,
That with the flycht of schaftis heir and thar
Thai dyrknyt all the skyis and the air.
Ene hym self with the formast can stand
Vndyr the wallys, puttand to hys hand
To the assalt, and with lowd voce on hie
The kyng Latinus fast accusys he,
Drawand the goddys to wytnes, quhou agane
He is constrenyt on forss to move bargane,
And quhou at the Italianys thus twyss
At syndry tymys schew thame hys ennemyss,
And how falsly that day thai brokyn had
The secund confideratioun sworn and maid.
Amang the cite3anys, into gret affray,
Vprais discord in mony syndry way:
Sum bad oncloss the cite, and als fast
Warp vp the portis, and wyde the 3ettis cast
To the Troianys, and thar gret prynce Ene
Ressaue as for thar kyng in the cite;
Otheris start to thar wapynnys and thar geir,
Forto defend thar tovn in feir of weir.

As we may geif a symylitude, wail lyke
Quhen that the herd hess fund the beys byke,
Closit vnder a dern cavern of stanys,
And fillit hess full sone that litill wanys
With smoik of sowr and byttir rekis stew;
The beys within, affrayt all of new,
Ourthwort thar hyvis and walxy tentis rynnys,
With mekill dyn and bemyng in that innys,
Scharpand thar stangis for ire, as thai wald fycht —
Swa heir the laithly odor raiss on hycht
From the fyre blesis, dyrk as ony roik,
That to the ruffis toppys went the smoik;
The stanys warpit in fast dyd rebund,
Within the wallis rayss gret bruyt and sound,
And vp the reik all void went in the air,
Quhar as na tenementis stud nor howsis war.
Betyd also to thir wery Latynys,
Quhilk so irkit at sik myscheif and pyne is,
Ane chance of mysfortoun, that all the tovn
With womentyng straik to the boddum down.
For as the queyn Amata saw syk wyss
The cyte ombeset with ennymyss,
The wallys kyndlyt be with flambys heit,
The fyre blesis abuf the ruffis gleyt,
Na Turnus army cumand thame aganys,
Nor 3it nan ostis of Rutilianys;
Scho, full onhappy, in the batell sted
Wenyt 3ong Turnus feghtand had bene ded;
And tho for verray sorow suddanly,
Hyr mynd trublith, gan to rame and cry,
Scho was the causs and wyte of all this greif,
Baith crop and ruyte and hed of sik myscheif;
And in hir dolorus fury thus myndless,
All enragit for duyll tho dyd express
Full mony a thyng, and reddy to de with all
Rent with hir handis hyr purpour weid ryall,
And at ane hie balk teyt vp scho hass

With a lowp knot a stark cord or a lass,
Quharwith hir self scho spilt by schamefull ded.
And fra the Latyn matronys, will of red,
Persavit hess this vile myschewoss wraik,
Thai rent thar hair, with, “Harrow,” and, “Allaik!”
Hyr douchter first besyde the ded corps standis,
Ryvand hyr gyltyn tressys with hir handis,
Hyr rosy chekis to tor and scartis sche;
Than all the laif, that piete was to se,
Of ladeis that about the ded corps stud,
Rentis and ruggis thame self as thai war wod,
That of thar gowlyng, greting and deray
The large hald resundis a far way,
Quhill from the kyngis palyce inveroin
Dywlgat went and spred our all the toвне
The fey onhappy fame of sik a deid;
Than euery wight tynt hart for wo and dreid.
With habyt rent Kyng Latyn on the gait
Walkis wobegone, astonyst of the fait
Of hys deir spouss, and of the cite syne,
That semyt brocht onto fynall ruyne:
Hys kannos hair, sair movit in hys entent,
With onclene puldyr has he all bysprent,
And mony tymys hym selvyn hess accusyt,
That he sa lang had lachit and reffusyt
To ressaue glaidly the Troiane Ene;
Repentyng sair, for weill of the cyte,
That he had nocht requirit hym, and draw
Or than tobe his mawche and son in law.
The quenys decess fra Turnus cleirly wist,
Went to the sege Eneas to resist.
In the meyn tyme, as weriour vnder scheild,
Turnus 3ond at the far part of the feld
A few men3e persewand our the plane,
Quhilk at the stragill fled in all thar mayn,
Sum deill or than walxis dolf this syre,
Seand his horssis begyn to sowpe and tyre;

That euer the less and less ioyus was he
Of thar renkis and gait throu the melle.
Tharwith the wynd and sowchquhyng of the air
This feirfull clamour brocht to hym rycht thar,
Mixt with oncertane terrour and affeir;
The confusioun of sovnd smait in his eyr,
Com from the cyte, of fellow murmuryng,
Rycht onglaid bruyt of cayr and womentyng.
“Ha, ways me!” he said, “quhat may this be?
Quhou beyn the wallys trublit of this cite
With so gret duyll and sorrow as I heir?
Or quhou thus ruschis so fellow noyss and beir
And clamour from the tovn at euery part?”
Thus hass he said, and can do stynt his cart,
And all enragit tyt the ren3eis abak;
Quhamto his sistir tho Iuturna spak
(As scho that was turnyt, as I said air,
In semlant of Metiscus the cartar,
That horssis, ren3eis, sydrapis and cart dyd sche
Rewle and direct amydwart the melle),
With sic wordis scho ansueris hym fute hait:
“Turnus, lat ws persew Troianys this gait,
Quhar victory ws schawis the reddy way;
Thar beyn enew otheris, be my fay,
Forto defend and weill manteym the tovn.
3on is Eneas makis the brute and sovn,
That can invaid Italianys, as 3e heir,
Mydlit in batale on sik feir of weir.
Tharfor lat ws with cruell hand in this sted
Lay als feill corpsis of the Troianys ded;
For with na less numbir slane vnder scheild,
Nor less honour, sall thou wend of the feild.”
Turnus answeris: “O thou my sistyr deir,
I knew full weill at it was thou, langer,
That be thi craft and quent wylis sa sle
Our confideratioun trublit and trete,
And entrit in this batell quhilk thou wrocht:

And now, goddes, thy wylis ar all for nocht.
Bot quha was that send the from hevyn so scheyn,
So huge sturt and travell to susteyn?
Quhidder gif thou com to that entent to se
The cruell deth of thy fey brother?" said he.
"Quhat sall I do, lat se, quhar sall I now?
Or quhat succurss promittis fortoun, and quhou?
I saw my self befor myn eyn langeir
Gret Murranus, quham nane mair leif and deir
Onto me was that levand is this day,
Swelt on the grund, and with lowd voce, perfay,
On me dyd call, quhar as he lay onsound
At erth discomfyt with ane grisly wond:
And lo, doun bet and slane in hys defens
Is not also the stowt capitane Vfens,
That he suld not our lak and schame behald?
Hys corps and armour doys Troianys baith withhald.
Sall I als suffir thame doun the cyte dyng?
Of our myscheif thar restis bot that a thing.
Nor sall I not with this rycht hand inhy
Confund Schir Drancis langage onworthy?
Sall evir this grund behald or se sik lak,
That I sall fle, or Turnus gif the bak?
Is it all owt sa wrachit thing to de,
That, or thai stervyn, men suld rathar fle?
3he Manes, clepit goddis infernal,
Beis to me frendly now, sen that all
The goddis myndis abuf ar me contrar;
Be 3he benevolent quhen that I cum thar.
Ane haly saule to 3ou discend sall I,
Saikless of all sic cryme or villany,
Na wyss onworthy namyt fortobe
With my eldris and forfaderis mast hie."
Scars hess he said, quhen, lo, throu the plane
Ruschand amyde hys fays, com hym agane
Ane Sages, montit on a fomy steid
(And he was wondit sair, and gan to bleid,

In the face with an arrow vnder the e),
Cryand, "Help, Turnus, be his name, quhar is he?
Turnus," quod he, "in the and thy twa handis
The extreme help and lattir weilfar standis:
Haue reuth and piete of thyne awin men3e.
Now, as the thundris blast, faris Enee
In bargane, so enragit he doith mannayss
The cheif cyte of Italy down to arrayss,
And into fynal ruyne to bet down
The principall palyce and all the ryall tovn;
And now onto the thak and ruffis hie
The flambyss and the fyre blesys doys fle.
In the thar wltys, in the thar eyn, but fail,
The Latyn pepill dressyt hess alhaill:
The kyng hym self Latinus, the gret heir,
Quhispyris and musys, and is in maner feir
Quham he sal cheiss or call, into this thraw,
Tobe hys douchteris spouss, and son in law,
Or to quhat frendschip or allyans fyne
Is best hym selwyn at this tyme inclyne.
And forthirmor, Amata the fair queyn,
Quhilk at all tymys thyne afald frend hass bene,
With hir awyn hand doith sterve, now liggand law,
And for affray hir self hess brocht of daw.
Only Mesapus and Atynas keyn
At the portis doys the stour susteyn:
Abowt thir twa on athir syde thik standis,
Arrayt rowtis, with drawyn swerdis in handis,
Full horribill and austern athir barnage,
Cled in steill weid with wapynnys, man and page;
And thou, thus rollyng furth thy cart bedene,
Walkis at advantage on the void grene."
Turnus astonyst stude dum in studeyng,
Smyt with the ymage of mony diuerss thyng:
Deip in hys hart boldynnys the felloun schame,
All mixt with dolour, angry and defame;
Syne fervent luf hym catchit in fury rage,

And hys bykend hardyment and curage.
As first the schaddois of pertrublans
Was dryve away, and hys rememberans
The lycht of resson hass recoverit agane,
The byrnand sycht of baith his eyn twane,
Sor aggregit, towart the wallis he kest,
And from hys cart blent to the cyte prest.
Bot lo, a sworll of fyre blesys vpthraw!
Lemand towart the lyft the flambe he saw,
Amang the plankis and the loftis schire
Stremand and kyndland fast the hoyt fyre,
That caucht was in a mekill towr of tre,
Quhilk towr of sillys and gestis gret belt he,
And thar vnder, to roll it, quhelis set,
With staris hie and batelling weirly bet.
“Now, now, systir,” quod he, “lo, all and sum
The fatis hass vss venquyst and ourcum:
Desist tharfor to mak me langar tary;
Lat ws follow that way, and thiddir cary,
Quhar God and this hard fortoun callys me.
Now standis the poynt, I am determyt,” quod he,
“Eneas hand for hand fortill assaill;
Now standis the poynt, to suffir in bataill
The bittir ded and all paynfull distress.
Na langar, sistir germane, as I gess,
Sall thou me se schamefull onworthy wight.
Bot, I beseik the, manly as a knycht
Into this fervent furour suffir me
To go enragit to batale, or I de.”
Thus hass he said, and from the cart inhy
Apon the land he lap deliuerly,
And left his sistir trist and dissolate;
Thrist throu hys fays and wapynnys all, fute hait,
And with sa swift fard schot throu the melle
That the myd rowtis and wardis schuddris he.
And like as the gret roch crag with a sovn
From the top of sum montan tumlyt down,

Quhen at it is our smyt with wyndis blast,
Or with the drumly schowris spait doun cast,
Or than be lang process of mony 3heris
Lowsyng tharfra the erd, and away weris,
Is maid to fall and tumbill with all his swecht,
Lyke till a wikkit hill of huge weght,
Halding his fard the discens of the bra
With mony skyp and stend baith to and fra,
Quhill that he schut far on the plane grund,
And all that he ourrekis doith confund;
Woddis, heyrdis, flokkis, catale and men
Our welterand with hym in the deip glen —
Towart the wallys Turnus ruschit als fast
Throw owt the rowtis, by hys fard doun cast,
Quhar tho the grund wet and bedyit stude
A weill far way with effusioun of blude,
And large on breid the skyis and the ayr
For schaftis schot dyd quhissilling heir and thar:
A bekyn with hys hand to thame maid he,
And sammyn eik with lowd voce cryis: “Lat be!
Stynt, 3e Rutilianys, se 3he feght na mair,
And, 3he Latynys, 3our dartys castyng spar;
Quhou evir the forton standis at this tyde,
The chance is myne, the fait I mon abyde.
It is mair iust and equale I allane
For 3ou sustene the payn was ondertane,
And purge the cryme, so happynnyt now of lait,
Of this confideratioun violate:
Lat me stand to my chans, I tak on hand
Forto derene the mater with this brand.”
Than euery man amyddward thame betwene
Can draw abak, and maid rovm on the greyn.
Eneas feghtis and Turnus, hand for hand,
And Turnus fled, for he had brokkyn his brand.
Thys fader than, this gret prynce Ene,
Herand the name of Turnus cryit on hie,
The wallys left, and fra the tovn went away

Richt hastely, secludand all delay;
Styntis all the wark that he begunnyn had,
And hoppit vp for ioy, he was so glaid;
The huslyng in his armour dyd rebund,
And kest a terribill or a feirfull sound.
Vpraxit hym he hess amynd the place,
Als byg as Athon, the hie mont in Trace,
Or heich as mont Erix in Scycily,
Or than the fader of hillys in Italy,
Clepyt mont Apennynus, quhen that he
Doith swouch or bray with roky quhynnys hie,
And ioys to streik hys snawy top on hycht
Vp in the ayr amang the skyis brycht —
That is to say, amang all other wightis
Eneas semyt to surmontyn in hyghtis
The remanent of all the mekill rowt,
As thir montanys excedis the knollys abowt.
And than, forsuyth, Rutilianys egyrly,
And all the Troian ostis or army,
Towart thar dukis dyd return thar eyn;
The Rutilianys, I say, and eik bedeyn
All the Latynys that on the wallys stud,
And all thai als tofor as thai war woid
The barmkyn law smait with the rammys fast,
Now of thar schuldris can thar armour cast.
The kyng hym self, Latyn, abasyt to se
Twa men sa byg of huge quantite,
Generit and bred in realmys far insundir
Of seir partis of the world, that it was wondir
Twa of sik statur, onmysurly of hycht,
Fortill assemblill sammyn into fyght,
Or forto se thame, matchit on the greyn,
Dereyn the bargane with thar wapynnys keyn.
And than athir thir campionys vndir scheild,
Quhen voydit weill and rowmyt was the feild
That patent was the plane a weil large space,
With hasty fard on far hess tane thar rayss,

And can thar speris cast, or thai cum neir,
Quhil scheildis soundit and all thar other geir;
Ane marcial batale thai begyn, but baid,
And athir sternly dyd hys fa invaid.
So dyd the strakis dyn on thar steill weid,
The erd granys and dyndlys far onbreid,
Syne raschit togidder with swerdis, or euer thai stynt,
And rowtis thik thai doublit, dynt for dynt;
With fors of prowess and fatale aventur
Mydlit sammyn the bargane thai endur.
Lyke as twa bustuus bullys by and by,
On the hie month Taburn in Champany,
Or in the mekill forest of Syla,
Quhen thai assembl in austern bargane thra,
With front to front, and horn for horn, attanys
Ruschand togidder with cronys and feirfull granys,
That fe masteris and hyrdmen, euery wight
Abasyt gevys thame place, so brym tha fight;
For feir the bestis dum all standis by,
And all in dowl squelys the 3ong ky,
Quha salbe master of the catal all,
Or quhilk of thame the bowys follow sall;
Thai twa bullys, thus stryvand in that stond,
By mekill forss wyrkis other mony a wond,
And duschand festynnys fast thar hornys stowt,
Quhill that abundans of blude stremys owt,
That can do wesche, bedy, or all to baith,
Thar grym nekkis and thar spaldis baith;
That of thar rowstyng all the large plane
And woddis rank rowtis and lowys agane —
Nane other wyss Ene, the Troian heir,
And Dawnus son, Turnus, sammyn infeir
Hurlys togidder with thar scheildis strang,
That for gret raschis all the hevynnys rang.
Thus Iupiter hym self hess atheris chance
A weill lang space to hungyn in ballance
Be equale myssour, and pasyt hess also

The fatis diuerss of thame baith two;
Quham the stowt laubour suld deliuer fre,
And quham the pasand wecht ourwelt to de.
Turnus at this tyme walxis bald and blyth,
Wenyng to caucht a stound hys strenth to kyth
But ony danger or aduersyte;
He raxis hym, and hevis vp on hie
Hys bludy sword, and smait in al hys mayn.
A gret clamour gave the pepill Troian,
And eik the Latynys quakyng gaue a schowt,
Full prest thame tobehald stud athir rowt.
Bot this ontraste fals blaid is brokyn in sundyr,
And ardent Turnus brocht hess in gret blundir;
For it amyddis of hys dynt hym falys,
And dissolet hym left, that nocht avalys
To hym hys strenth, hardyment and mycht,
Less than he tak for hys defens the flycht:
3a, swyftar than the wynd he fled, I gess,
Quhen that he saw hys rycht hand wapynless,
And persauyt the plummet was onknaw.
For so the fame is, at the ilk thraw
Quhen he first ruschit in hys cart inhy,
And gart do 3ok hys stedis by and by
To go onto the batale the sam day,
That, for the suddand onset and effray,
The cartar Metiscus sword hynt in hand,
And all for3et hys faderis nobill brand;
And this ilk swerd was sufficient a lang space,
Quhill that he followit the Troianys in the chais,
That gaue the bak, as we haue said or this;
Bot alsfast as it twichit and matchit is
By dyvyn armour maid by god Wlcan,
And tharon smyttyn in al Turnus mayn,
This ontrew temperit blaid and fyckill brand,
That forgit was bot with a mortal band,
In flendris flaw, and at the first clap,
As brukkill ice, in litill pecis lap,

Quhill the small partis of the blaid brokin in twa
As glass gletand apon the dun sand lay.
Quharfor this Turnus, half myndless and brane,
Socht diuerss wentis to fle throu owt the plane;
With mony wyndis and turnys, all on flocht,
Now heir, syne thar, onsovirly he socht.
Troianys stude thik bylappit inveroun
In maner of a compass or a crowne;
And on the ta half eik a laik braid
Hym so inclusyt that he mycht nocht evaid,
And on the tother syde fermyt als was he
With the hie wallys of the cheif cyte.
And thocht the wond tareis Ene sum deill,
Wrocht to hym by the takill with hed of steill,
To weild hys kne maid sum impediment,
That he mycht nocht braid swiftly our the bent,
With na less press and haist 3it, nocht for thy,
He, fute for fut, persewys him fervently.
Lyke as, sum tyme, quhen that the huntar stowt
Betrappit hass and ombeset about
With hys ralys and with hys hundis gude,
The mekill hart swymmand amynd the flude,
Quhilk thar inclusit neidlingis mon abyde;
For he may not eschape on nother syde,
For feir of hundis, and that awfull bern
Baryng schaftis fedderit with plumys of the ern;
The rynnyng hund dois hym assail in threte
Baith with swift rayss and with hys questis grete;
Bot this hart, all abasyt of thar slycht,
And of the strait and stay bankis gret hycht,
Can fle and eik return a thousand ways;
Bot than the swypir Tuscan hund assays
And nerys fast, ay reddy hym to hynt,
Now, now, almaste lyke, or euer he stynt,
He suld hym hynt, and, as the beste war tak,
With hys wyd chaftis at hym makis a snak,
The byt oft fal3eis for ocht he do mycht,

And chakkis waist togiddir hys wapynnys wycht —
Right so, at this tyme, apon athir syde
The clamour rayss, that all the laik wyde
And brays abowt thame answerd, so thai ferd,
The hevyn our all eik rumlyt of ther rerd.
And Turnus, fleand, sammyn fast can call
Rutilianys, chidand baith ane and all,
Every man clepand by hys proper name,
To reke hym hys trast swerd for schame;
And by the contrar, awfully Ene
Can thame mannans, that nane sa bald suldbe,
And schew present the deth all reddy heir
To thar ondoying, gif that ony drew neir,
And quakyng for affeir maid thame agast,
Schorand the cite to distroy and doun cast,
Gif ony help or supple to hym schew,
And, thocht he sair was, fersly dyd persew.
Thus fyve tymys round intill a rayss
About the feild can thai fle and chaiss,
And alss feill syss went turnyng heir and thar,
Lyke as befor the hund wiskis the hair.
And na wondir, for sa the mater lyis,
To na bowrdyng twichit thar interpryss,
Na for small waxis thai debait and stryfe,
Bot apon Turnus blude schedding and lyfe.
On cace, amynd this feild had grow of lait
Ane wild olyve to Fawnus consecrait,
Quharon grew bittyr levys, and mony 3heris
Was hald in wirschip with all maryneris;
At the quhilk tre, quhen thai eschapit had
The stormys blast, and wallis maid thame rad,
Tharon thar offerandis wald affix and hyng
Onto this god vmquhile of Lawrent kyng,
And tharon eik the clathis bekend vpstent.
Bot tho the stok of this tre doun was rent
By the Troianys, mysknawand it hallowit was,
To that entent to plane the batale place.

Eneas byg lance or hys castyng speir
Percayss apon the poynt was stykand heir;
Thiddir this schaft the gret fors of his cast
Had thraw the ilk stund, and thar fixit fast,
Amang the grippill rutis fast haldand,
Weggit full law the lance on end dyd stand.
The Troiane prynce it grippis in that sted,
Willyng in hand to pull owt the steill hed,
With cast tharof to follow hym at the bak,
Quham he throw speid of fut mycht nocht ourtak.
Bot than Turnus, half mangit in effray,
Cryis: "O thou Fawnus, help, help, I the pray!
And thou Tellus, mast nobill god of erd,
Hald fast the speris hed by 3our werd;
As I that evir hass wirschipit on thir planys
3our honour, that be the contrar Eneadanys
Hess violet and prophanyt be stryfe," quod he,
"With blude scheddyng, and down hewyn 3our tre."
Thus said he, and no thyng invane, I wyss,
The goddys help he axit, for, at hys wyss,
A full lang tyme wrelis and tareis Ene
Furth of the teuch rutis of this ilk tre
Hys speir to draw, and bytis on his lip;
Bot festynnyt sa is in the war the gryp,
That by na maner forss, thocht he was wight,
Furth of the stok the schaft vp pull he mycht.
And as he brymly thus inforcis fast
To draw the speir, this goddess at the last,
I meyn Iuturna, douchter of Dawnus kyng,
Owt throu the feld com rynnand in a lyng,
Changit agane, as that befor scho was,
Into Metiscus semlant and lyknes,
And to hir brother hess hys swerd betauch;
Quhar at Dame Venus gret disden3e caught,
Sik thyng suldbe tholit this bald nymphe to do;
Than suddanly to the speir rakis scho,
Baith schaft and hed onon, or evir scho stent,

At the first pull from the deip rute hess rent.
Than athir restit and refreschit weill
Baith in curage and scharp wapynnys of steill,
He trastand in hys swerd that weill wald scheir,
And he full prowde and stern of hys byg sper.
Incontrar otheris baldly lang thai stand
In marciall batale athir resistand,
Ilkane full wilfull otheris till ourthraw,
At sic debait that baith thai pant and blaw.
Quhou Iupiter and Iuno dyd contend
Eneas stryfe and Turnus fortill end.
The fader almychty of the hevyn abuf,
In the meyn tyme, onto Iuno his lufe,
Quhilk tho down from a watry 3allow clowd
Beheld the bargane therof na thing prowde,
Thus spak and said: "O my deir spouss, quhat now?
Quhat end salbe of this mater, or quhou?
Quhat restis finaly now at all lat se.
Thou wait thi self, and grantis thou wait, Enee
Is destinat onto the hevin to cum,
And fortobe clepit with all and sum
Amang the goddis a god indigites,
And by the fatis forto rest in pess,
Sesit abuf the starry skyis hie.
Quhat purposis or etlys thou now lat se,
Or into quhat beleif, or quhat entent,
Hyngis thou swa in the cald firmament?
Was it honest a godly dyvyn wight
With ony mortal strake to wond in fight?
Or 3it ganand, the swerd lost and adew,
To rendir Turnus, lo, hys brand of new,
And strenth encresss to thame at venquist be?
For quhat avalit Iuturna, but thy supple?
Desist heirof, now at last, be the lest,
And condescend to bow at our request;
Ne suffir not thy hyd sorrow, I pray,
Na langar the consume and waist away,

That I na mar sik wofull thochtis se
Schyne nor appeir in thy sweit face,” quod he,
“For now is cum the extreme lattir punct.
Thou mycht, quhil now, haue catchit at disiunct
The silly Troianys baith be sey and land;
And eik thou mycht alsso at thyne awin hand
A fell ontelabill batal rayss or weir,
Deform the howshald, and bryng all on steir
Be mony diuerss ways of fury rage,
And all with murnyng mixt thar mariage:
Bot I forbyd 3ou ony mar sic thing.”
Thus spak and carpis love, gret hevynnys kyng.
Saturnus dochtir, Iuno the goddess,
Ansuerit on this wyss, castand doun hir face:
“O Iupiter, deir lord, certis,” said sche,
“Beauss this thy gret will was knawyn to me,
On forss tharfor, and incontrar my mynd,
I left the erd and my frend Turnus kynd.
Ne, war not that, suld thou me se allon
Thus sittand in the ayr al wobegon,
Sustenand thus al maner of myscheif,
And euery stress, baith lesum and onleif;
Bot at I suld, gyrthit with flambis red,
Stowtly haue standyn in 3on batale sted,
And suld haue drawyn 3on Troianys, ane and all,
Into fell mortal bargane inimicall.
I grant, I dyd persuading owt of dreid
Iuturna to pass doun at sik neid
To hir brothir, and for his lyfe eik I
Approvis weill, and als dois ratify,
To vndertak mair than to hir pertenynt;
Bot I forsuith persuadit neuer, nor menynt,
That scho suld dartis cast, or takillis draw,
Nor with the bow mak debait ony thraw:
I swer tharto be the onplesand well
Of Stix, the flud and cheif fontan of hell,
Quhais only dreidfull superstitioun heir

The goddis kepis, that nane dar it forswer.
And now, forsuith, thy will obey sall I,
And giffis owr the causs perpetually,
And heir I leif sik werys and debait,
The quhilk, certis, I now detest and hait.
Bot for the land of Latium or Itail,
And for maieste of thine awin blude, sans fail,
A thing I the beseik, quhilk, weill I wait, is
Na wyss include in statutis of the fatis:
That is to know, quhen that, as weill mot be,
With happy wedlok and felicite
3on pepillis twane sall knyt vp peax for ay,
Bynd confiderans baith coniunct in a lay,
That thou ne wald the ald inhabitantis
Byd change thar Latyn name nor natyve landis,
Ne charge thame nother tobe callit Troianys,
Nor 3it be clepit Phrigianys nor Tewcranys,
Ne 3it the Latyn pepill thar leid to change,
Nor turn thar clething in other habyt strange.
Lat it remane Latium, as it was air,
And lat the kyngis be namyt euermar
Pryncis and faderis of the stile Albane;
The lynage eik and gret ofspring Romane
Mot descend tharfra potent and mychty,
Vndir the virtuus titill of Italy.
Troy is down bet — down bet lat it remane,
With name and all, and neuer vpryss agane.”
Than gan to smyle Iupiter the gret kyng,
That is producear of men and euery thing:
“Syster german,” quod he, “to Iove art thou,
And secund child to Saturn ald; ha, quhou
Sa gret a storm or spait of felloun ire
Vndir thy breist thou rollis hait as fyre?
Bot wrik as I the byd, and do away
That wreth consauyt but ony causs, I pray.
I geif and grantis the thi desyre,” quod he,
“Of fre will, venquyst, referris me to the.

Thir ilk pepill clepit Ausonyanys,
On other wyss callit Italianys,
The auld vsans and leyd of thar cuntre
Sall bruke and ioys, and eik thar name salbe
As it is now, and as thar stile remanys:
Alanerly thar personys the Troianys
Sall entyr myddill and remane thame amang:
The fassonys and the ritis, that nocht ga wrang,
Of sacrifice to thame statute I sall,
And Latyn pepill of a tung mak thame all.
The kynd of men discend from thir Troianys,
Mydlit with kyn of the Italianys,
Thou sal behald in piete and gentilness
To go abufe baith men and goddis express;
Nor neuer clan or other nation by
Lyke thame sall hallow, ne 3it sanctify
Thy wirschip, eik and honour, as thai sal do.”
Iuno annerdit, and gaue consent heirto,
Ful blith and ioyus of this grant, perfay,
Fra hir ald wraith hess writhit hir mynd away;
And in the meyn tyme onto the hevyn hir drew,
And left the cloud, and bad Turnus adew.
Thys beand done, as said is, on sik wyss,
This hie fader can with hym self devyss
Ane other craft, and providis the way
Quhou that he sal Iuturna dryfe away
From helpyng of hir brother intill armys.
Thar beyn twa vengeabill monstreis full of harmys,
Clepit to surname Dire, wikkit as fyre,
That is to say, the goddis wraik or ire,
Quhilk myschewoss and cruell sisteris twa,
Sammyn with the hellys fury Megera,
The Nycht thar moder, that barntyme miserabill,
Bair at a birth, for na thing profitabill;
And all elike wymplit and cled thir trakis
With eddris thrawin, and harys full of snakis,
And tharto ekit weyngis swift as wynd.

Thir wikkit schrewys reddy sal 3e fynd
Befor the troyn of Iove, and eik also
Within the wanys of cruell Kyng Pluto.
Thai scharp the dreid to mortale wrachit wightis,
Quhen euer the kyng of goddis by his mychtis
The deth, or the contagiis seikness seir,
Disponys hym to send in the erth heir,
Or quhen that hym list do smyte and affray
Citeis with weirfar, as deservit haue thai.
Love ane of thir, full swipper to discend,
Furth of the hevin abuf onon hess send,
And bad hir hald doun baldly to the erd,
Forto resist Iuturnais ire and werd.
And scho onon doun flaw, to pless the lard,
And to the grund thuddis with hasty fard.
Nane other wyss than from the stryng doith fle
The swift arrow owt throw the ayr we se,
Or, into bittyr venom wet, sum flane
Castyn or schot by sum archer Persayn,
By sum Persayn or man of Cydony
The schaft thrawyn, that quhyrris throu the sky,
And, quhar it hyttis, wyrkis a wond of pyne,
Oncurabill by the craft of medycyne,
And sa swiftly slydis throu the clowdis gray
That quhar it went nane may persave the way —
On sik maner the nyghtis douchtir onflochit
Throw the skyis doun to the erth sone socht;
And efter that scho saw the Troian ostis,
And Turnus rowtis arrayt on the costis,
Scho hir transformyt in lyknes of a fowle,
Quhilk we a litil howlet cleip, or owle,
That sum tyme into gravis, or stokkis of tre,
Or on the waist thak, or howss rufis hie,
Sittand by nycht syngis a sorowfull toyn
In the dyrk skowgis, with scrykis inoportoyne.
This vengeabill wraik, in sik form changit thus,
Evyn in the face and vissage of Turnus

Can fle and flaf, and maid hym forto grow,
Scho soundis so with mony hyss and how,
And in hys scheild can with hyr weyngis smyte.
A new dolfnes dissoluyt hys membris tyte;
For verray dreid and for gret horroure als
Vp stert hys hair, the voce stak in hys hals.
Bot as Iuturna soyn on far dyd heir
Of this fury the quhislyng and the beir,
The swouchyng of hir weyngis and hir flycht,
This woful sister hyr hair rent for that sycht,
With nalys ryvand reuthfully hir face,
And smytand with hir nevis hir breist, allace!
“Turnus, my best belovit brother,” quod sche,
“Quhat may thy sistir help now, wa is me!
Or quhat now restis to me, wrachit wight?
Thy life prolong quhou may I? Be quhat slycht
May I oppone me to resist or stryve
With sik a monstre? Na, nane wight alyve.
Now, now, I leif the feild, and goys away.
O 3e myschewoss fowlis, I 3ou pray,
Do me na mair agryss trymland for feir;
The clappyng of 3our weyngis I knaw and heir,
And eik the dedly sovndis weill onfar.
The provd command of myghty Iupiter,
That gydis al thing by hys maieste,
Dois me not now astart, for I it se.
Is this the gan3eld that he rendris me
In recompens of my virginite?
Quharto eternal lyfe hess he me geif?
Quharto suld I on this wyss euer leif?
Quharto is me byreft the faculte
Of deth, and grantit immortalite?
For, gif I mortal war, now, now suythly,
Thir sa gret dolouris mycht I end inhy,
And with my reuthfull brother go withall
Amangis the dym schaddoys infernall.
O deir brother german, without the

Is na thing sweit nor plesand onto me.
O now quhat grund, land or erd tewch
Sal swelly me tharin half deip enewch,
And, thocht I beyn a goddess, doun me draw,
And send ontill infernal wightis law?"

Thus mekil said scho, and tharwith bad adew,
Hir hed valit with a haw claith or blew,
And murnand gretly thar as that scho stud,
This goddes dowkit deip vnder the flud.
At Eneas Turnus a stane dyd cast,
Bot Eneas hass slane hym at the last.
Ene with this instantly list not cess
Forto recontyr Turnus in the press,
And hys big speir apon hym schakis he,
Quhilk semyt rude and squar as ony tre,
And with a bald and bustuus breist thus spak:
"Quhat menys this langsum delay 3he mak?
Quhy tary 3e for schame, Turnus, all day?
Quharto withdrawis thou the so away?
We pyngill not for speid na curss to ryn,
Bot we debait suld, this barress within,
With wapynnys keyn and with our burnyst brandis,
Togiddir met dereyn it with our handis.
Do change thy self, or turn at thy awyn eyss
In all maner of figuris as the pleiss;
Gaddir togiddir and assemblill now, lat se,
All that thou hass of strenth or subtelte;
Wyss now to fle vp to the starnys on hycht
With fedderit weyngis forto tak thy flycht,
Or forto cloyss thy self this ilk thraw
Into sum cavern vnder the erd law."

Turnus, schakand hys hed, said: "Thou fers fo,
Thy fervent wordis compt I not a stro,
Thy sawis makis me not agast, perfay:
It is the goddis that doith me affray,
And Iupiter becommyn myne ennemy."

Ne mor he said, bot blent about inhy,

And dyd aspy quhar that a gret roke lay,
Ane ald crag stane huge gret and gray,
Quhilk on the plane, percace, was liggand neir,
A marche set in that grund mony 3eir
Of twa feildis, forto decern tharby
The ald debait of pley or contrauersy;
Scarsly twyss sax stowt walit men and wight,
Quhilk now the erd producis, hess sik mycht
To charge it on thar schuldris or to beir;
Quham full lychtly Turnus, that nobill heir,
Hynt in hys hand, and swakkit at his fo,
And raxit hym on hicht thar vndir alsso,
And tharwith chargit a full swyft curss ran.
Bot sa confundit is this douchty man
That he ne knew hym selvyn in that sted,
Nowder quhar that he ran, nor quhar he 3ed,
Nor felt hym self liftand on the land
The mekill stane, nor steir it with his hand.
Hys kneis stummerit and hys lymmys slydis,
The blude congelit for feir within his sydis,
So at the stane he at his foman threw
Fayntly throwowt the voyd and waist air flew,
Ne went it all the space, as he dyd mynt,
Nor, as he etlyt, performyst not the dynt.
Lyk as, sum tyme, in our swevyn we tak keip,
Quhen langsum dravillyng or the onsond sleip
Our eyn oursettis in the nyghtis rest,
Than semys ws full bissy and full prest
That we ws streke, and doith adress inhy
Lang renkis forto mak and ryn swiftly;
Bot all for nocht, for at the first assay,
Or in the myddis of the start, by the way,
All fante we faill, as forfeblit war we;
The tung avalis not, it will not be;
Ne 3it the strenthis in our body knaw
Semys sufficient to ws at that thraw;
For, set we press ws fast to spek owt braid,

Ne voce nor wordis followys, nocht is said —
Siklyke wyss hess this goddess myschewss
Ombeſet all the ways of Turnus.
Quhat evir to do by hys ſtrenth etlyt he,
Scho maid obſtakill; all that ganestandis ſche.
Than in hys mynd becom his wittis ſtrange
And begouth forto vary and to change;
And oft he dyd behald Rutilianys,
And oft the cite with all that ryall wanyſ.
He hovirris all abasyt for dreid and feir,
And gan do quaik, ſeand at hand the ſpeir;
Ne can he fynd quhiddir away to wend,
Nor on quhat wyss hym ſelf he may defend,
Nor with quhat ſtrenth aſsaill hys aduersar,
Nor be na ways perſaue hys cart or char,
Nor ſe hys ſiſtir, that had hys cartar be.
And as he ſtud on hovyr thus, Ene
The fatale dedly ſpeir in hand gan tayſſ,
And with hys eyn markit and walit haſſ
Ane place be fortoun to ſmyte oportune,
And with the hail forſ of hys body ſoyn
Furth from hys hand weil far the lance gan thraw.
Neuer ſa ſwyftly quhiddelrand the ſtane flaw
Swakkit from the engyne onto the wall,
Nor fulderis dynt, that cauſis towris fall,
With ſik a rummyll com bratland on ſa faſt.
Lyke the blak thud of awfull thundris blaſt
Furth flaw the ſchaft to ſmyte the dedly ſtraik,
And with it brocht cruell myſchewos wraik;
Quhilk throu the hawbrik ſkyrtis perſyt haſſ,
And the extreme bordour gan arraſſ
Of hys ſtrang ſcheild, cowchit of ſevyn ply,
And quhirrand ſmait hym throw the thee in hy,
That with the dynt huge Turnus, full onſound,
With faldyn howchis duſchit to the grund.
Vpſtart Rutilianys ſammyn complenyng
With a jelloch and cairfull womentyng,

Quhill all the hillys rumysit thame abowt,
And far on breid thyk woddiss gaue a schowt.
And Turnus, than, quhar he at erth dyd ly,
Addressis furth full humyll and lawly
Toward Ene hys syght and eyn tway,
And strekis eik hys ryght hand hym to pray,
And thus he said: "Forsuyth I haue deserve
The deth, I knaw, and of thy hand to sterve,
Ne wil I not beseik the me to spair.
Oyss furth thy chance: quhat nedis process mar?
Bot gif that ony cuyr or thocht," quod he,
"Of ony wofull parent may twich the,
Haue rewth and mercy of Kyng Dawnus the ald
(Thou had forsuyth, as I haue hard betald,
Anchises, sik a fader as is he),
And me, or than, gif bettir lykis the,
My body, spulzeit and the life byreft,
Onto my folkis thou may rendir eft.
Thou hess me venquyst, I grant, and me ourcum.
Italian pepill present all and sum
Hess sene streke furth my handis humylyly.
Lavinia is thy spowss, I not deny:
Extend na forthir thy wraith and matalent."
Eneas stern in armys tho present
Rolland hys eyn toward Turnus dyd stand,
And lyst nocht stryke, bot can withdraw hys hand,
And mor and mor thir wordis, by and by,
Begouth inclyne hym to reuth and mercy,
Abydand lang in hovor quhat he suld do,
Quhen, at the last, on Turnus schuldir, lo,
The fey gyrdill hie set dyd appeir,
With stuthis knaw and pendes schynand cleir,
The belt or tysche of the child Pallas,
Quhilk by this Turnus laitly venquyst was,
As we haue said, and with a grews wond
Slane in the feld, bet down, and brocht to grund,
And Turnus, in remembrans of this thing,

Abowt his schuldris bair this onfrendly syng.
Bot eftir that Eneas with hys eyn
Sa cruell takynnys of dyseyss hess seyn,
And can sik weid byreft thar aspy,
All full of furour kyndlys he inhy,
Full brym of ire and terribill thus can say:
“Sall thou eschape me of this sted away,
Cled with the spulze of my frendis deir?
Pallas, Pallas, with this wond rycht heir
Of the ane offerand to the goddys makkis,
And of thy wikkit blude punytioun takkis.”
And sayand thus, full ferss, with all hys mayn,
Law in hys breist or cost, lay hym forgayn,
Hys swerd hess hyd full hait; and tharwithall
The cald of deth dissoluyt hys membris all.
The spreit of lyfe fled murnand with a grone,
And with disdeyn vnder dyrk erth is goyn. etc.
Explicit liber duodecimus Virgilii in Eneados

BUKE XIII

Heir begynnys the Proloug of the Threttene and last Buk of Eneados
ekit to Virgill be Mapheus Vegius
Towart the evyn, amynd the symmyris heit,
Quhen in the Crab Appollo held hys sete,
Duryng the ioyus moneth tyme of June,
As gone neir was the day and supper doyn,
I walkyt furth abowt the feildis tyte,
Quhilkis tho replenyst stud full of delyte,
With herbys, cornys, catal, and frute treis,
Plente of stoir, byrdis and byssy beys,
In amerant medis fleand est and west,
Eftir laubour to tak the nychtis rest.
And as I lukit on the lift me by,
All byrnand red gan walxin the evyn sky:
The son enfyrit haill, as to my sight,
Quhirlit about hys ball with bemys brycht,
Declynand fast towart the north in deid,
And fyry Phegon, his dun nychtis steid,
Dowkit hys hed sa deip in fludis gray
That Phebus rollis doun vndir hell away;
And Esperus in the west with bemys brycht
Vpspryngis, as forrydar of the nycht.
Amynd the hawchis, and euery lusty vaill,
The recent dew begynnys doun to scaill,
To meyss the byrnyng quhar the son had schyne,
Quhilk tho was to the neddir warld declyne:
At euery pilis poynt and cornys croppis
The techrys stude, as lemand beryall droppis,
And on the hailsum herbis, cleyn but wedis,
Lyke cristal knoppis or smal siluer bedis.
The lyght begouth to quynchyng owt and fail,
The day to dyrkyn, declyne and devaill;
The gummys rysis, doun fallis the donk rym,
Baith heir and thar scuggis and schaddois dym.

Vpgois the bak with hir pelit ledderyn flycht,
The lark discendis from the skyis hycht,
Syngand hir complyng sang, efter hir gyss,
To tak hir rest, at matyn hour to ryss.
Owt our the swyre swymmys the soppis of myst,
The nycht furthspred hir cloke with sabill lyst,
That all the bewte of the fructuus feld
Was with the erthis vmbrage cleyn ourheld;
Baith man and beste, fyrrh, flude and woddis wild
Involuyt in tha schaddois warryn sylde.
Still war the fowlis fleis in the air,
All stoir and catall seysit in thar lair,
And euery thing, quharso thame lykis best,
Bownys to tak the hailsum nychtis rest
Eftir the days laubour and the heyt.
Closs warryn all and at thar soft quyet,
But sterge or removing, he or sche,
Owder best, byrd, fysch, fowle, by land or sey.
And schortlie, euery thing that doith repar
In firth or feild, flude, forest, erth or ayr,
Or in the scroggis, or the buskis ronk,
Lakis, marrasis, or thir pulys donk,
Astabillit lyggis still to slepe, and restis;
Be the smail byrdis syttand on thar nestis,
The litill mygeis, and the vrusum fleys,
Laboryus emmotis, and the bissey beys;
Als weill the wild as the taym bestiall,
And euery othir thingis gret and small,
Owtak the mery nychtgaill, Philomeyn,
That on the thorn sat syngand fra the spleyn;
Quhais myrrthfull notis langyng fortill heir,
Ontill a garth vndir a greyn lawrer
I walk onon, and in a sege down sat,
Now musyng apon this and now on that.
I se the poill, and eik the Vrsis brycht,
And hornyt Lucyn castand bot dym lycht,
Beauss the symmyr skyis schayn sa cleir;

Goldyn Venus, the mastres of the 3eir,
And gentill Iove, with hir participate,
Thar bewtuus bemys sched in blyth estait:
That schortly, thar as I was lenyt doun,
For nychtis silens, and this byrdis sovn,
On sleip I slaid, quhar sone I saw appear
Ane agit man, and said: “Quhat dois thou heir
Vndyr my tre, and willyst me na gude?”
Me thocht I lurkit vp vnder my hude
To spy this ald, that was als stern of spech
As he had beyn ane medicyner or lech;
And weill persavit that hys weid was strange,
Tharto so ald, that it had not beyn change,
Be my consait, fully that fourty 3eir,
For it was threidbair into placis seir;
Syde was this habyt, round, and closyng meit,
That strekit to the grund doun our his feit;
And on his hed of lawrer tre a crown,
Lyke to sum poet of the ald fasson.
Me thocht I said to hym with reuerens:
“Fader, gif I haue done 3ou ony offens,
I sall amend, gif it lysis in my mycht:
Bot suythfastly, gyf I haue perfyte sycht,
Onto my doym, I, saw 3ou nevir ayr,
Fayn wald wyt quhen, on quhat wyss, or quhar,
Aganyst 3ou trespasssit ocht haue I.”
“Weill,” quod the tother, “wald thou mercy cry
And mak amendis, I sal remyt this falt;
Bot, other ways, that sete salbe full salt.
Knewis thou not Mapheus Vegius, the poet,
That onto Virgillis lusty bukis sweit
The thretteyn buke ekit Eneadan?
I am the sammyn, and of the na thyng fayn,
That hess the tother twelf into thy tong
Translait of new, thai may be red and song
Our Albyon ile into 3our wlgar leid;
Bot to my buke 3it lyst the tak na heid.”

“Mastir,” I said, “I heir weill quhat 3he say,
And in this cace of perdon I 3ou pray,
Not that I haue 3ou ony thing offendit,
Bot rathir that I haue my tyme mysspendit,
So lang on Virgillis volume forto stair,
And laid on syde full mony grave mater,
That, wald I now write in that treti mor,
Quhat suld folk deym bot all my tyme forlor?
Als, syndry haldis, fader, trastis me,
3our buke ekit but ony necessite,
As to the text accordyng neuer a deill,
Mair than langis to the cart the fift quheill.
Thus, sen 3he beyn a Cristyn man, at large
Lay na sik thing, I pray 3ou, to my charge;
It may suffyss Virgill is at ane end.
I wait the story of Iherom is to 3ou kend,
Quhou he was dung and beft intill hys sleip,
For he to gentilis bukis gaif sik keip.
Full scharp repreif to sum is write, 3e wist,
In this sentens of the haly Psalmyst:
‘Thai ar corruppit and maid abhominabill
In thar studeyng thyngis onprofitabill’:
Thus sair me dredis I sal thoill a heit,
For the grave study I haue so long forleit.”
“3a, smy,” quod he, “wald thou eschape me swa?
In faith we sall nocht thus part or we ga!
Quhou think we he esson3eis hym to astart,
As all for consciens and devoit hart,
Fen3eand hym Iherom forto contyrfeit,
Quhar as he lyggis bedovyn, lo, in sweit!
I lat the wyt I am nane hethyn wight,
And gif thou hass afortyme gayn onrycht,
Followand sa lang Virgill, a gentile clerk,
Quhy schrynkis thou with my schort Cristyn wark?
For thocht it be bot poetry we say,
My buke and Virgillis morall beyn, bath tway:
Len me a fourteyn nycht, how evir it be,

Or, be the faderis sawle me gat," quod he,
"Thou salt dier by that evir thou Virgill knew."
And, with that word, doun of the sete me drew,
Syne to me with hys club he maid a braid,
And twenty rowtis apon my riggyng laid,
Quhill, "Deo, Deo, mercy," dyd I cry,
And, be my rycht hand strekit vp inhy,
Hecht to translait his buke, in honour of God
And hys Apostolis twelf, in the numbir od.
He, glaid tharof, me by the hand vptuke,
Syne went away, and I for feir awoik
And blent abowt to the north est weill far,
Saw gentill Iubar schynand, the day star,
And Chiron, clepit the syng of Sagittary,
That walkis the symmyrris nycht, to bed gan cary.
3ondyr down dwynys the evyn sky away,
And vpspryngis the brycht dawyng of day
Intill ane other place nocht far in sundir
That tobehald was plesans, and half wondir.
Furth quynchyng gan the starris, on be on,
That now is left bot Lucifer allon.
And forthirmor to blason this new day,
Quha mycht discryve the byrdis blisfull bay?
Belyve on weyng the bissy lark vpsprang,
To salus the blyth morrow with hir sang;
Sone our the feildis schynys the lycht cleir,
Welcum to pilgrym baith and lauborer;
Tyte on hys hynys gaif the greif a cry,
"Awaik on fut, go till our husbandry."
And the hyrd callis furth apon hys page,
"Do dryve the catall to thar pasturage."
The hynys wife clepis vp Katheryn and Gill;
"3a, dame," said thai, "God wait, with a gude will."
The dewy greyn, pulderit with daseis gay,
Schew on the sward a cullour dapill gray;
The mysty vapouris spryngand vp full sweet,
Maist confortabill to glaid all manis spreit;

Tharto, thir byrdis syngis in the schawys,
As menstralis playng “The ioly day now dawys.”
Than thocht I thus: I will my cunnand kepe,
I will not be a daw, I will not slepe,
I wil compleit my promyss schortly, thus
Maid to the poet master Mapheus,
And mak vpwark heiroyf, and cloyss our buke,
That I may syne bot on grave materis luke:
For, thocht hys stile be nocht to Virgill lyke,
Full weill I wayt my text sall mony like,
Sen eftir ane my tung is and my pen,
Quhilk may suffyss as for our wlgar men.
Quha evir in Latyn hess the bruyt or glor,
I speke na wers than I haue doyn befor:
Lat clerkis ken the poetis different,
And men onletterit to my wark tak tent;
Quhilk, as twiching this thretteynt buke infeir,
Begynnys thus, as furthwith followis heir.
Explicit prologus in decimumtertium librum Eneados Sequitur liber
decimustertius de maphei vegii carmine traductus per eundem qui
supra interpretem etc.
Rutilian pepill, eftir Turnus decess,
Obeyes Eneas, and takis thame to hys pess.
As Turnus, in the lattir bargan lost
Venquyst in feild, 3ald furth the fleand gost,
This marciall prynce, this ryall lord Enee,
As victor full of magnanymyte,
Amyddis baith the rowtis baldly standis,
That tobehald hym apon athir handis
Astonyst and agast war all hym saw.
And tho the Latyn pepill haill on raw
A fellon murnyng maid and wofull beir,
And gan devoid and hostit owt full cleir
Deip from thar breistis the hard sorow smart,
With curage lost and doun smyttyn thar hart —
Lyke as the huge forest can bewaill
Hys granys doun bet and his branchis skaill,

Quhen thai beyn catchit and alltoschakyn fast
With the fell thud of the north wyndis blast.
For thai thar lancis fixit in the erd
And lenys on thar swerdis with a rerd,
Thar scheldis of thar schuldris slang away:
That bargan and that weir fast wary thai,
And gan abhor of Mars the wild luf,
Quhilk laitly thay desyrit and dyd appruf.
The brydyll now refuss thai nocht to dre,
Nor 3ok thar nekkys in captiuite,
And to implor forgyfnes of all greif,
Quyet, and end of harmyss and myscheif.
As quhen that twa gret bullys on the plane
Togiddir rynnys in bittir gret bargane,
Thar lang debait mydland quhar thai stand
With large blude scheddyng on athir hand,
Quhill athir of thame onto the batalis fyne
Hys awyn bestis and heyrdis doys inclyne,
Bot, gyf the pryss of victory betydis
Till ony of thir twa on athir sydis,
Onon the catall, quhilkis favorit langer
The best curcummyn as thar cheif and heir,
Now thame subdewis vnder his ward inhy
Quhilk hass the ovirhand wonnyn and masty,
And of fre will, all thocht thar myndis be thra,
Assentis him till obey — and evin rycht swa
The Rutilianys, all thocht the gret syte
Thar breistis had bedowit and to smyte,
With gret effray of slauchter of thar duke,
3it thocht thame levir, and haill to purpuss tuke,
To follow and obey, for all thar harmys,
The gentill chiftane and bettir man of armys,
And thame subdew to the Troian Enee,
And hym beseik of peax and amyte,
Of rest and quyet evirmar from the weir,
For thame, thar landis, moblis and other geir.
Eneas tho with plesand voce furth braid

And, standand abuf Turnus, thus he said:
“O Dawnus son, quhou com this hasty rage
Into thy breist with foly and dotage,
That thou mycht nocht suffir the Troianys,
Quhilkis at command of goddis onto thir planys
And by power of hie Iove ar hiddir cary,
Within the bundis of Italy to tary,
And, all invane, thame so expellyng wald
Of thar land of behest and promyst hald?
Lern forto dreid gret Iove, and nocht gaynstand,
And to fulfyll glaidly the goddis command;
And for thar greif weill aucht we tobe war:
Sum tyme in ire will grow gret Iupiter,
And oft remembrans of the wikkit wraik
Solistis the goddis tharof vengeans to take.
Lo, now of all sik furour and effeir
The lattir meith and term is present heir,
Quhar thou aganyst reson and equitye,
Aganyst lawte, and brokyn all vnyte
Of confideratioun sworn and bund or now,
The Troian pepill sair trublit hess thow.
Behald and se the extreme fynale day,
To geif all otheris gud exempill for ay
That it mot nevir lefull be agane
Tyll ony to contempne gret Iove invane,
As forto rayss with sik dreid and effeir
Sa onworthy motioun of wikkit weir.
Now beis glaid, bruke thyne armour but pled;
Allace, a nobill corps thou lyggis ded,
The, gret Turnus, and, as to my demyng,
Lavynya hass the cost na litill thyng:
Nor thou na schame nedys thynk in na part,
That of Eneas hand thou kyllit art.
Now cumis heir, Rutilianys, but delay,
The body of 3our duke turss hyne away.
I grant 3ou baith the armour and the man:
Hald on, and do tharto all that 3e can,

As langis onto the honor of bereyng,
Or tobewaill the deth of sik a kyng.
Bot the gret pasand gyrdill and sik geir
That Pallas, my deir frend, was wont to weir,
To Evandar I will send, fortobe
Na litill solace to hym, quhen he sall se
Hys felloun fa is kyllit thus, and knaw,
Full glaid tharof, Turnus is brocht of daw.
And nethelless now, 3e Italianys,
That otherwyss be clepe Ausonyanys,
Ramembir heirof, and lern in tyme cummyng
With bettir aspectis and happy begynnyng
To move and tak onhand debait or weir;
For, be the blyssit sternys brycht I sweir,
Neuer nane ostis nor 3it armour glaidly
Aganyst 3ou in batal movit I,
Bot constrenyt by 3our fury, as is kend,
With all my forss I set me to defend
The Troian party and our awyn ofspryng,
As, lo, forsuyth this was bot lesum thing.”
No mor Eneas said, bot tharwithall
Addressys hym towart hys cite wall,
And throu the feildis socht full ioyusly
To hys new Troian reset and herbry.
Sammyn hym followis all the rowt atanys,
The pissans haill and 3ynkeris of Tewcranys,
And our the planys, glaid and wondir lycht,
Thar swyft stedis, as the fowle at flycht,
Throu speid of fut assays by and by,
And oft with bittir mouth dyd crying, “Fy!”
And can accusse the Latyn pepill all,
Oft fant folkis and sleuthfull dyd thame call;
That with thar rerd and bemyng, quhar thai fair,
For the deray full heich dynnys the air.
Quhou Eneas, glaid of hys victory
Lovyt the goddis, and can tham sacryfy.
And thocht Ene the bissy thochfull curis

Constrenyt hass as twychand sepulturis
Of hys folkis yslane, and bereyng,
With funeral fyre and flambis accordyng,
3it, nethless, in hys breist rollys and sterys
Ane grettar mater and largyar, as efferis.
For first the soueran honour on thar gyss
On the altarys with detfull sacrifice
He ordand hass, and than, fra hand to hand,
Eftir the ryte and vsans of thar land,
The 3yng oxin gan thai steik and sla:
Within thar tempill haue thai brocht allsua
The bustuus swyne, and the twynteris snaw quhite,
That with thar clovis can the erth smyte,
With mony palt scheddand thar purpour blude.
Furth haue thai rent thar entralis, full onrude,
And gan denude and strippyn of thar hydys,
Syne hakkyn thame in tal3eis, and besydis
The hait flambis brochit hess thame laid.
And furth thai 3et the wyne in cowpis glaid,
God Bachus giftis fast thai multiply;
With platys full the altaris by and by
Thai can do charge, and wirschipis with fat lyre;
The smelland sens vpblesis in the fyre.
Than throu that hald thai fest and mak gud cheir,
Vprayss the mery rerd and ioyus beir:
Thai dyd extoll and lovyng with gret wondir
Gret Iupiter, the feirfull god of thundir;
And Dame Venus thai wirschippit also;
And the, Saturnus douchter, Queyn Iuno,
Now pacifyit and bettir than befor,
Ane huge lawd thai 3ald to the tharfor;
And eik hym self Mars, the gret god of armys,
Thai magnyfy as wrekar of thar harmys;
Syne hail the remanent of the cumpany
Of the goddys thai name furth by and by,
With hie vocis and with lowd cryis
Lovit and born vpheich abuse the skyis.

Befor thame all maste gracios Eneas
Hys handis twa, as tho the custum was,
Towart the hevyn gan vplift and arays,
And syne the child Ascanyus dyd embrass,
Sayand a few wordis, that all mycht heir:
“O thou my son and only child mast deir,
In quham only restis thy faderis beleve,
Quham throu samony laubouris of myscheve
I careit haue, catchit full mony gatis
Be the hard fortoun and the frawart fatis,
Lo, now our rest and quyet fund for ay!
Lo, now the last and maist desyrit day,
To mak end of our harmyss and distres!
Our paynfull laubour passit is express:
Lo, the acceptabill day for euermor,
Quhilk I full oft haue schawin the befor
Quhen ontill hard bargan callit was I,
This was tocum and betyd by and by
Be dispositioun of the goddys abuse.
And now, my derrest child, for thy behufe,
To morn, soyn as Aurora walxis red,
To the cite of Lawrent, that ryall sted,
I sall the send, as victor with ovirhand,
Tobe mastir and to maynteym this land.”
And eftir this he turnyt hym agane
Onto hys folkis and the pepill Troian,
And from the boddum of hys breist weill law
With soft spech furth gan thir wordis draw:
“O 3e my ferys and my frendis bald,
Throu mony hard perrellis and thikfald,
Throw sa feill stormys baith on land and se,
Hiddir now careit to this cost with me,
Throu sa gret fervour of batall into stowr
And dowbill fury of weirfar in armour,
Be sa feill wynteris blastis and tempestis,
By all ways noysum and onrestis,
And all that horribill was, or 3it hevvy,

Wofull, hydduus, wikkyt, or onhappy,
Or 3it cruell or myschews; now stad
In bettir hoip, return 3our mynd, beys glaid:
Now is the end of all ennoy and wo,
The term is cumyn, heir sall thai stynt, and ho:
And, lyke as we desyrit for the best,
With Latyn pepill in ferm peax and rest
We sall conioyn, and leif in vnite;
And Lavinia, of that ilk blude,” quod he,
“Quham I defendit haue in strang bargan,
Of Troiane kyn, with blude Italian
Sammyn mydlit, to me as spouss in hy
Sal 3eld lynnage to ryng perpetually.
A thing, my fallowis and my frendis deir,
I 3ou besekyng, and I 3ou requer:
Bair 3our myndis equale, as all anys,
And common frendis to the Italianys,
And to my fader in law, the kyng Latyn,
Obeis all, and with reuerens inclyn —
Ane myghty ceptre and riall beris he —
This is my mynd, this is my will, perde.
Bot into batale and douchty dedis of armys,
3ou forto wreke and revenge of 3our harmys,
Lern forto follow me and tobe meik,
3he contyrfyt my reuth and piete eik.
Quhat glor is ws betyd full weil is know,
Bot the heich hevyn and starris all I draw
To witnessyng, that I, the sammyn wight
Quhilk 3ou deliuerit hess into the fight
From sa huge harmys and myschevis seir,
I sall 3ou seyss and induce now, but weir,
In far largyar rewardis myghtyly
And 3ou rendir 3our desert by and by.”
With sik wordis gan he thame comfortyng
And in his mynd full mony syndry thyng
Of chancis bipast roll yng to and fro,
Thynkand quhou he is brocht to rest alsso

With na litill laubouris, sturt and panys;
And with exceedand luf of the Troianys
Full ardently he flowis all of ioy,
Glaid at the last from danger and ennoy,
So huge and hevy perrellis mony fald,
Thai war eschapit, and brocht to sovir hald.
Lyke as quhen that the gredy gled on hycht
Scummand vp in the ayr oft turnys hys flycht,
With fellow fard wachand the chiknys lyte,
Thar deth mannasand, reddy forto smyte:
The cristit fowle, thar moder, tho full smert
For hyr pullettis, with harmys at hir hart
Affrait gretly of thar wofull chance,
Gan rax hir self and hir curage avans,
Forto resist hir fa scharpand hir byll,
And with haill fors and mycht and egr will
Apon hir aduersar baldly settis sche,
Quhill, at the last, to gif the bak and fle
With mekill payn and verray violens
Scho hym constrenys, and to pyk hym thens:
Hyr byrdis syne, clokkand, scho sekis on raw
And all affrait dois thame sammyn draw,
Ennoyt gretly for hir childir deir:
And quhen thai beyn assemlit all infeir,
Than glaid scho worthis and thar meyt gan scrape
For that thai haue sa gret perrell eschape —
Nane other wyss the son of Anchises
With frendly wordis thus amynd the press
The Troian myndis gan meyss and asswage,
As man fulfillit of wit and vassalage,
Dryvand furth of thar hartis all on flocht
The ald dreid and byrnand hevy thocht,
That weill thame lykis now thar ioy and eyss
At last fundyn eftir sa lang diseys;
And it that layt tofor was tedyus
To suffir or sustene, and ennoyus,
Now to ramember the sammyn or rehersyng

Doys to thame solace, comfort and lykyng,
Bot maist of all onto the gret Ene,
Quhilk in excelland vertu and bonte
Excedit all the remanent a far way.
And for sa feill dangeris and mony affray
The goddis power and mychty maieste
With gyftis gret and offerand wirschippis he,
Eyk Iupiter, the fader of goddis and kyng,
Gan to extoll with maist souerane lovyng.
Quhou Turnus folkis for hym maid sair regrait,
And Kyng Latyn contempnys his wrachit estait.
In the meyn tyme the Rutilianys ichone
The gret ded corps reuthfull and wobegone
Of thar duke Turnus slayn, as said is air,
Within the cite of Lawrentum bair
With mekill murnyng in thar myndis enprent,
And from thar eyn a large schour furth sent
Of teris gret, as thocht the hevyn dyd rayn,
And far on breid dyd fyll the erys twayn
Of Kyng Latyn with cry and womentyng,
That all to irkyt was the nobill kyng,
And in his breist the self tyme in ballance
Was rolyng mony diuerss selcouth chance.
Bot quhen he hard thar lowd womentyng
Incressyng mair and mair, and Turnus 3yng
With sa grysly a wond throw gyrd hess seyn,
Than mycht he nocht fra terys hym conteyn;
And syne this rowt, sa tryst and wobegone,
Full curtesly chargis be still onon,
Baith with hys hand and wordis in his presens
Inionynt hass and commandit thame silens.
Lyke as quhen that the fomy bair hess bet
With his thunderand awfull tuskis gret
Throw owt the cost and eik the entralis all
Ane of the rowt, the hund maste principall;
Than the remanent of that questing sort,
For this onsilly chance effrait, at schort

Withdrawys, and abowt the master hunter
With quhyng and mouthis quak and standis for feir
And with gret 3owlyng doith compleyn and meyn;
Bot quhen thar lord rasys hys hand bedeyn
And byddys cess, thai hald thar mowthis still,
Thar quhyng and thar questyng at his will
Refrenys, and all closs gan thame withhald —
The sammyn wyss thir Rutilianys, as he wald,
Gan at command debait thar voce and cess,
To heir the kyngis mynd, and held thar pess.
Than thus, wepyng, from hys hart ruyt wail law
The kyng Latyn begouth thir wordis schaw:
“O quhou gret motioun, quhat alteryng onstabill,
Quhou oftsyss interchangit and variabill
Beyn the actis and dedis of man!” quod he,
“With quhou gret trubbill, but tranquylyte,
Is quhirlit abowt the lyfe of man, behald!
O dampnabill pryde and ambitioune, that wald
Bruke crowne or ceptre, prowde in thyne entent,
Quhilk beyne sa fragyll, and not permanent!
O fury, O lust, that beyne our gretumly
Bred in our brestis, to covat sen3eory!
Thou blynde desyre insaciabill, may not tary,
Our mortal myndis quhider doith thou cary?
O glory and renoun of loyss, invayn
Conquest with sa feill perrellis and huge pane,
To quhat conditioun or to quhat estait
Thou sterys furth thir prowde myndis inflait!
Quhou mony slichtis and dissatis quent
With the thou tursis, quhou mony ways to schent,
Quhou feill maneris of deth and of distress,
Quhou feill tormentis, gret harm and wikkytnes!
Quhou mony dartis, quhou feill swerdis keyn,
Gyf thou beheld, thou hess befor thyne eyne!
Allace, thou sweit venom schawis, and 3it
This warldly wirschip hess the dedly byt.
Allace, the sorofull reward in all thyng

Of realmys, and thame covatis forto ryng,
Quhilk costis oft na litill thing, but weir.
Allace, the hevy byrdyng of warldly geir,
That nevir hour may suffir nor permyt
Thar possessour in rest nor peax to syt.
Allace, the miserabill chance and hard estait
Of kyngly honour sa mysfortunate:
The chance of kyngis standis onderlowt,
To mekill dreid ay subiect, and in dowl
From thar estait to dekey suddanly,
That all quyete and eyss is thame deny.
O Turnus, quhat availit the to steir
In huge bargan so and feir of weir
All Italy with sik deray atanys,
And to perturbe the strangis Eneadanys,
Constrenyng thame hard batal to assay?
Or quhat avalis now, I pray the say,
Fortill haue brokkyn, violate or schent
The haly promys and the bandis gent
Of peax and concord oblisit and sworn?
Quhou was thi mynd to rent and all to torn
With samekill impacienis on this wyss,
That the lyst move the weir, but myne avyss,
With tha pepill, sa strang, bald and sage,
That beyn descendit of the goddis lynnage,
And at command of Iove the god of thundir
Ar hyddir careit? and forto mak sic blundir,
That wilfully, but motyve, so belyve
Enforsyt the thame from our cost to dryve?
And forto brek the band that promyst we
Of our douchtir till our gude son Ene?
And with thy hand hard bargan rayss and steir,
Quhen I planely denyit to move weir?
Quhou was sa gret folly and dotage
Involuyt in thy mynd with fury rage?
Quhou oft, quhen thou to awfull batale wend
Amyd thy rowtis, and on thy steid ascend

In schynand armour arrayt all at rycht,
I assayt the to withdraw from fycht,
And feill tymys defendit the and forbad
To go the way that thou begunnyn had,
And all efferit, quhen thou wald depart,
Amyd the 3et the stoppit with sair hart!
Bot all for nocht; no thyng mycht styntyng the.
Quhat I haue sufferit sen syne, quhou standis with me,
Our cyte wallys wytnessyng fut het,
With tenementis and biggyngis half doun bet,
And the large feldis strowit quhite of banys,
And hail the pissans of Italianys
All wastit and distroyit thus, allake!
The huge slauchtir and myschews wrake,
And all the fludis walxyn red or brovn
Of mannys quelling gret and occisioun,
The lang abasit quakyng feirfull dreid
And hard laubour, quhilk in extreme neid
I in myne age sa oft hess ondertane,
In sa feill dangeris quhar remed was nane.
Bot now, Turnus, heir thou lyggis ded:
Quhar is the nobill renovn of thy 3outhed?
And quhar is thyne excellent hie curage?
Quhiddir is went thy strenth and vassallage?
Quhar is the staitly bewty of thy face?
Quhar is thy schynand figur now, allace?
Of thy fair vissage quhidder ar gone but weir
Thy plesand forret schaply and eyn cleir?
Ha, quhou feill terys and wofull dolouris smart
Sall thou, Turnus, rendre to Dawnus hart!
And with quhou large wepyng, duyll and wa
Ourfleit sal all the cite of Ardea!
Bot thai sal nocht behald the with sik lak
Througyrd with schamefull wond caught in thi bak,
Ne noyt the of na cowardyss in thar mynd,
Nor that thou was degenerit owt of kynd,
And to thy wofull fader, will of red,

At lest this salbe solace of thy ded,
All thocht thy harmys doith hym soir smart,
That gret Eneas swerd hess persyt thy hart.”
And sayand thus, with terys of piete
Hys chekis baith and face ourchagit he:
Syne, turnand hym towart the mekill rowt,
The reuthfull corps of this ilk Turnus stowt
Bad turss away and cary furth onon
Ontill hys faderis cite wobygon,
And commandit to do the body cald
All funerall pomp, eftir the vsage ald.
Quhou Turnus corps till Ardea was sent,
Quhilk was by suddand fyre brynt down and schent.
The Rutilianys onon all in a rowt
This ded corps, that slayn lay, start abowt;
The gentill body of this stowt 3ongkeir
Thai haue adressit and laid on a rich beir,
And with hym eik feill takynnys by the way,
Reft from Troianys in the bargan, bair thai,
Baith helmys, horss, swerdis and other geir,
Scheildis, gittarnys and mony stalwart speir.
Syne eftir this hys wery cart furth went,
Of Troian slauchter and hait blude all bysprent.
Furth haldis wepand Metiscus, the carter,
As he that in the craft was not to leir,
Ledand the steid bedowyn all of swete
And chekis wait of flotterand terys grete,
Quhilk steyd had careit Turnus oft tofor
As victor hame with gret triumphe and glor
Full pompusly, apon ane other wyss,
Efter fervent slauchter of his ennymyss.
3ondir otheris, about hym inveroun,
Baris thar armour and scheildis turnyt down;
The remanent syne of the haill barnage
Followys wepand, knycht, swane, man and page,
With habundans of mony trigland teyr
Wetand thar brestis, wedis and other geir;

And thus wery furth went thai euery wycht
Amyd the dirk silens of the nyght,
Betand thame self with wondir drery cheir.
And Kyng Latyn with all thame with hym wer
Towart hys palyce gan return onon
With mynd trublit, trist and wobygoun
For sa excelland ded corps as was slane.
Terys all sammyn furth 3ettis eueryane —
Baith agit men, matronys and childer lyte
The cite fyllis with womentyng and syte.
Dawnus, hys fader (na wyss wittand tho
He suld remane to se sik duyll and wo,
Nor that his son hys stalwart spreit had 3ald
And maid end in the lattir bargan bald,
That thus was brocht to tovn ded by his feris
With sik plente of bittir wepand terys),
The sammyn tyme with other dyseyss was socht,
At mekill sad dolour and hevy thocht.
For as the Latyn pepill war ourset
Into bataill by Troianys, and down bet,
And Turnus be his hait and recent ded
Had with hys blude littit the grund all red,
A suddan fyre within the wallys hie
Ombeset halyly Ardea cite;
The biggyng of this fader wobegon,
Brynt and doun bet, of reky flammys schone,
And all returnys intill assys red;
The fyry sparkis into every sted
Twynkland vpspryngis to the starnys on hie,
That now na hope of help may fundyn be,
Quhidder so it was onto the goddis lykyng,
Or that the fatis befor list schaw sum syng
Of Turnus deth, in horribill batal slane.
And quhen the pepill saw remed was nane,
Belyfe the wofull trublit citesanys
Thar drery brestis betand all atanys,
Gan fast bewaill with petuus wepand face

Of this onhappy chance the wrachit cace;
In lang rabill the wemen and matronys
With all thar forss fled reuthfully atonys
From the bald flammys and brym blesys stowt.
And lyke as that of emottis the blak rowt,
That ithandly laubouris and byssy be,
Had beldit, vnder the ruyt of a heich tre,
Intill a clift thar byke and duellyng sted,
To hyd thar langsum wark and wyntyre bred;
Gyf so betyde thai feill the ax smyte
Apon the treis schank, and tharon byte,
So that the crop down weltis to the grund,
That with the felloun rusch and grysly sond
Thar small cavernys all tobrok and rent is;
Than spedely this litill rowt furth sprentis
All will of red, fleand thai wait nocht quhar,
Tursand thar byrdyngis affraytly heir and thar —
Or lyke as that on the howss syde the snaill,
Schakand hir coppit schell or than hir taill,
Fleand the byrnand heit that scho doith feill,
A lang tyme gan do wrassill and to wreill,
Thristand fast with hir feit onto the wall,
And 3it hir hed with forss and strenthis all
Frawart the fervent flammys fast withdrawys;
Scho scaldis, and with mony wrikis and thrawys
Presys forto eschew the feirfull heit —
Nane other wyss in sa feill perrellis gret
Thir woful citesanys gan thame self slyng,
Ruschand with trublit mynd intill a lyng
Baith heir and thar, and wist not quhar away.
Bot maist of all, allace and weil away!
With reuthfull vocis cryand to the hevyn,
The agit kyng Dawnus with wofull stevyn
Gan on the goddis abuf clepe and call.
And tho amyde the flambis furthwithall
Ardea the fowll, quham a heron clepe we,
Betand hir weyngis, thai behaldyn fle

Furth of the fyre heich vp in the air,
That baith the name and takyn our alquhar
Baris of this cite Ardea the ald,
Quhilum with wallis and towris hie ontald
Stud weirly wrocht, as strenth of gret defens,
That now is changit and full quyte goyn hens
With weyngis wyde fleand baith vp and down,
Now bot a fowle, was ayr a ryall tovn.
Astonyst of this nyce and new cace
And of the wonderus mervellis in that place
(Quhilk semyt no thing litill fortobe)
As thocht thai send war by the goddis hie,
The pepill all confusyt still dyd stand,
Thir byrdyngis on thar schuldris caryand,
And movit nowther fut, tung nor mouth:
And Kyng Dawnus, for this affray onkouth
With ardent luf smyttin and hait desyre
Of hys cheif sete distroyt and brynt in fyre,
The hard dolour and the sorow smert
Haldis full closs, deip gravyn in hys hart.
Fra that Dawnus his son Turnus saw ded,
Huge lamentatioun maid he in that sted.
Amyd all this deray and gret effeir,
Fame, of dyseyss forrydar and messynger,
Com hurland with huge movyng fast to tovn
And with large clamour fyllys inveroun
Thar myndis all, quhou ane ded corps new than
Was cumand at hand with mony wofull man,
And Turnus lyfless laid with mortal wond,
In feld discomfist, slane and brocht to grund.
Than euery wight, trublit and wobegon,
The blak blesand fyre brandis mony on,
As was the gyss, hess hynt into thar handis;
Of schynand flammys glitteris all the landis;
Thus thai recuntyrri thame that cumand weir,
And sammyn ionyt cumpaneis in feir.
Quham alsfast as the matronys gan espy,

Thai smait thar handis and rasyt vp a cry,
That to the sternys went thar wofull beir.
Bot fra Dawnus the corps of hys son deir
Beheld, he gan stynt and arrest hys paiss,
And syne, half deill enragit, in a rayss,
With huge sorow smyte, in ruschis he
Amyd the rowt, that reuth was forto se,
And apon Turnus corps hym strekis down,
Enbrasyng it ongrouf all in a swoun,
And, alsfast as he spek mycht, hess furth braid
With wordis lamentabill, and thus wyss he said:
“Son, the dyseyss of thy fader thus drest,
And of my febill eild the reuthfull rest
Now me byreft, quhy hess thou so, allace,
Into sa gret perrellys and in sik cace
Me catchit thus, and dryve quhidder?” quod he,
“And vndir cruell bargan, as I may se,
Now fynaly thus venquyst and ourcum,
Quhar is thy worthy valour now becum?
Quhar hess the douchty constans of thy spreit
Me careit thus from rest and all quyete?
Is this the notabill honour and lovyng
Of thy manhed, and glory of thy ryng?
Is this the gret wyschipe of thyne empyre?
O my deir son, quhilum thou bald syre,
Bryngis thou ws hame sikkyn triumphe as this?
Is this the rest and eyss thou dyd promysse
To thy fader, sa tryst and wobegone,
And oft ourset with ennemyss mony one?
Is this the meith and finale term or end
Of all laubouris, as we desyrit and wend?
O ways me, wrachit and wofull wyght!
Quhou hastely down fallyn from the hight
Thir slyddir wardly chancis dryvis fast!
With quhou gret fard ourrollyt and down cast
So hastely beyn thir fatis, behald!
He that was laitly sa stowt, heich and bald,

Renownyt with gret honour of chevelry
And haldyn gret throu owt all Italy,
Quham the Troianys sa awfull felt in armys
And dred sa oft hys furour, wrocht thame harmys,
Myne awyn Turnus, lo now apon sik wyss
Ane lamentabill and wofull corps thou lyis:
Now dum and spechless that hed liggis thar,
Quhilum in all Italy nane sa fair,
Nor nane mair gracios into eloquens,
Nor nane so byg but harnes, nor at defens!
Son, quhar is now thy schynand lustyhed,
Thy fresch figour, thy vissage quhite and red,
Thy plesand bewte, and thyne eyn twan
With thar sweit blenkand lukis mony ane,
Thy gracyus glitterand semly nek lang,
Thy vocis sovn, quhilk as a trumpet rang?
The glor of Mars in batale or in stowr
Is conquest with sik aventouris sowr:
Had thou sic wyll thy selvyn to submyt
To fervent bargan and to dedis byt,
Quhen thou departit of this sted fra me,
Forto return with sik pompe as we se?
O haitfull deth! that only, quhar thou lykis,
With thy revengeabill wapynnys sa sair strikis,
That thou thir prowd myndis brydill may;
To all pepill elyke and common ay
Thou haldis evyn and baris thi ceptre wand,
Eternaly obseruand thy cunnand,
Quhilk gret and small doun thryngis, and nane rakkis,
And stalwart folkis to febill equale makkis,
The common pepill with the capitanyis,
And youth and age assemblys baith attanyis.
Allace, detestabill deth, dyrk and obscur!
Quhat chance onworthy or mysaventur
Hess the constrenyt my child me to byreif,
And with a cruell wond thus ded to leif?
O systir Amata, happy queyn,” quod he,

“Be glaid of sa thankfull chance hapnyt the,
And of thyne awyn slauchtir be blith in hart,
Quharby thou hass sa gret dolour astart,
And fled sa huge occasions of myscheif,
Sa hard and chargeand huge wo and greif!
O goddis abuf, quhat ettill 3e mor to do
Onto me wrachit fader? sen ellys, lo,
My son 3he haue byreft, and Ardea
My cite, into flambis brynt, alssua
Consumyt is and turnyt in assys red,
With weyngis fleys a fowle in euery sted.
Bot ha, Turnus, mar trist and wo am I
For thy maste petuus slauchter sa bludy:
Wantit this last myschance 3it or sik thing
To thyne onweldy fader, auld Dawnus kyng.
Bot sikkyrly, with sic conditioun ay
Thir warldly thyngis turnys and writhis away,
That quham the furyus Forton lyst infest
And eftir lang quyet bryng to onrest,
Brayand apon that catyve for the nanys,
With all hir forss assal3eis scho attanys,
And, with all kynd of torment, in hir greif
Constrenys hym with stundys of myscheif.”
Thus said he, wepand sadly, as man schent,
With large flude of teris hys face bysprent,
Drawand the sobbys hard and sychis smart,
Throw rageand dolour, deip owt from hys hart;
Lyke so as quhar Iovis byg fowle, the ern,
With hir strang tallonys and hir punsys stern
Lychtyng, had claucht the litill hynd calf 3yng,
Torryng the skyn, and maid the blude owt spryng;
The moder, this behaldand, is all ourset
With sorow for slauchter of hir tendir get.
Kyng Latyn till Eneas send message
For peax, and eyk hys douchteris mariage.
The nixt day followyng with hys bemys brycht
The warld on breid illumnyt hess of lycht:

The kyng Latinus tho seand, but let,
Italyanys discumfyt and ourset
By the fatale aventour of weir,
And weill persavit quhou and quhat maner
The forton haill turnyt to strang Enee;
And in hys mynd revoluyt eik hess he
The huge dowl of batall and deray,
Full mony feirfull chance and gret effray,
Hys confideratioun and hys sworn band,
The wedlok promyst and the ferm cunnand
And spousal of hys douchtir hecht withall:
Of all the rowt ontill hym gart he call
A thousand worthy men walit at rycht,
The quhilkis the Troian duke and dowchty knycht,
Quham he desyrit, suld convoy to town;
In robbys lang also, or traill syde govn,
With thame he ionyt oratouris infeir
And to thame gaif feill strait commandis seir,
And forthir eik, quhen thai depart can,
Of hys fre will thame chargit euery man
That, sen be favouris and admonysyngis
Of the goddis, be mony feirfull syngis,
Expedient it was the kyn Troian
Conioyn and myddill with blude Italian,
At tharfor glaidly to thame gang wald thai,
And with gud willis vissy, and assay
Forto convoy the said Eneadanys
With ioy within hys hie wallys attanys.
In the myd quhile, hym self full bissy went,
The cite, quhilk was disarayt and schent,
To put to poynt and ordinans agane,
And the onweldy common pepill ilkane
To causs adress eftir thar faculte —
Thar myndis mesys and estabillis he,
And gan thame promyss rest in tyme cummyng,
And quhou, within schort tyme, he suld thame bring
Intyll eternall peax for evirmar.

Syne chargit he the pepill our alquhar,
In ioy, blithness, solace and deray,
Tryumphe to mak, with myrth, gam and play,
As was accordyng, and in lugyngis hie
Thar kyngly honour and sport ryall tobe;
And merely commandis man and page,
With ane assent, blith wlt and glaid vissage,
Hys gud son thai suld do welcum and meit
And with hail hart ressaue apon the streit
The Troian pepill, festand thame in hy
With glaid semlant, ryot and melody,
And to furthschaw seir takynnys of kyndnes,
And of new peax so lang desirit soless.
Be this the rowt, as thai instrukkit wer,
In full gude rewle and ordinans infeir
Ar entrit in the Troianys new cite,
And on thar hed garlandis of olyve tre;
Peax thai besocht as cheif of thar message.
Quham gentill Eneas, euery man and page,
Within hys palyss ryall to presens
Chargit convoy, and gafe thame audiens,
And of thar cummyng the causys and maner
With vissage full debonar dyd inquire.
Than the agit Drances with curage hoyt
Begowth the first hys tong forto noyt,
As he that was baith glaid, ioyfull and gay
For Turnus slauchter, that tho was doyn away;
And thus he said: "O gentill duyk Troian,
Ferm hope and glory of the pepill Phrigian,
To quham of piete and dedis of armys fair
In all the world thar may be na compair:
We venquyst folkis to witnessyng doith call,
And by the goddis sweris and goddessis all,
Contrar hys willis sair the kyng Latyn
Beheld the gret assembly and convyn
Of the Italyanys and folk of Latyn land;
Agane his stomak eyk, I bair on hand,

Owtragyusly the contract is ybrokkyn,
Ne nevir he in deid nor word hess spokkyn
That mycht the Troian honour trubbill ocht,
Bot far rathar, baith in deid and thocht
(Sen that the goddis responsis swa hess tald),
The weddyng of hys douchter grant 3ou wald,
And with full gret desyre, full weill I know,
Oft covat 3ou tobe hys son in law.
For all the brek and sterage that hess beyn
In feir of weir and burnyst armour keyn,
With sa gret rage of laubour and of payn,
The wild fury of Turnus, now lyis slayn,
Inflambit with the stang of wikkytnes,
And infekkit with hie haitrent expres,
Hess brocht on hand and movit sa to steir,
Agane thar will to rayss batale and weir
The Latyn pepill constrenyng by and by,
Quhilk thai playnly refusyt and gan deny:
Hym all the ost, turnand bakwart agane,
Besocht to cess, and draw fra the bargan,
And suffir the gret Anchises son of Troy
Hys wedlok promyst enioys but ennoy.
Syne the maist nobill kyng Latyn, full fayn
Hym forto breke and to withdraw agane,
Hys auld onweldy handis twa dyd hald,
Hym to requir hys purposs stynt he wald
(For weill he saw, in our ardent desyre
Of the bargan he scaldit hait as fyre),
Bot all our prayeris and requestis kynd
Mycht nowder bow that dowr mannys mynd,
Nor 3it the takynnis and the wondris seir
From goddis send with dyvyne ansuer,
Bot that evir mor and mor fersly he
Furth spowtit fyre, prouocand the melle.
And, for syk succudrus ondertakyng now,
Hys awin myscheif, weill worthy to allow,
He fundyn hess, quhilk finaly, on the land

Thou beand victour with the ovirhand,
Hym bet to grond hess maid do gnaw and byte
The blak erd intill hys mortall syte.
Now lat that ilk rahatour wend inhy
The blak hellys byggyngis to vissy
Vndir the drery deip flude Acheron —
Lat hym go serss, sen he is thiddir gone,
Other ostis or barganys in hys rage
And als ane other maner of mariage.
Thou, far bettir and gret deill worthiar
To bair the riall ceptyr and tobe ayr,
Succeid to realm and heritage sall
Of Lawrent cuntre with the moblys all:
In the alhaill the howss of Kyng Latyn
And hys onweldy age, lyke to declyne —
Hys hope and all beleif restis in the,
And the only Italianys all,” said he,
“Abufe the schynand sternys, as gold brycht,
Full wylfull ar fortill vphie on hycht;
As maste excelland worthy weryour
Thai the extoll in batale and in stowr,
Thy hevynly armour eik with lowd stevin
And thy verray renoun syngis to the hevyn.
The grave faderis of consale venerabill
In thar digest decretis sage and stabill,
The ancyent pepill onweldy for age,
The glaid 3ong gallandis stalwart of curage,
The lusty matronys newfangill of syk thyng,
Wenschys onwed, and litill childryn 3yng,
All, with a voce and hail assent at accord,
Desyris the as for thar prynce and lord,
And ioyus ar that into feild fut het
Vndir thy wapynnys Turnus lyis down bet:
The all Itail, clepit Ausonya,
Besekis heirof, and forthirmor allsua
Doith the extoll maste worthy, wyss and wight;
In the only returnyt is thar syght:

The kyng hym self Latinus, now full ald,
Hys ancient onweldy lyfe to hald,
Hess only this beleif and traste,” quod he,
“That he hys douchter may do wed with the,
Quhilk of kyn, successioun and lynnage,
Be that ilk souerane band of mariage,
Of Troian and Italian blude descend
Sall childryng furth bryng, quhill the warldis end
Perpetually to ryng in hie impyre.
Tharfor haue doyn, cum on, thou gudly syre,
Thou gret ledar of the Troian rowt,
Cum entyr in our weirly wallys stowt,
Ressaue this worthy notabill fair proffyr
And saisyn tak of honouris quhilkis we offir.”
Thus endit he, and all the remanent
Intill a voce sammyn gave thar consent,
Quham the reuthfull Eneas with glaid cheir
Ressauyt hess full tendyrly infeir,
And, in few wordis and a frendly mynd
Thame ansuerand, he carpys on this kynd:
“Not 3ou, nor 3it the kyng Latyn, but less,
That wont was forto ryng in plesand pess,
Will I argew of this maner offens:
For suyth I wait the wilfull violens
Of Turnus all that gret wark brocht abowt,
And I am sovir eik and owt of dowt
Sa gret danger of batale it was he
Provokit swa and movit to melle,
For 3yng desyre of hie renown, perfay,
And loyss of prowes mair than I byd say.
And nethless, quhou evir it be, I wyss,
This spowsage Italian at me promyst is
Ne will I not refuyss on nakyn wyss,
Nor forto knyttyng vp as 3he devyss
This haly peax with frendly allyans,
With etern concord but disseuerans.
The sam Kyng Latyn, my gud fader ald,

Sall hys impyre and venerall ceptour hald,
And I Troian for me vp in this feild
Ane new resset and wight wallys sall beld,
Quhilk cite sall ressaue hys douchteris naym;
And my goddis domesticall, that fra haym
With me I brocht, I sall with 3ou conioyn;
In concord and in vnyte all common
In tyme tocum sammyn athir falloschip
Vndir a law sall leif in gret frendschip.
In the meyn tyme, go to and speid ws soyn
Onto our wark that restis 3it ondoyn,
And lat ws byrn the bodeis, and bery eft,
Quham the hard wofull rage hess ws byreft,
And into batale kyllyt lysis ded;
Syne, tomorn ayrly, as the son worthis red,
And with hys cleir days lyght doyth schyne,
Blithly we seik to cyte Lawrentyne.”
Thus said he, and the Latynys, quhill he spak,
With vissage still beheld hym stupifak,
Of hyss wyss gracios answeris wonderand all,
And of sik wordis debonar in speciall;
Mayr evidently gan mervell he and he
Of hys gret warkis of reuth and sik piete.
Belyve, with all thar forcis, euery wyght
Weltis doun treys grew full hie on hycht,
And hastely togiddir gadderit hass
In hepys gret, the funerall fyre to rayss,
And thar abuf thar citi3anys hess laid,
Vndir quham syne thai set in blesys braid:
The flambe and reik vpglydis in the ayr,
That of the laithly smokis heir and thar
The hevyn dyrknyt and the firmament.
Thai hynt from all the feildis adiacent
Innumerabill rowch twyntir scheip syne,
And of thir akcorn swellyaris, the fat swyne;
And tydy 3yng oxin steik thai fast
And in the funerall fyris dyd thame cast.

The large planys schynys all of lycht,
And, throw thir hait scaldand flambys brycht,
Stude blowt of bestis and of treys bair:
With huge clamour smyt, dyndillit the ayr.
Quhou Kyng Latinus metis with Eneas keyn,
And frendly talkyng was thir twa betweyn.
Be this the schynand secund days lyght
Vprasisit Phebus with goldyn bemys brycht:
Than all the Troianys and Ausonyanys
Full blithly in a rowt assemblit attanys,
Montit on horss and held thar ways syne
Onto the mastir cite Lawrentyne,
With wallys hie and biggyngis weirly maid.
Befor thame all rewthfull Eneas raid;
And nixt per ordour Drances, that to the kyng
As agit man carpis of mony thyng;
Syne come hys only child Ascanyus,
That other wyss was clepyt Iulus;
Nixt hym Alethes, with mynd full digest,
Grave Ilyoneus, Mnestheus and stern Serest;
Syne followys thame the forcy Sergestus,
Gyas also, and stalwart Cloanthus,
Eftir quham, mydlit sammyn, went arayn
The other Troianys and folk Italian.
In the meyn quhile the Latyn cite3anys
Withowt thar wallys ischit furth atanys,
That with gret lawd, in mych solempnyte
And triumphe ryall hass ressaulyt Enee.
Be this thai cummyn war onto the town,
Quham with blith front, to meyt thame reddy bown,
The kyng Latyn with huge company
Thame welcumis and festis by and by.
And fra that he beheld amyng the rowt
Eneas cumand, the Dardan capitan stowt,
Hys verray figur dyd hym nocht dissaue,
For, quhar he went, excellent all the lave
And hyer far a gret deill semys he,

That far on breid his ryall maieste
And pryncely schynand contenans dyd appeir.
And quhen that he cummyn was so neir
That athir gudly to othir speke mycht
And heir the wordis carpyt apon hycht
And, lyke as thai desyrit, on the land
To lap in armys and adion hand in hand,
The kyng Latinus, as a curtas man,
With glaid semblant thus first to speke began:
“Weill be 3e cummyn finaly, Enee,
And the ferm hope hess not dissavit me
Of my desyrus mynd, now full of ioy;
O schynand gloryus light to folkis of Troy!
Quham the command of the gret goddis mycht,
Throu sa feill chancis catchit and evill dycht,
In Italy within our boundis plane
Hess destinat and ordanyt to remane,
All thocht that manis wanton willfull offenses,
Be our malapert and ondantit licens,
In thar fury with brag and mekill onrest
Tha haly lawis trublit and infest,
Prouocand and commovand the goddis greif;
So that also, quhidder me war loith or leif,
Full oft resistand and denyand the weir,
Constrenyt I was and warpit thar and heir,
That, mawgre my hed, me behuffit susteyn
The hard dangeris of Mars and mekill teyn.
Now is it endit, bot, certis, na litill thyng
Hass it cost sum man sik vndertakyng —
The godly power, wilfull vengeans to tak,
Havand disdeyn at sik deray was mak,
Onto tha wikkyt sawlys for the nanys
Hess send condyng punytioun and iust panys.
Haue doyn, gret Troian prynce, now I the pray,
Sen baith the crop and rutys ar away
Of all seditioun and discord, I wyss,
And wyrkaris of sa gret trespass and myss;

Cum and ressaue thy spowss and mariage
To the promyst; succeid to heritage.
Realmys I haue, and citeys mony ane
Full strangly beldit with hie wallis of stane,
And sum alsso that I in weir conquest
And thar barmkynnys to grund bet and doun kest;
Bot only the beleif and beld,” quod he,
“Of my wery age and antiquyte,
A douchtir haue I, quhilk suldbe myn ayr,
Quharfor in tyme cummyn for euermar
I the ressaue and haldis in dante
As son in law and successour to me.”
To quham the gentill Eneas reuerently
This ansuer maid agane, and said in hy:
“Maist riall kyng, all tyme accustumate
To lyf in plesand peax, but all debait,
Of this weirfar and sa gret stryfe,” quod he,
“I trastit evir thar was no wyte in the:
Tharfor, my derrest fader, I the pray,
Do all sik dowsis of suspicioun away,
Gyf ony sik thochtis restis in thy mynd,
And trastis weill Enee afald and kynd.
Now am I present, reddy as 3e wald,
That 3ou ressavis and fra thens sall hald
As fader in law, and in all chancis, per de,
As verray fader that me bigat, but le:
The figour of the gret Anchises ded
I se heir present to me in this sted,
And I agane in fervent hayt desyre
3ow forto pless, my fader, lord and syre,
Sall byrn in lufe, as sum tyme wont was I
Towartis hym me engendrit of his body.”
Heir Eneas, that worthy nobill knyght,
Was spowsyt with Lavinia the brycht.
Wyth sikkyn sermond athir othir grat,
And sammyn to the cheif palyss with that
Thai held infeir: than mycht thou se with this

The matronys and 3ong damysellis, I wyss,
That gret desyre hess sik thing tobehald,
Thryng to the stretis and hie wyndoys thik fald;
The agit faderis and the 3yng gallandis
Per ordour eik assemlyt reddy standis
In gret rowtis, to vissy and to se
The gudly personys of the Troian men3e.
Bot specialy and first of all the laif
The gret capitan Enee notyt thai haue,
Attentfully behaldand euery wight
Hys stowt curage, hys byg statur and hycht,
And in thar mynd comprasyt hys kyn maste hie,
Hys plesand vissage and knychtly large bonte;
And, glaid and ioyfull, extoll and loif thai can
The gret apperans of gud in sik a man,
And sa fair gyftis and beleif, but less,
As thai desyrit, of finale rest and pess.
Lyke as quhen the gret ithand weit or rayn,
From the clowdis furth 3et our all the playn,
Haldis the husbandis ydill aganys thar will
(Lang with hys crukyt beym the plewch lyis still);
Syne, gif brycht Tytan list do schaw hys face,
And with swyft curss far furth a large space
Doith cach hys stedis and hys gilty char,
And kythis hys goldyn bemys in the ayr,
Makand the hevynnys fair, cleir and scheyn,
The weddir smowt, and firmament sereyn;
The landwart hynys than, baith man and boy,
For the soft session ourflowis full of ioy,
And athir otheris gan exhort inhy
To go to laubour of thar husbandry —
Nane other wyss the pepill Ausonyan
Of this glaid tyme in hart wolx wonder fayn.
Be this the kyng Latyn, lord of that land,
With maste nobill Eneas hand in hand,
Within the cheif palyss, baith he and he,
Ar entryt in the saill ryall on hie;

Quham followys nixt the 3yng Ascanyus fair,
That was hys faderis only child and ayr;
Syne folk of Itail, mydlit with Troianys,
Ar entrit in that riall hald attanys:
With pomposs fest and ioyus myrth our all
Resoundis tho baith palys, bowr and hall,
And all the chymmys riall rownd abowt
Was fyllyt with thar tryne and mekill rowt.
And tharwithall, of chalmyr by and by,
With sa gudly a sort and cumpany
Of ladeis fair and damysellys onwed,
Innumerabill almast, als furth was led
The fair fresch Lavinia the may,
Amyd thame schynand in hir ryall array;
The crystall bemys of hir eyn twane,
That as the brycht twynkland starnys schayn,
Sum deill eschamyt, towart the erth doith hald.
Quham as this Troian prynce first gan behald,
Of bewte, schap and all afferys, perfay,
Sa excelland that wondir war to say,
At the first blenk astonyst half wolx he,
And musyng hovirris styll on hir to se,
And in hys mynd gan rew the hard myschans
Of Turnus, quham na litill apperans
Sa baldly movit to dereyn bargan,
To rayss the weir and feght for sykkyn ane;
For weill, he thocht, the hope of syk a wight
To dedys of armys aucht constreyn ony knyght.
Syne, to abbryge our mater, hand in hand
Thai war coniunct intill eternall band
Of matrimonye, and tho at all devyss
Thar wedlok with honour, as was the gyss,
Be menstralys and herraldis of gret fame
Was playd and sung and throw the cowrt proclame.
Than ioy and myrth, with dansyng and deray,
Full mery noyss and sovndis of gam and play
Abuf the bryght starnys hie vpwent,

That semyt forto perss the firmament,
And ioyus vocis ryngis furth alsso
Our all the palyss ryall to and fro.
And syk ryot indurand amynd the press,
Ene thus carpys to traste Achates,
And bad hym go belyve, but mair delay,
Do fech the rych robbys and array,
The fresch attyre and all the precyus wedis,
Wrocht craftely and weif of goldyn thredis
Quhilum be fair Andromachais hand,
By quham thai war hym gevyn in presand;
And eyk the collar of the fyne gold brycht,
With precyus stanys and with rubeys pight,
Quham scho also abowt hir halss quhyte
Was wont to weir in maste pompe and delyte,
Quhill that the Troian weilfar stud abufe;
The gret cowpe eyk, the quhilk in syng of lufe
Quhilum Kyng Priam to hys fader gave,
Ald Anchises, of fyne gold and engrave.
Than, but delay, Achates at command
Brocht thir rych gyftis, a wonder fair presand;
Syne to hys fader in law, the kyng Latyn,
The precyus cowp gave he of brycht gold fyne,
And to hys spowss, Lavinia the may,
The wedis ryall and the collar gay.
Than athir dyd thar dewly obseruans
With breistis blyth and plesand dalyans,
To festyng, entertenyr and cheryss
Thar ferys abowt on the maist gudly wyss:
With diuerss sermond carpyng all the day
Thai schort the howris and dryvis the tyme away.
Gret myrth and solace was maid at the festis,
Rehersand mony historeis ald and gestis.
Be this it walxis layt towart the nycht,
And fast declynyng gan the days lycht,
The tyme requiryng, eftir the ald maner,
To go to meyte and syt to the supper;

Onon the bankat and the mangeory
For fest ryall accordyng, by and by,
With all habundans pertenyng to syk thyng,
As weill efferit in the howss of a kyng,
With alkyn maner ordinans was maid
Amyd the hallys heich, lang and braid,
Apparalyt at all devyss and array.
Onto the bankat haill assemlyt thai
And on the carpettis spred of purpour fyne
To tablis set, quhar thai war servit syne
With alkyn danteys and with metys seir
That all to rakkyn prolixit war to heir —
As quhou the crystall eweris to thar handis
The watir gave, and quhou feill servandis standis
To mak thame ministratioun in all curys,
And quhou thai trasying on the large flurys
With blyth vissage intil euery sted,
And quhou that first on burdis thai set bred:
Sum with mesys gan the tabillys charge;
Ane other sort doith set in all at large
The cowpys gret and drynkyn tassis fyne,
And gan do skynk and byrll the nobill wyne,
That to behald thame walkyn to and fro
Throw the rowm hallys and sa byssy go,
And thame at tabillis makand sa glaid cheir,
A paradyss it was to se and heir.
Bot with hys eyn onmovit Latyn kyng
Gan fast behald the child Ascanyus 3yng,
Wondrand on his afferis and vissage,
And of the speche and wordis grave and sage
Of sik a childis mowth syk wyss suld fall,
And of his digest and reddy wyt withall
Befor the 3heris of maturyte;
And of feill thingis hym demandis he,
Athir to other renderand mony a saw;
And syne wald he also, ane other thraw,
Full tenderly do kyss hys lusty face

And lap hym in hys armys and embrace;
And, wondirly reiosyt, declar wald he
Happy and to the goddis bedettit Ene,
Quhilk hym had gevin syk a child as that.
And quhillis thai thus at the supper sat,
Eftir that with samony danteis seir
Thar appetit of metis assuagit wer,
With commonyng and carpyng euery wyght
The lang declinand and ourslippand nyght
Gan schape full fast to mak schort and ourdryve:
Now the Troianys hard aventouris belyve
Rehersyng our, and all the Grekis slycht;
Now the ferss bargan and the awfull fight
Of Lawrent pepill callyng to thar mynd,
As quhou and quhar, quhamby and be quhat kynd
The ostis first discumfist war in feild,
And quhar that athir rowtis vndir scheld,
With dartis castyng, dynt of swerd and mayss,
Constrenyt was to fle in syk a place,
And leif the feild, and quha best dyd hys det,
Quha bald in stowr eyk maid the first onset,
And quha first, on ane startland cursour gude,
Hys burnyst brand bedyt with red blude.
Bot principaly Eneas Troian bald
And Latinus the kyng sage and ald
Of conquerouris and soueran pryncis dyng
The gestis can reheress fra kyng to kyng,
Twichand the stait, quhilum be days gone,
Of Latium that myghty region,
Quhou vmquhile Saturn, fleand hys sonnys brand,
Lurkyt and dwelt in Italy the land,
Be quhilk rayson he dyd it Latium call;
That kynd of pepill, dwelt skatterit our all
In montanys wild, togyddir maid conveyn
And geif thame lawys and statutis, and full beyne
Tawcht thame to grub the wynys, and al the art
To eyr and saw the cornys and 3ok cart;

And quhou the gret Iupiter, god dyvyne,
To this hys faderis resset socht hess syne;
And quhou that he engendrit thar allsua
On Atlass douchter, the fair wench Electra,
Schir Dardanus, that efter, as thai sayn,
Hys awyn brother Iasyus hess slayn,
Syne from the cyte Choryte in Italy
To sey is went with a gret cumpany
And gan arryve eftir in Phrigia,
And belt the cyte on the mont Ida,
And quhou that he, in syng, for hys baner,
From Iupiter ressauyt, hys fader deir,
The fleand egill displayt fair and playn,
Ane knawyn takyn to pepill Hectorian,
As the first nobill armys and ensenȝe
Baith of the Troian ancistre and menȝe,
By hym erekkit and vprasyt stud,
Was first begun, and cheif stok of that blude.
Thus, with syk maner talkyn, euery wight
Gan dryvyn our and schortis the lang nycht.
Tharwith the bruyt and noyss rayss in tha wanys,
Quhill all the large hallys rang attanys
Of mannys voce and sound of instrumentis,
That to the ruyf on hie the dyn vp went is;
The blesand torchys schayn and sergis brycht,
That far on breid all lemys of thar lycht;
The harpys and the githornys plays attanys;
Vpstart Troianys and syne Italianys
And gan do dowbill brangillys and gambatis,
Dansys and rowndis traysyng mony gatis,
Athir throu other reland, on thar gyss;
Thai fut it so that lang war to devyss
Thar hasty fair, thar revellyng and deray,
Thar morysis and syk ryot, quhil neir day.
Bot forto tellyng quhou with torch lycht
Thai went to chalmer and syne to bed at nycht,
Myne author list na mensioun tharof draw —

Na mair will I, for sik thingis beyn know;
All ar expert, eftir new mariage,
On the first nycht quhat suldbe the subcharge.
Eneas foundis a wallit town and squair;
Quhamto Venus can diuerss thingis declar.
And thus thai festyng days nyne at all,
With large pompe and kyngly apparall
Accordyng sych a spowsage as was this,
And quhen the tent morrow cummyn is,
Than this ilk souerane and maste douchty man,
Eneas, forto found hys town began;
Fyrst gan he mark and cirkill with a pleuch
Quhar the wallys suld stand, thar drew a sewch;
Syne Troianys fundis tenementis for thame self,
And gan the fowceis and the dichis delf.
Bot lo, onon, a wonder thing to tell,
Ane huge bleyss of flambyss braid down fell
Furth of the clowdis, at the left hand straucht,
In maner of a lichtynnyng or fyre flaucht,
And dyd alicht rycht in the sammyn sted
Apon the crown of fair Laviniais hed,
And fra thyne hie vp in the lyft agane
It glaid away, and tharin dyd remane.
The fader Eneas astonyst wolx sum deill,
Desyrus this syng suld betakyn seill;
Hys handis baith vphevis towartis hevin
And thus gan mak his boyn with myld stevin:
“O Iupiter, gif euer ony tyme,” said he,
“The Troian pepill, baith by land and see,
Thyne admonitions, command and impyre
Obeyt hass, page, man or syre;
Of gif that I 3our power and godhed
Dred, and adornyt intyll ony sted
3our altaris, or ony wirschip dyd tharto;
And be that thyng 3it restis forto do,
Gif ony thyng behynd 3it doith remane —
With this 3our happy takyn augurian

3eld ws 3our plesand rest and ferm pess,
Mak end of all our harmys and causs thame cess.”
As he sik wordis warpys owt that tyde
Hys goldyn moder apperis hym besyde,
Confessand hir tobe the fair Venus,
And with hir blissyt mowth scho carpis thus:
“Son, do syk thocht and dreid furth of thy mynd,
Ressaue thir godly syngis in bettir kynd,
And ioyusly enioys, myn awyn Enee,
The gret weiflar fra thens sal betyd the.
Now is thy rest and quiet fund and kend,
Now of thy harmys is cummyn extreme end;
Now at the last, as thou desyris, perfay,
This warld with the sal knyht vp peax for ay.
Abhor thou nocht the fyre and flambis brycht,
From thy deir spowsys hed glaid to the hycht,
Bot constantly thy mynd thou now address;
It salbe scho, I the declar express,
That sall with blude ryall the douchty name,
Thy successioun, renown and nobill fame,
And Troian pryncis, of thy seid descend,
Abufe the clowdis hie and sternys send.
Scho sall of thy lynnage, my son Enee,
Bair childryng full of magnanymyte,
Of quhais ofspryng sik men sal succeid
That all this large warld far onbreid
With thar excelland wirschip sall fulfill,
And by thar mychty power, at thar will,
As conquerouris, vnder thar sen3eory
Subdew and rewle this warldis monarchy;
Of quham the schynand souerane glori sall wend,
And far be3ond the ocean see extend,
Makand thame equale with the hevynnys hie;
Quham, finaly, thar ardent gret bonte
And soueran vertu, spred sa far onbred is,
Eftir innumerabill sa feill douchty dedis,
Sall mak thame goddis and thame deify,

And thame vpheiss full hie abufe the sky.
This flambe of fyre the wirschip and renovn
Doith signyfy of thy successioun;
The god almychty from his starrit hevin
Hass schawin tharfor this syng of fyry levin:
Tharfor, in recompens of sykkyn thyng,
And samekill wirschip of hir sal spring,
This cite, quhilk thou closys with a wall,
Eftir thy spowsis name clepe thou sall.
And forthir eyk, the goddis quham thou hynt
Of Troy, that tyme quhen it in flamby's brynt,
Penates, or the goddis domesticall,
Thou set also within the sammyn wall:
Tharin thou gar thame soyn be brocht inhy
In hie honour, and tyme perpetually
Thar to remane, eternaly to dwell.
I sall to the of thame a wonder tell:
Thai sall sa strangly luf this new cyte,
That, gyf thame happynnys careit fortobe
Tyll ony other sted or place tharby,
All be thame self agane full hastely
Thai sall return to this ilk town of thyne,
That thou beildis in boundis of Kyng Latyn;
3a, quhou oftsyss that thai away be tain,
Thai sal return haymwart agane ilkane.
O happy cyte and weil fortunat wall,
With quham sa gret rellykis remane sall,
Quharin thou sall in tyme tocum, but leyss,
Govern the Troian folk in plesand pess!
Eftir this at last Latyn, thy fader in law,
Wery of hys lyfe and far in age draw,
Doun to gostis in the campe Elyse
Sall wend, and end his dolly days, and de:
Onto hys ceptre thou sall do succeid,
And vnder thy sen3eory, far onbreid,
Sall weld and led thir ilk Italianys,
And common lawis for thame and the Troianys

Statut thou sall; and syne thou sall ascend,
And vp to hevyn glaidly thy self send:
Thus standis the goddis sentens and decreit.”
Na mair scho said, bot, as the gleym doith gleit,
From thens scho went away in the schyre ayr,
I wait nocht quhidder, for I com neuer thar.
Enee astonyst, havand hys mynd smyte
With syk promyss of renown and delyte,
Hys blissyt moderis command gan fulfill:
And now at plesand rest, at hys awyn will,
The Troian pepill rewlit he in pess.
With this the kyng Latynus can decess
And left the ceptre vacand to hys hand;
Than the reuthfull Ene our all the land
Of Italy succedis in hys sted
And gan full large bundis in lordschip led,
That halely obeyt to hys wand,
And at hys lykyng rewlit all the land.
Now equaly of fre will euery ane,
Baith pepill of Troy and folk Italian,
All of a rye, maneris and vsans,
Becummyn ar frendly but discrepans;
Thar myndis and thar brestis in amyte,
In ferm concord and gret tranquylite,
Gan leif at eyss, confiderat in ally,
As vnder a law sammyn coniunct evynly.
Quhou Iupiter, for Venus causs and lufe,
Hass set Eneas as god in hevyn abufe.
Venus with this, all glaid and full of ioy,
Amyd the hevynly hald, rycht myld and moy,
Befor Iupiter down hir self set
And baith hir armys abowt hys feyt plet,
Enbrasand thame and kyssand reuerently;
Syne thus with voce express scho said inhy:
“Fader almychty, that from thy hevynly ryng
At thy plesour rewlis and sterys al thyng,
That manis dedys, thochtis and aventuris

Reknys and knawys, and therof hess the curis;
Weill I ramember, quhen that the pepill Troian
With hard onfrendly fortoun was ourtane,
Thou promyst of thar laubouris and distress
Help and support, and efter dyseyss soless.
Nowder thy promyss, fader, nor sentens
Hess me dissauyt, for lo, with reuerens
All the faderis of Italy hess se,
But discrepans, fully thir 3heris thre,
In blyssyt peax my son enioyss that land;
Bot certis, fader, as I vndirstand,
Onto the starnyt hevynly hald on hie
Thou promyst rayss the maste douchty Enee,
And, for hys meryt, abufe thy schynand sky
Hym forto place in hevyn and deify.
Quhat thochtis now doith rollyng in thy mynd,
Sen, ellys, doith the vertuus thewys kynd
Of this reuthfull Eneas the requyr
Abuf the polys brycht to rayss that syre?”
The fader tho of men and goddis all
Gan kyss Venus hys child, and tharwithall
Thir profund wordis from hys breist furth braid:
“My deir douchtir Citherea,” he said,
“Thow knawys quhou strangly the mychty Ene
And the Eneadanys all of hys men3e
Ithandly and onyrkyt luffyt haue I,
On se and landis catchit by and by
In perrellis seir, and quhou that ofttyme eik,
Havand piete of the my douchtir meik,
For lufe of the, for thar dyseyss was wo;
And now I haue, lo, finaly alsso
All thar harmys and ennoy brocht till end,
And maid Iuno, as that full weill is kend,
Fortobecum frendly and favorabill:
Now lykis me, forsuyth, all ferm and stabill
My sentens promyst to compleit,” quod he,
“Quhen that the riall Troian duke Ene

Amang the hevynnys institut I sall,
And hym to numbyr of the goddis call:
All this I grant with gud willis per fay,
Tharfor, se that thou clenge and do away,
Gif thar be in hym ony mortall thyng,
And syne abuf the starnys thou him bryng:
I sall also heich ony of hys kyn,
Quhilk of thar proper vertu lyst do wyn
Perpetuall lovyng by dedis honorabill,
And doith contemp the wrachit warld onstabil;
Thame in lyke wyss abufe the hevynnys hie
I sal do place and deify," quod he.
The goddis abuf alhaill gave thar consent,
Nor ryall Iuno, at that tyme present,
Lyst not contrary, bot gan perswaid full evyn
To bryng the gret Ene vp to the hevyn,
And frendly wordis of hym carpys thar.
Than Venus slaid descendand throw the ayr
And socht onto the feildis Lawrentan,
Neir by quhar that Numycus throu the playn,
That fresch ryver, flowys to the see,
Dekkyt abowt with redis growand hie;
Quharin the body of hir son sa deir
Scho maid do wesch, and vnder the stremys cleir
All that was mortale or corruptibill thyng
Gart do away; and syne, at hir lykyng,
The recent happy sawl with hyr hynt sche
And bair it vp abuf the ayr full hie
Onto the hevyn, quhar reuthfull Eneas
Amyd the starnys chosyn hass his place;
Quham the famyll and kynrent Iulian
Doith clepe and call amangis thame euery ane
Indigites, quhilk is alsmekill to say
As god induellar, at thar sudiornys ay;
And, in remembrans of this ilk turn,
Thai gan hys templis wirschip and adorn. etc.
finis

Explicit liber decimus tertius Eneados

CONCLUSIO

Now is my wark all fynyst and compleit,
Quham Iovis ire, nor fyris byrnand heit,
Nor trynschand swerd sal defass ne down thryng,
Nor lang process of age, consumys al thyng.
Quhen that onknawyn day sal hym address,
Quhilk not bot on this body power hess,
And endis the dait of myn oncertan eld,
The bettir part of me salbe vpheld
Abufe the starnys perpetually to ryng,
And heir my naym remane, but enparyng;
Throw owt the ile yclepit Albyon
Red sall I be, and sung with mony one.
Thus vp my pen and instrumentis full 3or
On Virgillis post I fix for evirmor,
Nevir, from thens, syk materis to discryve:
My muse sal now be cleyn contemplatyve,
And solitar, as doith the byrd in cage,
Sen fer byworn is all my childis age,
And of my days neir passyt the half dait
That natur suld me grantyn, weil I wait.
Thus sen I feill down sweyand the ballans,
Heir I resyng vp 3yngkeris observans:
Adew, gallandis, I geif 3ou all gud nycht,
And God salf euery gentill curtass wight!
Amen.

Heir endis the thretteyn and final buke of Eneados quhilk is the first
correk copy nixt efter the translation Wrytin be Master Matho
Geddes scribe or writar to the translatar

EXCUSIS

Heir the translatar direkkis hys buk and excusis hym self etc.
My Lord, to 3our nobilyte in effect,
To quham this wark I haue abuse direct,
Gawyn, 3our cousyng, provest of Sanct Geill,
Gretyng in God ay lestyng, and gud heill.
Ressave gude will, quhar that my cunnyng falyis,
And gyf within this volume ocht avalys,
Or is onto 3our plesour aggregabill,
Than is my laubour sum thyng profytabill.
Quhar I offendit, or mysteris correctioun,
Vndir 3our salfgard and protectioun
I me submyt; 3he be my scheld and defens
Aganys corruppit tungis violens,
Can nocht amend, and 3it a falt wald spy:
Quhen thai bakbayte, quhen evir thai clepe and cry,
Gyf neyd beys, for 3our kynysman and clerk
Than I protest 3e ansuer, and for 3our wark.
Gyf thai speir quhy I dyd this buke translait,
3he war the causs tharof, full weill 3e wait;
3he cawsyt me this volume to endyte,
Quharthrow I haue wrocht myself syk dispyte,
Perpetually be chydit with ilk knak,
Full weill I know, and mokkyt behynd my bak.
Say thai nocht, I myne honeste haue degraid,
And at my self to schute a but hess maid?
Nane othir thyng, thai threpe, heir wrocht haue I
Bot fen3eit fabillys of idolatry,
With sik myscheif as aucht not namyt be,
Oppynnand the gravis of smert iniquyte,
And on the bak half wrytis wyddyr synnys
Plente of lesyngis, and ald perversyt synnys.
Quhar that I haue my tyme superexpendyt,
Mea culpa, God grant I may amend it,
With grace and space to vpset this tynsell;

Thocht not be far sa largely as thai tell,
As that me semys, 3it offendit haue I;
For weill I wait, our wark to mony a wy
Sall baith be plesand and eyk profitabill,
For tharin beyn seir doctrynys full notabill;
It sal eik do sum folk solace, I gess,
To pass the tyme, and eschew idylnes.
Ane othir proffit of our buke I mark,
That it salbe reput a neidfull wark
To thame wald Virgill to childryn expone;
For quha lyst note my versys, one by one,
Sall fynd tharin hys sentens euery deill,
And al maste word by word, that wait I weill.
Thank me tharfor, masteris of grammar sculys,
Quhar 3e syt techand on 3our benkis and stulys.
Thus haue I not my tyme swa occupy
That all suld hald my laubour onthryfty;
For I haue not interpryt ne translate
Every bural ruyd poet dywlgait,
Na meyn endyte, nor empty wordis vayn,
Common engyn, nor stile barbarian;
Bot in that art of eloquens the flude
Maste cheif, profund and copyus plenitud,
Surss capitall in veyn poetically,
Soverane fontane, and flum imperiall;
Quham gif I haue offendit, as thai meyn,
Deym as 3e lyst, quhen the wark is ourseyn.
Be as be may, 3our frendschip, weill I wait,
Wrocht mair at me than dyd myne awyn estait;
For kyndnes so myne eyn almaist maid blynd,
That, 3ow to pleyss, I set all schame behynd,
Offeryng me to my weriouris wilfully,
Quhilk in myne e fast staris a mote to spy.
Bot quha sa lawchis heirat, or hedis noddis,
Go reid Bochas in the Genolygy of Goddis;
Hys twa last bukis sall swage thar fantasy,
Less than na resson may thame satisfy.

I rak nocht quhidder fulys hald me devill or sanct,
For 3ou maid I this buke, my Lord, I grant,
Nowder for pryce, det, reward nor supple,
Bot for 3our tendir request and amyte,
Kyndness of blude grundyt in natural law.
I am na cayk fydlar, full weill 3e know;
No thing is myne quhilk sall not 3owris be,
Gyf it afferis for 3owr nobilyte;
And of 3our moblys and all other geir
3he will me serve siclyke, I haue na weir.
Bot as twychyng this our wark now in hand,
Quhilk oft is said was maid at 3our command,
To quhat effect, gyf ony wald inqueir;
3he may ansuer, thocht I neid nocht 3ow leir,
That Virgill mycht intill our langage be
Red lowd and playn be 3our lordschip and me,
And other gentill compan3eonys quha sa lyst;
Nane ar compellit drynk not bot thai haue thyrst:
And quha sa lykis may tastyng of the tun
Onforlatyt, new from the berry run,
Reid Virgill baldly, but mekill offens
Except our wlgar toungis differens,
Kepand na facund rethoryk castis fair,
Bot haymly playn termys famyliar,
Na thing alterit in substans the sentens,
Thocht scant perfyte observyt beyn eloquens;
I will weill otheris can say mair curyusly,
Bot I haue said eftir my fantasy,
I covait nocht to prefer ony wight,
It may suffice I said na thing bot rycht;
And, set that empty be my brayn and dull,
I haue translait a volum wondirfull:
So profund was this wark at I haue said,
Me semyt oft throw the deip sey to waid;
And sa mysty vmquhile this poecy,
My spreit was reft half deill in extasy,
To pyke the sentens as I couth als playn,

And bryng it to my purposs, was full fayn;
And thus, becauss the mater was onkowth,
Not as I suld, I wrait, bot as I couth.
Quha wenys I say thir wordis bot invane,
Lat thame assay als lang laubour agane,
And translait Ovid, as I haue Virgill;
Perchans that wark sall occupy thame a quhile:
3it haue I hard oft said be men na clerkis,
Tyll idyll folk full lycht beyn lukand warkis.
To 3ou, my Lord, quhat is thar mair to say?
Ressaue 3our wark desyrit mony a day;
Quharin also now am I fully quyt,
As twichand Venus, of myn ald promyt
Quhilk I hir maid weil twelf 3heris tofor,
As wytnessith my Palyce of Honour,
In the quhilk wark, 3he reid, on hand I tuke
Forto translait at hir instance a buke:
Sa haue I doyn abufe, as 3e may se,
Virgillis volum of hir son Enee,
Reducit, as I cowth, intill our tong.
Be glaid, Ene, thy bell is hiely rong,
Thy faym is blaw, thy prowes and renown
Dywlгат ar, and sung fra town to town,
So hardy from thens, that other man or boy
The ony mair reput traytour of Troy,
Bot as a worthy conquerour and kyng
The honour and extoll, as thou art dyng.
My Lord, all thocht I dyd this wark compyle,
At 3our command, intill ovr wlgar style,
Suffir me borrow this a word at the leist,
Thar with to quyte my promyss and behest,
And lat Dame Venus have gud nycht adew,
Quhamto sum tyme 3he war a servand trew.
I haue also a schort comment compilyt
To expon strange histouris and termys wild;
And gif ocht lakis mar, quhen that is doyn,
At 3our desyre it salbe writtyn soyn.

And forthir, so that I be nocht prolix,
The etern Lord, that on the ruyd was fixt,
Grant 3ow and ws all in this lyfe weifair,
With euerlestand blyss quhen we hyne fair!

Amen

Quod Gawinus Dowglas etc.

Ane exclamatioun aganyst detractouris and oncurtass redaris that
beyn our studyus, but occasioun, to note and spy owt faltis or
offencis in this volum, or ony other thryfty warkys etc.

Now throw the deip fast to the port I mark,
For heir is endyt the lang disparyt wark,
And Virgyll hess hys volum to me lent:
In sovir raid now ankyrrit is our bark;
We dowt na storm, our cabillys ar sa stark;
We have eschapyt full mony perrellus went:
Now God belovyt hass syk grace tyl ws sent!
Sen Virgyll beys (wyd quhar in Latyn song)
Thus be my laubour red in owr wlgar tong.
Bot quhat danger is ocht to compyle, allace,
Herand thir detractouris intil euery place,
Or evir thai reid the wark, byddis byrn the buke:
Sum beyn sa frawart in malyce and wangrace,
Quhat is weill said thai love not worth ane ace,
Bot castys thame euer to spy owt falt and cruyk;
All that thai fynd in hydlys, hyrn or nuyk,
Thai blaw owt, sayand in euery manis face,
“Lo, heir he fail3eis, se thar he leys, luyk!”
Bot, gyf I le, lat Virgyll be owr iuge,
Hys wark is patent, I may have na refuge;
Tharby go note my faltis on by on:
No wondir is, the volum was so huge,
Quha mycht perfyteley all hys hie termys luge
In barbar langage, or thame dewly expon?
Bot weill I wait, of hys sentens wantis non.
Quha can do bettir, lat se quhar I forvayt;
Begyn of new; al thing is gud onassayt.
Far eithar is, quha lyst syt doun to moyt,

Ane otheris sayaris faltis to spy and noyt,
Than but offens or falt thame self to wryte:
Bot forto chyde sum beyn so brym and hoyt,
Hald thai thar peax, the word wald scald thar throte,
And hass sik custum to iangill and to bakbyte,
That, but thai schent sum, thai suld bryst for syte.
I say na mair, quhen all thar rerd is rong,
That wight mon speke that can nocht hald hys tong.
Go, wlgar Virgill, to euery churlych wight
Say, I avow thou art translatit rycht,
Beseyk all nobillys the corect and amend,
Beys not afferyt tocum in prysaris sycht;
The nedis nocht to aschame of the lycht,
For I haue brocht thy purposs to gud end:
Now salt thou with euery gentill Scot be kend,
And to onletterit folk be red on hight,
That erst was bot with clerkis comprehend. etc.
Quod Douglas etc.

Heir followys the tyme, space and dait of the translatioun of this
buke

Completit was thys wark Virgilian
Apon the fest of Mary Magdelan,
Fra Crystis byrth, the dait quha lyst to heir,
A thousand fyve hundreth and thretteyn 3eir;
Quhilk, for othir gret occupatioun, lay
Onsteryt closs besyd me mony day;
And nethless, quhidder I serve thank or wyte,
Fra tyme I tharto fyrst set pen to wryte,
Thocht God wait gyf thir bundis war full wyd
To me, that had syk byssynes besyde,
Apon this wyss, as God lyst len me grace,
It was compylit in auchteyn moneth space;
Set I feil syth syk twa monethis infeir
Wrait neuer a word, nor mycht the volum steir,
For grave materis and gret solitud,
That all sik laubour far besyde me stud.
And thus gret scant of tyme and bissy cuyr

Hass maid my wark mair subtell and obscur,
 And nocht sa plesand as it aucht tobe;
 Quharof 3he curtass redaris perdon me,
 3he writaris all, and gentill redaris eyk,
 Offendis nocht my volum, I beseik,
 Bot redis leill, and tak gud tent in tyme.
 3he nother maggill nor mysmetyr my ryme,
 Nor alter not my wordis, I 3ou pray.
 Lo, this is all; now, bew schirris, haue gud day. etc.
 Quod Gawinus Douglas etc.
 Mantua me genuit, Calabri rapuere, tenet nunc Parthenope; cecini
 pascua, rura, duces.
 Of Mantua am I beget and boir,
 In Calabre decessit and forlor,
 Now stant I grave in Naplys the cite,
 That in my tyme wrait notabill warkis thre:
 Of pasturage, and eik of husbandry,
 And douchty chiftanys full of chevalry.
 Quod G. Douglas etc.

The following two poems were originally inserted between Books 12 and 13 of the Aeneid.

Heir the translatour of this buk makis mensioun of thre of hys
 pryncipall warkis. etc.
 Lo thus, followand the flowr of poetry,
 The batellys and the man translait haue I;
 Quhilk 3oir ago in myne ondantit 3outh,
 Onfructuus idylness fleand, as I couth,
 Of Lundeys Lufe the Remeid dyd translait;
 And syne off hie Honour the Palyce wrait:
 "Quhen paill Aurora, with face lamentabill,
 Hir russet mantill bordowrit all with sabill, &c."
 To know the naym of the translatour. etc.
 The Gaw onbrokkyn mydlyt with the Wyne,
 The Dow ionyt with the Glass rich in a lyne:
 Quha knawys nocht the translatouris naym,
 Seik na forthar, for lo, with litill pyne

Spy leill this verss: men clepys hym swa at haym.
Quod the compilar

THE AENEID – Dryden’s Translation



The seventeenth century poet John Dryden’s translation of *The Aeneid* is still considered by many to be a major translation of Virgil’s epic poem, retaining much of the power and beauty of the original Latin text, although Dryden took numerous and some significant liberties. Although not a Roman convention, Dryden also incorporated a rhyme scheme.



John Dryden (1631-1700) was an English poet, literary critic, translator and playwright, who was made Poet Laureate in 1668.

DRYDEN'S AENEID

CONTENTS

BOOK I

BOOK II

BOOK III

BOOK IV

BOOK V

BOOK VI

BOOK VII

BOOK VIII

BOOK IX

BOOK X

BOOK XI

BOOK XII

BOOK I

Arms, and the man I sing, who, forc'd by fate,
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate,
Expell'd and exil'd, left the Trojan shore.
Long labors, both by sea and land, he bore,
And in the doubtful war, before he won
The Latian realm, and built the destin'd town;
His banish'd gods restor'd to rites divine,
And settled sure succession in his line,
From whence the race of Alban fathers come,
And the long glories of majestic Rome.

O Muse! the causes and the crimes relate;
What goddess was provok'd, and whence her hate;
For what offense the Queen of Heav'n began
To persecute so brave, so just a man;
Involv'd his anxious life in endless cares,
Expos'd to wants, and hurried into wars!
Can heav'nly minds such high resentment show,
Or exercise their spite in human woe?

Against the Tiber's mouth, but far away,
An ancient town was seated on the sea;
A Tyrian colony; the people made
Stout for the war, and studious of their trade:
Carthage the name; belov'd by Juno more
Than her own Argos, or the Samian shore.
Here stood her chariot; here, if Heav'n were kind,
The seat of awful empire she design'd.
Yet she had heard an ancient rumor fly,
(Long cited by the people of the sky,)
That times to come should see the Trojan race
Her Carthage ruin, and her tow'rs deface;
Nor thus confin'd, the yoke of sov'reign sway
Should on the necks of all the nations lay.

She ponder'd this, and fear'd it was in fate;
Nor could forget the war she wag'd of late
For conqu'ring Greece against the Trojan state.
Besides, long causes working in her mind,
And secret seeds of envy, lay behind;
Deep graven in her heart the doom remain'd
Of partial Paris, and her form disdain'd;
The grace bestow'd on ravish'd Ganymed,
Electra's glories, and her injur'd bed.
Each was a cause alone; and all combin'd
To kindle vengeance in her haughty mind.
For this, far distant from the Latian coast
She drove the remnants of the Trojan host;
And sev'n long years th' unhappy wand'ring train
Were toss'd by storms, and scatter'd thro' the main.
Such time, such toil, requir'd the Roman name,
Such length of labor for so vast a frame.

Now scarce the Trojan fleet, with sails and oars,
Had left behind the fair Sicilian shores,
Ent'ring with cheerful shouts the wat'ry reign,
And plowing frothy furrows in the main;
When, lab'ring still with endless discontent,
The Queen of Heav'n did thus her fury vent:

"Then am I vanquish'd? must I yield?" said she,
"And must the Trojans reign in Italy?
So Fate will have it, and Jove adds his force;
Nor can my pow'r divert their happy course.
Could angry Pallas, with revengeful spleen,
The Grecian navy burn, and drown the men?
She, for the fault of one offending foe,
The bolts of Jove himself presum'd to throw:
With whirlwinds from beneath she toss'd the ship,
And bare expos'd the bosom of the deep;
Then, as an eagle gripes the trembling game,
The wretch, yet hissing with her father's flame,

She strongly seiz'd, and with a burning wound
Transfix'd, and naked, on a rock she bound.
But I, who walk in awful state above,
The majesty of heav'n, the sister wife of Jove,
For length of years my fruitless force employ
Against the thin remains of ruin'd Troy!
What nations now to Juno's pow'r will pray,
Or off'rings on my slighted altars lay?"

Thus rag'd the goddess; and, with fury fraught.
The restless regions of the storms she sought,
Where, in a spacious cave of living stone,
The tyrant Aeolus, from his airy throne,
With pow'r imperial curbs the struggling winds,
And sounding tempests in dark prisons binds.
This way and that th' impatient captives tend,
And, pressing for release, the mountains rend.
High in his hall th' undaunted monarch stands,
And shakes his scepter, and their rage commands;
Which did he not, their unresisted sway
Would sweep the world before them in their way;
Earth, air, and seas thro' empty space would roll,
And heav'n would fly before the driving soul.
In fear of this, the Father of the Gods
Confin'd their fury to those dark abodes,
And lock'd 'em safe within, oppress'd with mountain loads;
Impos'd a king, with arbitrary sway,
To loose their fetters, or their force allay.
To whom the suppliant queen her pray'rs address'd,
And thus the tenor of her suit express'd:

"O Aeolus! for to thee the King of Heav'n
The pow'r of tempests and of winds has giv'n;
Thy force alone their fury can restrain,
And smooth the waves, or swell the troubled main-
A race of wand'ring slaves, abhorr'd by me,
With prosp'rous passage cut the Tuscan sea;

To fruitful Italy their course they steer,
And for their vanquish'd gods design new temples there.
Raise all thy winds; with night involve the skies;
Sink or disperse my fatal enemies.
Twice sev'n, the charming daughters of the main,
Around my person wait, and bear my train:
Succeed my wish, and second my design;
The fairest, Deiopeia, shall be thine,
And make thee father of a happy line."

To this the god: "'T is yours, O queen, to will
The work which duty binds me to fulfil.
These airy kingdoms, and this wide command,
Are all the presents of your bounteous hand:
Yours is my sov'reign's grace; and, as your guest,
I sit with gods at their celestial feast;
Raise tempests at your pleasure, or subdue;
Dispose of empire, which I hold from you."

He said, and hurl'd against the mountain side
His quiv'ring spear, and all the god applied.
The raging winds rush thro' the hollow wound,
And dance aloft in air, and skim along the ground;
Then, settling on the sea, the surges sweep,
Raise liquid mountains, and disclose the deep.
South, East, and West with mix'd confusion roar,
And roll the foaming billows to the shore.
The cables crack; the sailors' fearful cries
Ascend; and sable night involves the skies;
And heav'n itself is ravish'd from their eyes.
Loud peals of thunder from the poles ensue;
Then flashing fires the transient light renew;
The face of things a frightful image bears,
And present death in various forms appears.
Struck with unusual fright, the Trojan chief,
With lifted hands and eyes, invokes relief;
And, "Thrice and four times happy those," he cried,

“That under Ilian walls before their parents died!
Tydides, bravest of the Grecian train!
Why could not I by that strong arm be slain,
And lie by noble Hector on the plain,
Or great Sarpedon, in those bloody fields
Where Simois rolls the bodies and the shields
Of heroes, whose dismember’d hands yet bear
The dart aloft, and clench the pointed spear!”

Thus while the pious prince his fate bewails,
Fierce Boreas drove against his flying sails,
And rent the sheets; the raging billows rise,
And mount the tossing vessels to the skies:
Nor can the shiv’ring oars sustain the blow;
The galley gives her side, and turns her prow;
While those astern, descending down the steep,
Thro’ gaping waves behold the boiling deep.
Three ships were hurried by the southern blast,
And on the secret shelves with fury cast.
Those hidden rocks th’ Ausonian sailors knew:
They call’d them Altars, when they rose in view,
And show’d their spacious backs above the flood.
Three more fierce Eurys, in his angry mood,
Dash’d on the shallows of the moving sand,
And in mid ocean left them moor’d aland.
Orontes’ bark, that bore the Lycian crew,
(A horrid sight!) ev’n in the hero’s view,
From stem to stern by waves was overborne:
The trembling pilot, from his rudder torn,
Was headlong hurl’d; thrice round the ship was toss’d,
Then bulg’d at once, and in the deep was lost;
And here and there above the waves were seen
Arms, pictures, precious goods, and floating men.
The stoutest vessel to the storm gave way,
And suck’d thro’ loosen’d planks the rushing sea.
Ilioneus was her chief: Alethes old,
Achates faithful, Abas young and bold,

Endur'd not less; their ships, with gaping seams,
Admit the deluge of the briny streams.

Meantime imperial Neptune heard the sound
Of raging billows breaking on the ground.
Displeas'd, and fearing for his wat'ry reign,
He rear'd his awful head above the main,
Serene in majesty; then roll'd his eyes
Around the space of earth, and seas, and skies.
He saw the Trojan fleet dispers'd, distress'd,
By stormy winds and wintry heav'n oppress'd.
Full well the god his sister's envy knew,
And what her aims and what her arts pursue.
He summon'd Eurus and the western blast,
And first an angry glance on both he cast;
Then thus rebuk'd: "Audacious winds! from whence
This bold attempt, this rebel insolence?
Is it for you to ravage seas and land,
Unauthoriz'd by my supreme command?
To raise such mountains on the troubled main?
Whom I- but first 't is fit the billows to restrain;
And then you shall be taught obedience to my reign.
Hence! to your lord my royal mandate bear-
The realms of ocean and the fields of air
Are mine, not his. By fatal lot to me
The liquid empire fell, and trident of the sea.
His pow'r to hollow caverns is confin'd:
There let him reign, the jailer of the wind,
With hoarse commands his breathing subjects call,
And boast and bluster in his empty hall."
He spoke; and, while he spoke, he smooth'd the sea,
Dispell'd the darkness, and restor'd the day.
Cymothoe, Triton, and the sea-green train
Of beauteous nymphs, the daughters of the main,
Clear from the rocks the vessels with their hands:
The god himself with ready trident stands,
And opes the deep, and spreads the moving sands;

Then heaves them off the shoals. Where'er he guides
His finny coursers and in triumph rides,
The waves unruffle and the sea subsides.
As, when in tumults rise th' ignoble crowd,
Mad are their motions, and their tongues are loud;
And stones and brands in rattling volleys fly,
And all the rustic arms that fury can supply:
If then some grave and pious man appear,
They hush their noise, and lend a list'ning ear;
He soothes with sober words their angry mood,
And quenches their innate desire of blood:
So, when the Father of the Flood appears,
And o'er the seas his sov'reign trident rears,
Their fury falls: he skims the liquid plains,
High on his chariot, and, with loosen'd reins,
Majestic moves along, and awful peace maintains.
The weary Trojans ply their shatter'd oars
To nearest land, and make the Libyan shores.

Within a long recess there lies a bay:
An island shades it from the rolling sea,
And forms a port secure for ships to ride;
Broke by the jutting land, on either side,
In double streams the briny waters glide.
Betwixt two rows of rocks a sylvan scene
Appears above, and groves for ever green:
A grot is form'd beneath, with mossy seats,
To rest the Nereids, and exclude the heats.
Down thro' the crannies of the living walls
The crystal streams descend in murm'ring falls:
No haulsers need to bind the vessels here,
Nor bearded anchors; for no storms they fear.
Sev'n ships within this happy harbor meet,
The thin remainders of the scatter'd fleet.
The Trojans, worn with toils, and spent with woes,
Leap on the welcome land, and seek their wish'd repose.

First, good Achates, with repeated strokes
Of clashing flints, their hidden fire provokes:
Short flame succeeds; a bed of wither'd leaves
The dying sparkles in their fall receives:
Caught into life, in fiery fumes they rise,
And, fed with stronger food, invade the skies.
The Trojans, dropping wet, or stand around
The cheerful blaze, or lie along the ground:
Some dry their corn, infected with the brine,
Then grind with marbles, and prepare to dine.
Aeneas climbs the mountain's airy brow,
And takes a prospect of the seas below,
If Capys thence, or Antheus he could spy,
Or see the streamers of Caicus fly.
No vessels were in view; but, on the plain,
Three beamy stags command a lordly train
Of branching heads: the more ignoble throng
Attend their stately steps, and slowly graze along.
He stood; and, while secure they fed below,
He took the quiver and the trusty bow
Achates us'd to bear: the leaders first
He laid along, and then the vulgar pierc'd;
Nor ceas'd his arrows, till the shady plain
Sev'n mighty bodies with their blood distain.
For the sev'n ships he made an equal share,
And to the port return'd, triumphant from the war.
The jars of gen'rous wine (Acestes' gift,
When his Trinacrian shores the navy left)
He set abroach, and for the feast prepar'd,
In equal portions with the ven'son shar'd.
Thus while he dealt it round, the pious chief
With cheerful words allay'd the common grief:
"Endure, and conquer! Jove will soon dispose
To future good our past and present woes.
With me, the rocks of Scylla you have tried;
Th' inhuman Cyclops and his den defied.
What greater ills hereafter can you bear?"

Resume your courage and dismiss your care,
An hour will come, with pleasure to relate
Your sorrows past, as benefits of Fate.
Thro' various hazards and events, we move
To Latium and the realms foredoom'd by Jove.
Call'd to the seat (the promise of the skies)
Where Trojan kingdoms once again may rise,
Endure the hardships of your present state;
Live, and reserve yourselves for better fate."

These words he spoke, but spoke not from his heart;
His outward smiles conceal'd his inward smart.
The jolly crew, unmindful of the past,
The quarry share, their plenteous dinner haste.
Some strip the skin; some portion out the spoil;
The limbs, yet trembling, in the caldrons boil;
Some on the fire the reeking entrails broil.
Stretch'd on the grassy turf, at ease they dine,
Restore their strength with meat, and cheer their souls with
wine.
Their hunger thus appeas'd, their care attends
The doubtful fortune of their absent friends:
Alternate hopes and fears their minds possess,
Whether to deem 'em dead, or in distress.
Above the rest, Aeneas mourns the fate
Of brave Orontes, and th' uncertain state
Of Gyas, Lycus, and of Amycus.
The day, but not their sorrows, ended thus.

When, from aloft, almighty Jove surveys
Earth, air, and shores, and navigable seas,
At length on Libyan realms he fix'd his eyes-
Whom, pond'ring thus on human miseries,
When Venus saw, she with a lowly look,
Not free from tears, her heav'nly sire bespoke:

"O King of Gods and Men! whose awful hand

Disperses thunder on the seas and land,
Disposing all with absolute command;
How could my pious son thy pow'r incense?
Or what, alas! is vanish'd Troy's offense?
Our hope of Italy not only lost,
On various seas by various tempests toss'd,
But shut from ev'ry shore, and barr'd from ev'ry coast.
You promis'd once, a progeny divine
Of Romans, rising from the Trojan line,
In after times should hold the world in awe,
And to the land and ocean give the law.
How is your doom revers'd, which eas'd my care
When Troy was ruin'd in that cruel war?
Then fates to fates I could oppose; but now,
When Fortune still pursues her former blow,
What can I hope? What worse can still succeed?
What end of labors has your will decreed?
Antenor, from the midst of Grecian hosts,
Could pass secure, and pierce th' Illyrian coasts,
Where, rolling down the steep, Timavus raves
And thro' nine channels disembogues his waves.
At length he founded Padua's happy seat,
And gave his Trojans a secure retreat;
There fix'd their arms, and there renew'd their name,
And there in quiet rules, and crown'd with fame.
But we, descended from your sacred line,
Entitled to your heav'n and rites divine,
Are banish'd earth; and, for the wrath of one,
Remov'd from Latium and the promis'd throne.
Are these our scepters? these our due rewards?
And is it thus that Jove his plighted faith regards?"

To whom the Father of th' immortal race,
Smiling with that serene indulgent face,
With which he drives the clouds and clears the skies,
First gave a holy kiss; then thus replies:

“Daughter, dismiss thy fears; to thy desire
The fates of thine are fix’d, and stand entire.
Thou shalt behold thy wish’d Lavinian walls;
And, ripe for heav’n, when fate Aeneas calls,
Then shalt thou bear him up, sublime, to me:
No councils have revers’d my firm decree.
And, lest new fears disturb thy happy state,
Know, I have search’d the mystic rolls of Fate:
Thy son (nor is th’ appointed season far)
In Italy shall wage successful war,
Shall tame fierce nations in the bloody field,
And sov’reign laws impose, and cities build,
Till, after ev’ry foe subdued, the sun
Thrice thro’ the signs his annual race shall run:
This is his time prefix’d. Ascanius then,
Now call’d Iulus, shall begin his reign.
He thirty rolling years the crown shall wear,
Then from Lavinium shall the seat transfer,
And, with hard labor, Alba Longa build.
The throne with his succession shall be fill’d
Three hundred circuits more: then shall be seen
Ilia the fair, a priestess and a queen,
Who, full of Mars, in time, with kindly throes,
Shall at a birth two goodly boys disclose.
The royal babes a tawny wolf shall drain:
Then Romulus his grandsire’s throne shall gain,
Of martial tow’rs the founder shall become,
The people Romans call, the city Rome.
To them no bounds of empire I assign,
Nor term of years to their immortal line.
Ev’n haughty Juno, who, with endless broils,
Earth, seas, and heav’n, and Jove himself turmoils;
At length aton’d, her friendly pow’r shall join,
To cherish and advance the Trojan line.
The subject world shall Rome’s dominion own,
And, prostrate, shall adore the nation of the gown.
An age is ripening in revolving fate

When Troy shall overturn the Grecian state,
And sweet revenge her conqu'ring sons shall call,
To crush the people that conspir'd her fall.
Then Caesar from the Julian stock shall rise,
Whose empire ocean, and whose fame the skies
Alone shall bound; whom, fraught with eastern spoils,
Our heav'n, the just reward of human toils,
Securely shall repay with rites divine;
And incense shall ascend before his sacred shrine.
Then dire debate and impious war shall cease,
And the stern age be soften'd into peace:
Then banish'd Faith shall once again return,
And Vestal fires in hallow'd temples burn;
And Remus with Quirinus shall sustain
The righteous laws, and fraud and force restrain.
Janus himself before his fane shall wait,
And keep the dreadful issues of his gate,
With bolts and iron bars: within remains
Imprison'd Fury, bound in brazen chains;
High on a trophy rais'd, of useless arms,
He sits, and threats the world with vain alarms."

He said, and sent Cyllenius with command
To free the ports, and ope the Punic land
To Trojan guests; lest, ignorant of fate,
The queen might force them from her town and state.
Down from the steep of heav'n Cyllenius flies,
And cleaves with all his wings the yielding skies.
Soon on the Libyan shore descends the god,
Performs his message, and displays his rod:
The surly murmurs of the people cease;
And, as the fates requir'd, they give the peace:
The queen herself suspends the rigid laws,
The Trojans pities, and protects their cause.

Meantime, in shades of night Aeneas lies:
Care seiz'd his soul, and sleep forsook his eyes.

But, when the sun restor'd the cheerful day,
He rose, the coast and country to survey,
Anxious and eager to discover more.
It look'd a wild uncultivated shore;
But, whether humankind, or beasts alone
Possess'd the new-found region, was unknown.
Beneath a ledge of rocks his fleet he hides:
Tall trees surround the mountain's shady sides;
The bending brow above a safe retreat provides.
Arm'd with two pointed darts, he leaves his friends,
And true Achates on his steps attends.
Lo! in the deep recesses of the wood,
Before his eyes his goddess mother stood:
A huntress in her habit and her mien;
Her dress a maid, her air confess'd a queen.
Bare were her knees, and knots her garments bind;
Loose was her hair, and wanton'd in the wind;
Her hand sustain'd a bow; her quiver hung behind.
She seem'd a virgin of the Spartan blood:
With such array Harpalyce bestrode
Her Thracian courser and outstripp'd the rapid flood.
"Ho, strangers! have you lately seen," she said,
"One of my sisters, like myself array'd,
Who cross'd the lawn, or in the forest stray'd?
A painted quiver at her back she bore;
Varied with spots, a lynx's hide she wore;
And at full cry pursued the tusky boar."

Thus Venus: thus her son replied again:
"None of your sisters have we heard or seen,
O virgin! or what other name you bear
Above that style- O more than mortal fair!
Your voice and mien celestial birth betray!
If, as you seem, the sister of the day,
Or one at least of chaste Diana's train,
Let not an humble suppliant sue in vain;
But tell a stranger, long in tempests toss'd,

What earth we tread, and who commands the coast?
Then on your name shall wretched mortals call,
And offer'd victims at your altars fall."
"I dare not," she replied, "assume the name
Of goddess, or celestial honors claim:
For Tyrian virgins bows and quivers bear,
And purple buskins o'er their ankles wear.
Know, gentle youth, in Libyan lands you are—
A people rude in peace, and rough in war.
The rising city, which from far you see,
Is Carthage, and a Tyrian colony.
Phoenician Dido rules the growing state,
Who fled from Tyre, to shun her brother's hate.
Great were her wrongs, her story full of fate;
Which I will sum in short. Sichaeus, known
For wealth, and brother to the Punic throne,
Possess'd fair Dido's bed; and either heart
At once was wounded with an equal dart.
Her father gave her, yet a spotless maid;
Pygmalion then the Tyrian scepter sway'd:
One who condemn'd divine and human laws.
Then strife ensued, and cursed gold the cause.
The monarch, blinded with desire of wealth,
With steel invades his brother's life by stealth;
Before the sacred altar made him bleed,
And long from her conceal'd the cruel deed.
Some tale, some new pretense, he daily coin'd,
To soothe his sister, and delude her mind.
At length, in dead of night, the ghost appears
Of her unhappy lord: the specter stares,
And, with erected eyes, his bloody bosom bares.
The cruel altars and his fate he tells,
And the dire secret of his house reveals,
Then warns the widow, with her household gods,
To seek a refuge in remote abodes.
Last, to support her in so long a way,
He shows her where his hidden treasure lay.

Admonish'd thus, and seiz'd with mortal fright,
The queen provides companions of her flight:
They meet, and all combine to leave the state,
Who hate the tyrant, or who fear his hate.
They seize a fleet, which ready rigg'd they find;
Nor is Pygmalion's treasure left behind.
The vessels, heavy laden, put to sea
With prosp'rous winds; a woman leads the way.
I know not, if by stress of weather driv'n,
Or was their fatal course dispos'd by Heav'n;
At last they landed, where from far your eyes
May view the turrets of new Carthage rise;
There bought a space of ground, which (Byrsa call'd,
From the bull's hide) they first inclos'd, and wall'd.
But whence are you? what country claims your birth?
What seek you, strangers, on our Libyan earth?"

To whom, with sorrow streaming from his eyes,
And deeply sighing, thus her son replies:
"Could you with patience hear, or I relate,
O nymph, the tedious annals of our fate!
Thro' such a train of woes if I should run,
The day would sooner than the tale be done!
From ancient Troy, by force expell'd, we came-
If you by chance have heard the Trojan name.
On various seas by various tempests toss'd,
At length we landed on your Libyan coast.
The good Aeneas am I call'd- a name,
While Fortune favor'd, not unknown to fame.
My household gods, companions of my woes,
With pious care I rescued from our foes.
To fruitful Italy my course was bent;
And from the King of Heav'n is my descent.
With twice ten sail I cross'd the Phrygian sea;
Fate and my mother goddess led my way.
Scarce sev'n, the thin remainders of my fleet,
From storms preserv'd, within your harbor meet.

Myself distress'd, an exile, and unknown,
Debarr'd from Europe, and from Asia thrown,
In Libyan desarts wander thus alone."

His tender parent could no longer bear;
But, interposing, sought to soothe his care.
"Whoe'er you are- not unbelov'd by Heav'n,
Since on our friendly shore your ships are driv'n-
Have courage: to the gods permit the rest,
And to the queen expose your just request.
Now take this earnest of success, for more:
Your scatter'd fleet is join'd upon the shore;
The winds are chang'd, your friends from danger free;
Or I renounce my skill in augury.
Twelve swans behold in beauteous order move,
And stoop with closing pinions from above;
Whom late the bird of Jove had driv'n along,
And thro' the clouds pursued the scatt'ring throng:
Now, all united in a goodly team,
They skim the ground, and seek the quiet stream.
As they, with joy returning, clap their wings,
And ride the circuit of the skies in rings;
Not otherwise your ships, and ev'ry friend,
Already hold the port, or with swift sails descend.
No more advice is needful; but pursue
The path before you, and the town in view."

Thus having said, she turn'd, and made appear
Her neck refulgent, and dishevel'd hair,
Which, flowing from her shoulders, reach'd the ground.
And widely spread ambrosial scents around:
In length of train descends her sweeping gown;
And, by her graceful walk, the Queen of Love is known.
The prince pursued the parting deity
With words like these: "Ah! whither do you fly?
Unkind and cruel! to deceive your son
In borrow'd shapes, and his embrace to shun;

Never to bless my sight, but thus unknown;
And still to speak in accents not your own.”
Against the goddess these complaints he made,
But took the path, and her commands obey’d.
They march, obscure; for Venus kindly shrouds
With mists their persons, and involves in clouds,
That, thus unseen, their passage none might stay,
Or force to tell the causes of their way.
This part perform’d, the goddess flies sublime
To visit Paphos and her native clime;
Where garlands, ever green and ever fair,
With vows are offer’d, and with solemn pray’r:
A hundred altars in her temple smoke;
A thousand bleeding hearts her pow’r invoke.

They climb the next ascent, and, looking down,
Now at a nearer distance view the town.
The prince with wonder sees the stately tow’rs,
Which late were huts and shepherds’ homely bow’rs,
The gates and streets; and hears, from ev’ry part,
The noise and busy concourse of the mart.
The toiling Tyrians on each other call
To ply their labor: some extend the wall;
Some build the citadel; the brawny throng
Or dig, or push unwieldly stones along.
Some for their dwellings choose a spot of ground,
Which, first design’d, with ditches they surround.
Some laws ordain; and some attend the choice
Of holy senates, and elect by voice.
Here some design a mole, while others there
Lay deep foundations for a theater;
From marble quarries mighty columns hew,
For ornaments of scenes, and future view.
Such is their toil, and such their busy pains,
As exercise the bees in flow’ry plains,
When winter past, and summer scarce begun,
Invites them forth to labor in the sun;

Some lead their youth abroad, while some condense
Their liquid store, and some in cells dispense;
Some at the gate stand ready to receive
The golden burthen, and their friends relieve;
All with united force, combine to drive
The lazy drones from the laborious hive:
With envy stung, they view each other's deeds;
The fragrant work with diligence proceeds.
"Thrice happy you, whose walls already rise!"
Aeneas said, and view'd, with lifted eyes,
Their lofty tow'rs; then, entering at the gate,
Conceal'd in clouds (prodigious to relate)
He mix'd, unmark'd, among the busy throng,
Borne by the tide, and pass'd unseen along.

Full in the center of the town there stood,
Thick set with trees, a venerable wood.
The Tyrians, landing near this holy ground,
And digging here, a prosp'rous omen found:
From under earth a courser's head they drew,
Their growth and future fortune to foreshew.
This fated sign their foundress Juno gave,
Of a soil fruitful, and a people brave.
Sidonian Dido here with solemn state
Did Juno's temple build, and consecrate,
Enrich'd with gifts, and with a golden shrine;
But more the goddess made the place divine.
On brazen steps the marble threshold rose,
And brazen plates the cedar beams inclose:
The rafters are with brazen cov'rings crown'd;
The lofty doors on brazen hinges sound.
What first Aeneas this place beheld,
Reviv'd his courage, and his fear expell'd.
For while, expecting there the queen, he rais'd
His wond'ring eyes, and round the temple gaz'd,
Admir'd the fortune of the rising town,
The striving artists, and their arts' renown;

He saw, in order painted on the wall,
Whatever did unhappy Troy befall:
The wars that fame around the world had blown,
All to the life, and ev'ry leader known.
There Agamemnon, Priam here, he spies,
And fierce Achilles, who both kings defies.
He stopp'd, and weeping said: "O friend! ev'n here
The monuments of Trojan woes appear!
Our known disasters fill ev'n foreign lands:
See there, where old unhappy Priam stands!
Ev'n the mute walls relate the warrior's fame,
And Trojan griefs the Tyrians' pity claim."
He said (his tears a ready passage find),
Devouring what he saw so well design'd,
And with an empty picture fed his mind:
For there he saw the fainting Grecians yield,
And here the trembling Trojans quit the field,
Pursued by fierce Achilles thro' the plain,
On his high chariot driving o'er the slain.
The tents of Rhesus next his grief renew,
By their white sails betray'd to nightly view;
And wakeful Diomed, whose cruel sword
The sentries slew, nor spar'd their slumb'ring lord,
Then took the fiery steeds, ere yet the food
Of Troy they taste, or drink the Xanthian flood.
Elsewhere he saw where Troilus defied
Achilles, and unequal combat tried;
Then, where the boy disarm'd, with loosen'd reins,
Was by his horses hurried o'er the plains,
Hung by the neck and hair, and dragg'd around:
The hostile spear, yet sticking in his wound,
With tracks of blood inscrib'd the dusty ground.
Meantime the Trojan dames, oppress'd with woe,
To Pallas' fane in long procession go,
In hopes to reconcile their heav'nly foe.
They weep, they beat their breasts, they rend their hair,
And rich embroider'd vests for presents bear;

But the stern goddess stands unmov'd with pray'r.
Thrice round the Trojan walls Achilles drew
The corpse of Hector, whom in fight he slew.
Here Priam sues; and there, for sums of gold,
The lifeless body of his son is sold.
So sad an object, and so well express'd,
Drew sighs and groans from the griev'd hero's breast,
To see the figure of his lifeless friend,
And his old sire his helpless hand extend.
Himself he saw amidst the Grecian train,
Mix'd in the bloody battle on the plain;
And swarthy Memnon in his arms he knew,
His pompous ensigns, and his Indian crew.
Penthisilea there, with haughty grace,
Leads to the wars an Amazonian race:
In their right hands a pointed dart they wield;
The left, for ward, sustains the lunar shield.
Athwart her breast a golden belt she throws,
Amidst the press alone provokes a thousand foes,
And dares her maiden arms to manly force oppose.

Thus while the Trojan prince employs his eyes,
Fix'd on the walls with wonder and surprise,
The beauteous Dido, with a num'rous train
And pomp of guards, ascends the sacred fane.
Such on Eurotas' banks, or Cynthus' height,
Diana seems; and so she charms the sight,
When in the dance the graceful goddess leads
The choir of nymphs, and overtops their heads:
Known by her quiver, and her lofty mien,
She walks majestic, and she looks their queen;
Latona sees her shine above the rest,
And feeds with secret joy her silent breast.
Such Dido was; with such becoming state,
Amidst the crowd, she walks serenely great.
Their labor to her future sway she speeds,
And passing with a gracious glance proceeds;

Then mounts the throne, high plac'd before the shrine:
In crowds around, the swarming people join.
She takes petitions, and dispenses laws,
Hears and determines ev'ry private cause;
Their tasks in equal portions she divides,
And, where unequal, there by lots decides.
Another way by chance Aeneas bends
His eyes, and unexpected sees his friends,
Antheus, Sergestus grave, Cloanthus strong,
And at their backs a mighty Trojan throng,
Whom late the tempest on the billows toss'd,
And widely scatter'd on another coast.
The prince, unseen, surpris'd with wonder stands,
And longs, with joyful haste, to join their hands;
But, doubtful of the wish'd event, he stays,
And from the hollow cloud his friends surveys,
Impatient till they told their present state,
And where they left their ships, and what their fate,
And why they came, and what was their request;
For these were sent, commission'd by the rest,
To sue for leave to land their sickly men,
And gain admission to the gracious queen.
Ent'ring, with cries they fill'd the holy fane;
Then thus, with lowly voice, Ilioneus began:

“O queen! indulg'd by favor of the gods
To found an empire in these new abodes,
To build a town, with statutes to restrain
The wild inhabitants beneath thy reign,
We wretched Trojans, toss'd on ev'ry shore,
From sea to sea, thy clemency implore.
Forbid the fires our shipping to deface!
Receive th' unhappy fugitives to grace,
And spare the remnant of a pious race!
We come not with design of wasteful prey,
To drive the country, force the swains away:
Nor such our strength, nor such is our desire;

The vanquish'd dare not to such thoughts aspire.
A land there is, Hesperia nam'd of old;
The soil is fruitful, and the men are bold-
Th' Oenotrians held it once- by common fame
Now call'd Italia, from the leader's name.
To that sweet region was our voyage bent,
When winds and ev'ry warring element
Disturb'd our course, and, far from sight of land,
Cast our torn vessels on the moving sand:
The sea came on; the South, with mighty roar,
Dispers'd and dash'd the rest upon the rocky shore.
Those few you see escap'd the Storm, and fear,
Unless you interpose, a shipwreck here.
What men, what monsters, what inhuman race,
What laws, what barb'rous customs of the place,
Shut up a desert shore to drowning men,
And drive us to the cruel seas again?
If our hard fortune no compassion draws,
Nor hospitable rights, nor human laws,
The gods are just, and will revenge our cause.
Aeneas was our prince: a juster lord,
Or nobler warrior, never drew a sword;
Observant of the right, religious of his word.
If yet he lives, and draws this vital air,
Nor we, his friends, of safety shall despair;
Nor you, great queen, these offices repent,
Which he will equal, and perhaps augment.
We want not cities, nor Sicilian coasts,
Where King Acestes Trojan lineage boasts.
Permit our ships a shelter on your shores,
Refitted from your woods with planks and oars,
That, if our prince be safe, we may renew
Our destin'd course, and Italy pursue.
But if, O best of men, the Fates ordain
That thou art swallow'd in the Libyan main,
And if our young Iulus be no more,
Dismiss our navy from your friendly shore,

That we to good Acestes may return,
And with our friends our common losses mourn.”
Thus spoke Ilioneus: the Trojan crew
With cries and clamors his request renew.

The modest queen a while, with downcast eyes,
Ponder'd the speech; then briefly thus replies:
“Trojans, dismiss your fears; my cruel fate,
And doubts attending an unsettled state,
Force me to guard my coast from foreign foes.
Who has not heard the story of your woes,
The name and fortune of your native place,
The fame and valor of the Phrygian race?
We Tyrians are not so devoid of sense,
Nor so remote from Phoebus' influence.
Whether to Latian shores your course is bent,
Or, driv'n by tempests from your first intent,
You seek the good Acestes' government,
Your men shall be receiv'd, your fleet repair'd,
And sail, with ships of convoy for your guard:
Or, would you stay, and join your friendly pow'rs
To raise and to defend the Tyrian tow'rs,
My wealth, my city, and myself are yours.
And would to Heav'n, the Storm, you felt, would bring
On Carthaginian coasts your wand'ring king.
My people shall, by my command, explore
The ports and creeks of ev'ry winding shore,
And towns, and wilds, and shady woods, in quest
Of so renown'd and so desir'd a guest.”

Rais'd in his mind the Trojan hero stood,
And long'd to break from out his ambient cloud:
Achates found it, and thus urg'd his way:
“From whence, O goddess-born, this long delay?
What more can you desire, your welcome sure,
Your fleet in safety, and your friends secure?
One only wants; and him we saw in vain

Oppose the Storm, and swallow'd in the main.
Orontes in his fate our forfeit paid;
The rest agrees with what your mother said.”
Scarce had he spoken, when the cloud gave way,
The mists flew upward and dissolv'd in day.

The Trojan chief appear'd in open sight,
August in visage, and serenely bright.
His mother goddess, with her hands divine,
Had form'd his curling locks, and made his temples shine,
And giv'n his rolling eyes a sparkling grace,
And breath'd a youthful vigor on his face;
Like polish'd ivory, beauteous to behold,
Or Parian marble, when enchas'd in gold:
Thus radiant from the circling cloud he broke,
And thus with manly modesty he spoke:

“He whom you seek am I; by tempests toss'd,
And sav'd from shipwreck on your Libyan coast;
Presenting, gracious queen, before your throne,
A prince that owes his life to you alone.
Fair majesty, the refuge and redress
Of those whom fate pursues, and wants oppress,
You, who your pious offices employ
To save the relics of abandon'd Troy;
Receive the shipwreck'd on your friendly shore,
With hospitable rites relieve the poor;
Associate in your town a wand'ring train,
And strangers in your palace entertain:
What thanks can wretched fugitives return,
Who, scatter'd thro' the world, in exile mourn?
The gods, if gods to goodness are inclin'd;
If acts of mercy touch their heav'nly mind,
And, more than all the gods, your gen'rous heart.
Conscious of worth, requite its own desert!
In you this age is happy, and this earth,
And parents more than mortal gave you birth.

While rolling rivers into seas shall run,
And round the space of heav'n the radiant sun;
While trees the mountain tops with shades supply,
Your honor, name, and praise shall never die.
Whate'er abode my fortune has assign'd,
Your image shall be present in my mind."
Thus having said, he turn'd with pious haste,
And joyful his expecting friends embrac'd:
With his right hand Ilioneus was grac'd,
Serestus with his left; then to his breast
Cloanthus and the noble Gyas press'd;
And so by turns descended to the rest.

The Tyrian queen stood fix'd upon his face,
Pleas'd with his motions, ravish'd with his grace;
Admir'd his fortunes, more admir'd the man;
Then recollected stood, and thus began:
"What fate, O goddess-born; what angry pow'rs
Have cast you shipwrack'd on our barren shores?
Are you the great Aeneas, known to fame,
Who from celestial seed your lineage claim?

The same Aeneas whom fair Venus bore
To fam'd Anchises on th' Idaean shore?
It calls into my mind, tho' then a child,
When Teucer came, from Salamis exil'd,
And sought my father's aid, to be restor'd:
My father Belus then with fire and sword
Invaded Cyprus, made the region bare,
And, conqu'ring, finish'd the successful war.
From him the Trojan siege I understood,
The Grecian chiefs, and your illustrious blood.
Your foe himself the Dardan valor prais'd,
And his own ancestry from Trojans rais'd.
Enter, my noble guest, and you shall find,
If not a costly welcome, yet a kind:
For I myself, like you, have been distress'd,

Till Heav'n afforded me this place of rest;
Like you, an alien in a land unknown,
I learn to pity woes so like my own."
She said, and to the palace led her guest;
Then offer'd incense, and proclaim'd a feast.
Nor yet less careful for her absent friends,
Twice ten fat oxen to the ships she sends;
Besides a hundred boars, a hundred lambs,
With bleating cries, attend their milky dams;
And jars of gen'rous wine and spacious bowls
She gives, to cheer the sailors' drooping souls.
Now purple hangings clothe the palace walls,
And sumptuous feasts are made in splendid halls:
On Tyrian carpets, richly wrought, they dine;
With loads of massy plate the sideboards shine,
And antique vases, all of gold emboss'd
(The gold itself inferior to the cost),
Of curious work, where on the sides were seen
The fights and figures of illustrious men,
From their first founder to the present queen.

The good Aeneas, paternal care
Iulus' absence could no longer bear,
Dispatch'd Achates to the ships in haste,
To give a glad relation of the past,
And, fraught with precious gifts, to bring the boy,
Snatch'd from the ruins of unhappy Troy:
A robe of tissue, stiff with golden wire;
An upper vest, once Helen's rich attire,
From Argos by the fam'd adultress brought,
With golden flow'rs and winding foliage wrought,
Her mother Leda's present, when she came
To ruin Troy and set the world on flame;
The scepter Priam's eldest daughter bore,
Her orient necklace, and the crown she wore
Of double texture, glorious to behold,
One order set with gems, and one with gold.

Instructed thus, the wise Achates goes,
And in his diligence his duty shows.

But Venus, anxious for her son's affairs,
New counsels tries, and new designs prepares:
That Cupid should assume the shape and face
Of sweet Ascanius, and the sprightly grace;
Should bring the presents, in her nephew's stead,
And in Eliza's veins the gentle poison shed:
For much she fear'd the Tyrians, double-tongued,
And knew the town to Juno's care belong'd.
These thoughts by night her golden slumbers broke,
And thus alarm'd, to winged Love she spoke:
"My son, my strength, whose mighty pow'r alone
Controls the Thund'rer on his awful throne,
To thee thy much-afflicted mother flies,
And on thy succor and thy faith relies.
Thou know'st, my son, how Jove's revengeful wife,
By force and fraud, attempts thy brother's life;
And often hast thou mourn'd with me his pains.
Him Dido now with blandishment detains;
But I suspect the town where Juno reigns.
For this 't is needful to prevent her art,
And fire with love the proud Phoenician's heart:
A love so violent, so strong, so sure,
As neither age can change, nor art can cure.
How this may be perform'd, now take my mind:
Ascanius by his father is design'd
To come, with presents laden, from the port,
To gratify the queen, and gain the court.
I mean to plunge the boy in pleasing sleep,
And, ravish'd, in Idalian bow'rs to keep,
Or high Cythera, that the sweet deceit
May pass unseen, and none prevent the cheat.
Take thou his form and shape. I beg the grace
But only for a night's revolving space:
Thyself a boy, assume a boy's dissembled face;

That when, amidst the fervor of the feast,
The Tyrian hugs and fonds thee on her breast,
And with sweet kisses in her arms constrains,
Thou may'st infuse thy venom in her veins."
The God of Love obeys, and sets aside
His bow and quiver, and his plummy pride;
He walks Iulus in his mother's sight,
And in the sweet resemblance takes delight.

The goddess then to young Ascanius flies,
And in a pleasing slumber seals his eyes:
Lull'd in her lap, amidst a train of Loves,
She gently bears him to her blissful groves,
Then with a wreath of myrtle crowns his head,
And softly lays him on a flow'ry bed.
Cupid meantime assum'd his form and face,
Foll'wing Achates with a shorter pace,
And brought the gifts. The queen already sate
Amidst the Trojan lords, in shining state,
High on a golden bed: her princely guest
Was next her side; in order sate the rest.
Then canisters with bread are heap'd on high;
Th' attendants water for their hands supply,
And, having wash'd, with silken towels dry.
Next fifty handmaids in long order bore
The censers, and with fumes the gods adore:
Then youths, and virgins twice as many, join
To place the dishes, and to serve the wine.
The Tyrian train, admitted to the feast,
Approach, and on the painted couches rest.
All on the Trojan gifts with wonder gaze,
But view the beauteous boy with more amaze,
His rosy-color'd cheeks, his radiant eyes,
His motions, voice, and shape, and all the god's disguise;
Nor pass unprais'd the vest and veil divine,
Which wand'ring foliage and rich flow'rs entwine.
But, far above the rest, the royal dame,

(Already doom'd to love's disastrous flame,)
With eyes insatiate, and tumultuous joy,
Beholds the presents, and admires the boy.
The guileful god about the hero long,
With children's play, and false embraces, hung;
Then sought the queen: she took him to her arms
With greedy pleasure, and devour'd his charms.
Unhappy Dido little thought what guest,
How dire a god, she drew so near her breast;
But he, not mindless of his mother's pray'r,
Works in the pliant bosom of the fair,
And molds her heart anew, and blots her former care.
The dead is to the living love resign'd;
And all Aeneas enters in her mind.

Now, when the rage of hunger was appeas'd,
The meat remov'd, and ev'ry guest was pleas'd,
The golden bowls with sparkling wine are crown'd,
And thro' the palace cheerful cries resound.
From gilded roofs depending lamps display
Nocturnal beams, that emulate the day.
A golden bowl, that shone with gems divine,
The queen commanded to be crown'd with wine:
The bowl that Belus us'd, and all the Tyrian line.
Then, silence thro' the hall proclaim'd, she spoke:
"O hospitable Jove! we thus invoke,
With solemn rites, thy sacred name and pow'r;
Bless to both nations this auspicious hour!
So may the Trojan and the Tyrian line
In lasting concord from this day combine.
Thou, Bacchus, god of joys and friendly cheer,
And gracious Juno, both be present here!
And you, my lords of Tyre, your vows address
To Heav'n with mine, to ratify the peace."
The goblet then she took, with nectar crown'd
(Sprinkling the first libations on the ground,)
And rais'd it to her mouth with sober grace;

Then, sipping, offer'd to the next in place.
'T was Bitias whom she call'd, a thirsty soul;
He took challenge, and embrac'd the bowl,
With pleasure swill'd the gold, nor ceas'd to draw,
Till he the bottom of the brimmer saw.
The goblet goes around: Iopas brought
His golden lyre, and sung what ancient Atlas taught:
The various labors of the wand'ring moon,
And whence proceed th' eclipses of the sun;
Th' original of men and beasts; and whence
The rains arise, and fires their warmth dispense,
And fix'd and erring stars dispose their influence;
What shakes the solid earth; what cause delays
The summer nights and shortens winter days.
With peals of shouts the Tyrians praise the song:
Those peals are echo'd by the Trojan throng.
Th' unhappy queen with talk prolong'd the night,
And drank large draughts of love with vast delight;
Of Priam much enquir'd, of Hector more;
Then ask'd what arms the swarthy Memnon wore,
What troops he landed on the Trojan shore;
The steeds of Diomedes varied the discourse,
And fierce Achilles, with his matchless force;
At length, as fate and her ill stars requir'd,
To hear the series of the war desir'd.
"Relate at large, my godlike guest," she said,
"The Grecian stratagems, the town betray'd:
The fatal issue of so long a war,
Your flight, your wand'rings, and your woes, declare;
For, since on ev'ry sea, on ev'ry coast,
Your men have been distress'd, your navy toss'd,
Sev'n times the sun has either tropic view'd,
The winter banish'd, and the spring renew'd."

BOOK II

All were attentive to the godlike man,
When from his lofty couch he thus began:
“Great queen, what you command me to relate
Renews the sad remembrance of our fate:
An empire from its old foundations rent,
And ev’ry woe the Trojans underwent;
A peopled city made a desert place;
All that I saw, and part of which I was:
Not ev’n the hardest of our foes could hear,
Nor stern Ulysses tell without a tear.
And now the latter watch of wasting night,
And setting stars, to kindly rest invite;
But, since you take such int’rest in our woe,
And Troy’s disastrous end desire to know,
I will restrain my tears, and briefly tell
What in our last and fatal night befell.

“By destiny compell’d, and in despair,
The Greeks grew weary of the tedious war,
And by Minerva’s aid a fabric rear’d,
Which like a steed of monstrous height appear’d:
The sides were plank’d with pine; they feign’d it made
For their return, and this the vow they paid.
Thus they pretend, but in the hollow side
Selected numbers of their soldiers hide:
With inward arms the dire machine they load,
And iron bowels stuff the dark abode.
In sight of Troy lies Tenedos, an isle
(While Fortune did on Priam’s empire smile)
Renown’d for wealth; but, since, a faithless bay,
Where ships expos’d to wind and weather lay.
There was their fleet conceal’d. We thought, for Greece
Their sails were hoisted, and our fears release.
The Trojans, coop’d within their walls so long,

Unbar their gates, and issue in a throng,
Like swarming bees, and with delight survey
The camp deserted, where the Grecians lay:
The quarters of the sev'ral chiefs they show'd;
Here Phoenix, here Achilles, made abode;
Here join'd the battles; there the navy rode.
Part on the pile their wond'ring eyes employ:
The pile by Pallas rais'd to ruin Troy.
Thymoetes first ('t is doubtful whether hir'd,
Or so the Trojan destiny requir'd)
Mov'd that the ramparts might be broken down,
To lodge the monster fabric in the town.
But Capys, and the rest of sounder mind,
The fatal present to the flames designed,
Or to the wat'ry deep; at least to bore
The hollow sides, and hidden frauds explore.
The giddy vulgar, as their fancies guide,
With noise say nothing, and in parts divide.
Laocoon, follow'd by a num'rous crowd,
Ran from the fort, and cried, from far, aloud:
'O wretched countrymen! what fury reigns?
What more than madness has possess'd your brains?
Think you the Grecians from your coasts are gone?
And are Ulysses' arts no better known?
This hollow fabric either must inclose,
Within its blind recess, our secret foes;
Or 't is an engine rais'd above the town,
T' o'erlook the walls, and then to batter down.
Somewhat is sure design'd, by fraud or force:
Trust not their presents, nor admit the horse.'
Thus having said, against the steed he threw
His forceful spear, which, hissing as flew,
Pierc'd thro' the yielding planks of jointed wood,
And trembling in the hollow belly stood.
The sides, transpierc'd, return a rattling sound,
And groans of Greeks inclos'd come issuing thro' the wound
And, had not Heav'n the fall of Troy design'd,

Or had not men been fated to be blind,
Enough was said and done t'inspire a better mind.
Then had our lances pierc'd the treach'rous wood,
And Ilian tow'rs and Priam's empire stood.
Meantime, with shouts, the Trojan shepherds bring
A captive Greek, in bands, before the king;
Taken to take; who made himself their prey,
T' impose on their belief, and Troy betray;
Fix'd on his aim, and obstinately bent
To die undaunted, or to circumvent.
About the captive, tides of Trojans flow;
All press to see, and some insult the foe.
Now hear how well the Greeks their wiles disguis'd;
Behold a nation in a man compris'd.
Trembling the miscreant stood, unarm'd and bound;
He star'd, and roll'd his haggard eyes around,
Then said: 'Alas! what earth remains, what sea
Is open to receive unhappy me?
What fate a wretched fugitive attends,
Scorn'd by my foes, abandon'd by my friends?'
He said, and sigh'd, and cast a rueful eye:
Our pity kindles, and our passions die.
We cheer youth to make his own defense,
And freely tell us what he was, and whence:
What news he could impart, we long to know,
And what to credit from a captive foe.

"His fear at length dismiss'd, he said: 'Whate'er
My fate ordains, my words shall be sincere:
I neither can nor dare my birth disclaim;
Greece is my country, Sinon is my name.
Tho' plung'd by Fortune's pow'r in misery,
'T is not in Fortune's pow'r to make me lie.
If any chance has hither brought the name
Of Palamedes, not unknown to fame,
Who suffer'd from the malice of the times,
Accus'd and sentenc'd for pretended crimes,

Because these fatal wars he would prevent;
Whose death the wretched Greeks too late lament-
Me, then a boy, my father, poor and bare
Of other means, committed to his care,
His kinsman and companion in the war.
While Fortune favor'd, while his arms support
The cause, and rul'd the counsels, of the court,
I made some figure there; nor was my name
Obscure, nor I without my share of fame.
But when Ulysses, with fallacious arts,
Had made impression in the people's hearts,
And forg'd a treason in my patron's name
(I speak of things too far divulg'd by fame),
My kinsman fell. Then I, without support,
In private mourn'd his loss, and left the court.
Mad as I was, I could not bear his fate
With silent grief, but loudly blam'd the state,
And curs'd the direful author of my woes.
'T was told again; and hence my ruin rose.
I threaten'd, if indulgent Heav'n once more
Would land me safely on my native shore,
His death with double vengeance to restore.
This mov'd the murderer's hate; and soon ensued
Th' effects of malice from a man so proud.
Ambiguous rumors thro' the camp he spread,
And sought, by treason, my devoted head;
New crimes invented; left unturn'd no stone,
To make my guilt appear, and hide his own;
Till Calchas was by force and threat'ning wrought-
But why- why dwell I on that anxious thought?
If on my nation just revenge you seek,
And 't is t' appear a foe, t' appear a Greek;
Already you my name and country know;
Assuage your thirst of blood, and strike the blow:
My death will both the kingly brothers please,
And set insatiate Ithacus at ease.'
This fair unfinish'd tale, these broken starts,

Rais'd expectations in our longing hearts:
Unknowing as we were in Grecian arts.
His former trembling once again renew'd,
With acted fear, the villain thus pursued:

“Long had the Grecians (tir'd with fruitless care,
And wearied with an unsuccessful war)
Resolv'd to raise the siege, and leave the town;
And, had the gods permitted, they had gone;
But oft the wintry seas and southern winds
Withstood their passage home, and chang'd their minds.
Portents and prodigies their souls amaz'd;
But most, when this stupendous pile was rais'd:
Then flaming meteors, hung in air, were seen,
And thunders rattled thro' a sky serene.
Dismay'd, and fearful of some dire event,
Eurypylus t' enquire their fate was sent.
He from the gods this dreadful answer brought:

“O Grecians, when the Trojan shores you sought,
Your passage with a virgin's blood was bought:
So must your safe return be bought again,
And Grecian blood once more atone the main.”
The spreading rumor round the people ran;
All fear'd, and each believ'd himself the man.
Ulysses took th' advantage of their fright;
Call'd Calchas, and produc'd in open sight:
Then bade him name the wretch, ordain'd by fate
The public victim, to redeem the state.
Already some presag'd the dire event,
And saw what sacrifice Ulysses meant.
For twice five days the good old seer withstood
Th' intended treason, and was dumb to blood,
Till, tir'd, with endless clamors and pursuit
Of Ithacus, he stood no longer mute;
But, as it was agreed, pronounc'd that I
Was destin'd by the wrathful gods to die.

All prais'd the sentence, pleas'd the storm should fall
On one alone, whose fury threaten'd all.
The dismal day was come; the priests prepare
Their leaven'd cakes, and fillets for my hair.
I follow'd nature's laws, and must avow
I broke my bonds and fled the fatal blow.
Hid in a weedy lake all night I lay,
Secure of safety when they sail'd away.
But now what further hopes for me remain,
To see my friends, or native soil, again;
My tender infants, or my careful sire,
Whom they returning will to death require;
Will perpetrate on them their first design,
And take the forfeit of their heads for mine?
Which, O! if pity mortal minds can move,
If there be faith below, or gods above,
If innocence and truth can claim desert,
Ye Trojans, from an injur'd wretch avert.'

'False tears true pity move; the king commands
To loose his fetters, and unbind his hands:
Then adds these friendly words: 'Dismiss thy fears;
Forget the Greeks; be mine as thou wert theirs.
But truly tell, was it for force or guile,
Or some religious end, you rais'd the pile?'
Thus said the king. He, full of fraudulent arts,
This well-invented tale for truth imparts:
'Ye lamps of heav'n!' he said, and lifted high
His hands now free, 'thou venerable sky!
Inviolable pow'rs, ador'd with dread!
Ye fatal fillets, that once bound this head!
Ye sacred altars, from whose flames I fled!
Be all of you adjur'd; and grant I may,
Without a crime, th' ungrateful Greeks betray,
Reveal the secrets of the guilty state,
And justly punish whom I justly hate!
But you, O king, preserve the faith you gave,

If I, to save myself, your empire save.
The Grecian hopes, and all th' attempts they made,
Were only founded on Minerva's aid.
But from the time when impious Diomede,
And false Ulysses, that inventive head,
Her fatal image from the temple drew,
The sleeping guardians of the castle slew,
Her virgin statue with their bloody hands
Polluted, and profan'd her holy bands;
From thence the tide of fortune left their shore,
And ebb'd much faster than it flow'd before:
Their courage languish'd, as their hopes decay'd;
And Pallas, now averse, refus'd her aid.
Nor did the goddess doubtfully declare
Her alter'd mind and alienated care.
When first her fatal image touch'd the ground,
She sternly cast her glaring eyes around,
That sparkled as they roll'd, and seem'd to threat:
Her heav'nly limbs distill'd a briny sweat.
Thrice from the ground she leap'd, was seen to wield
Her brandish'd lance, and shake her horrid shield.
Then Calchas bade our host for flight
And hope no conquest from the tedious war,
Till first they sail'd for Greece; with pray'rs besought
Her injur'd pow'r, and better omens brought.
And now their navy plows the wat'ry main,
Yet soon expect it on your shores again,
With Pallas pleas'd; as Calchas did ordain.
But first, to reconcile the blue-ey'd maid
For her stol'n statue and her tow'r betray'd,
Warn'd by the seer, to her offended name
We rais'd and dedicate this wondrous frame,
So lofty, lest thro' your forbidden gates
It pass, and intercept our better fates:
For, once admitted there, our hopes are lost;
And Troy may then a new Palladium boast;
For so religion and the gods ordain,

That, if you violate with hands profane
Minerva's gift, your town in flames shall burn,
(Which omen, O ye gods, on Graecia turn!)
But if it climb, with your assisting hands,
The Trojan walls, and in the city stands;
Then Troy shall Argos and Mycenae burn,
And the reverse of fate on us return.'

"With such deceits he gain'd their easy hearts,
Too prone to credit his perfidious arts.
What Diomed, nor Thetis' greater son,
A thousand ships, nor ten years' siege, had done-
False tears and fawning words the city won.

"A greater omen, and of worse portent,
Did our unwary minds with fear torment,
Concurring to produce the dire event.
Laocoon, Neptune's priest by lot that year,
With solemn pomp then sacrific'd a steer;
When, dreadful to behold, from sea we spied
Two serpents, rank'd abreast, the seas divide,
And smoothly sweep along the swelling tide.
Their flaming crests above the waves they show;
Their bellies seem to burn the seas below;
Their speckled tails advance to steer their course,
And on the sounding shore the flying billows force.
And now the strand, and now the plain they held;
Their ardent eyes with bloody streaks were fill'd;
Their nimble tongues they brandish'd as they came,
And lick'd their hissing jaws, that sputter'd flame.
We fled amaz'd; their destin'd way they take,
And to Laocoon and his children make;
And first around the tender boys they wind,
Then with their sharpen'd fangs their limbs and bodies grind.
The wretched father, running to their aid
With pious haste, but vain, they next invade;
Twice round his waist their winding volumes roll'd;

And twice about his gasping throat they fold.
The priest thus doubly chok'd, their crests divide,
And tow'ring o'er his head in triumph ride.
With both his hands he labors at the knots;
His holy fillets the blue venom blots;
His roaring fills the flitting air around.
Thus, when an ox receives a glancing wound,
He breaks his bands, the fatal altar flies,
And with loud bellowings breaks the yielding skies.
Their tasks perform'd, the serpents quit their prey,
And to the tow'r of Pallas make their way:
Couch'd at her feet, they lie protected there
By her large buckler and protended spear.
Amazement seizes all; the gen'ral cry
Proclaims Laocoon justly doom'd to die,
Whose hand the will of Pallas had withstood,
And dared to violate the sacred wood.
All vote t' admit the steed, that vows be paid
And incense offer'd to th' offended maid.
A spacious breach is made; the town lies bare;
Some hoisting-levers, some the wheels prepare
And fasten to the horse's feet; the rest
With cables haul along th' unwieldly beast.
Each on his fellow for assistance calls;
At length the fatal fabric mounts the walls,
Big with destruction. Boys with chaplets crown'd,
And choirs of virgins, sing and dance around.
Thus rais'd aloft, and then descending down,
It enters o'er our heads, and threatens the town.
O sacred city, built by hands divine!
O valiant heroes of the Trojan line!
Four times he struck: as oft the clashing sound
Of arms was heard, and inward groans rebound.
Yet, mad with zeal, and blinded with our fate,
We haul along the horse in solemn state;
Then place the dire portent within the tow'r.
Cassandra cried, and curs'd th' unhappy hour;

Foretold our fate; but, by the god's decree,
All heard, and none believ'd the prophecy.
With branches we the fanes adorn, and waste,
In jollity, the day ordain'd to be the last.
Meantime the rapid heav'ns roll'd down the light,
And on the shaded ocean rush'd the night;
Our men, secure, nor guards nor sentries held,
But easy sleep their weary limbs compell'd.
The Grecians had embark'd their naval pow'rs
From Tenedos, and sought our well-known shores,
Safe under covert of the silent night,
And guided by th' imperial galley's light;
When Sinon, favor'd by the partial gods,
Unlock'd the horse, and op'd his dark abodes;
Restor'd to vital air our hidden foes,
Who joyful from their long confinement rose.
Tysander bold, and Sthenelus their guide,
And dire Ulysses down the cable slide:
Then Thoas, Athamas, and Pyrrhus haste;
Nor was the Podalirian hero last,
Nor injur'd Menelaus, nor the fam'd
Epeus, who the fatal engine fram'd.
A nameless crowd succeed; their forces join
T' invade the town, oppress'd with sleep and wine.
Those few they find awake first meet their fate;
Then to their fellows they unbar the gate.

“‘T was in the dead of night, when sleep repairs
Our bodies worn with toils, our minds with cares,
When Hector's ghost before my sight appears:
A bloody shroud he seem'd, and bath'd in tears;
Such as he was, when, by Pelides slain,
Thessalian coursers dragg'd him o'er the plain.
Swoln were his feet, as when the thongs were thrust
Thro' the bor'd holes; his body black with dust;
Unlike that Hector who return'd from toils
Of war, triumphant, in Aeacian spoils,

Or him who made the fainting Greeks retire,
And launch'd against their navy Phrygian fire.
His hair and beard stood stiffen'd with his gore;
And all the wounds he for his country bore
Now stream'd afresh, and with new purple ran.
I wept to see the visionary man,
And, while my trance continued, thus began:
'O light of Trojans, and support of Troy,
Thy father's champion, and thy country's joy!
O, long expected by thy friends! from whence
Art thou so late return'd for our defense?
Do we behold thee, wearied as we are
With length of labors, and with toils of war?
After so many fun'rals of thy own
Art thou restor'd to thy declining town?
But say, what wounds are these? What new disgrace
Deforms the manly features of thy face?'

"To this the specter no reply did frame,
But answer'd to the cause for which he came,
And, groaning from the bottom of his breast,
This warning in these mournful words express'd:
'O goddess-born! escape, by timely flight,
The flames and horrors of this fatal night.
The foes already have possess'd the wall;
Troy nods from high, and totters to her fall.
Enough is paid to Priam's royal name,
More than enough to duty and to fame.
If by a mortal hand my father's throne
Could be defended, 't was by mine alone.
Now Troy to thee commends her future state,
And gives her gods companions of thy fate:
From their assistance walls expect,
Which, wand'ring long, at last thou shalt erect.'
He said, and brought me, from their blest abodes,
The venerable statues of the gods,
With ancient Vesta from the sacred choir,

The wreaths and relics of th' immortal fire.

“Now peals of shouts come thund’ring from afar,
Cries, threats, and loud laments, and mingled war:
The noise approaches, tho’ our palace stood
Aloof from streets, encompass’d with a wood.
Louder, and yet more loud, I hear th’ alarms
Of human cries distinct, and clashing arms.
Fear broke my slumbers; I no longer stay,
But mount the terrace, thence the town survey,
And hearken what the frightful sounds convey.
Thus, when a flood of fire by wind is borne,
Crackling it rolls, and mows the standing corn;
Or deluges, descending on the plains,
Sweep o’er the yellow year, destroy the pains
Of lab’ring oxen and the peasant’s gains;
Unroot the forest oaks, and bear away
Flocks, folds, and trees, and undistinguish’d prey:
The shepherd climbs the cliff, and sees from far
The wasteful ravage of the wat’ry war.
Then Hector’s faith was manifestly clear’d,
And Grecian frauds in open light appear’d.
The palace of Deiphobus ascends
In smoky flames, and catches on his friends.
Ucalegon burns next: the seas are bright
With splendor not their own, and shine with Trojan light.
New clamors and new clangors now arise,
The sound of trumpets mix’d with fighting cries.
With frenzy seiz’d, I run to meet th’ alarms,
Resolv’d on death, resolv’d to die in arms,
But first to gather friends, with them t’ oppose
(If fortune favor’d) and repel the foes;
Spurr’d by my courage, by my country fir’d,
With sense of honor and revenge inspir’d.

“Pantheus, Apollo’s priest, a sacred name,
Had scap’d the Grecian swords, and pass’d the flame:

With relics loaden. to my doors he fled,
And by the hand his tender grandson led.
‘What hope, O Pantheus? whither can we run?
Where make a stand? and what may yet be done?’
Scarce had I said, when Pantheus, with a groan:
‘Troy is no more, and Ilium was a town!
The fatal day, th’ appointed hour, is come,
When wrathful Jove’s irrevocable doom
Transfers the Trojan state to Grecian hands.
The fire consumes the town, the foe commands;
And armed hosts, an unexpected force,
Break from the bowels of the fatal horse.
Within the gates, proud Sinon throws about
The flames; and foes for entrance press without,
With thousand others, whom I fear to name,
More than from Argos or Mycenae came.
To sev’ral posts their parties they divide;
Some block the narrow streets, some scour the wide:
The bold they kill, th’ unwary they surprise;
Who fights finds death, and death finds him who flies.
The warders of the gate but scarce maintain
Th’ unequal combat, and resist in vain.’

“I heard; and Heav’n, that well-born souls inspires,
Prompts me thro’ lifted swords and rising fires
To run where clashing arms and clamor calls,
And rush undaunted to defend the walls.
Ripheus and Iph’itus by my side engage,
For valor one renown’d, and one for age.
Dymas and Hypanis by moonlight knew
My motions and my mien, and to my party drew;
With young Coroebus, who by love was led
To win renown and fair Cassandra’s bed,
And lately brought his troops to Priam’s aid,
Forewarn’d in vain by the prophetic maid.
Whom when I saw resolv’d in arms to fall,
And that one spirit animated all:

‘Brave souls!’ said I,- ‘but brave, alas! in vain-
Come, finish what our cruel fates ordain.
You see the desp’rate state of our affairs,
And heav’n’s protecting pow’rs are deaf to pray’rs.
The passive gods behold the Greeks defile
Their temples, and abandon to the spoil
Their own abodes: we, feeble few, conspire
To save a sinking town, involv’d in fire.
Then let us fall, but fall amidst our foes:
Despair of life the means of living shows.’
So bold a speech encourag’d their desire
Of death, and added fuel to their fire.

“As hungry wolves, with raging appetite,
Scour thro’ the fields, nor fear the stormy night-
Their whelps at home expect the promis’d food,
And long to temper their dry chaps in blood-
So rush’d we forth at once; resolv’d to die,
Resolv’d, in death, the last extremes to try.
We leave the narrow lanes behind, and dare
Th’ unequal combat in the public square:
Night was our friend; our leader was despair.
What tongue can tell the slaughter of that night?
What eyes can weep the sorrows and affright?
An ancient and imperial city falls:
The streets are fill’d with frequent funerals;
Houses and holy temples float in blood,
And hostile nations make a common flood.
Not only Trojans fall; but, in their turn,
The vanquish’d triumph, and the victors mourn.
Ours take new courage from despair and night:
Confus’d the fortune is, confus’d the fight.
All parts resound with tumults, complaints, and fears;
And grisly Death in sundry shapes appears.
Androgeos fell among us, with his band,
Who thought us Grecians newly come to land.
‘From whence,’ said he, ‘my friends, this long delay?

You loiter, while the spoils are borne away:
Our ships are laden with the Trojan store;
And you, like truants, come too late ashore.'
He said, but soon corrected his mistake,
Found, by the doubtful answers which we make:
Amaz'd, he would have shunn'd th' unequal fight;
But we, more num'rous, intercept his flight.
As when some peasant, in a bushy brake,
Has with unwary footing press'd a snake;
He starts aside, astonish'd, when he spies
His rising crest, blue neck, and rolling eyes;
So from our arms surpris'd Androgeos flies.
In vain; for him and his we compass'd round,
Possess'd with fear, unknowing of the ground,
And of their lives an easy conquest found.
Thus Fortune on our first endeavor smil'd.
Coroebus then, with youthful hopes beguil'd,
Swoln with success, and a daring mind,
This new invention fatally design'd.
'My friends,' said he, 'since Fortune shows the way,
'T is fit we should th' auspicious guide obey.
For what has she these Grecian arms bestow'd,
But their destruction, and the Trojans' good?
Then change we shields, and their devices bear:
Let fraud supply the want of force in war.
They find us arms.' This said, himself he dress'd
In dead Androgeos' spoils, his upper vest,
His painted buckler, and his plummy crest.
Thus Ripheus, Dymas, all the Trojan train,
Lay down their own attire, and strip the slain.
Mix'd with the Greeks, we go with ill presage,
Flatter'd with hopes to glut our greedy rage;
Unknown, assaulting whom we blindly meet,
And strew with Grecian carcasses the street.
Thus while their straggling parties we defeat,
Some to the shore and safer ships retreat;
And some, oppress'd with more ignoble fear,

Remount the hollow horse, and pant in secret there.

“But, ah! what use of valor can be made,
When heav’n’s propitious pow’rs refuse their aid!
Behold the royal prophetess, the fair
Cassandra, dragg’d by her dishevel’d hair,
Whom not Minerva’s shrine, nor sacred bands,
In safety could protect from sacrilegious hands:
On heav’n she cast her eyes, she sigh’d, she cried-
‘T was all she could- her tender arms were tied.
So sad a sight Coroebus could not bear;
But, fir’d with rage, distracted with despair,
Amid the barb’rous ravishers he flew:
Our leader’s rash example we pursue.
But storms of stones, from the proud temple’s height,
Pour down, and on our batter’d helms alight:
We from our friends receiv’d this fatal blow,
Who thought us Grecians, as we seem’d in show.
They aim at the mistaken crests, from high;
And ours beneath the pond’rous ruin lie.
Then, mov’d with anger and disdain, to see
Their troops dispers’d, the royal virgin free,
The Grecians rally, and their pow’rs unite,
With fury charge us, and renew the fight.
The brother kings with Ajax join their force,
And the whole squadron of Thessalian horse.

“Thus, when the rival winds their quarrel try,
Contending for the kingdom of the sky,
South, east, and west, on airy coursers borne;
The whirlwind gathers, and the woods are torn:
Then Nereus strikes the deep; the billows rise,
And, mix’d with ooze and sand, pollute the skies.
The troops we squander’d first again appear
From several quarters, and enclose the rear.
They first observe, and to the rest betray,
Our diff’rent speech; our borrow’d arms survey.

Oppress'd with odds, we fall; Coroebus first,
At Pallas' altar, by Peneleus pierc'd.
Then Ripheus follow'd, in th' unequal fight;
Just of his word, observant of the right:
Heav'n thought not so. Dymas their fate attends,
With Hypanis, mistaken by their friends.
Nor, Pantheus, thee, thy miter, nor the bands
Of awful Phoebus, sav'd from impious hands.
Ye Trojan flames, your testimony bear,
What I perform'd, and what I suffer'd there;
No sword avoiding in the fatal strife,
Expos'd to death, and prodigal of life;
Witness, ye heavens! I live not by my fault:
I strove to have deserv'd the death I sought.
But, when I could not fight, and would have died,
Borne off to distance by the growing tide,
Old Iphitus and I were hurried thence,
With Pelias wounded, and without defense.
New clamors from th' invested palace ring:
We run to die, or disengage the king.
So hot th' assault, so high the tumult rose,
While ours defend, and while the Greeks oppose
As all the Dardan and Argolic race
Had been contracted in that narrow space;
Or as all Ilium else were void of fear,
And tumult, war, and slaughter, only there.
Their targets in a tortoise cast, the foes,
Secure advancing, to the turrets rose:
Some mount the scaling ladders; some, more bold,
Swerve upwards, and by posts and pillars hold;
Their left hand gripes their bucklers in th' ascent,
While with their right they seize the battlement.
From their demolish'd tow'rs the Trojans throw
Huge heaps of stones, that, falling, crush the foe;
And heavy beams and rafters from the sides
(Such arms their last necessity provides)
And gilded roofs, come tumbling from on high,

The marks of state and ancient royalty.
The guards below, fix'd in the pass, attend
The charge undaunted, and the gate defend.
Renew'd in courage with recover'd breath,
A second time we ran to tempt our death,
To clear the palace from the foe, succeed
The weary living, and revenge the dead.

“A postern door, yet unobserv'd and free,
Join'd by the length of a blind gallery,
To the king's closet led: a way well known
To Hector's wife, while Priam held the throne,
Thro' which she brought Astyanax, unseen,
To cheer his grandsire and his grandsire's queen.
Thro' this we pass, and mount the tow'r, from whence
With unavailing arms the Trojans make defense.
From this the trembling king had oft descried
The Grecian camp, and saw their navy ride.
Beams from its lofty height with swords we hew,
Then, wrenching with our hands, th' assault renew;
And, where the rafters on the columns meet,
We push them headlong with our arms and feet.
The lightning flies not swifter than the fall,
Nor thunder louder than the ruin'd wall:
Down goes the top at once; the Greeks beneath
Are piecemeal torn, or pounded into death.
Yet more succeed, and more to death are sent;
We cease not from above, nor they below relent.
Before the gate stood Pyrrhus, threat'ning loud,
With glitt'ring arms conspicuous in the crowd.
So shines, renew'd in youth, the crested snake,
Who slept the winter in a thorny brake,
And, casting off his slough when spring returns,
Now looks aloft, and with new glory burns;
Restor'd with poisonous herbs, his ardent sides
Reflect the sun; and rais'd on spires he rides;
High o'er the grass, hissing he rolls along,

And brandishes by fits his forky tongue.
Proud Periphas, and fierce Automedon,
His father's charioteer, together run
To force the gate; the Scyrian infantry
Rush on in crowds, and the barr'd passage free.
Ent'ring the court, with shouts the skies they rend;
And flaming firebrands to the roofs ascend.
Himself, among the foremost, deals his blows,
And with his ax repeated strokes bestows
On the strong doors; then all their shoulders ply,
Till from the posts the brazen hinges fly.
He hews apace; the double bars at length
Yield to his ax and unresisted strength.
A mighty breach is made: the rooms conceal'd
Appear, and all the palace is reveal'd;
The halls of audience, and of public state,
And where the lonely queen in secret sate.
Arm'd soldiers now by trembling maids are seen,
With not a door, and scarce a space, between.
The house is fill'd with loud laments and cries,
And shrieks of women rend the vaulted skies;
The fearful matrons run from place to place,
And kiss the thresholds, and the posts embrace.
The fatal work inhuman Pyrrhus plies,
And all his father sparkles in his eyes;
Nor bars, nor fighting guards, his force sustain:
The bars are broken, and the guards are slain.
In rush the Greeks, and all the apartments fill;
Those few defendants whom they find, they kill.
Not with so fierce a rage the foaming flood
Roars, when he finds his rapid course withstood;
Bears down the dams with unresisted sway,
And sweeps the cattle and the cots away.
These eyes beheld him when he march'd between
The brother kings: I saw th' unhappy queen,
The hundred wives, and where old Priam stood,
To stain his hallow'd altar with his brood.

The fifty nuptial beds (such hopes had he,
So large a promise, of a progeny),
The posts, of plated gold, and hung with spoils,
Fell the reward of the proud victor's toils.
Where'er the raging fire had left a space,
The Grecians enter and possess the place.

“Perhaps you may of Priam's fate enquire.
He, when he saw his regal town on fire,
His ruin'd palace, and his ent'ring foes,
On ev'ry side inevitable woes,
In arms, disus'd, invests his limbs, decay'd,
Like them, with age; a late and useless aid.
His feeble shoulders scarce the weight sustain;
Loaded, not arm'd, he creeps along with pain,
Despairing of success, ambitious to be slain!
Uncover'd but by heav'n, there stood in view
An altar; near the hearth a laurel grew,
Dodder'd with age, whose boughs encompass round
The household gods, and shade the holy ground.
Here Hecuba, with all her helpless train
Of dames, for shelter sought, but sought in vain.
Driv'n like a flock of doves along the sky,
Their images they hug, and to their altars fly.
The Queen, when she beheld her trembling lord,
And hanging by his side a heavy sword,
'What rage,' she cried, 'has seiz'd my husband's mind?
What arms are these, and to what use design'd?
These times want other aids! Were Hector here,
Ev'n Hector now in vain, like Priam, would appear.
With us, one common shelter thou shalt find,
Or in one common fate with us be join'd.'
She said, and with a last salute embrac'd
The poor old man, and by the laurel plac'd.
Behold! Polites, one of Priam's sons,
Pursued by Pyrrhus, there for safety runs.
Thro' swords and foes, amaz'd and hurt, he flies

Thro' empty courts and open galleries.
Him Pyrrhus, urging with his lance, pursues,
And often reaches, and his thrusts renews.
The youth, transfix'd, with lamentable cries,
Expires before his wretched parent's eyes:
Whom gasping at his feet when Priam saw,
The fear of death gave place to nature's law;
And, shaking more with anger than with age,
'The gods,' said he, 'requite thy brutal rage!
As sure they will, barbarian, sure they must,
If there be gods in heav'n, and gods be just-
Who tak'st in wrongs an insolent delight;
With a son's death t' infect a father's sight.
Not he, whom thou and lying fame conspire
To call thee his- not he, thy vaunted sire,
Thus us'd my wretched age: the gods he fear'd,
The laws of nature and of nations heard.
He cheer'd my sorrows, and, for sums of gold,
The bloodless carcass of my Hector sold;
Pitied the woes a parent underwent,
And sent me back in safety from his tent.'

"This said, his feeble hand a javelin threw,
Which, flutt'ring, seem'd to loiter as it flew:
Just, and but barely, to the mark it held,
And faintly tinkled on the brazen shield.

"Then Pyrrhus thus: 'Go thou from me to fate,
And to my father my foul deeds relate.
Now die!' With that he dragg'd the trembling sire,
Slidd'ring thro' clotted blood and holy mire,
(The mingled paste his murder'd son had made,)
Haul'd from beneath the violated shade,
And on the sacred pile the royal victim laid.
His right hand held his bloody falchion bare,
His left he twisted in his hoary hair;
Then, with a speeding thrust, his heart he found:

The lukewarm blood came rushing thro' the wound,
And sanguine streams distain'd the sacred ground.
Thus Priam fell, and shar'd one common fate
With Troy in ashes, and his ruin'd state:
He, who the scepter of all Asia sway'd,
Whom monarchs like domestic slaves obey'd.
On the bleak shore now lies th' abandon'd king,
A headless carcass, and a nameless thing.

“Then, not before, I felt my cruddled blood
Congeal with fear, my hair with horror stood:
My father's image fill'd my pious mind,
Lest equal years might equal fortune find.
Again I thought on my forsaken wife,
And trembled for my son's abandon'd life.
I look'd about, but found myself alone,
Deserted at my need! My friends were gone.
Some spent with toil, some with despair oppress'd,
Leap'd headlong from the heights; the flames consum'd the rest.
Thus, wand'ring in my way, without a guide,
The graceless Helen in the porch I spied
Of Vesta's temple; there she lurk'd alone;
Muffled she sate, and, what she could, unknown:
But, by the flames that cast their blaze around,
That common bane of Greece and Troy I found.
For Ilium burnt, she dreads the Trojan sword;
More dreads the vengeance of her injur'd lord;
Ev'n by those gods who refug'd her abhorr'd.
Trembling with rage, the strumpet I regard,
Resolv'd to give her guilt the due reward:
'Shall she triumphant sail before the wind,
And leave in flames unhappy Troy behind?
Shall she her kingdom and her friends review,
In state attended with a captive crew,
While unreveng'd the good old Priam falls,
And Grecian fires consume the Trojan walls?
For this the Phrygian fields and Xanthian flood

Were swell'd with bodies, and were drunk with blood?
'T is true, a soldier can small honor gain,
And boast no conquest, from a woman slain:
Yet shall the fact not pass without applause,
Of vengeance taken in so just a cause;
The punish'd crime shall set my soul at ease,
And murm'ring manes of my friends appease.'
Thus while I rave, a gleam of pleasing light
Spread o'er the place; and, shining heav'nly bright,
My mother stood reveal'd before my sight
Never so radiant did her eyes appear;
Not her own star confess'd a light so clear:
Great in her charms, as when on gods above
She looks, and breathes herself into their love.
She held my hand, the destin'd blow to break;
Then from her rosy lips began to speak:
'My son, from whence this madness, this neglect
Of my commands, and those whom I protect?
Why this unmanly rage? Recall to mind
Whom you forsake, what pledges leave behind.
Look if your helpless father yet survive,
Or if Ascanius or Creusa live.
Around your house the greedy Grecians err;
And these had perish'd in the nightly war,
But for my presence and protecting care.
Not Helen's face, nor Paris, was in fault;
But by the gods was this destruction brought.
Now cast your eyes around, while I dissolve
The mists and films that mortal eyes involve,
Purge from your sight the dross, and make you see
The shape of each avenging deity.
Enlighten'd thus, my just commands fulfil,
Nor fear obedience to your mother's will.
Where yon disorder'd heap of ruin lies,
Stones rent from stones; where clouds of dust arise-
Amid that smother Neptune holds his place,
Below the wall's foundation drives his mace,

And heaves the building from the solid base.
Look where, in arms, imperial Juno stands
Full in the Scaean gate, with loud commands,
Urging on shore the tardy Grecian bands.
See! Pallas, of her snaky buckler proud,
Bestrides the tow'r, refulgent thro' the cloud:
See! Jove new courage to the foe supplies,
And arms against the town the partial deities.
Haste hence, my son; this fruitless labor end:
Haste, where your trembling spouse and sire attend:
Haste; and a mother's care your passage shall befriend.'
She said, and swiftly vanish'd from my sight,
Obscure in clouds and gloomy shades of night.
I look'd, I listen'd; dreadful sounds I hear;
And the dire forms of hostile gods appear.
Troy sunk in flames I saw (nor could prevent),
And Ilium from its old foundations rent;
Rent like a mountain ash, which dar'd the winds,
And stood the sturdy strokes of lab'ring hinds.
About the roots the cruel ax resounds;
The stumps are pierc'd with oft-repeated wounds:
The war is felt on high; the nodding crown
Now threatens a fall, and throws the leafy honors down.
To their united force it yields, tho' late,
And mourns with mortal groans th' approaching fate:
The roots no more their upper load sustain;
But down she falls, and spreads a ruin thro' the plain.

“Descending thence, I scape thro' foes and fire:
Before the goddess, foes and flames retire.
Arriv'd at home, he, for whose only sake,
Or most for his, such toils I undertake,
The good Anchises, whom, by timely flight,
I purpos'd to secure on Ida's height,
Refus'd the journey, resolute to die
And add his fun'rals to the fate of Troy,
Rather than exile and old age sustain.

‘Go you, whose blood runs warm in ev’ry vein.
Had Heav’n decreed that I should life enjoy,
Heav’n had decreed to save unhappy Troy.
‘T is, sure, enough, if not too much, for one,
Twice to have seen our Ilium overthrown.
Make haste to save the poor remaining crew,
And give this useless corpse a long adieu.
These weak old hands suffice to stop my breath;
At least the pitying foes will aid my death,
To take my spoils, and leave my body bare:
As for my sepulcher, let Heav’n take care.
‘T is long since I, for my celestial wife
Loath’d by the gods, have dragg’d a ling’ring life;
Since ev’ry hour and moment I expire,
Blasted from heav’n by Jove’s avenging fire.’
This oft repeated, he stood fix’d to die:
Myself, my wife, my son, my family,
Intreat, pray, beg, and raise a doleful cry-
‘What, will he still persist, on death resolve,
And in his ruin all his house involve!’
He still persists his reasons to maintain;
Our pray’rs, our tears, our loud laments, are vain.

“Urg’d by despair, again I go to try
The fate of arms, resolv’d in fight to die:
‘What hope remains, but what my death must give?
Can I, without so dear a father, live?
You term it prudence, what I baseness call:
Could such a word from such a parent fall?
If Fortune please, and so the gods ordain,
That nothing should of ruin’d Troy remain,
And you conspire with Fortune to be slain,
The way to death is wide, th’ approaches near:
For soon relentless Pyrrhus will appear,
Reeking with Priam’s blood- the wretch who slew
The son (inhuman) in the father’s view,
And then the sire himself to the dire altar drew.

O goddess mother, give me back to Fate;
Your gift was undesir'd, and came too late!
Did you, for this, unhappy me convey
Thro' foes and fires, to see my house a prey?
Shall I my father, wife, and son behold,
Welt'ring in blood, each other's arms infold?
Haste! gird my sword, tho' spent and overcome:
'T is the last summons to receive our doom.
I hear thee, Fate; and I obey thy call!
Not unreveng'd the foe shall see my fall.
Restore me to the yet unfinish'd fight:
My death is wanting to conclude the night.'
Arm'd once again, my glitt'ring sword I wield,
While th' other hand sustains my weighty shield,
And forth I rush to seek th' abandon'd field.
I went; but sad Creusa stopp'd my way,
And cross the threshold in my passage lay,
Embrac'd my knees, and, when I would have gone,
Shew'd me my feeble sire and tender son:
'If death be your design, at least,' said she,
'Take us along to share your destiny.
If any farther hopes in arms remain,
This place, these pledges of your love, maintain.
To whom do you expose your father's life,
Your son's, and mine, your now forgotten wife!'
While thus she fills the house with clam'rous cries,
Our hearing is diverted by our eyes:
For, while I held my son, in the short space
Betwixt our kisses and our last embrace;
Strange to relate, from young Iulus' head
A lambent flame arose, which gently spread
Around his brows, and on his temples fed.
Amaz'd, with running water we prepare
To quench the sacred fire, and slake his hair;
But old Anchises, vers'd in omens, rear'd
His hands to heav'n, and this request preferr'd:
'If any vows, almighty Jove, can bend

Thy will; if piety can pray'rs commend,
Confirm the glad presage which thou art pleas'd to send.'
Scarce had he said, when, on our left, we hear
A peal of rattling thunder roll in air:
There shot a streaming lamp along the sky,
Which on the winged lightning seem'd to fly;
From o'er the roof the blaze began to move,
And, trailing, vanish'd in th' Idaean grove.
It swept a path in heav'n, and shone a guide,
Then in a steaming stench of sulphur died.

"The good old man with suppliant hands implor'd
The gods' protection, and their star ador'd.
'Now, now,' said he, 'my son, no more delay!
I yield, I follow where Heav'n shews the way.
Keep, O my country gods, our dwelling place,
And guard this relic of the Trojan race,
This tender child! These omens are your own,
And you can yet restore the ruin'd town.
At least accomplish what your signs foreshow:
I stand resign'd, and am prepar'd to go.'

"He said. The crackling flames appear on high.
And driving sparkles dance along the sky.
With Vulcan's rage the rising winds conspire,
And near our palace roll the flood of fire.
'Haste, my dear father, ('t is no time to wait,)
And load my shoulders with a willing freight.
Whate'er befalls, your life shall be my care;
One death, or one deliv'rance, we will share.
My hand shall lead our little son; and you,
My faithful consort, shall our steps pursue.
Next, you, my servants, heed my strict commands:
Without the walls a ruin'd temple stands,
To Ceres hallow'd once; a cypress nigh
Shoots up her venerable head on high,
By long religion kept; there bend your feet,

And in divided parties let us meet.
Our country gods, the relics, and the bands,
Hold you, my father, in your guiltless hands:
In me 't is impious holy things to bear,
Red as I am with slaughter, new from war,
Till in some living stream I cleanse the guilt
Of dire debate, and blood in battle spilt.'
Thus, ord'ring all that prudence could provide,
I clothe my shoulders with a lion's hide
And yellow spoils; then, on my bending back,
The welcome load of my dear father take;
While on my better hand Ascanius hung,
And with unequal paces tripp'd along.
Creusa kept behind; by choice we stray
Thro' ev'ry dark and ev'ry devious way.
I, who so bold and dauntless, just before,
The Grecian darts and shock of lances bore,
At ev'ry shadow now am seiz'd with fear,
Not for myself, but for the charge I bear;
Till, near the ruin'd gate arriv'd at last,
Secure, and deeming all the danger past,
A frightful noise of trampling feet we hear.
My father, looking thro' the shades, with fear,
Cried out: 'Haste, haste, my son, the foes are nigh;
Their swords and shining armor I descry.'
Some hostile god, for some unknown offense,
Had sure bereft my mind of better sense;
For, while thro' winding ways I took my flight,
And sought the shelter of the gloomy night,
Alas! I lost Creusa: hard to tell
If by her fatal destiny she fell,
Or weary sate, or wander'd with affright;
But she was lost for ever to my sight.
I knew not, or reflected, till I meet
My friends, at Ceres' now deserted seat.
We met: not one was wanting; only she
Deceiv'd her friends, her son, and wretched me.

“What mad expressions did my tongue refuse!
Whom did I not, of gods or men, accuse!
This was the fatal blow, that pain’d me more
Than all I felt from ruin’d Troy before.
Stung with my loss, and raving with despair,
Abandoning my now forgotten care,
Of counsel, comfort, and of hope bereft,
My sire, my son, my country gods I left.
In shining armor once again I sheathe
My limbs, not feeling wounds, nor fearing death.
Then headlong to the burning walls I run,
And seek the danger I was forc’d to shun.
I tread my former tracks; thro’ night explore
Each passage, ev’ry street I cross’d before.
All things were full of horror and affright,
And dreadful ev’n the silence of the night.
Then to my father’s house I make repair,
With some small glimpse of hope to find her there.
Instead of her, the cruel Greeks I met;
The house was fill’d with foes, with flames beset.
Driv’n on the wings of winds, whole sheets of fire,
Thro’ air transported, to the roofs aspire.
From thence to Priam’s palace I resort,
And search the citadel and desart court.
Then, unobserv’d, I pass by Juno’s church:
A guard of Grecians had possess’d the porch;
There Phoenix and Ulysses watch prey,
And thither all the wealth of Troy convey:
The spoils which they from ransack’d houses brought,
And golden bowls from burning altars caught,
The tables of the gods, the purple vests,
The people’s treasure, and the pomp of priests.
A rank of wretched youths, with pinion’d hands,
And captive matrons, in long order stands.
Then, with ungovern’d madness, I proclaim,
Thro’ all the silent street, Creusa’s name:
Creusa still I call; at length she hears,

And sudden thro' the shades of night appears-
Appears, no more Creusa, nor my wife,
But a pale specter, larger than the life.
Aghast, astonish'd, and struck dumb with fear,
I stood; like bristles rose my stiffen'd hair.
Then thus the ghost began to soothe my grief
'Nor tears, nor cries, can give the dead relief.
Desist, my much-lov'd lord, 't indulge your pain;
You bear no more than what the gods ordain.
My fates permit me not from hence to fly;
Nor he, the great controller of the sky.
Long wand'ring ways for you the pow'rs decree;
On land hard labors, and a length of sea.
Then, after many painful years are past,
On Latium's happy shore you shall be cast,
Where gentle Tiber from his bed beholds
The flow'ry meadows, and the feeding folds.
There end your toils; and there your fates provide
A quiet kingdom, and a royal bride:
There fortune shall the Trojan line restore,
And you for lost Creusa weep no more.
Fear not that I shall watch, with servile shame,
Th' imperious looks of some proud Grecian dame;
Or, stooping to the victor's lust, disgrace
My goddess mother, or my royal race.
And now, farewell! The parent of the gods
Restrains my fleeting soul in her abodes:
I trust our common issue to your care.'
She said, and gliding pass'd unseen in air.
I strove to speak: but horror tied my tongue;
And thrice about her neck my arms I flung,
And, thrice deceiv'd, on vain embraces hung.
Light as an empty dream at break of day,
Or as a blast of wind, she rush'd away.

"Thus having pass'd the night in fruitless pain,
I to my longing friends return again,

Amaz'd th' augmented number to behold,
Of men and matrons mix'd, of young and old;
A wretched exil'd crew together brought,
With arms appointed, and with treasure fraught,
Resolv'd, and willing, under my command,
To run all hazards both of sea and land.
The Morn began, from Ida, to display
Her rosy cheeks; and Phosphor led the day:
Before the gates the Grecians took their post,
And all pretense of late relief was lost.
I yield to Fate, unwillingly retire,
And, loaded, up the hill convey my sire."

BOOK III

“When Heav’n had overturn’d the Trojan state
And Priam’s throne, by too severe a fate;
When ruin’d Troy became the Grecians’ prey,
And Ilium’s lofty tow’rs in ashes lay;
Warn’d by celestial omens, we retreat,
To seek in foreign lands a happier seat.
Near old Antandros, and at Ida’s foot,
The timber of the sacred groves we cut,
And build our fleet; uncertain yet to find
What place the gods for our repose assign’d.
Friends daily flock; and scarce the kindly spring
Began to clothe the ground, and birds to sing,
When old Anchises summon’d all to sea:
The crew my father and the Fates obey.
With sighs and tears I leave my native shore,
And empty fields, where Ilium stood before.
My sire, my son, our less and greater gods,
All sail at once, and cleave the briny floods.

“Against our coast appears a spacious land,
Which once the fierce Lycurgus did command,
(Thracia the name- the people bold in war;
Vast are their fields, and tillage is their care,)
A hospitable realm while Fate was kind,
With Troy in friendship and religion join’d.
I land; with luckless omens then adore
Their gods, and draw a line along the shore;
I lay the deep foundations of a wall,
And Aenos, nam’d from me, the city call.
To Dionaean Venus vows are paid,
And all the pow’rs that rising labors aid;
A bull on Jove’s imperial altar laid.
Not far, a rising hillock stood in view;
Sharp myrtles on the sides, and cornels grew.

There, while I went to crop the sylvan scenes,
And shade our altar with their leafy greens,
I pull'd a plant- with horror I relate
A prodigy so strange and full of fate.
The rooted fibers rose, and from the wound
Black bloody drops distill'd upon the ground.
Mute and amaz'd, my hair with terror stood;
Fear shrunk my sinews, and congeal'd my blood.
Mann'd once again, another plant I try:
That other gush'd with the same sanguine dye.
Then, fearing guilt for some offense unknown,
With pray'rs and vows the Dryads I atone,
With all the sisters of the woods, and most
The God of Arms, who rules the Thracian coast,
That they, or he, these omens would avert,
Release our fears, and better signs impart.
Clear'd, as I thought, and fully fix'd at length
To learn the cause, I tugged with all my strength:
I bent my knees against the ground; once more
The violated myrtle ran with gore.
Scarce dare I tell the sequel: from the womb
Of wounded earth, and caverns of the tomb,
A groan, as of a troubled ghost, renew'd
My fright, and then these dreadful words ensued:
'Why dost thou thus my buried body rend?
O spare the corpse of thy unhappy friend!
Spare to pollute thy pious hands with blood:
The tears distil not from the wounded wood;
But ev'ry drop this living tree contains
Is kindred blood, and ran in Trojan veins.
O fly from this unhospitable shore,
Warn'd by my fate; for I am Polydore!
Here loads of lances, in my blood embrued,
Again shoot upward, by my blood renew'd.'

"My falt'ring tongue and shiv'ring limbs declare
My horror, and in bristles rose my hair.

When Troy with Grecian arms was closely pent,
Old Priam, fearful of the war's event,
This hapless Polydore to Thracia sent:
Loaded with gold, he sent his darling, far
From noise and tumults, and destructive war,
Committed to the faithless tyrant's care;
Who, when he saw the pow'r of Troy decline,
Forsook the weaker, with the strong to join;
Broke ev'ry bond of nature and of truth,
And murder'd, for his wealth, the royal youth.
O sacred hunger of pernicious gold!
What bands of faith can impious lucre hold?
Now, when my soul had shaken off her fears,
I call my father and the Trojan peers;
Relate the prodigies of Heav'n, require
What he commands, and their advice desire.
All vote to leave that execrable shore,
Polluted with the blood of Polydore;
But, ere we sail, his fun'ral rites prepare,
Then, to his ghost, a tomb and altars rear.
In mournful pomp the matrons walk the round,
With baleful cypress and blue fillets crown'd,
With eyes dejected, and with hair unbound.
Then bowls of tepid milk and blood we pour,
And thrice invoke the soul of Polydore.

"Now, when the raging storms no longer reign,
But southern gales invite us to the main,
We launch our vessels, with a prosp'rous wind,
And leave the cities and the shores behind.

"An island in th' Aegaeon main appears;
Neptune and wat'ry Doris claim it theirs.
It floated once, till Phoebus fix'd the sides
To rooted earth, and now it braves the tides.
Here, borne by friendly winds, we come ashore,
With needful ease our weary limbs restore,

And the Sun's temple and his town adore.

“Anius, the priest and king, with laurel crown'd,
His hoary locks with purple fillets bound,
Who saw my sire the Delian shore ascend,
Came forth with eager haste to meet his friend;
Invites him to his palace; and, in sign
Of ancient love, their plighted hands they join.
Then to the temple of the god I went,
And thus, before the shrine, my vows present:
'Give, O Thymbraeus, give a resting place
To the sad relics of the Trojan race;
A seat secure, a region of their own,
A lasting empire, and a happier town.
Where shall we fix? where shall our labors end?
Whom shall we follow, and what fate attend?
Let not my pray'rs a doubtful answer find;
But in clear auguries unveil thy mind.'
Scarce had I said: he shook the holy ground,
The laurels, and the lofty hills around;
And from the tripos rush'd a bellowing sound.
Prostrate we fell; confess'd the present god,
Who gave this answer from his dark abode:
'Undaunted youths, go, seek that mother earth
From which your ancestors derive their birth.
The soil that sent you forth, her ancient race
In her old bosom shall again embrace.
Thro' the wide world th' Aeneian house shall reign,
And children's children shall the crown sustain.'
Thus Phoebus did our future fates disclose:
A mighty tumult, mix'd with joy, arose.

“All are concern'd to know what place the god
Assign'd, and where determin'd our abode.
My father, long revolving in his mind
The race and lineage of the Trojan kind,
Thus answer'd their demands: 'Ye princes, hear

Your pleasing fortune, and dispel your fear.
The fruitful isle of Crete, well known to fame,
Sacred of old to Jove's imperial name,
In the mid ocean lies, with large command,
And on its plains a hundred cities stand.
Another Ida rises there, and we
From thence derive our Trojan ancestry.
From thence, as 't is divulg'd by certain fame,
To the Rhoetean shores old Teucus came;
There fix'd, and there the seat of empire chose,
Ere Ilium and the Trojan tow'rs arose.
In humble vales they built their soft abodes,
Till Cybele, the mother of the gods,
With tinkling cymbals charm'd th' Idaean woods,
She secret rites and ceremonies taught,
And to the yoke the savage lions brought.
Let us the land which Heav'n appoints, explore;
Appease the winds, and seek the Gnossian shore.
If Jove assists the passage of our fleet,
The third propitious dawn discovers Crete.'
Thus having said, the sacrifices, laid
On smoking altars, to the gods he paid:
A bull, to Neptune an oblation due,
Another bull to bright Apollo slew;
A milk-white ewe, the western winds to please,
And one coal-black, to calm the stormy seas.
Ere this, a flying rumor had been spread
That fierce Idomeneus from Crete was fled,
Expell'd and exil'd; that the coast was free
From foreign or domestic enemy.

"We leave the Delian ports, and put to sea;
By Naxos, fam'd for vintage, make our way;
Then green Donysa pass; and sail in sight
Of Paros' isle, with marble quarries white.
We pass the scatter'd isles of Cyclades,
That, scarce distinguish'd, seem to stud the seas.

The shouts of sailors double near the shores;
They stretch their canvas, and they ply their oars.
‘All hands aloft! for Crete! for Crete!’ they cry,
And swiftly thro’ the foamy billows fly.
Full on the promis’d land at length we bore,
With joy descending on the Cretan shore.
With eager haste a rising town I frame,
Which from the Trojan Pergamus I name:
The name itself was grateful; I exhort
To found their houses, and erect a fort.
Our ships are haul’d upon the yellow strand;
The youth begin to till the labor’d land;
And I myself new marriages promote,
Give laws, and dwellings I divide by lot;
When rising vapors choke the wholesome air,
And blasts of noisome winds corrupt the year;
The trees devouring caterpillars burn;
Parch’d was the grass, and blighted was the corn:
Nor ‘scape the beasts; for Sirius, from on high,
With pestilential heat infects the sky:
My men- some fall, the rest in fevers fry.
Again my father bids me seek the shore
Of sacred Delos, and the god implore,
To learn what end of woes we might expect,
And to what clime our weary course direct.

“‘T was night, when ev’ry creature, void of cares,
The common gift of balmy slumber shares:
The statues of my gods (for such they seem’d),
Those gods whom I from flaming Troy redeem’d,
Before me stood, majestically bright,
Full in the beams of Phoebe’s ent’ring light.
Then thus they spoke, and eas’d my troubled mind:
‘What from the Delian god thou go’st to find,
He tells thee here, and sends us to relate.
Those pow’rs are we, companions of thy fate,
Who from the burning town by thee were brought,

Thy fortune follow'd, and thy safety wrought.
Thro' seas and lands as we thy steps attend,
So shall our care thy glorious race befriend.
An ample realm for thee thy fates ordain,
A town that o'er the conquer'd world shall reign.
Thou, mighty walls for mighty nations build;
Nor let thy weary mind to labors yield:
But change thy seat; for not the Delian god,
Nor we, have giv'n thee Crete for our abode.
A land there is, Hesperia call'd of old,
(The soil is fruitful, and the natives bold-
Th' Oenotrians held it once,) by later fame
Now call'd Italia, from the leader's name.
Iasius there and Dardanus were born;
From thence we came, and thither must return.
Rise, and thy sire with these glad tidings greet.
Search Italy; for Jove denies thee Crete.'

"Astonish'd at their voices and their sight,
(Nor were they dreams, but visions of the night;
I saw, I knew their faces, and descried,
In perfect view, their hair with fillets tied;)
I started from my couch; a clammy sweat
On all my limbs and shiv'ring body sate.
To heav'n I lift my hands with pious haste,
And sacred incense in the flames I cast.
Thus to the gods their perfect honors done,
More cheerful, to my good old sire I run,
And tell the pleasing news. In little space
He found his error of the double race;
Not, as before he deem'd, deriv'd from Crete;
No more deluded by the doubtful seat:
Then said: 'O son, turmoil'd in Trojan fate!
Such things as these Cassandra did relate.
This day revives within my mind what she
Foretold of Troy renew'd in Italy,
And Latian lands; but who could then have thought

That Phrygian gods to Latium should be brought,
Or who believ'd what mad Cassandra taught?
Now let us go where Phoebus leads the way.'

"He said; and we with glad consent obey,
Forsake the seat, and, leaving few behind,
We spread our sails before the willing wind.
Now from the sight of land our galleys move,
With only seas around and skies above;
When o'er our heads descends a burst of rain,
And night with sable clouds involves the main;
The ruffling winds the foamy billows raise;
The scatter'd fleet is forc'd to sev'ral ways;
The face of heav'n is ravish'd from our eyes,
And in redoubled peals the roaring thunder flies.
Cast from our course, we wander in the dark.
No stars to guide, no point of land to mark.
Ev'n Palinurus no distinction found
Betwixt the night and day; such darkness reign'd around.
Three starless nights the doubtful navy strays,
Without distinction, and three sunless days;
The fourth renews the light, and, from our shrouds,
We view a rising land, like distant clouds;
The mountain-tops confirm the pleasing sight,
And curling smoke ascending from their height.
The canvas falls; their oars the sailors ply;
From the rude strokes the whirling waters fly.
At length I land upon the Strophades,
Safe from the danger of the stormy seas.
Those isles are compass'd by th' Ionian main,
The dire abode where the foul Harpies reign,
Forc'd by the winged warriors to repair
To their old homes, and leave their costly fare.
Monsters more fierce offended Heav'n ne'er sent
From hell's abyss, for human punishment:
With virgin faces, but with wombs obscene,
Foul paunches, and with ordure still unclean;

With claws for hands, and looks for ever lean.

“We landed at the port, and soon beheld
Fat herds of oxen graze the flow’ry field,
And wanton goats without a keeper stray’d.
With weapons we the welcome prey invade,
Then call the gods for partners of our feast,
And Jove himself, the chief invited guest.
We spread the tables on the greensward ground;
We feed with hunger, and the bowls go round;
When from the mountain-tops, with hideous cry,
And clatt’ring wings, the hungry Harpies fly;
They snatch the meat, defiling all they find,
And, parting, leave a loathsome stench behind.
Close by a hollow rock, again we sit,
New dress the dinner, and the beds refit,
Secure from sight, beneath a pleasing shade,
Where tufted trees a native arbor made.
Again the holy fires on altars burn;
And once again the rav’nous birds return,
Or from the dark recesses where they lie,
Or from another quarter of the sky;
With filthy claws their odious meal repeat,
And mix their loathsome ordures with their meat.
I bid my friends for vengeance then prepare,
And with the hellish nation wage the war.
They, as commanded, for the fight provide,
And in the grass their glitt’ring weapons hide;
Then, when along the crooked shore we hear
Their clatt’ring wings, and saw the foes appear,
Misenus sounds a charge: we take th’ alarm,
And our strong hands with swords and bucklers arm.
In this new kind of combat all employ
Their utmost force, the monsters to destroy.
In vain- the fated skin is proof to wounds;
And from their plumes the shining sword rebounds.
At length rebuff’d, they leave their mangled prey,

And their stretch'd pinions to the skies display.
Yet one remain'd- the messenger of Fate:
High on a craggy cliff Celaeno sate,
And thus her dismal errand did relate:
'What! not contented with our oxen slain,
Dare you with Heav'n an impious war maintain,
And drive the Harpies from their native reign?
Heed therefore what I say; and keep in mind
What Jove decrees, what Phoebus has design'd,
And I, the Furies' queen, from both relate-
You seek th' Italian shores, foredoom'd by fate:
Th' Italian shores are granted you to find,
And a safe passage to the port assign'd.
But know, that ere your promis'd walls you build,
My curses shall severely be fulfill'd.
Fierce famine is your lot for this misdeed,
Reduc'd to grind the plates on which you feed.'
She said, and to the neighb'ring forest flew.
Our courage fails us, and our fears renew.
Hopeless to win by war, to pray'rs we fall,
And on th' offended Harpies humbly call,
And whether gods or birds obscene they were,
Our vows for pardon and for peace prefer.
But old Anchises, off'ring sacrifice,
And lifting up to heav'n his hands and eyes,
Ador'd the greater gods: 'Avert,' said he,
'These omens; render vain this prophecy,
And from th' impending curse a pious people free!'

"Thus having said, he bids us put to sea;
We loose from shore our haulsers, and obey,
And soon with swelling sails pursue the wat'ry way.
Amidst our course, Zacynthian woods appear;
And next by rocky Neritos we steer:
We fly from Ithaca's detested shore,
And curse the land which dire Ulysses bore.
At length Leucate's cloudy top appears,

And the Sun's temple, which the sailor fears.
Resolv'd to breathe a while from labor past,
Our crooked anchors from the prow we cast,
And joyful to the little city haste.
Here, safe beyond our hopes, our vows we pay
To Jove, the guide and patron of our way.
The customs of our country we pursue,
And Trojan games on Actian shores renew.
Our youth their naked limbs besmear with oil,
And exercise the wrastlers' noble toil;
Pleas'd to have sail'd so long before the wind,
And left so many Grecian towns behind.
The sun had now fulfill'd his annual course,
And Boreas on the seas display'd his force:
I fix'd upon the temple's lofty door
The brazen shield which vanquish'd Abas bore;
The verse beneath my name and action speaks:
'These arms Aeneas took from conqu'ring Greeks.'
Then I command to weigh; the seamen ply
Their sweeping oars; the smoking billows fly.
The sight of high Phaeacia soon we lost,
And skimm'd along Epirus' rocky coast.

"Then to Chaonia's port our course we bend,
And, landed, to Buthrotus' heights ascend.
Here wondrous things were loudly blaz'd fame:
How Helenus reviv'd the Trojan name,
And reign'd in Greece; that Priam's captive son
Succeeded Pyrrhus in his bed and throne;
And fair Andromache, restor'd by fate,
Once more was happy in a Trojan mate.
I leave my galleys riding in the port,
And long to see the new Dardanian court.
By chance, the mournful queen, before the gate,
Then solemniz'd her former husband's fate.
Green altars, rais'd of turf, with gifts she crown'd,
And sacred priests in order stand around,

And thrice the name of hapless Hector sound.
The grove itself resembles Ida's wood;
And Simois seem'd the well-dissembled flood.
But when at nearer distance she beheld
My shining armor and my Trojan shield,
Astonish'd at the sight, the vital heat
Forsakes her limbs; her veins no longer beat:
She faints, she falls, and scarce recov'ring strength,
Thus, with a falt'ring tongue, she speaks at length:

“‘Are you alive, O goddess-born?’ she said,
‘Or if a ghost, then where is Hector’s shade?’
At this, she cast a loud and frightful cry.
With broken words I made this brief reply:
‘All of me that remains appears in sight;
I live, if living be to loathe the light.
No phantom; but I drag a wretched life,
My fate resembling that of Hector’s wife.
What have you suffer’d since you lost your lord?
By what strange blessing are you now restor’d?
Still are you Hector’s? or is Hector fled,
And his remembrance lost in Pyrrhus’ bed?’
With eyes dejected, in a lowly tone,
After a modest pause she thus begun:

“‘O only happy maid of Priam’s race,
Whom death deliver’d from the foes’ embrace!
Commanded on Achilles’ tomb to die,
Not forc’d, like us, to hard captivity,
Or in a haughty master’s arms to lie.
In Grecian ships unhappy we were borne,
Endur’d the victor’s lust, sustain’d the scorn:
Thus I submitted to the lawless pride
Of Pyrrhus, more a handmaid than a bride.
Cloy’d with possession, he forsook my bed,
And Helen’s lovely daughter sought to wed;
Then me to Trojan Helenus resign’d,

And his two slaves in equal marriage join'd;
Till young Orestes, pierc'd with deep despair,
And longing to redeem the promis'd fair,
Before Apollo's altar slew the ravisher.
By Pyrrhus' death the kingdom we regain'd:
At least one half with Helenus remain'd.
Our part, from Chaon, he Chaonia calls,
And names from Pergamus his rising walls.
But you, what fates have landed on our coast?
What gods have sent you, or what storms have toss'd?
Does young Ascanius life and health enjoy,
Sav'd from the ruins of unhappy Troy?
O tell me how his mother's loss he bears,
What hopes are promis'd from his blooming years,
How much of Hector in his face appears?
She spoke; and mix'd her speech with mournful cries,
And fruitless tears came trickling from her eyes.

“At length her lord descends upon the plain,
In pomp, attended with a num'rous train;
Receives his friends, and to the city leads,
And tears of joy amidst his welcome sheds.
Proceeding on, another Troy I see,
Or, in less compass, Troy's epitome.
A riv'let by the name of Xanthus ran,
And I embrace the Scaean gate again.
My friends in porticoes were entertain'd,
And feasts and pleasures thro' the city reign'd.
The tables fill'd the spacious hall around,
And golden bowls with sparkling wine were crown'd.
Two days we pass'd in mirth, till friendly gales,
Blown from the supplied our swelling sails.
Then to the royal seer I thus began:
'O thou, who know'st, beyond the reach of man,
The laws of heav'n, and what the stars decree;
Whom Phoebus taught unerring prophecy,
From his own tripod, and his holy tree;

Skill'd in the wing'd inhabitants of air,
What auspices their notes and flights declare:
O say- for all religious rites portend
A happy voyage, and a prosp'rous end;
And ev'ry power and omen of the sky
Direct my course for destin'd Italy;
But only dire Celaeno, from the gods,
A dismal famine fatally forebodes-
O say what dangers I am first to shun,
What toils vanquish, and what course to run.'

"The prophet first with sacrifice adores
The greater gods; their pardon then implores;
Unbinds the fillet from his holy head;
To Phoebus, next, my trembling steps he led,
Full of religious doubts and awful dread.
Then, with his god possess'd, before the shrine,
These words proceeded from his mouth divine:
'O goddess-born, (for Heav'n's appointed will,
With greater auspices of good than ill,
Foreshows thy voyage, and thy course directs;
Thy fates conspire, and Jove himself protects,)
Of many things some few I shall explain,
Teach thee to shun the dangers of the main,
And how at length the promis'd shore to gain.
The rest the fates from Helenus conceal,
And Juno's angry pow'r forbids to tell.
First, then, that happy shore, that seems so nigh,
Will far from your deluded wishes fly;
Long tracts of seas divide your hopes from Italy:
For you must cruise along Sicilian shores,
And stem the currents with your struggling oars;
Then round th' Italian coast your navy steer;
And, after this, to Circe's island veer;
And, last, before your new foundations rise,
Must pass the Stygian lake, and view the nether skies.
Now mark the signs of future ease and rest,

And bear them safely treasur'd in thy breast.
When, in the shady shelter of a wood,
And near the margin of a gentle flood,
Thou shalt behold a sow upon the ground,
With thirty sucking young encompass'd round;
The dam and offspring white as falling snow-
These on thy city shall their name bestow,
And there shall end thy labors and thy woe.
Nor let the threaten'd famine fright thy mind,
For Phoebus will assist, and Fate the way will find.
Let not thy course to that ill coast be bent,
Which fronts from far th' Epirian continent:
Those parts are all by Grecian foes possess'd;
The salvage Locrians here the shores infest;
There fierce Idomeneus his city builds,
And guards with arms the Salentinian fields;
And on the mountain's brow Petilia stands,
Which Philoctetes with his troops commands.
Ev'n when thy fleet is landed on the shore,
And priests with holy vows the gods adore,
Then with a purple veil involve your eyes,
Lest hostile faces blast the sacrifice.
These rites and customs to the rest commend,
That to your pious race they may descend.

“When, parted hence, the wind, that ready waits
For Sicily, shall bear you to the straits
Where proud Pelorus opes a wider way,
Tack to the larboard, and stand off to sea:
Veer starboard sea and land. Th' Italian shore
And fair Sicilia's coast were one, before
An earthquake caus'd the flaw: the roaring tides
The passage broke that land from land divides;
And where the lands retir'd, the rushing ocean rides.
Distinguish'd by the straits, on either hand,
Now rising cities in long order stand,
And fruitful fields: so much can time invade

The mold'ring work that beauteous Nature made.
Far on the right, her dogs foul Scylla hides:
Charybdis roaring on the left presides,
And in her greedy whirlpool sucks the tides;
Then spouts them from below: with fury driv'n,
The waves mount up and wash the face of heav'n.
But Scylla from her den, with open jaws,
The sinking vessel in her eddy draws,
Then dashes on the rocks. A human face,
And virgin bosom, hides her tail's disgrace:
Her parts obscene below the waves descend,
With dogs inclos'd, and in a dolphin end.
'T is safer, then, to bear aloof to sea,
And coast Pachynus, tho' with more delay,
Than once to view misshapen Scylla near,
And the loud yell of wat'ry wolves to hear.

“Besides, if faith to Helenus be due,
And if prophetic Phoebus tell me true,
Do not this precept of your friend forget,
Which therefore more than once I must repeat:
Above the rest, great Juno's name adore;
Pay vows to Juno; Juno's aid implore.
Let gifts be to the mighty queen design'd,
And mollify with pray'rs her haughty mind.
Thus, at the length, your passage shall be free,
And you shall safe descend on Italy.
Arriv'd at Cumae, when you view the flood
Of black Avernus, and the sounding wood,
The mad prophetic Sibyl you shall find,
Dark in a cave, and on a rock reclin'd.
She sings the fates, and, in her frantic fits,
The notes and names, inscrib'd, to leafs commits.
What she commits to leafs, in order laid,
Before the cavern's entrance are display'd:
Unmov'd they lie; but, if a blast of wind
Without, or vapors issue from behind,

The leafs are borne aloft in liquid air,
And she resumes no more her museful care,
Nor gathers from the rocks her scatter'd verse,
Nor sets in order what the winds disperse.
Thus, many not succeeding, most upbraid
The madness of the visionary maid,
And with loud curses leave the mystic shade.

“Think it not loss of time a while to stay,
Tho' thy companions chide thy long delay;
Tho' summon'd to the seas, tho' pleasing gales
Invite thy course, and stretch thy swelling sails:
But beg the sacred priestess to relate
With willing words, and not to write thy fate.
The fierce Italian people she will show,
And all thy wars, and all thy future woe,
And what thou may'st avoid, and what must undergo.
She shall direct thy course, instruct thy mind,
And teach thee how the happy shores to find.
This is what Heav'n allows me to relate:
Now part in peace; pursue thy better fate,
And raise, by strength of arms, the Trojan state.’

“This when the priest with friendly voice declar'd,
He gave me license, and rich gifts prepar'd:
Bounteous of treasure, he supplied my want
With heavy gold, and polish'd elephant;
Then Dodonaean caldrons put on board,
And ev'ry ship with sums of silver stor'd.
A trusty coat of mail to me he sent,
Thrice chain'd with gold, for use and ornament;
The helm of Pyrrhus added to the rest,
That flourish'd with a plume and waving crest.
Nor was my sire forgotten, nor my friends;
And large recruits he to my navy sends:
Men, horses, captains, arms, and warlike stores;
Supplies new pilots, and new sweeping oars.

Meantime, my sire commands to hoist our sails,
Lest we should lose the first auspicious gales.

“The prophet bless’d the parting crew, and last,
With words like these, his ancient friend embrac’d:
‘Old happy man, the care of gods above,
Whom heav’nly Venus honor’d with her love,
And twice preserv’d thy life, when Troy was lost,
Behold from far the wish’d Ausonian coast:
There land; but take a larger compass round,
For that before is all forbidden ground.
The shore that Phoebus has design’d for you,
At farther distance lies, conceal’d from view.
Go happy hence, and seek your new abodes,
Blest in a son, and favor’d by the gods:
For I with useless words prolong your stay,
When southern gales have summon’d you away.’

“Nor less the queen our parting thence deplor’d,
Nor was less bounteous than her Trojan lord.
A noble present to my son she brought,
A robe with flow’rs on golden tissue wrought,
A phrygian vest; and loads with gifts beside
Of precious texture, and of Asian pride.
‘Accept,’ she said, ‘these monuments of love,
Which in my youth with happier hands I wove:
Regard these trifles for the giver’s sake;
‘T is the last present Hector’s wife can make.
Thou call’st my lost Astyanax to mind;
In thee his features and his form I find:
His eyes so sparkled with a lively flame;
Such were his motions; such was all his frame;
And ah! had Heav’n so pleas’d, his years had been the same.’

“With tears I took my last adieu, and said:
‘Your fortune, happy pair, already made,
Leaves you no farther wish. My diff’rent state,

Avoiding one, incurs another fate.
To you a quiet seat the gods allow:
You have no shores to search, no seas to plow,
Nor fields of flying Italy to chase:
(Deluding visions, and a vain embrace!)

You see another Simois, and enjoy
The labor of your hands, another Troy,
With better auspice than her ancient tow'rs,
And less obnoxious to the Grecian pow'rs.
If e'er the gods, whom I with vows adore,
Conduct my steps to Tiber's happy shore;
If ever I ascend the Latian throne,
And build a city I may call my own;
As both of us our birth from Troy derive,
So let our kindred lines in concord live,
And both in acts of equal friendship strive.
Our fortunes, good or bad, shall be the same:
The double Troy shall differ but in name;
That what we now begin may never end,
But long to late posterity descend.'

"Near the Ceraunian rocks our course we bore;
The shortest passage to th' Italian shore.
Now had the sun withdrawn his radiant light,
And hills were hid in dusky shades of night:
We land, and, on the bosom Of the ground,
A safe retreat and a bare lodging found.
Close by the shore we lay; the sailors keep
Their watches, and the rest securely sleep.
The night, proceeding on with silent pace,
Stood in her noon, and view'd with equal face
Her steepy rise and her declining race.
Then wakeful Palinurus rose, to spy
The face of heav'n, and the nocturnal sky;
And listen'd ev'ry breath of air to try;
Observes the stars, and notes their sliding course,
The Pleiads, Hyads, and their wat'ry force;

And both the Bears is careful to behold,
And bright Orion, arm'd with burnish'd gold.
Then, when he saw no threat'ning tempest nigh,
But a sure promise of a settled sky,
He gave the sign to weigh; we break our sleep,
Forsake the pleasing shore, and plow the deep.

“And now the rising morn with rosy light
Adorns the skies, and puts the stars to flight;
When we from far, like bluish mists, descrie
The hills, and then the plains, of Italy.
Achates first pronounc'd the joyful sound;
Then, ‘Italy!’ the cheerful crew rebound.
My sire Anchises crown'd a cup with wine,
And, off'ring, thus implor'd the pow'rs divine:
‘Ye gods, presiding over lands and seas,
And you who raging winds and waves appease,
Breathe on our swelling sails a prosp'rous wind,
And smooth our passage to the port assign'd!’
The gentle gales their flagging force renew,
And now the happy harbor is in view.
Minerva's temple then salutes our sight,
Plac'd, as a landmark, on the mountain's height.
We furl our sails, and turn the prows to shore;
The curling waters round the galleys roar.
The land lies open to the raging east,
Then, bending like a bow, with rocks compress'd,
Shuts out the storms; the winds and waves complain,
And vent their malice on the cliffs in vain.
The port lies hid within; on either side
Two tow'ring rocks the narrow mouth divide.
The temple, which aloft we view'd before,
To distance flies, and seems to shun the shore.
Scarce landed, the first omens I beheld
Were four white steeds that cropp'd the flow'ry field.
‘War, war is threaten'd from this foreign ground,’
My father cried, ‘where warlike steeds are found.

Yet, since reclaim'd to chariots they submit,
And bend to stubborn yokes, and champ the bit,
Peace may succeed to war.' Our way we bend
To Pallas, and the sacred hill ascend;
There prostrate to the fierce virago pray,
Whose temple was the landmark of our way.
Each with a Phrygian mantle veil'd his head,
And all commands of Helenus obey'd,
And pious rites to Grecian Juno paid.
These dues perform'd, we stretch our sails, and stand
To sea, forsaking that suspected land.

“From hence Tarentum's bay appears in view,
For Hercules renown'd, if fame be true.
Just opposite, Lacinian Juno stands;
Caulonian tow'rs, and Scylacaeon strands,
For shipwrecks fear'd. Mount Aetna thence we spy,
Known by the smoky flames which cloud the sky.
Far off we hear the waves with surly sound
Invade the rocks, the rocks their groans rebound.
The billows break upon the sounding strand,
And roll the rising tide, impure with sand.
Then thus Anchises, in experience old:
“T is that Charybdis which the seer foretold,
And those the promis'd rocks! Bear off to sea!’
With haste the frighted mariners obey.
First Palinurus to the larboard veer'd;
Then all the fleet by his example steer'd.
To heav'n aloft on ridgy waves we ride,
Then down to hell descend, when they divide;
And thrice our galleys knock'd the stony ground,
And thrice the hollow rocks return'd the sound,
And thrice we saw the stars, that stood with dew around.
The flagging winds forsook us, with the sun;
And, wearied, on Cyclopiian shores we run.
The port capacious, and secure from wind,
Is to the foot of thund'ring Aetna join'd.

By turns a pitchy cloud she rolls on high;
By turns hot embers from her entrails fly,
And flakes of mounting flames, that lick the sky.
Oft from her bowels massy rocks are thrown,
And, shiver'd by the force, come piecemeal down.
Oft liquid lakes of burning sulphur flow,
Fed from the fiery springs that boil below.
Enceladus, they say, transfix'd by Jove,
With blasted limbs came tumbling from above;
And, where he fell, th' avenging father drew
This flaming hill, and on his body threw.
As often as he turns his weary sides,
He shakes the solid isle, and smoke the heavens hides.
In shady woods we pass the tedious night,
Where bellowing sounds and groans our souls affright,
Of which no cause is offer'd to the sight;
For not one star was kindled in the sky,
Nor could the moon her borrow'd light supply;
For misty clouds involv'd the firmament,
The stars were muffled, and the moon was pent.

“Scarce had the rising sun the day reveal'd,
Scarce had his heat the pearly dews dispell'd,
When from the woods there bolts, before our sight,
Somewhat betwixt a mortal and a sprite,
So thin, so ghastly meager, and so wan,
So bare of flesh, he scarce resembled man.
This thing, all tatter'd, seem'd from far t' implore
Our pious aid, and pointed to the shore.
We look behind, then view his shaggy beard;
His clothes were tagg'd with thorns, and filth his limbs
besmear'd;
The rest, in mien, in habit, and in face,
Appear'd a Greek, and such indeed he was.
He cast on us, from far, a frightful view,
Whom soon for Trojans and for foes he knew;
Stood still, and paus'd; then all at once began

To stretch his limbs, and trembled as he ran.
Soon as approach'd, upon his knees he falls,
And thus with tears and sighs for pity calls:
'Now, by the pow'rs above, and what we share
From Nature's common gift, this vital air,
O Trojans, take me hence! I beg no more;
But bear me far from this unhappy shore.
'T is true, I am a Greek, and farther own,
Among your foes besieg'd th' imperial town.
For such demerits if my death be due,
No more for this abandon'd life I sue;
This only favor let my tears obtain,
To throw me headlong in the rapid main:
Since nothing more than death my crime demands,
I die content, to die by human hands.'

He said, and on his knees my knees embrac'd:
I bade him boldly tell his fortune past,
His present state, his lineage, and his name,
Th' occasion of his fears, and whence he came.
The good Anchises rais'd him with his hand;
Who, thus encourag'd, answer'd our demand:
'From Ithaca, my native soil, I came
To Troy; and Achaemenides my name.
Me my poor father with Ulysses sent;
(O had I stay'd, with poverty content!)

But, fearful for themselves, my countrymen
Left me forsaken in the Cyclops' den.
The cave, tho' large, was dark; the dismal floor
Was pav'd with mangled limbs and putrid gore.
Our monstrous host, of more than human size,
Erects his head, and stares within the skies;
Bellowing his voice, and horrid is his hue.
Ye gods, remove this plague from mortal view!
The joints of slaughter'd wretches are his food;
And for his wine he quaffs the streaming blood.
These eyes beheld, when with his spacious hand
He seiz'd two captives of our Grecian band;

Stretch'd on his back, he dash'd against the stones
Their broken bodies, and their crackling bones:
With spouting blood the purple pavement swims,
While the dire glutton grinds the trembling limbs.

“Not unreveng'd Ulysses bore their fate,
Nor thoughtless of his own unhappy state;
For, gorg'd with flesh, and drunk with human wine
While fast asleep the giant lay supine,
Snoring aloud, and belching from his maw
His indigested foam, and morsels raw;
We pray; we cast the lots, and then surround
The monstrous body, stretch'd along the ground:
Each, as he could approach him, lends a hand
To bore his eyeball with a flaming brand.
Beneath his frowning forehead lay his eye;
For only one did the vast frame supply-
But that a globe so large, his front it fill'd,
Like the sun's disk or like a Grecian shield.
The stroke succeeds; and down the pupil bends:
This vengeance follow'd for our slaughter'd friends.
But haste, unhappy wretches, haste to fly!
Your cables cut, and on your oars rely!
Such, and so vast as Polypheme appears,
A hundred more this hated island bears:
Like him, in caves they shut their woolly sheep;
Like him, their herds on tops of mountains keep;
Like him, with mighty strides, they stalk from steep to steep
And now three moons their sharpen'd horns renew,
Since thus, in woods and wilds, obscure from view,
I drag my loathsome days with mortal fright,
And in deserted caverns lodge by night;
Oft from the rocks a dreadful prospect see
Of the huge Cyclops, like a walking tree:
From far I hear his thund'ring voice resound,
And trampling feet that shake the solid ground.
Cornels and salvage berries of the wood,

And roots and herbs, have been my meager food.
While all around my longing eyes I cast,
I saw your happy ships appear at last.
On those I fix'd my hopes, to these I run;
'T is all I ask, this cruel race to shun;
What other death you please, yourselves bestow.'

"Scarce had he said, when on the mountain's brow
We saw the giant shepherd stalk before
His following flock, and leading to the shore:
A monstrous bulk, deform'd, depriv'd of sight;
His staff a trunk of pine, to guide his steps aright.
His pond'rous whistle from his neck descends;
His woolly care their pensive lord attends:
This only solace his hard fortune sends.
Soon as he reach'd the shore and touch'd the waves,
From his bor'd eye the gutt'ring blood he laves:
He gnash'd his teeth, and groan'd; thro' seas he strides,
And scarce the topmost billows touch'd his sides.

"Seiz'd with a sudden fear, we run to sea,
The cables cut, and silent haste away;
The well-deserving stranger entertain;
Then, buckling to the work, our oars divide the main.
The giant harken'd to the dashing sound:
But, when our vessels out of reach he found,
He strided onward, and in vain essay'd
Th' Ionian deep, and durst no farther wade.
With that he roar'd aloud: the dreadful cry
Shakes earth, and air, and seas; the billows fly
Before the bellowing noise to distant Italy.
The neigh'ring Aetna trembling all around,
The winding caverns echo to the sound.
His brother Cyclops hear the yelling roar,
And, rushing down the mountains, crowd the shore.
We saw their stern distorted looks, from far,
And one-eyed glance, that vainly threaten'd war:

A dreadful council, with their heads on high;
(The misty clouds about their foreheads fly;)
Not yielding to the tow'ring tree of Jove,
Or tallest cypress of Diana's grove.
New pangs of mortal fear our minds assail;
We tug at ev'ry oar, and hoist up ev'ry sail,
And take th' advantage of the friendly gale.
Forewarn'd by Helenus, we strive to shun
Charybdis' gulf, nor dare to Scylla run.
An equal fate on either side appears:
We, tacking to the left, are free from fears;
For, from Pelorus' point, the North arose,
And drove us back where swift Pantagias flows.
His rocky mouth we pass, and make our way
By Thapsus and Megara's winding bay.
This passage Achaemenides had shown,
Tracing the course which he before had run.

“Right o'er against Plemmyrium's wat'ry strand,
There lies an isle once call'd th' Ortygian land.
Alpheus, as old fame reports, has found
From Greece a secret passage under ground,
By love to beauteous Arethusa led;
And, mingling here, they roll in the same sacred bed.
As Helenus enjoin'd, we next adore
Diana's name, protectress of the shore.
With prosp'rous gales we pass the quiet sounds
Of still Elorus, and his fruitful bounds.
Then, doubling Cape Pachynus, we survey
The rocky shore extended to the sea.
The town of Camarine from far we see,
And fenny lake, undrain'd by fate's decree.
In sight of the Geloan fields we pass,
And the large walls, where mighty Gela was;
Then Agragas, with lofty summits crown'd,
Long for the race of warlike steeds renown'd.
We pass'd Selinus, and the palmy land,

And widely shun the Lilybaean strand,
Unsafe, for secret rocks and moving sand.
At length on shore the weary fleet arriv'd,
Which Drepanum's unhappy port receiv'd.
Here, after endless labors, often toss'd
By raging storms, and driv'n on ev'ry coast,
My dear, dear father, spent with age, I lost:
Ease of my cares, and solace of my pain,
Sav'd thro' a thousand toils, but sav'd in vain
The prophet, who my future woes reveal'd,
Yet this, the greatest and the worst, conceal'd;
And dire Celaeno, whose foreboding skill
Denounc'd all else, was silent of the ill.
This my last labor was. Some friendly god
From thence convey'd us to your blest abode."

Thus, to the list'ning queen, the royal guest
His wand'ring course and all his toils express'd;
And here concluding, he retir'd to rest.

BOOK IV

But anxious cares already seiz'd the queen:
She fed within her veins a flame unseen;
The hero's valor, acts, and birth inspire
Her soul with love, and fan the secret fire.
His words, his looks, imprinted in her heart,
Improve the passion, and increase the smart.
Now, when the purple morn had chas'd away
The dewy shadows, and restor'd the day,
Her sister first with early care she sought,
And thus in mournful accents eas'd her thought:

“My dearest Anna, what new dreams affright
My lab'ring soul! what visions of the night
Disturb my quiet, and distract my breast
With strange ideas of our Trojan guest!
His worth, his actions, and majestic air,
A man descended from the gods declare.
Fear ever argues a degenerate kind;
His birth is well asserted by his mind.
Then, what he suffer'd, when by Fate betray'd!
What brave attempts for falling Troy he made!
Such were his looks, so gracefully he spoke,
That, were I not resolv'd against the yoke
Of hapless marriage, never to be curst
With second love, so fatal was my first,
To this one error I might yield again;
For, since Sichaeus was untimely slain,
This only man is able to subvert
The fix'd foundations of my stubborn heart.
And, to confess my frailty, to my shame,
Somewhat I find within, if not the same,
Too like the sparkles of my former flame.
But first let yawning earth a passage rend,
And let me thro' the dark abyss descend;

First let avenging Jove, with flames from high,
Drive down this body to the nether sky,
Condemn'd with ghosts in endless night to lie,
Before I break the plighted faith I gave!
No! he who had my vows shall ever have;
For, whom I lov'd on earth, I worship in the grave."

She said: the tears ran gushing from her eyes,
And stopp'd her speech. Her sister thus replies:
"O dearer than the vital air I breathe,
Will you to grief your blooming years bequeath,
Condemn'd to waste in woes your lonely life,
Without the joys of mother or of wife?
Think you these tears, this pompous train of woe,
Are known or valued by the ghosts below?
I grant that, while your sorrows yet were green,
It well became a woman, and a queen,
The vows of Tyrian princes to neglect,
To scorn Hyarbas, and his love reject,
With all the Libyan lords of mighty name;
But will you fight against a pleasing flame!
This little spot of land, which Heav'n bestows,
On ev'ry side is hemm'd with warlike foes;
Gaetulian cities here are spread around,
And fierce Numidians there your frontiers bound;
Here lies a barren waste of thirsty land,
And there the Syrtes raise the moving sand;
Barcaean troops besiege the narrow shore,
And from the sea Pygmalion threatens more.
Propitious Heav'n, and gracious Juno, lead
This wand'ring navy to your needful aid:
How will your empire spread, your city rise,
From such a union, and with such allies?
Implore the favor of the pow'rs above,
And leave the conduct of the rest to love.
Continue still your hospitable way,
And still invent occasions of their stay,

Till storms and winter winds shall cease to threat,
And planks and oars repair their shatter'd fleet."

These words, which from a friend and sister came,
With ease resolv'd the scruples of her fame,
And added fury to the kindled flame.

Inspir'd with hope, the project they pursue;
On ev'ry altar sacrifice renew:

A chosen ewe of two years old they pay
To Ceres, Bacchus, and the God of Day;
Preferring Juno's pow'r, for Juno ties
The nuptial knot and makes the marriage joys.

The beauteous queen before her altar stands,
And holds the golden goblet in her hands.

A milk-white heifer she with flow'rs adorns,
And pours the ruddy wine betwixt her horns;
And, while the priests with pray'r the gods invoke,
She feeds their altars with Sabaeen smoke,

With hourly care the sacrifice renews,
And anxiously the panting entrails views.

What priestly rites, alas! what pious art,
What vows avail to cure a bleeding heart!

A gentle fire she feeds within her veins,
Where the soft god secure in silence reigns.

Sick with desire, and seeking him she loves,
From street to street the raving Dido roves.
So when the watchful shepherd, from the blind,
Wounds with a random shaft the careless hind,
Distracted with her pain she flies the woods,
Bounds o'er the lawn, and seeks the silent floods,
With fruitless care; for still the fatal dart
Sticks in her side, and rankles in her heart.
And now she leads the Trojan chief along
The lofty walls, amidst the busy throng;
Displays her Tyrian wealth, and rising town,
Which love, without his labor, makes his own.

This pomp she shows, to tempt her wand'ring guest;
Her falt'ring tongue forbids to speak the rest.
When day declines, and feasts renew the night,
Still on his face she feeds her famish'd sight;
She longs again to hear the prince relate
His own adventures and the Trojan fate.
He tells it o'er and o'er; but still in vain,
For still she begs to hear it once again.
The hearer on the speaker's mouth depends,
And thus the tragic story never ends.

Then, when they part, when Phoebe's paler light
Withdraws, and falling stars to sleep invite,
She last remains, when ev'ry guest is gone,
Sits on the bed he press'd, and sighs alone;
Absent, her absent hero sees and hears;
Or in her bosom young Ascanius bears,
And seeks the father's image in the child,
If love by likeness might be so beguil'd.

Meantime the rising tow'rs are at a stand;
No labors exercise the youthful band,
Nor use of arts, nor toils of arms they know;
The mole is left unfinish'd to the foe;
The mounds, the works, the walls, neglected lie,
Short of their promis'd heighth, that seem'd to threat the sky,

But when imperial Juno, from above,
Saw Dido fetter'd in the chains of love,
Hot with the venom which her veins inflam'd,
And by no sense of shame to be reclaim'd,
With soothing words to Venus she begun:
"High praises, endless honors, you have won,
And mighty trophies, with your worthy son!
Two gods a silly woman have undone!
Nor am I ignorant, you both suspect
This rising city, which my hands erect:

But shall celestial discord never cease?
‘T is better ended in a lasting peace.
You stand possess’d of all your soul desir’d:
Poor Dido with consuming love is fir’d.
Your Trojan with my Tyrian let us join;
So Dido shall be yours, Aeneas mine:
One common kingdom, one united line.
Eliza shall a Dardan lord obey,
And lofty Carthage for a dow’r convey.”
Then Venus, who her hidden fraud descried,
Which would the scepter of the world misguide
To Libyan shores, thus artfully replied:
“Who, but a fool, would wars with Juno choose,
And such alliance and such gifts refuse,
If Fortune with our joint desires comply?
The doubt is all from Jove and destiny;
Lest he forbid, with absolute command,
To mix the people in one common land-
Or will the Trojan and the Tyrian line
In lasting leagues and sure succession join?
But you, the partner of his bed and throne,
May move his mind; my wishes are your own.”

“Mine,” said imperial Juno, “be the care;
Time urges, now, to perfect this affair:
Attend my counsel, and the secret share.
When next the Sun his rising light displays,
And gilds the world below with purple rays,
The queen, Aeneas, and the Tyrian court
Shall to the shady woods, for sylvan game, resort.
There, while the huntsmen pitch their toils around,
And cheerful horns from side to side resound,
A pitchy cloud shall cover all the plain
With hail, and thunder, and tempestuous rain;
The fearful train shall take their speedy flight,
Dispers’d, and all involv’d in gloomy night;
One cave a grateful shelter shall afford

To the fair princess and the Trojan lord.
I will myself the bridal bed prepare,
If you, to bless the nuptials, will be there:
So shall their loves be crown'd with due delights,
And Hymen shall be present at the rites.”
The Queen of Love consents, and closely smiles
At her vain project, and discover'd wiles.

The rosy morn was risen from the main,
And horns and hounds awake the princely train:
They issue early thro' the city gate,
Where the more wakeful huntsmen ready wait,
With nets, and toils, and darts, beside the force
Of Spartan dogs, and swift Massylian horse.
The Tyrian peers and officers of state
For the slow queen in antechambers wait;
Her lofty courser, in the court below,
Who his majestic rider seems to know,
Proud of his purple trappings, paws the ground,
And champs the golden bit, and spreads the foam around.
The queen at length appears; on either hand
The brawny guards in martial order stand.
A flow'r'd simar with golden fringe she wore,
And at her back a golden quiver bore;
Her flowing hair a golden caul restrains,
A golden clasp the Tyrian robe sustains.
Then young Ascanius, with a sprightly grace,
Leads on the Trojan youth to view the chase.
But far above the rest in beauty shines
The great Aeneas, the troop he joins;
Like fair Apollo, when he leaves the frost
Of wint'ry Xanthus, and the Lycian coast,
When to his native Delos he resorts,
Ordains the dances, and renews the sports;
Where painted Scythians, mix'd with Cretan bands,
Before the joyful altars join their hands:
Himself, on Cynthus walking, sees below

The merry madness of the sacred show.
Green wreaths of bays his length of hair inclose;
A golden fillet binds his awful brows;
His quiver sounds: not less the prince is seen
In manly presence, or in lofty mien.

Now had they reach'd the hills, and storm'd the seat
Of salvage beasts, in dens, their last retreat.
The cry pursues the mountain goats: they bound
From rock to rock, and keep the craggy ground;
Quite otherwise the stags, a trembling train,
In herds unsingled, scour the dusty plain,
And a long chase in open view maintain.
The glad Ascanius, as his courser guides,
Spurs thro' the vale, and these and those outrides.
His horse's flanks and sides are forc'd to feel
The clanking lash, and goading of the steel.
Impatiently he views the feeble prey,
Wishing some nobler beast to cross his way,
And rather would the tusky boar attend,
Or see the tawny lion downward bend.

Meantime, the gath'ring clouds obscure the skies:
From pole to pole the forky lightning flies;
The rattling thunders roll; and Juno pours
A wintry deluge down, and sounding show'rs.
The company, dispers'd, to converts ride,
And seek the homely cots, or mountain's hollow side.
The rapid rains, descending from the hills,
To rolling torrents raise the creeping rills.
The queen and prince, as love or fortune guides,
One common cavern in her bosom hides.
Then first the trembling earth the signal gave,
And flashing fires enlighten all the cave;
Hell from below, and Juno from above,
And howling nymphs, were conscious of their love.
From this ill-omen'd hour in time arose

Debate and death, and all succeeding woes.

The queen, whom sense of honor could not move,
No longer made a secret of her love,
But call'd it marriage, by that specious name
To veil the crime and sanctify the shame.

The loud report thro' Libyan cities goes.
Fame, the great ill, from small beginnings grows:
Swift from the first; and ev'ry moment brings
New vigor to her flights, new pinions to her wings.
Soon grows the pigmy to gigantic size;
Her feet on earth, her forehead in the skies.
Inrag'd against the gods, revengeful Earth
Produc'd her last of the Titanian birth.
Swift is her walk, more swift her winged haste:
A monstrous phantom, horrible and vast.
As many plumes as raise her lofty flight,
So many piercing eyes enlarge her sight;
Millions of opening mouths to Fame belong,
And ev'ry mouth is furnish'd with a tongue,
And round with list'ning ears the flying plague is hung.
She fills the peaceful universe with cries;
No slumbers ever close her wakeful eyes;
By day, from lofty tow'rs her head she shews,
And spreads thro' trembling crowds disastrous news;
With court informers haunts, and royal spies;
Things done relates, not done she feigns, and mingles truth with lies.

Talk is her business, and her chief delight
To tell of prodigies and cause affright.
She fills the people's ears with Dido's name,
Who, lost to honor and the sense of shame,
Admits into her throne and nuptial bed
A wand'ring guest, who from his country fled:
Whole days with him she passes in delights,
And wastes in luxury long winter nights,

Forgetful of her fame and royal trust,
Dissolv'd in ease, abandon'd to her lust.

The goddess widely spreads the loud report,
And flies at length to King Hyarba's court.
When first possess'd with this unwelcome news
Whom did he not of men and gods accuse?
This prince, from ravish'd Garamantis born,
A hundred temples did with spoils adorn,
In Ammon's honor, his celestial sire;
A hundred altars fed with wakeful fire;
And, thro' his vast dominions, priests ordain'd,
Whose watchful care these holy rites maintain'd.
The gates and columns were with garlands crown'd,
And blood of victim beasts enrich'd the ground.

He, when he heard a fugitive could move
The Tyrian princess, who disdain'd his love,
His breast with fury burn'd, his eyes with fire,
Mad with despair, impatient with desire;
Then on the sacred altars pouring wine,
He thus with pray'rs implor'd his sire divine:
"Great Jove! propitious to the Moorish race,
Who feast on painted beds, with off'rings grace
Thy temples, and adore thy pow'r divine
With blood of victims, and with sparkling wine,
Seest thou not this? or do we fear in vain
Thy boasted thunder, and thy thoughtless reign?
Do thy broad hands the forky lightnings lance?
Thine are the bolts, or the blind work of chance?
A wand'ring woman builds, within our state,
A little town, bought at an easy rate;
She pays me homage, and my grants allow
A narrow space of Libyan lands to plow;
Yet, scorning me, by passion blindly led,
Admits a banish'd Trojan to her bed!
And now this other Paris, with his train

Of conquer'd cowards, must in Afric reign!
(Whom, what they are, their looks and garb confess,
Their locks with oil perfum'd, their Lydian dress.)
He takes the spoil, enjoys the princely dame;
And I, rejected I, adore an empty name."

His vows, in haughty terms, he thus preferr'd,
And held his altar's horns. The mighty Thund'rer heard;
Then cast his eyes on Carthage, where he found
The lustful pair in lawless pleasure drown'd,
Lost in their loves, insensible of shame,
And both forgetful of their better fame.
He calls Cyllenius, and the god attends,
By whom his menacing command he sends:
"Go, mount the western winds, and cleave the sky;
Then, with a swift descent, to Carthage fly:
There find the Trojan chief, who wastes his days
In slothful not and inglorious ease,
Nor minds the future city, giv'n by fate.
To him this message from my mouth relate:
'Not so fair Venus hop'd, when twice she won
Thy life with pray'rs, nor promis'd such a son.
Hers was a hero, destin'd to command
A martial race, and rule the Latian land,
Who should his ancient line from Teucer draw,
And on the conquer'd world impose the law.'
If glory cannot move a mind so mean,
Nor future praise from fading pleasure wean,
Yet why should he defraud his son of fame,
And grudge the Romans their immortal name!
What are his vain designs! what hopes he more
From his long ling'ring on a hostile shore,
Regardless to redeem his honor lost,
And for his race to gain th' Ausonian coast!
Bid him with speed the Tyrian court forsake;
With this command the slumb'ring warrior wake."

Hermes obeys; with golden pinions binds
His flying feet, and mounts the western winds:
And, whether o'er the seas or earth he flies,
With rapid force they bear him down the skies.
But first he grasps within his awful hand
The mark of sov'reign pow'r, his magic wand;
With this he draws the ghosts from hollow graves;
With this he drives them down the Stygian waves;
With this he seals in sleep the wakeful sight,
And eyes, tho' clos'd in death, restores to light.
Thus arm'd, the god begins his airy race,
And drives the racking clouds along the liquid space;
Now sees the tops of Atlas, as he flies,
Whose brawny back supports the starry skies;
Atlas, whose head, with piny forests crown'd,
Is beaten by the winds, with foggy vapors bound.
Snows hide his shoulders; from beneath his chin
The founts of rolling streams their race begin;
A beard of ice on his large breast depends.
Here, pois'd upon his wings, the god descends:
Then, rested thus, he from the tow'ring height
Plung'd downward, with precipitated flight,
Lights on the seas, and skims along the flood.
As waterfowl, who seek their fishy food,
Less, and yet less, to distant prospect show;
By turns they dance aloft, and dive below:
Like these, the steerage of his wings he plies,
And near the surface of the water flies,
Till, having pass'd the seas, and cross'd the sands,
He clos'd his wings, and stoop'd on Libyan lands:
Where shepherds once were hous'd in homely sheds,
Now tow'rs within the clouds advance their heads.
Arriving there, he found the Trojan prince
New ramparts raising for the town's defense.
A purple scarf, with gold embroider'd o'er,
(Queen Dido's gift,) about his waist he wore;
A sword, with glitt'ring gems diversified,

For ornament, not use, hung idly by his side.

Then thus, with winged words, the god began,
Resuming his own shape: "Degenerate man,
Thou woman's property, what mak'st thou here,
These foreign walls and Tyrian tow'rs to rear,
Forgetful of thy own? All-pow'rful Jove,
Who sways the world below and heav'n above,
Has sent me down with this severe command:
What means thy ling'ring in the Libyan land?
If glory cannot move a mind so mean,
Nor future praise from flitting pleasure wean,
Regard the fortunes of thy rising heir:
The promis'd crown let young Ascanius wear,
To whom th' Ausonian scepter, and the state
Of Rome's imperial name is ow'd by fate."
So spoke the god; and, speaking, took his flight,
Involv'd in clouds, and vanish'd out of sight.

The pious prince was seiz'd with sudden fear;
Mute was his tongue, and upright stood his hair.
Revolving in his mind the stern command,
He longs to fly, and loathes the charming land.
What should he say? or how should he begin?
What course, alas! remains to steer between
Th' offended lover and the pow'rful queen?
This way and that he turns his anxious mind,
And all expedients tries, and none can find.
Fix'd on the deed, but doubtful of the means,
After long thought, to this advice he leans:
Three chiefs he calls, commands them to repair
The fleet, and ship their men with silent care;
Some plausible pretense he bids them find,
To color what in secret he design'd.
Himself, meantime, the softest hours would choose,
Before the love-sick lady heard the news;
And move her tender mind, by slow degrees,

To suffer what the sov'reign pow'r decrees:
Jove will inspire him, when, and what to say.
They hear with pleasure, and with haste obey.

But soon the queen perceives the thin disguise:
(What arts can blind a jealous woman's eyes!)
She was the first to find the secret fraud,
Before the fatal news was blaz'd abroad.
Love the first motions of the lover hears,
Quick to presage, and ev'n in safety fears.
Nor impious Fame was wanting to report
The ships repair'd, the Trojans' thick resort,
And purpose to forsake the Tyrian court.
Frantic with fear, impatient of the wound,
And impotent of mind, she roves the city round.
Less wild the Bacchanalian dames appear,
When, from afar, their nightly god they hear,
And howl about the hills, and shake the wreathy spear.
At length she finds the dear perfidious man;
Prevents his form'd excuse, and thus began:
"Base and ungrateful! could you hope to fly,
And undiscover'd scape a lover's eye?
Nor could my kindness your compassion move.
Nor plighted vows, nor dearer bands of love?
Or is the death of a despairing queen
Not worth preventing, tho' too well foreseen?
Ev'n when the wintry winds command your stay,
You dare the tempests, and defy the sea.
False as you are, suppose you were not bound
To lands unknown, and foreign coasts to sound;
Were Troy restor'd, and Priam's happy reign,
Now durst you tempt, for Troy, the raging main?
See whom you fly! am I the foe you shun?
Now, by those holy vows, so late begun,
By this right hand, (since I have nothing more
To challenge, but the faith you gave before;)
I beg you by these tears too truly shed,

By the new pleasures of our nuptial bed;
If ever Dido, when you most were kind,
Were pleasing in your eyes, or touch'd your mind;
By these my pray'rs, if pray'rs may yet have place,
Pity the fortunes of a falling race.
For you I have provok'd a tyrant's hate,
Incens'd the Libyan and the Tyrian state;
For you alone I suffer in my fame,
Bereft of honor, and expos'd to shame.
Whom have I now to trust, ungrateful guest?
(That only name remains of all the rest!)
What have I left? or whither can I fly?
Must I attend Pygmalion's cruelty,
Or till Hyarba shall in triumph lead
A queen that proudly scorn'd his proffer'd bed?
Had you deferr'd, at least, your hasty flight,
And left behind some pledge of our delight,
Some babe to bless the mother's mournful sight,
Some young Aeneas, to supply your place,
Whose features might express his father's face;
I should not then complain to live bereft
Of all my husband, or be wholly left."

Here paus'd the queen. Unmov'd he holds his eyes,
By Jove's command; nor suffer'd love to rise,
Tho' heaving in his heart; and thus at length replies:
"Fair queen, you never can enough repeat
Your boundless favors, or I own my debt;
Nor can my mind forget Eliza's name,
While vital breath inspires this mortal frame.
This only let me speak in my defense:
I never hop'd a secret flight from hence,
Much less pretended to the lawful claim
Of sacred nuptials, or a husband's name.
For, if indulgent Heav'n would leave me free,
And not submit my life to fate's decree,
My choice would lead me to the Trojan shore,

Those relics to review, their dust adore,
And Priam's ruin'd palace to restore.
But now the Delphian oracle commands,
And fate invites me to the Latian lands.
That is the promis'd place to which I steer,
And all my vows are terminated there.
If you, a Tyrian, and a stranger born,
With walls and tow'rs a Libyan town adorn,
Why may not we- like you, a foreign race-
Like you, seek shelter in a foreign place?
As often as the night obscures the skies
With humid shades, or twinkling stars arise,
Anchises' angry ghost in dreams appears,
Chides my delay, and fills my soul with fears;
And young Ascanius justly may complain
Of his defrauded and destin'd reign.
Ev'n now the herald of the gods appear'd:
Waking I saw him, and his message heard.
From Jove he came commission'd, heav'nly bright
With radiant beams, and manifest to sight
(The sender and the sent I both attest)
These walls he enter'd, and those words express'd.
Fair queen, oppose not what the gods command;
Forc'd by my fate, I leave your happy land."

Thus while he spoke, already she began,
With sparkling eyes, to view the guilty man;
From head to foot survey'd his person o'er,
Nor longer these outrageous threats forebore:
"False as thou art, and, more than false, forsworn!
Not sprung from noble blood, nor goddess-born,
But hewn from harden'd entrails of a rock!
And rough Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck!
Why should I fawn? what have I worse to fear?
Did he once look, or lent a list'ning ear,
Sigh'd when I sobb'd, or shed one kindly tear?-
All symptoms of a base ungrateful mind,

So foul, that, which is worse, 'tis hard to find.
Of man's injustice why should I complain?
The gods, and Jove himself, behold in vain
Triumphant treason; yet no thunder flies,
Nor Juno views my wrongs with equal eyes;
Faithless is earth, and faithless are the skies!
Justice is fled, and Truth is now no more!
I sav'd the shipwrack'd exile on my shore;
With needful food his hungry Trojans fed;
I took the traitor to my throne and bed:
Fool that I was- 't is little to repeat
The rest- I stor'd and rigg'd his ruin'd fleet.
I rave, I rave! A god's command he pleads,
And makes Heav'n accessory to his deeds.
Now Lycian lots, and now the Delian god,
Now Hermes is employ'd from Jove's abode,
To warn him hence; as if the peaceful state
Of heav'nly pow'rs were touch'd with human fate!
But go! thy flight no longer I detain-
Go seek thy promis'd kingdom thro' the main!
Yet, if the heav'ns will hear my pious vow,
The faithless waves, not half so false as thou,
Or secret sands, shall sepulchers afford
To thy proud vessels, and their perjur'd lord.
Then shalt thou call on injur'd Dido's name:
Dido shall come in a black sulph'ry flame,
When death has once dissolv'd her mortal frame;
Shall smile to see the traitor vainly weep:
Her angry ghost, arising from the deep,
Shall haunt thee waking, and disturb thy sleep.
At least my shade thy punishment shall know,
And Fame shall spread the pleasing news below."

Abruptly here she stops; then turns away
Her loathing eyes, and shuns the sight of day.
Amaz'd he stood, revolving in his mind
What speech to frame, and what excuse to find.

Her fearful maids their fainting mistress led,
And softly laid her on her ivory bed.

But good Aeneas, tho' he much desir'd
To give that pity which her grief requir'd;
Tho' much he mourn'd, and labor'd with his love,
Resolv'd at length, obeys the will of Jove;
Reviews his forces: they with early care
Unmoor their vessels, and for sea prepare.
The fleet is soon afloat, in all its pride,
And well-calk'd galleys in the harbor ride.
Then oaks for oars they fell'd; or, as they stood,
Of its green arms despoil'd the growing wood,
Studious of flight. The beach is cover'd o'er
With Trojan bands, that blacken all the shore:
On ev'ry side are seen, descending down,
Thick swarms of soldiers, loaden from the town.
Thus, in battalia, march embodied ants,
Fearful of winter, and of future wants,
T' invade the corn, and to their cells convey
The plunder'd forage of their yellow prey.
The sable troops, along the narrow tracks,
Scarce bear the weighty burthen on their backs:
Some set their shoulders to the pond'rous grain;
Some guard the spoil; some lash the lagging train;
All ply their sev'ral tasks, and equal toil sustain.

What pangs the tender breast of Dido tore,
When, from the tow'r, she saw the cover'd shore,
And heard the shouts of sailors from afar,
Mix'd with the murmurs of the wat'ry war!
All-pow'rful Love! what changes canst thou cause
In human hearts, subjected to thy laws!
Once more her haughty soul the tyrant bends:
To pray'rs and mean submissions she descends.
No female arts or aids she left untried,
Nor counsels unexplor'd, before she died.

“Look, Anna! look! the Trojans crowd to sea;
They spread their canvas, and their anchors weigh.
The shouting crew their ships with garlands bind,
Invoke the sea gods, and invite the wind.
Could I have thought this threat’ning blow so near,
My tender soul had been forewarn’d to bear.
But do not you my last request deny;
With yon perfidious man your int’rest try,
And bring me news, if I must live or die.
You are his fav’rite; you alone can find
The dark recesses of his inmost mind:
In all his trusted secrets you have part,
And know the soft approaches to his heart.
Haste then, and humbly seek my haughty foe;
Tell him, I did not with the Grecians go,
Nor did my fleet against his friends employ,
Nor swore the ruin of unhappy Troy,
Nor mov’d with hands profane his father’s dust:
Why should he then reject a just!
Whom does he shun, and whither would he fly!
Can he this last, this only pray’r deny!
Let him at least his dang’rous flight delay,
Wait better winds, and hope a calmer sea.
The nuptials he disclaims I urge no more:
Let him pursue the promis’d Latian shore.
A short delay is all I ask him now;
A pause of grief, an interval from woe,
Till my soft soul be temper’d to sustain
Accustom’d sorrows, and inur’d to pain.
If you in pity grant this one request,
My death shall glut the hatred of his breast.”
This mournful message pious Anna bears,
And seconds with her own her sister’s tears:
But all her arts are still employ’d in vain;
Again she comes, and is refus’d again.
His harden’d heart nor pray’rs nor threat’nings move;
Fate, and the god, had stopp’d his ears to love.

As, when the winds their airy quarrel try,
Justling from ev'ry quarter of the sky,
This way and that the mountain oak they bend,
His boughs they shatter, and his branches rend;
With leaves and falling mast they spread the ground;
The hollow valleys echo to the sound:
Unmov'd, the royal plant their fury mocks,
Or, shaken, clings more closely to the rocks;
Far as he shoots his tow'ring head on high,
So deep in earth his fix'd foundations lie.
No less a storm the Trojan hero bears;
Thick messages and loud complaints he hears,
And bandied words, still beating on his ears.
Sighs, groans, and tears proclaim his inward pains;
But the firm purpose of his heart remains.

The wretched queen, pursued by cruel fate,
Begins at length the light of heav'n to hate,
And loathes to live. Then dire portents she sees,
To hasten on the death her soul decrees:
Strange to relate! for when, before the shrine,
She pours in sacrifice the purple wine,
The purple wine is turn'd to putrid blood,
And the white offer'd milk converts to mud.
This dire presage, to her alone reveal'd,
From all, and ev'n her sister, she conceal'd.
A marble temple stood within the grove,
Sacred to death, and to her murther'd love;
That honor'd chapel she had hung around
With snowy fleeces, and with garlands crown'd:
Oft, when she visited this lonely dome,
Strange voices issued from her husband's tomb;
She thought she heard him summon her away,
Invite her to his grave, and chide her stay.
Hourly 't is heard, when with a boding note
The solitary screech owl strains her throat,
And, on a chimney's top, or turret's height,

With songs obscene disturbs the silence of the night.
Besides, old prophecies augment her fears;
And stern Aeneas in her dreams appears,
Disdainful as by day: she seems, alone,
To wander in her sleep, thro' ways unknown,
Guideless and dark; or, in a desert plain,
To seek her subjects, and to seek in vain:
Like Pentheus, when, distracted with his fear,
He saw two suns, and double Thebes, appear;
Or mad Orestes, when his mother's ghost
Full in his face infernal torches toss'd,
And shook her snaky locks: he shuns the sight,
Flies o'er the stage, surpris'd with mortal fright;
The Furies guard the door and intercept his flight.

Now, sinking underneath a load of grief,
From death alone she seeks her last relief;
The time and means resolv'd within her breast,
She to her mournful sister thus address'd
(Dissembling hope, her cloudy front she clears,
And a false vigor in her eyes appears):
"Rejoice!" she said. "Instructed from above,
My lover I shall gain, or lose my love.
Nigh rising Atlas, next the falling sun,
Long tracts of Ethiopian climates run:
There a Massylian priestess I have found,
Honor'd for age, for magic arts renown'd:
Th' Hesperian temple was her trusted care;
'T was she supplied the wakeful dragon's fare.
She poppy seeds in honey taught to steep,
Reclaim'd his rage, and sooth'd him into sleep.
She watch'd the golden fruit; her charms unbind
The chains of love, or fix them on the mind:
She stops the torrents, leaves the channel dry,
Repels the stars, and backward bears the sky.
The yawning earth rebellows to her call,
Pale ghosts ascend, and mountain ashes fall.

Witness, ye gods, and thou my better part,
How loth I am to try this impious art!
Within the secret court, with silent care,
Erect a lofty pile, expos'd in air:
Hang on the topmost part the Trojan vest,
Spoils, arms, and presents, of my faithless guest.
Next, under these, the bridal bed be plac'd,
Where I my ruin in his arms embrac'd:
All relics of the wretch are doom'd to fire;
For so the priestess and her charms require."

Thus far she said, and farther speech forbears;
A mortal paleness in her face appears:
Yet the mistrustless Anna could not find
The secret fun'ral in these rites design'd;
Nor thought so dire a rage possess'd her mind.
Unknowing of a train conceal'd so well,
She fear'd no worse than when Sichaeus fell;
Therefore obeys. The fatal pile they rear,
Within the secret court, expos'd in air.
The cloven holms and pines are heap'd on high,
And garlands on the hollow spaces lie.
Sad cypress, vervain, yew, compose the wreath,
And ev'ry baleful green denoting death.
The queen, determin'd to the fatal deed,
The spoils and sword he left, in order spread,
And the man's image on the nuptial bed.

And now (the sacred altars plac'd around)
The priestess enters, with her hair unbound,
And thrice invokes the pow'rs below the ground.
Night, Erebus, and Chaos she proclaims,
And threefold Hecate, with her hundred names,
And three Dianas: next, she sprinkles round
With feign'd Avernian drops the hallow'd ground;
Culls hoary simples, found by Phoebe's light,
With brazen sickles reap'd at noon of night;

Then mixes baleful juices in the bowl,
And cuts the forehead of a newborn foal,
Robbing the mother's love. The destin'd queen
Observes, assisting at the rites obscene;
A leaven'd cake in her devoted hands
She holds, and next the highest altar stands:
One tender foot was shod, her other bare;
Girt was her gather'd gown, and loose her hair.
Thus dress'd, she summon'd, with her dying breath,
The heav'ns and planets conscious of her death,
And ev'ry pow'r, if any rules above,
Who minds, or who revenges, injur'd love.

“‘T was dead of night, when weary bodies close
Their eyes in balmy sleep and soft repose:
The winds no longer whisper thro' the woods,
Nor murm'ring tides disturb the gentle floods.
The stars in silent order mov'd around;
And Peace, with downy wings, was brooding on the ground
The flocks and herds, and party-color'd fowl,
Which haunt the woods, or swim the weedy pool,
Stretch'd on the quiet earth, securely lay,
Forgetting the past labors of the day.
All else of nature's common gift partake:
Unhappy Dido was alone awake.
Nor sleep nor ease the furious queen can find;
Sleep fled her eyes, as quiet fled her mind.
Despair, and rage, and love divide her heart;
Despair and rage had some, but love the greater part.

Then thus she said within her secret mind:
“What shall I do? what succor can I find?
Become a suppliant to Hyarba's pride,
And take my turn, to court and be denied?
Shall I with this ungrateful Trojan go,
Forsake an empire, and attend a foe?
Himself I refug'd, and his train reliev'd-

'T is true- but am I sure to be receiv'd?
Can gratitude in Trojan souls have place!
Laomedon still lives in all his race!
Then, shall I seek alone the churlish crew,
Or with my fleet their flying sails pursue?
What force have I but those whom scarce before
I drew reluctant from their native shore?
Will they again embark at my desire,
Once more sustain the seas, and quit their second Tyre?
Rather with steel thy guilty breast invade,
And take the fortune thou thyself hast made.
Your pity, sister, first seduc'd my mind,
Or seconded too well what I design'd.
These dear-bought pleasures had I never known,
Had I continued free, and still my own;
Avoiding love, I had not found despair,
But shar'd with salvage beasts the common air.
Like them, a lonely life I might have led,
Not mourn'd the living, nor disturb'd the dead."
These thoughts she brooded in her anxious breast.
On board, the Trojan found more easy rest.
Resolv'd to sail, in sleep he pass'd the night;
And order'd all things for his early flight.

To whom once more the winged god appears;
His former youthful mien and shape he wears,
And with this new alarm invades his ears:
"Sleep'st thou, O goddess-born! and canst thou drown
Thy needful cares, so near a hostile town,
Beset with foes; nor hear'st the western gales
Invite thy passage, and inspire thy sails?
She harbors in her heart a furious hate,
And thou shalt find the dire effects too late;
Fix'd on revenge, and obstinate to die.
Haste swiftly hence, while thou hast pow'r to fly.
The sea with ships will soon be cover'd o'er,
And blazing firebrands kindle all the shore.

Prevent her rage, while night obscures the skies,
And sail before the purple morn arise.
Who knows what hazards thy delay may bring?
Woman's a various and a changeful thing."
Thus Hermes in the dream; then took his flight
Aloft in air unseen, and mix'd with night.

Twice warn'd by the celestial messenger,
The pious prince arose with hasty fear;
Then rous'd his drowsy train without delay:
"Haste to your banks; your crooked anchors weigh,
And spread your flying sails, and stand to sea.
A god commands: he stood before my sight,
And urg'd us once again to speedy flight.
O sacred pow'r, what pow'r soe'er thou art,
To thy blest orders I resign my heart.
Lead thou the way; protect thy Trojan bands,
And prosper the design thy will commands."
He said: and, drawing forth his flaming sword,
His thund'ring arm divides the many-twisted cord.
An emulating zeal inspires his train:
They run; they snatch; they rush into the main.
With headlong haste they leave the desert shores,
And brush the liquid seas with lab'ring oars.

Aurora now had left her saffron bed,
And beams of early light the heav'ns o'erspread,
When, from a tow'r, the queen, with wakeful eyes,
Saw day point upward from the rosy skies.
She look'd to seaward; but the sea was void,
And scarce in ken the sailing ships descried.
Stung with despite, and furious with despair,
She struck her trembling breast, and tore her hair.
"And shall th' ungrateful traitor go," she said,
"My land forsaken, and my love betray'd?
Shall we not arm? not rush from ev'ry street,
To follow, sink, and burn his perjur'd fleet?

Haste, haul my galleys out! pursue the foe!
Bring flaming brands! set sail, and swiftly row!
What have I said? where am I? Fury turns
My brain; and my distemper'd bosom burns.
Then, when I gave my person and my throne,
This hate, this rage, had been more timely shown.
See now the promis'd faith, the vaunted name,
The pious man, who, rushing thro' the flame,
Preserv'd his gods, and to the Phrygian shore
The burthen of his feeble father bore!
I should have torn him piecemeal; strow'd in floods
His scatter'd limbs, or left expos'd in woods;
Destroy'd his friends and son; and, from the fire,
Have set the reeking boy before the sire.
Events are doubtful, which on battles wait:
Yet where's the doubt, to souls secure of fate?
My Tyrians, at their injur'd queen's command,
Had toss'd their fires amid the Trojan band;
At once extinguish'd all the faithless name;
And I myself, in vengeance of my shame,
Had fall'n upon the pile, to mend the fun'ral flame.
Thou Sun, who view'st at once the world below;
Thou Juno, guardian of the nuptial vow;
Thou Hecate hearken from thy dark abodes!
Ye Furies, fiends, and violated gods,
All pow'rs invok'd with Dido's dying breath,
Attend her curses and avenge her death!
If so the Fates ordain, Jove commands,
Th' ungrateful wretch should find the Latian lands,
Yet let a race untam'd, and haughty foes,
His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppose:
Oppress'd with numbers in th' unequal field,
His men discourag'd, and himself expell'd,
Let him for succor sue from place to place,
Torn from his subjects, and his son's embrace.
First, let him see his friends in battle slain,
And their untimely fate lament in vain;

And when, at length, the cruel war shall cease,
On hard conditions may he buy his peace:
Nor let him then enjoy supreme command;
But fall, untimely, by some hostile hand,
And lie unburied on the barren sand!
These are my pray'rs, and this my dying will;
And you, my Tyrians, ev'ry curse fulfil.
Perpetual hate and mortal wars proclaim,
Against the prince, the people, and the name.
These grateful off'rings on my grave bestow;
Nor league, nor love, the hostile nations know!
Now, and from hence, in ev'ry future age,
When rage excites your arms, and strength supplies the rage
Rise some avenger of our Libyan blood,
With fire and sword pursue the perjur'd brood;
Our arms, our seas, our shores, oppos'd to theirs;
And the same hate descend on all our heirs!"

This said, within her anxious mind she weighs
The means of cutting short her odious days.
Then to Sichaeus' nurse she briefly said
(For, when she left her country, hers was dead):
"Go, Barce, call my sister. Let her care
The solemn rites of sacrifice prepare;
The sheep, and all th' atoning off'rings bring,
Sprinkling her body from the crystal spring
With living drops; then let her come, and thou
With sacred fillets bind thy hoary brow.
Thus will I pay my vows to Stygian Jove,
And end the cares of my disastrous love;
Then cast the Trojan image on the fire,
And, as that burns, my passions shall expire."

The nurse moves onward, with officious care,
And all the speed her aged limbs can bear.
But furious Dido, with dark thoughts involv'd,
Shook at the mighty mischief she resolv'd.

With livid spots distinguish'd was her face;
Red were her rolling eyes, and discompos'd her pace;
Ghastly she gaz'd, with pain she drew her breath,
And nature shiver'd at approaching death.

Then swiftly to the fatal place she pass'd,
And mounts the fun'ral pile with furious haste;
Unsheathes the sword the Trojan left behind
(Not for so dire an enterprise design'd).
But when she view'd the garments loosely spread,
Which once he wore, and saw the conscious bed,
She paus'd, and with a sigh the robes embrac'd;
Then on the couch her trembling body cast,
Repress'd the ready tears, and spoke her last:
"Dear pledges of my love, while Heav'n so pleas'd,
Receive a soul, of mortal anguish eas'd:
My fatal course is finish'd; and I go,
A glorious name, among the ghosts below.
A lofty city by my hands is rais'd,
Pygmalion punish'd, and my lord appeas'd.
What could my fortune have afforded more,
Had the false Trojan never touch'd my shore!"
Then kiss'd the couch; and, "Must I die," she said,
"And unreveng'd? 'T is doubly to be dead!
Yet ev'n this death with pleasure I receive:
On any terms, 't is better than to live.
These flames, from far, may the false Trojan view;
These boding omens his base flight pursue!"

She said, and struck; deep enter'd in her side
The piercing steel, with reeking purple dyed:
Clogg'd in the wound the cruel weapon stands;
The spouting blood came streaming on her hands.
Her sad attendants saw the deadly stroke,
And with loud cries the sounding palace shook.
Distracted, from the fatal sight they fled,
And thro' the town the dismal rumor spread.

First from the frightened court the yell began;
Redoubled, thence from house to house it ran:
The groans of men, with shrieks, laments, and cries
Of mixing women, mount the vaulted skies.
Not less the clamor, than if- ancient Tyre,
Or the new Carthage, set by foes on fire-
The rolling ruin, with their lov'd abodes,
Involv'd the blazing temples of their gods.

Her sister hears; and, furious with despair,
She beats her breast, and rends her yellow hair,
And, calling on Eliza's name aloud,
Runs breathless to the place, and breaks the crowd.
"Was all that pomp of woe for this prepar'd;
These fires, this fun'ral pile, these altars rear'd?
Was all this train of plots contriv'd," said she,
"All only to deceive unhappy me?
Which is the worst? Didst thou in death pretend
To scorn thy sister, or delude thy friend?
Thy summon'd sister, and thy friend, had come;
One sword had serv'd us both, one common tomb:
Was I to raise the pile, the pow'rs invoke,
Not to be present at the fatal stroke?
At once thou hast destroy'd thyself and me,
Thy town, thy senate, and thy colony!
Bring water; bathe the wound; while I in death
Lay close my lips to hers, and catch the flying breath."
This said, she mounts the pile with eager haste,
And in her arms the gasping queen embrac'd;
Her temples chaf'd; and her own garments tore,
To stanch the streaming blood, and cleanse the gore.
Thrice Dido tried to raise her drooping head,
And, fainting thrice, fell grov'ling on the bed;
Thrice op'd her heavy eyes, and sought the light,
But, having found it, sicken'd at the sight,
And clos'd her lids at last in endless night.

Then Juno, grieving that she should sustain
A death so ling'ring, and so full of pain,
Sent Iris down, to free her from the strife
Of lab'ring nature, and dissolve her life.
For since she died, not doom'd by Heav'n's decree,
Or her own crime, but human casualty,
And rage of love, that plung'd her in despair,
The Sisters had not cut the topmost hair,
Which Proserpine and they can only know;
Nor made her sacred to the shades below.
Downward the various goddess took her flight,
And drew a thousand colors from the light;
Then stood above the dying lover's head,
And said: "I thus devote thee to the dead.
This off'ring to th' infernal gods I bear."
Thus while she spoke, she cut the fatal hair:
The struggling soul was loos'd, and life dissolv'd in air.

BOOK V

Meantime the Trojan cuts his wat'ry way,
Fix'd on his voyage, thro' the curling sea;
Then, casting back his eyes, with dire amaze,
Sees on the Punic shore the mounting blaze.
The cause unknown; yet his presaging mind
The fate of Dido from the fire divin'd;
He knew the stormy souls of womankind,
What secret springs their eager passions move,
How capable of death for injur'd love.
Dire auguries from hence the Trojans draw;
Till neither fires nor shining shores they saw.
Now seas and skies their prospect only bound;
An empty space above, a floating field around.
But soon the heav'ns with shadows were o'erspread;
A swelling cloud hung hov'ring o'er their head:
Livid it look'd, the threat'ning of a storm:
Then night and horror ocean's face deform.
The pilot, Palinurus, cried aloud:
"What gusts of weather from that gath'ring cloud
My thoughts presage! Ere yet the tempest roars,
Stand to your tackle, mates, and stretch your oars;
Contract your swelling sails, and luff to wind."
The frightened crew perform the task assign'd.
Then, to his fearless chief: "Not Heav'n," said he,
"Tho' Jove himself should promise Italy,
Can stem the torrent of this raging sea.
Mark how the shifting winds from west arise,
And what collected night involves the skies!
Nor can our shaken vessels live at sea,
Much less against the tempest force their way.
'T is fate diverts our course, and fate we must obey.
Not far from hence, if I observ'd aright
The southing of the stars, and polar light,
Sicilia lies, whose hospitable shores

In safety we may reach with struggling oars.”
Aeneas then replied: “Too sure I find
We strive in vain against the seas and wind:
Now shift your sails; what place can please me more
Than what you promise, the Sicilian shore,
Whose hallow’d earth Anchises’ bones contains,
And where a prince of Trojan lineage reigns?”
The course resolv’d, before the western wind
They scud amain, and make the port assign’d.
Meantime Acestes, from a lofty stand,
Beheld the fleet descending on the land;
And, not unmindful of his ancient race,
Down from the cliff he ran with eager pace,
And held the hero in a strict embrace.
Of a rough Libyan bear the spoils he wore,
And either hand a pointed jav’lin bore.
His mother was a dame of Dardan blood;
His sire Criniscus, a Sicilian flood.
He welcomes his returning friends ashore
With plenteous country cates and homely store.

Now, when the following morn had chas’d away
The flying stars, and light restor’d the day,
Aeneas call’d the Trojan troops around,
And thus bespoke them from a rising ground:
“Offspring of heav’n, divine Dardanian race!
The sun, revolving thro’ th’ ethereal space,
The shining circle of the year has fill’d,
Since first this isle my father’s ashes held:
And now the rising day renews the year;
A day for ever sad, for ever dear.
This would I celebrate with annual games,
With gifts on altars pil’d, and holy flames,
Tho’ banish’d to Gaetulia’s barren sands,
Caught on the Grecian seas, or hostile lands:
But since this happy storm our fleet has driv’n
(Not, as I deem, without the will of Heav’n)

Upon these friendly shores and flow'ry plains,
Which hide Anchises and his blest remains,
Let us with joy perform his honors due,
And pray for prosp'rous winds, our voyage to renew;
Pray, that in towns and temples of our own,
The name of great Anchises may be known,
And yearly games may spread the gods' renown.
Our sports Acestes, of the Trojan race,
With royal gifts ordain'd, is pleas'd to grace:
Two steers on ev'ry ship the king bestows;
His gods and ours shall share your equal vows.
Besides, if, nine days hence, the rosy morn
Shall with unclouded light the skies adorn,
That day with solemn sports I mean to grace:
Light galleys on the seas shall run a wat'ry race;
Some shall in swiftness for the goal contend,
And others try the twanging bow to bend;
The strong, with iron gauntlets arm'd, shall stand
Oppos'd in combat on the yellow sand.
Let all be present at the games prepar'd,
And joyful victors wait the just reward.
But now assist the rites, with garlands crown'd."
He said, and first his brows with myrtle bound.
Then Helymus, by his example led,
And old Acestes, each adorn'd his head;
Thus young Ascanius, with a sprightly grace,
His temples tied, and all the Trojan race.
Aeneas then advanc'd amidst the train,
By thousands follow'd thro' the flow'ry plain,
To great Anchises' tomb; which when he found,
He pour'd to Bacchus, on the hallow'd ground,
Two bowls of sparkling wine, of milk two more,
And two (from offer'd bulls) of purple gore,
With roses then the sepulcher he strow'd
And thus his father's ghost bespoke aloud:
"Hail, O ye holy manes! hail again,
Paternal ashes, now review'd in vain!

The gods permitted not, that you, with me,
Should reach the promis'd shores of Italy,
Or Tiber's flood, what flood soe'er it be."
Scarce had he finish'd, when, with speckled pride,
A serpent from the tomb began to glide;
His huge bulk on sev'n high volumes roll'd;
Blue was his breadth of back, but streak'd with scaly gold:
Thus riding on his curls, he seem'd to pass
A rolling fire along, and singe the grass.
More various colors thro' his body run,
Than Iris when her bow imbibes the sun.
Betwixt the rising altars, and around,
The sacred monster shot along the ground;
With harmless play amidst the bowls he pass'd,
And with his lolling tongue assay'd the taste:
Thus fed with holy food, the wondrous guest
Within the hollow tomb retir'd to rest.
The pious prince, surpris'd at what he view'd,
The fun'ral honors with more zeal renew'd,
Doubtful if this place's genius were,
Or guardian of his father's sepulcher.
Five sheep, according to the rites, he slew;
As many swine, and steers of sable hue;
New gen'rous wine he from the goblets pour'd.
And call'd his father's ghost, from hell restor'd.
The glad attendants in long order come,
Off'ring their gifts at great Anchises' tomb:
Some add more oxen: some divide the spoil;
Some place the chargers on the grassy soil;
Some blow the fires, and off entrails broil.

Now came the day desir'd. The skies were bright
With rosy luster of the rising light:
The bord'ring people, rous'd by sounding fame
Of Trojan feasts and great Acestes' name,
The crowded shore with acclamations fill,
Part to behold, and part to prove their skill.

And first the gifts in public view they place,
Green laurel wreaths, and palm, the victors' grace:
Within the circle, arms and tripods lie,
Ingots of gold and silver, heap'd on high,
And vests embroider'd, of the Tyrian dye.
The trumpet's clangor then the feast proclaims,
And all prepare for their appointed games.
Four galleys first, which equal rowers bear,
Advancing, in the wat'ry lists appear.
The speedy Dolphin, that outstrips the wind,
Bore Mnestheus, author of the Memmian kind:
Gyas the vast Chimaera's bulk commands,
Which rising, like a tow'ring city stands;
Three Trojans tug at ev'ry lab'ring oar;
Three banks in three degrees the sailors bore;
Beneath their sturdy strokes the billows roar.
Sergesthus, who began the Sergian race,
In the great Centaur took the leading place;
Cloanthus on the sea-green Scylla stood,
From whom Cluentius draws his Trojan blood.

Far in the sea, against the foaming shore,
There stands a rock: the raging billows roar
Above his head in storms; but, when 't is clear,
Uncurl their ridgy backs, and at his foot appear.
In peace below the gentle waters run;
The cormorants above lie basking in the sun.
On this the hero fix'd an oak in sight,
The mark to guide the mariners aright.
To bear with this, the seamen stretch their oars;
Then round the rock they steer, and seek the former shores.
The lots decide their place. Above the rest,
Each leader shining in his Tyrian vest;
The common crew with wreaths of poplar boughs
Their temples crown, and shade their sweaty brows:
Besmear'd with oil, their naked shoulders shine.
All take their seats, and wait the sounding sign:

They gripe their oars; and ev'ry panting breast
Is rais'd by turns with hope, by turns with fear depress'd.
The clangor of the trumpet gives the sign;
At once they start, advancing in a line:
With shouts the sailors rend the starry skies;
Lash'd with their oars, the smoky billows rise;
Sparkles the briny main, and the vex'd ocean fries.
Exact in time, with equal strokes they row:
At once the brushing oars and brazen prow
Dash up the sandy waves, and ope the depths below.
Not fiery coursers, in a chariot race,
Invade the field with half so swift a pace;
Not the fierce driver with more fury lends
The sounding lash, and, ere the stroke descends,
Low to the wheels his pliant body bends.
The partial crowd their hopes and fears divide,
And aid with eager shouts the favor'd side.
Cries, murmurs, clamors, with a mixing sound,
From woods to woods, from hills to hills rebound.

Amidst the loud applauses of the shore,
Gyas outstripp'd the rest, and sprung before:
Cloanthus, better mann'd, pursued him fast,
But his o'er-masted galley check'd his haste.
The Centaur and the Dolphin brush the brine
With equal oars, advancing in a line;
And now the mighty Centaur seems to lead,
And now the speedy Dolphin gets ahead;
Now board to board the rival vessels row,
The billows lave the skies, and ocean groans below.
They reach'd the mark. Proud Gyas and his train
In triumph rode, the victors of the main;
But, steering round, he charg'd his pilot stand
More close to shore, and skim along the sand-
"Let others bear to sea!" Menoetes heard;
But secret shelves too cautiously he fear'd,
And, fearing, sought the deep; and still aloof he steer'd.

With louder cries the captain call'd again:
"Bear to the rocky shore, and shun the main."
He spoke, and, speaking, at his stern he saw
The bold Cloanthus near the shelvings draw.
Betwixt the mark and him the Scylla stood,
And in a closer compass plow'd the flood.
He pass'd the mark; and, wheeling, got before:
Gyas blasphem'd the gods, devoutly swore,
Cried out for anger, and his hair he tore.
Mindless of others' lives (so high was grown
His rising rage) and careless of his own,
The trembling dotard to the deck he drew;
Then hoisted up, and overboard he threw:
This done, he seiz'd the helm; his fellows cheer'd,
Turn'd short upon the shelves, and madly steer'd.

Hardly his head the plunging pilot rears,
Clogg'd with his clothes, and cumber'd with his years:
Now dropping wet, he climbs the cliff with pain.
The crowd, that saw him fall and float again,
Shout from the distant shore; and loudly laugh'd,
To see his heaving breast disgorge the briny draught.
The following Centaur, and the Dolphin's crew,
Their vanish'd hopes of victory renew;
While Gyas lags, they kindle in the race,
To reach the mark. Sergesthus takes the place;
Mnestheus pursues; and while around they wind,
Comes up, not half his galley's length behind;
Then, on the deck, amidst his mates appear'd,
And thus their drooping courage he cheer'd:
"My friends, and Hector's followers heretofore,
Exert your vigor; tug the lab'ring oar;
Stretch to your strokes, my still unconquer'd crew,
Whom from the flaming walls of Troy I drew.
In this, our common int'rest, let me find
That strength of hand, that courage of the mind,
As when you stemm'd the strong Malean flood,

And o'er the Syrtes' broken billows row'd.
I seek not now the foremost palm to gain;
Tho' yet- but, ah! that haughty wish is vain!
Let those enjoy it whom the gods ordain.
But to be last, the lags of all the race!-
Redeem yourselves and me from that disgrace.”
Now, one and all, they tug amain; they row
At the full stretch, and shake the brazen prow.
The sea beneath 'em sinks; their lab'ring sides
Are swell'd, and sweat runs gutt'ring down in tides.
Chance aids their daring with unhop'd success;
Sergesthus, eager with his beak to press
Betwixt the rival galley and the rock,
Shuts up th' unwieldly Centaur in the lock.
The vessel struck; and, with the dreadful shock,
Her oars she shiver'd, and her head she broke.
The trembling rowers from their banks arise,
And, anxious for themselves, renounce the prize.
With iron poles they heave her off the shores,
And gather from the sea their floating oars.
The crew of Mnestheus, with elated minds,
Urge their success, and call the willing winds;
Then ply their oars, and cut their liquid way
In larger compass on the roomy sea.
As, when the dove her rocky hold forsakes,
Rous'd in a fright, her sounding wings she shakes;
The cavern rings with clatt'ring; out she flies,
And leaves her callow care, and cleaves the skies:
At first she flutters; but at length she springs
To smoother flight, and shoots upon her wings:
So Mnestheus in the Dolphin cuts the sea;
And, flying with a force, that force assists his way.
Sergesthus in the Centaur soon he pass'd,
Wedg'd in the rocky shoals, and sticking fast.
In vain the victor he with cries implores,
And practices to row with shatter'd oars.
Then Mnestheus bears with Gyas, and outflies:

The ship, without a pilot, yields the prize.
Unvanquish'd Scylla now alone remains;
Her he pursues, and all his vigor strains.
Shouts from the fav'ring multitude arise;
Applauding Echo to the shouts replies;
Shouts, wishes, and applause run rattling thro' the skies.
These clamors with disdain the Scylla heard,
Much grudg'd the praise, but more the robb'd reward:
Resolv'd to hold their own, they mend their pace,
All obstinate to die, or gain the race.
Rais'd with success, the Dolphin swiftly ran;
For they can conquer, who believe they can.
Both urge their oars, and fortune both supplies,
And both perhaps had shar'd an equal prize;
When to the seas Cloanthus holds his hands,
And succor from the wat'ry pow'rs demands:
"Gods of the liquid realms, on which I row!
If, giv'n by you, the laurel bind my brow,
Assist to make me guilty of my vow!
A snow-white bull shall on your shore be slain;
His offer'd entrails cast into the main,
And ruddy wine, from golden goblets thrown,
Your grateful gift and my return shall own."
The choir of nymphs, and Phorcus, from below,
With virgin Panopea, heard his vow;
And old Portunus, with his breadth of hand,
Push'd on, and sped the galley to the land.
Swift as a shaft, or winged wind, she flies,
And, darting to the port, obtains the prize.

The herald summons all, and then proclaims
Cloanthus conqu'ror of the naval games.
The prince with laurel crowns the victor's head,
And three fat steers are to his vessel led,
The ship's reward; with gen'rous wine beside,
And sums of silver, which the crew divide.
The leaders are distinguish'd from the rest;

The victor honor'd with a nobler vest,
Where gold and purple strive in equal rows,
And needlework its happy cost bestows.
There Ganymede is wrought with living art,
Chasing thro' Ida's groves the trembling hart:
Breathless he seems, yet eager to pursue;
When from aloft descends, in open view,
The bird of Jove, and, sousing on his prey,
With crooked talons bears the boy away.
In vain, with lifted hands and gazing eyes,
His guards behold him soaring thro' the skies,
And dogs pursue his flight with imitated cries.

Mnestheus the second victor was declar'd;
And, summon'd there, the second prize he shard.
A coat of mail, brave Demoleus bore,
More brave Aeneas from his shoulders tore,
In single combat on the Trojan shore:
This was ordain'd for Mnestheus to possess;
In war for his defense, for ornament in peace.
Rich was the gift, and glorious to behold,
But yet so pond'rous with its plates of gold,
That scarce two servants could the weight sustain;
Yet, loaded thus, Demoleus o'er the plain
Pursued and lightly seiz'd the Trojan train.
The third, succeeding to the last reward,
Two goodly bowls of massy silver shar'd,
With figures prominent, and richly wrought,
And two brass caldrons from Dodona brought.

Thus all, rewarded by the hero's hands,
Their conqu'ring temples bound with purple bands;
And now Sergesthus, clearing from the rock,
Brought back his galley shatter'd with the shock.
Forlorn she look'd, without an aiding oar,
And, houted by the vulgar, made to shore.
As when a snake, surpris'd upon the road,

Is crush'd athwart her body by the load
Of heavy wheels; or with a mortal wound
Her belly bruis'd, and trodden to the ground:
In vain, with loosen'd curls, she crawls along;
Yet, fierce above, she brandishes her tongue;
Glares with her eyes, and bristles with her scales;
But, groveling in the dust, her parts unsound she trails:
So slowly to the port the Centaur tends,
But, what she wants in oars, with sails amends.
Yet, for his galley sav'd, the grateful prince
Is pleas'd th' unhappy chief to recompense.
Pholoe, the Cretan slave, rewards his care,
Beauteous herself, with lovely twins as fair.

From thence his way the Trojan hero bent
Into the neighb'ring plain, with mountains pent,
Whose sides were shaded with surrounding wood.
Full in the midst of this fair valley stood
A native theater, which, rising slow
By just degrees, o'erlook'd the ground below.
High on a sylvan throne the leader sate;
A num'rous train attend in solemn state.
Here those that in the rapid course delight,
Desire of honor and the prize invite.
The rival runners without order stand;
The Trojans mix'd with the Sicilian band.
First Nisus, with Euryalus, appears;
Euryalus a boy of blooming years,
With sprightly grace and equal beauty crown'd;
Nisus, for friendship to the youth renown'd.
Diores next, of Priam's royal race,
Then Salius joined with Patron, took their place;
(But Patron in Arcadia had his birth,
And Salius his from Arcanian earth;)
Then two Sicilian youths- the names of these,
Swift Helymus, and lovely Panopes:
Both jolly huntsmen, both in forest bred,

And owning old Acestes for their head;
With sev'ral others of ignobler name,
Whom time has not deliver'd o'er to fame.

To these the hero thus his thoughts explain'd,
In words which gen'ral approbation gain'd:
"One common largess is for all design'd,
(The vanquish'd and the victor shall be join'd,)
Two darts of polish'd steel and Gnosian wood,
A silver-studded ax, alike bestow'd.
The foremost three have olive wreaths decreed:
The first of these obtains a stately steed,
Adorn'd with trappings; and the next in fame,
The quiver of an Amazonian dame,
With feather'd Thracian arrows well supplied:
A golden belt shall gird his manly side,
Which with a sparkling diamond shall be tied.
The third this Grecian helmet shall content."
He said. To their appointed base they went;
With beating hearts th' expected sign receive,
And, starting all at once, the barrier leave.
Spread out, as on the winged winds, they flew,
And seiz'd the distant goal with greedy view.
Shot from the crowd, swift Nisus all o'erpass'd;
Nor storms, nor thunder, equal half his haste.
The next, but tho' the next, yet far disjoin'd,
Came Salius, and Euryalus behind;
Then Helymus, whom young Diores plied,
Step after step, and almost side by side,
His shoulders pressing; and, in longer space,
Had won, or left at least a dubious race.

Now, spent, the goal they almost reach at last,
When eager Nisus, hapless in his haste,
Slipp'd first, and, slipping, fell upon the plain,
Soak'd with the blood of oxen newly slain.
The careless victor had not mark'd his way;

But, treading where the treach'rous puddle lay,
His heels flew up; and on the grassy floor
He fell, besmear'd with filth and holy gore.
Not mindless then, Euryalus, of thee,
Nor of the sacred bonds of amity,
He strove th' immediate rival's hope to cross,
And caught the foot of Salius as he rose.
So Salius lay extended on the plain;
Euryalus springs out, the prize to gain,
And leaves the crowd: applauding peals attend
The victor to the goal, who vanquish'd by his friend.
Next Helymus; and then Diores came,
By two misfortunes made the third in fame.

But Salius enters, and, exclaiming loud
For justice, deafens and disturbs the crowd;
Urges his cause may in the court be heard;
And pleads the prize is wrongfully conferr'd.
But favor for Euryalus appears;
His blooming beauty, with his tender tears,
Had brib'd the judges for the promis'd prize.
Besides, Diores fills the court with cries,
Who vainly reaches at the last reward,
If the first palm on Salius be conferr'd.
Then thus the prince: "Let no disputes arise:
Where fortune plac'd it, I award the prize.
But fortune's errors give me leave to mend,
At least to pity my deserving friend."
He said, and, from among the spoils, he draws
(Pond'rous with shaggy mane and golden paws)
A lion's hide: to Salius this he gives.
Nisus with envy sees the gift, and grieves.
"If such rewards to vanquish'd men are due."
He said, "and falling is to rise by you,
What prize may Nisus from your bounty claim,
Who merited the first rewards and fame?
In falling, both an equal fortune tried;

Would fortune for my fall so well provide!"
With this he pointed to his face, and show'd
His hand and all his habit smear'd with blood.
Th' indulgent father of the people smil'd,
And caus'd to be produc'd an ample shield,
Of wondrous art, by Didymaon wrought,
Long since from Neptune's bars in triumph brought.
This giv'n to Nisus, he divides the rest,
And equal justice in his gifts express'd.

The race thus ended, and rewards bestow'd,
Once more the princes bespeaks th' attentive crowd:
"If there he here whose dauntless courage dare
In gauntlet-fight, with limbs and body bare,
His opposite sustain in open view,
Stand forth the champion, and the games renew.
Two prizes I propose, and thus divide:
A bull with gilded horns, and fillets tied,
Shall be the portion of the conqu'ring chief;
A sword and helm shall cheer the loser's grief."

Then haughty Dares in the lists appears;
Stalking he strides, his head erected bears:
His nervous arms the weighty gauntlet wield,
And loud applauses echo thro' the field.
Dares alone in combat us'd to stand
The match of mighty Paris, hand to hand;
The same, at Hector's fun'rals, undertook
Gigantic Butes, of th' Amycian stock,
And, by the stroke of his resistless hand,
Stretch'd the vast bulk upon the yellow sand.
Such Dares was; and such he strode along,
And drew the wonder of the gazing throng.
His brawny back and ample breast he shows,
His lifted arms around his head he throws,
And deals in whistling air his empty blows.
His match is sought; but, thro' the trembling band,

Not one dares answer to the proud demand.
Presuming of his force, with sparkling eyes
Already he devours the promis'd prize.
He claims the bull with awless insolence,
And having seiz'd his horns, accosts the prince:
"If none my matchless valor dares oppose,
How long shall Dares wait his dastard foes?
Permit me, chief, permit without delay,
To lead this uncontended gift away."
The crowd assents, and with redoubled cries
For the proud challenger demands the prize.

Acestes, fir'd with just disdain, to see
The palm usurp'd without a victory,
Reproach'd Entellus thus, who sate beside,
And heard and saw, unmov'd, the Trojan's pride:
"Once, but in vain, a champion of renown,
So tamely can you bear the ravish'd crown,
A prize in triumph borne before your sight,
And shun, for fear, the danger of the fight?
Where is our Eryx now, the boasted name,
The god who taught your thund'ring arm the game?
Where now your baffled honor? Where the spoil
That fill'd your house, and fame that fill'd our isle?"
Entellus, thus: "My soul is still the same,
Unmov'd with fear, and mov'd with martial fame;
But my chill blood is curdled in my veins,
And scarce the shadow of a man remains.
O could I turn to that fair prime again,
That prime of which this boaster is so vain,
The brave, who this decrepid age defies,
Should feel my force, without the promis'd prize."

He said; and, rising at the word, he threw
Two pond'rous gauntlets down in open view;
Gauntlets which Eryx wont in fight to wield,
And sheathe his hands with in the listed field.

With fear and wonder seiz'd, the crowd beholds
The gloves of death, with sev'n distinguish'd folds
Of tough bull hides; the space within is spread
With iron, or with loads of heavy lead:
Dares himself was daunted at the sight,
Renounc'd his challenge, and refus'd to fight.
Astonish'd at their weight, the hero stands,
And pois'd the pond'rous engines in his hands.
"What had your wonder," said Entellus, "been,
Had you the gauntlets of Alcides seen,
Or view'd the stern debate on this unhappy green!
These which I bear your brother Eryx bore,
Still mark'd with batter'd brains and mingled gore.
With these he long sustain'd th' Herculean arm;
And these I wielded while my blood was warm,
This languish'd frame while better spirits fed,
Ere age unstrung my nerves, or time o'ersnow'd my head.
But if the challenger these arms refuse,
And cannot wield their weight, or dare not use;
If great Aeneas and Acestes join
In his request, these gauntlets I resign;
Let us with equal arms perform the fight,
And let him leave to fear, since I resign my right."

This said, Entellus for the strife prepares;
Stripp'd of his quilted coat, his body bares;
Compos'd of mighty bones and brawn he stands,
A goodly tow'ring object on the sands.
Then just Aeneas equal arms supplied,
Which round their shoulders to their wrists they tied.
Both on the tiptoe stand, at full extent,
Their arms aloft, their bodies inly bent;
Their heads from aiming blows they bear afar;
With clashing gauntlets then provoke the war.
One on his youth and pliant limbs relies;
One on his sinews and his giant size.
The last is stiff with age, his motion slow;

He heaves for breath, he staggers to and fro,
And clouds of issuing smoke his nostrils loudly blow.
Yet equal in success, they ward, they strike;
Their ways are diff'rent, but their art alike.
Before, behind, the blows are dealt; around
Their hollow sides the rattling thumps resound.
A storm of strokes, well meant, with fury flies,
And errs about their temples, ears, and eyes.
Nor always errs; for oft the gauntlet draws
A sweeping stroke along the crackling jaws.
Heavy with age, Entellus stands his ground,
But with his warping body wards the wound.
His hand and watchful eye keep even pace;
While Dares traverses and shifts his place,
And, like a captain who beleaguers round
Some strong-built castle on a rising ground,
Views all th' approaches with observing eyes:
This and that other part in vain he tries,
And more on industry than force relies.
With hands on high, Entellus threats the foe;
But Dares watch'd the motion from below,
And slipp'd aside, and shunn'd the long descending blow.
Entellus wastes his forces on the wind,
And, thus deluded of the stroke design'd,
Headlong and heavy fell; his ample breast
And weighty limbs his ancient mother press'd.
So falls a hollow pine, that long had stood
On Ida's height, or Erymanthus' wood,
Torn from the roots. The diff'ring nations rise,
And shouts and mingled murmurs rend the skies,
Acestus runs with eager haste, to raise
The fall'n companion of his youthful days.
Dauntless he rose, and to the fight return'd;
With shame his glowing cheeks, his eyes with fury burn'd.
Disdain and conscious virtue fir'd his breast,
And with redoubled force his foe he press'd.
He lays on load with either hand, amain,

And headlong drives the Trojan o'er the plain;
Nor stops, nor stays; nor rest nor breath allows;
But storms of strokes descend about his brows,
A rattling tempest, and a hail of blows.
But now the prince, who saw the wild increase
Of wounds, commands the combatants to cease,
And bounds Entellus' wrath, and bids the peace.
First to the Trojan, spent with toil, he came,
And sooth'd his sorrow for the suffer'd shame.
"What fury seiz'd my friend? The gods," said he,
"To him propitious, and averse to thee,
Have giv'n his arm superior force to thine.
'T is madness to contend with strength divine."
The gauntlet fight thus ended, from the shore
His faithful friends unhappy Dares bore:
His mouth and nostrils pour'd a purple flood,
And pounded teeth came rushing with his blood.
Faintly he stagger'd thro' the hissing throng,
And hung his head, and trail'd his legs along.
The sword and casque are carried by his train;
But with his foe the palm and ox remain.

The champion, then, before Aeneas came,
Proud of his prize, but prouder of his fame:
"O goddess-born, and you, Dardanian host,
Mark with attention, and forgive my boast;
Learn what I was, by what remains; and know
From what impending fate you sav'd my foe."
Sternly he spoke, and then confronts the bull;
And, on his ample forehead aiming full,
The deadly stroke, descending, pierc'd the skull.
Down drops the beast, nor needs a second wound,
But sprawls in pangs of death, and spurns the ground.
Then, thus: "In Dares' stead I offer this.
Eryx, accept a nobler sacrifice;
Take the last gift my wither'd arms can yield:
Thy gauntlets I resign, and here renounce the field."

This done, Aeneas orders, for the close,
The strife of archers with contending bows.
The mast Sergesthus' shatter'd galley bore
With his own hands he raises on the shore.
A flutt'ring dove upon the top they tie,
The living mark at which their arrows fly.
The rival archers in a line advance,
Their turn of shooting to receive from chance.
A helmet holds their names; the lots are drawn:
On the first scroll was read Hippocoon.
The people shout. Upon the next was found
Young Mnestheus, late with naval honors crown'd.
The third contain'd Eurytion's noble name,
Thy brother, Pandarus, and next in fame,
Whom Pallas urg'd the treaty to confound,
And send among the Greeks a feather'd wound.
Acestes in the bottom last remain'd,
Whom not his age from youthful sports restrain'd.
Soon all with vigor bend their trusty bows,
And from the quiver each his arrow chose.
Hippocoon's was the first: with forceful sway
It flew, and, whizzing, cut the liquid way.
Fix'd in the mast the feather'd weapon stands:
The fearful pigeon flutters in her bands,
And the tree trembled, and the shouting cries
Of the pleas'd people rend the vaulted skies.
Then Mnestheus to the head his arrow drove,
With lifted eyes, and took his aim above,
But made a glancing shot, and missed the dove;
Yet miss'd so narrow, that he cut the cord
Which fasten'd by the foot the flitting bird.
The captive thus releas'd, away she flies,
And beats with clapping wings the yielding skies.
His bow already bent, Eurytion stood;
And, having first invoc'd his brother god,
His winged shaft with eager haste he sped.
The fatal message reach'd her as she fled:

She leaves her life aloft; she strikes the ground,
And renders back the weapon in the wound.
Acestes, grudging at his lot, remains,
Without a prize to gratify his pains.
Yet, shooting upward, sends his shaft, to show
An archer's art, and boast his twanging bow.
The feather'd arrow gave a dire portent,
And latter augurs judge from this event.
Chaf'd by the speed, it fir'd; and, as it flew,
A trail of following flames ascending drew:
Kindling they mount, and mark the shiny way;
Across the skies as falling meteors play,
And vanish into wind, or in a blaze decay.
The Trojans and Sicilians wildly stare,
And, trembling, turn their wonder into pray'r.
The Dardan prince put on a smiling face,
And strain'd Acestes with a close embrace;
Then, hon'ring him with gifts above the rest,
Turn'd the bad omen, nor his fears confess'd.
"The gods," said he, "this miracle have wrought,
And order'd you the prize without the lot.
Accept this goblet, rough with figur'd gold,
Which Thracian Cisseus gave my sire of old:
This pledge of ancient amity receive,
Which to my second sire I justly give."
He said, and, with the trumpets' cheerful sound,
Proclaim'd him victor, and with laurel-crown'd.
Nor good Eurytion envied him the prize,
Tho' he transfix'd the pigeon in the skies.
Who cut the line, with second gifts was grac'd;
The third was his whose arrow pierc'd the mast.

The chief, before the games were wholly done,
Call'd Periphantes, tutor to his son,
And whisper'd thus: "With speed Ascanius find;
And, if his childish troop be ready join'd,
On horseback let him grace his grandsire's day,

And lead his equals arm'd in just array."
He said; and, calling out, the cirque he clears.
The crowd withdrawn, an open plain appears.
And now the noble youths, of form divine,
Advance before their fathers, in a line;
The riders grace the steeds; the steeds with glory shine.

Thus marching on in military pride,
Shouts of applause resound from side to side.
Their casques adorn'd with laurel wreaths they wear,
Each brandishing aloft a cornel spear.
Some at their backs their gilded quivers bore;
Their chains of burnish'd gold hung down before.
Three graceful troops they form'd upon the green;
Three graceful leaders at their head were seen;
Twelve follow'd ev'ry chief, and left a space between.
The first young Priam led; a lovely boy,
Whose grandsire was th' unhappy king of Troy;
His race in after times was known to fame,
New honors adding to the Latian name;
And well the royal boy his Thracian steed became.
White were the fetlocks of his feet before,
And on his front a snowy star he bore.
Then beauteous Atys, with Iulus bred,
Of equal age, the second squadron led.
The last in order, but the first in place,
First in the lovely features of his face,
Rode fair Ascanius on a fiery steed,
Queen Dido's gift, and of the Tyrian breed.
Sure coursers for the rest the king ordains,
With golden bits adorn'd, and purple reins.

The pleas'd spectators peals of shouts renew,
And all the parents in the children view;
Their make, their motions, and their sprightly grace,
And hopes and fears alternate in their face.

Th' unfledg'd commanders and their martial train
First make the circuit of the sandy plain
Around their sires, and, at th' appointed sign,
Drawn up in beauteous order, form a line.
The second signal sounds, the troop divides
In three distinguish'd parts, with three distinguish'd guides
Again they close, and once again disjoin;
In troop to troop oppos'd, and line to line.
They meet; they wheel; they throw their darts afar
With harmless rage and well-dissembled war.
Then in a round the mingled bodies run:
Flying they follow, and pursuing shun;
Broken, they break; and, rallying, they renew
In other forms the military shew.
At last, in order, undiscern'd they join,
And march together in a friendly line.
And, as the Cretan labyrinth of old,
With wand'ring ways and many a winding fold,
Involv'd the weary feet, without redress,
In a round error, which denied recess;
So fought the Trojan boys in warlike play,
Turn'd and return'd, and still a diff'rent way.
Thus dolphins in the deep each other chase
In circles, when they swim around the wat'ry race.
This game, these carousels, Ascanius taught;
And, building Alba, to the Latins brought;
Shew'd what he learn'd: the Latin sires impart
To their succeeding sons the graceful art;
From these imperial Rome receiv'd the game,
Which Troy, the youths the Trojan troop, they name.

Thus far the sacred sports they celebrate:
But Fortune soon resum'd her ancient hate;
For, while they pay the dead his annual dues,
Those envied rites Saturnian Juno views;
And sends the goddess of the various bow,
To try new methods of revenge below;

Supplies the winds to wing her airy way,
Where in the port secure the navy lay.
Swiftly fair Iris down her arch descends,
And, undiscern'd, her fatal voyage ends.
She saw the gath'ring crowd; and, gliding thence,
The desert shore, and fleet without defense.
The Trojan matrons, on the sands alone,
With sighs and tears Anchises' death bemoan;
Then, turning to the sea their weeping eyes,
Their pity to themselves renews their cries.
"Alas!" said one, "what oceans yet remain
For us to sail! what labors to sustain!"
All take the word, and, with a gen'ral groan,
Implore the gods for peace, and places of their own.

The goddess, great in mischief, views their pains,
And in a woman's form her heav'nly limbs restrains.
In face and shape old Beroe she became,
Doryclus' wife, a venerable dame,
Once blest with riches, and a mother's name.
Thus chang'd, amidst the crying crowd she ran,
Mix'd with the matrons, and these words began:
"O wretched we, whom not the Grecian pow'r,
Nor flames, destroy'd, in Troy's unhappy hour!
O wretched we, reserv'd by cruel fate,
Beyond the ruins of the sinking state!
Now sev'n revolving years are wholly run,
Since this improsp'rous voyage we begun;
Since, toss'd from shores to shores, from lands to lands,
Inhospitable rocks and barren sands,
Wand'ring in exile thro' the stormy sea,
We search in vain for flying Italy.
Now cast by fortune on this kindred land,
What should our rest and rising walls withstand,
Or hinder here to fix our banish'd band?
O country lost, and gods redeem'd in vain,
If still in endless exile we remain!

Shall we no more the Trojan walls renew,
Or streams of some dissembled Simois view!
Haste, join with me, th' unhappy fleet consume!
Cassandra bids; and I declare her doom.
In sleep I saw her; she supplied my hands
(For this I more than dreamt) with flaming brands:
'With these,' said she, 'these wand'ring ships destroy:
These are your fatal seats, and this your Troy.'
Time calls you now; the precious hour employ:
Slack not the good presage, while Heav'n inspires
Our minds to dare, and gives the ready fires.
See! Neptune's altars minister their brands:
The god is pleas'd; the god supplies our hands."
Then from the pile a flaming fire she drew,
And, toss'd in air, amidst the galleys threw.

Wrapp'd in amaze, the matrons wildly stare:
Then Pyrgo, reverenc'd for her hoary hair,
Pyrgo, the nurse of Priam's num'rous race:
'No Beroe this, tho' she belies her face!
What terrors from her frowning front arise!
Behold a goddess in her ardent eyes!
What rays around her heav'nly face are seen!
Mark her majestic voice, and more than mortal mien!
Beroe but now I left, whom, pin'd with pain,
Her age and anguish from these rites detain,"
She said. The matrons, seiz'd with new amaze,
Roll their malignant eyes, and on the navy gaze.
They fear, and hope, and neither part obey:
They hope the fated land, but fear the fatal way.
The goddess, having done her task below,
Mounts up on equal wings, and bends her painted bow.
Struck with the sight, and seiz'd with rage divine,
The matrons prosecute their mad design:
They shriek aloud; they snatch, with impious hands,
The food of altars; fires and flaming brands.
Green boughs and saplings, mingled in their haste,

And smoking torches, on the ships they cast.
The flame, unstopp'd at first, more fury gains,
And Vulcan rides at large with loosen'd reins:
Triumphant to the painted sterns he soars,
And seizes, in this way, the banks and crackling oars.
Eumelus was the first the news to bear,
While yet they crowd the rural theater.
Then, what they hear, is witness'd by their eyes:
A storm of sparkles and of flames arise.
Ascanius took th' alarm, while yet he led
His early warriors on his prancing steed,
And, spurring on, his equals soon o'erpass'd;
Nor could his frightened friends reclaim his haste.
Soon as the royal youth appear'd in view,
He sent his voice before him as he flew:
"What madness moves you, matrons, to destroy
The last remainders of unhappy Troy!
Not hostile fleets, but your own hopes, you burn,
And on your friends your fatal fury turn.
Behold your own Ascanius!" While he said,
He drew his glitt'ring helmet from his head,
In which the youths to sportful arms he led.
By this, Aeneas and his train appear;
And now the women, seiz'd with shame and fear,
Dispers'd, to woods and caverns take their flight,
Abhor their actions, and avoid the light;
Their friends acknowledge, and their error find,
And shake the goddess from their alter'd mind.

Not so the raging fires their fury cease,
But, lurking in the seams, with seeming peace,
Work on their way amid the smold'ring tow,
Sure in destruction, but in motion slow.
The silent plague thro' the green timber eats,
And vomits out a tardy flame by fits.
Down to the keels, and upward to the sails,
The fire descends, or mounts, but still prevails;

Nor buckets pour'd, nor strength of human hand,
Can the victorious element withstand.

The pious hero rends his robe, and throws
To heav'n his hands, and with his hands his vows.
"O Jove," he cried, "if pray'rs can yet have place;
If thou abhorr'st not all the Dardan race;
If any spark of pity still remain;
If gods are gods, and not invoc'd in vain;
Yet spare the relics of the Trojan train!
Yet from the flames our burning vessels free,
Or let thy fury fall alone on me!
At this devoted head thy thunder throw,
And send the willing sacrifice below!"

Scarce had he said, when southern storms arise:
From pole to pole the forky lightning flies;
Loud rattling shakes the mountains and the plain;
Heav'n bellies downward, and descends in rain.
Whole sheets of water from the clouds are sent,
Which, hissing thro' the planks, the flames prevent,
And stop the fiery pest. Four ships alone
Burn to the waist, and for the fleet atone.

But doubtful thoughts the hero's heart divide;
If he should still in Sicily reside,
Forgetful of his fates, or tempt the main,
In hope the promis'd Italy to gain.
Then Nautes, old and wise, to whom alone
The will of Heav'n by Pallas was foreshown;
Vers'd in portents, experienc'd, and inspir'd
To tell events, and what the fates requir'd;
Thus while he stood, to neither part inclin'd,
With cheerful words reliev'd his lab'ring mind:
"O goddess-born, resign'd in ev'ry state,
With patience bear, with prudence push your fate.
By suff'ring well, our Fortune we subdue;

Fly when she frowns, and, when she calls, pursue.
Your friend Acestes is of Trojan kind;
To him disclose the secrets of your mind:
Trust in his hands your old and useless train;
Too num'rous for the ships which yet remain:
The feeble, old, indulgent of their ease,
The dames who dread the dangers of the seas,
With all the dastard crew, who dare not stand
The shock of battle with your foes by land.
Here you may build a common town for all,
And, from Acestes' name, Acesta call."
The reasons, with his friend's experience join'd,
Encourag'd much, but more disturb'd his mind.

'T was dead of night; when to his slumb'ring eyes
His father's shade descended from the skies,
And thus he spoke: "O more than vital breath,
Lov'd while I liv'd, and dear ev'n after death;
O son, in various toils and troubles toss'd,
The King of Heav'n employs my careful ghost
On his commands: the god, who sav'd from fire
Your flaming fleet, and heard your just desire.
The wholesome counsel of your friend receive,
And here the coward train and woman leave:
The chosen youth, and those who nobly dare,
Transport, to tempt the dangers of the war.
The stern Italians will their courage try;
Rough are their manners, and their minds are high.
But first to Pluto's palace you shall go,
And seek my shade among the blest below:
For not with impious ghosts my soul remains,
Nor suffers with the damn'd perpetual pains,
But breathes the living air of soft Elysian plains.
The chaste Sibylla shall your steps convey,
And blood of offer'd victims free the way.
There shall you know what realms the gods assign,
And learn the fates and fortunes of your line.

But now, farewell! I vanish with the night,
And feel the blast of heav'n's approaching light."
He said, and mix'd with shades, and took his airy flight.
"Whither so fast?" the filial duty cried;
"And why, ah why, the wish'd embrace denied?"

He said, and rose; as holy zeal inspires,
He rakes hot embers, and renews the fires;
His country gods and Vesta then adores
With cakes and incense, and their aid implores.
Next, for his friends and royal host he sent,
Reveal'd his vision, and the gods' intent,
With his own purpose. All, without delay,
The will of Jove, and his desires obey.
They list with women each degenerate name,
Who dares not hazard life for future fame.
These they cashier: the brave remaining few,
Oars, banks, and cables, half consum'd, renew.
The prince designs a city with the plow;
The lots their sev'ral tenements allow.
This part is nam'd from Ilium, that from Troy,
And the new king ascends the throne with joy;
A chosen senate from the people draws;
Appoints the judges, and ordains the laws.
Then, on the top of Eryx, they begin
A rising temple to the Paphian queen.
Anchises, last, is honor'd as a god;
A priest is added, annual gifts bestow'd,
And groves are planted round his blest abode.
Nine days they pass in feasts, their temples crown'd;
And fumes of incense in the fanes abound.
Then from the south arose a gentle breeze
That curl'd the smoothness of the glassy seas;
The rising winds a ruffling gale afford,
And call the merry mariners aboard.

Now loud laments along the shores resound,

Of parting friends in close embraces bound.
The trembling women, the degenerate train,
Who shunn'd the frightful dangers of the main,
Ev'n those desire to sail, and take their share
Of the rough passage and the promis'd war:
Whom good Aeneas cheers, and recommends
To their new master's care his fearful friends.
On Eryx's altars three fat calves he lays;
A lamb new-fallen to the stormy seas;
Then slips his haulsers, and his anchors weighs.
High on the deck the godlike hero stands,
With olive crown'd, a charger in his hands;
Then cast the reeking entrails in the brine,
And pour'd the sacrifice of purple wine.
Fresh gales arise; with equal strokes they vie,
And brush the buxom seas, and o'er the billows fly.

Meantime the mother goddess, full of fears,
To Neptune thus address'd, with tender tears:
"The pride of Jove's imperious queen, the rage,
The malice which no suff'rings can assuage,
Compel me to these pray'rs; since neither fate,
Nor time, nor pity, can remove her hate:
Ev'n Jove is thwarted by his haughty wife;
Still vanquish'd, yet she still renews the strife.
As if 't were little to consume the town
Which aw'd the world, and wore th' imperial crown,
She prosecutes the ghost of Troy with pains,
And gnaws, ev'n to the bones, the last remains.
Let her the causes of her hatred tell;
But you can witness its effects too well.
You saw the storm she rais'd on Libyan floods,
That mix'd the mounting billows with the clouds;
When, bribing Aeolus, she shook the main,
And mov'd rebellion in your wat'ry reign.
With fury she possess'd the Dardan dames,
To burn their fleet with execrable flames,

And forc'd Aeneas, when his ships were lost,
To leave his foll'wers on a foreign coast.
For what remains, your godhead I implore,
And trust my son to your protecting pow'r.
If neither Jove's nor Fate's decree withstand,
Secure his passage to the Latian land."

Then thus the mighty Ruler of the Main:
"What may not Venus hope from Neptune's reign?
My kingdom claims your birth; my late defense
Of your indanger'd fleet may claim your confidence.
Nor less by land than sea my deeds declare
How much your lov'd Aeneas is my care.
Thee, Xanthus, and thee, Simois, I attest.
Your Trojan troops when proud Achilles press'd,
And drove before him headlong on the plain,
And dash'd against the walls the trembling train;
When floods were fill'd with bodies of the slain;
When crimson Xanthus, doubtful of his way,
Stood up on ridges to behold the sea;
(New heaps came tumbling in, and chok'd his way;)
When your Aeneas fought, but fought with odds
Of force unequal, and unequal gods;
I spread a cloud before the victor's sight,
Sustain'd the vanquish'd, and secur'd his flight;
Ev'n then secur'd him, when I sought with joy
The vow'd destruction of ungrateful Troy.
My will's the same: fair goddess, fear no more,
Your fleet shall safely gain the Latian shore;
Their lives are giv'n; one destin'd head alone
Shall perish, and for multitudes atone."
Thus having arm'd with hopes her anxious mind,
His finny team Saturnian Neptune join'd,
Then adds the foamy bridle to their jaws,
And to the loosen'd reins permits the laws.
High on the waves his azure car he guides;
Its axles thunder, and the sea subsides,

And the smooth ocean rolls her silent tides.
The tempests fly before their father's face,
Trains of inferior gods his triumph grace,
And monster whales before their master play,
And choirs of Tritons crowd the wat'ry way.
The marshal'd pow'rs in equal troops divide
To right and left; the gods his better side
Inclose, and on the worse the Nymphs and Nereids ride.

Now smiling hope, with sweet vicissitude,
Within the hero's mind his joys renew'd.
He calls to raise the masts, the sheets display;
The cheerful crew with diligence obey;
They scud before the wind, and sail in open sea.
Ahead of all the master pilot steers;
And, as he leads, the following navy veers.
The steeds of Night had travel'd half the sky,
The drowsy rowers on their benches lie,
When the soft God of Sleep, with easy flight,
Descends, and draws behind a trail of light.
Thou, Palinurus, art his destin'd prey;
To thee alone he takes his fatal way.
Dire dreams to thee, and iron sleep, he bears;
And, lighting on thy prow, the form of Phorbas wears.
Then thus the traitor god began his tale:
"The winds, my friend, inspire a pleasing gale;
The ships, without thy care, securely sail.
Now steal an hour of sweet repose; and I
Will take the rudder and thy room supply."
To whom the yawning pilot, half asleep:
"Me dost thou bid to trust the treach'rous deep,
The harlot smiles of her dissembling face,
And to her faith commit the Trojan race?
Shall I believe the Siren South again,
And, oft betray'd, not know the monster main?"
He said: his fasten'd hands the rudder keep,
And, fix'd on heav'n, his eyes repel invading sleep.

The god was wroth, and at his temples threw
A branch in Lethe dipp'd, and drunk with Stygian dew:
The pilot, vanquish'd by the pow'r divine,
Soon clos'd his swimming eyes, and lay supine.
Scarce were his limbs extended at their length,
The god, insulting with superior strength,
Fell heavy on him, plung'd him in the sea,
And, with the stern, the rudder tore away.
Headlong he fell, and, struggling in the main,
Cried out for helping hands, but cried in vain.
The victor daemon mounts obscure in air,
While the ship sails without the pilot's care.
On Neptune's faith the floating fleet relies;
But what the man forsook, the god supplies,
And o'er the dang'rous deep secure the navy flies;
Glides by the Sirens' cliffs, a shelfy coast,
Long infamous for ships and sailors lost,
And white with bones. Th' impetuous ocean roars,
And rocks rebellow from the sounding shores.
The watchful hero felt the knocks, and found
The tossing vessel sail'd on shoaly ground.
Sure of his pilot's loss, he takes himself
The helm, and steers aloof, and shuns the shelf.
Inly he griev'd, and, groaning from the breast,
Deplor'd his death; and thus his pain express'd:
"For faith repos'd on seas, and on the flatt'ring sky,
Thy naked corpse is doom'd on shores unknown to lie."

BOOK VI

He said, and wept; then spread his sails before
The winds, and reach'd at length the Cumaean shore:
Their anchors dropp'd, his crew the vessels moor.
They turn their heads to sea, their sterns to land,
And greet with greedy joy th' Italian strand.
Some strike from clashing flints their fiery seed;
Some gather sticks, the kindled flames to feed,
Or search for hollow trees, and fell the woods,
Or trace thro' valleys the discover'd floods.
Thus, while their sev'ral charges they fulfil,
The pious prince ascends the sacred hill
Where Phoebus is ador'd; and seeks the shade
Which hides from sight his venerable maid.
Deep in a cave the Sibyl makes abode;
Thence full of fate returns, and of the god.
Thro' Trivia's grove they walk; and now behold,
And enter now, the temple roof'd with gold.
When Daedalus, to fly the Cretan shore,
His heavy limbs on jointed pinions bore,
(The first who sail'd in air,) 't is sung by Fame,
To the Cumaean coast at length he came,
And here alighting, built this costly frame.
Inscrib'd to Phoebus, here he hung on high
The steerage of his wings, that cut the sky:
Then o'er the lofty gate his art emboss'd
Androgeos' death, and off'rings to his ghost;
Sev'n youths from Athens yearly sent, to meet
The fate appointed by revengeful Crete.
And next to those the dreadful urn was plac'd,
In which the destin'd names by lots were cast:
The mournful parents stand around in tears,
And rising Crete against their shore appears.
There too, in living sculpture, might be seen
The mad affection of the Cretan queen;

Then how she cheats her bellowing lover's eye;
The rushing leap, the doubtful progeny,
The lower part a beast, a man above,
The monument of their polluted love.
Not far from thence he grav'd the wondrous maze,
A thousand doors, a thousand winding ways:
Here dwells the monster, hid from human view,
Not to be found, but by the faithful clew;
Till the kind artist, mov'd with pious grief,
Lent to the loving maid this last relief,
And all those erring paths describ'd so well
That Theseus conquer'd and the monster fell.
Here hapless Icarus had found his part,
Had not the father's grief restrain'd his art.
He twice assay'd to cast his son in gold;
Twice from his hands he dropp'd the forming mold.

All this with wond'ring eyes Aeneas view'd;
Each varying object his delight renew'd:
Eager to read the rest- Achates came,
And by his side the mad divining dame,
The priestess of the god, Deiphobe her name.
"Time suffers not," she said, "to feed your eyes
With empty pleasures; haste the sacrifice.
Sev'n bullocks, yet unyok'd, for Phoebus choose,
And for Diana sev'n unspotted ewes."
This said, the servants urge the sacred rites,
While to the temple she the prince invites.
A spacious cave, within its farthest part,
Was hew'd and fashion'd by laborious art
Thro' the hill's hollow sides: before the place,
A hundred doors a hundred entries grace;
As many voices issue, and the sound
Of Sybil's words as many times rebound.
Now to the mouth they come. Aloud she cries:
"This is the time; enquire your destinies.
He comes; behold the god!" Thus while she said,

(And shiv'ring at the sacred entry stay'd,
Her color chang'd; her face was not the same,
And hollow groans from her deep spirit came.
Her hair stood up; convulsive rage possess'd
Her trembling limbs, and heav'd her lab'ring breast.
Greater than humankind she seem'd to look,
And with an accent more than mortal spoke.
Her staring eyes with sparkling fury roll;
When all the god came rushing on her soul.
Swiftly she turn'd, and, foaming as she spoke:
"Why this delay?" she cried- "the pow'rs invoke!
Thy pray'rs alone can open this abode;
Else vain are my demands, and dumb the god."

She said no more. The trembling Trojans hear,
O'erspread with a damp sweat and holy fear.
The prince himself, with awful dread possess'd,
His vows to great Apollo thus address'd:
"Indulgent god, propitious pow'r to Troy,
Swift to relieve, unwilling to destroy,
Directed by whose hand the Dardan dart
Pierc'd the proud Grecian's only mortal part:
Thus far, by fate's decrees and thy commands,
Thro' ambient seas and thro' devouring sands,
Our exil'd crew has sought th' Ausonian ground;
And now, at length, the flying coast is found.
Thus far the fate of Troy, from place to place,
With fury has pursued her wand'ring race.
Here cease, ye pow'rs, and let your vengeance end:
Troy is no more, and can no more offend.
And thou, O sacred maid, inspir'd to see
Th' event of things in dark futurity;
Give me what Heav'n has promis'd to my fate,
To conquer and command the Latian state;
To fix my wand'ring gods, and find a place
For the long exiles of the Trojan race.
Then shall my grateful hands a temple rear

To the twin gods, with vows and solemn pray'r;
And annual rites, and festivals, and games,
Shall be perform'd to their auspicious names.
Nor shalt thou want thy honors in my land;
For there thy faithful oracles shall stand,
Preserv'd in shrines; and ev'ry sacred lay,
Which, by thy mouth, Apollo shall convey:
All shall be treasur'd by a chosen train
Of holy priests, and ever shall remain.
But O! commit not thy prophetic mind
To flitting leaves, the sport of ev'ry wind,
Lest they disperse in air our empty fate;
Write not, but, what the pow'rs ordain, relate."

Struggling in vain, impatient of her load,
And lab'ring underneath the pond'rous god,
The more she strove to shake him from her breast,
With more and far superior force he press'd;
Commands his entrance, and, without control,
Usurps her organs and inspires her soul.
Now, with a furious blast, the hundred doors
Ope of themselves; a rushing whirlwind roars
Within the cave, and Sibyl's voice restores:
"Escap'd the dangers of the wat'ry reign,
Yet more and greater ills by land remain.
The coast, so long desir'd (nor doubt th' event),
Thy troops shall reach, but, having reach'd, repent.
Wars, horrid wars, I view- a field of blood,
And Tiber rolling with a purple flood.
Simois nor Xanthus shall be wanting there:
A new Achilles shall in arms appear,
And he, too, goddess-born. Fierce Juno's hate,
Added to hostile force, shall urge thy fate.
To what strange nations shalt not thou resort,
Driv'n to solicit aid at ev'ry court!
The cause the same which Ilium once oppress'd;
A foreign mistress, and a foreign guest.

But thou, secure of soul, unbent with woes,
The more thy fortune frowns, the more oppose.
The dawns of thy safety shall be shown
From whence thou least shalt hope, a Grecian town.”

Thus, from the dark recess, the Sibyl spoke,
And the resisting air the thunder broke;
The cave rebellow’d, and the temple shook.
Th’ ambiguous god, who rul’d her lab’ring breast,
In these mysterious words his mind express’d;
Some truths reveal’d, in terms involv’d the rest.
At length her fury fell, her foaming ceas’d,
And, ebbing in her soul, the god decreas’d.
Then thus the chief: “No terror to my view,
No frightful face of danger can be new.
Inur’d to suffer, and resolv’d to dare,
The Fates, without my pow’r, shall be without my care.
This let me crave, since near your grove the road
To hell lies open, and the dark abode
Which Acheron surrounds, th’ innavigable flood;
Conduct me thro’ the regions void of light,
And lead me longing to my father’s sight.
For him, a thousand dangers I have sought,
And, rushing where the thickest Grecians fought,
Safe on my back the sacred burthen brought.
He, for my sake, the raging ocean tried,
And wrath of Heav’n, my still auspicious guide,
And bore beyond the strength decrepid age supplied.
Oft, since he breath’d his last, in dead of night
His reverend image stood before my sight;
Enjoin’d to seek, below, his holy shade;
Conducted there by your unerring aid.
But you, if pious minds by pray’rs are won,
Oblige the father, and protect the son.
Yours is the pow’r; nor Proserpine in vain
Has made you priestess of her nightly reign.
If Orpheus, arm’d with his enchanting lyre,

The ruthless king with pity could inspire,
And from the shades below redeem his wife;
If Pollux, off'ring his alternate life,
Could free his brother, and can daily go
By turns aloft, by turns descend below-
Why name I Theseus, or his greater friend,
Who trod the downward path, and upward could ascend?
Not less than theirs from Jove my lineage came;
My mother greater, my descent the same.”
So pray'd the Trojan prince, and, while he pray'd,
His hand upon the holy altar laid.

Then thus replied the prophetess divine:
“O goddess-born of great Anchises' line,
The gates of hell are open night and day;
Smooth the descent, and easy is the way:
But to return, and view the cheerful skies,
In this the task and mighty labor lies.
To few great Jupiter imparts this grace,
And those of shining worth and heav'nly race.
Betwixt those regions and our upper light,
Deep forests and impenetrable night
Possess the middle space: th' infernal bounds
Cocytus, with his sable waves, surrounds.
But if so dire a love your soul invades,
As twice below to view the trembling shades;
If you so hard a toil will undertake,
As twice to pass th' innavigable lake;
Receive my counsel. In the neighb'ring grove
There stands a tree; the queen of Stygian Jove
Claims it her own; thick woods and gloomy night
Conceal the happy plant from human sight.
One bough it bears; but (wondrous to behold!)
The ductile rind and leaves of radiant gold:
This from the vulgar branches must be torn,
And to fair Proserpine the present borne,
Ere leave be giv'n to tempt the nether skies.

The first thus rent a second will arise,
And the same metal the same room supplies.
Look round the wood, with lifted eyes, to see
The lurking gold upon the fatal tree:
Then rend it off, as holy rites command;
The willing metal will obey thy hand,
Following with ease, if favor'd by thy fate,
Thou art foredoom'd to view the Stygian state:
If not, no labor can the tree constrain;
And strength of stubborn arms and steel are vain.
Besides, you know not, while you here attend,
Th' unworthy fate of your unhappy friend:
Breathless he lies; and his unburied ghost,
Depriv'd of fun'ral rites, pollutes your host.
Pay first his pious dues; and, for the dead,
Two sable sheep around his hearse be led;
Then, living turfs upon his body lay:
This done, securely take the destin'd way,
To find the regions destitute of day."

She said, and held her peace. Aeneas went
Sad from the cave, and full of discontent,
Unknowing whom the sacred Sibyl meant.
Achates, the companion of his breast,
Goes grieving by his side, with equal cares oppress'd.
Walking, they talk'd, and fruitlessly divin'd
What friend the priestess by those words design'd.
But soon they found an object to deplore:
Misenus lay extended the shore;
Son of the God of Winds: none so renown'd
The warrior trumpet in the field to sound;
With breathing brass to kindle fierce alarms,
And rouse to dare their fate in honorable arms.
He serv'd great Hector, and was ever near,
Not with his trumpet only, but his spear.
But by Pelides' arms when Hector fell,
He chose Aeneas; and he chose as well.

Swoln with applause, and aiming still at more,
He now provokes the sea gods from the shore;
With envy Triton heard the martial sound,
And the bold champion, for his challenge, drown'd;
Then cast his mangled carcass on the strand:
The gazing crowd around the body stand.
All weep; but most Aeneas mourns his fate,
And hastens to perform the funeral state.
In altar-wise, a stately pile they rear;
The basis broad below, and top advanc'd in air.
An ancient wood, fit for the work design'd,
(The shady covert of the salvage kind,)
The Trojans found: the sounding ax is plied;
Firs, pines, and pitch trees, and the tow'ring pride
Of forest ashes, feel the fatal stroke,
And piercing wedges cleave the stubborn oak.
Huge trunks of trees, fell'd from the steepy crown
Of the bare mountains, roll with ruin down.
Arm'd like the rest the Trojan prince appears,
And by his pious labor urges theirs.

Thus while he wrought, revolving in his mind
The ways to compass what his wish design'd,
He cast his eyes upon the gloomy grove,
And then with vows implor'd the Queen of Love:
"O may thy pow'r, propitious still to me,
Conduct my steps to find the fatal tree,
In this deep forest; since the Sibyl's breath
Foretold, alas! too true, Misenus' death."
Scarce had he said, when, full before his sight,
Two doves, descending from their airy flight,
Secure upon the grassy plain alight.
He knew his mother's birds; and thus he pray'd:
"Be you my guides, with your auspicious aid,
And lead my footsteps, till the branch be found,
Whose glitt'ring shadow gilds the sacred ground.
And thou, great parent, with celestial care,

In this distress be present to my pray'r!"

Thus having said, he stopp'd with watchful sight,
Observing still the motions of their flight,
What course they took, what happy signs they shew.
They fed, and, flutt'ring, by degrees withdrew
Still farther from the place, but still in view:
Hopping and flying, thus they led him on
To the slow lake, whose baleful stench to shun
They wing'd their flight aloft; then, stooping low,
Perch'd on the double tree that bears the golden bough.
Thro' the green leafs the glitt'ring shadows glow;
As, on the sacred oak, the wintry mistletoe,
Where the proud mother views her precious brood,
And happier branches, which she never sow'd.
Such was the glitt'ring; such the ruddy rind,
And dancing leaves, that wanton'd in the wind.
He seiz'd the shining bough with griping hold,
And rent away, with ease, the ling'ring gold;
Then to the Sibyl's palace bore the prize.
Meantime the Trojan troops, with weeping eyes,
To dead Misenus pay his obsequies.

First, from the ground a lofty pile they rear,
Of pitch trees, oaks, and pines, and unctuous fir:
The fabric's front with cypress twigs they strew,
And stick the sides with boughs of baleful yew.
The topmost part his glitt'ring arms adorn;
Warm waters, then, in brazen caldrons borne,
Are pour'd to wash his body, joint by joint,
And fragrant oils the stiffen'd limbs anoint.
With groans and cries Misenus they deplore:
Then on a bier, with purple cover'd o'er,
The breathless body, thus bewail'd, they lay,
And fire the pile, their faces turn'd away-
Such reverend rites their fathers us'd to pay.
Pure oil and incense on the fire they throw,
And fat of victims, which his friends bestow.
These gifts the greedy flames to dust devour;

Then on the living coals red wine they pour;
And, last, the relics by themselves dispose,
Which in a brazen urn the priests inclose.
Old Corynaeus compass'd thrice the crew,
And dipp'd an olive branch in holy dew;
Which thrice he sprinkled round, and thrice aloud
Invok'd the dead, and then dismissed the crowd.
But good Aeneas order'd on the shore
A stately tomb, whose top a trumpet bore,
A soldier's fauchion, and a seaman's oar.
Thus was his friend interr'd; and deathless fame
Still to the lofty cape consigns his name.
These rites perform'd, the prince, without delay,
Hastes to the nether world his destin'd way.
Deep was the cave; and, downward as it went
From the wide mouth, a rocky rough descent;
And here th' access a gloomy grove defends,
And there th' unnavigable lake extends,
O'er whose unhappy waters, void of light,
No bird presumes to steer his airy flight;
Such deadly stench from the depths arise,
And steaming sulphur, that infects the skies.
From hence the Grecian bards their legends make,
And give the name Avernus to the lake.
Four sable bullocks, in the yoke untaught,
For sacrifice the pious hero brought.
The priestess pours the wine betwixt their horns;
Then cuts the curling hair; that first oblation burns,
Invoking Hecate hither to repair:
A pow'rful name in hell and upper air.
The sacred priests with ready knives bereave
The beasts of life, and in full bowls receive
The streaming blood: a lamb to Hell and Night
(The sable wool without a streak of white)
Aeneas offers; and, by fate's decree,
A barren heifer, Proserpine, to thee,
With holocausts he Pluto's altar fills;

Sev'n brawny bulls with his own hand he kills;
Then on the broiling entrails oil he pours;
Which, ointed thus, the raging flame devours.
Late the nocturnal sacrifice begun,
Nor ended till the next returning sun.
Then earth began to bellow, trees to dance,
And howling dogs in glimm'ring light advance,
Ere Hecate came. "Far hence be souls profane!"
The Sibyl cried, "and from the grove abstain!
Now, Trojan, take the way thy fates afford;
Assume thy courage, and unsheathe thy sword."
She said, and pass'd along the gloomy space;
The prince pursued her steps with equal pace.

Ye realms, yet unreveal'd to human sight,
Ye gods who rule the regions of the night,
Ye gliding ghosts, permit me to relate
The mystic wonders of your silent state!

Obscure they went thro' dreary shades, that led
Along the waste dominions of the dead.
Thus wander travelers in woods by night,
By the moon's doubtful and malignant light,
When Jove in dusky clouds involves the skies,
And the faint crescent shoots by fits before their eyes.

Just in the gate and in the jaws of hell,
Revengeful Cares and sullen Sorrows dwell,
And pale Diseases, and repining Age,
Want, Fear, and Famine's unresisted rage;
Here Toils, and Death, and Death's half-brother, Sleep,
Forms terrible to view, their sentry keep;
With anxious Pleasures of a guilty mind,
Deep Frauds before, and open Force behind;
The Furies' iron beds; and Strife, that shakes
Her hissing tresses and unfolds her snakes.
Full in the midst of this infernal road,

An elm displays her dusky arms abroad:
The God of Sleep there hides his heavy head,
And empty dreams on ev'ry leaf are spread.
Of various forms unnumber'd specters more,
Centaurs, and double shapes, besiege the door.
Before the passage, horrid Hydra stands,
And Briareus with all his hundred hands;
Gorgons, Geryon with his triple frame;
And vain Chimaera vomits empty flame.
The chief unsheath'd his shining steel, prepar'd,
Tho' seiz'd with sudden fear, to force the guard,
Off'ring his brandish'd weapon at their face;
Had not the Sibyl stopp'd his eager pace,
And told him what those empty phantoms were:
Forms without bodies, and impassive air.
Hence to deep Acheron they take their way,
Whose troubled eddies, thick with ooze and clay,
Are whirl'd aloft, and in Cocytus lost.
There Charon stands, who rules the dreary coast-
A sordid god: down from his hoary chin
A length of beard descends, uncomb'd, unclean;
His eyes, like hollow furnaces on fire;
A girdle, foul with grease, binds his obscene attire.
He spreads his canvas; with his pole he steers;
The freights of flitting ghosts in his thin bottom bears.
He look'd in years; yet in his years were seen
A youthful vigor and autumnal green.
An airy crowd came rushing where he stood,
Which fill'd the margin of the fatal flood:
Husbands and wives, boys and unmarried maids,
And mighty heroes' more majestic shades,
And youths, intomb'd before their fathers' eyes,
With hollow groans, and shrieks, and feeble cries.
Thick as the leaves in autumn strow the woods,
Or fowls, by winter forc'd, forsake the floods,
And wing their hasty flight to happier lands;
Such, and so thick, the shiv'ring army stands,

And press for passage with extended hands.
Now these, now those, the surly boatman bore:
The rest he drove to distance from the shore.
The hero, who beheld with wond'ring eyes
The tumult mix'd with shrieks, laments, and cries,
Ask'd of his guide, what the rude concourse meant;
Why to the shore the thronging people bent;
What forms of law among the ghosts were us'd;
Why some were ferried o'er, and some refus'd.

“Son of Anchises, offspring of the gods,”
The Sibyl said, “you see the Stygian floods,
The sacred stream which heav'n's imperial state
Attests in oaths, and fears to violate.
The ghosts rejected are th' unhappy crew
Depriv'd of sepulchers and fun'ral due:
The boatman, Charon; those, the buried host,
He ferries over to the farther coast;
Nor dares his transport vessel cross the waves
With such whose bones are not compos'd in graves.
A hundred years they wander on the shore;
At length, their penance done, are wafted o'er.”
The Trojan chief his forward pace repress'd,
Revolving anxious thoughts within his breast,
He saw his friends, who, whelm'd beneath the waves,
Their fun'ral honors claim'd, and ask'd their quiet graves.
The lost Leucaspis in the crowd he knew,
And the brave leader of the Lycian crew,
Whom, on the Tyrrhene seas, the tempests met;
The sailors master'd, and the ship o'erset.

Amidst the spirits, Palinurus press'd,
Yet fresh from life, a new-admitted guest,
Who, while he steering view'd the stars, and bore
His course from Afric to the Latian shore,
Fell headlong down. The Trojan fix'd his view,
And scarcely thro' the gloom the sullen shadow knew.

Then thus the prince: "What envious pow'r, O friend,
Brought your lov'd life to this disastrous end?
For Phoebus, ever true in all he said,
Has in your fate alone my faith betray'd.
The god foretold you should not die, before
You reach'd, secure from seas, th' Italian shore.
Is this th' unerring pow'r?" The ghost replied;
"Nor Phoebus flatter'd, nor his answers lied;
Nor envious gods have sent me to the deep:
But, while the stars and course of heav'n I keep,
My wearied eyes were seiz'd with fatal sleep.
I fell; and, with my weight, the helm constrain'd
Was drawn along, which yet my gripe retain'd.
Now by the winds and raging waves I swear,
Your safety, more than mine, was then my care;
Lest, of the guide bereft, the rudder lost,
Your ship should run against the rocky coast.
Three blust'ring nights, borne by the southern blast,
I floated, and discover'd land at last:
High on a mounting wave my head I bore,
Forcing my strength, and gath'ring to the shore.
Panting, but past the danger, now I seiz'd
The craggy cliffs, and my tir'd members eas'd.
While, cumber'd with my dropping clothes, I lay,
The cruel nation, covetous of prey,
Stain'd with my blood th' unhospitable coast;
And now, by winds and waves, my lifeless limbs are toss'd:
Which O avert, by yon ethereal light,
Which I have lost for this eternal night!
Or, if by dearer ties you may be won,
By your dead sire, and by your living son,
Redeem from this reproach my wand'ring ghost;
Or with your navy seek the Velin coast,
And in a peaceful grave my corpse compose;
Or, if a nearer way your mother shows,
Without whose aid you durst not undertake
This frightful passage o'er the Stygian lake,

Lend to this wretch your hand, and waft him o'er
To the sweet banks of yon forbidden shore."
Scarce had he said, the prophetess began:
"What hopes delude thee, miserable man?
Think'st thou, thus unintomb'd, to cross the floods,
To view the Furies and infernal gods,
And visit, without leave, the dark abodes?
Attend the term of long revolving years;
Fate, and the dooming gods, are deaf to tears.
This comfort of thy dire misfortune take:
The wrath of Heav'n, inflicted for thy sake,
With vengeance shall pursue th' inhuman coast,
Till they propitiate thy offended ghost,
And raise a tomb, with vows and solemn pray'r;
And Palinurus' name the place shall bear."
This calm'd his cares; sooth'd with his future fame,
And pleas'd to hear his propagated name.

Now nearer to the Stygian lake they draw:
Whom, from the shore, the surly boatman saw;
Observ'd their passage thro' the shady wood,
And mark'd their near approaches to the flood.
Then thus he call'd aloud, inflam'd with wrath:
"Mortal, whate'er, who this forbidden path
In arms presum'st to tread, I charge thee, stand,
And tell thy name, and bus'ness in the land.
Know this, the realm of night- the Stygian shore:
My boat conveys no living bodies o'er;
Nor was I pleas'd great Theseus once to bear,
Who forc'd a passage with his pointed spear,
Nor strong Alcides- men of mighty fame,
And from th' immortal gods their lineage came.
In fetters one the barking porter tied,
And took him trembling from his sov'reign's side:
Two sought by force to seize his beauteous bride."
To whom the Sibyl thus: "Compose thy mind;
Nor frauds are here contriv'd, nor force design'd.

Still may the dog the wand'ring troops constrain
Of airy ghosts, and vex the guilty train,
And with her grisly lord his lovely queen remain.
The Trojan chief, whose lineage is from Jove,
Much fam'd for arms, and more for filial love,
Is sent to seek his sire in your Elysian grove.
If neither piety, nor Heav'n's command,
Can gain his passage to the Stygian strand,
This fatal present shall prevail at least.”
Then shew'd the shining bough, conceal'd within her vest.
No more was needful: for the gloomy god
Stood mute with awe, to see the golden rod;
Admir'd the destin'd off'ring to his queen-
A venerable gift, so rarely seen.
His fury thus appeas'd, he puts to land;
The ghosts forsake their seats at his command:
He clears the deck, receives the mighty freight;
The leaky vessel groans beneath the weight.
Slowly she sails, and scarcely stems the tides;
The pressing water pours within her sides.
His passengers at length are wafted o'er,
Expos'd, in muddy weeds, upon the miry shore.

No sooner landed, in his den they found
The triple porter of the Stygian sound,
Grim Cerberus, who soon began to rear
His crested snakes, and arm'd his bristling hair.
The prudent Sibyl had before prepar'd
A sop, in honey steep'd, to charm the guard;
Which, mix'd with pow'rful drugs, she cast before
His greedy grinning jaws, just op'd to roar.
With three enormous mouths he gapes; and straight,
With hunger press'd, devours the pleasing bait.
Long draughts of sleep his monstrous limbs enslave;
He reels, and, falling, fills the spacious cave.
The keeper charm'd, the chief without delay
Pass'd on, and took th' irremeable way.

Before the gates, the cries of babes new born,
Whom fate had from their tender mothers torn,
Assault his ears: then those, whom form of laws
Condemn'd to die, when traitors judg'd their cause.
Nor want they lots, nor judges to review
The wrongful sentence, and award a new.
Minos, the strict inquisitor, appears;
And lives and crimes, with his assessors, hears.
Round in his urn the blended balls he rolls,
Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty souls.
The next, in place and punishment, are they
Who prodigally throw their souls away;
Fools, who, repining at their wretched state,
And loathing anxious life, suborn'd their fate.
With late repentance now they would retrieve
The bodies they forsook, and wish to live;
Their pains and poverty desire to bear,
To view the light of heav'n, and breathe the vital air:
But fate forbids; the Stygian floods oppose,
And with circling streams the captive souls inclose.

Not far from thence, the Mournful Fields appear
So call'd from lovers that inhabit there.
The souls whom that unhappy flame invades,
In secret solitude and myrtle shades
Make endless moans, and, pining with desire,
Lament too late their unextinguish'd fire.
Here Procris, Eriphyle here he found,
Baring her breast, yet bleeding with the wound
Made by her son. He saw Pasiphae there,
With Phaedra's ghost, a foul incestuous pair.
There Laodamia, with Evadne, moves,
Unhappy both, but loyal in their loves:
Caeneus, a woman once, and once a man,
But ending in the sex she first began.
Not far from these Phoenician Dido stood,
Fresh from her wound, her bosom bath'd in blood;

Whom when the Trojan hero hardly knew,
Obscure in shades, and with a doubtful view,
(Doubtful as he who sees, thro' dusky night,
Or thinks he sees, the moon's uncertain light,)
With tears he first approach'd the sullen shade;
And, as his love inspir'd him, thus he said:
"Unhappy queen! then is the common breath
Of rumor true, in your reported death,
And I, alas! the cause? By Heav'n, I vow,
And all the pow'rs that rule the realms below,
Unwilling I forsook your friendly state,
Commanded by the gods, and forc'd by fate-
Those gods, that fate, whose unresisted might
Have sent me to these regions void of light,
Thro' the vast empire of eternal night.
Nor dar'd I to presume, that, press'd with grief,
My flight should urge you to this dire relief.
Stay, stay your steps, and listen to my vows:
'T is the last interview that fate allows!"
In vain he thus attempts her mind to move
With tears, and pray'rs, and late-repenting love.
Disdainfully she look'd; then turning round,
But fix'd her eyes unmov'd upon the ground,
And what he says and swears, regards no more
Than the deaf rocks, when the loud billows roar;
But whirl'd away, to shun his hateful sight,
Hid in the forest and the shades of night;
Then sought Sichaeus thro' the shady grove,
Who answer'd all her cares, and equal'd all her love.

Some pious tears the pitying hero paid,
And follow'd with his eyes the flitting shade,
Then took the forward way, by fate ordain'd,
And, with his guide, the farther fields attain'd,
Where, sever'd from the rest, the warrior souls remain'd.
Tydeus he met, with Meleager's race,
The pride of armies, and the soldiers' grace;

And pale Adrastus with his ghastly face.
Of Trojan chiefs he view'd a num'rous train,
All much lamented, all in battle slain;
Glaucus and Medon, high above the rest,
Antenor's sons, and Ceres' sacred priest.
And proud Idaeus, Priam's charioteer,
Who shakes his empty reins, and aims his airy spear.
The gladsome ghosts, in circling troops, attend
And with unwearied eyes behold their friend;
Delight to hover near, and long to know
What bus'ness brought him to the realms below.
But Argive chiefs, and Agamemnon's train,
When his refulgent arms flash'd thro' the shady plain,
Fled from his well-known face, with wonted fear,
As when his thund'ring sword and pointed spear
Drove headlong to their ships, and glean'd the routed rear.
They rais'd a feeble cry, with trembling notes;
But the weak voice deceiv'd their gasping throats.

Here Priam's son, Deiphobus, he found,
Whose face and limbs were one continued wound:
Dishonest, with lopp'd arms, the youth appears,
Spoil'd of his nose, and shorten'd of his ears.
He scarcely knew him, striving to disown
His blotted form, and blushing to be known;
And therefore first began: "O Tsucer's race,
Who durst thy faultless figure thus deface?
What heart could wish, what hand inflict, this dire disgrace?
'Twas fam'd, that in our last and fatal night
Your single prowess long sustain'd the fight,
Till tir'd, not forc'd, a glorious fate you chose,
And fell upon a heap of slaughter'd foes.
But, in remembrance of so brave a deed,
A tomb and fun'ral honors I decreed;
Thrice call'd your manes on the Trojan plains:
The place your armor and your name retains.
Your body too I sought, and, had I found,

Design'd for burial in your native ground."

The ghost replied: "Your piety has paid
All needful rites, to rest my wand'ring shade;
But cruel fate, and my more cruel wife,
To Grecian swords betray'd my sleeping life.
These are the monuments of Helen's love:
The shame I bear below, the marks I bore above.
You know in what deluding joys we pass'd
The night that was by Heav'n decreed our last:
For, when the fatal horse, descending down,
Pregnant with arms, o'erwhelm'd th' unhappy town
She feign'd nocturnal orgies; left my bed,
And, mix'd with Trojan dames, the dances led
Then, waving high her torch, the signal made,
Which rous'd the Grecians from their ambuscade.
With watching overworn, with cares oppress'd,
Unhappy I had laid me down to rest,
And heavy sleep my weary limbs possess'd.
Meantime my worthy wife our arms mislaid,
And from beneath my head my sword convey'd;
The door unlatch'd, and, with repeated calls,
Invites her former lord within my walls.
Thus in her crime her confidence she plac'd,
And with new treasons would redeem the past.
What need I more? Into the room they ran,
And meanly murder'd a defenseless man.
Ulysses, basely born, first led the way.
Avenging pow'rs! with justice if I pray,
That fortune be their own another day!
But answer you; and in your turn relate,
What brought you, living, to the Stygian state:
Driv'n by the winds and errors of the sea,
Or did you Heav'n's superior doom obey?
Or tell what other chance conducts your way,
To view with mortal eyes our dark retreats,
Tumults and torments of th' infernal seats."

While thus in talk the flying hours they pass,
The sun had finish'd more than half his race:
And they, perhaps, in words and tears had spent
The little time of stay which Heav'n had lent;
But thus the Sibyl chides their long delay:
"Night rushes down, and headlong drives the day:
'T is here, in different paths, the way divides;
The right to Pluto's golden palace guides;
The left to that unhappy region tends,
Which to the depth of Tartarus descends;
The seat of night profound, and punish'd fiends."
Then thus Deiphobus: "O sacred maid,
Forbear to chide, and be your will obey'd!
Lo! to the secret shadows I retire,
To pay my penance till my years expire.
Proceed, auspicious prince, with glory crown'd,
And born to better fates than I have found."
He said; and, while he said, his steps he turn'd
To secret shadows, and in silence mourn'd.

The hero, looking on the left, espied
A lofty tow'r, and strong on ev'ry side
With treble walls, which Phlegethon surrounds,
Whose fiery flood the burning empire bounds;
And, press'd betwixt the rocks, the bellowing noise resounds
Wide is the fronting gate, and, rais'd on high
With adamantine columns, threatens the sky.
Vain is the force of man, and Heav'n's as vain,
To crush the pillars which the pile sustain.
Sublime on these a tow'r of steel is rear'd;
And dire Tisiphone there keeps the ward,
Girt in her sanguine gown, by night and day,
Observant of the souls that pass the downward way.
From hence are heard the groans of ghosts, the pains
Of sounding lashes and of dragging chains.
The Trojan stood astonish'd at their cries,
And ask'd his guide from whence those yells arise;

And what the crimes, and what the tortures were,
And loud laments that rent the liquid air.

She thus replied: "The chaste and holy race
Are all forbidden this polluted place.
But Hecate, when she gave to rule the woods,
Then led me trembling thro' these dire abodes,
And taught the tortures of th' avenging gods.
These are the realms of unrelenting fate;
And awful Rhadamanthus rules the state.
He hears and judges each committed crime;
Enquires into the manner, place, and time.
The conscious wretch must all his acts reveal,
(Loth to confess, unable to conceal),
From the first moment of his vital breath,
To his last hour of unrepenting death.
Straight, o'er the guilty ghost, the Fury shakes
The sounding whip and brandishes her snakes,
And the pale sinner, with her sisters, takes
Then, of itself, unfolds th' eternal door;
With dreadful sounds the brazen hinges roar.
You see, before the gate, what stalking ghost
Commands the guard, what sentries keep the post.
More formidable Hydra stands within,
Whose jaws with iron teeth severely grin.
The gaping gulf low to the center lies,
And twice as deep as earth is distant from the skies.
The rivals of the gods, the Titan race,
Here, sing'd with lightning, roll within th' unfathom'd space.
Here lie th' Alaeon twins, (I saw them both,)
Enormous bodies, of gigantic growth,
Who dar'd in fight the Thund'rer to defy,
Affect his heav'n, and force him from the sky.
Salmoneus, suff'ring cruel pains, I found,
For emulating Jove; the rattling sound
Of mimic thunder, and the glitt'ring blaze
Of pointed lightnings, and their forked rays.

Thro' Elis and the Grecian towns he flew;
Th' audacious wretch four fiery coursers drew:
He wav'd a torch aloft, and, madly vain,
Sought godlike worship from a servile train.
Ambitious fool! with horny hoofs to pass
O'er hollow arches of resounding brass,
To rival thunder in its rapid course,
And imitate inimitable force!
But he, the King of Heav'n, obscure on high,
Bar'd his red arm, and, launching from the sky
His writhen bolt, not shaking empty smoke,
Down to the deep abyss the flaming felon strook.
There Tityus was to see, who took his birth
From heav'n, his nursing from the foodful earth.
Here his gigantic limbs, with large embrace,
Infold nine acres of infernal space.
A rav'nous vulture, in his open'd side,
Her crooked beak and cruel talons tried;
Still for the growing liver digg'd his breast;
The growing liver still supplied the feast;
Still are his entrails fruitful to their pains:
Th' immortal hunger lasts, th' immortal food remains.
Ixion and Perithous I could name,
And more Thessalian chiefs of mighty fame.
High o'er their heads a mold'ring rock is plac'd,
That promises a fall, and shakes at ev'ry blast.
They lie below, on golden beds display'd;
And genial feasts with regal pomp are made.
The Queen of Furies by their sides is set,
And snatches from their mouths th' untasted meat,
Which if they touch, her hissing snakes she rears,
Tossing her torch, and thund'ring in their ears.
Then they, who brothers' better claim disown,
Expel their parents, and usurp the throne;
Defraud their clients, and, to lucre sold,
Sit brooding on unprofitable gold;
Who dare not give, and ev'n refuse to lend

To their poor kindred, or a wanting friend.
Vast is the throng of these; nor less the train
Of lustful youths, for foul adult'ry slain:
Hosts of deserters, who their honor sold,
And basely broke their faith for bribes of gold.
All these within the dungeon's depth remain,
Despairing pardon, and expecting pain.
Ask not what pains; nor farther seek to know
Their process, or the forms of law below.
Some roll a weighty stone; some, laid along,
And bound with burning wires, on spokes of wheels are hung
Unhappy Theseus, doom'd for ever there,
Is fix'd by fate on his eternal chair;
And wretched Phlegyas warns the world with cries
(Could warning make the world more just or wise):
'Learn righteousness, and dread th' avenging deities.'
To tyrants others have their country sold,
Imposing foreign lords, for foreign gold;
Some have old laws repeal'd, new statutes made,
Not as the people pleas'd, but as they paid;
With incest some their daughters' bed profan'd:
All dar'd the worst of ills, and, what they dar'd, attain'd.
Had I a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
And throats of brass, inspir'd with iron lungs,
I could not half those horrid crimes repeat,
Nor half the punishments those crimes have met.
But let us haste our voyage to pursue:
The walls of Pluto's palace are in view;
The gate, and iron arch above it, stands
On anvils labor'd by the Cyclops' hands.
Before our farther way the Fates allow,
Here must we fix on high the golden bough."

She said: and thro' the gloomy shades they pass'd,
And chose the middle path. Arriv'd at last,
The prince with living water sprinkled o'er
His limbs and body; then approach'd the door,

Possess'd the porch, and on the front above
He fix'd the fatal bough requir'd by Pluto's love.
These holy rites perform'd, they took their way
Where long extended plains of pleasure lay:
The verdant fields with those of heav'n may vie,
With ether vested, and a purple sky;
The blissful seats of happy souls below.
Stars of their own, and their own suns, they know;
Their airy limbs in sports they exercise,
And on the green contend the wrestler's prize.
Some in heroic verse divinely sing;
Others in artful measures led the ring.
The Thracian bard, surrounded by the rest,
There stands conspicuous in his flowing vest;
His flying fingers, and harmonious quill,
Strikes sev'n distinguish'd notes, and sev'n at once they fill.
Here found they Tsucer's old heroic race,
Born better times and happier years to grace.
Assaracus and Ilus here enjoy
Perpetual fame, with him who founded Troy.
The chief beheld their chariots from afar,
Their shining arms, and coursers train'd to war:
Their lances fix'd in earth, their steeds around,
Free from their harness, graze the flow'ry ground.
The love of horses which they had, alive,
And care of chariots, after death survive.
Some cheerful souls were feasting on the plain;
Some did the song, and some the choir maintain,
Beneath a laurel shade, where mighty Po
Mounts up to woods above, and hides his head below.
Here patriots live, who, for their country's good,
In fighting fields, were prodigal of blood:
Priests of unblemish'd lives here make abode,
And poets worthy their inspiring god;
And searching wits, of more mechanic parts,
Who grac'd their age with new-invented arts:
Those who to worth their bounty did extend,

And those who knew that bounty to commend.
The heads of these with holy fillets bound,
And all their temples were with garlands crown'd.

To these the Sibyl thus her speech address'd,
And first to him surrounded by the rest
(Tow'ring his height, and ample was his breast):
"Say, happy souls, divine Musaeus, say,
Where lives Anchises, and where lies our way
To find the hero, for whose only sake
We sought the dark abodes, and cross'd the bitter lake?"
To this the sacred poet thus replied:
"In no fix'd place the happy souls reside.
In groves we live, and lie on mossy beds,
By crystal streams, that murmur thro' the meads:
But pass yon easy hill, and thence descend;
The path conducts you to your journey's end."
This said, he led them up the mountain's brow,
And shews them all the shining fields below.
They wind the hill, and thro' the blissful meadows go.

But old Anchises, in a flow'ry vale,
Review'd his muster'd race, and took the tale:
Those happy spirits, which, ordain'd by fate,
For future beings and new bodies wait-
With studious thought observ'd th' illustrious throng,
In nature's order as they pass'd along:
Their names, their fates, their conduct, and their care,
In peaceful senates and successful war.
He, when Aeneas on the plain appears,
Meets him with open arms, and falling tears.
"Welcome," he said, "the gods' undoubted race!
O long expected to my dear embrace!
Once more 't is giv'n me to behold your face!
The love and pious duty which you pay
Have pass'd the perils of so hard a way.
'T is true, computing times, I now believ'd

The happy day approach'd; nor are my hopes deceiv'd.
What length of lands, what oceans have you pass'd;
What storms sustain'd, and on what shores been cast?
How have I fear'd your fate! but fear'd it most,
When love assail'd you, on the Libyan coast."
To this, the filial duty thus replies:
"Your sacred ghost before my sleeping eyes
Appear'd, and often urg'd this painful enterprise.
After long tossing on the Tyrrhene sea,
My navy rides at anchor in the bay.
But reach your hand, O parent shade, nor shun
The dear embraces of your longing son!"
He said; and falling tears his face bedew:
Then thrice around his neck his arms he threw;
And thrice the flitting shadow slipp'd away,
Like winds, or empty dreams that fly the day.

Now, in a secret vale, the Trojan sees
A sep'rate grove, thro' which a gentle breeze
Plays with a passing breath, and whispers thro' the trees;
And, just before the confines of the wood,
The gliding Lethe leads her silent flood.
About the boughs an airy nation flew,
Thick as the humming bees, that hunt the golden dew;
In summer's heat on tops of lilies feed,
And creep within their bells, to suck the balmy seed:
The winged army roams the fields around;
The rivers and the rocks remurmur to the sound.
Aeneas wond'ring stood, then ask'd the cause
Which to the stream the crowding people draws.
Then thus the sire: "The souls that throng the flood
Are those to whom, by fate, are other bodies ow'd:
In Lethe's lake they long oblivion taste,
Of future life secure, forgetful of the past.
Long has my soul desir'd this time and place,
To set before your sight your glorious race,
That this presaging joy may fire your mind

To seek the shores by destiny design'd."-
"O father, can it be, that souls sublime
Return to visit our terrestrial clime,
And that the gen'rous mind, releas'd by death,
Can covet lazy limbs and mortal breath?"

Anchises then, in order, thus begun
To clear those wonders to his godlike son:
"Know, first, that heav'n, and earth's compacted frame,
And flowing waters, and the starry flame,
And both the radiant lights, one common soul
Inspires and feeds, and animates the whole.
This active mind, infus'd thro' all the space,
Unites and mingles with the mighty mass.
Hence men and beasts the breath of life obtain,
And birds of air, and monsters of the main.
Th' ethereal vigor is in all the same,
And every soul is fill'd with equal flame;
As much as earthy limbs, and gross alloy
Of mortal members, subject to decay,
Blunt not the beams of heav'n and edge of day.
From this coarse mixture of terrestrial parts,
Desire and fear by turns possess their hearts,
And grief, and joy; nor can the groveling mind,
In the dark dungeon of the limbs confin'd,
Assert the native skies, or own its heav'nly kind:
Nor death itself can wholly wash their stains;
But long-contracted filth ev'n in the soul remains.
The relics of inveterate vice they wear,
And spots of sin obscene in ev'ry face appear.
For this are various penances enjoin'd;
And some are hung to bleach upon the wind,
Some plung'd in waters, others purg'd in fires,
Till all the dregs are drain'd, and all the rust expires.
All have their manes, and those manes bear:
The few, so cleans'd, to these abodes repair,
And breathe, in ample fields, the soft Elysian air.

Then are they happy, when by length of time
The scurf is worn away of each committed crime;
No speck is left of their habitual stains,
But the pure ether of the soul remains.
But, when a thousand rolling years are past,
(So long their punishments and penance last,)
Whole droves of minds are, by the driving god,
Compell'd to drink the deep Lethaeon flood,
In large forgetful draughts to steep the cares
Of their past labors, and their irksome years,
That, unrememb'ring of its former pain,
The soul may suffer mortal flesh again."

Thus having said, the father spirit leads
The priestess and his son thro' swarms of shades,
And takes a rising ground, from thence to see
The long procession of his progeny.
"Survey," pursued the sire, "this airy throng,
As, offer'd to thy view, they pass along.
These are th' Italian names, which fate will join
With ours, and graff upon the Trojan line.
Observe the youth who first appears in sight,
And holds the nearest station to the light,
Already seems to snuff the vital air,
And leans just forward, on a shining spear:
Silvius is he, thy last-begotten race,
But first in order sent, to fill thy place;
An Alban name, but mix'd with Dardan blood,
Born in the covert of a shady wood:
Him fair Lavinia, thy surviving wife,
Shall breed in groves, to lead a solitary life.
In Alba he shall fix his royal seat,
And, born a king, a race of kings beget.
Then Procas, honor of the Trojan name,
Capys, and Numitor, of endless fame.
A second Silvius after these appears;
Silvius Aeneas, for thy name he bears;

For arms and justice equally renown'd,
Who, late restor'd, in Alba shall be crown'd.
How great they look! how vig'rously they wield
Their weighty lances, and sustain the shield!
But they, who crown'd with oaken wreaths appear,
Shall Gabian walls and strong Fidena rear;
Nomentum, Bola, with Pometia, found;
And raise Collatian tow'rs on rocky ground.
All these shall then be towns of mighty fame,
Tho' now they lie obscure, and lands without a name.
See Romulus the great, born to restore
The crown that once his injur'd grandsire wore.
This prince a priestess of your blood shall bear,
And like his sire in arms he shall appear.
Two rising crests, his royal head adorn;
Born from a god, himself to godhead born:
His sire already signs him for the skies,
And marks the seat amidst the deities.
Auspicious chief! thy race, in times to come,
Shall spread the conquests of imperial Rome—
Rome, whose ascending tow'rs shall heav'n invade,
Involving earth and ocean in her shade;
High as the Mother of the Gods in place,
And proud, like her, of an immortal race.
Then, when in pomp she makes the Phrygian round,
With golden turrets on her temples crown'd;
A hundred gods her sweeping train supply;
Her offspring all, and all command the sky.

“Now fix your sight, and stand intent, to see
Your Roman race, and Julian progeny.
The mighty Caesar waits his vital hour,
Impatient for the world, and grasps his promis'd pow'r.
But next behold the youth of form divine,
Ceasar himself, exalted in his line;
Augustus, promis'd oft, and long foretold,
Sent to the realm that Saturn rul'd of old;

Born to restore a better age of gold.
Afric and India shall his pow'r obey;
He shall extend his propagated sway
Beyond the solar year, without the starry way,
Where Atlas turns the rolling heav'ns around,
And his broad shoulders with their lights are crown'd.
At his foreseen approach, already quake
The Caspian kingdoms and Maeotian lake:
Their seers behold the tempest from afar,
And threat'ning oracles denounce the war.
Nile hears him knocking at his sev'nfold gates,
And seeks his hidden spring, and fears his nephew's fates.
Nor Hercules more lands or labors knew,
Not tho' the brazen-footed hind he slew,
Freed Erymanthus from the foaming boar,
And dipp'd his arrows in Lernaean gore;
Nor Bacchus, turning from his Indian war,
By tigers drawn triumphant in his car,
From Nisus' top descending on the plains,
With curling vines around his purple reins.
And doubt we yet thro' dangers to pursue
The paths of honor, and a crown in view?
But what's the man, who from afar appears?
His head with olive crown'd, his hand a censer bears,
His hoary beard and holy vestments bring
His lost idea back: I know the Roman king.
He shall to peaceful Rome new laws ordain,
Call'd from his mean abode a scepter to sustain.
Him Tullus next in dignity succeeds,
An active prince, and prone to martial deeds.
He shall his troops for fighting fields prepare,
Disus'd to toils, and triumphs of the war.
By dint of sword his crown he shall increase,
And scour his armor from the rust of peace.
Whom Ancus follows, with a fawning air,
But vain within, and proudly popular.
Next view the Tarquin kings, th' avenging sword

Of Brutus, justly drawn, and Rome restor'd.
He first renews the rods and ax severe,
And gives the consuls royal robes to wear.
His sons, who seek the tyrant to sustain,
And long for arbitrary lords again,
With ignominy scourg'd, in open sight,
He dooms to death deserv'd, asserting public right.
Unhappy man, to break the pious laws
Of nature, pleading in his children's cause!
Howe'er the doubtful fact is understood,
'T is love of honor, and his country's good:
The consul, not the father, sheds the blood.
Behold Torquatus the same track pursue;
And, next, the two devoted Decii view:
The Drusian line, Camillus loaded home
With standards well redeem'd, and foreign foes o'ercome
The pair you see in equal armor shine,
Now, friends below, in close embraces join;
But, when they leave the shady realms of night,
And, cloth'd in bodies, breathe your upper light,
With mortal hate each other shall pursue:
What wars, what wounds, what slaughter shall ensue!
From Alpine heights the father first descends;
His daughter's husband in the plain attends:
His daughter's husband arms his eastern friends.
Embrace again, my sons, be foes no more;
Nor stain your country with her children's gore!
And thou, the first, lay down thy lawless claim,
Thou, of my blood, who bearist the Julian name!
Another comes, who shall in triumph ride,
And to the Capitol his chariot guide,
From conquer'd Corinth, rich with Grecian spoils.
And yet another, fam'd for warlike toils,
On Argos shall impose the Roman laws,
And on the Greeks revenge the Trojan cause;
Shall drag in chains their Achillean race;
Shall vindicate his ancestors' disgrace,

And Pallas, for her violated place.
Great Cato there, for gravity renown'd,
And conqu'ring Cossus goes with laurels crown'd.
Who can omit the Gracchi? who declare
The Scipios' worth, those thunderbolts of war,
The double bane of Carthage? Who can see
Without esteem for virtuous poverty,
Severe Fabricius, or can cease t' admire
The plowman consul in his coarse attire?
Tir'd as I am, my praise the Fabii claim;
And thou, great hero, greatest of thy name,
Ordain'd in war to save the sinking state,
And, by delays, to put a stop to fate!
Let others better mold the running mass
Of metals, and inform the breathing brass,
And soften into flesh a marble face;
Plead better at the bar; describe the skies,
And when the stars descend, and when they rise.
But, Rome, 't is thine alone, with awful sway,
To rule mankind, and make the world obey,
Disposing peace and war by thy own majestic way;
To tame the proud, the fetter'd slave to free:
These are imperial arts, and worthy thee."

He paus'd; and, while with wond'ring eyes they view'd
The passing spirits, thus his speech renew'd:
"See great Marcellus! how, untir'd in toils,
He moves with manly grace, how rich with regal spoils!
He, when his country, threaten'd with alarms,
Requires his courage and his conqu'ring arms,
Shall more than once the Punic bands affright;
Shall kill the Gaulish king in single fight;
Then to the Capitol in triumph move,
And the third spoils shall grace Feretrian Jove."
Aeneas here beheld, of form divine,
A godlike youth in glitt'ring armor shine,
With great Marcellus keeping equal pace;

But gloomy were his eyes, dejected was his face.
He saw, and, wond'ring, ask'd his airy guide,
What and of whence was he, who press'd the hero's side:
"His son, or one of his illustrious name?
How like the former, and almost the same!
Observe the crowds that compass him around;
All gaze, and all admire, and raise a shouting sound:
But hov'ring mists around his brows are spread,
And night, with sable shades, involves his head."
"Seek not to know," the ghost replied with tears,
"The sorrows of thy sons in future years.
This youth (the blissful vision of a day)
Shall just be shown on earth, and snatch'd away.
The gods too high had rais'd the Roman state,
Were but their gifts as permanent as great.
What groans of men shall fill the Martian field!
How fierce a blaze his flaming pile shall yield!
What fun'ral pomp shall floating Tiber see,
When, rising from his bed, he views the sad solemnity!
No youth shall equal hopes of glory give,
No youth afford so great a cause to grieve;
The Trojan honor, and the Roman boast,
Admir'd when living, and ador'd when lost!
Mirror of ancient faith in early youth!
Undaunted worth, inviolable truth!
No foe, unpunish'd, in the fighting field
Shall dare thee, foot to foot, with sword and shield;
Much less in arms oppose thy matchless force,
When thy sharp spurs shall urge thy foaming horse.
Ah! couldst thou break thro' fate's severe decree,
A new Marcellus shall arise in thee!
Full canisters of fragrant lilies bring,
Mix'd with the purple roses of the spring;
Let me with fun'ral flow'rs his body strow;
This gift which parents to their children owe,
This unavailing gift, at least, I may bestow!"
Thus having said, he led the hero round

The confines of the blest Elysian ground;
Which when Anchises to his son had shown,
And fir'd his mind to mount the promis'd throne,
He tells the future wars, ordain'd by fate;
The strength and customs of the Latian state;
The prince, and people; and forearms his care
With rules, to push his fortune, or to bear.

Two gates the silent house of Sleep adorn;
Of polish'd ivory this, that of transparent horn:
True visions thro' transparent horn arise;
Thro' polish'd ivory pass deluding lies.
Of various things discoursing as he pass'd,
Anchises hither bends his steps at last.
Then, thro' the gate of iv'ry, he dismiss'd
His valiant offspring and divining guest.
Straight to the ships Aeneas his way,
Embark'd his men, and skimm'd along the sea,
Still coasting, till he gain'd Cajeta's bay.
At length on oozy ground his galleys moor;
Their heads are turn'd to sea, their sterns to shore.

BOOK VII

And thou, O matron of immortal fame,
Here dying, to the shore hast left thy name;
Cajeta still the place is call'd from thee,
The nurse of great Aeneas' infancy.
Here rest thy bones in rich Hesperia's plains;
Thy name ('t is all a ghost can have) remains.

Now, when the prince her fun'ral rites had paid,
He plow'd the Tyrrhene seas with sails display'd.
From land a gentle breeze arose by night,
Serenely shone the stars, the moon was bright,
And the sea trembled with her silver light.
Now near the shelves of Circe's shores they run,
(Circe the rich, the daughter of the Sun,)
A dang'rous coast: the goddess wastes her days
In joyous songs; the rocks resound her lays:
In spinning, or the loom, she spends the night,
And cedar brands supply her father's light.
From hence were heard, rebellowing to the main,
The roars of lions that refuse the chain,
The grunts of bristled boars, and groans of bears,
And herds of howling wolves that stun the sailors' ears.
These from their caverns, at the close of night,
Fill the sad isle with horror and affright.
Darkling they mourn their fate, whom Circe's pow'r,
(That watch'd the moon and planetary hour.)
With words and wicked herbs from humankind
Had alter'd, and in brutal shapes confin'd.
Which monsters lest the Trojans' pious host
Should bear, or touch upon th' enchanted coast,
Propitious Neptune steer'd their course by night
With rising gales that sped their happy flight.
Supplied with these, they skim the sounding shore,
And hear the swelling surges vainly roar.

Now, when the rosy morn began to rise,
And wav'd her saffron streamer thro' the skies;
When Thetis blush'd in purple not her own,
And from her face the breathing winds were blown,
A sudden silence sate upon the sea,
And sweeping oars, with struggling, urge their way.
The Trojan, from the main, beheld a wood,
Which thick with shades and a brown horror stood:
Betwixt the trees the Tiber took his course,
With whirlpools dimpled; and with downward force,
That drove the sand along, he took his way,
And roll'd his yellow billows to the sea.
About him, and above, and round the wood,
The birds that haunt the borders of his flood,
That bath'd within, or basked upon his side,
To tuneful songs their narrow throats applied.
The captain gives command; the joyful train
Glide thro' the gloomy shade, and leave the main.

Now, Erato, thy poet's mind inspire,
And fill his soul with thy celestial fire!
Relate what Latium was; her ancient kings;
Declare the past and state of things,
When first the Trojan fleet Ausonia sought,
And how the rivals lov'd, and how they fought.
These are my theme, and how the war began,
And how concluded by the godlike man:
For I shall sing of battles, blood, and rage,
Which princes and their people did engage;
And haughty souls, that, mov'd with mutual hate,
In fighting fields pursued and found their fate;
That rous'd the Tyrrhene realm with loud alarms,
And peaceful Italy involv'd in arms.
A larger scene of action is display'd;
And, rising hence, a greater work is weigh'd.

Latinus, old and mild, had long possess'd

The Latin scepter, and his people blest:
His father Faunus; a Laurentian dame
His mother; fair Marica was her name.
But Faunus came from Picus: Picus drew
His birth from Saturn, if records be true.
Thus King Latinus, in the third degree,
Had Saturn author of his family.
But this old peaceful prince, as Heav'n decreed,
Was blest with no male issue to succeed:
His sons in blooming youth were snatch'd by fate;
One only daughter heir'd the royal state.
Fir'd with her love, and with ambition led,
The neighb'ring princes court her nuptial bed.
Among the crowd, but far above the rest,
Young Turnus to the beauteous maid address'd.
Turnus, for high descent and graceful mien,
Was first, and favor'd by the Latian queen;
With him she strove to join Lavinia's hand,
But dire portents the purpos'd match withstand.

Deep in the palace, of long growth, there stood
A laurel's trunk, a venerable wood;
Where rites divine were paid; whose holy hair
Was kept and cut with superstitious care.
This plant Latinus, when his town he wall'd,
Then found, and from the tree Laurentum call'd;
And last, in honor of his new abode,
He vow'd the laurel to the laurel's god.
It happen'd once (a boding prodigy!)
A swarm of bees, that cut the liquid sky,
(Unknown from whence they took their airy flight,)
Upon the topmost branch in clouds alight;
There with their clasping feet together clung,
And a long cluster from the laurel hung.
An ancient augur prophesied from hence:
"Behold on Latian shores a foreign prince!
From the same parts of heav'n his navy stands,

To the same parts on earth; his army lands;
The town he conquers, and the tow'r commands."

Yet more, when fair Lavinia fed the fire
Before the gods, and stood beside her sire,
(Strange to relate!) the flames, involv'd in smoke
Of incense, from the sacred altar broke,
Caught her dishevel'd hair and rich attire;
Her crown and jewels crackled in the fire:
From thence the fuming trail began to spread
And lambent glories danc'd about her head.
This new portent the seer with wonder views,
Then pausing, thus his prophecy renews:
"The nymph, who scatters flaming fires around,
Shall shine with honor, shall herself be crown'd;
But, caus'd by her irrevocable fate,
War shall the country waste, and change the state."

Latinus, frighted with this dire ostent,
For counsel to his father Faunus went,
And sought the shades renown'd for prophecy
Which near Albunea's sulph'rous fountain lie.
To these the Latian and the Sabine land
Fly, when distress'd, and thence relief demand.
The priest on skins of off'rings takes his ease,
And nightly visions in his slumber sees;
A swarm of thin aerial shapes appears,
And, flutt'ring round his temples, deafs his ears:
These he consults, the future fates to know,
From pow'rs above, and from the fiends below.
Here, for the gods' advice, Latinus flies,
Off'ring a hundred sheep for sacrifice:
Their woolly fleeces, as the rites requir'd,
He laid beneath him, and to rest retir'd.
No sooner were his eyes in slumber bound,
When, from above, a more than mortal sound
Invades his ears; and thus the vision spoke:

“Seek not, my seed, in Latian bands to yoke
Our fair Lavinia, nor the gods provoke.
A foreign son upon thy shore descends,
Whose martial fame from pole to pole extends.
His race, in arms and arts of peace renown’d,
Not Latium shall contain, nor Europe bound:
‘T is theirs whate’er the sun surveys around.”
These answers, in the silent night receiv’d,
The king himself divulg’d, the land believ’d:
The fame thro’ all the neighb’ring nations flew,
When now the Trojan navy was in view.

Beneath a shady tree, the hero spread
His table on the turf, with cakes of bread;
And, with his chiefs, on forest fruits he fed.
They sate; and, (not without the god’s command,)
Their homely fare dispatch’d, the hungry band
Invade their trenchers next, and soon devour,
To mend the scanty meal, their cakes of flour.
Ascanius this observ’d, and smiling said:
“See, we devour the plates on which we fed.”
The speech had omen, that the Trojan race
Should find repose, and this the time and place.
Aeneas took the word, and thus replies,
Confessing fate with wonder in his eyes:
“All hail, O earth! all hail, my household gods!
Behold the destin’d place of your abodes!
For thus Anchises prophesied of old,
And this our fatal place of rest foretold:
‘When, on a foreign shore, instead of meat,
By famine forc’d, your trenchers you shall eat,
Then ease your weary Trojans will attend,
And the long labors of your voyage end.
Remember on that happy coast to build,
And with a trench inclose the fruitful field.’
This was that famine, this the fatal place
Which ends the wand’ring of our exil’d race.

Then, on to-morrow's dawn, your care employ,
To search the land, and where the cities lie,
And what the men; but give this day to joy.
Now pour to Jove; and, after Jove is blest,
Call great Anchises to the genial feast:
Crown high the goblets with a cheerful draught;
Enjoy the present hour; adjourn the future thought."

Thus having said, the hero bound his brows
With leafy branches, then perform'd his vows;
Adoring first the genius of the place,
Then Earth, the mother of the heav'nly race,
The nymphs, and native godheads yet unknown,
And Night, and all the stars that gild her sable throne,
And ancient Cybel, and Idaean Jove,
And last his sire below, and mother queen above.
Then heav'n's high monarch thunder'd thrice aloud,
And thrice he shook aloft a golden cloud.
Soon thro' the joyful camp a rumor flew,
The time was come their city to renew.
Then ev'ry brow with cheerful green is crown'd,
The feasts are doubled, and the bowls go round.

When next the rosy morn disclos'd the day,
The scouts to sev'ral parts divide their way,
To learn the natives' names, their towns explore,
The coasts and trendings of the crooked shore:
Here Tiber flows, and here Numicus stands;
Here warlike Latins hold the happy lands.
The pious chief, who sought by peaceful ways
To found his empire, and his town to raise,
A hundred youths from all his train selects,
And to the Latian court their course directs,
(The spacious palace where their prince resides,)
And all their heads with wreaths of olive hides.
They go commission'd to require a peace,
And carry presents to procure access.

Thus while they speed their pace, the prince designs
His new-elected seat, and draws the lines.
The Trojans round the place a rampire cast,
And palisades about the trenches plac'd.

Meantime the train, proceeding on their way,
From far the town and lofty tow'rs survey;
At length approach the walls. Without the gate,
They see the boys and Latian youth debate
The martial prizes on the dusty plain:
Some drive the cars, and some the coursers rein;
Some bend the stubborn bow for victory,
And some with darts their active sinews try.
A posting messenger, dispatch'd from hence,
Of this fair troop advis'd their aged prince,
That foreign men of mighty stature came;
Uncouth their habit, and unknown their name.
The king ordains their entrance, and ascends
His regal seat, surrounded by his friends.

The palace built by Picus, vast and proud,
Supported by a hundred pillars stood,
And round incompass'd with a rising wood.
The pile o'erlook'd the town, and drew the sight;
Surpris'd at once with reverence and delight.
There kings receiv'd the marks of sov'reign pow'r;
In state the monarchs march'd; the lictors bore
Their awful axes and the rods before.
Here the tribunal stood, the house of pray'r,
And here the sacred senators repair;
All at large tables, in long order set,
A ram their off'ring, and a ram their meat.
Above the portal, carv'd in cedar wood,
Plac'd in their ranks, their godlike grandsires stood;
Old Saturn, with his crooked scythe, on high;
And Italus, that led the colony;
And ancient Janus, with his double face,

And bunch of keys, the porter of the place.
There good Sabinus, planter of the vines,
On a short pruning hook his head reclines,
And studiously surveys his gen'rous wines;
Then warlike kings, who for their country fought,
And honorable wounds from battle brought.
Around the posts hung helmets, darts, and spears,
And captive chariots, axes, shields, and bars,
And broken beaks of ships, the trophies of their wars.
Above the rest, as chief of all the band,
Was Picus plac'd, a buckler in his hand;
His other wav'd a long divining wand.
Girt in his Gabin gown the hero sate,
Yet could not with his art avoid his fate:
For Circe long had lov'd the youth in vain,
Till love, refus'd, converted to disdain:
Then, mixing pow'rful herbs, with magic art,
She chang'd his form, who could not change his heart;
Constrain'd him in a bird, and made him fly,
With party-color'd plumes, a chatt'ring pie.

In this high temple, on a chair of state,
The seat of audience, old Latinus sate;
Then gave admission to the Trojan train;
And thus with pleasing accents he began:
"Tell me, ye Trojans, for that name you own,
Nor is your course upon our coasts unknown-
Say what you seek, and whither were you bound:
Were you by stress of weather cast aground?
(Such dangers as on seas are often seen,
And oft befall to miserable men,)
Or come, your shipping in our ports to lay,
Spent and disabled in so long a way?
Say what you want: the Latians you shall find
Not forc'd to goodness, but by will inclin'd;
For, since the time of Saturn's holy reign,
His hospitable customs we retain.

I call to mind (but time the tale has worn)
Th' Arunci told, that Dardanus, tho' born
On Latian plains, yet sought the Phrygian shore,
And Samothracia, Samos call'd before.
From Tuscan Coritum he claim'd his birth;
But after, when exempt from mortal earth,
From thence ascended to his kindred skies,
A god, and, as a god, augments their sacrifice,"

He said. Ilioneus made this reply:
"O king, of Faunus' royal family!
Nor wintry winds to Latium forc'd our way,
Nor did the stars our wand'ring course betray.
Willing we sought your shores; and, hither bound,
The port, so long desir'd, at length we found;
From our sweet homes and ancient realms expell'd;
Great as the greatest that the sun beheld.
The god began our line, who rules above;
And, as our race, our king descends from Jove:
And hither are we come, by his command,
To crave admission in your happy land.
How dire a tempest, from Mycenae pour'd,
Our plains, our temples, and our town devour'd;
What was the waste of war, what fierce alarms
Shook Asia's crown with European arms;
Ev'n such have heard, if any such there be,
Whose earth is bounded by the frozen sea;
And such as, born beneath the burning sky
And sultry sun, betwixt the tropics lie.
From that dire deluge, thro' the wat'ry waste,
Such length of years, such various perils past,
At last escap'd, to Latium we repair,
To beg what you without your want may spare:
The common water, and the common air;
Sheds which ourselves will build, and mean abodes,
Fit to receive and serve our banish'd gods.
Nor our admission shall your realm disgrace,

Nor length of time our gratitude efface.
Besides, what endless honor you shall gain,
To save and shelter Troy's unhappy train!
Now, by my sov'reign, and his fate, I swear,
Renown'd for faith in peace, for force in war;
Oft our alliance other lands desir'd,
And, what we seek of you, of us requir'd.
Despite not then, that in our hands we bear
These holy boughs, sue with words of pray'r.
Fate and the gods, by their supreme command,
Have doom'd our ships to seek the Latian land.
To these abodes our fleet Apollo sends;
Here Dardanus was born, and hither tends;
Where Tuscan Tiber rolls with rapid force,
And where Numicus opes his holy source.
Besides, our prince presents, with his request,
Some small remains of what his sire possess'd.
This golden charger, snatch'd from burning Troy,
Anchises did in sacrifice employ;
This royal robe and this tiara wore
Old Priam, and this golden scepter bore
In full assemblies, and in solemn games;
These purple vests were weav'd by Dardan dames."

Thus while he spoke, Latinus roll'd around
His eyes, and fix'd a while upon the ground.
Intent he seem'd, and anxious in his breast;
Not by the scepter mov'd, or kingly vest,
But pond'ring future things of wondrous weight;
Succession, empire, and his daughter's fate.
On these he mus'd within his thoughtful mind,
And then revolv'd what Faunus had divin'd.
This was the foreign prince, by fate decreed
To share his scepter, and Lavinia's bed;
This was the race that sure portents foreshew
To sway the world, and land and sea subdue.
At length he rais'd his cheerful head, and spoke:

“The pow’rs,” said he, “the pow’rs we both invoke,
To you, and yours, and mine, propitious be,
And firm our purpose with their augury!
Have what you ask; your presents I receive;
Land, where and when you please, with ample leave;
Partake and use my kingdom as your own;
All shall be yours, while I command the crown:
And, if my wish’d alliance please your king,
Tell him he should not send the peace, but bring.
Then let him not a friend’s embraces fear;
The peace is made when I behold him here.
Besides this answer, tell my royal guest,
I add to his commands my own request:
One only daughter heirs my crown and state,
Whom not our oracles, nor Heav’n, nor fate,
Nor frequent prodigies, permit to join
With any native of th’ Ausonian line.
A foreign son-in-law shall come from far
(Such is our doom), a chief renown’d in war,
Whose race shall bear aloft the Latian name,
And thro’ the conquer’d world diffuse our fame.
Himself to be the man the fates require,
I firmly judge, and, what I judge, desire.”

He said, and then on each bestow’d a steed.
Three hundred horses, in high stables fed,
Stood ready, shining all, and smoothly dress’d:
Of these he chose the fairest and the best,
To mount the Trojan troop. At his command
The steeds caparison’d with purple stand,
With golden trappings, glorious to behold,
And champ betwixt their teeth the foaming gold.
Then to his absent guest the king decreed
A pair of coursers born of heav’nly breed,
Who from their nostrils breath’d ethereal fire;
Whom Circe stole from her celestial sire,
By substituting mares produc’d on earth,

Whose wombs conceiv'd a more than mortal birth.
These draw the chariot which Latinus sends,
And the rich present to the prince commends.
Sublime on stately steeds the Trojans borne,
To their expecting lord with peace return.

But jealous Juno, from Pachynus' height,
As she from Argos took her airy flight,
Beheld with envious eyes this hateful sight.
She saw the Trojan and his joyful train
Descend upon the shore, desert the main,
Design a town, and, with unhop'd success,
Th' ambassadors return with promis'd peace.
Then, pierc'd with pain, she shook her haughty head,
Sigh'd from her inward soul, and thus she said:
"O hated offspring of my Phrygian foes!
O fates of Troy, which Juno's fates oppose!
Could they not fall unpitied on the plain,
But slain revive, and, taken, scape again?
When execrable Troy in ashes lay,
Thro' fires and swords and seas they forc'd their way.
Then vanquish'd Juno must in vain contend,
Her rage disarm'd, her empire at an end.
Breathless and tir'd, is all my fury spent?
Or does my glutt'd spleen at length relent?
As if 't were little from their town to chase,
I thro' the seas pursued their exil'd race;
Ingag'd the heav'ns, oppos'd the stormy main;
But billows roar'd, and tempests rag'd in vain.
What have my Scyllas and my Syrtes done,
When these they overpass, and those they shun?
On Tiber's shores they land, secure of fate,
Triumphant o'er the storms and Juno's hate.
Mars could in mutual blood the Centaurs bathe,
And Jove himself gave way to Cynthia's wrath,
Who sent the tusky boar to Calydon;
(What great offense had either people done?)

But I, the consort of the Thunderer,
Have wag'd a long and unsuccessful war,
With various arts and arms in vain have toil'd,
And by a mortal man at length am foil'd.
If native pow'r prevail not, shall I doubt
To seek for needful succor from without?
If Jove and Heav'n my just desires deny,
Hell shall the pow'r of Heav'n and Jove supply.
Grant that the Fates have firm'd, by their decree,
The Trojan race to reign in Italy;
At least I can defer the nuptial day,
And with protracted wars the peace delay:
With blood the dear alliance shall be bought,
And both the people near destruction brought;
So shall the son-in-law and father join,
With ruin, war, and waste of either line.
O fatal maid, thy marriage is endow'd
With Phrygian, Latian, and Rutulian blood!
Bellona leads thee to thy lover's hand;
Another queen brings forth another brand,
To burn with foreign fires another land!
A second Paris, diff'ring but in name,
Shall fire his country with a second flame."

Thus having said, she sinks beneath the ground,
With furious haste, and shoots the Stygian sound,
To rouse Alecto from th' infernal seat
Of her dire sisters, and their dark retreat.
This Fury, fit for her intent, she chose;
One who delights in wars and human woes.
Ev'n Pluto hates his own misshapen race;
Her sister Furies fly her hideous face;
So frightful are the forms the monster takes,
So fierce the hissings of her speckled snakes.
Her Juno finds, and thus inflames her spite:
"O virgin daughter of eternal Night,
Give me this once thy labor, to sustain

My right, and execute my just disdain.
Let not the Trojans, with a feign'd pretense
Of proffer'd peace, delude the Latian prince.
Expel from Italy that odious name,
And let not Juno suffer in her fame.
'T is thine to ruin realms, o'erturn a state,
Betwixt the dearest friends to raise debate,
And kindle kindred blood to mutual hate.
Thy hand o'er towns the fun'ral torch displays,
And forms a thousand ills ten thousand ways.
Now shake, out thy fruitful breast, the seeds
Of envy, discord, and of cruel deeds:
Confound the peace establish'd, and prepare
Their souls to hatred, and their hands to war."

Smear'd as she was with black Gorgonian blood,
The Fury sprang above the Stygian flood;
And on her wicker wings, sublime thro' night,
She to the Latian palace took her flight:
There sought the queen's apartment, stood before
The peaceful threshold, and besieg'd the door.
Restless Amata lay, her swelling breast
Fir'd with disdain for Turnus dispossess'd,
And the new nuptials of the Trojan guest.
From her black bloody locks the Fury shakes
Her darling plague, the fav'rite of her snakes;
With her full force she threw the poisonous dart,
And fix'd it deep within Amata's heart,
That, thus envenom'd, she might kindle rage,
And sacrifice to strife her house husband's age.
Unseen, unfelt, the fiery serpent skims
Betwixt her linen and her naked limbs;
His baleful breath inspiring, as he glides,
Now like a chain around her neck he rides,
Now like a fillet to her head repairs,
And with his circling volumes folds her hairs.
At first the silent venom slid with ease,

And seiz'd her cooler senses by degrees;
Then, ere th' infected mass was fir'd too far,
In plaintive accents she began the war,
And thus bespoke her husband: "Shall," she said,
"A wand'ring prince enjoy Lavinia's bed?
If nature plead not in a parent's heart,
Pity my tears, and pity her desert.
I know, my dearest lord, the time will come,
You in vain, reverse your cruel doom;
The faithless pirate soon will set to sea,
And bear the royal virgin far away!
A guest like him, a Trojan guest before,
In shew of friendship sought the Spartan shore,
And ravish'd Helen from her husband bore.
Think on a king's inviolable word;
And think on Turnus, her once plighted lord:
To this false foreigner you give your throne,
And wrong a friend, a kinsman, and a son.
Resume your ancient care; and, if the god
Your sire, and you, resolve on foreign blood,
Know all are foreign, in a larger sense,
Not born your subjects, or deriv'd from hence.
Then, if the line of Turnus you retrace,
He springs from Inachus of Argive race."

But when she saw her reasons idly spent,
And could not move him from his fix'd intent,
She flew to rage; for now the snake possess'd
Her vital parts, and poison'd all her breast;
She raves, she runs with a distracted pace,
And fills with horrid howls the public place.
And, as young striplings whip the top for sport,
On the smooth pavement of an empty court;
The wooden engine flies and whirls about,
Admir'd, with clamors, of the beardless rout;
They lash aloud; each other they provoke,
And lend their little souls at ev'ry stroke:

Thus fares the queen; and thus her fury blows
Amidst the crowd, and kindles as she goes.
Nor yet content, she strains her malice more,
And adds new ills to those contriv'd before:
She flies the town, and, mixing with a throng
Of madding matrons, bears the bride along,
Wand'ring thro' woods and wilds, and devious ways,
And with these arts the Trojan match delays.
She feign'd the rites of Bacchus; cried aloud,
And to the buxom god the virgin vow'd.
"Evoe! O Bacchus!" thus began the song;
And "Evoe!" answer'd all the female throng.
"O virgin! worthy thee alone!" she cried;
"O worthy thee alone!" the crew replied.
"For thee she feeds her hair, she leads thy dance,
And with thy winding ivy wreathes her lance."
Like fury seiz'd the rest; the progress known,
All seek the mountains, and forsake the town:
All, clad in skins of beasts, the jav'lin bear,
Give to the wanton winds their flowing hair,
And shrieks and shoutings rend the suff'ring air.
The queen herself, inspir'd with rage divine,
Shook high above her head a flaming pine;
Then roll'd her haggard eyes around the throng,
And sung, in Turnus' name, the nuptial song:
"To, ye Latian dames! if any here
Hold your unhappy queen, Amata, dear;
If there be here," she said, who dare maintain
My right, nor think the name of mother vain;
Unbind your fillets, loose your flowing hair,
And orgies and nocturnal rites prepare."

Amata's breast the Fury thus invades,
And fires with rage, amid the sylvan shades;
Then, when she found her venom spread so far,
The royal house embroil'd in civil war,
Rais'd on her dusky wings, she cleaves the skies,

And seeks the palace where young Turnus lies.
His town, as fame reports, was built of old
By Danae, pregnant with almighty gold,
Who fled her father's rage, and, with a train
Of following Argives, thro' the stormy main,
Driv'n by the southern blasts, was fated here to reign.
'T was Ardua once; now Ardea's name it bears;
Once a fair city, now consum'd with years.
Here, in his lofty palace, Turnus lay,
Betwixt the confines of the night and day,
Secure in sleep. The Fury laid aside
Her looks and limbs, and with new methods tried
The foulness of th' infernal form to hide.
Propp'd on a staff, she takes a trembling mien:
Her face is furrow'd, and her front obscene;
Deep-dinted wrinkles on her cheek she draws;
Sunk are her eyes, and toothless are her jaws;
Her hoary hair with holy fillets bound,
Her temples with an olive wreath are crown'd.
Old Chalybe, who kept the sacred fane
Of Juno, now she seem'd, and thus began,
Appearing in a dream, to rouse the careless man:
"Shall Turnus then such endless toil sustain
In fighting fields, and conquer towns in vain?
Win, for a Trojan head to wear the prize,
Usurp thy crown, enjoy thy victories?
The bride and scepter which thy blood has bought,
The king transfers; and foreign heirs are sought.
Go now, deluded man, and seek again
New toils, new dangers, on the dusty plain.
Repel the Tuscan foes; their city seize;
Protect the Latians in luxurious ease.
This dream all-pow'rful Juno sends; I bear
Her mighty mandates, and her words you hear.
Haste; arm your Ardeans; issue to the plain;
With fate to friend, assault the Trojan train:
Their thoughtless chiefs, their painted ships, that lie

In Tiber's mouth, with fire and sword destroy.
The Latian king, unless he shall submit,
Own his old promise, and his new forget-
Let him, in arms, the pow'r of Turnus prove,
And learn to fear whom he disdains to love.
For such is Heav'n's command." The youthful prince
With scorn replied, and made this bold defense:
"You tell me, mother, what I knew before:
The Phrygian fleet is landed on the shore.
I neither fear nor will provoke the war;
My fate is Juno's most peculiar care.
But time has made you dote, and vainly tell
Of arms imagin'd in your lonely cell.
Go; be the temple and the gods your care;
Permit to men the thought of peace and war."

These haughty words Alecto's rage provoke,
And frightened Turnus trembled as she spoke.
Her eyes grow stiffen'd, and with sulphur burn;
Her hideous looks and hellish form return;
Her curling snakes with hissings fill the place,
And open all the furies of her face:
Then, darting fire from her malignant eyes,
She cast him backward as he strove to rise,
And, ling'ring, sought to frame some new replies.
High on her head she rears two twisted snakes,
Her chains she rattles, and her whip she shakes;
And, churning bloody foam, thus loudly speaks:
"Behold whom time has made to dote, and tell
Of arms imagin'd in her lonely cell!
Behold the Fates' infernal minister!
War, death, destruction, in my hand I bear."

Thus having said, her smold'ring torch, impress'd
With her full force, she plung'd into his breast.
Aghast he wak'd; and, starting from his bed,
Cold sweat, in clammy drops, his limbs o'erspread.

“Arms! arms!” he cries: “my sword and shield prepare!”
He breathes defiance, blood, and mortal war.
So, when with crackling flames a caldron fries,
The bubbling waters from the bottom rise:
Above the brims they force their fiery way;
Black vapors climb aloft, and cloud the day.

The peace polluted thus, a chosen band
He first commissions to the Latian land,
In threat’ning embassy; then rais’d the rest,
To meet in arms th’ intruding Trojan guest,
To force the foes from the Lavinian shore,
And Italy’s indanger’d peace restore.
Himself alone an equal match he boasts,
To fight the Phrygian and Ausonian hosts.
The gods invok’d, the Rutuli prepare
Their arms, and warn each other to the war.
His beauty these, and those his blooming age,
The rest his house and his own fame ingage.

While Turnus urges thus his enterprise,
The Stygian Fury to the Trojans flies;
New frauds invents, and takes a steepy stand,
Which overlooks the vale with wide command;
Where fair Ascanius and his youthful train,
With horns and hounds, a hunting match ordain,
And pitch their toils around the shady plain.
The Fury fires the pack; they snuff, they vent,
And feed their hungry nostrils with the scent.
’Twas of a well-grown stag, whose antlers rise
High o’er his front; his beams invade the skies.
From this light cause th’ infernal maid prepares
The country churls to mischief, hate, and wars.

The stately beast the two Tyrrhidae bred,
Snatch’d from his dams, and the tame youngling fed.
Their father Tyrrheus did his fodder bring,

Tyrreus, chief ranger to the Latian king:
Their sister Silvia cherish'd with her care
The little wanton, and did wreaths prepare
To hang his budding horns, with ribbons tied
His tender neck, and comb'd his silken hide,
And bathed his body. Patient of command
In time he grew, and, growing us'd to hand,
He waited at his master's board for food;
Then sought his salvage kindred in the wood,
Where grazing all the day, at night he came
To his known lodgings, and his country dame.

This household beast, that us'd the woodland grounds,
Was view'd at first by the young hero's hounds,
As down the stream he swam, to seek retreat
In the cool waters, and to quench his heat.
Ascanius young, and eager of his game,
Soon bent his bow, uncertain in his aim;
But the dire fiend the fatal arrow guides,
Which pierc'd his bowels thro' his panting sides.
The bleeding creature issues from the floods,
Possess'd with fear, and seeks his known abodes,
His old familiar hearth and household gods.
He falls; he fills the house with heavy groans,
Implores their pity, and his pain bemoans.
Young Silvia beats her breast, and cries aloud
For succor from the clownish neighborhood:
The churls assemble; for the fiend, who lay
In the close woody covert, urg'd their way.
One with a brand yet burning from the flame,
Arm'd with a knotty club another came:
Whate'er they catch or find, without their care,
Their fury makes an instrument of war.
Tyrreus, the foster father of the beast,
Then clench'd a hatchet in his horny fist,
But held his hand from the descending stroke,
And left his wedge within the cloven oak,

To whet their courage and their rage provoke.
And now the goddess, exercis'd in ill,
Who watch'd an hour to work her impious will,
Ascends the roof, and to her crooked horn,
Such as was then by Latian shepherds borne,
Adds all her breath: the rocks and woods around,
And mountains, tremble at th' infernal sound.
The sacred lake of Trivia from afar,
The Veline fountains, and sulphureous Nar,
Shake at the baleful blast, the signal of the war.
Young mothers wildly stare, with fear possess'd,
And strain their helpless infants to their breast.

The clowns, a boist'rous, rude, ungovern'd crew,
With furious haste to the loud summons flew.
The pow'rs of Troy, then issuing on the plain,
With fresh recruits their youthful chief sustain:
Not theirs a raw and unexperienc'd train,
But a firm body of embattled men.
At first, while fortune favor'd neither side,
The fight with clubs and burning brands was tried;
But now, both parties reinforc'd, the fields
Are bright with flaming swords and brazen shields.
A shining harvest either host displays,
And shoots against the sun with equal rays.
Thus, when a black-brow'd gust begins to rise,
White foam at first on the curl'd ocean fries;
Then roars the main, the billows mount the skies;
Till, by the fury of the storm full blown,
The muddy bottom o'er the clouds is thrown.
First Almon falls, old Tyrrheus' eldest care,
Pierc'd with an arrow from the distant war:
Fix'd in his throat the flying weapon stood,
And stopp'd his breath, and drank his vital blood
Huge heaps of slain around the body rise:
Among the rest, the rich Galesus lies;
A good old man, while peace he preach'd in vain,

Amidst the madness of th' unruly train:
Five herds, five bleating flocks, his pastures fill'd;
His lands a hundred yoke of oxen till'd.

Thus, while in equal scales their fortune stood
The Fury bath'd them in each other's blood;
Then, having fix'd the fight, exulting flies,
And bears fulfill'd her promise to the skies.
To Juno thus she speaks: "Behold! It is done,
The blood already drawn, the war begun;
The discord is complete; nor can they cease
The dire debate, nor you command the peace.
Now, since the Latian and the Trojan brood
Have tasted vengeance and the sweets of blood;
Speak, and my pow'r shall add this office more:
The neighb'ing nations of th' Ausonian shore
Shall hear the dreadful rumor, from afar,
Of arm'd invasion, and embrace the war."
Then Juno thus: "The grateful work is done,
The seeds of discord sow'd, the war begun;
Frauds, fears, and fury have possess'd the state,
And fix'd the causes of a lasting hate.
A bloody Hymen shall th' alliance join
Betwixt the Trojan and Ausonian line:
But thou with speed to night and hell repair;
For not the gods, nor angry Jove, will bear
Thy lawless wand'ring walks in upper air.
Leave what remains to me." Saturnia said:
The sullen fiend her sounding wings display'd,
Unwilling left the light, and sought the nether shade.

In midst of Italy, well known to fame,
There lies a lake (Amsanctus is the name)
Below the lofty mounts: on either side
Thick forests the forbidden entrance hide.
Full in the center of the sacred wood
An arm arises of the Stygian flood,

Which, breaking from beneath with bellowing sound,
Whirls the black waves and rattling stones around.
Here Pluto pants for breath from out his cell,
And opens wide the grinning jaws of hell.
To this infernal lake the Fury flies;
Here hides her hated head, and frees the lab'ring skies.

Saturnian Juno now, with double care,
Attends the fatal process of the war.
The clowns, return'd, from battle bear the slain,
Implore the gods, and to their king complain.
The corps of Almon and the rest are shown;
Shrieks, clamors, murmurs, fill the frighted town.
Ambitious Turnus in the press appears,
And, aggravating crimes, augments their fears;
Proclaims his private injuries aloud,
A solemn promise made, and disavow'd;
A foreign son is sought, and a mix'd mungril brood.
Then they, whose mothers, frantic with their fear,
In woods and wilds the flags of Bacchus bear,
And lead his dances with dishevel'd hair,
Increase the clamor, and the war demand,
(Such was Amata's interest in the land,)
Against the public sanctions of the peace,
Against all omens of their ill success.
With fates averse, the rout in arms resort,
To force their monarch, and insult the court.
But, like a rock unmov'd, a rock that braves
The raging tempest and the rising waves-
Propp'd on himself he stands; his solid sides
Wash off the seaweeds, and the sounding tides-
So stood the pious prince, unmov'd, and long
Sustain'd the madness of the noisy throng.
But, when he found that Juno's pow'r prevail'd,
And all the methods of cool counsel fail'd,
He calls the gods to witness their offense,
Disclaims the war, asserts his innocence.

“Hurried by fate,” he cries, “and borne before
A furious wind, we have the faithful shore.
O more than madmen! you yourselves shall bear
The guilt of blood and sacrilegious war:
Thou, Turnus, shalt atone it by thy fate,
And pray to Heav’n for peace, but pray too late.
For me, my stormy voyage at an end,
I to the port of death securely tend.
The fun’ral pomp which to your kings you pay,
Is all I want, and all you take away.”
He said no more, but, in his walls confin’d,
Shut out the woes which he too well divin’d
Nor with the rising storm would vainly strive,
But left the helm, and let the vessel drive.

A solemn custom was observ’d of old,
Which Latium held, and now the Romans hold,
Their standard when in fighting fields they rear
Against the fierce Hyrcanians, or declare
The Scythian, Indian, or Arabian war;
Or from the boasting Parthians would regain
Their eagles, lost in Carrhae’s bloody plain.
Two gates of steel (the name of Mars they bear,
And still are worship’d with religious fear)
Before his temple stand: the dire abode,
And the fear’d issues of the furious god,
Are fenc’d with brazen bolts; without the gates,
The wary guardian Janus doubly waits.
Then, when the sacred senate votes the wars,
The Roman consul their decree declares,
And in his robes the sounding gates unbars.
The youth in military shouts arise,
And the loud trumpets break the yielding skies.
These rites, of old by sov’reign princes us’d,
Were the king’s office; but the king refus’d,
Deaf to their cries, nor would the gates unbar
Of sacred peace, or loose th’ imprison’d war;

But hid his head, and, safe from loud alarms,
Abhorr'd the wicked ministry of arms.
Then heav'n's imperious queen shot down from high:
At her approach the brazen hinges fly;
The gates are forc'd, and ev'ry falling bar;
And, like a tempest, issues out the war.

The peaceful cities of th' Ausonian shore,
Lull'd in their ease, and undisturb'd before,
Are all on fire; and some, with studious care,
Their restiff steeds in sandy plains prepare;
Some their soft limbs in painful marches try,
And war is all their wish, and arms the gen'ral cry.
Part scour the rusty shields with seam; and part
New grind the blunted ax, and point the dart:
With joy they view the waving ensigns fly,
And hear the trumpet's clangor pierce the sky.
Five cities forge their arms: th' Atinian pow'rs,
Antemnae, Tibur with her lofty tow'rs,
Ardea the proud, the Crustumian town:
All these of old were places of renown.
Some hammer helmets for the fighting field;
Some twine young sallows to support the shield;
The croslet some, and some the cuishes mold,
With silver plated, and with ductile gold.
The rustic honors of the scythe and share
Give place to swords and plumes, the pride of war.
Old fauchions are new temper'd in the fires;
The sounding trumpet ev'ry soul inspires.
The word is giv'n; with eager speed they lace
The shining headpiece, and the shield embrace.
The neighing steeds are to the chariot tied;
The trusty weapon sits on ev'ry side.

And now the mighty labor is begun
Ye Muses, open all your Helicon.
Sing you the chiefs that sway'd th' Ausonian land,

Their arms, and armies under their command;
What warriors in our ancient clime were bred;
What soldiers follow'd, and what heroes led.
For well you know, and can record alone,
What fame to future times conveys but darkly down.
Mezentius first appear'd upon the plain:
Scorn sate upon his brows, and sour disdain,
Defying earth and heav'n. Etruria lost,
He brings to Turnus' aid his baffled host.
The charming Lausus, full of youthful fire,
Rode in the rank, and next his sullen sire;
To Turnus only second in the grace
Of manly mien, and features of the face.
A skilful horseman, and a huntsman bred,
With fates averse a thousand men he led:
His sire unworthy of so brave a son;
Himself well worthy of a happier throne.

Next Aventinus drives his chariot round
The Latian plains, with palms and laurels crown'd.
Proud of his steeds, he smokes along the field;
His father's hydra fills his ample shield:
A hundred serpents hiss about the brims;
The son of Hercules he justly seems
By his broad shoulders and gigantic limbs;
Of heav'nly part, and part of earthly blood,
A mortal woman mixing with a god.
For strong Alcides, after he had slain
The triple Geryon, drove from conquer'd Spain
His captive herds; and, thence in triumph led,
On Tuscan Tiber's flow'ry banks they fed.
Then on Mount Aventine the son of Jove
The priestess Rhea found, and forc'd to love.
For arms, his men long piles and jav'lins bore;
And poles with pointed steel their foes in battle gore.
Like Hercules himself his son appears,
In salvage pomp; a lion's hide he wears;

About his shoulders hangs the shaggy skin;
The teeth and gaping jaws severely grin.
Thus, like the god his father, homely dress'd,
He strides into the hall, a horrid guest.

Then two twin brothers from fair Tibur came,
(Which from their brother Tiburs took the name,)
Fierce Coras and Catillus, void of fear:
Arm'd Argive horse they led, and in the front appear.
Like cloud-born Centaurs, from the mountain's height
With rapid course descending to the fight;
They rush along; the rattling woods give way;
The branches bend before their sweepy sway.

Nor was Praeneste's founder wanting there,
Whom fame reports the son of Mulciber:
Found in the fire, and foster'd in the plains,
A shepherd and a king at once he reigns,
And leads to Turnus' aid his country swains.
His own Praeneste sends a chosen band,
With those who plow Saturnia's Gabine land;
Besides the succor which cold Anien yields,
The rocks of Hernicus, and dewy fields,
Anagnia fat, and Father Amasene-
A num'rous rout, but all of naked men:
Nor arms they wear, nor swords and bucklers wield,
Nor drive the chariot thro' the dusty field,
But whirl from leathern slings huge balls of lead,
And spoils of yellow wolves adorn their head;
The left foot naked, when they march to fight,
But in a bull's raw hide they sheathe the right.
Messapus next, (great Neptune was his sire,)
Secure of steel, and fated from the fire,
In pomp appears, and with his ardor warms
A heartless train, unexercis'd in arms:
The just Faliscans he to battle brings,
And those who live where Lake Ciminia springs;

And where Feronia's grove and temple stands,
Who till Fescennian or Flavinian lands.
All these in order march, and marching sing
The warlike actions of their sea-born king;
Like a long team of snowy swans on high,
Which clap their wings, and cleave the liquid sky,
When, homeward from their wat'ry pastures borne,
They sing, and Asia's lakes their notes return.
Not one who heard their music from afar,
Would think these troops an army train'd to war,
But flocks of fowl, that, when the tempests roar,
With their hoarse gabbling seek the silent shore.

Then Clausus came, who led a num'rous band
Of troops embodied from the Sabine land,
And, in himself alone, an army brought.
'T was he, the noble Claudian race begot,
The Claudian race, ordain'd, in times to come,
To share the greatness of imperial Rome.
He led the Cures forth, of old renown,
Mutuscans from their olive-bearing town,
And all th' Eretian pow'rs; besides a band
That follow'd from Velinum's dewy land,
And Amiternian troops, of mighty fame,
And mountaineers, that from Severus came,
And from the craggy cliffs of Tetrica,
And those where yellow Tiber takes his way,
And where Himella's wanton waters play.
Casperia sends her arms, with those that lie
By Fabaris, and fruitful Foruli:
The warlike aids of Horta next appear,
And the cold Nursians come to close the rear,
Mix'd with the natives born of Latine blood,
Whom Allia washes with her fatal flood.
Not thicker billows beat the Libyan main,
When pale Orion sets in wintry rain;
Nor thicker harvests on rich Hermus rise,

Or Lycian fields, when Phoebus burns the skies,
Than stand these troops: their bucklers ring around;
Their trampling turns the turf, and shakes the solid ground.

High in his chariot then Halesus came,
A foe by birth to Troy's unhappy name:
From Agamemnon born- to Turnus' aid
A thousand men the youthful hero led,
Who till the Massic soil, for wine renown'd,
And fierce Auruncans from their hilly ground,
And those who live by Sidicinian shores,
And where with shoaly fords Vulturnus roars,
Cales' and Osca's old inhabitants,
And rough Saticulans, inur'd to wants:
Light demi-lances from afar they throw,
Fasten'd with leathern thongs, to gall the foe.
Short crooked swords in closer fight they wear;
And on their warding arm light bucklers bear.

Nor Oebalus, shalt thou be left unsung,
From nymph Semethis and old Telon sprung,
Who then in Teleboan Capri reign'd;
But that short isle th' ambitious youth disdain'd,
And o'er Campania stretch'd his ample sway,
Where swelling Sarnus seeks the Tyrrhene sea;
O'er Batulum, and where Abella sees,
From her high tow'rs, the harvest of her trees.
And these (as was the Teuton use of old)
Wield brazen swords, and brazen bucklers hold;
Sling weighty stones, when from afar they fight;
Their casques are cork, a covering thick and light.

Next these in rank, the warlike Ufens went,
And led the mountain troops that Nursia sent.
The rude Equicolae his rule obey'd;
Hunting their sport, and plund'ring was their trade.
In arms they plow'd, to battle still prepar'd:

Their soil was barren, and their hearts were hard.

Umbro the priest the proud Marrubians led,
By King Archippus sent to Turnus' aid,
And peaceful olives crown'd his hoary head.
His wand and holy words, the viper's rage,
And venom'd wounds of serpents could assuage.
He, when he pleas'd with powerful juice to steep
Their temples, shut their eyes in pleasing sleep.
But vain were Marsian herbs, and magic art,
To cure the wound giv'n by the Dardan dart:
Yet his untimely fate th' Angitian woods
In sighs remurmur'd to the Fucine floods.

The son of fam'd Hippolytus was there,
Fam'd as his sire, and, as his mother, fair;
Whom in Egerian groves Aricia bore,
And nurs'd his youth along the marshy shore,
Where great Diana's peaceful altars flame,
In fruitful fields; and Virbius was his name.
Hippolytus, as old records have said,
Was by his stepdam sought to share her bed;
But, when no female arts his mind could move,
She turn'd to furious hate her impious love.
Torn by wild horses on the sandy shore,
Another's crimes th' unhappy hunter bore,
Glutting his father's eyes with guiltless gore.
But chaste Diana, who his death deplor'd,
With Aesculapian herbs his life restor'd.
Then Jove, who saw from high, with just disdain,
The dead inspir'd with vital breath again,
Struck to the center, with his flaming dart,
Th' unhappy founder of the godlike art.
But Trivia kept in secret shades alone
Her care, Hippolytus, to fate unknown;
And call'd him Virbius in th' Egerian grove,
Where then he liv'd obscure, but safe from Jove.

For this, from Trivia's temple and her wood
Are coursers driv'n, who shed their master's blood,
Affrighted by the monsters of the flood.
His son, the second Virbius, yet retain'd
His father's art, and warrior steeds he rein'd.

Amid the troops, and like the leading god,
High o'er the rest in arms the graceful Turnus rode:
A triple of plumes his crest adorn'd,
On which with belching flames Chimaera burn'd:
The more the kindled combat rises high'r,
The more with fury burns the blazing fire.
Fair Io grac'd his shield; but Io now
With horns exalted stands, and seems to low-
A noble charge! Her keeper by her side,
To watch her walks, his hundred eyes applied;
And on the brims her sire, the wat'ry god,
Roll'd from a silver urn his crystal flood.
A cloud of foot succeeds, and fills the fields
With swords, and pointed spears, and clatt'ring shields;
Of Argives, and of old Sicanian bands,
And those who plow the rich Rutulian lands;
Auruncean youth, and those Sacrana yields,
And the proud Labicans, with painted shields,
And those who near Numician streams reside,
And those whom Tiber's holy forests hide,
Or Circe's hills from the main land divide;
Where Ufens glides along the lowly lands,
Or the black water of Pomptina stands.

Last, from the Volscians fair Camilla came,
And led her warlike troops, a warrior dame;
Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskill'd,
She chose the nobler Pallas of the field.
Mix'd with the first, the fierce virago fought,
Sustain'd the toils of arms, the danger sought,
Outstripp'd the winds in speed upon the plain,

Flew o'er the fields, nor hurt the bearded grain:
She swept the seas, and, as she skimm'd along,
Her flying feet unbath'd on billows hung.
Men, boys, and women, stupid with surprise,
Where'er she passes, fix their wond'ring eyes:
Longing they look, and, gaping at the sight,
Devour her o'er and o'er with vast delight;
Her purple habit sits with such a grace
On her smooth shoulders, and so suits her face;
Her head with ringlets of her hair is crown'd,
And in a golden caul the curls are bound.
She shakes her myrtle jav'lin; and, behind,
Her Lycian quiver dances in the wind.

BOOK VIII

When Turnus had assembled all his pow'rs,
His standard planted on Laurentum's tow'rs;
When now the sprightly trumpet, from afar,
Had giv'n the signal of approaching war,
Had rous'd the neighing steeds to scour the fields,
While the fierce riders clatter'd on their shields;
Trembling with rage, the Latian youth prepare
To join th' allies, and headlong rush to war.
Fierce Ufens, and Messapus, led the crowd,
With bold Mezentius, who blasphem'd aloud.
These thro' the country took their wasteful course,
The fields to forage, and to gather force.
Then Venulus to Diomedea they send,
To beg his aid Ausonia to defend,
Declare the common danger, and inform
The Grecian leader of the growing storm:
Aeneas, landed on the Latian coast,
With banish'd gods, and with a baffled host,
Yet now aspir'd to conquest of the state,
And claim'd a title from the gods and fate;
What num'rous nations in his quarrel came,
And how they spread his formidable name.
What he design'd, what mischief might arise,
If fortune favor'd his first enterprise,
Was left for him to weigh, whose equal fears,
And common interest, was involv'd in theirs.

While Turnus and th' allies thus urge the war,
The Trojan, floating in a flood of care,
Beholds the tempest which his foes prepare.
This way and that he turns his anxious mind;
Thinks, and rejects the counsels he design'd;
Explores himself in vain, in ev'ry part,
And gives no rest to his distracted heart.

So, when the sun by day, or moon by night,
Strike on the polish'd brass their trembling light,
The glitt'ring species here and there divide,
And cast their dubious beams from side to side;
Now on the walls, now on the pavement play,
And to the ceiling flash the glaring day.

'T was night; and weary nature lull'd asleep
The birds of air, and fishes of the deep,
And beasts, and mortal men. The Trojan chief
Was laid on Tiber's banks, oppress'd with grief,
And found in silent slumber late relief.
Then, thro' the shadows of the poplar wood,
Arose the father of the Roman flood;
An azure robe was o'er his body spread,
A wreath of shady reeds adorn'd his head:
Thus, manifest to sight, the god appear'd,
And with these pleasing words his sorrow cheer'd:
"Undoubted offspring of ethereal race,
O long expected in this promis'd place!
Who thro' the foes hast borne thy banish'd gods,
Restor'd them to their hearths, and old abodes;
This is thy happy home, the clime where fate
Ordains thee to restore the Trojan state.
Fear not! The war shall end in lasting peace,
And all the rage of haughty Juno cease.
And that this nightly vision may not seem
Th' effect of fancy, or an idle dream,
A sow beneath an oak shall lie along,
All white herself, and white her thirty young.
When thirty rolling years have run their race,
Thy son Ascanius, on this empty space,
Shall build a royal town, of lasting fame,
Which from this omen shall receive the name.
Time shall approve the truth. For what remains,
And how with sure success to crown thy pains,
With patience next attend. A banish'd band,

Driv'n with Evander from th' Arcadian land,
Have planted here, and plac'd on high their walls;
Their town the founder Pallanteum calls,
Deriv'd from Pallas, his great-grandsire's name:
But the fierce Latians old possession claim,
With war infesting the new colony.
These make thy friends, and on their aid rely.
To thy free passage I submit my streams.
Wake, son of Venus, from thy pleasing dreams;
And, when the setting stars are lost in day,
To Juno's pow'r thy just devotion pay;
With sacrifice the wrathful queen appease:
Her pride at length shall fall, her fury cease.
When thou return'st victorious from the war,
Perform thy vows to me with grateful care.
The god am I, whose yellow water flows
Around these fields, and fattens as it goes:
Tiber my name; among the rolling floods
Renown'd on earth, esteem'd among the gods.
This is my certain seat. In times to come,
My waves shall wash the walls of mighty Rome."

He said, and plung'd below. While yet he spoke,
His dream Aeneas and his sleep forsook.
He rose, and looking up, beheld the skies
With purple blushing, and the day arise.
Then water in his hollow palm he took
From Tiber's flood, and thus the pow'rs bespoke:
"Laurentian nymphs, by whom the streams are fed,
And Father Tiber, in thy sacred bed
Receive Aeneas, and from danger keep.
Whatever fount, whatever holy deep,
Conceals thy wat'ry stores; where'er they rise,
And, bubbling from below, salute the skies;
Thou, king of horned floods, whose plenteous urn
Suffices fatness to the fruitful corn,
For this thy kind compassion of our woes,

Shalt share my morning song and ev'ning vows.
But, O be present to thy people's aid,
And firm the gracious promise thou hast made!"

Thus having said, two galleys from his stores,
With care he chooses, mans, and fits with oars.
Now on the shore the fatal swine is found.
Wondrous to tell!- She lay along the ground:
Her well-fed offspring at her udders hung;
She white herself, and white her thirty young.
Aeneas takes the mother and her brood,
And all on Juno's altar are bestow'd.

The foll'wing night, and the succeeding day,
Propitious Tiber smooth'd his wat'ry way:
He roll'd his river back, and pois'd he stood,
A gentle swelling, and a peaceful flood.
The Trojans mount their ships; they put from shore,
Borne on the waves, and scarcely dip an oar.
Shouts from the land give omen to their course,
And the pitch'd vessels glide with easy force.
The woods and waters wonder at the gleam
Of shields, and painted ships that stem the stream.
One summer's night and one whole day they pass
Betwixt the greenwood shades, and cut the liquid glass.
The fiery sun had finish'd half his race,
Look'd back, and doubted in the middle space,
When they from far beheld the rising tow'rs,
The tops of sheds, and shepherds' lowly bow'rs,
Thin as they stood, which, then of homely clay,
Now rise in marble, from the Roman sway.
These cots (Evander's kingdom, mean and poor)
The Trojan saw, and turn'd his ships to shore.
'T was on a solemn day: th' Arcadian states,
The king and prince, without the city gates,
Then paid their off'rings in a sacred grove
To Hercules, the warrior son of Jove.
Thick clouds of rolling smoke involve the skies,

And fat of entrails on his altar fries.

But, when they saw the ships that stemm'd the flood,
And glitter'd thro' the covert of the wood,
They rose with fear, and left th' unfinish'd feast,
Till dauntless Pallas reassur'd the rest
To pay the rites. Himself without delay
A jav'lin seiz'd, and singly took his way;
Then gain'd a rising ground, and call'd from far:
"Resolve me, strangers, whence, and what you are;
Your bus'ness here; and bring you peace or war?"
High on the stern Aeneas his stand,
And held a branch of olive in his hand,
While thus he spoke: "The Phrygians' arms you see,
Expell'd from Troy, provok'd in Italy
By Latian foes, with war unjustly made;
At first affianc'd, and at last betray'd.
This message bear: 'The Trojans and their chief
Bring holy peace, and beg the king's relief.'
Struck with so great a name, and all on fire,
The youth replies: "Whatever you require,
Your fame exacts. Upon our shores descend.
A welcome guest, and, what you wish, a friend."
He said, and, downward hasting to the strand,
Embrac'd the stranger prince, and join'd his hand.

Conducted to the grove, Aeneas broke
The silence first, and thus the king bespoke:
"Best of the Greeks, to whom, by fate's command,
I bear these peaceful branches in my hand,
Undaunted I approach you, tho' I know
Your birth is Grecian, and your land my foe;
From Atreus tho' your ancient lineage came,
And both the brother kings your kindred claim;
Yet, my self-conscious worth, your high renown,
Your virtue, thro' the neighb'ring nations blown,
Our fathers' mingled blood, Apollo's voice,

Have led me hither, less by need than choice.
Our founder Dardanus, as fame has sung,
And Greeks acknowledge, from Electra sprung:
Electra from the loins of Atlas came;
Atlas, whose head sustains the starry frame.
Your sire is Mercury, whom long before
On cold Cyllene's top fair Maia bore.
Maia the fair, on fame if we rely,
Was Atlas' daughter, who sustains the sky.
Thus from one common source our streams divide;
Ours is the Trojan, yours th' Areadian side.
Rais'd by these hopes, I sent no news before,
Nor ask'd your leave, nor did your faith implore;
But come, without a pledge, my own ambassador.
The same Rutulians, who with arms pursue
The Trojan race, are equal foes to you.
Our host expell'd, what farther force can stay
The victor troops from universal sway?
Then will they stretch their pow'r athwart the land,
And either sea from side to side command.
Receive our offer'd faith, and give us thine;
Ours is a gen'rous and experienc'd line:
We want not hearts nor bodies for the war;
In council cautious, and in fields we dare."

He said; and while spoke, with piercing eyes
Evander view'd the man with vast surprise,
Pleas'd with his action, ravish'd with his face:
Then answer'd briefly, with a royal grace:
"O valiant leader of the Trojan line,
In whom the features of thy father shine,
How I recall Anchises! how I see
His motions, mien, and all my friend, in thee!
Long tho' it be, 't is fresh within my mind,
When Priam to his sister's court design'd
A welcome visit, with a friendly stay,
And thro' th' Arcadian kingdom took his way.

Then, past a boy, the callow down began
To shade my chin, and call me first a man.
I saw the shining train with vast delight,
And Priam's goodly person pleas'd my sight:
But great Anchises, far above the rest,
With awful wonder fir'd my youthful breast.
I long'd to join in friendship's holy bands
Our mutual hearts, and plight our mutual hands.
I first accosted him: I sued, I sought,
And, with a loving force, to Pheneus brought.
He gave me, when at length constrain'd to go,
A Lycian quiver and a Gnosian bow,
A vest embroider'd, glorious to behold,
And two rich bridles, with their bits of gold,
Which my son's coursers in obedience hold.
The league you ask, I offer, as your right;
And, when to-morrow's sun reveals the light,
With swift supplies you shall be sent away.
Now celebrate with us this solemn day,
Whose holy rites admit no long delay.
Honor our annual feast; and take your seat,
With friendly welcome, at a homely treat."
Thus having said, the bowls (remov'd for fear)
The youths replac'd, and soon restor'd the cheer.
On sods of turf he set the soldiers round:
A maple throne, rais'd higher from the ground,
Receiv'd the Trojan chief; and, o'er the bed,
A lion's shaggy hide for ornament they spread.
The loaves were serv'd in canisters; the wine
In bowls; the priest renew'd the rites divine:
Broil'd entrails are their food, and beef's continued chine.

But when the rage of hunger was repress'd,
Thus spoke Evander to his royal guest:
"These rites, these altars, and this feast, O king,
From no vain fears or superstition spring,
Or blind devotion, or from blinder chance,

Or heady zeal, or brutal ignorance;
But, sav'd from danger, with a grateful sense,
The labors of a god we recompense.
See, from afar, yon rock that mates the sky,
About whose feet such heaps of rubbish lie;
Such indigested ruin; bleak and bare,
How desert now it stands, expos'd in air!
'T was once a robber's den, inclos'd around
With living stone, and deep beneath the ground.
The monster Cacus, more than half a beast,
This hold, impervious to the sun, possess'd.
The pavement ever foul with human gore;
Heads, and their mangled members, hung the door.
Vulcan this plague begot; and, like his sire,
Black clouds he belch'd, and flakes of livid fire.
Time, long expected, eas'd us of our load,
And brought the needful presence of a god.
Th' avenging force of Hercules, from Spain,
Arriv'd in triumph, from Geryon slain:
Thrice liv'd the giant, and thrice liv'd in vain.
His prize, the lowing herds, Alcides drove
Near Tiber's bank, to graze the shady grove.
Allur'd with hope of plunder, and intent
By force to rob, by fraud to circumvent,
The brutal Cacus, as by chance they stray'd,
Four oxen thence, and four fair kine convey'd;
And, lest the printed footsteps might be seen,
He dragg'd 'em backwards to his rocky den.
The tracks averse a lying notice gave,
And led the searcher backward from the cave.

"Meantime the herdsman hero shifts his place,
To find fresh pasture and untrodden grass.
The beasts, who miss'd their mates, fill'd all around
With bellowings, and the rocks restor'd the sound.
One heifer, who had heard her love complain,
Roar'd from the cave, and made the project vain.

Alcides found the fraud; with rage he shook,
And toss'd about his head his knotted oak.
Swift as the winds, or Scythian arrows' flight,
He clomb, with eager haste, th' aerial height.
Then first we saw the monster mend his pace;
Fear his eyes, and paleness in his face,
Confess'd the god's approach. Trembling he springs,
As terror had increas'd his feet with wings;
Nor stay'd for stairs; but down the depth he threw
His body, on his back the door he drew
(The door, a rib of living rock; with pains
His father hew'd it out, and bound with iron chains):
He broke the heavy links, the mountain clos'd,
And bars and levers to his foe oppos'd.
The wretch had hardly made his dungeon fast;
The fierce avenger came with bounding haste;
Survey'd the mouth of the forbidden hold,
And here and there his raging eyes he roll'd.
He gnash'd his teeth; and thrice he compass'd round
With winged speed the circuit of the ground.
Thrice at the cavern's mouth he pull'd in vain,
And, panting, thrice desisted from his pain.
A pointed flinty rock, all bare and black,
Grew gibbous from behind the mountain's back;
Owls, ravens, all ill omens of the night,
Here built their nests, and hither wing'd their flight.
The leaning head hung threat'ning o'er the flood,
And nodded to the left. The hero stood
Adverse, with planted feet, and, from the right,
Tugg'd at the solid stone with all his might.
Thus heav'd, the fix'd foundations of the rock
Gave way; heav'n echo'd at the rattling shock.
Tumbling, it chok'd the flood: on either side
The banks leap backward, and the streams divide;
The sky shrunk upward with unusual dread,
And trembling Tiber div'd beneath his bed.
The court of Cacus stands reveal'd to sight;

The cavern glares with new-admitted light.
So the pent vapors, with a rumbling sound,
Heave from below, and rend the hollow ground;
A sounding flaw succeeds; and, from on high,
The gods with hate beheld the nether sky:
The ghosts repine at violated night,
And curse th' invading sun, and sicken at the sight.
The graceless monster, caught in open day,
Inclos'd, and in despair to fly away,
Howls horrible from underneath, and fills
His hollow palace with unmanly yells.
The hero stands above, and from afar
Plies him with darts, and stones, and distant war.
He, from his nostrils huge mouth, expires
Black clouds of smoke, amidst his father's fires,
Gath'ring, with each repeated blast, the night,
To make uncertain aim, and erring sight.
The wrathful god then plunges from above,
And, where in thickest waves the sparkles drove,
There lights; and wades thro' fumes, and gropes his way,
Half sing'd, half stifled, till he grasps his prey.
The monster, spewing fruitless flames, he found;
He squeez'd his throat; he writh'd his neck around,
And in a knot his crippled members bound;
Then from their sockets tore his burning eyes:
Roll'd on a heap, the breathless robber lies.
The doors, unbarr'd, receive the rushing day,
And thoro' lights disclose the ravish'd prey.
The bulls, redeem'd, breathe open air again.
Next, by the feet, they drag him from his den.
The wond'ring neighborhood, with glad surprise,
Behold his shagged breast, his giant size,
His mouth that flames no more, and his extinguish'd eyes.
From that auspicious day, with rites divine,
We worship at the hero's holy shrine.
Potitius first ordain'd these annual vows:
As priests, were added the Pinarian house,

Who rais'd this altar in the sacred shade,
Where honors, ever due, for ever shall be paid.
For these deserts, and this high virtue shown,
Ye warlike youths, your heads with garlands crown:
Fill high the goblets with a sparkling flood,
And with deep draughts invoke our common god."

This said, a double wreath Evander twin'd,
And poplars black and white his temples bind.
Then brims his ample bowl. With like design
The rest invoke the gods, with sprinkled wine.
Meantime the sun descended from the skies,
And the bright evening star began to rise.
And now the priests, Potitius at their head,
In skins of beasts involv'd, the long procession led;
Held high the flaming tapers in their hands,
As custom had prescrib'd their holy bands;
Then with a second course the tables load,
And with full chargers offer to the god.
The Salii sing, and cense his altars round
With Saban smoke, their heads with poplar bound-
One choir of old, another of the young,
To dance, and bear the burthen of the song.
The lay records the labors, and the praise,
And all th' immortal acts of Hercules:
First, how the mighty babe, when swath'd in bands,
The serpents strangled with his infant hands;
Then, as in years and matchless force he grew,
Th' Oechalian walls, and Trojan, overthrew.
Besides, a thousand hazards they relate,
Procur'd by Juno's and Eurystheus' hate:
"Thy hands, unconquer'd hero, could subdue
The cloud-born Centaurs, and the monster crew:
Nor thy resistless arm the bull withstood,
Nor he, the roaring terror of the wood.
The triple porter of the Stygian seat,
With lolling tongue, lay fawning at thy feet,

And, seiz'd with fear, forgot his mangled meat.
Th' infernal waters trembled at thy sight;
Thee, god, no face of danger could affright;
Not huge Typhoeus, nor th' unnumber'd snake,
Increas'd with hissing heads, in Lerna's lake.
Hail, Jove's undoubted son! an added grace
To heav'n and the great author of thy race!
Receive the grateful off'rings which we pay,
And smile propitious on thy solemn day!"

In numbers thus they sung; above the rest,
The den and death of Cacus crown the feast.
The woods to hollow vales convey the sound,
The vales to hills, and hills the notes rebound.
The rites perform'd, the cheerful train retire.

Betwixt young Pallas and his aged sire,
The Trojan pass'd, the city to survey,
And pleasing talk beguil'd the tedious way.
The stranger cast around his curious eyes,
New objects viewing still, with new surprise;
With greedy joy enquires of various things,
And acts and monuments of ancient kings.
Then thus the founder of the Roman tow'rs:
"These woods were first the seat of sylvan pow'rs,
Of Nymphs and Fauns, and salvage men, who took
Their birth from trunks of trees and stubborn oak.
Nor laws they knew, nor manners, nor the care
Of lab'ring oxen, or the shining share,
Nor arts of gain, nor what they gain'd to spare.
Their exercise the chase; the running flood
Supplied their thirst, the trees supplied their food.
Then Saturn came, who fled the pow'r of Jove,
Robb'd of his realms, and banish'd from above.
The men, dispers'd on hills, to towns he brought,
And laws ordain'd, and civil customs taught,
And Latium call'd the land where safe he lay
From his unduteous son, and his usurping sway.

With his mild empire, peace and plenty came;
And hence the golden times deriv'd their name.
A more degenerate and discolored age
Succeeded this, with avarice and rage.
Th' Ausonians then, and bold Sicanians came;
And Saturn's empire often chang'd the name.
Then kings, gigantic Tybris, and the rest,
With arbitrary sway the land oppress'd:
For Tiber's flood was Albula before,
Till, from the tyrant's fate, his name it bore.
I last arriv'd, driv'n from my native home
By fortune's pow'r, and fate's resistless doom.
Long toss'd on seas, I sought this happy land,
Warn'd by my mother nymph, and call'd by Heav'n's command."

Thus, walking on, he spoke, and shew'd the gate,
Since call'd Carmental by the Roman state;
Where stood an altar, sacred to the name
Of old Carmenta, the prophetic dame,
Who to her son foretold th' Aenean race,
Sublime in fame, and Rome's imperial place:
Then shews the forest, which, in after times,
Fierce Romulus for perpetrated crimes
A sacred refuge made; with this, the shrine
Where Pan below the rock had rites divine:
Then tells of Argus' death, his murder'd guest,
Whose grave and tomb his innocence attest.
Thence, to the steep Tarpeian rock he leads;
Now roof'd with gold, then thatch'd with homely reeds.
A reverent fear (such superstition reigns
Among the rude) ev'n then possess'd the swains.
Some god, they knew- what god, they could not tell-
Did there amidst the sacred horror dwell.
Th' Arcadians thought him Jove; and said they saw
The mighty Thund'rer with majestic awe,
Who took his shield, and dealt his bolts around,
And scatter'd tempests on the teeming ground.

Then saw two heaps of ruins, (once they stood
Two stately towns, on either side the flood,)
Saturnia's and Janicula's remains;
And either place the founder's name retains.
Discoursing thus together, they resort
Where poor Evander kept his country court.
They view'd the ground of Rome's litigious hall;
(Once oxen low'd, where now the lawyers bawl;)
Then, stooping, thro' the narrow gate they press'd,
When thus the king bespoke his Trojan guest:
"Mean as it is, this palace, and this door,
Receiv'd Alcides, then a conqueror.
Dare to be poor; accept our homely food,
Which feasted him, and emulate a god."
Then underneath a lowly roof he led
The weary prince, and laid him on a bed;
The stuffing leaves, with hides of bears o'erspread.
Now Night had shed her silver dew around,
And with her sable wings embrac'd the ground,
When love's fair goddess, anxious for her son,
(New tumults rising, and new wars begun,)
Couch'd with her husband in his golden bed,
With these alluring words invokes his aid;
And, that her pleasing speech his mind may move,
Inspires each accent with the charms of love:
"While cruel fate conspir'd with Grecian pow'rs,
To level with the ground the Trojan tow'rs,
I ask'd not aid th' unhappy to restore,
Nor did the succor of thy skill implore;
Nor urg'd the labors of my lord in vain,
A sinking empire longer to sustain,
Tho' much I ow'd to Priam's house, and more
The dangers of Aeneas did deplore.
But now, by Jove's command, and fate's decree,
His race is doom'd to reign in Italy:
With humble suit I beg thy needful art,
O still propitious pow'r, that rules my heart!

A mother kneels a suppliant for her son.
By Thetis and Aurora thou wert won
To forge impenetrable shields, and grace
With fated arms a less illustrious race.
Behold, what haughty nations are combin'd
Against the relics of the Phrygian kind,
With fire and sword my people to destroy,
And conquer Venus twice, in conqu'ring Troy.”
She said; and straight her arms, of snowy hue,
About her unresolving husband threw.
Her soft embraces soon infuse desire;
His bones and marrow sudden warmth inspire;
And all the godhead feels the wonted fire.
Not half so swift the rattling thunder flies,
Or forky lightnings flash along the skies.
The goddess, proud of her successful wiles,
And conscious of her form, in secret smiles.

Then thus the pow'r, obnoxious to her charms,
Panting, and half dissolving in her arms:
“Why seek you reasons for a cause so just,
Or your own beauties or my love distrust?
Long since, had you requir'd my helpful hand,
Th' artificer and art you might command,
To labor arms for Troy: nor Jove, nor fate,
Confin'd their empire to so short a date.
And, if you now desire new wars to wage,
My skill I promise, and my pains engage.
Whatever melting metals can conspire,
Or breathing bellows, or the forming fire,
Is freely yours: your anxious fears remove,
And think no task is difficult to love.”
Trembling he spoke; and, eager of her charms,
He snatch'd the willing goddess to his arms;
Till in her lap infus'd, he lay possess'd
Of full desire, and sunk to pleasing rest.
Now when the Night her middle race had rode,

And his first slumber had refresh'd the god-
The time when early housewives leave the bed;
When living embers on the hearth they spread,
Supply the lamp, and call the maids to rise-
With yawning mouths, and with half-open'd eyes,
They ply the distaff by the winking light,
And to their daily labor add the night:
Thus frugally they earn their children's bread,
And uncorrupted keep the nuptial bed-
Not less concern'd, nor at a later hour,
Rose from his downy couch the forging pow'r.

Sacred to Vulcan's name, an isle there lay,
Betwixt Sicilia's coasts and Lipare,
Rais'd high on smoking rocks; and, deep below,
In hollow caves the fires of Aetna glow.
The Cyclops here their heavy hammers deal;
Loud strokes, and hissings of tormented steel,
Are heard around; the boiling waters roar,
And smoky flames thro' fuming tunnels soar.
Hether the Father of the Fire, by night,
Thro' the brown air precipitates his flight.
On their eternal anvils here he found
The brethren beating, and the blows go round.
A load of pointless thunder now there lies
Before their hands, to ripen for the skies:
These darts, for angry Jove, they daily cast;
Consum'd on mortals with prodigious waste.
Three rays of writhen rain, of fire three more,
Of winged southern winds and cloudy store
As many parts, the dreadful mixture frame;
And fears are added, and avenging flame.
Inferior ministers, for Mars, repair
His broken axletrees and blunted war,
And send him forth again with furbish'd arms,
To wake the lazy war with trumpets' loud alarms.
The rest refresh the scaly snakes that fold

The shield of Pallas, and renew their gold.
Full on the crest the Gorgon's head they place,
With eyes that roll in death, and with distorted face.

"My sons," said Vulcan, "set your tasks aside;
Your strength and master-skill must now be tried.
Arms for a hero forge; arms that require
Your force, your speed, and all your forming fire."
He said. They set their former work aside,
And their new toils with eager haste divide.
A flood of molten silver, brass, and gold,
And deadly steel, in the large furnace roll'd;
Of this, their artful hands a shield prepare,
Alone sufficient to sustain the war.
Sev'n orbs within a spacious round they close:
One stirs the fire, and one the bellows blows.
The hissing steel is in the smithy drown'd;
The grot with beaten anvils groans around.
By turns their arms advance, in equal time;
By turns their hands descend, and hammers chime.
They turn the glowing mass with crooked tongs;
The fiery work proceeds, with rustic songs.

While, at the Lemnian god's command, they urge
Their labors thus, and ply th' Aeolian forge,
The cheerful morn salutes Evander's eyes,
And songs of chirping birds invite to rise.
He leaves his lowly bed: his buskins meet
Above his ankles; sandals sheathe his feet:
He sets his trusty sword upon his side,
And o'er his shoulder throws a panther's hide.
Two menial dogs before their master press'd.
Thus clad, and guarded thus, he seeks his kingly guest.
Mindful of promis'd aid, he mends his pace,
But meets Aeneas in the middle space.
Young Pallas did his father's steps attend,
And true Achates waited on his friend.

They join their hands; a secret seat they choose;
Th' Arcadian first their former talk renews:
"Undaunted prince, I never can believe
The Trojan empire lost, while you survive.
Command th' assistance of a faithful friend;
But feeble are the succors I can send.
Our narrow kingdom here the Tiber bounds;
That other side the Latian state surrounds,
Insults our walls, and wastes our fruitful grounds.
But mighty nations I prepare, to join
Their arms with yours, and aid your just design.
You come, as by your better genius sent,
And fortune seems to favor your intent.
Not far from hence there stands a hilly town,
Of ancient building, and of high renown,
Torn from the Tuscans by the Lydian race,
Who gave the name of Caere to the place,
Once Agyllina call'd. It flourish'd long,
In pride of wealth and warlike people strong,
Till curs'd Mezentius, in a fatal hour,
Assum'd the crown, with arbitrary pow'r.
What words can paint those execrable times,
The subjects' suff'rings, and the tyrant's crimes!
That blood, those murders, O ye gods, replace
On his own head, and on his impious race!
The living and the dead at his command
Were coupled, face to face, and hand to hand,
Till, chok'd with stench, in loath'd embraces tied,
The ling'ring wretches pin'd away and died.
Thus plung'd in ills, and meditating more-
The people's patience, tir'd, no longer bore
The raging monster; but with arms beset
His house, and vengeance and destruction threat.
They fire his palace: while the flame ascends,
They force his guards, and execute his friends.
He cleaves the crowd, and, favor'd by the night,
To Turnus' friendly court directs his flight.

By just revenge the Tuscans set on fire,
With arms, their king to punishment require:
Their num'rous troops, now muster'd on the strand,
My counsel shall submit to your command.
Their navy swarms upon the coasts; they cry
To hoist their anchors, but the gods deny.
An ancient augur, skill'd in future fate,
With these foreboding words restrains their hate:
'Ye brave in arms, ye Lydian blood, the flow'r
Of Tuscan youth, and choice of all their pow'r,
Whom just revenge against Mezentius arms,
To seek your tyrant's death by lawful arms;
Know this: no native of our land may lead
This pow'rful people; seek a foreign head.'
Aw'd with these words, in camps they still abide,
And wait with longing looks their promis'd guide.
Tarchon, the Tuscan chief, to me has sent
Their crown, and ev'ry regal ornament:
The people join their own with his desire;
And all my conduct, as their king, require.
But the chill blood that creeps within my veins,
And age, and listless limbs unfit for pains,
And a soul conscious of its own decay,
Have forc'd me to refuse imperial sway.
My Pallas were more fit to mount the throne,
And should, but he's a Sabine mother's son,
And half a native; but, in you, combine
A manly vigor, and a foreign line.
Where Fate and smiling Fortune shew the way,
Pursue the ready path to sov'reign sway.
The staff of my declining days, my son,
Shall make your good or ill success his own;
In fighting fields from you shall learn to dare,
And serve the hard apprenticeship of war;
Your matchless courage and your conduct view,
And early shall begin t' admire and copy you.
Besides, two hundred horse he shall command;

Tho' few, a warlike and well-chosen band.
These in my name are listed; and my son
As many more has added in his own."

Scarce had he said; Achates and his guest,
With downcast eyes, their silent grief express'd;
Who, short of succors, and in deep despair,
Shook at the dismal prospect of the war.
But his bright mother, from a breaking cloud,
To cheer her issue, thunder'd thrice aloud;
Thrice forky lightning flash'd along the sky,
And Tyrrhene trumpets thrice were heard on high.
Then, gazing up, repeated peals they hear;
And, in a heav'n serene, refulgent arms appear:
Redd'ning the skies, and glitt'ring all around,
The temper'd metals clash, and yield a silver sound.
The rest stood trembling, struck with awe divine;
Aeneas only, conscious to the sign,
Presag'd th' event, and joyful view'd, above,
Th' accomplish'd promise of the Queen of Love.
Then, to th' Arcadian king: "This prodigy
(Dismiss your fear) belongs alone to me.
Heav'n calls me to the war: th' expected sign
Is giv'n of promis'd aid, and arms divine.
My goddess mother, whose indulgent care
Foresaw the dangers of the growing war,
This omen gave, when bright Vulcanian arms,
Fated from force of steel by Stygian charms,
Suspended, shone on high: she then foreshow'd
Approaching fights, and fields to float in blood.
Turnus shall dearly pay for faith forsworn;
And corps, and swords, and shields, on Tiber borne,
Shall choke his flood: now sound the loud alarms;
And, Latian troops, prepare your perjur'd arms."

He said, and, rising from his homely throne,
The solemn rites of Hercules begun,

And on his altars wak'd the sleeping fires;
Then cheerful to his household gods retires;
There offers chosen sheep. Th' Arcadian king
And Trojan youth the same oblations bring.
Next, of his men and ships he makes review;
Draws out the best and ablest of the crew.
Down with the falling stream the refuse run,
To raise with joyful news his drooping son.
Steeds are prepar'd to mount the Trojan band,
Who wait their leader to the Tyrrhene land.
A sprightly courser, fairer than the rest,
The king himself presents his royal guest:
A lion's hide his back and limbs infold,
Precious with studded work, and paws of gold.
Fame thro' the little city spreads aloud
Th' intended march, amid the fearful crowd:
The matrons beat their breasts, dissolve in tears,
And double their devotion in their fears.
The war at hand appears with more affright,
And rises ev'ry moment to the sight.

Then old Evander, with a close embrace,
Strain'd his departing friend; and tears o'erflow his face.
"Would Heav'n," said he, "my strength and youth recall,
Such as I was beneath Praeneste's wall;
Then when I made the foremost foes retire,
And set whole heaps of conquer'd shields on fire;
When Herilus in single fight I slew,
Whom with three lives Feronia did endue;
And thrice I sent him to the Stygian shore,
Till the last ebbing soul return'd no more—
Such if I stood renew'd, not these alarms,
Nor death, should rend me from my Pallas' arms;
Nor proud Mezentius, thus unpunish'd, boast
His rapes and murders on the Tuscan coast.
Ye gods, and mighty Jove, in pity bring
Relief, and hear a father and a king!

If fate and you reserve these eyes, to see
My son return with peace and victory;
If the lov'd boy shall bless his father's sight;
If we shall meet again with more delight;
Then draw my life in length; let me sustain,
In hopes of his embrace, the worst of pain.
But if your hard decrees- which, O! I dread-
Have doom'd to death his undeserving head;
This, O this very moment, let me die!
While hopes and fears in equal balance lie;
While, yet possess'd of all his youthful charms,
I strain him close within these aged arms;
Before that fatal news my soul shall wound!"
He said, and, swooning, sunk upon the ground.
His servants bore him off, and softly laid
His languish'd limbs upon his homely bed.

The horsemen march; the gates are open'd wide;
Aeneas at their head, Achates by his side.
Next these, the Trojan leaders rode along;
Last follows in the rear th' Arcadian throng.
Young Pallas shone conspicuous o'er the rest;
Gilded his arms, embroider'd was his vest.
So, from the seas, exerts his radiant head
The star by whom the lights of heav'n are led;
Shakes from his rosy locks the pearly dews,
Dispels the darkness, and the day renews.
The trembling wives the walls and turrets crowd,
And follow, with their eyes, the dusty cloud,
Which winds disperse by fits, and shew from far
The blaze of arms, and shields, and shining war.
The troops, drawn up in beautiful array,
O'er heathy plains pursue the ready way.
Repeated peals of shouts are heard around;
The neighing coursers answer to the sound,
And shake with horny hoofs the solid ground.

A greenwood shade, for long religion known,
Stands by the streams that wash the Tuscan town,
Incompass'd round with gloomy hills above,
Which add a holy horror to the grove.
The first inhabitants of Grecian blood,
That sacred forest to Silvanus vow'd,
The guardian of their flocks and fields; and pay
Their due devotions on his annual day.
Not far from hence, along the river's side,
In tents secure, the Tuscan troops abide,
By Tarchon led. Now, from a rising ground,
Aeneas cast his wond'ring eyes around,
And all the Tyrrhene army had in sight,
Stretch'd on the spacious plain from left to right.
Thether his warlike train the Trojan led,
Refresh'd his men, and wearied horses fed.

Meantime the mother goddess, crown'd with charms,
Breaks thro' the clouds, and brings the fated arms.
Within a winding vale she finds her son,
On the cool river's banks, retir'd alone.
She shews her heav'nly form without disguise,
And gives herself to his desiring eyes.
"Behold," she said, "perform'd in ev'ry part,
My promise made, and Vulcan's labor'd art.
Now seek, secure, the Latian enemy,
And haughty Turnus to the field defy."
She said; and, having first her son embrac'd,
The radiant arms beneath an oak she plac'd,
Proud of the gift, he roll'd his greedy sight
Around the work, and gaz'd with vast delight.
He lifts, he turns, he poises, and admires
The crested helm, that vomits radiant fires:
His hands the fatal sword and corslet hold,
One keen with temper'd steel, one stiff with gold:
Both ample, flaming both, and beamy bright;
So shines a cloud, when edg'd with adverse light.

He shakes the pointed spear, and longs to try
The plated cuishes on his manly thigh;
But most admires the shield's mysterious mold,
And Roman triumphs rising on the gold:
For these, emboss'd, the heav'nly smith had wrought
(Not in the rolls of future fate untaught)
The wars in order, and the race divine
Of warriors issuing from the Julian line.
The cave of Mars was dress'd with mossy greens:
There, by the wolf, were laid the martial twins.
Intrepid on her swelling dugs they hung;
The foster dam loll'd out her fawning tongue:
They suck'd secure, while, bending back her head,
She lick'd their tender limbs, and form'd them as they fed.
Not far from thence new Rome appears, with games
Projected for the rape of Sabine dames.
The pit resounds with shrieks; a war succeeds,
For breach of public faith, and unexampled deeds.
Here for revenge the Sabine troops contend;
The Romans there with arms the prey defend.
Wearied with tedious war, at length they cease;
And both the kings and kingdoms plight the peace.
The friendly chiefs before Jove's altar stand,
Both arm'd, with each a charger in his hand:
A fatted sow for sacrifice is led,
With imprecations on the perjur'd head.
Near this, the traitor Metius, stretch'd between
Four fiery steeds, is dragg'd along the green,
By Tullus' doom: the brambles drink his blood,
And his torn limbs are left the vulture's food.
There, Porsena to Rome proud Tarquin brings,
And would by force restore the banish'd kings.
One tyrant for his fellow-tyrant fights;
The Roman youth assert their native rights.
Before the town the Tuscan army lies,
To win by famine, or by fraud surprise.
Their king, half-threat'ning, half-disdaining stood,

While Cocles broke the bridge, and stemm'd the flood.
The captive maids there tempt the raging tide,
Scap'd from their chains, with Cloelia for their guide.
High on a rock heroic Manlius stood,
To guard the temple, and the temple's god.
Then Rome was poor; and there you might behold
The palace thatch'd with straw, now roof'd with gold.
The silver goose before the shining gate
There flew, and, by her cackle, sav'd the state.
She told the Gauls' approach; th' approaching Gauls,
Obscure in night, ascend, and seize the walls.
The gold dissembled well their yellow hair,
And golden chains on their white necks they wear.
Gold are their vests; long Alpine spears they wield,
And their left arm sustains a length of shield.
Hard by, the leaping Salian priests advance;
And naked thro' the streets the mad Luperci dance,
In caps of wool; the targets dropp'd from heav'n.
Here modest matrons, in soft litters driv'n,
To pay their vows in solemn pomp appear,
And odorous gums in their chaste hands they bear.
Far hence remov'd, the Stygian seats are seen;
Pains of the damn'd, and punish'd Catiline
Hung on a rock- the traitor; and, around,
The Furies hissing from the nether ground.
Apart from these, the happy souls he draws,
And Cato's holy ghost dispensing laws.

Betwixt the quarters flows a golden sea;
But foaming surges there in silver play.
The dancing dolphins with their tails divide
The glitt'ring waves, and cut the precious tide.
Amid the main, two mighty fleets engage
Their brazen beaks, oppos'd with equal rage.
Actium surveys the well-disputed prize;
Leucate's wat'ry plain with foamy billows fries.
Young Caesar, on the stern, in armor bright,

Here leads the Romans and their gods to fight:
His beamy temples shoot their flames afar,
And o'er his head is hung the Julian star.
Agrippa seconds him, with prosp'rous gales,
And, with propitious gods, his foes assails:
A naval crown, that binds his manly brows,
The happy fortune of the fight foreshows.
Rang'd on the line oppos'd, Antonius brings
Barbarian aids, and troops of Eastern kings;
Th' Arabians near, and Bactrians from afar,
Of tongues discordant, and a mingled war:
And, rich in gaudy robes, amidst the strife,
His ill fate follows him- th' Egyptian wife.
Moving they fight; with oars and forky prows
The froth is gather'd, and the water glows.
It seems, as if the Cyclades again
Were rooted up, and jostled in the main;
Or floating mountains floating mountains meet;
Such is the fierce encounter of the fleet.
Fireballs are thrown, and pointed jav'lines fly;
The fields of Neptune take a purple dye.
The queen herself, amidst the loud alarms,
With cymbals toss'd her fainting soldiers warms-
Fool as she was! who had not yet divin'd
Her cruel fate, nor saw the snakes behind.
Her country gods, the monsters of the sky,
Great Neptune, Pallas, and Love's Queen defy:
The dog Anubis barks, but barks in vain,
Nor longer dares oppose th' ethereal train.
Mars in the middle of the shining shield
Is grav'd, and strides along the liquid field.
The Dirae souse from heav'n with swift descent;
And Discord, dyed in blood, with garments rent,
Divides the prease: her steps Bellona treads,
And shakes her iron rod above their heads.
This seen, Apollo, from his Actian height,
Pours down his arrows; at whose winged flight

The trembling Indians and Egyptians yield,
And soft Sabaeans quit the wat'ry field.
The fatal mistress hoists her silken sails,
And, shrinking from the fight, invokes the gales.
Aghast she looks, and heaves her breast for breath,
Panting, and pale with fear of future death.
The god had figur'd her as driv'n along
By winds and waves, and scudding thro' the throng.
Just opposite, sad Nilus opens wide
His arms and ample bosom to the tide,
And spreads his mantle o'er the winding coast,
In which he wraps his queen, and hides the flying host.
The victor to the gods his thanks express'd,
And Rome, triumphant, with his presence bless'd.
Three hundred temples in the town he plac'd;
With spoils and altars ev'ry temple grac'd.
Three shining nights, and three succeeding days,
The fields resound with shouts, the streets with praise,
The domes with songs, the theaters with plays.
All altars flame: before each altar lies,
Drench'd in his gore, the destin'd sacrifice.
Great Caesar sits sublime upon his throne,
Before Apollo's porch of Parian stone;
Accepts the presents vow'd for victory,
And hangs the monumental crowns on high.
Vast crowds of vanquish'd nations march along,
Various in arms, in habit, and in tongue.
Here, Mulciber assigns the proper place
For Carians, and th' ungirt Numidian race;
Then ranks the Thracians in the second row,
With Scythians, expert in the dart and bow.
And here the tam'd Euphrates humbly glides,
And there the Rhine submits her swelling tides,
And proud Araxes, whom no bridge could bind;
The Danes' unconquer'd offspring march behind,
And Morini, the last of humankind.

These figures, on the shield divinely wrought,
By Vulcan labor'd, and by Venus brought,
With joy and wonder fill the hero's thought.
Unknown the names, he yet admires the grace,
And bears aloft the fame and fortune of his race.

BOOK IX

While these affairs in distant places pass'd,
The various Iris Juno sends with haste,
To find bold Turnus, who, with anxious thought,
The secret shade of his great grandsire sought.
Retir'd alone she found the daring man,
And op'd her rosy lips, and thus began:
"What none of all the gods could grant thy vows,
That, Turnus, this auspicious day bestows.
Aeneas, gone to seek th' Arcadian prince,
Has left the Trojan camp without defense;
And, short of succors there, employs his pains
In parts remote to raise the Tuscan swains.
Now snatch an hour that favors thy designs;
Unite thy forces, and attack their lines."
This said, on equal wings she pois'd her weight,
And form'd a radiant rainbow in her flight.

The Daunian hero lifts his hands eyes,
And thus invokes the goddess as she flies:
"Iris, the grace of heav'n, what pow'r divine
Has sent thee down, thro' dusky clouds to shine?
See, they divide; immortal day appears,
And glitt'ring planets dancing in their spheres!
With joy, these happy omens I obey,
And follow to the war the god that leads the way."
Thus having said, as by the brook he stood,
He scoop'd the water from the crystal flood;
Then with his hands the drops to heav'n he throws,
And loads the pow'rs above with offer'd vows.

Now march the bold confed'rates thro' the plain,
Well hors'd, well clad; a rich and shining train.
Messapus leads the van; and, in the rear,
The sons of Tyrrheus in bright arms appear.

In the main battle, with his flaming crest,
The mighty Turnus tow'rs above the rest.
Silent they move, majestically slow,
Like ebbing Nile, or Ganges in his flow.
The Trojans view the dusty cloud from far,
And the dark menace of the distant war.
Caicus from the rampire saw it rise,
Black'ning the fields, and thick'ning thro' the skies.
Then to his fellows thus aloud he calls:
"What rolling clouds, my friends, approach the walls?
Arm! arm! and man the works! prepare your spears
And pointed darts! the Latian host appears."

Thus warn'd, they shut their gates; with shouts ascend
The bulwarks, and, secure, their foes attend:
For their wise gen'ral, with foreseeing care,
Had charg'd them not to tempt the doubtful war,
Nor, tho' provok'd, in open fields advance,
But close within their lines attend their chance.
Unwilling, yet they keep the strict command,
And sourly wait in arms the hostile band.
The fiery Turnus flew before the rest:
A piebald steed of Thracian strain he press'd;
His helm of massy gold, and crimson was his crest.
With twenty horse to second his designs,
An unexpected foe, he fac'd the lines.
"Is there," he said, "in arms, who bravely dare
His leader's honor and his danger share?"
Then spurring on, his brandish'd dart he threw,
In sign of war: applauding shouts ensue.

Amaz'd to find a dastard race, that run
Behind the rampires and the battle shun,
He rides around the camp, with rolling eyes,
And stops at ev'ry post, and ev'ry passage tries.
So roams the nightly wolf about the fold:
Wet with descending show'rs, and stiff with cold,

He howls for hunger, and he grins for pain,
(His gnashing teeth are exercis'd in vain,)
And, impotent of anger, finds no way
In his distended paws to grasp the prey.
The mothers listen; but the bleating lambs
Securely swig the dug, beneath the dams.
Thus ranges eager Turnus o'er the plain.
Sharp with desire, and furious with disdain;
Surveys each passage with a piercing sight,
To force his foes in equal field to fight.
Thus while he gazes round, at length he spies,
Where, fenc'd with strong redoubts, their navy lies,
Close underneath the walls; the washing tide
Secures from all approach this weaker side.
He takes the wish'd occasion, fills his hand
With ready fires, and shakes a flaming brand.
Urg'd by his presence, ev'ry soul is warm'd,
And ev'ry hand with kindled firs is arm'd.
From the fir'd pines the scatt'ring sparkles fly;
Fat vapors, mix'd with flames, involve the sky.
What pow'r, O Muses, could avert the flame
Which threaten'd, in the fleet, the Trojan name?
Tell: for the fact, thro' length of time obscure,
Is hard to faith; yet shall the fame endure.

'T is said that, when the chief prepar'd his flight,
And fell'd his timber from Mount Ida's height,
The grandam goddess then approach'd her son,
And with a mother's majesty begun:
"Grant me," she said, "the sole request I bring,
Since conquer'd heav'n has own'd you for its king.
On Ida's brows, for ages past, there stood,
With firs and maples fill'd, a shady wood;
And on the summit rose a sacred grove,
Where I was worship'd with religious love.
Those woods, that holy grove, my long delight,
I gave the Trojan prince, to speed his flight.

Now, fill'd with fear, on their behalf I come;
Let neither winds o'erset, nor waves intomb
The floating forests of the sacred pine;
But let it be their safety to be mine."
Then thus replied her awful son, who rolls
The radiant stars, and heav'n and earth controls:
"How dare you, mother, endless date demand
For vessels molded by a mortal hand?
What then is fate? Shall bold Aeneas ride,
Of safety certain, on th' uncertain tide?
Yet, what I can, I grant; when, wafted o'er,
The chief is landed on the Latian shore,
Whatever ships escape the raging storms,
At my command shall change their fading forms
To nymphs divine, and plow the wat'ry way,
Like Dotis and the daughters of the sea."
To seal his sacred vow, by Styx he swore,
The lake of liquid pitch, the dreary shore,
And Phlegethon's innavigable flood,
And the black regions of his brother god.
He said; and shook the skies with his imperial nod.

And now at length the number'd hours were come,
Prefix'd by fate's irrevocable doom,
When the great Mother of the Gods was free
To save her ships, and finish Jove's decree.
First, from the quarter of the morn, there sprung
A light that sign'd the heav'ns, and shot along;
Then from a cloud, fring'd round with golden fires,
Were timbrels heard, and Berecynthian choirs;
And, last, a voice, with more than mortal sounds,
Both hosts, in arms oppos'd, with equal horror wounds:
"O Trojan race, your needless aid forbear,
And know, my ships are my peculiar care.
With greater ease the bold Rutulian may,
With hissing brands, attempt to burn the sea,
Than singe my sacred pines. But you, my charge,

Loos'd from your crooked anchors, launch at large,
Exalted each a nymph: forsake the sand,
And swim the seas, at Cybele's command."
No sooner had the goddess ceas'd to speak,
When, lo! th' obedient ships their haulsers break;
And, strange to tell, like dolphins, in the main
They plunge their prows, and dive, and spring again:
As many beauteous maids the billows sweep,
As rode before tall vessels on the deep.

The foes, surpris'd with wonder, stood aghast;
Messapus curb'd his fiery courser's haste;
Old Tiber roar'd, and, raising up his head,
Call'd back his waters to their oozy bed.
Turnus alone, undaunted, bore the shock,
And with these words his trembling troops bespoke:
"These monsters for the Trojans' fate are meant,
And are by Jove for black presages sent.
He takes the cowards' last relief away;
For fly they cannot, and, constrain'd to stay,
Must yield unfought, a base inglorious prey.
The liquid half of all the globe is lost;
Heav'n shuts the seas, and we secure the coast.
Theirs is no more than that small spot of ground
Which myriads of our martial men surround.
Their fates I fear not, or vain oracles.
'T was giv'n to Venus they should cross the seas,
And land secure upon the Latian plains:
Their promis'd hour is pass'd, and mine remains.
'T is in the fate of Turnus to destroy,
With sword and fire, the faithless race of Troy.
Shall such affronts as these alone inflame
The Grecian brothers, and the Grecian name?
My cause and theirs is one; a fatal strife,
And final ruin, for a ravish'd wife.
Was 't not enough, that, punish'd for the crime,
They fell; but will they fall a second time?

One would have thought they paid enough before,
To curse the costly sex, and durst offend no more.
Can they securely trust their feeble wall,
A slight partition, a thin interval,
Betwixt their fate and them; when Troy, tho' built
By hands divine, yet perish'd by their guilt?
Lend me, for once, my friends, your valiant hands,
To force from out their lines these dastard bands.
Less than a thousand ships will end this war,
Nor Vulcan needs his fated arms prepare.
Let all the Tuscans, all th' Arcadians, join!
Nor these, nor those, shall frustrate my design.
Let them not fear the treasons of the night,
The robb'd Palladium, the pretended flight:
Our onset shall be made in open light.
No wooden engine shall their town betray;
Fires they shall have around, but fires by day.
No Grecian babes before their camp appear,
Whom Hector's arms detain'd to the tenth tardy year.
Now, since the sun is rolling to the west,
Give we the silent night to needful rest:
Refresh your bodies, and your arms prepare;
The morn shall end the small remains of war."

The post of honor to Messapus falls,
To keep the nightly guard, to watch the walls,
To pitch the fires at distances around,
And close the Trojans in their scanty ground.
Twice seven Rutulian captains ready stand,
And twice seven hundred horse these chiefs command;
All clad in shining arms the works invest,
Each with a radiant helm and waving crest.
Stretch'd at their length, they press the grassy ground;
They laugh, they sing, (the jolly bowls go round,)
With lights and cheerful fires renew the day,
And pass the wakeful night in feasts and play.

The Trojans, from above, their foes beheld,
And with arm'd legions all the rampires fill'd.
Seiz'd with affright, their gates they first explore;
Join works to works with bridges, tow'r to tow'r:
Thus all things needful for defense abound.
Mnestheus and brave Seresthus walk the round,
Commission'd by their absent prince to share
The common danger, and divide the care.
The soldiers draw their lots, and, as they fall,
By turns relieve each other on the wall.

Nigh where the foes their utmost guards advance,
To watch the gate was warlike Nisus' chance.
His father Hyrtacus of noble blood;
His mother was a huntress of the wood,
And sent him to the wars. Well could he bear
His lance in fight, and dart the flying spear,
But better skill'd unerring shafts to send.
Beside him stood Euryalus, his friend:
Euryalus, than whom the Trojan host
No fairer face, or sweeter air, could boast-
Scarce had the down to shade his cheeks begun.
One was their care, and their delight was one:
One common hazard in the war they shar'd,
And now were both by choice upon the guard.

Then Nisus thus: "Or do the gods inspire
This warmth, or make we gods of our desire?
A gen'rous ardor boils within my breast,
Eager of action, enemy to rest:
This urges me to fight, and fires my mind
To leave a memorable name behind.
Thou see'st the foe secure; how faintly shine
Their scatter'd fires! the most, in sleep supine
Along the ground, an easy conquest lie:
The wakeful few the fuming flagon ply;
All hush'd around. Now hear what I revolve-

A thought unripe- and scarcely yet resolve.
Our absent prince both camp and council mourn;
By message both would hasten his return:
If they confer what I demand on thee,
(For fame is recompense enough for me,)
Methinks, beneath yon hill, I have espied
A way that safely will my passage guide.”

Euryalus stood list’ning while he spoke,
With love of praise and noble envy struck;
Then to his ardent friend expos’d his mind:
“All this, alone, and leaving me behind!
Am I unworthy, Nisus, to be join’d?
Thinkist thou I can my share of glory yield,
Or send thee unassisted to the field?
Not so my father taught my childhood arms;
Born in a siege, and bred among alarms!
Nor is my youth unworthy of my friend,
Nor of the heav’n-born hero I attend.
The thing call’d life, with ease I can disclaim,
And think it over-sold to purchase fame.”

Then Nisus thus: “Alas! thy tender years
Would minister new matter to my fears.
So may the gods, who view this friendly strife,
Restore me to thy lov’d embrace with life,
Condemn’d to pay my vows, (as sure I trust,)
This thy request is cruel and unjust.
But if some chance- as many chances are,
And doubtful hazards, in the deeds of war-
If one should reach my head, there let it fall,
And spare thy life; I would not perish all.
Thy bloomy youth deserves a longer date:
Live thou to mourn thy love’s unhappy fate;
To bear my mangled body from the foe,
Or buy it back, and fun’ral rites bestow.
Or, if hard fortune shall those dues deny,

Thou canst at least an empty tomb supply.
O let not me the widow's tears renew!
Nor let a mother's curse my name pursue:
Thy pious parent, who, for love of thee,
Forsook the coasts of friendly Sicily,
Her age committing to the seas and wind,
When ev'ry weary matron stay'd behind."
To this, Euryalus: "You plead in vain,
And but protract the cause you cannot gain.
No more delays, but haste!" With that, he wakes
The nodding watch; each to his office takes.
The guard reliev'd, the gen'rous couple went
To find the council at the royal tent.

All creatures else forgot their daily care,
And sleep, the common gift of nature, share;
Except the Trojan peers, who wakeful sate
In nightly council for th' indanger'd state.
They vote a message to their absent chief,
Shew their distress, and beg a swift relief.
Amid the camp a silent seat they chose,
Remote from clamor, and secure from foes.
On their left arms their ample shields they bear,
The right reclin'd upon the bending spear.
Now Nisus and his friend approach the guard,
And beg admission, eager to be heard:
Th' affair important, not to be deferr'd.
Ascanius bids 'em be conducted in,
Ord'ring the more experienc'd to begin.
Then Nisus thus: "Ye fathers, lend your ears;
Nor judge our bold attempt beyond our years.
The foe, securely drench'd in sleep and wine,
Neglect their watch; the fires but thinly shine;
And where the smoke in cloudy vapors flies,
Cov'ring the plain, and curling to the skies,
Betwixt two paths, which at the gate divide,
Close by the sea, a passage we have spied,

Which will our way to great Aeneas guide.
Expect each hour to see him safe again,
Loaded with spoils of foes in battle slain.
Snatch we the lucky minute while we may;
Nor can we be mistaken in the way;
For, hunting in the vale, we both have seen
The rising turrets, and the stream between,
And know the winding course, with ev'ry ford."

He ceas'd; and old Alethes took the word:
"Our country gods, in whom our trust we place,
Will yet from ruin save the Trojan race,
While we behold such dauntless worth appear
In dawning youth, and souls so void of fear."
Then into tears of joy the father broke;
Each in his longing arms by turns he took;
Panted and paus'd; and thus again he spoke:
"Ye brave young men, what equal gifts can we,
In recompense of such desert, decree?
The greatest, sure, and best you can receive,
The gods and your own conscious worth will give.
The rest our grateful gen'ral will bestow,
And young Ascanius till his manhood owe."

"And I, whose welfare in my father lies,"
Ascanius adds, "by the great deities,
By my dear country, by my household gods,
By hoary Vesta's rites and dark abodes,
Adjure you both, (on you my fortune stands;
That and my faith I plight into your hands,)
Make me but happy in his safe return,
Whose wanted presence I can only mourn;
Your common gift shall two large goblets be
Of silver, wrought with curious imagery,
And high emboss'd, which, when old Priam reign'd,
My conqu'ring sire at sack'd Arisba gain'd;
And more, two tripods cast in antic mold,

With two great talents of the finest gold;
Beside a costly bowl, ingrav'd with art,
Which Dido gave, when first she gave her heart.
But, if in conquer'd Italy we reign,
When spoils by lot the victor shall obtain-
Thou saw'st the courser by proud Turnus press'd:
That, Nisus, and his arms, and nodding crest,
And shield, from chance exempt, shall be thy share:
Twelve lab'ring slaves, twelve handmaids young and fair
All clad in rich attire, and train'd with care;
And, last, a Latian field with fruitful plains,
And a large portion of the king's domains.
But thou, whose years are more to mine allied-
No fate my vow'd affection shall divide
From thee, heroic youth! Be wholly mine;
Take full possession; all my soul is thine.
One faith, one fame, one fate, shall both attend;
My life's companion, and my bosom friend:
My peace shall be committed to thy care,
And to thy conduct my concerns in war."

Then thus the young Euryalus replied:
"Whatever fortune, good or bad, betide,
The same shall be my age, as now my youth;
No time shall find me wanting to my truth.
This only from your goodness let me gain
(And, this ungranted, all rewards are vain)
Of Priam's royal race my mother came-
And sure the best that ever bore the name-
Whom neither Troy nor Sicily could hold
From me departing, but, o'erspent and old,
My fate she follow'd. Ignorant of this
(Whatever) danger, neither parting kiss,
Nor pious blessing taken, her I leave,
And in this only act of all my life deceive.
By this right hand and conscious Night I swear,
My soul so sad a farewell could not bear.

Be you her comfort; fill my vacant place
(Permit me to presume so great a grace)
Support her age, forsaken and distress'd.
That hope alone will fortify my breast
Against the worst of fortunes, and of fears.”
He said. The mov'd assistants melt in tears.

Then thus Ascanius, wonderstruck to see
That image of his filial piety:
“So great beginnings, in so green an age,
Exact the faith which I again ingage.
Thy mother all the dues shall justly claim,
Creusa had, and only want the name.
Whate'er event thy bold attempt shall have,
‘T is merit to have borne a son so brave.
Now by my head, a sacred oath, I swear,
(My father us'd it,) what, returning here
Crown'd with success, I for thyself prepare,
That, if thou fail, shall thy lov'd mother share.”

He said, and weeping, while he spoke the word,
From his broad belt he drew a shining sword,
Magnificent with gold. Lycaon made,
And in an ivory scabbard sheath'd the blade.
This was his gift. Great Mnestheus gave his friend
A lion's hide, his body to defend;
And good Alethes furnish'd him, beside,
With his own trusty helm, of temper tried.

Thus arm'd they went. The noble Trojans wait
Their issuing forth, and follow to the gate
With prayers and vows. Above the rest appears
Ascanius, manly far beyond his years,
And messages committed to their care,
Which all in winds were lost, and flitting air.

The trenches first they pass'd; then took their way

Where their proud foes in pitch'd pavilions lay;
To many fatal, ere themselves were slain.
They found the careless host dispers'd upon the plain,
Who, gorg'd, and drunk with wine, supinely snore.
Unharness'd chariots stand along the shore:
Amidst the wheels and reins, the goblet by,
A medley of debauch and war, they lie.
Observing Nisus shew'd his friend the sight:
"Behold a conquest gain'd without a fight.
Occasion offers, and I stand prepar'd;
There lies our way; be thou upon the guard,
And look around, while I securely go,
And hew a passage thro' the sleeping foe."
Softly he spoke; then striding took his way,
With his drawn sword, where haughty Rhamnes lay;
His head rais'd high on tapestry beneath,
And heaving from his breast, he drew his breath;
A king and prophet, by King Turnus lov'd:
But fate by prescience cannot be remov'd.
Him and his sleeping slaves he slew; then spies
Where Remus, with his rich retinue, lies.
His armor-bearer first, and next he kills
His charioteer, intrench'd betwixt the wheels
And his lov'd horses; last invades their lord;
Full on his neck he drives the fatal sword:
The gasping head flies off; a purple flood
Flows from the trunk, that welters in the blood,
Which, by the spurning heels dispers'd around,
The bed besprinkles and bedews the ground.
Lamus the bold, and Lamyrus the strong,
He slew, and then Serranus fair and young.
From dice and wine the youth retir'd to rest,
And puff'd the fummy god from out his breast:
Ev'n then he dreamt of drink and lucky play-
More lucky, had it lasted till the day.
The famish'd lion thus, with hunger bold,
O'erleaps the fences of the nightly fold,

And tears the peaceful flocks: with silent awe
Trembling they lie, and pant beneath his paw.

Nor with less rage Euryalus employs
The wrathful sword, or fewer foes destroys;
But on th' ignoble crowd his fury flew;
He Fadus, Hebesus, and Rhoetus slew.
Oppress'd with heavy sleep the former fell,
But Rhoetus wakeful, and observing all:
Behind a spacious jar he slink'd for fear;
The fatal iron found and reach'd him there;
For, as he rose, it pierc'd his naked side,
And, reeking, thence return'd in crimson dyed.
The wound pours out a stream of wine and blood;
The purple soul comes floating in the flood.

Now, where Messapus quarter'd, they arrive.
The fires were fainting there, and just alive;
The warrior-horses, tied in order, fed.
Nisus observ'd the discipline, and said:
"Our eager thirst of blood may both betray;
And see the scatter'd streaks of dawning day,
Foe to nocturnal thefts. No more, my friend;
Here let our glutted execution end.
A lane thro' slaughter'd bodies we have made."
The bold Euryalus, tho' loth, obey'd.
Of arms, and arras, and of plate, they find
A precious load; but these they leave behind.
Yet, fond of gaudy spoils, the boy would stay
To make the rich caparison his prey,
Which on the steed of conquer'd Rhamnes lay.
Nor did his eyes less longingly behold
The girdle-belt, with nails of burnish'd gold.
This present Caedicus the rich bestow'd
On Remulus, when friendship first they vow'd,
And, absent, join'd in hospitable ties:
He, dying, to his heir bequeath'd the prize;

Till, by the conqu'ring Ardean troops oppress'd,
He fell; and they the glorious gift possess'd.
These glitt'ring spoils (now made the victor's gain)
He to his body suits, but suits in vain:
Messapus' helm he finds among the rest,
And laces on, and wears the waving crest.
Proud of their conquest, prouder of their prey,
They leave the camp, and take the ready way.

But far they had not pass'd, before they spied
Three hundred horse, with Volscens for their guide.
The queen a legion to King Turnus sent;
But the swift horse the slower foot prevent,
And now, advancing, sought the leader's tent.
They saw the pair; for, thro' the doubtful shade,
His shining helm Euryalus betray'd,
On which the moon with full reflection play'd.
“‘T is not for naught,” cried Volscens from the crowd,
“These men go there;” then rais'd his voice aloud:
“Stand! stand! why thus in arms? And whither bent?
From whence, to whom, and on what errand sent?”
Silent they scud away, and haste their flight
To neighb'ring woods, and trust themselves to night.
The speedy horse all passages belay,
And spur their smoking steeds to cross their way,
And watch each entrance of the winding wood.
Black was the forest: thick with beech it stood,
Horrid with fern, and intricate with thorn;
Few paths of human feet, or tracks of beasts, were worn.
The darkness of the shades, his heavy prey,
And fear, misled the younger from his way.
But Nisus hit the turns with happier haste,
And, thoughtless of his friend, the forest pass'd,
And Alban plains, from Alba's name so call'd,
Where King Latinus then his oxen stall'd;
Till, turning at the length, he stood his ground,
And miss'd his friend, and cast his eyes around:

“Ah wretch!” he cried, “where have I left behind
Th’ unhappy youth? where shall I hope to find?
Or what way take?” Again he ventures back,
And treads the mazes of his former track.
He winds the wood, and, list’ning, hears the noise
Of tramping coursers, and the riders’ voice.
The sound approach’d; and suddenly he view’d
The foes inclosing, and his friend pursued,
Forelaid and taken, while he strove in vain
The shelter of the friendly shades to gain.
What should he next attempt? what arms employ,
What fruitless force, to free the captive boy?
Or desperate should he rush and lose his life,
With odds oppress’d, in such unequal strife?

Resolv’d at length, his pointed spear he shook;
And, casting on the moon a mournful look:
“Guardian of groves, and goddess of the night,
Fair queen,” he said, “direct my dart aright.
If e’er my pious father, for my sake,
Did grateful off’rings on thy altars make,
Or I increas’d them with my sylvan toils,
And hung thy holy roofs with savage spoils,
Give me to scatter these.” Then from his ear
He pois’d, and aim’d, and launch’d the trembling spear.
The deadly weapon, hissing from the grove,
Impetuous on the back of Sulmo drove;
Pierc’d his thin armor, drank his vital blood,
And in his body left the broken
He staggers round; his eyeballs roll in death,
And with short sobs he gasps away his breath.
All stand amaz’d- a second jav’lin flies
With equal strength, and quivers thro’ the skies.
This thro’ thy temples, Tagus, forc’d the way,
And in the brainpan warmly buried lay.
Fierce Volscens foams with rage, and, gazing round,
Descried not him who gave the fatal wound,

Nor knew to fix revenge: "But thou," he cries,
"Shalt pay for both," and at the pris'ner flies
With his drawn sword. Then, struck with deep despair,
That cruel sight the lover could not bear;
But from his covert rush'd in open view,
And sent his voice before him as he flew:
"Me! me!" he cried- "turn all your swords alone
On me- the fact confess'd, the fault my own.
He neither could nor durst, the guiltless youth:
Ye moon and stars, bear witness to the truth!
His only crime (if friendship can offend)
Is too much love to his unhappy friend."
Too late he speaks: the sword, which fury guides,
Driv'n with full force, had pierc'd his tender sides.
Down fell the beauteous youth: the yawning wound
Gush'd out a purple stream, and stain'd the ground.
His snowy neck reclines upon his breast,
Like a fair flow'r by the keen share oppress'd;
Like a white poppy sinking on the plain,
Whose heavy head is overcharg'd with rain.
Despair, and rage, and vengeance justly vow'd,
Drove Nisus headlong on the hostile crowd.
Volsens he seeks; on him alone he bends:
Borne back and bor'd by his surrounding friends,
Onward he press'd, and kept him still in sight;
Then whirl'd aloft his sword with all his might:
Th' unerring steel descended while he spoke,
Piered his wide mouth, and thro' his weazon broke.
Dying, he slew; and, stagg'ring on the plain,
With swimming eyes he sought his lover slain;
Then quiet on his bleeding bosom fell,
Content, in death, to be reveng'd so well.

O happy friends! for, if my verse can give
Immortal life, your fame shall ever live,
Fix'd as the Capitol's foundation lies,
And spread, where'er the Roman eagle flies!

The conqu'ring party first divide the prey,
Then their slain leader to the camp convey.
With wonder, as they went, the troops were fill'd,
To see such numbers whom so few had kill'd.
Serranus, Rhamnes, and the rest, they found:
Vast crowds the dying and the dead surround;
And the yet reeking blood o'erflows the ground.
All knew the helmet which Messapus lost,
But mourn'd a purchase that so dear had cost.
Now rose the ruddy morn from Tithon's bed,
And with the dawn of day the skies o'erspread;
Nor long the sun his daily course withheld,
But added colors to the world reveal'd:
When early Turnus, wak'ning with the light,
All clad in armor, calls his troops to fight.
His martial men with fierce harangue he fir'd,
And his own ardor in their souls inspir'd.
This done- to give new terror to his foes,
The heads of Nisus and his friend he shows,
Rais'd high on pointed spears- a ghastly sight:
Loud peals of shouts ensue, and barbarous delight.

Meantime the Trojans run, where danger calls;
They line their trenches, and they man their walls.
In front extended to the left they stood;
Safe was the right, surrounded by the flood.
But, casting from their tow'rs a frightful view,
They saw the faces, which too well they knew,
Tho' then disguis'd in death, and smear'd all o'er
With filth obscene, and dropping putrid gore.
Soon hasty fame thro' the sad city bears
The mournful message to the mother's ears.
An icy cold benumbs her limbs; she shakes;
Her cheeks the blood, her hand the web forsakes.
She runs the rampires round amidst the war,
Nor fears the flying darts; she rends her hair,
And fills with loud laments the liquid air.

“Thus, then, my lov’d Euryalus appears!
Thus looks the prop my declining years!
Was’t on this face my famish’d eyes I fed?
Ah! how unlike the living is the dead!
And could’st thou leave me, cruel, thus alone?
Not one kind kiss from a departing son!
No look, no last adieu before he went,
In an ill-boding hour to slaughter sent!
Cold on the ground, and pressing foreign clay,
To Latian dogs and fowls he lies a prey!
Nor was I near to close his dying eyes,
To wash his wounds, to weep his obsequies,
To call about his corpse his crying friends,
Or spread the mantle (made for other ends)
On his dear body, which I wove with care,
Nor did my daily pains or nightly labor spare.
Where shall I find his corpse? what earth sustains
His trunk dismember’d, and his cold remains?
For this, alas! I left my needful ease,
Expos’d my life to winds and winter seas!
If any pity touch Rutulian hearts,
Here empty all your quivers, all your darts;
Or, if they fail, thou, Jove, conclude my woe,
And send me thunderstruck to shades below!”
Her shrieks and clamors pierce the Trojans’ ears,
Unman their courage, and augment their fears;
Nor young Ascanius could the sight sustain,
Nor old Ilioneus his tears restrain,
But Actor and Idæus jointly sent,
To bear the madding mother to her tent.

And now the trumpets terribly, from far,
With rattling clangor, rouse the sleepy war.
The soldiers’ shouts succeed the brazen sounds;
And heav’n, from pole to pole, the noise rebounds.
The Volscians bear their shields upon their head,
And, rushing forward, form a moving shed.

These fill the ditch; those pull the bulwarks down:
Some raise the ladders; others scale the town.
But, where void spaces on the walls appear,
Or thin defense, they pour their forces there.
With poles and missive weapons, from afar,
The Trojans keep aloof the rising war.
Taught, by their ten years' siege, defensive fight,
They roll down ribs of rocks, an unresisted weight,
To break the penthouse with the pond'rous blow,
Which yet the patient Volscians undergo:
But could not bear th' unequal combat long;
For, where the Trojans find the thickest throng,
The ruin falls: their shatter'd shields give way,
And their crush'd heads become an easy prey.
They shrink for fear, abated of their rage,
Nor longer dare in a blind fight engage;
Contented now to gall them from below
With darts and slings, and with the distant bow.

Elsewhere Mezentius, terrible to view,
A blazing pine within the trenches threw.
But brave Messapus, Neptune's warlike son,
Broke down the palisades, the trenches won,
And loud for ladders calls, to scale the town.

Calliope, begin! Ye sacred Nine,
Inspire your poet in his high design,
To sing what slaughter manly Turnus made,
What souls he sent below the Stygian shade,
What fame the soldiers with their captain share,
And the vast circuit of the fatal war;
For you in singing martial facts excel;
You best remember, and alone can tell.

There stood a tow'r, amazing to the sight,
Built up of beams, and of stupendous height:
Art, and the nature of the place, conspir'd

To furnish all the strength that war requir'd.
To level this, the bold Italians join;
The wary Trojans obviate their design;
With weighty stones o'erwhelm their troops below,
Shoot thro' the loopholes, and sharp jav'lines throw.
Turnus, the chief, toss'd from his thund'ring hand
Against the wooden walls, a flaming brand:
It stuck, the fiery plague; the winds were high;
The planks were season'd, and the timber dry.
Contagion caught the posts; it spread along,
Scorch'd, and to distance drove the scatter'd throng.
The Trojans fled; the fire pursued amain,
Still gath'ring fast upon the trembling train;
Till, crowding to the corners of the wall,
Down the defense and the defenders fall.
The mighty flaw makes heav'n itself resound:
The dead and dying Trojans strew the ground.
The tow'r, that follow'd on the fallen crew,
Whelm'd o'er their heads, and buried whom it slew:
Some stuck upon the darts themselves had sent;
All the same equal ruin underwent.

Young Lycus and Helenor only scape;
Sav'd- how, they know not- from the steepy leap.
Helenor, elder of the two: by birth,
On one side royal, one a son of earth,
Whom to the Lydian king Licymnia bare,
And sent her boasted bastard to the war
(A privilege which none but freemen share).
Slight were his arms, a sword and silver shield:
No marks of honor charg'd its empty field.
Light as he fell, so light the youth arose,
And rising, found himself amidst his foes;
Nor flight was left, nor hopes to force his way.
Embolden'd by despair, he stood at bay;
And- like a stag, whom all the troop surrounds
Of eager huntsmen and invading hounds-

Resolv'd on death, he dissipates his fears,
And bounds aloft against the pointed spears:
So dares the youth, secure of death; and throws
His dying body on his thickest foes.
But Lycus, swifter of his feet by far,
Runs, doubles, winds and turns, amidst the war;
Springs to the walls, and leaves his foes behind,
And snatches at the beam he first can find;
Looks up, and leaps aloft at all the stretch,
In hopes the helping hand of some kind friend to reach.
But Turnus follow'd hard his hunted prey
(His spear had almost reach'd him in the way,
Short of his reins, and scarce a span behind)
"Fool!" said the chief, "tho' fleetier than the wind,
Couldst thou presume to scape, when I pursue?"
He said, and downward by the feet he drew
The trembling dastard; at the tug he falls;
Vast ruins come along, rent from the smoking walls.
Thus on some silver swan, or tim'rous hare,
Jove's bird comes sousing down from upper air;
Her crooked talons truss the fearful prey:
Then out of sight she soars, and wings her way.
So seizes the grim wolf the tender lamb,
In vain lamented by the bleating dam.

Then rushing onward with a barb'rous cry,
The troops of Turnus to the combat fly.
The ditch with fagots fill'd, the daring foe
Toss'd firebrands to the steepy turrets throw.

Ilioneus, as bold Lucetius came
To force the gate, and feed the kindling flame,
Roll'd down the fragment of a rock so right,
It crush'd him double underneath the weight.
Two more young Liger and Asylas slew:
To bend the bow young Liger better knew;
Asylas best the pointed jav'lin threw.

Brave Caeneus laid Ortygius on the plain;
The victor Caeneus was by Turnus slain.
By the same hand, Clonius and Itys fall,
Sagar, and Ida, standing on the wall.
From Capys' arms his fate Privernus found:
Hurt by Themilla first-but slight the wound-
His shield thrown by, to mitigate the smart,
He clapp'd his hand upon the wounded part:
The second shaft came swift and unespied,
And pierc'd his hand, and nail'd it to his side,
Transfix'd his breathing lungs and beating heart:
The soul came issuing out, and hiss'd against the dart.

The son of Arcens shone amid the rest,
In glitt'ring armor and a purple vest,
(Fair was his face, his eyes inspiring love,)
Bred by his father in the Martian grove,
Where the fat altars of Palicus flame,
And send in arms to purchase early fame.
Him when he spied from far, the Tuscan king
Laid by the lance, and took him to the sling,
Thrice whirl'd the thong around his head, and threw:
The heated lead half melted as it flew;
It pierc'd his hollow temples and his brain;
The youth came tumbling down, and spurn'd the plain.

Then young Ascanius, who, before this day,
Was wont in woods to shoot the savage prey,
First bent in martial strife the twanging bow,
And exercis'd against a human foe-
With this bereft Numanus of his life,
Who Turnus' younger sister took to wife.
Proud of his realm, and of his royal bride,
Vaunting before his troops, and lengthen'd with a stride,
In these insulting terms the Trojans he defied:

“Twice-conquer'd cowards, now your shame is shown-

Coop'd up a second time within your town!
Who dare not issue forth in open field,
But hold your walls before you for a shield.
Thus threat you war? thus our alliance force?
What gods, what madness, hether steer'd your course?
You shall not find the sons of Atreus here,
Nor need the frauds of sly Ulysses fear.
Strong from the cradle, of a sturdy brood,
We bear our newborn infants to the flood;
There bath'd amid the stream, our boys we hold,
With winter harden'd, and inur'd to cold.
They wake before the day to range the wood,
Kill ere they eat, nor taste unconquer'd food.
No sports, but what belong to war, they know:
To break the stubborn colt, to bend the bow.
Our youth, of labor patient, earn their bread;
Hardly they work, with frugal diet fed.
From plows and harrows sent to seek renown,
They fight in fields, and storm the shaken town.
No part of life from toils of war is free,
No change in age, or diff'rence in degree.
We plow and till in arms; our oxen feel,
Instead of goads, the spur and pointed steel;
Th' inverted lance makes furrows in the plain.
Ev'n time, that changes all, yet changes us in vain:
The body, not the mind; nor can control
Th' immortal vigor, or abate the soul.
Our helms defend the young, disguise the gray:
We live by plunder, and delight in prey.
Your vests embroider'd with rich purple shine;
In sloth you glory, and in dances join.
Your vests have sweeping sleeves; with female pride
Your turbants underneath your chins are tied.
Go, Phrygians, to your Dindymus again!
Go, less than women, in the shapes of men!
Go, mix'd with eunuchs, in the Mother's rites,
Where with unequal sound the flute invites;

Sing, dance, and howl, by turns, in Ida's shade:
Resign the war to men, who know the martial trade!"

This foul reproach Ascanius could not hear
With patience, or a vow'd revenge forbear.
At the full stretch of both his hands he drew,
And almost join'd the horns of the tough yew.
But, first, before the throne of Jove he stood,
And thus with lifted hands invok'd the god:
"My first attempt, great Jupiter, succeed!
An annual off'ring in thy grove shall bleed;
A snow-white steer, before thy altar led,
Who, like his mother, bears aloft his head,
Butts with his threat'ning brows, and bellowing stands,
And dares the fight, and spurns the yellow sands."

Jove bow'd the heav'ns, and lent a gracious ear,
And thunder'd on the left, amidst the clear.
Sounded at once the bow; and swiftly flies
The feather'd death, and hisses thro' the skies.
The steel thro' both his temples forc'd the way:
Extended on the ground, Numanus lay.
"Go now, vain boaster, and true valor scorn!
The Phrygians, twice subdued, yet make this third return."
Ascanius said no more. The Trojans shake
The heav'ns with shouting, and new vigor take.

Apollo then bestrode a golden cloud,
To view the feats of arms, and fighting crowd;
And thus the beardless victor he bespoke aloud:
"Advance, illustrious youth, increase in fame,
And wide from east to west extend thy name;
Offspring of gods thyself; and Rome shall owe
To thee a race of demigods below.
This is the way to heav'n: the pow'rs divine
From this beginning date the Julian line.
To thee, to them, and their victorious heirs,

The conquer'd war is due, and the vast world is theirs.
Troy is too narrow for thy name." He said,
And plunging downward shot his radiant head;
Dispell'd the breathing air, that broke his flight:
Shorn of his beams, a man to mortal sight.
Old Butes' form he took, Anchises' squire,
Now left, to rule Ascanius, by his sire:
His wrinkled visage, and his hoary hairs,
His mien, his habit, and his arms, he wears,
And thus salutes the boy, too forward for his years:
"Suffice it thee, thy father's worthy son,
The warlike prize thou hast already won.
The god of archers gives thy youth a part
Of his own praise, nor envies equal art.
Now tempt the war no more." He said, and flew
Obscure in air, and vanish'd from their view.
The Trojans, by his arms, their patron know,
And hear the twanging of his heav'nly bow.
Then duteous force they use, and Phoebus' name,
To keep from fight the youth too fond of fame.
Undaunted, they themselves no danger shun;
From wall to wall the shouts and clamors run.
They bend their bows; they whirl their slings around;
Heaps of spent arrows fall, and strew the ground;
And helmets, and shields, and rattling arms resound.
The combat thickens, like the storm that flies
From westward, when the show'ry Kids arise;
Or patt'ring hail comes pouring on the main,
When Jupiter descends in harden'd rain,
Or bellowing clouds burst with a stormy sound,
And with an armed winter strew the ground.

Pand'rus and Bitias, thunderbolts of war,
Whom Hieras to bold Alcanor bare
On Ida's top, two youths of height and size
Like firs that on their mother mountain rise,
Presuming on their force, the gates unbar,

And of their own accord invite the war.
With fates averse, against their king's command,
Arm'd, on the right and on the left they stand,
And flank the passage: shining steel they wear,
And waving crests above their heads appear.
Thus two tall oaks, that Padus' banks adorn,
Lift up to heav'n their leafy heads unshorn,
And, overpress'd with nature's heavy load,
Dance to the whistling winds, and at each other nod.
In flows a tide of Latians, when they see
The gate set open, and the passage free;
Bold Quercens, with rash Tmarus, rushing on,
Equicolus, that in bright armor shone,
And Haemon first; but soon repuls'd they fly,
Or in the well-defended pass they die.
These with success are fir'd, and those with rage,
And each on equal terms at length engage.
Drawn from their lines, and issuing on the plain,
The Trojans hand to hand the fight maintain.

Fierce Turnus in another quarter fought,
When suddenly th' unhop'd-for news was brought,
The foes had left the fastness of their place,
Prevail'd in fight, and had his men in chase.
He quits th' attack, and, to prevent their fate,
Runs where the giant brothers guard the gate.
The first he met, Antiphates the brave,
But base-begotten on a Theban slave,
Sarpedon's son, he slew: the deadly dart
Found passage thro' his breast, and pierc'd his heart.
Fix'd in the wound th' Italian cornel stood,
Warm'd in his lungs, and in his vital blood.
Aphidnus next, and Erymanthus dies,
And Meropes, and the gigantic size
Of Bitias, threat'ning with his ardent eyes.
Not by the feeble dart he fell oppress'd
(A dart were lost within that roomy breast),

But from a knotted lance, large, heavy, strong,
Which roar'd like thunder as it whirl'd along:
Not two bull hides th' impetuous force withhold,
Nor coat of double mail, with scales of gold.
Down sunk the monster bulk and press'd the ground;
His arms and clatt'ring shield on the vast body sound,
Not with less ruin than the Bajan mole,
Rais'd on the seas, the surges to control-
At once comes tumbling down the rocky wall;
Prone to the deep, the stones disjointed fall
Of the vast pile; the scatter'd ocean flies;
Black sands, discolor'd froth, and mingled mud arise:
The frightened billows roll, and seek the shores;
Then trembles Prochyta, then Ischia roars:
Typhoeus, thrown beneath, by Jove's command,
Astonish'd at the flaw that shakes the land,
Soon shifts his weary side, and, scarce awake,
With wonder feels the weight press lighter on his back.

The warrior god the Latian troops inspir'd,
New strung their sinews, and their courage fir'd,
But chills the Trojan hearts with cold affright:
Then black despair precipitates their flight.

When Pandarus beheld his brother kill'd,
The town with fear and wild confusion fill'd,
He turns the hinges of the heavy gate
With both his hands, and adds his shoulders to the weight
Some happier friends within the walls inclos'd;
The rest shut out, to certain death expos'd:
Fool as he was, and frantic in his care,
T' admit young Turnus, and include the war!
He thrust amid the crowd, securely bold,
Like a fierce tiger pent amid the fold.
Too late his blazing buckler they descry,
And sparkling fires that shot from either eye,
His mighty members, and his ample breast,

His rattling armor, and his crimson crest.

Far from that hated face the Trojans fly,
All but the fool who sought his destiny.
Mad Pandarus steps forth, with vengeance vow'd
For Bitias' death, and threatens thus aloud:
"These are not Ardea's walls, nor this the town
Amata proffers with Lavinia's crown:
'T is hostile earth you tread. Of hope bereft,
No means of safe return by flight are left."
To whom, with count'nance calm, and soul sedate,
Thus Turnus: "Then begin, and try thy fate:
My message to the ghost of Priam bear;
Tell him a new Achilles sent thee there."

A lance of tough ground ash the Trojan threw,
Rough in the rind, and knotted as it grew:
With his full force he whirl'd it first around;
But the soft yielding air receiv'd the wound:
Imperial Juno turn'd the course before,
And fix'd the wand'ring weapon in the door.

"But hope not thou," said Turnus, "when I strike,
To shun thy fate: our force is not alike,
Nor thy steel temper'd by the Lemnian god."
Then rising, on his utmost stretch he stood,
And aim'd from high: the full descending blow
Cleaves the broad front and beardless cheeks in two.
Down sinks the giant with a thund'ring sound:
His pond'rous limbs oppress the trembling ground;
Blood, brains, and foam gush from the gaping wound:
Scalp, face, and shoulders the keen steel divides,
And the shar'd visage hangs on equal sides.
The Trojans fly from their approaching fate;
And, had the victor then secur'd the gate,
And to his troops without unclos'd the bars,
One lucky day had ended all his wars.

But boiling youth, and blind desire of blood,
Push'd on his fury, to pursue the crowd.
Hamstring'd behind, unhappy Gyges died;
Then Phalaris is added to his side.
The pointed jav'lines from the dead he drew,
And their friends' arms against their fellows threw.
Strong Halys stands in vain; weak Phlegys flies;
Saturnia, still at hand, new force and fire supplies.
Then Halius, Prytanis, Alcander fall-
Ingag'd against the foes who scal'd the wall:
But, whom they fear'd without, they found within.
At last, tho' late, by Lynceus he was seen.
He calls new succors, and assaults the prince:
But weak his force, and vain is their defense.
Turn'd to the right, his sword the hero drew,
And at one blow the bold aggressor slew.
He joints the neck; and, with a stroke so strong,
The helm flies off, and bears the head along.
Next him, the huntsman Amycus he kill'd,
In darts invenom'd and in poison skill'd.
Then Clytius fell beneath his fatal spear,
And Creteus, whom the Muses held so dear:
He fought with courage, and he sung the fight;
Arms were his bus'ness, verses his delight.

The Trojan chiefs behold, with rage and grief,
Their slaughter'd friends, and hasten their relief.
Bold Mnestheus rallies first the broken train,
Whom brave Seresthus and his troop sustain.
To save the living, and revenge the dead,
Against one warrior's arms all Troy they led.
"O, void of sense and courage!" Mnestheus cried,
"Where can you hope your coward heads to hide?
Ah! where beyond these rampires can you run?
One man, and in your camp inclos'd, you shun!
Shall then a single sword such slaughter boast,
And pass unpunish'd from a num'rous host?"

Forsaking honor, and renouncing fame,
Your gods, your country, and your king you shame!”
This just reproach their virtue does excite:
They stand, they join, they thicken to the fight.

Now Turnus doubts, and yet disdains to yield,
But with slow paces measures back the field,
And inches to the walls, where Tiber’s tide,
Washing the camp, defends the weaker side.
The more he loses, they advance the more,
And tread in ev’ry step he trod before.
They shout: they bear him back; and, whom by might
They cannot conquer, they oppress with weight.

As, compass’d with a wood of spears around,
The lordly lion still maintains his ground;
Grins horrible, retires, and turns again;
Threats his distended paws, and shakes his mane;
He loses while in vain he presses on,
Nor will his courage let him dare to run:
So Turnus fares, and, unresolved of flight,
Moves tardy back, and just recedes from fight.
Yet twice, inrag’d, the combat he renews,
Twice breaks, and twice his broken foes pursues.
But now they swarm, and, with fresh troops supplied,
Come rolling on, and rush from ev’ry side:
Nor Juno, who sustain’d his arms before,
Dares with new strength suffice th’ exhausted store;
For Jove, with sour commands, sent Iris down,
To force th’ invader from the frightened town.

With labor spent, no longer can he wield
The heavy fanchion, or sustain the shield,
O’erwhelm’d with darts, which from afar they fling:
The weapons round his hollow temples ring;
His golden helm gives way, with stony blows
Batter’d, and flat, and beaten to his brows.

His crest is rash'd away; his ample shield
Is falsified, and round with jav'lins fill'd.

The foe, now faint, the Trojans overwhelm;
And Mnestheus lays hard load upon his helm.
Sick sweat succeeds; he drops at ev'ry pore;
With driving dust his cheeks are pasted o'er;
Shorter and shorter ev'ry gasp he takes;
And vain efforts and hurtless blows he makes.
Plung'd in the flood, and made the waters fly.
The yellow god the welcome burthen bore,
And wip'd the sweat, and wash'd away the gore;
Then gently wafts him to the farther coast,
And sends him safe to cheer his anxious host.

BOOK X

The gates of heav'n unfold: Jove summons all
The gods to council in the common hall.
Sublimely seated, he surveys from far
The fields, the camp, the fortune of the war,
And all th' inferior world. From first to last,
The sov'reign senate in degrees are plac'd.

Then thus th' almighty sire began: "Ye gods,
Natives or denizens of blest abodes,
From whence these murmurs, and this change of mind,
This backward fate from what was first design'd?
Why this protracted war, when my commands
Pronounc'd a peace, and gave the Latian lands?
What fear or hope on either part divides
Our heav'ns, and arms our powers on diff'rent sides?
A lawful time of war at length will come,
(Nor need your haste anticipate the doom),
When Carthage shall contend the world with Rome,
Shall force the rigid rocks and Alpine chains,
And, like a flood, come pouring on the plains.
Then is your time for faction and debate,
For partial favor, and permitted hate.
Let now your immature dissension cease;
Sit quiet, and compose your souls to peace."

Thus Jupiter in few unfolds the charge;
But lovely Venus thus replies at large:
"O pow'r immense, eternal energy,
(For to what else protection can we fly?)
Seest thou the proud Rutulians, how they dare
In fields, unpunish'd, and insult my care?
How lofty Turnus vaunts amidst his train,
In shining arms, triumphant on the plain?
Ev'n in their lines and trenches they contend,

And scarce their walls the Trojan troops defend:
The town is fill'd with slaughter, and o'erfloats,
With a red deluge, their increasing moats.
Aeneas, ignorant, and far from thence,
Has left a camp expos'd, without defense.
This endless outrage shall they still sustain?
Shall Troy renew'd be forc'd and fir'd again?
A second siege my banish'd issue fears,
And a new Diomede in arms appears.
One more audacious mortal will be found;
And I, thy daughter, wait another wound.
Yet, if with fates averse, without thy leave,
The Latian lands my progeny receive,
Bear they the pains of violated law,
And thy protection from their aid withdraw.
But, if the gods their sure success foretell;
If those of heav'n consent with those of hell,
To promise Italy; who dare debate
The pow'r of Jove, or fix another fate?
What should I tell of tempests on the main,
Of Aeolus usurping Neptune's reign?
Of Iris sent, with Bacchanalian heat
T' inspire the matrons, and destroy the fleet?
Now Juno to the Stygian sky descends,
Solicits hell for aid, and arms the fiends.
That new example wanted yet above:
An act that well became the wife of Jove!
Alecto, rais'd by her, with rage inflames
The peaceful bosoms of the Latian dames.
Imperial sway no more exalts my mind;
(Such hopes I had indeed, while Heav'n was kind;)
Now let my happier foes possess my place,
Whom Jove prefers before the Trojan race;
And conquer they, whom you with conquest grace.
Since you can spare, from all your wide command,
No spot of earth, no hospitable land,
Which may my wand'ring fugitives receive;

(Since haughty Juno will not give you leave;) Then, father, (if I still may use that name,) By ruin'd Troy, yet smoking from the flame, I beg you, let Ascanius, by my care, Be freed from danger, and dismiss'd the war: Inglorious let him live, without a crown. The father may be cast on coasts unknown, Struggling with fate; but let me save the son. Mine is Cythera, mine the Cyprian tow'rs: In those recesses, and those sacred bow'rs, Obscurely let him rest; his right resign To promis'd empire, and his Julian line. Then Carthage may th' Ausonian towns destroy, Nor fear the race of a rejected boy. What profits it my son to scape the fire, Arm'd with his gods, and loaded with his sire; To pass the perils of the seas and wind; Evade the Greeks, and leave the war behind; To reach th' Italian shores; if, after all, Our second Pergamus is doom'd to fall? Much better had he curb'd his high desires, And hover'd o'er his ill-extinguish'd fires. To Simois' banks the fugitives restore, And give them back to war, and all the woes before."

Deep indignation swell'd Saturnia's heart:
"And must I own," she said, "my secret smart-
What with more decency were in silence kept,
And, but for this unjust reproach, had slept?
Did god or man your fav'rite son advise,
With war unhop'd the Latians to surprise?
By fate, you boast, and by the gods' decree,
He left his native land for Italy!
Confess the truth; by mad Cassandra, more
Than Heav'n inspir'd, he sought a foreign shore!
Did I persuade to trust his second Troy
To the raw conduct of a beardless boy,

With walls unfinish'd, which himself forsakes,
And thro' the waves a wand'ring voyage takes?
When have I urg'd him meanly to demand
The Tuscan aid, and arm a quiet land?
Did I or Iris give this mad advice,
Or made the fool himself the fatal choice?
You think it hard, the Latians should destroy
With swords your Trojans, and with fires your Troy!
Hard and unjust indeed, for men to draw
Their native air, nor take a foreign law!
That Turnus is permitted still to live,
To whom his birth a god and goddess give!
But yet is just and lawful for your line
To drive their fields, and force with fraud to join;
Realms, not your own, among your clans divide,
And from the bridegroom tear the promis'd bride;
Petition, while you public arms prepare;
Pretend a peace, and yet provoke a war!
'T was giv'n to you, your darling son to shroud,
To draw the dastard from the fighting crowd,
And, for a man, obtend an empty cloud.
From flaming fleets you turn'd the fire away,
And chang'd the ships to daughters of the sea.
But is my crime- the Queen of Heav'n offends,
If she presume to save her suff'ring friends!
Your son, not knowing what his foes decree,
You say, is absent: absent let him be.
Yours is Cythera, yours the Cyprian tow'rs,
The soft recesses, and the sacred bow'rs.
Why do you then these needless arms prepare,
And thus provoke a people prone to war?
Did I with fire the Trojan town deface,
Or hinder from return your exil'd race?
Was I the cause of mischief, or the man
Whose lawless lust the fatal war began?
Think on whose faith th' adult'rous youth relied;
Who promis'd, who procur'd, the Spartan bride?

When all th' united states of Greece combin'd,
To purge the world of the perfidious kind,
Then was your time to fear the Trojan fate:
Your quarrels and complaints are now too late."

Thus Juno. Murmurs rise, with mix'd applause,
Just as they favor or dislike the cause.
So winds, when yet unfledg'd in woods they lie,
In whispers first their tender voices try,
Then issue on the main with bellowing rage,
And storms to trembling mariners presage.

Then thus to both replied th' imperial god,
Who shakes heav'n's axles with his awful nod.
(When he begins, the silent senate stand
With rev'rence, list'ning to the dread command:
The clouds dispel; the winds their breath restrain;
And the hush'd waves lie flatted on the main.)
"Celestials, your attentive ears incline!
Since," said the god, "the Trojans must not join
In wish'd alliance with the Latian line;
Since endless jarrings and immortal hate
Tend but to discompose our happy state;
The war henceforward be resign'd to fate:
Each to his proper fortune stand or fall;
Equal and unconcern'd I look on all.
Rutulians, Trojans, are the same to me;
And both shall draw the lots their fates decree.
Let these assault, if Fortune be their friend;
And, if she favors those, let those defend:
The Fates will find their way." The Thund'rer said,
And shook the sacred honors of his head,
Attesting Styx, th' inviolable flood,
And the black regions of his brother god.
Trembled the poles of heav'n, and earth confess'd the nod.
This end the sessions had: the senate rise,
And to his palace wait their sov'reign thro' the skies.

Meantime, intent upon their siege, the foes
Within their walls the Trojan host inclose:
They wound, they kill, they watch at ev'ry gate;
Renew the fires, and urge their happy fate.

Th' Aeneans wish in vain their wanted chief,
Hopeless of flight, more hopeless of relief.
Thin on the tow'rs they stand; and ev'n those few
A feeble, fainting, and dejected crew.
Yet in the face of danger some there stood:
The two bold brothers of Sarpedon's blood,
Asius and Acmon; both th' Assaraci;
Young Haemon, and tho' young, resolv'd to die.
With these were Clarus and Thymoetes join'd;
Tibris and Castor, both of Lycian kind.
From Acmon's hands a rolling stone there came,
So large, it half deserv'd a mountain's name:
Strong-sinew'd was the youth, and big of bone;
His brother Mnestheus could not more have done,
Or the great father of th' intrepid son.
Some firebrands throw, some flights of arrows send;
And some with darts, and some with stones defend.

Amid the press appears the beauteous boy,
The care of Venus, and the hope of Troy.
His lovely face unarm'd, his head was bare;
In ringlets o'er his shoulders hung his hair.
His forehead circled with a diadem;
Distinguish'd from the crowd, he shines a gem,
Enchas'd in gold, or polish'd iv'ry set,
Amidst the meaner foil of sable jet.

Nor Ismarus was wanting to the war,
Directing pointed arrows from afar,
And death with poison arm'd- in Lydia born,
Where plenteous harvests the fat fields adorn;
Where proud Pactolus floats the fruitful lands,

And leaves a rich manure of golden sands.
There Capys, author of the Capuan name,
And there was Mnestheus too, increas'd in fame,
Since Turnus from the camp he cast with shame.

Thus mortal war was wag'd on either side.
Meantime the hero cuts the nightly tide:
For, anxious, from Evander when he went,
He sought the Tyrrhene camp, and Tarchon's tent;
Expos'd the cause of coming to the chief;
His name and country told, and ask'd relief;
Propos'd the terms; his own small strength declar'd;
What vengeance proud Mezentius had prepar'd:
What Turnus, bold and violent, design'd;
Then shew'd the slipp'ry state of humankind,
And fickle fortune; warn'd him to beware,
And to his wholesome counsel added pray'r.
Tarchon, without delay, the treaty signs,
And to the Trojan troops the Tuscan joins.

They soon set sail; nor now the fates withstand;
Their forces trusted with a foreign hand.
Aeneas leads; upon his stern appear
Two lions carv'd, which rising Ida bear-
Ida, to wand'ring Trojans ever dear.
Under their grateful shade Aeneas sate,
Revolving war's events, and various fate.
His left young Pallas kept, fix'd to his side,
And oft of winds enquir'd, and of the tide;
Oft of the stars, and of their wat'ry way;
And what he suffer'd both by land and sea.

Now, sacred sisters, open all your spring!
The Tuscan leaders, and their army sing,
Which follow'd great Aeneas to the war:
Their arms, their numbers, and their names declare.

A thousand youths brave Massicus obey,
Borne in the Tiger thro' the foaming sea;
From Asium brought, and Cosa, by his care:
For arms, light quivers, bows and shafts, they bear.
Fierce Abas next: his men bright armor wore;
His stern Apollo's golden statue bore.
Six hundred Populonia sent along,
All skill'd in martial exercise, and strong.
Three hundred more for battle Ilva joins,
An isle renown'd for steel, and unexhausted mines.
Asylas on his prow the third appears,
Who heav'n interprets, and the wand'ring stars;
From offer'd entrails prodigies expounds,
And peals of thunder, with presaging sounds.
A thousand spears in warlike order stand,
Sent by the Pisans under his command.

Fair Astur follows in the wat'ry field,
Proud of his manag'd horse and painted shield.
Gravisca, noisome from the neighb'ring fen,
And his own Caere, sent three hundred men;
With those which Minio's fields and Pyrgi gave,
All bred in arms, unanimous, and brave.

Thou, Muse, the name of Cinyras renew,
And brave Cupavo follow'd but by few;
Whose helm confess'd the lineage of the man,
And bore, with wings display'd, a silver swan.
Love was the fault of his fam'd ancestry,
Whose forms and fortunes in his ensigns fly.
For Cynus lov'd unhappy Phaeton,
And sung his loss in poplar groves, alone,
Beneath the sister shades, to soothe his grief.
Heav'n heard his song, and hasten'd his relief,
And chang'd to snowy plumes his hoary hair,
And wing'd his flight, to chant aloft in air.
His son Cupavo brush'd the briny flood:

Upon his stern a brawny Centaur stood,
Who heav'd a rock, and, threat'ning still to throw,
With lifted hands alarm'd the seas below:
They seem'd to fear the formidable sight,
And roll'd their billows on, to speed his flight.

Ocnus was next, who led his native train
Of hardy warriors thro' the wat'ry plain:
The son of Manto by the Tuscan stream,
From whence the Mantuan town derives the name-
An ancient city, but of mix'd descent:
Three sev'ral tribes compose the government;
Four towns are under each; but all obey
The Mantuan laws, and own the Tuscan sway.

Hate to Mezentius arm'd five hundred more,
Whom Mincius from his sire Benacus bore:
Mincius, with wreaths of reeds his forehead cover'd o'er.
These grave Auletes leads: a hundred sweep
With stretching oars at once the glassy deep.
Him and his martial train the Triton bears;
High on his poop the sea-green god appears:
Frowning he seems his crooked shell to sound,
And at the blast the billows dance around.
A hairy man above the waist he shows;
A porpoise tail beneath his belly grows;
And ends a fish: his breast the waves divides,
And froth and foam augment the murm'ring tides.

Full thirty ships transport the chosen train
For Troy's relief, and scour the briny main.

Now was the world forsaken by the sun,
And Phoebe half her nightly race had run.
The careful chief, who never clos'd his eyes,
Himself the rudder holds, the sails supplies.
A choir of Nereids meet him on the flood,

Once his own galleys, hewn from Ida's wood;
But now, as many nymphs, the sea they sweep,
As rode, before, tall vessels on the deep.
They know him from afar; and in a ring
Inclose the ship that bore the Trojan king.
Cymodoce, whose voice excell'd the rest,
Above the waves advanc'd her snowy breast;
Her right hand stops the stern; her left divides
The curling ocean, and corrects the tides.
She spoke for all the choir, and thus began
With pleasing words to warn th' unknowing man:
"Sleeps our lov'd lord? O goddess-born, awake!
Spread ev'ry sail, pursue your wat'ry track,
And haste your course. Your navy once were we,
From Ida's height descending to the sea;
Till Turnus, as at anchor fix'd we stood,
Presum'd to violate our holy wood.
Then, loos'd from shore, we fled his fires profane
(Unwillingly we broke our master's chain),
And since have sought you thro' the Tuscan main.
The mighty Mother chang'd our forms to these,
And gave us life immortal in the seas.
But young Ascanius, in his camp distress'd,
By your insulting foes is hardly press'd.
Th' Arcadian horsemen, and Etrurian host,
Advance in order on the Latian coast:
To cut their way the Daunian chief designs,
Before their troops can reach the Trojan lines.
Thou, when the rosy morn restores the light,
First arm thy soldiers for th' ensuing fight:
Thyself the fated sword of Vulcan wield,
And bear aloft th' impenetrable shield.
To-morrow's sun, unless my skill be vain,
Shall see huge heaps of foes in battle slain."
Parting, she spoke; and with immortal force
Push'd on the vessel in her wat'ry course;
For well she knew the way. Impell'd behind,

The ship flew forward, and outstripp'd the wind.
The rest make up. Unknowing of the cause,
The chief admires their speed, and happy omens draws.

Then thus he pray'd, and fix'd on heav'n his eyes:
"Hear thou, great Mother of the deities.
With turrets crown'd! (on Ida's holy hill
Fierce tigers, rein'd and curb'd, obey thy will.)
Firm thy own omens; lead us on to fight;
And let thy Phrygians conquer in thy right."

He said no more. And now renewing day
Had chas'd the shadows of the night away.
He charg'd the soldiers, with preventing care,
Their flags to follow, and their arms prepare;
Warn'd of th' ensuing fight, and bade 'em hope the war.
Now, his lofty poop, he view'd below
His camp incompass'd, and th' inclosing foe.
His blazing shield, imbrac'd, he held on high;
The camp receive the sign, and with loud shouts reply.
Hope arms their courage: from their tow'rs they throw
Their darts with double force, and drive the foe.
Thus, at the signal giv'n, the cranes arise
Before the stormy south, and blacken all the skies.

King Turnus wonder'd at the fight renew'd,
Till, looking back, the Trojan fleet he view'd,
The seas with swelling canvas cover'd o'er,
And the swift ships descending on the shore.
The Latians saw from far, with dazzled eyes,
The radiant crest that seem'd in flames to rise,
And dart diffusive fires around the field,
And the keen glitt'ring the golden shield.
Thus threat'ning comets, when by night they rise,
Shoot sanguine streams, and sadden all the skies:
So Sirius, flashing forth sinister lights,
Pale humankind with plagues and with dry famine fright:

Yet Turnus with undaunted mind is bent
To man the shores, and hinder their descent,
And thus awakes the courage of his friends:
“What you so long have wish’d, kind Fortune sends;
In ardent arms to meet th’ invading foe:
You find, and find him at advantage now.
Yours is the day: you need but only dare;
Your swords will make you masters of the war.
Your sires, your sons, your houses, and your lands,
And dearest wives, are all within your hands.
Be mindful of the race from whence you came,
And emulate in arms your fathers’ fame.
Now take the time, while stagg’ring yet they stand
With feet unfirm, and prepossess the strand:
Fortune befriends the bold.” Nor more he said,
But balanc’d whom to leave, and whom to lead;
Then these elects, the landing to prevent;
And those he leaves, to keep the city pent.

Meantime the Trojan sends his troops ashore:
Some are by boats expos’d, by bridges more.
With lab’ring oars they bear along the strand,
Where the tide languishes, and leap aland.
Tarchon observes the coast with careful eyes,
And, where no ford he finds, no water fries,
Nor billows with unequal murmurs roar,
But smoothly slide along, and swell the shore,
That course he steer’d, and thus he gave command:
“Here ply your oars, and at all hazard land:
Force on the vessel, that her keel may wound
This hated soil, and furrow hostile ground.
Let me securely land- I ask no more;
Then sink my ships, or shatter on the shore.”

This fiery speech inflames his fearful friends:
They tug at ev’ry oar, and ev’ry stretcher bends;
They run their ships aground; the vessels knock,

(Thus forc'd ashore,) and tremble with the shock.
Tarchon's alone was lost, that stranded stood,
Stuck on a bank, and beaten by the flood:
She breaks her back; the loosen'd sides give way,
And plunge the Tuscan soldiers in the sea.
Their broken oars and floating planks withstand
Their passage, while they labor to the land,
And ebbing tides bear back upon th' uncertain sand.

Now Turnus leads his troops without delay,
Advancing to the margin of the sea.
The trumpets sound: Aeneas first assail'd
The clowns new-rais'd and raw, and soon prevail'd.
Great Theron fell, an omen of the fight;
Great Theron, large of limbs, of giant height.
He first in open field defied the prince:
But armor scal'd with gold was no defense
Against the fated sword, which open'd wide
His plated shield, and pierc'd his naked side.
Next, Lichas fell, who, not like others born,
Was from his wretched mother ripp'd and torn;
Sacred, O Phoebus, from his birth to thee;
For his beginning life from biting steel was free.
Not far from him was Gyas laid along,
Of monstrous bulk; with Cisseus fierce and strong:
Vain bulk and strength! for, when the chief assail'd,
Nor valor nor Herculean arms avail'd,
Nor their fam'd father, wont in war to go
With great Alcides, while he toil'd below.
The noisy Pharos next receiv'd his death:
Aeneas with'd his dart, and stopp'd his bawling breath.
Then wretched Cydon had receiv'd his doom,
Who courted Clytius in his beardless bloom,
And sought with lust obscene polluted joys:
The Trojan sword had curd his love of boys,
Had not his sev'n bold brethren stopp'd the course
Of the fierce champions, with united force.

Sev'n darts were thrown at once; and some rebound
From his bright shield, some on his helmet sound:
The rest had reach'd him; but his mother's care
Prevented those, and turn'd aside in air.

The prince then call'd Achates, to supply
The spears that knew the way to victory-
"Those fatal weapons, which, inur'd to blood,
In Grecian bodies under Ilium stood:
Not one of those my hand shall toss in vain
Against our foes, on this contended plain."
He said; then seiz'd a mighty spear, and threw;
Which, wing'd with fate, thro' Maeon's buckler flew,
Pierc'd all the brazen plates, and reach'd his heart:
He stagger'd with intolerable smart.
Alcanor saw; and reach'd, but reach'd in vain,
His helping hand, his brother to sustain.
A second spear, which kept the former course,
From the same hand, and sent with equal force,
His right arm pierc'd, and holding on, bereft
His use of both, and pinion'd down his left.
Then Numitor from his dead brother drew
Th' ill-omen'd spear, and at the Trojan threw:
Preventing fate directs the lance awry,
Which, glancing, only mark'd Achates' thigh.

In pride of youth the Sabine Clausus came,
And, from afar, at Dryops took his aim.
The spear flew hissing thro' the middle space,
And pierc'd his throat, directed at his face;
It stopp'd at once the passage of his wind,
And the free soul to flitting air resign'd:
His forehead was the first that struck the ground;
Lifeblood and life rush'd mingled thro' the wound.
He slew three brothers of the Borean race,
And three, whom Ismarus, their native place,
Had sent to war, but all the sons of Thrace.

Halesus, next, the bold Aurunci leads:
The son of Neptune to his aid succeeds,
Conspicuous on his horse. On either hand,
These fight to keep, and those to win, the land.
With mutual blood th' Ausonian soil is dyed,
While on its borders each their claim decide.
As wintry winds, contending in the sky,
With equal force of lungs their titles try:
They rage, they roar; the doubtful rack of heav'n
Stands without motion, and the tide undriv'n:
Each bent to conquer, neither side to yield,
They long suspend the fortune of the field.
Both armies thus perform what courage can;
Foot set to foot, and mingled man to man.

But, in another part, th' Arcadian horse
With ill success engage the Latin force:
For, where th' impetuous torrent, rushing down,
Huge craggy stones and rooted trees had thrown,
They left their coursers, and, unus'd to fight
On foot, were scatter'd in a shameful flight.
Pallas, who with disdain and grief had view'd
His foes pursuing, and his friends pursued,
Us'd threat'nings mix'd with pray'rs, his last resource,
With these to move their minds, with those to fire their force
"Which way, companions? whether would you run?
By you yourselves, and mighty battles won,
By my great sire, by his establish'd name,
And early promise of my future fame;
By my youth, emulous of equal right
To share his honors- shun ignoble flight!
Trust not your feet: your hands must hew way
Thro' yon black body, and that thick array:
'T is thro' that forward path that we must come;
There lies our way, and that our passage home.
Nor pow'rs above, nor destinies below
Oppress our arms: with equal strength we go,

With mortal hands to meet a mortal foe.
See on what foot we stand: a scanty shore,
The sea behind, our enemies before;
No passage left, unless we swim the main;
Or, forcing these, the Trojan trenches gain.”
This said, he strode with eager haste along,
And bore amidst the thickest of the throng.
Lagus, the first he met, with fate to foe,
Had heav’d a stone of mighty weight, to throw:
Stooping, the spear descended on his chine,
Just where the bone distinguished either loin:
It stuck so fast, so deeply buried lay,
That scarce the victor forc’d the steel away.
Hisbon came on: but, while he mov’d too slow
To wish’d revenge, the prince prevents his blow;
For, warding his at once, at once he press’d,
And plung’d the fatal weapon in his breast.
Then lewd Anchemolus he laid in dust,
Who stain’d his stepdam’s bed with impious lust.
And, after him, the Daucian twins were slain,
Laris and Thymbrus, on the Latian plain;
So wondrous like in feature, shape, and size,
As caus’d an error in their parents’ eyes-
Grateful mistake! but soon the sword decides
The nice distinction, and their fate divides:
For Thymbrus’ head was lopp’d; and Laris’ hand,
Dismember’d, sought its owner on the strand:
The trembling fingers yet the fauchion strain,
And threaten still th’ intended stroke in vain.

Now, to renew the charge, th’ Arcadians came:
Sight of such acts, and sense of honest shame,
And grief, with anger mix’d, their minds inflame.
Then, with a casual blow was Rhoeteus slain,
Who chanc’d, as Pallas threw, to cross the plain:
The flying spear was after Ilus sent;
But Rhoeteus happen’d on a death unmeant:

From Teuthras and from Tyres while he fled,
The lance, athwart his body, laid him dead:
Roll'd from his chariot with a mortal wound,
And intercepted fate, he spurn'd the ground.
As when, in summer, welcome winds arise,
The watchful shepherd to the forest flies,
And fires the midmost plants; contagion spreads,
And catching flames infect the neighb'ring heads;
Around the forest flies the furious blast,
And all the leafy nation sinks at last,
And Vulcan rides in triumph o'er the waste;
The pastor, pleas'd with his dire victory,
Beholds the satiate flames in sheets ascend the sky:
So Pallas' troops their scatter'd strength unite,
And, pouring on their foes, their prince delight.

Halesus came, fierce with desire of blood;
But first collected in his arms he stood:
Advancing then, he plied the spear so well,
Ladon, Demodocus, and Pheres fell.
Around his head he toss'd his glitt'ring brand,
And from Strymonius hew'd his better hand,
Held up to guard his throat; then hurl'd a stone
At Thoas' ample front, and pierc'd the bone:
It struck beneath the space of either eye;
And blood, and mingled brains, together fly.
Deep skill'd in future fates, Halesus' sire
Did with the youth to lonely groves retire:
But, when the father's mortal race was run,
Dire destiny laid hold upon the son,
And haul'd him to the war, to find, beneath
Th' Evandrian spear, a memorable death.
Pallas th' encounter seeks, but, ere he throws,
To Tuscan Tiber thus address'd his vows:
"O sacred stream, direct my flying dart,
And give to pass the proud Halesus' heart!
His arms and spoils thy holy oak shall bear."

Pleas'd with the bribe, the god receiv'd his pray'r:
For, while his shield protects a friend distress'd,
The dart came driving on, and pierc'd his breast.

But Lausus, no small portion of the war,
Permits not panic fear to reign too far,
Caus'd by the death of so renown'd a knight;
But by his own example cheers the fight.
Fierce Abas first he slew; Abas, the stay
Of Trojan hopes, and hindrance of the day.
The Phrygian troops escap'd the Greeks in vain:
They, and their mix'd allies, now load the plain.
To the rude shock of war both armies came;
Their leaders equal, and their strength the same.
The rear so press'd the front, they could not wield
Their angry weapons, to dispute the field.
Here Pallas urges on, and Lausus there:
Of equal youth and beauty both appear,
But both by fate forbid to breathe their native air.
Their congress in the field great Jove withstands:
Both doom'd to fall, but fall by greater hands.

Meantime Juturna warns the Daunian chief
Of Lausus' danger, urging swift relief.
With his driv'n chariot he divides the crowd,
And, making to his friends, thus calls aloud:
"Let none presume his needless aid to join;
Retire, and clear the field; the fight is mine:
To this right hand is Pallas only due;
O were his father here, my just revenge to view!"
From the forbidden space his men retir'd.
Pallas their awe, and his stern words, admir'd;
Survey'd him o'er and o'er with wond'ring sight,
Struck with his haughty mien, and tow'ring height.
Then to the king: "Your empty vaunts forbear;
Success I hope, and fate I cannot fear;
Alive or dead, I shall deserve a name;

Jove is impartial, and to both the same.”
He said, and to the void advanc’d his pace:
Pale horror sate on each Arcadian face.
Then Turnus, from his chariot leaping light,
Address’d himself on foot to single fight.
And, as a lion- when he spies from far
A bull that seems to meditate the war,
Bending his neck, and spurning back the sand-
Runs roaring downward from his hilly stand:
Imagine eager Turnus not more slow,
To rush from high on his unequal foe.

Young Pallas, when he saw the chief advance
Within due distance of his flying lance,
Prepares to charge him first, resolv’d to try
If fortune would his want of force supply;
And thus to Heav’n and Hercules address’d:
“Alcides, once on earth Evander’s guest,
His son adjures you by those holy rites,
That hospitable board, those genial nights;
Assist my great attempt to gain this prize,
And let proud Turnus view, with dying eyes,
His ravish’d spoils.” ‘T was heard, the vain request;
Alcides mourn’d, and stifled sighs within his breast.
Then Jove, to soothe his sorrow, thus began:
“Short bounds of life are set to mortal man.
‘T is virtue’s work alone to stretch the narrow span.
So many sons of gods, in bloody fight,
Around the walls of Troy, have lost the light:
My own Sarpedon fell beneath his foe;
Nor I, his mighty sire, could ward the blow.
Ev’n Turnus shortly shall resign his breath,
And stands already on the verge of death.”
This said, the god permits the fatal fight,
But from the Latian fields averts his sight.

Now with full force his spear young Pallas threw,

And, having thrown, his shining fauchion drew
The steel just graz'd along the shoulder joint,
And mark'd it slightly with the glancing point,
Fierce Turnus first to nearer distance drew,
And pois'd his pointed spear, before he threw:
Then, as the winged weapon whizz'd along,
"See now," said he, "whose arm is better strung."
The spear kept on the fatal course, unstay'd
By plates of ir'n, which o'er the shield were laid:
Thro' folded brass and tough bull hides it pass'd,
His corslet pierc'd, and reach'd his heart at last.
In vain the youth tugs at the broken wood;
The soul comes issuing with the vital blood:
He falls; his arms upon his body sound;
And with his bloody teeth he bites the ground.

Turnus bestrode the corpse: "Arcadians, hear,"
Said he; "my message to your master bear:
Such as the sire deserv'd, the son I send;
It costs him dear to be the Phrygians' friend.
The lifeless body, tell him, I bestow,
Unask'd, to rest his wand'ring ghost below."
He said, and trampled down with all the force
Of his left foot, and spurn'd the wretched corse;
Then snatch'd the shining belt, with gold inlaid;
The belt Eurytion's artful hands had made,
Where fifty fatal brides, express'd to sight,
All in the compass of one mournful night,
Depriv'd their bridegrooms of returning light.

In an ill hour insulting Turnus tore
Those golden spoils, and in a worse he wore.
O mortals, blind in fate, who never know
To bear high fortune, or endure the low!
The time shall come, when Turnus, but in vain,
Shall wish untouch'd the trophies of the slain;
Shall wish the fatal belt were far away,

And curse the dire remembrance of the day.

The sad Arcadians, from th' unhappy field,
Bear back the breathless body on a shield.
O grace and grief of war! at once restor'd,
With praises, to thy sire, at once deplor'd!
One day first sent thee to the fighting field,
Beheld whole heaps of foes in battle kill'd;
One day beheld thee dead, and borne upon thy shield.
This dismal news, not from uncertain fame,
But sad spectators, to the hero came:
His friends upon the brink of ruin stand,
Unless reliev'd by his victorious hand.
He whirls his sword around, without delay,
And hews thro' adverse foes an ample way,
To find fierce Turnus, of his conquest proud:
Evander, Pallas, all that friendship ow'd
To large deserts, are present to his eyes;
His plighted hand, and hospitable ties.

Four sons of Sulmo, four whom Ufens bred,
He took in fight, and living victims led,
To please the ghost of Pallas, and expire,
In sacrifice, before his fun'ral fire.
At Magus next he threw: he stoop'd below
The flying spear, and shunn'd the promis'd blow;
Then, creeping, clasp'd the hero's knees, and pray'd:
"By young Iulus, by thy father's shade,
O spare my life, and send me back to see
My longing sire, and tender progeny!
A lofty house I have, and wealth untold,
In silver ingots, and in bars of gold:
All these, and sums besides, which see no day,
The ransom of this one poor life shall pay.
If I survive, will Troy the less prevail?
A single soul's too light to turn the scale."
He said. The hero sternly thus replied:

“Thy bars and ingots, and the sums beside,
Leave for thy children’s lot. Thy Turnus broke
All rules of war by one relentless stroke,
When Pallas fell: so deems, nor deems alone
My father’s shadow, but my living son.”
Thus having said, of kind remorse bereft,
He seiz’d his helm, and dragg’d him with his left;
Then with his right hand, while his neck he wreath’d,
Up to the hilts his shining fauchion sheath’d.

Apollo’s priest, Emonides, was near;
His holy fillets on his front appear;
Glitt’ring in arms, he shone amidst the crowd;
Much of his god, more of his purple, proud.
Him the fierce Trojan follow’d thro’ the field:
The holy coward fell; and, forc’d to yield,
The prince stood o’er the priest, and, at one blow,
Sent him an off’ring to the shades below.
His arms Seresthus on his shoulders bears,
Design’d a trophy to the God of Wars.

Vulcanian Caeculus renews the fight,
And Umbro, born upon the mountains’ height.
The champion cheers his troops t’ encounter those,
And seeks revenge himself on other foes.
At Anxur’s shield he drove; and, at the blow,
Both shield and arm to ground together go.
Anxur had boasted much of magic charms,
And thought he wore impenetrable arms,
So made by mutter’d spells; and, from the spheres,
Had life secur’d, in vain, for length of years.
Then Tarquitus the field triumph trod;
A nymph his mother, his sire a god.
Exulting in bright arms, he braves the prince:
With his protended lance he makes defense;
Bears back his feeble foe; then, pressing on,
Arrests his better hand, and drags him down;

Stands o'er the prostrate wretch, and, as he lay,
Vain tales inventing, and prepar'd to pray,
Mows off his head: the trunk a moment stood,
Then sunk, and roll'd along the sand in blood.
The vengeful victor thus upbraids the slain:
"Lie there, proud man, unpitied, on the plain;
Lie there, inglorious, and without a tomb,
Far from thy mother and thy native home,
Exposed to savage beasts, and birds of prey,
Or thrown for food to monsters of the sea."

On Lycas and Antaeus next he ran,
Two chiefs of Turnus, and who led his van.
They fled for fear; with these, he chas'd along
Camers the yellow-lock'd, and Numa strong;
Both great in arms, and both were fair and young.
Camers was son to Volscens lately slain,
In wealth surpassing all the Latian train,
And in Amycla fix'd his silent easy reign.
And, as Aegaeon, when with heav'n he strove,
Stood opposite in arms to mighty Jove;
Mov'd all his hundred hands, provok'd the war,
Defied the forky lightning from afar;
At fifty mouths his flaming breath expires,
And flash for flash returns, and fires for fires;
In his right hand as many swords he wields,
And takes the thunder on as many shields:
With strength like his, the Trojan hero stood;
And soon the fields with falling corps were strow'd,
When once his fauchion found the taste of blood.
With fury scarce to be conceiv'd, he flew
Against Niphaeus, whom four coursers drew.
They, when they see the fiery chief advance,
And pushing at their chests his pointed lance,
Wheel'd with so swift a motion, mad with fear,
They threw their master headlong from the chair.
They stare, they start, nor stop their course, before

They bear the bounding chariot to the shore.

Now Lucagus and Liger scour the plains,
With two white steeds; but Liger holds the reins,
And Lucagus the lofty seat maintains:
Bold brethren both. The former wav'd in air
His flaming sword: Aeneas couch'd his spear,
Unus'd to threats, and more unus'd to fear.
Then Liger thus: "Thy confidence is vain
To scape from hence, as from the Trojan plain:
Nor these the steeds which Diomede bestrode,
Nor this the chariot where Achilles rode;
Nor Venus' veil is here, near Neptune's shield;
Thy fatal hour is come, and this the field."
Thus Liger vainly vaunts: the Trojan
Return'd his answer with his flying spear.
As Lucagus, to lash his horses, bends,
Prone to the wheels, and his left foot protends,
Prepar'd for fight; the fatal dart arrives,
And thro' the borders of his buckler drives;
Pass'd thro' and pierc'd his groin: the deadly wound,
Cast from his chariot, roll'd him on the ground.
Whom thus the chief upbraids with scornful spite:
"Blame not the slowness of your steeds in flight;
Vain shadows did not force their swift retreat;
But you yourself forsake your empty seat."
He said, and seiz'd at once the loosen'd rein;
For Liger lay already on the plain,
By the same shock: then, stretching out his hands,
The recreant thus his wretched life demands:
"Now, by thyself, O more than mortal man!
By her and him from whom thy breath began,
Who form'd thee thus divine, I beg thee, spare
This forfeit life, and hear thy suppliant's pray'r."
Thus much he spoke, and more he would have said;
But the stern hero turn'd aside his head,
And cut him short: "I hear another man;

You talk'd not thus before the fight began.
Now take your turn; and, as a brother should,
Attend your brother to the Stygian flood."
Then thro' his breast his fatal sword he sent,
And the soul issued at the gaping vent.

As storms the skies, and torrents tear the ground,
Thus rag'd the prince, and scatter'd deaths around.
At length Ascanius and the Trojan train
Broke from the camp, so long besieg'd in vain.

Meantime the King of Gods and Mortal Man
Held conference with his queen, and thus began:
"My sister goddess, and well-pleasing wife,
Still think you Venus' aid supports the strife-
Sustains her Trojans- or themselves, alone,
With inborn valor force their fortune on?
How fierce in fight, with courage undecay'd!
Judge if such warriors want immortal aid."
To whom the goddess with the charming eyes,
Soft in her tone, submissively replies:
"Why, O my sov'reign lord, whose frown I fear,
And cannot, unconcern'd, your anger bear;
Why urge you thus my grief? when, if I still
(As once I was) were mistress of your will,
From your almighty pow'r your pleasing wife
Might gain the grace of length'ning Turnus' life,
Securely snatch him from the fatal fight,
And give him to his aged father's sight.
Now let him perish, since you hold it good,
And glut the Trojans with his pious blood.
Yet from our lineage he derives his name,
And, in the fourth degree, from god Pilumnus came;
Yet he devoutly pays you rites divine,
And offers daily incense at your shrine."

Then shortly thus the sov'reign god replied:

“Since in my pow’r and goodness you confide,
If for a little space, a lengthen’d span,
You beg reprieve for this expiring man,
I grant you leave to take your Turnus hence
From instant fate, and can so far dispense.
But, if some secret meaning lies beneath,
To save the short-liv’d youth from destin’d death,
Or if a farther thought you entertain,
To change the fates; you feed your hopes in vain.”
To whom the goddess thus, with weeping eyes:
“And what if that request, your tongue denies,
Your heart should grant; and not a short reprieve,
But length of certain life, to Turnus give?
Now speedy death attends the guiltless youth,
If my presaging soul divines with truth;
Which, O! I wish, might err thro’ causeless fears,
And you (for you have pow’r) prolong his years!”

Thus having said, involv’d in clouds, she flies,
And drives a storm before her thro’ the skies.
Swift she descends, alighting on the plain,
Where the fierce foes a dubious fight maintain.
Of air condens’d a specter soon she made;
And, what Aeneas was, such seem’d the shade.
Adorn’d with Dardan arms, the phantom bore
His head aloft; a plummy crest he wore;
This hand appear’d a shining sword to wield,
And that sustain’d an imitated shield.
With manly mien he stalk’d along the ground,
Nor wanted voice belied, nor vaunting sound.
(Thus haunting ghosts appear to waking sight,
Or dreadful visions in our dreams by night.)
The specter seems the Daunian chief to dare,
And flourishes his empty sword in air.
At this, advancing, Turnus hurl’d his spear:
The phantom wheel’d, and seem’d to fly for fear.
Deluded Turnus thought the Trojan fled,

And with vain hopes his haughty fancy fed.
“Whether, O coward?” (thus he calls aloud,
Nor found he spoke to wind, and chas’d a cloud,)
“Why thus forsake your bride! Receive from me
The fated land you sought so long by sea.”
He said, and, brandishing at once his blade,
With eager pace pursued the flying shade.
By chance a ship was fasten’d to the shore,
Which from old Clusium King Osinius bore:
The plank was ready laid for safe ascent;
For shelter there the trembling shadow bent,
And skipp’t and skulk’d, and under hatches went.
Exulting Turnus, with regardless haste,
Ascends the plank, and to the galley pass’d.
Scarce had he reach’d the prow: Saturnia’s hand
The haulsers cuts, and shoots the ship from land.
With wind in poop, the vessel plows the sea,
And measures back with speed her former way.
Meantime Aeneas seeks his absent foe,
And sends his slaughter’d troops to shades below.

The guileful phantom now forsook the shroud,
And flew sublime, and vanish’d in a cloud.
Too late young Turnus the delusion found,
Far on the sea, still making from the ground.
Then, thankless for a life redeem’d by shame,
With sense of honor stung, and forfeit fame,
Fearful besides of what in fight had pass’d,
His hands and haggard eyes to heav’n he cast;
“O Jove!” he cried, “for what offense have
Deserv’d to bear this endless infamy?
Whence am I forc’d, and whether am I borne?
How, and with what reproach, shall I return?
Shall ever I behold the Latian plain,
Or see Laurentum’s lofty tow’rs again?
What will they say of their deserting chief
The war was mine: I fly from their relief;

I led to slaughter, and in slaughter leave;
And ev'n from hence their dying groans receive.
Here, overmatch'd in fight, in heaps they lie;
There, scatter'd o'er the fields, ignobly fly.
Gape wide, O earth, and draw me down alive!
Or, O ye pitying winds, a wretch relieve!
On sands or shelves the splitting vessel drive;
Or set me shipwrack'd on some desert shore,
Where no Rutulian eyes may see me more,
Unknown to friends, or foes, or conscious Fame,
Lest she should follow, and my flight proclaim."

Thus Turnus rav'd, and various fates resolv'd:
The choice was doubtful, but the death resolv'd.
And now the sword, and now the sea took place,
That to revenge, and this to purge disgrace.
Sometimes he thought to swim the stormy main,
By stretch of arms the distant shore to gain.
Thrice he the sword assay'd, and thrice the flood;
But Juno, mov'd with pity, both withstood.
And thrice repress'd his rage; strong gales supplied,
And push'd the vessel o'er the swelling tide.
At length she lands him on his native shores,
And to his father's longing arms restores.

Meantime, by Jove's impulse, Mezentius arm'd,
Succeeding Turnus, with his ardor warm'd
His fainting friends, reproach'd their shameful flight,
Repell'd the victors, and renew'd the fight.
Against their king the Tuscan troops conspire;
Such is their hate, and such their fierce desire
Of wish'd revenge: on him, and him alone,
All hands employ'd, and all their darts are thrown.
He, like a solid rock by seas inclos'd,
To raging winds and roaring waves oppos'd,
From his proud summit looking down, disdains
Their empty menace, and unmov'd remains.

Beneath his feet fell haughty Hebrus dead,
Then Latagus, and Palmus as he fled.
At Latagus a weighty stone he flung:
His face was flatted, and his helmet rung.
But Palmus from behind receives his wound;
Hamstring'd he falls, and grovels on the ground:
His crest and armor, from his body torn,
Thy shoulders, Lausus, and thy head adorn.
Evas and Mimas, both of Troy, he slew.
Mimas his birth from fair Theano drew,
Born on that fatal night, when, big with fire,
The queen produc'd young Paris to his sire:
But Paris in the Phrygian fields was slain,
Unthinking Mimas on the Latian plain.

And, as a savage boar, on mountains bred,
With forest mast and fatt'ning marshes fed,
When once he sees himself in toils inclos'd,
By huntsmen and their eager hounds oppos'd-
He whets his tusks, and turns, and dares the war;
Th' invaders dart their jav'lins from afar:
All keep aloof, and safely shout around;
But none presumes to give a nearer wound:
He frets and froths, erects his bristled hide,
And shakes a grove of lances from his side:
Not otherwise the troops, with hate inspir'd,
And just revenge against the tyrant fir'd,
Their darts with clamor at a distance drive,
And only keep the languish'd war alive.

From Coritus came Acron to the fight,
Who left his spouse betroth'd, and unconsummate night.
Mezentius sees him thro' the squadrons ride,
Proud of the purple favors of his bride.
Then, as a hungry lion, who beholds
A gamesome goat, who frisks about the folds,
Or beamy stag, that grazes on the plain-

He runs, he roars, he shakes his rising mane,
He grins, and opens wide his greedy jaws;
The prey lies panting underneath his paws:
He fills his famish'd maw; his mouth runs o'er
With unchew'd morsels, while he churns the gore:
So proud Mezentius rushes on his foes,
And first unhappy Acron overthrows:
Stretch'd at his length, he spurns the swarthy ground;
The lance, besmear'd with blood, lies broken in the wound.
Then with disdain the haughty victor view'd
Orodes flying, nor the wretch pursued,
Nor thought the dastard's back deserv'd a wound,
But, running, gain'd th' advantage of the ground:
Then turning short, he met him face to face,
To give his victor the better grace.
Orodes falls, equal fight oppress'd:
Mezentius fix'd his foot upon his breast,
And rested lance; and thus aloud he cries:
"Lo! here the champion of my rebels lies!"
The fields around with Io Paeon! ring;
And peals of shouts applaud the conqu'ring king.
At this the vanquish'd, with his dying breath,
Thus faintly spoke, and prophesied in death:
"Nor thou, proud man, unpunish'd shalt remain:
Like death attends thee on this fatal plain."
Then, sourly smiling, thus the king replied:
"For what belongs to me, let Jove provide;
But die thou first, whatever chance ensue."
He said, and from the wound the weapon drew.
A hov'ring mist came swimming o'er his sight,
And seal'd his eyes in everlasting night.

By Caedicus, Alcatous was slain;
Sacrator laid Hydaspes on the plain;
Orses the strong to greater strength must yield;
He, with Parthenius, were by Rapo kill'd.
Then brave Messapus Ericetes slew,

Who from Lycaon's blood his lineage drew.
But from his headstrong horse his fate he found,
Who threw his master, as he made a bound:
The chief, alighting, stuck him to the ground;
Then Clonius, hand to hand, on foot assails:
The Trojan sinks, and Neptune's son prevails.
Agis the Lycian, stepping forth with pride,
To single fight the boldest foe defied;
Whom Tuscan Valerus by force o'ercame,
And not belied his mighty father's fame.
Salius to death the great Antronus sent:
But the same fate the victor underwent,
Slain by Nealces' hand, well-skill'd to throw
The flying dart, and draw the far-deceiving bow.

Thus equal deaths are dealt with equal chance;
By turns they quit their ground, by turns advance:
Victors and vanquish'd, in the various field,
Nor wholly overcome, nor wholly yield.
The gods from heav'n survey the fatal strife,
And mourn the miseries of human life.
Above the rest, two goddesses appear
Concern'd for each: here Venus, Juno there.
Amidst the crowd, infernal Ate shakes
Her scourge aloft, and crest of hissing snakes.

Once more the proud Mezentius, with disdain,
Brandish'd his spear, and rush'd into the plain,
Where tow'ring in the midmost rank she stood,
Like tall Orion stalking o'er the flood.
(When with his brawny breast he cuts the waves,
His shoulders scarce the topmost billow laves),
Or like a mountain ash, whose roots are spread,
Deep fix'd in earth; in clouds he hides his head.

The Trojan prince beheld him from afar,
And dauntless undertook the doubtful war.

Collected in his strength, and like a rock,
Pois'd on his base, Mezentius stood the shock.
He stood, and, measuring first with careful eyes
The space his spear could reach, aloud he cries:
“My strong right hand, and sword, assist my stroke!
(Those only gods Mezentius will invoke.)
His armor, from the Trojan pirate torn,
By my triumphant Lausus shall be worn.”
He said; and with his utmost force he threw
The massy spear, which, hissing as it flew,
Reach'd the celestial shield, that stopp'd the course;
But, glancing thence, the yet unbroken force
Took a new bent obliquely, and betwixt
The side and bowels fam'd Anthores fix'd.
Anthores had from Argos travel'd far,
Alcides' friend, and brother of the war;
Till, tir'd with toils, fair Italy he chose,
And in Evander's palace sought repose.
Now, falling by another's wound, his eyes
He cast to heav'n, on Argos thinks, and dies.

The pious Trojan then his jav'lin sent;
The shield gave way; thro' treble plates it went
Of solid brass, of linen trebly roll'd,
And three bull hides which round the buckler fold.
All these it pass'd, resistless in the course,
Transpierc'd his thigh, and spent its dying force.
The gaping wound gush'd out a crimson flood.
The Trojan, glad with sight of hostile blood,
His faunchion drew, to closer fight address'd,
And with new force his fainting foe oppress'd.

His father's peril Lausus view'd with grief;
He sigh'd, he wept, he ran to his relief.
And here, heroic youth, 't is here I must
To thy immortal memory be just,
And sing an act so noble and so new,

Posterity will scarce believe 't is true.
Pain'd with his wound, and useless for the fight,
The father sought to save himself by flight:
Incumber'd, slow he dragg'd the spear along,
Which pierc'd his thigh, and in his buckler hung.
The pious youth, resolv'd on death, below
The lifted sword springs forth to face the foe;
Protects his parent, and prevents the blow.
Shouts of applause ran ringing thro' the field,
To see the son the vanquish'd father shield.
All, fir'd with gen'rous indignation, strive,
And with a storm of darts to distance drive
The Trojan chief, who, held at bay from far,
On his Vulcanian orb sustain'd the war.

As, when thick hail comes rattling in the wind,
The plowman, passenger, and lab'ring hind
For shelter to the neighb'ring covert fly,
Or hous'd, or safe in hollow caverns lie;
But, that o'erblown, when heav'n above 'em smiles,
Return to travel, and renew their toils:
Aeneas thus, o'erwhelmed on ev'ry side,
The storm of darts, undaunted, did abide;
And thus to Lausus loud with friendly threat'ning cried:
"Why wilt thou rush to certain death, and rage
In rash attempts, beyond thy tender age,
Betray'd by pious love?" Nor, thus forborne,
The youth desists, but with insulting scorn
Provokes the ling'ring prince, whose patience, tir'd,
Gave place; and all his breast with fury fir'd.
For now the Fates prepar'd their sharpen'd shears;
And lifted high the flaming sword appears,
Which, full descending with a frightful sway,
Thro' shield and corslet forc'd th' impetuous way,
And buried deep in his fair bosom lay.
The purple streams thro' the thin armor strove,
And drench'd th' imbroider'd coat his mother wove;

And life at length forsook his heaving heart,
Loth from so sweet a mansion to depart.

But when, with blood and paleness all o'erspread,
The pious prince beheld young Lausus dead,
He griev'd; he wept; the sight an image brought
Of his own filial love, a sadly pleasing thought:
Then stretch'd his hand to hold him up, and said:
"Poor hapless youth! what praises can be paid
To love so great, to such transcendent store
Of early worth, and sure presage of more?
Accept whate'er Aeneas can afford;
Untouch'd thy arms, untaken be thy sword;
And all that pleas'd thee living, still remain
Inviolat, and sacred to the slain.
Thy body on thy parents I bestow,
To rest thy soul, at least, if shadows know,
Or have a sense of human things below.
There to thy fellow ghosts with glory tell:
"T was by the great Aeneas hand I fell.""
With this, his distant friends he beckons near,
Provokes their duty, and prevents their fear:
Himself assists to lift him from the ground,
With clotted locks, and blood that well'd from out the wound.

Meantime, his father, now no father, stood,
And wash'd his wounds by Tiber's yellow flood:
Oppress'd with anguish, panting, and o'erspent,
His fainting limbs against an oak he leant.
A bough his brazen helmet did sustain;
His heavier arms lay scatter'd on the plain:
A chosen train of youth around him stand;
His drooping head was rested on his hand:
His grisly beard his pensive bosom sought;
And all on Lausus ran his restless thought.
Careful, concern'd his danger to prevent,
He much enquir'd, and many a message sent

To warn him from the field- alas! in vain!
Behold, his mournful followers bear him slain!
O'er his broad shield still gush'd the yawning wound,
And drew a bloody trail along the ground.
Far off he heard their cries, far off divin'd
The dire event, with a foreboding mind.
With dust he sprinkled first his hoary head;
Then both his lifted hands to heav'n he spread;
Last, the dear corpse embracing, thus he said:
"What joys, alas! could this frail being give,
That I have been so covetous to live?
To see my son, and such a son, resign
His life, a ransom for preserving mine!
And am I then preserv'd, and art thou lost?
How much too dear has that redemption cost!
'T is now my bitter banishment I feel:
This is a wound too deep for time to heal.
My guilt thy growing virtues did defame;
My blackness blotted thy unblemish'd name.
Chas'd from a throne, abandon'd, and exil'd
For foul misdeeds, were punishments too mild:
I ow'd my people these, and, from their hate,
With less resentment could have borne my fate.
And yet I live, and yet sustain the sight
Of hated men, and of more hated light:
But will not long." With that he rais'd from ground
His fainting limbs, that stagger'd with his wound;
Yet, with a mind resolv'd, and unappall'd
With pains or perils, for his courser call'd
Well-mouth'd, well-manag'd, whom himself did dress
With daily care, and mounted with success;
His aid in arms, his ornament in peace.

Soothing his courage with a gentle stroke,
The steed seem'd sensible, while thus he spoke:
"O Rhoebus, we have liv'd too long for me-
If life and long were terms that could agree!

This day thou either shalt bring back the head
And bloody trophies of the Trojan dead;
This day thou either shalt revenge my woe,
For murder'd Lausus, on his cruel foe;
Or, if inexorable fate deny
Our conquest, with thy conquer'd master die:
For, after such a lord, rest secure,
Thou wilt no foreign reins, or Trojan load endure."
He said; and straight th' officious courser kneels,
To take his wonted weight. His hands he fills
With pointed jav'ins; on his head he lac'd
His glitt'ring helm, which terribly was grac'd
With waving horsehair, nodding from afar;
Then spurr'd his thund'ring steed amidst the war.
Love, anguish, wrath, and grief, to madness wrought,
Despair, and secret shame, and conscious thought
Of inborn worth, his lab'ring soul oppress'd,
Roll'd in his eyes, and rag'd within his breast.
Then loud he call'd Aeneas thrice by name:
The loud repeated voice to glad Aeneas came.
"Great Jove," he said, "and the far-shooting god,
Inspire thy mind to make thy challenge good!"
He spoke no more; but hasten'd, void of fear,
And threaten'd with his long protended spear.

To whom Mezentius thus: "Thy vaunts are vain.
My Lausus lies extended on the plain:
He's lost! thy conquest is already won;
The wretched sire is murder'd in the son.
Nor fate I fear, but all the gods defy.
Forbear thy threats: my bus'ness is to die;
But first receive this parting legacy."
He said; and straight a whirling dart he sent;
Another after, and another went.
Round in a spacious ring he rides the field,
And vainly plies th' impenetrable shield.
Thrice rode he round; and thrice Aeneas wheel'd,

Turn'd as he turn'd: the golden orb withstood
The strokes, and bore about an iron wood.
Impatient of delay, and weary grown,
Still to defend, and to defend alone,
To wrench the darts which in his buckler light,
Urg'd and o'er-labor'd in unequal fight;
At length resolv'd, he throws with all his force
Full at the temples of the warrior horse.
Just where the stroke was aim'd, th' unerring spear
Made way, and stood transfix'd thro' either ear.
Seiz'd with unwonted pain, surpris'd with fright,
The wounded steed curvets, and, rais'd upright,
Lights on his feet before; his hoofs behind
Spring up in air aloft, and lash the wind.
Down comes the rider headlong from his height:
His horse came after with unwieldy weight,
And, flound'ring forward, pitching on his head,
His lord's incumber'd shoulder overlaid.

From either host, the mingled shouts and cries
Of Trojans and Rutulians rend the skies.
Aeneas, hast'ning, wav'd his fatal sword
High o'er his head, with this reproachful word:
"Now; where are now thy vaunts, the fierce disdain
Of proud Mezentius, and the lofty strain?"

Struggling, and wildly staring on the skies,
With scarce recover'd sight he thus replies:
"Why these insulting words, this waste of breath,
To souls undaunted, and secure of death?
'T is no dishonor for the brave to die,
Nor came I here with hope victory;
Nor ask I life, nor fought with that design:
As I had us'd my fortune, use thou thine.
My dying son contracted no such band;
The gift is hateful from his murd'rer's hand.
For this, this only favor let me sue,

If pity can to conquer'd foes be due:
Refuse it not; but let my body have
The last retreat of humankind, a grave.
Too well I know th' insulting people's hate;
Protect me from their vengeance after fate:
This refuge for my poor remains provide,
And lay my much-lov'd Lausus by my side.”
He said, and to the sword his throat applied.
The crimson stream distain'd his arms around,
And the disdainful soul came rushing thro' the wound.

BOOK XI

Scarce had the rosy Morning rais'd her head
Above the waves, and left her wat'ry bed;
The pious chief, whom double cares attend
For his unburied soldiers and his friend,
Yet first to Heav'n perform'd a victor's vows:
He bar'd an ancient oak of all her boughs;
Then on a rising ground the trunk he plac'd,
Which with the spoils of his dead foe he grac'd.
The coat of arms by proud Mezentius worn,
Now on a naked snag in triumph borne,
Was hung on high, and glitter'd from afar,
A trophy sacred to the God of War.
Above his arms, fix'd on the leafless wood,
Appear'd his plumy crest, besmear'd with blood:
His brazen buckler on the left was seen;
Truncheons of shiver'd lances hung between;
And on the right was placed his corslet, bor'd;
And to the neck was tied his unavailing sword.

A crowd of chiefs inclose the godlike man,
Who thus, conspicuous in the midst, began:
"Our toils, my friends, are crown'd with sure success;
The greater part perform'd, achieve the less.
Now follow cheerful to the trembling town;
Press but an entrance, and presume it won.
Fear is no more, for fierce Mezentius lies,
As the first fruits of war, a sacrifice.
Turnus shall fall extended on the plain,
And, in this omen, is already slain.
Prepar'd in arms, pursue your happy chance;
That none unwarn'd may plead his ignorance,
And I, at Heav'n's appointed hour, may find
Your warlike ensigns waving in the wind.
Meantime the rites and fun'ral pomps prepare,

Due to your dead companions of the war:
The last respect the living can bestow,
To shield their shadows from contempt below.
That conquer'd earth be theirs, for which they fought,
And which for us with their own blood they bought;
But first the corpse of our unhappy friend
To the sad city of Evander send,
Who, not inglorious, in his age's bloom,
Was hurried hence by too severe a doom."

Thus, weeping while he spoke, he took his way,
Where, new in death, lamented Pallas lay.
Acoetes watch'd the corpse; whose youth deserv'd
The father's trust; and now the son he serv'd
With equal faith, but less auspicious care.
Th' attendants of the slain his sorrow share.
A troop of Trojans mix'd with these appear,
And mourning matrons with dishevel'd hair.
Soon as the prince appears, they raise a cry;
All beat their breasts, and echoes rend the sky.
They rear his drooping forehead from the ground;
But, when Aeneas view'd the grisly wound
Which Pallas in his manly bosom bore,
And the fair flesh distain'd with purple gore;
First, melting into tears, the pious man
Deplor'd so sad a sight, then thus began:
"Unhappy youth! when Fortune gave the rest
Of my full wishes, she refus'd the best!
She came; but brought not thee along, to bless
My longing eyes, and share in my success:
She grudg'd thy safe return, the triumphs due
To prosp'rous valor, in the public view.
Not thus I promis'd, when thy father lent
Thy needless succor with a sad consent;
Embrac'd me, parting for th' Etrurian land,
And sent me to possess a large command.
He warn'd, and from his own experience told,

Our foes were warlike, disciplin'd, and bold.
And now perhaps, in hopes of thy return,
Rich odors on his loaded altars burn,
While we, with vain officious pomp, prepare
To send him back his portion of the war,
A bloody breathless body, which can owe
No farther debt, but to the pow'rs below.
The wretched father, ere his race is run,
Shall view the fun'ral honors of his son.
These are my triumphs of the Latian war,
Fruits of my plighted faith and boasted care!
And yet, unhappy sire, thou shalt not see
A son whose death disgrac'd his ancestry;
Thou shalt not blush, old man, however griev'd:
Thy Pallas no dishonest wound receiv'd.
He died no death to make thee wish, too late,
Thou hadst not liv'd to see his shameful fate:
But what a champion has th' Ausonian coast,
And what a friend hast thou, Ascanius, lost!"

Thus having mourn'd, he gave the word around,
To raise the breathless body from the ground;
And chose a thousand horse, the flow'r of all
His warlike troops, to wait the funeral,
To bear him back and share Evander's grief:
A well-becoming, but a weak relief.
Of oaken twigs they twist an easy bier,
Then on their shoulders the sad burden rear.
The body on this rural hearse is borne:
Strew'd leaves and funeral greens the bier adorn.
All pale he lies, and looks a lovely flow'r,
New cropp'd by virgin hands, to dress the bow'r:
Unfaded yet, but yet unfed below,
No more to mother earth or the green stern shall owe.
Then two fair vests, of wondrous work and cost,
Of purple woven, and with gold emboss'd,
For ornament the Trojan hero brought,

Which with her hands Sidonian Dido wrought.
One vest array'd the corpse; and one they spread
O'er his clos'd eyes, and wrapp'd around his head,
That, when the yellow hair in flame should fall,
The catching fire might burn the golden caul.
Besides, the spoils of foes in battle slain,
When he descended on the Latian plain;
Arms, trappings, horses, by the hearse are led
In long array- th' achievements of the dead.
Then, pinion'd with their hands behind, appear
Th' unhappy captives, marching in the rear,
Appointed off'rings in the victor's name,
To sprinkle with their blood the fun'ral flame.
Inferior trophies by the chiefs are borne;
Gauntlets and helms their loaded hands adorn;
And fair inscriptions fix'd, and titles read
Of Latian leaders conquer'd by the dead.

Acoetes on his pupil's corpse attends,
With feeble steps, supported by his friends.
Pausing at ev'ry pace, in sorrow drown'd,
Betwixt their arms he sinks upon the ground;
Where grov'ling while he lies in deep despair,
He beats his breast, and rends his hoary hair.
The champion's chariot next is seen to roll,
Besmear'd with hostile blood, and honorably foul.
To close the pomp, Aethon, the steed of state,
Is led, the fun'ral of his lord to wait.
Stripp'd of his trappings, with a sullen pace
He walks; and the big tears run rolling down his face.
The lance of Pallas, and the crimson crest,
Are borne behind: the victor seiz'd the rest.
The march begins: the trumpets hoarsely sound;
The pikes and lances trail along the ground.
Thus while the Trojan and Arcadian horse
To Pallantean tow'rs direct their course,
In long procession rank'd, the pious chief

Stopp'd in the rear, and gave a vent to grief:
"The public care," he said, "which war attends,
Diverts our present woes, at least suspends.
Peace with the manes of great Pallas dwell!
Hail, holy relics! and a last farewell!"
He said no more, but, inly thro' he mourn'd,
Restrained his tears, and to the camp return'd.

Now suppliants, from Laurentum sent, demand
A truce, with olive branches in their hand;
Obtest his clemency, and from the plain
Beg leave to draw the bodies of their slain.
They plead, that none those common rites deny
To conquer'd foes that in fair battle die.
All cause of hate was ended in their death;
Nor could he war with bodies void of breath.
A king, they hop'd, would hear a king's request,
Whose son he once was call'd, and once his guest.

Their suit, which was too just to be denied,
The hero grants, and farther thus replied:
"O Latian princes, how severe a fate
In causeless quarrels has involv'd your state,
And arm'd against an unoffending man,
Who sought your friendship ere the war began!
You beg a truce, which I would gladly give,
Not only for the slain, but those who live.
I came not hither but by Heav'n's command,
And sent by fate to share the Latian land.
Nor wage I wars unjust: your king denied
My proffer'd friendship, and my promis'd bride;
Left me for Turnus. Turnus then should try
His cause in arms, to conquer or to die.
My right and his are in dispute: the slain
Fell without fault, our quarrel to maintain.
In equal arms let us alone contend;
And let him vanquish, whom his fates befriend.

This is the way (so tell him) to possess
The royal virgin, and restore the peace.
Bear this message back, with ample leave,
That your slain friends may fun'ral rites receive."

Thus having said- th' ambassadors, amaz'd,
Stood mute a while, and on each other gaz'd.
Drances, their chief, who harbor'd in his breast
Long hate to Turnus, as his foe profess'd,
Broke silence first, and to the godlike man,
With graceful action bowing, thus began:
"Auspicious prince, in arms a mighty name,
But yet whose actions far transcend your fame;
Would I your justice or your force express,
Thought can but equal; and all words are less.
Your answer we shall thankfully relate,
And favors granted to the Latian state.
If wish'd success our labor shall attend,
Think peace concluded, and the king your friend:
Let Turnus leave the realm to your command,
And seek alliance in some other land:
Build you the city which your fates assign;
We shall be proud in the great work to join."

Thus Drances; and his words so well persuade
The rest impower'd, that soon a truce is made.
Twelve days the term allow'd: and, during those,
Latians and Trojans, now no longer foes,
Mix'd in the woods, for fun'ral piles prepare
To fell the timber, and forget the war.
Loud axes thro' the groaning groves resound;
Oak, mountain ash, and poplar spread the ground;
First fall from high; and some the trunks receive
In loaden wains; with wedges some they cleave.

And now the fatal news by Fame is blown
Thro' the short circuit of th' Arcadian town,

Of Pallas slain- by Fame, which just before
His triumphs on distended pinions bore.
Rushing from out the gate, the people stand,
Each with a fun'ral flambeau in his hand.
Wildly they stare, distracted with amaze:
The fields are lighten'd with a fiery blaze,
That cast a sullen splendor on their friends,
The marching troop which their dead prince attends.
Both parties meet: they raise a doleful cry;
The matrons from the walls with shrieks reply,
And their mix'd mourning rends the vaulted sky.
The town is fill'd with tumult and with tears,
Till the loud clamors reach Evander's ears:
Forgetful of his state, he runs along,
With a disorder'd pace, and cleaves the throng;
Falls on the corpse; and groaning there he lies,
With silent grief, that speaks but at his eyes.
Short sighs and sobs succeed; till sorrow breaks
A passage, and at once he weeps and speaks:

“O Pallas! thou hast fail'd thy plighted word,
To fight with caution, not to tempt the sword!
I warn'd thee, but in vain; for well I knew
What perils youthful ardor would pursue,
That boiling blood would carry thee too far,
Young as thou wert in dangers, raw to war!
O curst essay of arms, disastrous doom,
Prelude of bloody fields, and fights to come!
Hard elements of unauspicious war,
Vain vows to Heav'n, and unavailing care!
Thrice happy thou, dear partner of my bed,
Whose holy soul the stroke of Fortune fled,
Praescious of ills, and leaving me behind,
To drink the dregs of life by fate assign'd!
Beyond the goal of nature I have gone:
My Pallas late set out, but reach'd too soon.
If, for my league against th' Ausonian state,

Amidst their weapons I had found my fate,
(Deserv'd from them,) then I had been return'd
A breathless victor, and my son had mourn'd.
Yet will I not my Trojan friend upbraid,
Nor grudge th' alliance I so gladly made.
'T was not his fault, my Pallas fell so young,
But my own crime, for having liv'd too long.
Yet, since the gods had destin'd him to die,
At least he led the way to victory:
First for his friends he won the fatal shore,
And sent whole herds of slaughter'd foes before;
A death too great, too glorious to deplore.
Nor will I add new honors to thy grave,
Content with those the Trojan hero gave:
That funeral pomp thy Phrygian friends design'd,
In which the Tuscan chiefs and army join'd.
Great spoils and trophies, gain'd by thee, they bear:
Then let thy own achievements be thy share.
Even thou, O Turnus, hadst a trophy stood,
Whose mighty trunk had better grac'd the wood,
If Pallas had arriv'd, with equal length
Of years, to match thy bulk with equal strength.
But why, unhappy man, dost thou detain
These troops, to view the tears thou shedd'st in vain?
Go, friends, this message to your lord relate:
Tell him, that, if I bear my bitter fate,
And, after Pallas' death, live ling'ring on,
'T is to behold his vengeance for my son.
I stay for Turnus, whose devoted head
Is owing to the living and the dead.
My son and I expect it from his hand;
'T is all that he can give, or we demand.
Joy is no more; but I would gladly go,
To greet my Pallas with such news below."

The morn had now dispell'd the shades of night,
Restoring toils, when she restor'd the light.

The Trojan king and Tuscan chief command
To raise the piles along the winding strand.
Their friends convey the dead fun'ral fires;
Black smold'ring smoke from the green wood expires;
The light of heav'n is chok'd, and the new day retires.
Then thrice around the kindled piles they go
(For ancient custom had ordain'd it so)
Thrice horse and foot about the fires are led;
And thrice, with loud laments, they hail the dead.
Tears, trickling down their breasts, bedew the ground,
And drums and trumpets mix their mournful sound.
Amid the blaze, their pious brethren throw
The spoils, in battle taken from the foe:
Helms, bits emboss'd, and swords of shining steel;
One casts a target, one a chariot wheel;
Some to their fellows their own arms restore:
The fauchions which in luckless fight they bore,
Their bucklers pierc'd, their darts bestow'd in vain,
And shiver'd lances gather'd from the plain.
Whole herds of offer'd bulls, about the fire,
And bristled boars, and woolly sheep expire.
Around the piles a careful troop attends,
To watch the wasting flames, and weep their burning friends;
Ling'ring along the shore, till dewy night
New decks the face of heav'n with starry light.

The conquer'd Latians, with like pious care,
Piles without number for their dead prepare.
Part in the places where they fell are laid;
And part are to the neighb'ring fields convey'd.
The corps of kings, and captains of renown,
Borne off in state, are buried in the town;
The rest, unhonor'd, and without a name,
Are cast a common heap to feed the flame.
Trojans and Latians vie with like desires
To make the field of battle shine with fires,
And the promiscuous blaze to heav'n aspires.

Now had the morning thrice renew'd the light,
And thrice dispell'd the shadows of the night,
When those who round the wasted fires remain,
Perform the last sad office to the slain.
They rake the yet warm ashes from below;
These, and the bones unburn'd, in earth bestow;
These relics with their country rites they grace,
And raise a mount of turf to mark the place.

But, in the palace of the king, appears
A scene more solemn, and a pomp of tears.
Maids, matrons, widows, mix their common moans;
Orphans their sires, and sires lament their sons.
All in that universal sorrow share,
And curse the cause of this unhappy war:
A broken league, a bride unjustly sought,
A crown usurp'd, which with their blood is bought!
These are the crimes with which they load the name
Of Turnus, and on him alone exclaim:
"Let him who lords it o'er th' Ausonian land
Engage the Trojan hero hand to hand:
His is the gain; our lot is but to serve;
'T is just, the sway he seeks, he should deserve."
This Drances aggravates; and adds, with spite:
"His foe expects, and dares him to the fight."
Nor Turnus wants a party, to support
His cause and credit in the Latian court.
His former acts secure his present fame,
And the queen shades him with her mighty name.

While thus their factious minds with fury burn,
The legates from th' Aetolian prince return:
Sad news they bring, that, after all the cost
And care employ'd, their embassy is lost;
That Diomedes refus'd his aid in war,
Unmov'd with presents, and as deaf to pray'r.
Some new alliance must elsewhere be sought,

Or peace with Troy on hard conditions bought.

Latinus, sunk in sorrow, finds too late,
A foreign son is pointed out by fate;
And, till Aeneas shall Lavinia wed,
The wrath of Heav'n is hov'ring o'er his head.
The gods, he saw, espous'd the juster side,
When late their titles in the field were tried:
Witness the fresh laments, and fun'ral tears undried.
Thus, full of anxious thought, he summons all
The Latian senate to the council hall.
The princes come, commanded by their head,
And crowd the paths that to the palace lead.
Supreme in pow'r, and reverenc'd for his years,
He takes the throne, and in the midst appears.
Majestically sad, he sits in state,
And bids his envoys their success relate.

When Venulus began, the murmuring sound
Was hush'd, and sacred silence reign'd around.
“We have,” said he, “perform'd your high command,
And pass'd with peril a long tract of land:
We reach'd the place desir'd; with wonder fill'd,
The Grecian tents and rising tow'rs beheld.
Great Diomede has compass'd round with walls
The city, which Argyripa he calls,
From his own Argos nam'd. We touch'd, with joy,
The royal hand that raz'd unhappy Troy.
When introduc'd, our presents first we bring,
Then crave an instant audience from the king.
His leave obtain'd, our native soil we name,
And tell th' important cause for which we came.
Attentively he heard us, while we spoke;
Then, with soft accents, and a pleasing look,
Made this return: ‘Ausonian race, of old
Renown'd for peace, and for an age of gold,
What madness has your alter'd minds possess'd,

To change for war hereditary rest,
Solicit arms unknown, and tempt the sword,
A needless ill your ancestors abhorr'd?
We- for myself I speak, and all the name
Of Grecians, who to Troy's destruction came,
Omitting those who were in battle slain,
Or borne by rolling Simois to the main-
Not one but suffer'd, and too dearly bought
The prize of honor which in arms he sought;
Some doom'd to death, and some in exile driv'n.
Outcasts, abandon'd by the care of Heav'n;
So worn, so wretched, so despis'd a crew,
As ev'n old Priam might with pity view.
Witness the vessels by Minerva toss'd
In storms; the vengeful Capharean coast;
Th' Euboean rocks! the prince, whose brother led
Our armies to revenge his injur'd bed,
In Egypt lost! Ulysses with his men
Have seen Charybdis and the Cyclops' den.
Why should I name Idomeneus, in vain
Restor'd to scepters, and expell'd again?
Or young Achilles, by his rival slain?
Ev'n he, the King of Men, the foremost name
Of all the Greeks, and most renown'd by fame,
The proud revenger of another's wife,
Yet by his own adult'ress lost his life;
Fell at his threshold; and the spoils of Troy
The foul polluters of his bed enjoy.
The gods have envied me the sweets of life,
My much lov'd country, and my more lov'd wife:
Banish'd from both, I mourn; while in the sky,
Transform'd to birds, my lost companions fly:
Hov'ring about the coasts, they make their moan,
And cuff the cliffs with pinions not their own.
What squalid specters, in the dead of night,
Break my short sleep, and skim before my sight!
I might have promis'd to myself those harms,

Mad as I was, when I, with mortal arms,
Presum'd against immortal pow'rs to move,
And violate with wounds the Queen of Love.
Such arms this hand shall never more employ;
No hate remains with me to ruin'd Troy.
I war not with its dust; nor am I glad
To think of past events, or good or bad.
Your presents I return: whate'er you bring
To buy my friendship, send the Trojan king.
We met in fight; I know him, to my cost:
With what a whirling force his lance he toss'd!
Heav'ns! what a spring was in his arm, to throw!
How high he held his shield, and rose at ev'ry blow!
Had Troy produc'd two more his match in might,
They would have chang'd the fortune of the fight:
Th' invasion of the Greeks had been return'd,
Our empire wasted, and our cities burn'd.
The long defense the Trojan people made,
The war protracted, and the siege delay'd,
Were due to Hector's and this hero's hand:
Both brave alike, and equal in command;
Aeneas, not inferior in the field,
In pious reverence to the gods excell'd.
Make peace, ye Latians, and avoid with care
Th' impending dangers of a fatal war.'
He said no more; but, with this cold excuse,
Refus'd th' alliance, and advis'd a truce."

Thus Venulus concluded his report.
A jarring murmur fill'd the factious court:
As, when a torrent rolls with rapid force,
And dashes o'er the stones that stop the course,
The flood, constrain'd within a scanty space,
Roars horrible along th' uneasy race;
White foam in gath'ring eddies floats around;
The rocky shores rebellow to the sound.

The murmur ceas'd: then from his lofty throne
The king invok'd the gods, and thus begun:
"I wish, ye Latins, what we now debate
Had been resolv'd before it was too late.
Much better had it been for you and me,
Unforc'd by this our last necessity,
To have been earlier wise, than now to call
A council, when the foe surrounds the wall.
O citizens, we wage unequal war,
With men not only Heav'n's peculiar care,
But Heav'n's own race; unconquer'd in the field,
Or, conquer'd, yet unknowing how to yield.
What hopes you had in Diomedes, lay down:
Our hopes must center on ourselves alone.
Yet those how feeble, and, indeed, how vain,
You see too well; nor need my words explain.
Vanquish'd without resource; laid flat by fate;
Factions within, a foe without the gate!
Not but I grant that all perform'd their parts
With manly force, and with undaunted hearts:
With our united strength the war we wag'd;
With equal numbers, equal arms, engag'd.
You see th' event.- Now hear what I propose,
To save our friends, and satisfy our foes.
A tract of land the Latins have possess'd
Along the Tiber, stretching to the west,
Which now Rutulians and Auruncans till,
And their mix'd cattle graze the fruitful hill.
Those mountains fill'd with firs, that lower land,
If you consent, the Trojan shall command,
Call'd into part of what is ours; and there,
On terms agreed, the common country share.
There let'em build and settle, if they please;
Unless they choose once more to cross the seas,
In search of seats remote from Italy,
And from unwelcome inmates set us free.
Then twice ten galleys let us build with speed,

Or twice as many more, if more they need.
Materials are at hand; a well-grown wood
Runs equal with the margin of the flood:
Let them the number and the form assign;
The care and cost of all the stores be mine.
To treat the peace, a hundred senators
Shall be commission'd hence with ample pow'rs,
With olive the presents they shall bear,
A purple robe, a royal iv'ry chair,
And all the marks of sway that Latian monarchs wear,
And sums of gold. Among yourselves debate
This great affair, and save the sinking state."

Then Drances took the word, who grudg'd, long since,
The rising glories of the Daunian prince.
Factious and rich, bold at the council board,
But cautious in the field, he shunn'd the sword;
A close caballer, and tongue-valiant lord.
Noble his mother was, and near the throne;
But, what his father's parentage, unknown.
He rose, and took th' advantage of the times,
To load young Turnus with invidious crimes.
"Such truths, O king," said he, "your words contain,
As strike the sense, and all replies are vain;
Nor are your loyal subjects now to seek
What common needs require, but fear to speak.
Let him give leave of speech, that haughty man,
Whose pride this un auspicious war began;
For whose ambition (let me dare to say,
Fear set apart, tho' death is in my way)
The plains of Latium run with blood around.
So many valiant heroes bite the ground;
Dejected grief in ev'ry face appears;
A town in mourning, and a land in tears;
While he, th' undoubted author of our harms,
The man who menaces the gods with arms,
Yet, after all his boasts, forsook the fight,

And sought his safety in ignoble flight.
Now, best of kings, since you propose to send
Such bounteous presents to your Trojan friend;
Add yet a greater at our joint request,
One which he values more than all the rest:
Give him the fair Lavinia for his bride;
With that alliance let the league be tied,
And for the bleeding land a lasting peace provide.
Let insolence no longer awe the throne;
But, with a father's right, bestow your own.
For this maligner of the general good,
If still we fear his force, he must be woo'd;
His haughty godhead we with pray'rs implore,
Your scepter to release, and our just rights restore.
O cursed cause of all our ills, must we
Wage wars unjust, and fall in fight, for thee!
What right hast thou to rule the Latian state,
And send us out to meet our certain fate?
'T is a destructive war: from Turnus' hand
Our peace and public safety we demand.
Let the fair bride to the brave chief remain;
If not, the peace, without the pledge, is vain.
Turnus, I know you think me not your friend,
Nor will I much with your belief contend:
I beg your greatness not to give the law
In others' realms, but, beaten, to withdraw.
Pity your own, or pity our estate;
Nor twist our fortunes with your sinking fate.
Your interest is, the war should never cease;
But we have felt enough to wish the peace:
A land exhausted to the last remains,
Depopulated towns, and driven plains.
Yet, if desire of fame, and thirst of pow'r,
A beauteous princess, with a crown in dow'r,
So fire your mind, in arms assert your right,
And meet your foe, who dares you to the fight.
Mankind, it seems, is made for you alone;

We, but the slaves who mount you to the throne:
A base ignoble crowd, without a name,
Unwept, unworthy, of the fun'ral flame,
By duty bound to forfeit each his life,
That Turnus may possess a royal wife.
Permit not, mighty man, so mean a crew
Should share such triumphs, and detain from you
The post of honor, your undoubted due.
Rather alone your matchless force employ,
To merit what alone you must enjoy."

These words, so full of malice mix'd with art,
Inflam'd with rage the youthful hero's heart.
Then, groaning from the bottom of his breast,
He heav'd for wind, and thus his wrath express'd:
"You, Drances, never want a stream of words,
Then, when the public need requires our swords.
First in the council hall to steer the state,
And ever foremost in a tongue-debate,
While our strong walls secure us from the foe,
Ere yet with blood our ditches overflow:
But let the potent orator declaim,
And with the brand of coward blot my name;
Free leave is giv'n him, when his fatal hand
Has cover'd with more corps the sanguine strand,
And high as mine his tow'ring trophies stand.
If any doubt remains, who dares the most,
Let us decide it at the Trojan's cost,
And issue both abreast, where honor calls-
Foes are not far to seek without the walls-
Unless his noisy tongue can only fight,
And feet were giv'n him but to speed his flight.
I beaten from the field? I forc'd away?
Who, but so known a dastard, dares to say?
Had he but ev'n beheld the fight, his eyes
Had witness'd for me what his tongue denies:
What heaps of Trojans by this hand were slain,

And how the bloody Tiber swell'd the main.
All saw, but he, th' Arcadian troops retire
In scatter'd squadrons, and their prince expire.
The giant brothers, in their camp, have found,
I was not forc'd with ease to quit my ground.
Not such the Trojans tried me, when, inclos'd,
I singly their united arms oppos'd:
First forc'd an entrance thro' their thick array;
Then, glutted with their slaughter, freed my way.
'T is a destructive war? So let it be,
But to the Phrygian pirate, and to thee!
Meantime proceed to fill the people's ears
With false reports, their minds with panic fears:
Extol the strength of a twice-conquer'd race;
Our foes encourage, and our friends debase.
Believe thy fables, and the Trojan town
Triumphant stands; the Grecians are o'erthrown;
Suppliant at Hector's feet Achilles lies,
And Diomede from fierce Aeneas flies.
Say rapid Aufidus with awful dread
Runs backward from the sea, and hides his head,
When the great Trojan on his bank appears;
For that's as true as thy dissembled fears
Of my revenge. Dismiss that vanity:
Thou, Drances, art below a death from me.
Let that vile soul in that vile body rest;
The lodging is well worthy of the guest.

"Now, royal father, to the present state
Of our affairs, and of this high debate:
If in your arms thus early you diffide,
And think your fortune is already tried;
If one defeat has brought us down so low,
As never more in fields to meet the foe;
Then I conclude for peace: 't is time to treat,
And lie like vassals at the victor's feet.
But, O! if any ancient blood remains,

One drop of all our fathers', in our veins,
That man would I prefer before the rest,
Who dar'd his death with an undaunted breast;
Who comely fell, by no dishonest wound,
To shun that sight, and, dying, gnaw'd the ground.
But, if we still have fresh recruits in store,
If our confederates can afford us more;
If the contended field we bravely fought,
And not a bloodless victory was bought;
Their losses equal'd ours; and, for their slain,
With equal fires they fill'd the shining plain;
Why thus, unforc'd, should we so tamely yield,
And, ere the trumpet sounds, resign the field?
Good unexpected, evils unforeseen,
Appear by turns, as fortune shifts the scene:
Some, rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain;
Then fall so hard, they bound and rise again.
If Diomede refuse his aid to lend,
The great Messapus yet remains our friend:
Tolumnius, who foretells events, is ours;
Th' Italian chiefs and princes join their pow'rs:
Nor least in number, nor in name the last,
Your own brave subjects have your cause embrac'd
Above the rest, the Volscian Amazon
Contains an army in herself alone,
And heads a squadron, terrible to sight,
With glitt'ring shields, in brazen armor bright.
Yet, if the foe a single fight demand,
And I alone the public peace withstand;
If you consent, he shall not be refus'd,
Nor find a hand to victory unus'd.
This new Achilles, let him take the field,
With fated armor, and Vulcanian shield!
For you, my royal father, and my fame,
I, Turnus, not the least of all my name,
Devote my soul. He calls me hand to hand,
And I alone will answer his demand.

Drances shall rest secure, and neither share
The danger, nor divide the prize of war.”

While they debate, nor these nor those will yield,
Aeneas draws his forces to the field,
And moves his camp. The scouts with flying speed
Return, and thro’ the frighted city spread
Th’ unpleasing news, the Trojans are descried,
In battle marching by the river side,
And bending to the town. They take th’ alarm:
Some tremble, some are bold; all in confusion arm.
Th’ impetuous youth press forward to the field;
They clash the sword, and clatter on the shield:
The fearful matrons raise a screaming cry;
Old feeble men with fainter groans reply;
A jarring sound results, and mingles in the sky,
Like that of swans remurm’ring to the floods,
Or birds of diff’ring kinds in hollow woods.

Turnus th’ occasion takes, and cries aloud:
“Talk on, ye quaint haranguers of the crowd:
Declaim in praise of peace, when danger calls,
And the fierce foes in arms approach the walls.”
He said, and, turning short, with speedy pace,
Casts back a scornful glance, and quits the place:
“Thou, Volusus, the Volscian troops command
To mount; and lead thyself our Ardean band.
Messapus and Catillus, post your force
Along the fields, to charge the Trojan horse.
Some guard the passes, others man the wall;
Drawn up in arms, the rest attend my call.”

They swarm from ev’ry quarter of the town,
And with disorder’d haste the rampires crown.
Good old Latinus, when he saw, too late,
The gath’ring storm just breaking on the state,
Dismiss’d the council till a fitter time,

And own'd his easy temper as his crime,
Who, forc'd against his reason, had complied
To break the treaty for the promis'd bride.

Some help to sink new trenches; others aid
To ram the stones, or raise the palisade.
Hoarse trumpets sound th' alarm; around the walls
Runs a distracted crew, whom their last labor calls.
A sad procession in the streets is seen,
Of matrons, that attend the mother queen:
High in her chair she sits, and, at her side,
With downcast eyes, appears the fatal bride.
They mount the cliff, where Pallas' temple stands;
Pray'rs in their mouths, and presents in their hands,
With censers first they fume the sacred shrine,
Then in this common supplication join:
"O patroness of arms, unspotted maid,
Propitious hear, and lend thy Latins aid!
Break short the pirate's lance; pronounce his fate,
And lay the Phrygian low before the gate."

Now Turnus arms for fight. His back and breast
Well-temper'd steel and scaly brass invest:
The cuishes which his brawny thighs infold
Are mingled metal damask'd o'er with gold.
His faithful fauchion sits upon his side;
Nor casque, nor crest, his manly features hide:
But, bare to view, amid surrounding friends,
With godlike grace, he from the tow'r descends.
Exulting in his strength, he seems to dare
His absent rival, and to promise war.
Freed from his keepers, thus, with broken reins,
The wanton courser prances o'er the plains,
Or in the pride of youth o'erleaps the mounds,
And snuffs the females in forbidden grounds.
Or seeks his wat'ring in the well-known flood,
To quench his thirst, and cool his fiery blood:

He swims luxuriant in the liquid plain,
And o'er his shoulder flows his waving mane:
He neighs, he snorts, he bears his head on high;
Before his ample chest the frothy waters fly.

Soon as the prince appears without the gate,
The Volscians, with their virgin leader, wait
His last commands. Then, with a graceful mien,
Lights from her lofty steed the warrior queen:
Her squadron imitates, and each descends;
Whose common suit Camilla thus commends:
"If sense of honor, if a soul secure
Of inborn worth, that can all tests endure,
Can promise aught, or on itself rely
Greatly to dare, to conquer or to die;
Then, I alone, sustain'd by these, will meet
The Tyrrhene troops, and promise their defeat.
Ours be the danger, ours the sole renown:
You, gen'ral, stay behind, and guard the town:"

Turnus a while stood mute, with glad surprise,
And on the fierce virago fix'd his eyes;
Then thus return'd: "O grace of Italy,
With what becoming thanks can I reply?
Not only words lie lab'ring in my breast,
But thought itself is by thy praise oppress'd.
Yet rob me not of all; but let me join
My toils, my hazard, and my fame, with thine.
The Trojan, not in stratagem unskill'd,
Sends his light horse before to scour the field:
Himself, thro' steep ascents and thorny brakes,
A larger compass to the city takes.
This news my scouts confirm, and I prepare
To foil his cunning, and his force to dare;
With chosen foot his passage to forelay,
And place an ambush in the winding way.
Thou, with thy Volscians, face the Tuscan horse;

The brave Messapus shall thy troops inforce
With those of Tibur, and the Latian band,
Subjected all to thy supreme command.”
This said, he warns Messapus to the war,
Then ev’ry chief exhorts with equal care.
All thus encourag’d, his own troops he joins,
And hastes to prosecute his deep designs.

Inclos’d with hills, a winding valley lies,
By nature form’d for fraud, and fitted for surprise.
A narrow track, by human steps untrod,
Leads, thro’ perplexing thorns, to this obscure abode.
High o’er the vale a steepy mountain stands,
Whence the surveying sight the nether ground commands.
The top is level, an offensive seat
Of war; and from the war a safe retreat:
For, on the right and left, is room to press
The foes at hand, or from afar distress;
To drive ’em headlong downward, and to pour
On their descending backs a stony show’r.
Thither young Turnus took the well-known way,
Possess’d the pass, and in blind ambush lay.

Meantime Latonian Phoebe, from the skies,
Beheld th’ approaching war with hateful eyes,
And call’d the light-foot Opis to her aid,
Her most belov’d and ever-trusty maid;
Then with a sigh began: “Camilla goes
To meet her death amidst her fatal foes:
The nymphs I lov’d of all my mortal train,
Invested with Diana’s arms, in vain.
Nor is my kindness for the virgin new:
’T was born with her; and with her years it grew.
Her father Metabus, when forc’d away
From old Privernum, for tyrannic sway,
Snatch’d up, and sav’d from his prevailing foes,
This tender babe, companion of his woes.

Casmilla was her mother; but he drown'd
One hissing letter in a softer sound,
And call'd Camilla. Thro' the woods he flies;
Wrapp'd in his robe the royal infant lies.
His foes in sight, he mends his weary pace;
With shout and clamors they pursue the chase.
The banks of Amasene at length he gains:

The raging flood his farther flight restrains,
Rais'd o'er the borders with unusual rains.
Prepar'd to plunge into the stream, he fears,
Not for himself, but for the charge he bears.
Anxious, he stops a while, and thinks in haste;
Then, desp'rate in distress, resolves at last.
A knotty lance of well-boil'd oak he bore;
The middle part with cork he cover'd o'er:
He clos'd the child within the hollow space;
With twigs of bending osier bound the case;
Then pois'd the spear, heavy with human weight,
And thus invoc'd my favor for the freight:
'Accept, great goddess of the woods,' he said,
'Sent by her sire, this dedicated maid!
Thro' air she flies a suppliant to thy shrine;
And the first weapons that she knows, are thine.'
He said; and with full force the spear he threw:
Above the sounding waves Camilla flew.
Then, press'd by foes, he stemm'd the stormy tide,
And gain'd, by stress of arms, the farther side.
His fasten'd spear he pull'd from out the ground,
And, victor of his vows, his infant nymph unbound;
Nor, after that, in towns which walls inclose,
Would trust his hunted life amidst his foes;
But, rough, in open air he chose to lie;
Earth was his couch, his cov'ring was the sky.
On hills unshorn, or in a desert den,
He shunn'd the dire society of men.
A shepherd's solitary life he led;

His daughter with the milk of mares he fed.
The dugs of bears, and ev'ry salvage beast,
He drew, and thro' her lips the liquor press'd.
The little Amazon could scarcely go:
He loads her with a quiver and a bow;
And, that she might her stagg'ring steps command,
He with a slender jav'lin fills her hand.
Her flowing hair no golden fillet bound;
Nor swept her trailing robe the dusty ground.
Instead of these, a tiger's hide o'erspread
Her back and shoulders, fasten'd to her head.
The flying dart she first attempts to fling,
And round her tender temples toss'd the sling;
Then, as her strength with years increas'd, began
To pierce aloft in air the soaring swan,
And from the clouds to fetch the heron and the crane.
The Tuscan matrons with each other vied,
To bless their rival sons with such a bride;
But she disdains their love, to share with me
The sylvan shades and vow'd virginity.
And, O! I wish, contented with my cares
Of salvage spoils, she had not sought the wars!
Then had she been of my celestial train,
And shunn'd the fate that dooms her to be slain.
But since, opposing Heav'n's decree, she goes
To find her death among forbidden foes,
Haste with these arms, and take thy steepy flight.
Where, with the gods, averse, the Latins fight.
This bow to thee, this quiver I bequeath,
This chosen arrow, to revenge her death:
By whate'er hand Camilla shall be slain,
Or of the Trojan or Italian train,
Let him not pass unpunish'd from the plain.
Then, in a hollow cloud, myself will aid
To bear the breathless body of my maid:
Unspoil'd shall be her arms, and unprofan'd
Her holy limbs with any human hand,

And in a marble tomb laid in her native land.”

She said. The faithful nymph descends from high
With rapid flight, and cuts the sounding sky:
Black clouds and stormy winds around her body fly.

By this, the Trojan and the Tuscan horse,
Drawn up in squadrons, with united force,
Approach the walls: the sprightly coursers bound,
Press forward on their bits, and shift their ground.
Shields, arms, and spears flash horribly from far;
And the fields glitter with a waving war.
Oppos'd to these, come on with furious force
Messapus, Coras, and the Latian horse;
These in the body plac'd, on either hand
Sustain'd and clos'd by fair Camilla's band.
Advancing in a line, they couch their spears;
And less and less the middle space appears.
Thick smoke obscures the field; and scarce are seen
The neighing coursers, and the shouting men.
In distance of their darts they stop their course;
Then man to man they rush, and horse to horse.
The face of heav'n their flying jav'lines hide,
And deaths unseen are dealt on either side.
Tyrrenus, and Aconteus, void of fear,
By mettled coursers borne in full career,
Meet first oppos'd; and, with a mighty shock,
Their horses' heads against each other knock.
Far from his steed is fierce Aconteus cast,
As with an engine's force, or lightning's blast:
He rolls along in blood, and breathes his last.
The Latin squadrons take a sudden fright,
And sling their shields behind, to save their backs in flight
Spurring at speed to their own walls they drew;
Close in the rear the Tuscan troops pursue,
And urge their flight: Asylas leads the chase;
Till, seiz'd, with shame, they wheel about and face,

Receive their foes, and raise a threat'ning cry.
The Tuscans take their turn to fear and fly.
So swelling surges, with a thund'ring roar,
Driv'n on each other's backs, insult the shore,
Bound o'er the rocks, incroach upon the land,
And far upon the beach eject the sand;
Then backward, with a swing, they take their way,
Repuls'd from upper ground, and seek their mother sea;
With equal hurry quit th' invaded shore,
And swallow back the sand and stones they spew'd before.

Twice were the Tuscans masters of the field,
Twice by the Latins, in their turn, repell'd.
Asham'd at length, to the third charge they ran;
Both hosts resolv'd, and mingled man to man.
Now dying groans are heard; the fields are strow'd
With falling bodies, and are drunk with blood.
Arms, horses, men, on heaps together lie:
Confus'd the fight, and more confus'd the cry.
Orsilochus, who durst not press too near
Strong Remulus, at distance drove his spear,
And stuck the steel beneath his horse's ear.
The fiery steed, impatient of the wound,
Curvets, and, springing upward with a bound,
His helpless lord cast backward on the ground.
Catillus pierc'd Iolas first; then drew
His reeking lance, and at Herminius threw,
The mighty champion of the Tuscan crew.
His neck and throat unarm'd, his head was bare,
But shaded with a length of yellow hair:
Secure, he fought, expos'd on ev'ry part,
A spacious mark for swords, and for the flying dart.
Across the shoulders came the feather'd wound;
Transfix'd he fell, and doubled to the ground.
The sands with streaming blood are sanguine dyed,
And death with honor sought on either side.

Resistless thro' the war Camilla rode,
In danger unappall'd, and pleas'd with blood.
One side was bare for her exerted breast;
One shoulder with her painted quiver press'd.
Now from afar her fatal jav'lin's play;
Now with her ax's edge she hews her way:
Diana's arms upon her shoulder sound;
And when, too closely press'd, she quits the ground,
From her bent bow she sends a backward wound.
Her maids, in martial pomp, on either side,
Larina, Tulla, fierce Tarpeia, ride:
Italians all; in peace, their queen's delight;
In war, the bold companions of the fight.
So march'd the Tracian Amazons of old,
When Thermodon with bloody billows roll'd:
Such troops as these in shining arms were seen,
When Theseus met in fight their maiden queen:
Such to the field Penthisilea led,
From the fierce virgin when the Grecians fled;
With such, return'd triumphant from the war,
Her maids with cries attend the lofty car;
They clash with manly force their moony shields;
With female shouts resound the Phrygian fields.

Who foremost, and who last, heroic maid,
On the cold earth were by thy courage laid?
Thy spear, of mountain ash, Eumenius first,
With fury driv'n, from side to side transpierc'd:
A purple stream came spouting from the wound;
Bath'd in his blood he lies, and bites the ground.
Liris and Pegasus at once she slew:
The former, as the slacken'd reins he drew
Of his faint steed; the latter, as he stretch'd
His arm to prop his friend, the jav'lin reach'd.
By the same weapon, sent from the same hand,
Both fall together, and both spurn the sand.
Amastrus next is added to the slain:

The rest in rout she follows o'er the plain:
Tereus, Harpalycus, Demophoon,
And Chromis, at full speed her fury shun.
Of all her deadly darts, not one she lost;
Each was attended with a Trojan ghost.
Young Ornithus bestrode a hunter steed,
Swift for the chase, and of Apulian breed.
Him from afar she spied, in arms unknown:
O'er his broad back an ox's hide was thrown;
His helm a wolf, whose gaping jaws were spread
A cov'ring for his cheeks, and grinn'd around his head,
He clench'd within his hand an iron prong,
And tower'd above the rest, conspicuous in the throng.
Him soon she singled from the flying train,
And slew with ease; then thus insults the slain:
"Vain hunter, didst thou think thro' woods to chase
The savage herd, a vile and trembling race?
Here cease thy vaunts, and own my victory:
A woman warrior was too strong for thee.
Yet, if the ghosts demand the conqu'ror's name,
Confessing great Camilla, save thy shame."
Then Butes and Orsilochus she slew,
The bulkiest bodies of the Trojan crew;
But Butes breast to breast: the spear descends
Above the gorget, where his helmet ends,
And o'er the shield which his left side defends.
Orsilochus and she their courses ply:
He seems to follow, and she seems to fly;
But in a narrower ring she makes the race;
And then he flies, and she pursues the chase.
Gath'ring at length on her deluded foe,
She swings her ax, and rises to the blow
Full on the helm behind, with such a sway
The weapon falls, the riven steel gives way:
He groans, he roars, he sues in vain for grace;
Brains, mingled with his blood, besmear his face.

Astonish'd Aunus just arrives by chance,
To see his fall; nor farther dares advance;
But, fixing on the horrid maid his eye,
He stares, and shakes, and finds it vain to fly;
Yet, like a true Ligurian, born to cheat,
(At least while fortune favor'd his deceit,)
Cries out aloud: "What courage have you shown,
Who trust your courser's strength, and not your own?
Forego the vantage of your horse, alight,
And then on equal terms begin the fight:
It shall be seen, weak woman, what you can,
When, foot to foot, you combat with a man,"
He said. She glows with anger and disdain,
Dismounts with speed to dare him on the plain,
And leaves her horse at large among her train;
With her drawn sword defies him to the field,
And, marching, lifts aloft her maiden shield.
The youth, who thought his cunning did succeed,
Reins round his horse, and urges all his speed;
Adds the remembrance of the spur, and hides
The goring rowels in his bleeding sides.
"Vain fool, and coward!" cries the lofty maid,
"Caught in the train which thou thyself hast laid!
On others practice thy Ligurian arts;
Thin stratagems and tricks of little hearts
Are lost on me: nor shalt thou safe retire,
With vaunting lies, to thy fallacious sire."
At this, so fast her flying feet she sped,
That soon she strain'd beyond his horse's head:
Then turning short, at once she seiz'd the rein,
And laid the boaster grov'ling on the plain.
Not with more ease the falcon, from above,
Trusses in middle air the trembling dove,
Then plumes the prey, in her strong pounces bound:
The feathers, foul with blood, come tumbling to the ground.

Now mighty Jove, from his superior height,

With his broad eye surveys th' unequal fight.
He fires the breast of Tarchon with disdain,
And sends him to redeem th' abandon'd plain.
Betwixt the broken ranks the Tuscan rides,
And these encourages, and those he chides;
Recalls each leader, by his name, from flight;
Renews their ardor, and restores the fight.
"What panic fear has seiz'd your souls? O shame,
O brand perpetual of th' Etrurian name!
Cowards incurable, a woman's hand
Drives, breaks, and scatters your ignoble band!
Now cast away the sword, and quit the shield!
What use of weapons which you dare not wield?
Not thus you fly your female foes by night,
Nor shun the feast, when the full bowls invite;
When to fat off' rings the glad augur calls,
And the shrill hornpipe sounds to bacchanals.
These are your studied cares, your lewd delight:
Swift to debauch, but slow to manly fight."
Thus having said, he spurs amid the foes,
Not managing the life he meant to lose.
The first he found he seiz'd with headlong haste,
In his strong gripe, and clasp'd around the waist;
'T was Venulus, whom from his horse he tore,
And, laid athwart his own, in triumph bore.
Loud shouts ensue; the Latins turn their eyes,
And view th' unusual sight with vast surprise.
The fiery Tarchon, flying o'er the plains,
Press'd in his arms the pond'rous prey sustains;
Then, with his shorten'd spear, explores around
His jointed arms, to fix a deadly wound.
Nor less the captive struggles for his life:
He writhes his body to prolong the strife,
And, fencing for his naked throat, exerts
His utmost vigor, and the point averts.
So stoops the yellow eagle from on high,
And bears a speckled serpent thro' the sky,

Fast'ning his crooked talons on the prey:
The pris'ner hisses thro' the liquid way;
Resists the royal hawk; and, tho' oppress'd,
She fights in volumes, and erects her crest:
Turn'd to her foe, she stiffens ev'ry scale,
And shoots her forky tongue, and whisks her threat'ning tail.
Against the victor, all defense is weak:
Th' imperial bird still plies her with his beak;
He tears her bowels, and her breast he gores;
Then claps his pinions, and securely soars.
Thus, thro' the midst of circling enemies,
Strong Tarchon snatch'd and bore away his prize.
The Tyrrhene troops, that shrunk before, now press
The Latins, and presume the like success.

Then Aruns, doom'd to death, his arts assay'd,
To murder, unespied, the Volscian maid:
This way and that his winding course he bends,
And, whereso'er she turns, her steps attends.
When she retires victorious from the chase,
He wheels about with care, and shifts his place;
When, rushing on, she seeks her foes flight,
He keeps aloof, but keeps her still in sight:
He threatens, and trembles, trying ev'ry way,
Unseen to kill, and safely to betray.
Chloereus, the priest of Cybele, from far,
Glitt'ring in Phrygian arms amidst the war,
Was by the virgin view'd. The steed he press'd
Was proud with trappings, and his brawny chest
With scales of gilded brass was cover'd o'er;
A robe of Tyrian dye the rider wore.
With deadly wounds he gall'd the distant foe;
Gnossian his shafts, and Lycian was his bow:
A golden helm his front and head surrounds
A gilded quiver from his shoulder sounds.
Gold, weav'd with linen, on his thighs he wore,
With flowers of needlework distinguish'd o'er,

With golden buckles bound, and gather'd up before.
Him the fierce maid beheld with ardent eyes,
Fond and ambitious of so rich a prize,
Or that the temple might his trophies hold,
Or else to shine herself in Trojan gold.
Blind in her haste, she chases him alone.
And seeks his life, regardless of her own.

This lucky moment the sly traitor chose:
Then, starting from his ambush, up he rose,
And threw, but first to Heav'n address'd his vows:
"O patron of Socrates' high abodes,
Phoebus, the ruling pow'r among the gods,
Whom first we serve, whole woods of unctuous pine
Are fell'd for thee, and to thy glory shine;
By thee protected with our naked soles,
Thro' flames unsing'd we march, and tread the kindled coals
Give me, propitious pow'r, to wash away
The stains of this dishonorable day:
Nor spoils, nor triumph, from the fact I claim,
But with my future actions trust my fame.
Let me, by stealth, this female plague o'ercome,
And from the field return inglorious home."
Apollo heard, and, granting half his pray'r,
Shuffled in winds the rest, and toss'd in empty air.
He gives the death desir'd; his safe return
By southern tempests to the seas is borne.

Now, when the jav'lin whizz'd along the skies,
Both armies on Camilla turn'd their eyes,
Directed by the sound. Of either host,
Th' unhappy virgin, tho' concern'd the most,
Was only deaf; so greedy was she bent
On golden spoils, and on her prey intent;
Till in her pap the winged weapon stood
Infix'd, and deeply drunk the purple blood.
Her sad attendants hasten to sustain

Their dying lady, drooping on the plain.
Far from their sight the trembling Aruns flies,
With beating heart, and fear confus'd with joys;
Nor dares he farther to pursue his blow,
Or ev'n to bear the sight of his expiring foe.
As, when the wolf has torn a bullock's hide
At unawares, or ranch'd a shepherd's side,
Conscious of his audacious deed, he flies,
And claps his quiv'ring tail between his thighs:
So, speeding once, the wretch no more attends,
But, spurring forward, herds among his friends.

She wrench'd the jav'lin with her dying hands,
But wedg'd within her breast the weapon stands;
The wood she draws, the steely point remains;
She staggers in her seat with agonizing pains:
(A gath'ring mist o'erclouds her cheerful eyes,
And from her cheeks the rosy color flies:)
Then turns to her, whom of her female train
She trusted most, and thus she speaks with pain:
"Acca, 't is past! he swims before my sight,
Inexorable Death; and claims his right.
Bear my last words to Turnus; fly with speed,
And bid him timely to my charge succeed,
Repel the Trojans, and the town relieve:
Farewell! and in this kiss my parting breath receive."
She said, and, sliding, sunk upon the plain:
Dying, her open'd hand forsakes the rein;
Short, and more short, she pants; by slow degrees
Her mind the passage from her body frees.
She drops her sword; she nods her plummy crest,
Her drooping head declining on her breast:
In the last sigh her struggling soul expires,
And, murm'ring with disdain, to Stygian sounds retires.

A shout, that struck the golden stars, ensued;
Despair and rage the languish'd fight renew'd.

The Trojan troops and Tuscans, in a line,
Advance to charge; the mix'd Arcadians join.

But Cynthia's maid, high seated, from afar
Surveys the field, and fortune of the war,
Unmov'd a while, till, prostrate on the plain,
Welt'ring in blood, she sees Camilla slain,
And, round her corpse, of friends and foes a fighting train.
Then, from the bottom of her breast, she drew
A mournful sigh, and these sad words ensue:
"Too dear a fine, ah much lamented maid,
For warring with the Trojans, thou hast paid!
Nor aught avail'd, in this unhappy strife,
Diana's sacred arms, to save thy life.
Yet unreveng'd thy goddess will not leave
Her vot'ry's death, nor; with vain sorrow grieve.
Branded the wretch, and be his name abhorr'd;
But after ages shall thy praise record.
Th' inglorious coward soon shall press the plain:
Thus vows thy queen, and thus the Fates ordain."

High o'er the field there stood a hilly mound,
Sacred the place, and spread with oaks around,
Where, in a marble tomb, Dercennus lay,
A king that once in Latium bore the sway.
The beauteous Opis thither bent her flight,
To mark the traitor Aruns from the height.
Him in refulgent arms she soon espied,
Swoln with success; and loudly thus she cried:
"Thy backward steps, vain boaster, are too late;
Turn like a man, at length, and meet thy fate.
Charg'd with my message, to Camilla go,
And say I sent thee to the shades below,
An honor undeserv'd from Cynthia's bow."

She said, and from her quiver chose with speed
The winged shaft, predestin'd for the deed;

Then to the stubborn yew her strength applied,
Till the far distant horns approach'd on either side.
The bowstring touch'd her breast, so strong she drew;
Whizzing in air the fatal arrow flew.
At once the twanging bow and sounding dart
The traitor heard, and felt the point within his heart.
Him, beating with his heels in pangs of death,
His flying friends to foreign fields bequeath.
The conqu'ring damsel, with expanded wings,
The welcome message to her mistress brings.

Their leader lost, the Volscians quit the field,
And, unsustain'd, the chiefs of Turnus yield.
The frightened soldiers, when their captains fly,
More on their speed than on their strength rely.
Confus'd in flight, they bear each other down,
And spur their horses headlong to the town.
Driv'n by their foes, and to their fears resign'd,
Not once they turn, but take their wounds behind.
These drop the shield, and those the lance forego,
Or on their shoulders bear the slacken'd bow.
The hoofs of horses, with a rattling sound,
Beat short and thick, and shake the rotten ground.
Black clouds of dust come rolling in the sky,
And o'er the darken'd walls and rampires fly.
The trembling matrons, from their lofty stands,
Rend heav'n with female shrieks, and wring their hands.
All pressing on, pursuers and pursued,
Are crush'd in crowds, a mingled multitude.
Some happy few escape: the throng too late
Rush on for entrance, till they choke the gate.
Ev'n in the sight of home, the wretched sire
Looks on, and sees his helpless son expire.
Then, in a fright, the folding gates they close,
But leave their friends excluded with their foes.
The vanquish'd cry; the victors loudly shout;
'T is terror all within, and slaughter all without.

Blind in their fear, they bounce against the wall,
Or, to the moats pursued, precipitate their fall.

The Latian virgins, valiant with despair,
Arm'd on the tow'rs, the common danger share:
So much of zeal their country's cause inspir'd;
So much Camilla's great example fir'd.
Poles, sharpen'd in the flames, from high they throw,
With imitated darts, to gall the foe.
Their lives for godlike freedom they bequeath,
And crowd each other to be first in death.
Meantime to Turnus, ambush'd in the shade,
With heavy tidings came th' unhappy maid:
"The Volscians overthrown, Camilla kill'd;
The foes, entirely masters of the field,
Like a resistless flood, come rolling on:
The cry goes off the plain, and thickens to the town."

Inflam'd with rage, (for so the Furies fire
The Daunian's breast, and so the Fates require,)
He leaves the hilly pass, the woods in vain
Possess'd, and downward issues on the plain.
Scarce was he gone, when to the straits, now freed
From secret foes, the Trojan troops succeed.
Thro' the black forest and the ferny brake,
Unknowingly secure, their way they take;
From the rough mountains to the plain descend,
And there, in order drawn, their line extend.
Both armies now in open fields are seen;
Nor far the distance of the space between.
Both to the city bend. Aeneas sees,
Thro' smoking fields, his hast'ning enemies;
And Turnus views the Trojans in array,
And hears th' approaching horses proudly neigh.
Soon had their hosts in bloody battle join'd;
But westward to the sea the sun declin'd.
Intrench'd before the town both armies lie,

While Night with sable wings involves the sky.

BOOK XII

When Turnus saw the Latins leave the field,
Their armies broken, and their courage quell'd,
Himself become the mark of public spite,
His honor question'd for the promis'd fight;
The more he was with vulgar hate oppress'd,
The more his fury boil'd within his breast:
He rous'd his vigor for the last debate,
And rais'd his haughty soul to meet his fate.

As, when the swains the Libyan lion chase,
He makes a sour retreat, nor mends his pace;
But, if the pointed jav'lin pierce his side,
The lordly beast returns with double pride:
He wrenches out the steel, he roars for pain;
His sides he lashes, and erects his mane:
So Turnus fares; his eyeballs flash with fire,
Thro' his wide nostrils clouds of smoke expire.

Trembling with rage, around the court he ran,
At length approach'd the king, and thus began:
"No more excuses or delays: I stand
In arms prepar'd to combat, hand to hand,
This base deserter of his native land.
The Trojan, by his word, is bound to take
The same conditions which himself did make.
Renew the truce; the solemn rites prepare,
And to my single virtue trust the war.
The Latians unconcern'd shall see the fight;
This arm unaided shall assert your right:
Then, if my prostrate body press the plain,
To him the crown and beauteous bride remain."

To whom the king sedately thus replied:
"Brave youth, the more your valor has been tried,

The more becomes it us, with due respect,
To weigh the chance of war, which you neglect.
You want not wealth, or a successive throne,
Or cities which your arms have made your own:
My towns and treasures are at your command,
And stor'd with blooming beauties is my land;
Laurentum more than one Lavinia sees,
Unmarried, fair, of noble families.
Now let me speak, and you with patience hear,
Things which perhaps may grate a lover's ear,
But sound advice, proceeding from a heart
Sincerely yours, and free from fraudulent art.
The gods, by signs, have manifestly shown,
No prince Italian born should heir my throne:
Oft have our augurs, in prediction skill'd,
And oft our priests, foreign son reveal'd.
Yet, won by worth that cannot be withstood,
Brib'd by my kindness to my kindred blood,
Urg'd by my wife, who would not be denied,
I promis'd my Lavinia for your bride:
Her from her plighted lord by force I took;
All ties of treaties, and of honor, broke:
On your account I wag'd an impious war-
With what success, 't is needless to declare;
I and my subjects feel, and you have had your share.
Twice vanquish'd while in bloody fields we strive,
Scarce in our walls we keep our hopes alive:
The rolling flood runs warm with human gore;
The bones of Latians blanch the neighb'ring shore.
Why put I not an end to this debate,
Still unresolv'd, and still a slave to fate?
If Turnus' death a lasting peace can give,
Why should I not procure it whilst you live?
Should I to doubtful arms your youth betray,
What would my kinsmen the Rutulians say?
And, should you fall in fight, (which Heav'n defend!)
How curse the cause which hasten'd to his end

The daughter's lover and the father's friend?
Weigh in your mind the various chance of war;
Pity your parent's age, and ease his care."

Such balmy words he pour'd, but all in vain:
The proffer'd med'cine but provok'd the pain.
The wrathful youth, disdainng the relief,
With intermitting sobs thus vents his grief:
"The care, O best of fathers, which you take
For my concerns, at my desire forsake.
Permit me not to languish out my days,
But make the best exchange of life for praise.
This arm, this lance, can well dispute the prize;
And the blood follows, where the weapon flies.
His goddess mother is not near, to shroud
The flying coward with an empty cloud."

But now the queen, who fear'd for Turnus' life,
And loath'd the hard conditions of the strife,
Held him by force; and, dying in his death,
In these sad accents gave her sorrow breath:
"O Turnus, I adjure thee by these tears,
And whate'er price Amata's honor bears
Within thy breast, since thou art all my hope,
My sickly mind's repose, my sinking age's prop;
Since on the safety of thy life alone
Depends Latinus, and the Latian throne:
Refuse me not this one, this only pray'r,
To waive the combat, and pursue the war.
Whatever chance attends this fatal strife,
Think it includes, in thine, Amata's life.
I cannot live a slave, or see my throne
Usurp'd by strangers or a Trojan son."

At this, a flood of tears Lavinia shed;
A crimson blush her beauteous face o'erspread,
Varying her cheeks by turns with white and red.

The driving colors, never at a stay,
Run here and there, and flush, and fade away.
Delightful change! Thus Indian iv'ry shows,
Which with the bord'ring paint of purple glows;
Or lilies damask'd by the neighb'ring rose.

The lover gaz'd, and, burning with desire,
The more he look'd, the more he fed the fire:
Revenge, and jealous rage, and secret spite,
Roll in his breast, and rouse him to the fight.
Then fixing on the queen his ardent eyes,
Firm to his first intent, he thus replies:
"O mother, do not by your tears prepare
Such boding omens, and prejudge the war.
Resolv'd on fight, I am no longer free
To shun my death, if Heav'n my death decree."
Then turning to the herald, thus pursues:
"Go, greet the Trojan with ungrateful news;
Denounce from me, that, when to-morrow's light
Shall gild the heav'ns, he need not urge the fight;
The Trojan and Rutulian troops no more
Shall dye, with mutual blood, the Latian shore:
Our single swords the quarrel shall decide,
And to the victor be the beauteous bride."

He said, and striding on, with speedy pace,
He sought his coursers of the Thracian race.
At his approach they toss their heads on high,
And, proudly neighing, promise victory.
The sires of these Orythia sent from far,
To grace Pilumnus, when he went to war.
The drifts of Thracian snows were scarce so white,
Nor northern winds in fleetness match'd their flight.
Officious grooms stand ready by his side;
And some with combs their flowing manes divide,
And others stroke their chests and gently soothe their pride.

He sheath'd his limbs in arms; a temper'd mass
Of golden metal those, and mountain brass.
Then to his head his glitt'ring helm he tied,
And girt his faithful fauchion to his side.
In his Aetnaean forge, the God of Fire
That fauchion labor'd for the hero's sire;
Immortal keenness on the blade bestow'd,
And plung'd it hissing in the Stygian flood.
Propp'd on a pillar, which the ceiling bore,
Was plac'd the lance Auruncan Actor wore;
Which with such force he brandish'd in his hand,
The tough ash trembled like an osier wand:
Then cried: "O pond'rous spoil of Actor slain,
And never yet by Turnus toss'd in vain,
Fail not this day thy wonted force; but go,
Sent by this hand, to pierce the Trojan foe!
Give me to tear his corslet from his breast,
And from that eunuch head to rend the crest;
Dragg'd in the dust, his frizzled hair to soil,
Hot from the vexing ir'n, and smear'd with fragrant oil!"

Thus while he raves, from his wide nostrils flies
A fiery steam, and sparkles from his eyes.
So fares the bull in his lov'd female's sight:
Proudly he bellows, and preludes the fight;
He tries his goring horns against a tree,
And meditates his absent enemy;
He pushes at the winds; he digs the strand
With his black hoofs, and spurns the yellow sand.

Nor less the Trojan, in his Lemnian arms,
To future fight his manly courage warms:
He whets his fury, and with joy prepares
To terminate at once the ling'ring wars;
To cheer his chiefs and tender son, relates
What Heav'n had promis'd, and expounds the fates.
Then to the Latian king he sends, to cease

The rage of arms, and ratify the peace.

The morn ensuing, from the mountain's height,
Had scarcely spread the skies with rosy light;
Th' ethereal coursers, bounding from the sea,
From out their flaming nostrils breath'd the day;
When now the Trojan and Rutulian guard,
In friendly labor join'd, the list prepar'd.
Beneath the walls they measure out the space;
Then sacred altars rear, on sods of grass,
Where, with religious their common gods they place.
In purest white the priests their heads attire;
And living waters bear, and holy fire;
And, o'er their linen hoods and shaded hair,
Long twisted wreaths of sacred veryain wear.

In order issuing from the town appears
The Latin legion, arm'd with pointed spears;
And from the fields, advancing on a line,
The Trojan and the Tuscan forces join:
Their various arms afford a pleasing sight;
A peaceful train they seem, in peace prepar'd for fight.
Betwixt the ranks the proud commanders ride,
Glitt'ring with gold, and vests in purple dyed;
Here Mnestheus, author of the Memmian line,
And there Messapus, born of seed divine.
The sign is giv'n; and, round the listed space,
Each man in order fills his proper place.
Reclining on their ample shields, they stand,
And fix their pointed lances in the sand.
Now, studious of the sight, a num'rous throng
Of either sex promiscuous, old and young,
Swarm the town: by those who rest behind,
The gates and walls and houses' tops are lin'd.
Meantime the Queen of Heav'n beheld the sight,
With eyes unpleas'd, from Mount Albano's height
(Since call'd Albano by succeeding fame,

But then an empty hill, without a name).
She thence survey'd the field, the Trojan pow'rs,
The Latian squadrons, and Laurentine tow'rs.
Then thus the goddess of the skies bespoke,
With sighs and tears, the goddess of the lake,
King Turnus' sister, once a lovely maid,
Ere to the lust of lawless Jove betray'd:
Compress'd by force, but, by the grateful god,
Now made the Nais of the neighb'ring flood.
"O nymph, the pride of living lakes," said she,
"O most renown'd, and most belov'd by me,
Long hast thou known, nor need I to record,
The wanton sallies of my wand'ring lord.
Of ev'ry Latian fair whom Jove misled
To mount by stealth my violated bed,
To thee alone I grudg'd not his embrace,
But gave a part of heav'n, and an unenvied place.
Now learn from me thy near approaching grief,
Nor think my wishes want to thy relief.
While fortune favor'd, nor Heav'n's King denied
To lend my succor to the Latian side,
I sav'd thy brother, and the sinking state:
But now he struggles with unequal fate,
And goes, with gods averse, o'ermatch'd in might,
To meet inevitable death in fight;
Nor must I break the truce, nor can sustain the sight.
Thou, if thou dar'st thy present aid supply;
It well becomes a sister's care to try."

At this the lovely nymph, with grief oppress'd,
Thrice tore her hair, and beat her comely breast.
To whom Saturnia thus: "Thy tears are late:
Haste, snatch him, if he can be snatch'd from fate:
New tumults kindle; violate the truce:
Who knows what changeful fortune may produce?
'T is not a crime t' attempt what I decree;
Or, if it were, discharge the crime on me."

She said, and, sailing on the winged wind,
Left the sad nymph suspended in her mind.

And now pomp the peaceful kings appear:
Four steeds the chariot of Latinus bear;
Twelve golden beams around his temples play,
To mark his lineage from the God of Day.
Two snowy coursers Turnus' chariot yoke,
And in his hand two massy spears he shook:
Then issued from the camp, in arms divine,
Aeneas, author of the Roman line;
And by his side Ascanius took his place,
The second hope of Rome's immortal race.
Adorn'd in white, a rev'rend priest appears,
And off' rings to the flaming altars bears;
A porket, and a lamb that never suffer'd shears.
Then to the rising sun he turns his eyes,
And strews the beasts, design'd for sacrifice,
With salt and meal: with like officious care
He marks their foreheads, and he clips their hair.
Betwixt their horns the purple wine he sheds;
With the same gen'rous juice the flame he feeds.

Aeneas then unsheath'd his shining sword,
And thus with pious pray'rs the gods ador'd:
"All-seeing sun, and thou, Ausonian soil,
For which I have sustain'd so long a toil,
Thou, King of Heav'n, and thou, the Queen of Air,
Propitious now, and reconcil'd by pray'r;
Thou, God of War, whose unresisted sway
The labors and events of arms obey;
Ye living fountains, and ye running floods,
All pow'rs of ocean, all ethereal gods,
Hear, and bear record: if I fall in field,
Or, recreant in the fight, to Turnus yield,
My Trojans shall encrease Evander's town;
Ascanius shall renounce th' Ausonian crown:

All claims, all questions of debate, shall cease;
Nor he, nor they, with force infringe the peace.
But, if my juster arms prevail in fight,
(As sure they shall, if I divine aright,)
My Trojans shall not o'er th' Italians reign:
Both equal, both unconquer'd shall remain,
Join'd in their laws, their lands, and their abodes;
I ask but altars for my weary gods.
The care of those religious rites be mine;
The crown to King Latinus I resign:
His be the sov'reign sway. Nor will I share
His pow'r in peace, or his command in war.
For me, my friends another town shall frame,
And bless the rising tow'rs with fair Lavinia's name."

Thus he. Then, with erected eyes and hands,
The Latian king before his altar stands.
"By the same heav'n," said he, "and earth, and main,
And all the pow'rs that all the three contain;
By hell below, and by that upper god
Whose thunder signs the peace, who seals it with his nod;
So let Latona's double offspring hear,
And double-fronted Janus, what I swear:
I touch the sacred altars, touch the flames,
And all those pow'rs attest, and all their names;
Whatever chance befall on either side,
No term of time this union shall divide:
No force, no fortune, shall my vows unbind,
Or shake the steadfast tenor of my mind;
Not tho' the circling seas should break their bound,
O'erflow the shores, or sap the solid ground;
Not tho' the lamps of heav'n their spheres forsake,
Hurl'd down, and hissing in the nether lake:
Ev'n as this royal scepter" (for he bore
A scepter in his hand) "shall never more
Shoot out in branches, or renew the birth:
An orphan now, cut from the mother earth

By the keen ax, dishonor'd of its hair,
And cas'd in brass, for Latian kings to bear."

When thus in public view the peace was tied
With solemn vows, and sworn on either side,
All dues perform'd which holy rites require;
The victim beasts are slain before the fire,
The trembling entrails from their bodies torn,
And to the fatten'd flames in chargers borne.

Already the Rutulians deem their man
O'ermatch'd in arms, before the fight began.
First rising fears are whisper'd thro' the crowd;
Then, gath'ring sound, they murmur more aloud.
Now, side to side, they measure with their eyes
The champions' bulk, their sinews, and their size:
The nearer they approach, the more is known
Th' apparent disadvantage of their own.
Turnus himself appears in public sight
Conscious of fate, desponding of the fight.
Slowly he moves, and at his altar stands
With eyes dejected, and with trembling hands;
And, while he mutters undistinguish'd pray'rs,
A livid deadness in his cheeks appears.

With anxious pleasure when Juturna view'd
Th' increasing fright of the mad multitude,
When their short sighs and thick'ning sobs she heard,
And found their ready minds for change prepar'd;
Dissembling her immortal form, she took
Camertus' mien, his habit, and his look;
A chief of ancient blood; in arms well known
Was his great sire, and he his greater son.
His shape assum'd, amid the ranks she ran,
And humoring their first motions, thus began:
"For shame, Rutulians, can you bear the sight
Of one expos'd for all, in single fight?

Can we, before the face of heav'n, confess
Our courage colder, or our numbers less?
View all the Trojan host, th' Arcadian band,
And Tuscan army; count 'em as they stand:
Undaunted to the battle if we go,
Scarce ev'ry second man will share a foe.
Turnus, 't is true, in this unequal strife,
Shall lose, with honor, his devoted life,
Or change it rather for immortal fame,
Succeeding to the gods, from whence he came:
But you, a servile and inglorious band,
For foreign lords shall sow your native land,
Those fruitful fields your fighting fathers gain'd,
Which have so long their lazy sons sustain'd."'
With words like these, she carried her design:
A rising murmur runs along the line.
Then ev'n the city troops, and Latians, tir'd
With tedious war, seem with new souls inspir'd:
Their champion's fate with pity they lament,
And of the league, so lately sworn, repent.

Nor fails the goddess to foment the rage
With lying wonders, and a false presage;
But adds a sign, which, present to their eyes,
Inspires new courage, and a glad surprise.
For, sudden, in the fiery tracts above,
Appears in pomp th' imperial bird of Jove:
A plump of fowl he spies, that swim the lakes,
And o'er their heads his sounding pinions shakes;
Then, stooping on the fairest of the train,
In his strong talons truss'd a silver swan.
Th' Italians wonder at th' unusual sight;
But, while he lags, and labors in his flight,
Behold, the dastard fowl return anew,
And with united force the foe pursue:
Clam'rous around the royal hawk they fly,
And, thick'ning in a cloud, o'ershade the sky.

They cuff, they scratch, they cross his airy course;
Nor can th' incumber'd bird sustain their force;
But vex'd, not vanquish'd, drops the pond'rous prey,
And, lighten'd of his burthen, wings his way.

Th' Ausonian bands with shouts salute the sight,
Eager of action, and demand the fight.
Then King Tolumnius, vers'd in augurs' arts,
Cries out, and thus his boasted skill imparts:
"At length 't is granted, what I long desir'd!
This, this is what my frequent vows requir'd.
Ye gods, I take your omen, and obey.
Advance, my friends, and charge! I lead the way.
These are the foreign foes, whose impious band,
Like that rapacious bird, infest our land:
But soon, like him, they shall be forc'd to sea
By strength united, and forego the prey.
Your timely succor to your country bring,
Haste to the rescue, and redeem your king."

He said; and, pressing onward thro' the crew,
Pois'd in his lifted arm, his lance he threw.
The winged weapon, whistling in the wind,
Came driving on, nor miss'd the mark design'd.
At once the cornel rattled in the skies;
At once tumultuous shouts and clamors rise.
Nine brothers in a goodly band there stood,
Born of Arcadian mix'd with Tuscan blood,
Gylippus' sons: the fatal jav'lin flew,
Aim'd at the midmost of the friendly crew.
A passage thro' the jointed arms it found,
Just where the belt was to the body bound,
And struck the gentle youth extended on the ground.
Then, fir'd with pious rage, the gen'rous train
Run madly forward to revenge the slain.
And some with eager haste their jav'lins throw;
And some with sword in hand assault the foe.

The wish'd insult the Latine troops embrace,
And meet their ardor in the middle space.
The Trojans, Tuscans, and Arcadian line,
With equal courage obviate their design.
Peace leaves the violated fields, and hate
Both armies urges to their mutual fate.
With impious haste their altars are o'return'd,
The sacrifice half-broil'd, and half-unburn'd.
Thick storms of steel from either army fly,
And clouds of clashing darts obscure the sky;
Brands from the fire are missive weapons made,
With chargers, bowls, and all the priestly trade.
Latinus, frighted, hastens from the fray,
And bears his unregarded gods away.
These on their horses vault; those yoke the car;
The rest, with swords on high, run headlong to the war.

Messapus, eager to confound the peace,
Spurr'd his hot courser thro' the fighting prease,
At King Aulestes, by his purple known
A Tuscan prince, and by his regal crown;
And, with a shock encount'ring, bore him down.
Backward he fell; and, as his fate design'd,
The ruins of an altar were behind:
There, pitching on his shoulders and his head,
Amid the scatt'ring fires he lay supinely spread.
The beamy spear, descending from above,
His cuirass pierc'd, and thro' his body drove.
Then, with a scornful smile, the victor cries:
"The gods have found a fitter sacrifice."
Greedy of spoils, th' Italians strip the dead
Of his rich armor, and uncrown his head.

Priest Corynaeus, arm'd his better hand,
From his own altar, with a blazing brand;
And, as Ebusus with a thund'ring pace
Advanc'd to battle, dash'd it on his face:

His bristly beard shines out with sudden fires;
The crackling crop a noisome scent expires.
Following the blow, he seiz'd his curling crown
With his left hand; his other cast him down.
The prostrate body with his knees he press'd,
And plung'd his holy poniard in his breast.

While Podalirius, with his sword, pursued
The shepherd Alsus thro' the flying crowd,
Swiftly he turns, and aims a deadly blow
Full on the front of his unwary foe.
The broad ax enters with a crashing sound,
And cleaves the chin with one continued wound;
Warm blood, and mingled brains, besmear his arms around
An iron sleep his stupid eyes oppress'd,
And seal'd their heavy lids in endless rest.

But good Aeneas rush'd amid the bands;
Bare was his head, and naked were his hands,
In sign of truce: then thus he cries aloud:
"What sudden rage, what new desire of blood,
Inflames your alter'd minds? O Trojans, cease
From impious arms, nor violate the peace!
By human sanctions, and by laws divine,
The terms are all agreed; the war is mine.
Dismiss your fears, and let the fight ensue;
This hand alone shall right the gods and you:
Our injur'd altars, and their broken vow,
To this avenging sword the faithless Turnus owe."

Thus while he spoke, unmindful of defense,
A winged arrow struck the pious prince.
But, whether from some human hand it came,
Or hostile god, is left unknown by fame:
No human hand or hostile god was found,
To boast the triumph of so base a wound.

When Turnus saw the Trojan quit the plain,
His chiefs dismay'd, his troops a fainting train,
Th' unhop'd event his heighten'd soul inspires:
At once his arms and coursers he requires;
Then, with a leap, his lofty chariot gains,
And with a ready hand assumes the reins.
He drives impetuous, and, where'er he goes,
He leaves behind a lane of slaughter'd foes.
These his lance reaches; over those he rolls
His rapid car, and crushes out their souls:
In vain the vanquish'd fly; the victor sends
The dead men's weapons at their living friends.
Thus, on the banks of Hebrus' freezing flood,
The God of Battles, in his angry mood,
Clashing his sword against his brazen shield,
Let loose the reins, and scours along the field:
Before the wind his fiery coursers fly;
Groans the sad earth, resounds the rattling sky.
Wrath, Terror, Treason, Tumult, and Despair
(Dire faces, and deform'd) surround the car;
Friends of the god, and followers of the war.
With fury not unlike, nor less disdain,
Exulting Turnus flies along the plain:
His smoking horses, at their utmost speed,
He lashes on, and urges o'er the dead.
Their fetlocks run with blood; and, when they bound,
The gore and gath'ring dust are dash'd around.
Thamyris and Pholus, masters of the war,
He kill'd at hand, but Sthenelus afar:
From far the sons of Imbracus he slew,
Glaucus and Lades, of the Lycian crew;
Both taught to fight on foot, in battle join'd,
Or mount the courser that outstrips the wind.

Meantime Eumedes, vaunting in the field,
New fir'd the Trojans, and their foes repell'd.
This son of Dolon bore his grandsire's name,

But emulated more his father's fame;
His guileful father, sent a nightly spy,
The Grecian camp and order to descry:
Hard enterprise! and well he might require
Achilles' car and horses, for his hire:
But, met upon the scout, th' Aetolian prince
In death bestow'd a juster recompense.
Fierce Turnus view'd the Trojan from afar,
And launch'd his jav'lin from his lofty car;
Then lightly leaping down, pursued the blow,
And, pressing with his foot his prostrate foe,
Wrench'd from his feeble hold the shining sword,
And plung'd it in the bosom of its lord.
"Possess," said he, "the fruit of all thy pains,
And measure, at thy length, our Latian plains.
Thus are my foes rewarded by my hand;
Thus may they build their town, and thus enjoy the land!"

Then Dares, Butes, Sybaris he slew,
Whom o'er his neck his flound'ring courser threw.
As when loud Boreas, with his blust'ring train,
Stoops from above, incumbent on the main;
Where'er he flies, he drives the rack before,
And rolls the billows on th' Aegaeon shore:
So, where resistless Turnus takes his course,
The scatter'd squadrons bend before his force;
His crest of horses' hair is blown behind
By adverse air, and rustles in the wind.

This haughty Phegeus saw with high disdain,
And, as the chariot roll'd along the plain,
Light from the ground he leapt, and seiz'd the rein.
Thus hung in air, he still retain'd his hold,
The coursers frightened, and their course controll'd.
The lance of Turnus reach'd him as he hung,
And pierc'd his plated arms, but pass'd along,
And only raz'd the skin. He turn'd, and held

Against his threat'ning foe his ample shield;
Then call'd for aid: but, while he cried in vain,
The chariot bore him backward on the plain.
He lies revers'd; the victor king descends,
And strikes so justly where his helmet ends,
He lops the head. The Latian fields are drunk
With streams that issue from the bleeding trunk.

While he triumphs, and while the Trojans yield,
The wounded prince is forc'd to leave the field:
Strong Mnestheus, and Achates often tried,
And young Ascanius, weeping by his side,
Conduct him to his tent. Scarce can he rear
His limbs from earth, supported on his spear.
Resolv'd in mind, regardless of the smart,
He tugs with both his hands, and breaks the dart.
The steel remains. No readier way he found
To draw the weapon, than t' inlarge the wound.
Eager of fight, impatient of delay,
He begs; and his unwilling friends obey.

Iapis was at hand to prove his art,
Whose blooming youth so fir'd Apollo's heart,
That, for his love, he proffer'd to bestow
His tuneful harp and his unerring bow.
The pious youth, more studious how to save
His aged sire, now sinking to the grave,
Preferr'd the pow'r of plants, and silent praise
Of healing arts, before Phoebean bays.

Propp'd on his lance the pensive hero stood,
And heard and saw, unmov'd, the mourning crowd.
The fam'd physician tucks his robes around
With ready hands, and hastens to the wound.
With gentle touches he performs his part,
This way and that, soliciting the dart,
And exercises all his heav'nly art.

All soft'ning simples, known of sov'reign use,
He presses out, and pours their noble juice.
These first infus'd, to lenify the pain,
He tugs with pincers, but he tugs in vain.
Then to the patron of his art he pray'd:
The patron of his art refus'd his aid.

Meantime the war approaches to the tents;
Th' alarm grows hotter, and the noise augments:
The driving dust proclaims the danger near;
And first their friends, and then their foes appear:
Their friends retreat; their foes pursue the rear.
The camp is fill'd with terror and affright:
The hissing shafts within the trench alight;
An undistinguish'd noise ascends the sky,
The shouts those who kill, and groans of those who die.

But now the goddess mother, mov'd with grief,
And pierc'd with pity, hastens her relief.
A branch of healing dittany she brought,
Which in the Cretan fields with care she sought:
Rough is the stern, which woolly leafs surround;
The leafs with flow'rs, the flow'rs with purple crown'd,
Well known to wounded goats; a sure relief
To draw the pointed steel, and ease the grief.
This Venus brings, in clouds involv'd, and brews
Th' extracted liquor with ambrosian dews,
And odorous panacee. Unseen she stands,
Temp'ring the mixture with her heav'nly hands,
And pours it in a bowl, already crown'd
With juice of med'c'nal herbs prepar'd to bathe the wound.
The leech, unknowing of superior art
Which aids the cure, with this foment the part;
And in a moment ceas'd the raging smart.
Stanch'd is the blood, and in the bottom stands:
The steel, but scarcely touch'd with tender hands,
Moves up, and follows of its own accord,

And health and vigor are at once restor'd.
Iapetus first perceiv'd the closing wound,
And first the footsteps of a god he found.
"Arms! arms!" he cries; "the sword and shield prepare,
And send the willing chief, renew'd, to war.
This is no mortal work, no cure of mine,
Nor art's effect, but done by hands divine.
Some god our general to the battle sends;
Some god preserves his life for greater ends."

The hero arms in haste; his hands infold
His thighs with cuishes of refulgent gold:
Inflam'd to fight, and rushing to the field,
That hand sustaining the celestial shield,
This grips the lance, and with such vigor shakes,
That to the rest the beamy weapon quakes.
Then with a close embrace he strain'd his son,
And, kissing thro' his helmet, thus begun:
"My son, from my example learn the war,
In camps to suffer, and in fields to dare;
But happier chance than mine attend thy care!
This day my hand thy tender age shall shield,
And crown with honors of the conquer'd field:
Thou, when thy riper years shall send thee forth
To toils of war, be mindful of my worth;
Assert thy birthright, and in arms be known,
For Hector's nephew, and Aeneas' son."
He said; and, striding, issued on the plain.
Anteus and Mnestheus, and a numerous train,
Attend his steps; the rest their weapons take,
And, crowding to the field, the camp forsake.
A cloud of blinding dust is rais'd around,
Labors beneath their feet the trembling ground.

Now Turnus, posted on a hill, from far
Beheld the progress of the moving war:
With him the Latins view'd the cover'd plains,

And the chill blood ran backward in their veins.
Juturna saw th' advancing troops appear,
And heard the hostile sound, and fled for fear.
Aeneas leads; and draws a sweeping train,
Clos'd in their ranks, and pouring on the plain.
As when a whirlwind, rushing to the shore
From the mid ocean, drives the waves before;
The painful hind with heavy heart foresees
The flatted fields, and slaughter of the trees;
With like impetuous rage the prince appears
Before his doubled front, nor less destruction bears.
And now both armies shock in open field;
Osiris is by strong Thymbraeus kill'd.
Archetius, Ufens, Epulon, are slain
(All fam'd in arms, and of the Latian train)
By Gyas', Mnestheus', and Achates' hand.
The fatal augur falls, by whose command
The truce was broken, and whose lance, embrued
With Trojan blood, th' unhappy fight renew'd.
Loud shouts and clamors rend the liquid sky,
And o'er the field the frightened Latins fly.
The prince disdains the dastards to pursue,
Nor moves to meet in arms the fighting few;
Turnus alone, amid the dusky plain,
He seeks, and to the combat calls in vain.
Juturna heard, and, seiz'd with mortal fear,
Forc'd from the beam her brother's charioteer;
Assumes his shape, his armor, and his mien,
And, like Metiscus, in his seat is seen.

As the black swallow near the palace plies;
O'er empty courts, and under arches, flies;
Now hawks aloft, now skims along the flood,
To furnish her loquacious nest with food:
So drives the rapid goddess o'er the plains;
The smoking horses run with loosen'd reins.
She steers a various course among the foes;

Now here, now there, her conqu'ring brother shows;
Now with a straight, now with a wheeling flight,
She turns, and bends, but shuns the single fight.
Aeneas, fir'd with fury, breaks the crowd,
And seeks his foe, and calls by name aloud:
He runs within a narrower ring, and tries
To stop the chariot; but the chariot flies.
If he but gain a glimpse, Juturna fears,
And far away the Daunian hero bears.

What should he do! Nor arts nor arms avail;
And various cares in vain his mind assail.
The great Messapus, thund'ring thro' the field,
In his left hand two pointed jav'lins held:
Encount'ring on the prince, one dart he drew,
And with unerring aim and utmost vigor threw.
Aeneas saw it come, and, stooping low
Beneath his buckler, shunn'd the threat'ning blow.
The weapon hiss'd above his head, and tore
The waving plume which on his helm he wore.
Forced by this hostile act, and fir'd with spite,
That flying Turnus still declin'd the fight,
The Prince, whose piety had long repell'd
His inborn ardor, now invades the field;
Invokes the pow'rs of violated peace,
Their rites and injur'd altars to redress;
Then, to his rage abandoning the rein,
With blood and slaughter'd bodies fills the plain.

What god can tell, what numbers can display,
The various labors of that fatal day;
What chiefs and champions fell on either side,
In combat slain, or by what deaths they died;
Whom Turnus, whom the Trojan hero kill'd;
Who shar'd the fame and fortune of the field!
Jove, could'st thou view, and not avert thy sight,
Two jarring nations join'd in cruel fight,

Whom leagues of lasting love so shortly shall unite!

Aeneas first Rutulian Sucro found,
Whose valor made the Trojans quit their ground;
Betwixt his ribs the jav'lin drove so just,
It reach'd his heart, nor needs a second thrust.
Now Turnus, at two blows, two brethren slew;
First from his horse fierce Amycus he threw:
Then, leaping on the ground, on foot assail'd
Diores, and in equal fight prevail'd.
Their lifeless trunks he leaves upon the place;
Their heads, distilling gore, his chariot grace.

Three cold on earth the Trojan hero threw,
Whom without respite at one charge he slew:
Cethegus, Tanais, Tagus, fell oppress'd,
And sad Onythes, added to the rest,
Of Theban blood, whom Peridia bore.

Turnus two brothers from the Lycian shore,
And from Apollo's fane to battle sent,
O'erthrew; nor Phoebus could their fate prevent.
Peaceful Menoetes after these he kill'd,
Who long had shunn'd the dangers of the field:
On Lerna's lake a silent life he led,
And with his nets and angle earn'd his bread;
Nor pompous cares, nor palaces, he knew,
But wisely from th' infectious world withdrew:
Poor was his house; his father's painful hand
Discharg'd his rent, and plow'd another's land.

As flames among the lofty woods are thrown
On diff'rent sides, and both by winds are blown;
The laurels crackle in the sputt'ring fire;
The frighted sylvans from their shades retire:
Or as two neighb'ring torrents fall from high;
Rapid they run; the foamy waters fry;

They roll to sea with unresisted force,
And down the rocks precipitate their course:
Not with less rage the rival heroes take
Their diff'rent ways, nor less destruction make.
With spears afar, with swords at hand, they strike;
And zeal of slaughter fires their souls alike.
Like them, their dauntless men maintain the field;
And hearts are pierc'd, unknowing how to yield:
They blow for blow return, and wound for wound;
And heaps of bodies raise the level ground.

Murranus, boasting of his blood, that springs
From a long royal race of Latian kings,
Is by the Trojan from his chariot thrown,
Crush'd with the weight of an unwieldy stone:
Betwixt the wheels he fell; the wheels, that bore
His living load, his dying body tore.
His starting steeds, to shun the glitt'ring sword,
Paw down his trampled limbs, forgetful of their lord.

Fierce Hyllus threaten'd high, and, face to face,
Affronted Turnus in the middle space:
The prince encounter'd him in full career,
And at his temples aim'd the deadly spear;
So fatally the flying weapon sped,
That thro' his helm it pierc'd his head.
Nor, Cisseus, couldst thou scape from Turnus' hand,
In vain the strongest of th' Arcadian band:
Nor to Cupentus could his gods afford
Availing aid against th' Aenean sword,
Which to his naked heart pursued the course;
Nor could his plated shield sustain the force.

Iolas fell, whom not the Grecian pow'rs,
Nor great subverter of the Trojan tow'rs,
Were doom'd to kill, while Heav'n prolong'd his date;
But who can pass the bounds, prefix'd by fate?

In high Lyrnessus, and in Troy, he held
Two palaces, and was from each expell'd:
Of all the mighty man, the last remains
A little spot of foreign earth contains.

And now both hosts their broken troops unite
In equal ranks, and mix in mortal fight.
Seresthus and undaunted Mnestheus join
The Trojan, Tuscan, and Arcadian line:
Sea-born Messapus, with Atinas, heads
The Latin squadrons, and to battle leads.
They strike, they push, they throng the scanty space,
Resolv'd on death, impatient of disgrace;
And, where one falls, another fills his place.

The Cyprian goddess now inspires her son
To leave th' unfinished fight, and storm the town:
For, while he rolls his eyes around the plain
In quest of Turnus, whom he seeks in vain,
He views th' unguarded city from afar,
In careless quiet, and secure of war.
Occasion offers, and excites his mind
To dare beyond the task he first design'd.
Resolv'd, he calls his chiefs; they leave the fight:
Attended thus, he takes a neighb'ring height;
The crowding troops about their gen'ral stand,
All under arms, and wait his high command.
Then thus the lofty prince: "Hear and obey,
Ye Trojan bands, without the least delay
Jove is with us; and what I have decreed
Requires our utmost vigor, and our speed.
Your instant arms against the town prepare,
The source of mischief, and the seat of war.
This day the Latian tow'rs, that mate the sky,
Shall level with the plain in ashes lie:
The people shall be slaves, unless in time
They kneel for pardon, and repent their crime.

Twice have our foes been vanquish'd on the plain:
Then shall I wait till Turnus will be slain?
Your force against the perjur'd city bend.
There it began, and there the war shall end.
The peace profan'd our rightful arms requires;
Cleanse the polluted place with purging fires."

He finish'd; and, one soul inspiring all,
Form'd in a wedge, the foot approach the wall.
Without the town, an unprovided train
Of gaping, gazing citizens are slain.
Some firebrands, others scaling ladders bear,
And those they toss aloft, and these they rear:
The flames now launch'd, the feather'd arrows fly,
And clouds of missive arms obscure the sky.
Advancing to the front, the hero stands,
And, stretching out to heav'n his pious hands,
Attests the gods, asserts his innocence,
Upbraids with breach of faith th' Ausonian prince;
Declares the royal honor doubly stain'd,
And twice the rites of holy peace profan'd.

Dissenting clamors in the town arise;
Each will be heard, and all at once advise.
One part for peace, and one for war contends;
Some would exclude their foes, and some admit their friends.
The helpless king is hurried in the throng,
And, whate'er tide prevails, is borne along.
Thus, when the swain, within a hollow rock,
Invades the bees with suffocating smoke,
They run around, or labor on their wings,
Disus'd to flight, and shoot their sleepy stings;
To shun the bitter fumes in vain they try;
Black vapors, issuing from the vent, involve the sky.

But fate and envious fortune now prepare
To plunge the Latins in the last despair.

The queen, who saw the foes invade the town,
And brands on tops of burning houses thrown,
Cast round her eyes, distracted with her fear-
No troops of Turnus in the field appear.
Once more she stares abroad, but still in vain,
And then concludes the royal youth is slain.
Mad with her anguish, impotent to bear
The mighty grief, she loathes the vital air.
She calls herself the cause of all this ill,
And owns the dire effects of her ungovern'd will;
She raves against the gods; she beats her breast;
She tears with both her hands her purple vest:
Then round a beam a running noose she tied,
And, fasten'd by the neck, obscenely died.

Soon as the fatal news by Fame was blown,
And to her dames and to her daughter known,
The sad Lavinia rends her yellow hair
And rosy cheeks; the rest her sorrow share:
With shrieks the palace rings, and madness of despair.
The spreading rumor fills the public place:
Confusion, fear, distraction, and disgrace,
And silent shame, are seen in ev'ry face.
Latinus tears his garments as he goes,
Both for his public and his private woes;
With filth his venerable beard besmears,
And sordid dust deforms his silver hairs.
And much he blames the softness of his mind,
Obnoxious to the charms of womankind,
And soon seduc'd to change what he so well design'd;
To break the solemn league so long desir'd,
Nor finish what his fates, and those of Troy, requir'd.

Now Turnus rolls aloof o'er empty plains,
And here and there some straggling foes he gleans.
His flying coursers please him less and less,
Asham'd of easy fight and cheap success.

Thus half-contented, anxious in his mind,
The distant cries come driving in the wind,
Shouts from the walls, but shouts in murmurs drown'd;
A jarring mixture, and a boding sound.
“Alas!” said he, “what mean these dismal cries?
What doleful clamors from the town arise?”
Confus'd, he stops, and backward pulls the reins.
She who the driver's office now sustains,
Replies: “Neglect, my lord, these new alarms;
Here fight, and urge the fortune of your arms:
There want not others to defend the wall.
If by your rival's hand th' Italians fall,
So shall your fatal sword his friends oppress,
In honor equal, equal in success.”

To this, the prince: “O sister- for I knew
The peace infring'd proceeded first from you;
I knew you, when you mingled first in fight;
And now in vain you would deceive my sight-
Why, goddess, this unprofitable care?
Who sent you down from heav'n, involv'd in air,
Your share of mortal sorrows to sustain,
And see your brother bleeding on the plain?
For to what pow'r can Turnus have recourse,
Or how resist his fate's prevailing force?
These eyes beheld Murranus bite the ground:
Mighty the man, and mighty was the wound.
I heard my dearest friend, with dying breath,
My name invoking to revenge his death.
Brave Ufens fell with honor on the place,
To shun the shameful sight of my disgrace.
On earth supine, a manly corpse he lies;
His vest and armor are the victor's prize.
Then, shall I see Laurentum in a flame,
Which only wanted, to complete my shame?
How will the Latins hoot their champion's flight!
How Drances will insult and point them to the sight!

Is death so hard to bear? Ye gods below,
(Since those above so small compassion show,)
Receive a soul unsullied yet with shame,
Which not belies my great forefather's name!"

He said; and while he spoke, with flying speed
Came Sages urging on his foamy steed:
Fix'd on his wounded face a shaft he bore,
And, seeking Turnus, sent his voice before:
"Turnus, on you, on you alone, depends
Our last relief: compassionate your friends!
Like lightning, fierce Aeneas, rolling on,
With arms invests, with flames invades the town:
The brands are toss'd on high; the winds conspire
To drive along the deluge of the fire.
All eyes are fix'd on you: your foes rejoice;
Ev'n the king staggers, and suspends his choice;
Doubts to deliver or defend the town,
Whom to reject, or whom to call his son.
The queen, on whom your utmost hopes were plac'd,
Herself suborning death, has breath'd her last.
'T is true, Messapus, fearless of his fate,
With fierce Atinas' aid, defends the gate:
On ev'ry side surrounded by the foe,
The more they kill, the greater numbers grow;
An iron harvest mounts, and still remains to mow.
You, far aloof from your forsaken bands,
Your rolling chariot drive o'er empty.

Stupid he sate, his eyes on earth declin'd,
And various cares revolving in his mind:
Rage, boiling from the bottom of his breast,
And sorrow mix'd with shame, his soul oppress'd;
And conscious worth lay lab'ring in his thought,
And love by jealousy to madness wrought.
By slow degrees his reason drove away
The mists of passion, and resum'd her sway.

Then, rising on his car, he turn'd his look,
And saw the town involv'd in fire and smoke.
A wooden tow'r with flames already blaz'd,
Which his own hands on beams and rafters rais'd;
And bridges laid above to join the space,
And wheels below to roll from place to place.
"Sister, the Fates have vanquish'd: let us go
The way which Heav'n and my hard fortune show.
The fight is fix'd; nor shall the branded name
Of a base coward blot your brother's fame.
Death is my choice; but suffer me to try
My force, and vent my rage before I die."
He said; and, leaping down without delay,
Thro' crowds of scatter'd foes he freed his way.
Striding he pass'd, impetuous as the wind,
And left the grieving goddess far behind.
As when a fragment, from a mountain torn
By raging tempests, or by torrents borne,
Or sapp'd by time, or loosen'd from the roots-
Prone thro' the void the rocky ruin shoots,
Rolling from crag to crag, from steep to steep;
Down sink, at once, the shepherds and their sheep:
Involv'd alike, they rush to nether ground;
Stunn'd with the shock they fall, and stunn'd from earth rebound:
So Turnus, hasting headlong to the town,
Should'ring and shoving, bore the squadrons down.
Still pressing onward, to the walls he drew,
Where shafts, and spears, and darts promiscuous flew,
And sanguine streams the slipp'ry ground embrue.
First stretching out his arm, in sign of peace,
He cries aloud, to make the combat cease:
"Rutulians, hold; and Latin troops, retire!
The fight is mine; and me the gods require.
'T is just that I should vindicate alone
The broken truce, or for the breach atone.
This day shall free from wars th' Ausonian state,
Or finish my misfortunes in my fate."

Both armies from their bloody work desist,
And, bearing backward, form a spacious list.
The Trojan hero, who receiv'd from fame
The welcome sound, and heard the champion's name,
Soon leaves the taken works and mounted walls,
Greedy of war where greater glory calls.
He springs to fight, exulting in his force
His jointed armor rattles in the course.
Like Eryx, or like Athos, great he shows,
Or Father Apennine, when, white with snows,
His head divine obscure in clouds he hides,
And shakes the sounding forest on his sides.
The nations, overaw'd, surcease the fight;
Immovable their bodies, fix'd their sight.
Ev'n death stands still; nor from above they throw
Their darts, nor drive their batt'ring-rams below.
In silent order either army stands,
And drop their swords, unknowing, from their hands.
Th' Ausonian king beholds, with wond'ring sight,
Two mighty champions match'd in single fight,
Born under climes remote, and brought by fate,
With swords to try their titles to the state.

Now, in clos'd field, each other from afar
They view; and, rushing on, begin the war.
They launch their spears; then hand to hand they meet;
The trembling soil resounds beneath their feet:
Their bucklers clash; thick blows descend from high,
And flakes of fire from their hard helmets fly.
Courage conspires with chance, and both ingage
With equal fortune yet, and mutual rage.
As when two bulls for their fair female fight
In Sila's shades, or on Taburnus' height;
With horns adverse they meet; the keeper flies;
Mute stands the herd; the heifers roll their eyes,
And wait th' event; which victor they shall bear,
And who shall be the lord, to rule the lusty year:

With rage of love the jealous rivals burn,
And push for push, and wound for wound return;
Their dewlaps gor'd, their sides are lav'd in blood;
Loud cries and roaring sounds rebellow thro' the wood:
Such was the combat in the listed ground;
So clash their swords, and so their shields resound.

Jove sets the beam; in either scale he lays
The champions' fate, and each exactly weighs.
On this side, life and lucky chance ascends;
Loaded with death, that other scale descends.
Rais'd on the stretch, young Turnus aims a blow
Full on the helm of his unguarded foe:
Shrill shouts and clamors ring on either side,
As hopes and fears their panting hearts divide.
But all in pieces flies the traitor sword,
And, in the middle stroke, deserts his lord.
Now is but death, or flight; disarm'd he flies,
When in his hand an unknown hilt he spies.
Fame says that Turnus, when his steeds he join'd,
Hurrying to war, disorder'd in his mind,
Snatch'd the first weapon which his haste could find.
'T was not the fated sword his father bore,
But that his charioteer Metiscus wore.
This, while the Trojans fled, the toughness held;
But, vain against the great Vulcanian shield,
The mortal-temper'd steel deceiv'd his hand:
The shiver'd fragments shone amid the sand.

Surpris'd with fear, he fled along the field,
And now forthright, and now in orbits wheel'd;
For here the Trojan troops the list surround,
And there the pass is clos'd with pools and marshy ground.
Aeneas hastens, tho' with heavier pace-
His wound, so newly knit, retards the chase,
And oft his trembling knees their aid refuse-
Yet, pressing foot by foot, his foe pursues.

Thus, when a fearful stag is clos'd around
With crimson toils, or in a river found,
High on the bank the deep-mouth'd hound appears,
Still opening, following still, where'er he steers;
The persecuted creature, to and fro,
Turns here and there, to scape his Umbrian foe:
Steep is th' ascent, and, if he gains the land,
The purple death is pitch'd along the strand.
His eager foe, determin'd to the chase,
Stretch'd at his length, gains ground at ev'ry pace;
Now to his beamy head he makes his way,
And now he holds, or thinks he holds, his prey:
Just at the pinch, the stag springs out with fear;
He bites the wind, and fills his sounding jaws with air:
The rocks, the lakes, the meadows ring with cries;
The mortal tumult mounts, and thunders in the skies.
Thus flies the Daunian prince, and, flying, blames
His tardy troops, and, calling by their names,
Demands his trusty sword. The Trojan threats
The realm with ruin, and their ancient seats
To lay in ashes, if they dare supply
With arms or aid his vanquish'd enemy:
Thus menacing, he still pursues the course,
With vigor, tho' diminish'd of his force.
Ten times already round the listed place
One chief had fled, and t' other giv'n the chase:
No trivial prize is play'd; for on the life
Or death of Turnus now depends the strife.

Within the space, an olive tree had stood,
A sacred shade, a venerable wood,
For vows to Faunus paid, the Latins' guardian god.
Here hung the vests, and tablets were ingrav'd,
Of sinking mariners from shipwreck sav'd.
With heedless hands the Trojans fell'd the tree,
To make the ground inclos'd for combat free.
Deep in the root, whether by fate, or chance,

Or erring haste, the Trojan drove his lance;
Then stoop'd, and tugg'd with force immense, to free
Th' incumber'd spear from the tenacious tree;
That, whom his fainting limbs pursued in vain,
His flying weapon might from far attain.

Confus'd with fear, bereft of human aid,
Then Turnus to the gods, and first to Faunus pray'd:
"O Faunus, pity! and thou Mother Earth,
Where I thy foster son receiv'd my birth,
Hold fast the steel! If my religious hand
Your plant has honor'd, which your foes profan'd,
Propitious hear my pious pray'r!" He said,
Nor with successless vows invok'd their aid.
Th' incumbent hero wrench'd, and pull'd, and strain'd;
But still the stubborn earth the steel detain'd.
Juturna took her time; and, while in vain
He strove, assum'd Meticus' form again,
And, in that imitated shape, restor'd
To the despairing prince his Daunian sword.
The Queen of Love, who, with disdain and grief,
Saw the bold nymph afford this prompt relief,
T' assert her offspring with a greater deed,
From the tough root the ling'ring weapon freed.

Once more erect, the rival chiefs advance:
One trusts the sword, and one the pointed lance;
And both resolv'd alike to try their fatal chance.

Meantime imperial Jove to Juno spoke,
Who from a shining cloud beheld the shock:
"What new arrest, O Queen of Heav'n, is sent
To stop the Fates now lab'ring in th' event?
What farther hopes are left thee to pursue?
Divine Aeneas, (and thou know'st it too,)
Foredoom'd, to these celestial seats are due.
What more attempts for Turnus can be made,

That thus thou ling'rest in this lonely shade?
Is it becoming of the due respect
And awful honor of a god elect,
A wound unworthy of our state to feel,
Patient of human hands and earthly steel?
Or seems it just, the sister should restore
A second sword, when one was lost before,
And arm a conquer'd wretch against his conqueror?
For what, without thy knowledge and avow,
Nay more, thy dictate, durst Juturna do?
At last, in deference to my love, forbear
To lodge within thy soul this anxious care;
Reclin'd upon my breast, thy grief unload:
Who should relieve the goddess, but the god?
Now all things to their utmost issue tend,
Push'd by the Fates to their appointed
While leave was giv'n thee, and a lawful hour
For vengeance, wrath, and unresisted pow'r,
Toss'd on the seas, thou couldst thy foes distress,
And, driv'n ashore, with hostile arms oppress;
Deform the royal house; and, from the side
Of the just bridegroom, tear the plighted bride:
Now cease at my command." The Thund'rer said;
And, with dejected eyes, this answer Juno made:
"Because your dread decree too well I knew,
From Turnus and from earth unwilling I withdrew.
Else should you not behold me here, alone,
Involv'd in empty clouds, my friends bemoan,
But, girt with vengeful flames, in open sight
Engag'd against my foes in mortal fight.
'T is true, Juturna mingled in the strife
By my command, to save her brother's life-
At least to try; but, by the Stygian lake,
(The most religious oath the gods can take,)
With this restriction, not to bend the bow,
Or toss the spear, or trembling dart to throw.
And now, resign'd to your superior might,

And tir'd with fruitless toils, I loathe the fight.
This let me beg (and this no fates withstand)
Both for myself and for your father's land,
That, when the nuptial bed shall bind the peace,
(Which I, since you ordain, consent to bless,)
The laws of either nation be the same;
But let the Latins still retain their name,
Speak the same language which they spoke before,
Wear the same habits which their grandsires wore.
Call them not Trojans: perish the renown
And name of Troy, with that detested town.
Latium be Latium still; let Alba reign
And Rome's immortal majesty remain."

Then thus the founder of mankind replies
(Unruffled was his front, serene his eyes)
"Can Saturn's issue, and heav'n's other heir,
Such endless anger in her bosom bear?
Be mistress, and your full desires obtain;
But quench the choler you foment in vain.
From ancient blood th' Ausonian people sprung,
Shall keep their name, their habit, and their tongue.
The Trojans to their customs shall be tied:
I will, myself, their common rites provide;
The natives shall command, the foreigners subside.
All shall be Latium; Troy without a name;
And her lost sons forget from whence they came.
From blood so mix'd, a pious race shall flow,
Equal to gods, excelling all below.
No nation more respect to you shall pay,
Or greater off'rings on your altars lay."
Juno consents, well pleas'd that her desires
Had found success, and from the cloud retires.

The peace thus made, the Thund'rer next prepares
To force the wat'ry goddess from the wars.
Deep in the dismal regions void of light,

Three daughters at a birth were born to Night:
These their brown mother, brooding on her care,
Indued with windy wings to flit in air,
With serpents girt alike, and crown'd with hissing hair.
In heav'n the Dirae call'd, and still at hand,
Before the throne of angry Jove they stand,
His ministers of wrath, and ready still
The minds of mortal men with fears to fill,
Whene'er the moody sire, to wreak his hate
On realms or towns deserving of their fate,
Hurls down diseases, death and deadly care,
And terrifies the guilty world with war.
One sister plague if these from heav'n he sent,
To fright Juturna with a dire portent.
The pest comes whirling down: by far more slow
Springs the swift arrow from the Parthian bow,
Or Cydon yew, when, traversing the skies,
And drench'd in pois'nous juice, the sure destruction flies.
With such a sudden and unseen a flight
Shot thro' the clouds the daughter of the night.
Soon as the field inclos'd she had in view,
And from afar her destin'd quarry knew,
Contracted, to the boding bird she turns,
Which haunts the ruin'd piles and hallow'd urns,
And beats about the tombs with nightly wings,
Where songs obscene on sepulchers she sings.
Thus lessen'd in her form, with frightful cries
The Fury round unhappy Turnus flies,
Flaps on his shield, and flutters o'er his eyes.

A lazy chillness crept along his blood;
Chok'd was his voice; his hair with horror stood.
Juturna from afar beheld her fly,
And knew th' ill omen, by her screaming cry
And stridor of her wings. Amaz'd with fear,
Her beauteous breast she beat, and rent her flowing hair.

“Ah me!” she cries, “in this unequal strife
What can thy sister more to save thy life?
Weak as I am, can I, alas! contend
In arms with that inexorable fiend?
Now, now, I quit the field! forbear to fright
My tender soul, ye baleful birds of night;
The lashing of your wings I know too well,
The sounding flight, and fun’ral screams of hell!
These are the gifts you bring from haughty Jove,
The worthy recompense of ravish’d love!
Did he for this exempt my life from fate?
O hard conditions of immortal state,
Tho’ born to death, not privileg’d to die,
But forc’d to bear impos’d eternity!
Take back your envious bribes, and let me go
Companion to my brother’s ghost below!
The joys are vanish’d: nothing now remains,
Of life immortal, but immortal pains.
What earth will open her devouring womb,
To rest a weary goddess in the tomb!”
She drew a length of sighs; nor more she said,
But in her azure mantle wrapp’d her head,
Then plung’d into her stream, with deep despair,
And her last sobs came bubbling up in air.

Now stern Aeneas his weighty spear
Against his foe, and thus upbraids his fear:
“What farther subterfuge can Turnus find?
What empty hopes are harbor’d in his mind?
‘T is not thy swiftness can secure thy flight;
Not with their feet, but hands, the valiant fight.
Vary thy shape in thousand forms, and dare
What skill and courage can attempt in war;
Wish for the wings of winds, to mount the sky;
Or hid, within the hollow earth to lie!”
The champion shook his head, and made this short reply:
“No threats of thine my manly mind can move;

‘T is hostile heav’n I dread, and partial Jove.”
He said no more, but, with a sigh, repress’d
The mighty sorrow in his swelling breast.

Then, as he roll’d his troubled eyes around,
An antique stone he saw, the common bound
Of neighb’ring fields, and barrier of the ground;
So vast, that twelve strong men of modern days
Th’ enormous weight from earth could hardly raise.
He heav’d it at a lift, and, pois’d on high,
Ran stagg’ring on against his enemy,
But so disorder’d, that he scarcely knew
His way, or what unwieldly weight he threw.
His knocking knees are bent beneath the load,
And shiv’ring cold congeals his vital blood.
The stone drops from his arms, and, falling short
For want of vigor, mocks his vain effort.
And as, when heavy sleep has clos’d the sight,
The sickly fancy labors in the night;
We seem to run; and, destitute of force,
Our sinking limbs forsake us in the course:
In vain we heave for breath; in vain we cry;
The nerves, unbrac’d, their usual strength deny;
And on the tongue the falt’ring accents die:
So Turnus far’d; whatever means he tried,
All force of arms and points of art employ’d,
The Fury flew athwart, and made th’ endeavor void.

A thousand various thoughts his soul confound;
He star’d about, nor aid nor issue found;
His own men stop the pass, and his own walls surround.
Once more he pauses, and looks out again,
And seeks the goddess charioteer in vain.
Trembling he views the thund’ring chief advance,
And brandishing aloft the deadly lance:
Amaz’d he cowers beneath his conqu’ring foe,
Forgets to ward, and waits the coming blow.

Astonish'd while he stands, and fix'd with fear,
Aim'd at his shield he sees th' impending spear.

The hero measur'd first, with narrow view,
The destin'd mark; and, rising as he threw,
With its full swing the fatal weapon flew.
Not with less rage the rattling thunder falls,
Or stones from batt'ring-engines break the walls:
Swift as a whirlwind, from an arm so strong,
The lance drove on, and bore the death along.
Naught could his sev'nfold shield the prince avail,
Nor aught, beneath his arms, the coat of mail:
It pierc'd thro' all, and with a grisly wound
Transfix'd his thigh, and doubled him to ground.
With groans the Latins rend the vaulted sky:
Woods, hills, and valleys, to the voice reply.

Now low on earth the lofty chief is laid,
With eyes cast upward, and with arms display'd,
And, recreant, thus to the proud victor pray'd:
"I know my death deserv'd, nor hope to live:
Use what the gods and thy good fortune give.
Yet think, O think, if mercy may be shown-
Thou hadst a father once, and hast a son-
Pity my sire, now sinking to the grave;
And for Anchises' sake old Daunus save!
Or, if thy vow'd revenge pursue my death,
Give to my friends my body void of breath!
The Latian chiefs have seen me beg my life;
Thine is the conquest, thine the royal wife:
Against a yielded man, 't is mean ignoble strife."

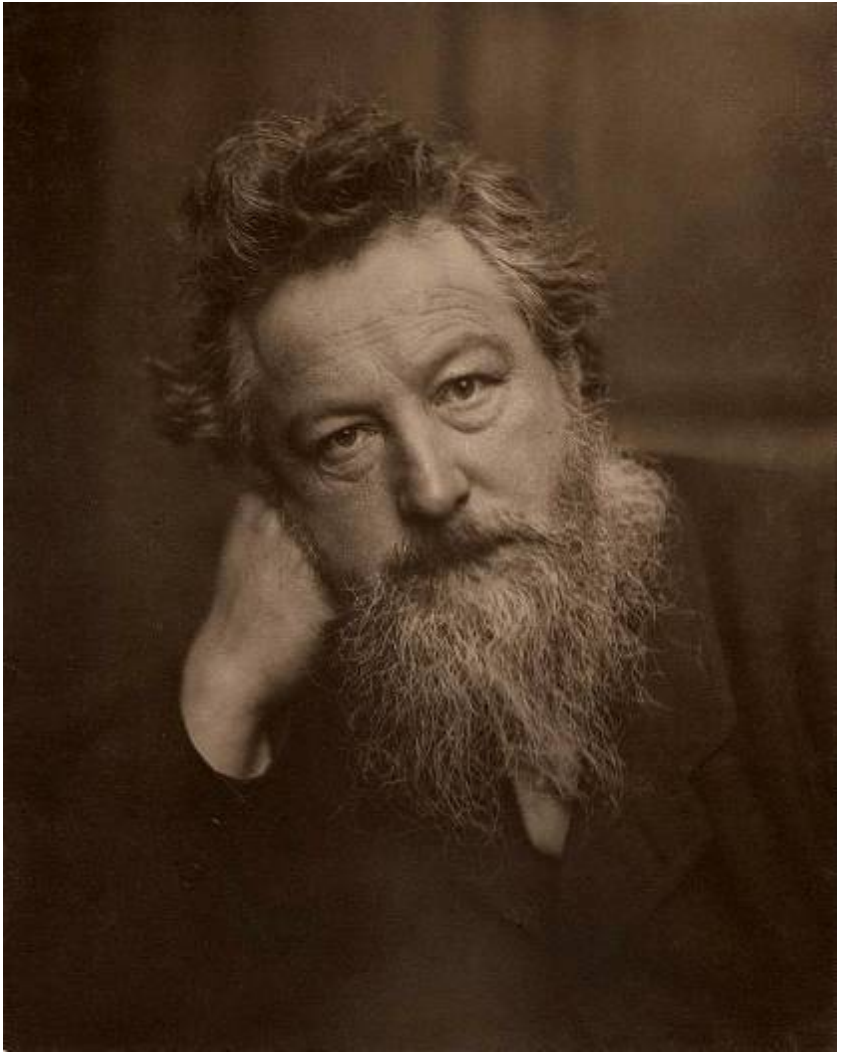
In deep suspense the Trojan seem'd to stand,
And, just prepar'd to strike, repress'd his hand.
He roll'd his eyes, and ev'ry moment felt
His manly soul with more compassion melt;
When, casting down a casual glance, he spied

The golden belt that glitter'd on his side,
The fatal spoils which haughty Turnus tore
From dying Pallas, and in triumph wore.
Then, rous'd anew to wrath, he loudly cries
(Flames, while he spoke, came flashing from his eyes)
"Traitor, dost thou, dost thou to grace pretend,
Clad, as thou art, in trophies of my friend?
To his sad soul a grateful off'ring go!
'T is Pallas, Pallas gives this deadly blow."
He rais'd his arm aloft, and, at the word,
Deep in his bosom drove the shining sword.
The streaming blood distain'd his arms around,

THE AENEID – Morris' Translation



The famous artist William Morris created a folio manuscript of Virgil's *Aeneid* in 1875, employing an AABB rhyme scheme. Morris also translated large numbers of medieval and classical works, including Homer's *Odyssey* in 1887.



William Morris (1834-1896) was a textile designer, poet, novelist, translator, and socialist activist.

MORRIS' AENEID

CONTENTS

BOOK I.
BOOK II.
BOOK III.
BOOK IV.
BOOK V.
BOOK VI.
BOOK VII.
BOOK VIII.
BOOK IX.
BOOK X.
BOOK XI.
BOOK XII.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

ÆNEAS AND HIS TROJANS BEING DRIVEN TO LIBYA BY A TEMPEST, HAVE GOOD WELCOME OF DIDO, QUEEN OF CARTHAGE.

*Lo I am he who led the song through slender reed to cry,
And then, come forth from out the woods, the fields that are thereby
In woven verse I bade obey the hungry tillers' need:
Now I, who sang their merry toil, sing Mars and dreadful deed.*

I sing of arms, I sing of him, who from the Trojan land
Thrust forth by Fate, to Italy and that Lavinian strand
First came: all tost about was he on earth and on the deep
By heavenly might for Juno's wrath, that had no mind to sleep:
And plenteous war he underwent ere he his town might frame
And set his Gods in Latian earth, whence is the Latin name,
And father-folk of Alba-town, and walls of mighty Rome.
Say, Muse, what wound of godhead was whereby all this must come,
How grieving, she, the Queen of Gods, a man so pious drave
To win such toil, to welter on through such a troublous wave:
— Can anger in immortal minds abide so fierce and fell?
There was a city of old time where Tyrian folk did dwell,
Called Carthage, facing far away the shores of Italy
And Tiber-mouth; fulfilled of wealth and fierce in arms was she,
And men say Juno loved her well o'er every other land,
Yea e'en o'er Samos: there were stored the weapons of her hand,
And there her chariot: even then she cherished the intent
To make her Lady of all Lands, if Fate might so be bent;
Yet had she heard how such a stem from Trojan blood should grow,
As, blooming fair, the Tyrian towers should one day overthrow,
That thence a folk, kings far and wide, most noble lords of fight,
Should come for bane of Libyan land: such web the Parcæ dight.
The Seed of Saturn, fearing this, and mindful how she erst
For her beloved Argive walls by Troy the battle nursed —

— Nay neither had the cause of wrath nor all those hurts of old
Failed from her mind: her inmost heart still sorely did enfold
That grief of body set at nought in Paris' doomful deed,
The hated race, and honour shed on heaven-rapt Ganymede —
So set on fire, that Trojan band o'er all the ocean tossed,
Those gleanings from Achilles' rage, those few the Greeks had lost,
She drave far off the Latin Land: for many a year they stray
Such wise as Fate would drive them on by every watery way.
— Lo, what there was to heave aloft in fashioning of Rome!
Now out of sight of Sicily the Trojans scarce were come
And merry spread their sails abroad and clave the sea with brass,
When Juno's heart, who nursed the wound that never thence would
pass,
Spake out:
“And must I, vanquished, leave the deed I have begun,
Nor save the Italian realm a king who comes of Teucer's son?
The Fates forbid it me forsooth? And Pallas, might not she
Burn up the Argive fleet and sink the Argives in the sea
For Oileus' only fault and fury that he wrought?
She hurled the eager fire of Jove from cloudy dwelling caught,
And rent the ships and with the wind the heaped-up waters drew,
And him a-dying, and all his breast by wildfire smitten through,
The whirl of waters swept away on spiky crag to bide.
While I, who go forth Queen of Gods, the very Highest's bride
And sister, must I wage a war for all these many years
With one lone race? What! is there left a soul that Juno fears
Henceforth? or will one suppliant hand gifts on mine altar lay?”
So brooding in her fiery heart the Goddess went her way
Unto the fatherland of storm, full fruitful of the gale,
Æolia hight, where Æolus is king of all avail,
And far adown a cavern vast the bickering of the winds
And roaring tempests of the world with bolt and fetter binds:
They set the mountains murmuring much, a-growling angrily
About their bars, while Æolus sits in his burg on high,
And, sceptre-holding, softeneth them, and strait their wrath doth
keep:
Yea but for that the earth and sea, and vault of heaven the deep,

They eager-swift would roll away and sweep adown of space:
For fear whereof the Father high in dark and hollow place
Hath hidden them, and high above a world of mountains thrown
And given them therewithal a king, who, taught by law well known,
Now draweth, and now casteth loose the reins that hold them in:
To whom did suppliant Juno now in e'en such words begin:
"The Father of the Gods and men hath given thee might enow,
O Æolus, to smoothe the sea, and make the storm-wind blow.
Hearken! a folk, my very foes, saileth the Tyrrhene main
Bearing their Troy to Italy, and Gods that were but vain:
Set on thy winds, and overwhelm their sunken ships at sea,
Or prithee scattered cast them forth, things drowned diversedly.
Twice seven nymphs are in my house of body passing fair:
Of whom indeed Deïopea is fairest fashioned there.
I give her thee in wedlock sure, and call her all thine own
To wear away the years with thee, for thy deserving shown
To me this day; of offspring fair she too shall make thee sire."
To whom spake Æolus: "O Queen, to search out thy desire
Is all thou needest toil herein; from me the deed should wend.
Thou mak'st my realm; the sway of all, and Jove thou mak'st my
friend,
Thou givest me to lie with Gods when heavenly feast is dight,
And o'er the tempest and the cloud thou makest me of might."
Therewith against the hollow hill he turned him spear in hand
And hurled it on the flank thereof, and as an ordered band
By whatso door the winds rush out o'er earth in whirling blast,
And driving down upon the sea its lowest deeps upcast.
The East, the West together there, the Afric, that doth hold
A heart fulfilled of stormy rain, huge billows shoreward rolled.
Therewith came clamour of the men and whistling through the
shrouds
And heaven and day all suddenly were swallowed by the clouds
Away from eyes of Teucrian men; night on the ocean lies,
Pole thunders unto pole, and still with wildfire glare the skies,
And all things hold the face of death before the seamen's eyes.
Now therewithal Æneas' limbs grew weak with chilly dread,
He groaned, and lifting both his palms aloft to heaven, he said:

“O thrice and four times happy ye, that had the fate to fall
Before your fathers’ faces there by Troy’s beloved wall!
Tydides, thou of Danaan folk the mightiest under shield,
Why might I never lay me down upon the Ilian field,
Why was my soul forbid release at thy most mighty hand,
Where eager Hector stooped and lay before Achilles’ wand,
Where huge Sarpedon fell asleep, where Simoïs rolls along
The shields of men, and helms of men, and bodies of the strong?”
Thus as he cried the whistling North fell on with sudden gale
And drave the seas up toward the stars, and smote aback the sail;
Then break the oars, the bows fall off, and beam on in the trough
She lieth, and the sea comes on a mountain huge and rough.
These hang upon the topmost wave, and those may well discern
The sea’s ground mid the gaping whirl: with sand the surges churn.
Three keels the South wind cast away on hidden reefs that lie
Midmost the sea, the Altars called by men of Italy,
A huge back thrusting through the tide: three others from the deep
The East toward straits, and swallowing sands did miserably sweep,
And dashed them on the shoals, and heaped the sand around in ring:
And one, a keel the Lycians manned, with him, the trusty King
Orontes, in Æneas’ sight a toppling wave o’erhung,
And smote the poop, and headlong rolled, adown the helmsman
flung;
Then thrice about the driving flood hath hurled her as she lay,
The hurrying eddy swept above and swallowed her from day:
And lo! things swimming here and there, scant in the unmeasured
seas,
The arms of men, and painted boards, and Trojan treasures.
And now Ilioneus’ stout ship, her that Achates leal
And Abas ferried o’er the main, and old Aletes’ keel
The storm hath overcome; and all must drink the baneful stream
Through opening leaky sides of them that gape at every seam.
But meanwhile Neptune, sorely moved, hath felt the storm let go,
And all the turmoil of the main with murmur great enow;
The deep upheaved from all abodes the lowest that there be:
So forth he put his placid face o’er topmost of the sea,
And there he saw Æneas’ ships o’er all the main besprent,

The Trojans beaten by the flood and ruin from heaven sent.
But Juno's guile and wrathful heart her brother knew full well:
So East and West he called to him, and spake such words to tell:
"What mighty pride of race of yours hath hold upon your minds,
That earth and sea ye turmoil so without my will, O winds;
That such upheaval and so great ye dare without my will?
Whom I — But first it comes to hand the troubled flood to still:
For such-like fault henceforward though with nought so light ye pay.
Go get you gone, and look to it this to your king to say:
That ocean's realm and three-tined spear of dread are given by Fate
Not unto him but unto me? he holds the cliffs o'er great,
Thine houses, Eurus; in that hall I bid him then be bold,
Thine Æolus, and lord it o'er his winds in barred hold."
So saying and swifter than his word he layed the troubled main,
And put to flight the gathered clouds, and brought the sun again;
And with him Triton fell to work, and fair Cymothoë,
And thrust the ships from spiky rocks; with triple spear wrought he
To lift, and opened swallowing sands, and laid the waves alow.
Then on light wheels o'er ocean's face soft gliding did he go.
And, like as mid a people great full often will arise
Huge riot, and all the low-born herd to utter anger flies,
And sticks and stones are in the air, and fury arms doth find:
Then, setting eyes perchance on one of weight for noble mind,
And noble deeds, they hush them then and stand with pricked-up
ears,
And he with words becomes their lord, and smooth their anger
wears;
— In such wise fell all clash of sea when that sea-father rose,
And looked abroad: who turned his steeds, and giving rein to those,
Flew forth in happy-gliding car through heaven's all-open way.
Æneas' sore forewearied host the shores that nearest lay
Stretch out for o'er the sea, and turn to Libyan land this while.
There goes a long firth of the sea, made haven by an isle,
Against whose sides thrust out abroad each wave the main doth send
Is broken, and must cleave itself through hollow bights to wend:
Huge rocks on this hand and on that, twin horns of cliff, cast dread
On very heaven; and far and wide beneath each mighty head

Hushed are the harmless waters; lo, the flickering wood above
And wavering shadow cast adown by darksome hanging grove:
In face hereof a cave there is of rocks o'erhung, made meet
With benches of the living stone and springs of water sweet,
The house of Nymphs: a-riding there may way-worn ships be bold
To lie without the hawser's strain or anchor's hookèd hold.
That bight with seven of all his tale of ships Æneas gained,
And there, by mighty love of land the Trojans sore constrained,
Leap off-board straight, and gain the gift of that so longed-for sand,
And lay their limbs with salt sea fouled adown upon the strand:
And first Achates smote alive the spark from out the flint,
And caught the fire in tinder-leaves, and never gift did stint
Of feeding dry; and flame enow in kindled stuff he woke;
Then Ceres' body spoilt with sea, and Ceres' arms they took,
And sped the matter spent with toil, and fruit of furrows found
They set about to parch with fire and 'twixt of stones to pound.
Meanwhile Æneas scaled the cliff and far and wide he swept
The main, if anywhere perchance the sea his Antheus kept,
Tossed by the wind, if he might see the twi-banked Phrygians row;
If Capys, or Caïcus' arms on lofty deck might show.
Nor any ship there was in sight, but on the strand he saw
Three stags a-wandering at their will, and after them they draw
The whole herd following down the dales long strung out as they
feed:
So still he stood, and caught in hand his bow and shafts of speed,
The weapons that Achates staunch was bearing then and oft;
And first the very lords of those, that bore their heads aloft
With branching horns, he felled, and then the common sort, and so
Their army drave he with his darts through leafy woods to go:
Nor held his hand till on the earth were seven great bodies strown,
And each of all his ships might have one head of deer her own.
Thence to the haven gat he gone with all his folk to share,
And that good wine which erst the casks Acestes made to bear,
And gave them as they went away on that Trinacrian beach,
He shared about; then fell to soothe their grieving hearts with speech:
"O fellows, we are used ere now by evil ways to wend;
O ye who erst bore heavier loads, this too the Gods shall end.

Ye, ye have drawn nigh Scylla's rage and rocks that inly roar,
And run the risk of storm of stones upon the Cyclops' shore:
Come, call aback your ancient hearts and put your fears away!
This too shall be for joy to you remembered on a day.
Through diverse haps, through many risks wherewith our way is
strown,

We get us on to Latium, the land the Fates have shown
To be for peaceful seats for us: there may we raise up Troy.
Abide, endure, and keep yourselves for coming days of joy.”
So spake his voice: but his sick heart did mighty trouble rack,
As, glad of countenance, he thrust the heavy anguish back.
But they fall to upon the prey, and feast that was to dight,
And flay the hide from off the ribs, and bare the flesh to sight.
Some cut it quivering into steaks which on the spits they run,
Some feed the fire upon the shore, and set the brass thereon.
And so meat bringeth might again, and on the grass thereby,
Fulfilled with fat of forest deer and ancient wine, they lie.
But when all hunger was appeased and tables set aside,
Of missing fellows how they fared the talk did long abide;
Whom, weighing hope and weighing fear, either alive they trow,
Or that the last and worst has come, that called they hear not now.
And chief of all the pious King Æneas moaned the pass
Of brisk Orontes, Amycus, and cruel fate that was
Of Lycus, and of Bias strong, and strong Cloanthus gone.
But now an end of all there was, when Jove a-looking down
From highest lift on sail-skimmed sea, and lands that round it lie,
And shores and many folk about, in topmost burg of sky
Stood still, and fixed the eyes of God on Libya's realm at last:
To whom, as through his breast and mind such cares of godhead
passed,
Spake Venus, sadder than her due with bright eyes gathering tears:
“O thou, who rulest with a realm that hath no days nor years,
Both Gods and men, and mak'st them fear thy thunder lest it fall,
What then hath mine Æneas done so great a crime to call?
What might have Trojan men to sin? So many deaths they bore
'Gainst whom because of Italy is shut the wide world's door.
Was it not surely promised me that as the years rolled round

The blood of Teucer come again should spring from out the ground,
The Roman folk, such very lords, that all the earth and sea
Their sway should compass? Father, doth the counsel shift in thee?
This thing indeed atoned to me for Troy in ashes laid,
And all the miserable end, as fate 'gainst fate I weighed:
But now the self-same fortune dogs men by such troubles driven
So oft and oft. What end of toil then giv'st thou, King of heaven?
Antenor was of might enow to 'scape the Achæan host,
And safe to reach the Illyrian gulf and pierce Liburnia's coast,
And through the inmost realms thereof to pass Timavus' head,
Whence through nine mouths midst mountain roar is that wild water
shed,
To cast itself on fields below with all its sounding sea:
And there he made Patavium's town and Teucrian seats to be,
And gave the folk their very name and Trojan arms did raise:
Now settled in all peace and rest he passeth quiet days.
But we, thy children, unto whom thou giv'st with bowing head
The heights of heaven, our ships are lost, and we, O shame! betrayed,
Are driven away from Italy for anger but of one.
Is this the good man's guerdon then? is this the promised throne?"
The Sower of the Gods and men a little smiled on her
With such a countenance as calms the storms and upper air;
He kissed his daughter on the lips, and spake such words to tell:
"O Cytherean, spare thy dread! unmoved the Fates shall dwell
Of thee and thine, and thou shalt see the promised city yet,
E'en that Lavinium's walls, and high amidst the stars shalt set
Great-souled Æneas: nor in me doth aught of counsel shift
But since care gnaws upon thine heart, the hidden things I lift
Of Fate, and roll on time for thee, and tell of latter days.
Great war he wars in Italy, and folk full wild of ways
He weareth down, and lays on men both laws and wallèd steads,
Till the third summer seeth him King o'er the Latin heads,
And the third winter's wearing brings the fierce Rutulians low.
Thereon the lad Ascanius, Iulus by-named now,
(And Ilus was he once of old, when Ilium's city was,)
Fulfilleth thirty orbs of rule with rolling months that pass,
And from the town Lavinium shifts the dwelling of his race,

And maketh Alba-town the Long a mighty fencèd place.
Here when for thrice an hundred years untouched the land hath been
Beneath the rule of Hector's folk, lo Ilia, priestess-queen,
Goes heavy with the love of Mars, and bringeth twins to birth.
'Neath yellow hide of foster-wolf thence, mighty in his mirth,
Comes Romulus to bear the folk, and Mavors' walls to frame,
And by the word himself was called the Roman folk to name.
On them I lay no bonds of time, no bonds of earthly part;
I give them empire without end: yea, Juno, hard of heart,
Who wearieth now with fear of her the heavens and earth and sea,
Shall gather better counsel yet, and cherish them with me;
The Roman folk, the togaed men, lords of all worldly ways.
Such is the doom. As weareth time there come those other days,
Wherein Assaracus shall bind Mycenæ of renown,
And Phthia, and shall lord it o'er the Argives beaten down.
Then shall a Trojan Cæsar come from out a lovely name,
The ocean-stream shall bound his rule, the stars of heaven his fame,
Julius his name from him of old, the great Iulus sent:
Him too in house of heaven one day 'neath spoils of Eastlands bent
Thou, happy, shalt receive; he too shall have the prayers of men.
The wars of old all laid aside, the hard world bettereth then,
And Vesta and the hoary Faith, Quirinus and his twin
Now judge the world; the dreadful doors of War now shut within
Their iron bolts and strait embrace the godless Rage of folk,
Who, pitiless, on weapons set, and bound in brazen yoke
Of hundred knots aback of him foams fell from bloody mouth."
Such words he spake, and from aloft he sent down Maia's youth
To cause the lands and Carthage towers new-built to open gate
And welcome in the Teucrian men; lest Dido, fooled of fate,
Should drive them from her country-side. The unmeasured air he beat
beat
With flap of wings, and speedily in Libya set his feet:
And straightway there his bidding wrought, and from the Tyrians
fall,
God willing it, their hearts of war; and Dido first of all
Took peace for Teucrians to her soul, and quiet heart and kind.
Now good Æneas through the night had many things in mind,

And set himself to fare abroad at first of holy day
To search the new land what it was, and on what shore he lay
Driven by the wind; if manfolk there abode, or nought but deer,
(For waste it seemed), and tidings true back to his folk to bear.
So in that hollow bight of groves beneath the cavern cleft,
All hidden by the leafy trees and quavering shades, he left
His ships: and he himself afoot went with Achates lone,
Shaking in hand two slender spears with broad-beat iron done.
But as he reached the thicket's midst his mother stood before,
Who virgin face, and virgin arms, and virgin habit bore,
A Spartan maid; or like to her who tames the Thracian horse,
Harpalyce, and flies before the hurrying Hebrus' course.
For huntress-wise on shoulder she had hung the handy bow,
And given all her hair abroad for any wind to blow,
And, naked-kneed, her kirtle long had gathered in a lap:
She spake the first:

"Ho youths," she said, "tell me by any hap
If of my sisters any one ye saw a wandering wide
With quiver girt, and done about with lynx's spotted hide,
Or following of the foaming boar with shouts and eager feet?"
So Venus; and so Venus' son began her words to meet:
"I have not seen, nor have I heard thy sisters nigh this place,
O maid: — and how to call thee then? for neither is thy face
Of mortals, nor thy voice of men: O very Goddess thou!
What! Phoebus' sister? or of nymphs whom shall I call thee now?
But whosoe'er thou be, be kind and lighten us our toil,
And teach us where beneath the heavens, which spot of earthly soil
We are cast forth; unlearned of men, unlearned of land we stray,
By might of wind and billows huge here driven from out our way.
Our right hands by thine altar-horns shall fell full many a host."
Spake Venus: "Nowise am I worth so much of honour's cost:
The Tyrian maids are wont to bear the quiver even as I,
And even so far upon the leg the purple shoe-thong tie.
The Punic realm thou seest here, Agenor's town and folk,
But set amidst of Libyan men unused to bear the yoke.
Dido is Lady of the Land, who fled from Tyre the old,
And from her brother: weary long were all the ill deed told,

And long its winding ways, but I light-foot will overpass.
Her husband was Sychæus hight, of land most rich he was
Of all Phœnicians: she, poor wretch! loved him with mighty love,
Whose father gave her, maid, to him, and first the rites did move
Of wedlock: but as King of Tyre her brother did abide,
Pygmalion, more swollen up in sin than any man beside:
Mad hatred yoked the twain of them, he blind with golden lust,
Godless with stroke of iron laid Sychæus in the dust
Unwares before the altar-horns; nor of the love did reckon
His sister had, but with vain hope played on the lover sick,
And made a host of feignings false, and hid the matter long.
Till in her sleep the image came of that unburied wrong,
Her husband dead; in wondrous wise his face was waxen pale:
His breast with iron smitten through, the altar of his bale,
The hooded sin of evil house, to her he open laid,
And speedily to flee away from fatherland he bade;
And for the help of travel showed earth's hidden wealth of old,
A mighty mass that none might tell of silver and of gold.
Sore moved hereby did Dido straight her flight and friends prepare:
They meet together, such as are or driven by biting fear,
Or bitter hatred of the wretch: such ships as hap had dight
They fall upon and lade with gold; forth fare the treasures bright
Of wretch Pygmalion o'er the sea, a woman first therein.
And so they come unto the place where ye may see begin
The towers of Carthage, and the walls new built that mighty grow,
And bought the Byrsa-field good cheap, as still the name shall show,
So much of land as one bull's hide might scantily go about
— But ye forsooth, what men are ye, from what land fare ye out,
And whither go ye on your ways?"

Her questioning in speech

He answered, and a heavy sigh from inmost heart did reach:
"O Goddess, might I tread again first footsteps of our way,
And if the annals of our toil thine hearkening ears might stay,
Yet Vesper first on daylight dead should shut Olympus' door.
From Troy the old, if yet perchance your ears have felt before
That name go by, do we come forth, and, many a water past,
A chance-come storm hath drifted us on Libyan shores at last.

I am Æneas, God-lover; I snatched forth from the foe
My Gods to bear aboard with me, a fame for heaven to know.
I seek the Italian fatherland, and Jove-descended line;
Twice ten the ships were that I manned upon the Phrygian brine,
My Goddess-mother led the way, we followed fate god-given;
And now scarce seven are left to me by wave and east-wind riven;
And I through Libyan deserts stray, a man unknown and poor,
From Asia cast, from Europe cast,”
She might abide no more
To hear his moan: she thrusts a word amidst his grief and saith:
“Nay thou art not God’s castaway, who drawest mortal breath,
And fairest to the Tyrian town, if aught thereof I know.
Set on to Dido’s threshold then e’en as the way doth show.
For take the tidings of thy ships and folk brought back again
By shifting of the northern wind all safe from off the main:
Unless my parents learned me erst of soothsaying to wot
But idly. Lo there twice seven swans disporting in a knot,
Whom falling from the plain of air drave down the bird of Jove
From open heaven: strung out at length they hang the earth above,
And now seem choosing where to pitch, now on their choice to gaze,
As wheeling round with whistling wings they sport in diverse ways
And with their band ring round the pole and cast abroad their song.
Nought otherwise the ships and youth that unto thee belong
Hold haven now, or else full sail to harbour-mouth are come.
Set forth, set forth and tread the way e’en as it leadeth home.”
She spake, she turned, from rosy neck the light of heaven she cast,
And from her hair ambrosial the scent of Gods went past
Upon the wind, and o’er her feet her skirts fell shimmering down,
And very God she went her ways. Therewith his mother known,
With such a word he followed up a-fleeing from his eyes:
“Ah cruel as a God! and why with images and lies
Dost thou beguile me? wherefore then is hand to hand not given
And we to give and take in words that come from earth and heaven?”
Such wise he chided her, and then his footsteps townward bent:
But Venus with a dusky air did hedge them as they went,
And widespread cloak of cloudy stuff the Goddess round them
wrapped,

Lest any man had seen them there, or bodily had happed
Across their road their steps to stay, and ask their dealings there.
But she to Paphos and her home went glad amidst the air:
There is her temple, there they stand, an hundred altars meet,
Warm with Sabæan incense-smoke, with new-pulled blossoms
sweet.

But therewithal they speed their way as led the road along;
And now they scale a spreading hill that o'er the town is hung,
And looking downward thereupon hath all the burg in face.
Æneas marvels how that world was once a peasants' place,
He marvels at the gates, the roar and rattle of the ways.
Hot-heart the Tyrians speed the work, and some the ramparts raise,
Some pile the burg high, some with hand roll stones up o'er the
ground;

Some choose a place for dwelling-house and draw a trench around;
Some choose the laws, and lords of doom, the holy senate choose.

These thereaway the havens dig, and deep adown sink those
The founding of the theatre walls, or cleave the living stone
In pillars huge, one day to show full fair the scene upon.

As in new summer 'neath the sun the bees are wont to speed
Their labour in the flowery fields, whereover now they lead
The well-grown offspring of their race, or when the cells they store
With flowing honey, till fulfilled of sweets they hold no more;
Or take the loads of new-comers, or as a watch well set
Drive off the lazy herd of drones that they no dwelling get;
Well speeds the work, and thymy sweet the honey's odour is.

"Well favoured of the Fates are ye, whose walls arise in bliss!"

Æneas cries, a-looking o'er the housetops spread below;
Then, wonderful to tell in tale, hedged round with cloud doth go
Amid the thickest press of men, and yet of none is seen.

A grove amid the town there is, a pleasant place of green,
Where erst the Tyrians, beat by waves and whirling of the wind,
Dug out the token Juno once had bidden them hope to find,
An eager horse's head to wit: for thus their folk should grow
Far-famed in war for many an age, of victual rich enow.

There now did Dido, Sidon-born, uprear a mighty fane
To Juno, rich in gifts, and rich in present godhead's gain:

On brazen steps its threshold rose, and brass its lintel tied,
And on their hinges therewithal the brazen door-leaves cried.
And now within that grove again a new thing thrusting forth
‘Gan lighten fear; for here to hope Æneas deemed it worth,
And trust his fortune beaten down that yet it might arise.
For there while he abode the Queen, and wandered with his eyes
O’er all the temple, musing on the city’s fate to be,
And o’er the diverse handicraft and works of mastery,
Lo there, set out before his face the battles that were Troy’s,
And wars, whereof all folk on earth had heard the fame and noise;
King Priam, the Atridæ twain, Achilles dire to both.
He stood, and weeping spake withal:
“Achates, lo! forsooth
What place, what land in all the earth but with our grief is stored?
Lo Priam! and even here belike deed hath its own reward.
Lo here are tears for piteous things that touch men’s hearts anigh:
Cast off thy fear! this fame today shall yet thy safety buy.”
And with the empty painted thing he feeds his mind withal,
Sore groaning, and a very flood adown his face did fall.
For there he saw, as war around of Pergamus they cast,
Here fled the Greeks, the Trojan youth for ever following fast;
There fled the Phrygians, on their heels high-helmed Achilles’ car;
Not far off, fair with snowy cloths, the tents of Rhesus are;
He knew them weeping: they of old in first of sleep betrayed,
Tydides red with many a death a waste of nothing made,
And led those fiery steeds to camp ere ever they might have
One mouthful of the Trojan grass, or drink of Xanthus’ wave.
And lo again, where Troilus is fleeing weaponless,
Unhappy youth, and all too weak to bear Achilles’ stress,
By his own horses, fallen aback, at empty chariot borne,
Yet holding on the reins thereof; his neck, his tresses torn
O’er face of earth, his wrested spear a-writing in the dust.
Meanwhile were faring to the fane of Pallas little just
The wives of Troy with scattered hair, bearing the gown refused,
Sad they and suppliant, whose own hands their very bosoms bruised,
While fixed, averse, the Goddess kept her eyes upon the ground.
Thrice had Achilles Hector dragged the walls of Troy around,

And o'er his body, reft of soul, was chaffering now for gold.
Deep groaned Æneas from his heart in such wise to behold
The car, the spoils, the very corpse of him, his fellow dead,
To see the hands of Priam there all weaponless outspread.
Yea, thrust amidst Achæan lords, his very self he knew;
The Eastland hosts he saw, and arms of Memnon black of hue.
There mad Penthesilea leads the maids of moony shield,
The Amazons, and burns amidst the thousands of the field,
And with her naked breast thrust out above the golden girth,
The warrior maid hath heart to meet the warriors of the earth.
But while Æneas, Dardan lord, beholds the marvels there,
And, all amazed, stands moving nought with eyes in one set stare,
Lo cometh Dido, very queen of fairest fashion wrought,
By youths close thronging all about unto the temple brought.
Yea, e'en as on Eurotas' rim or Cynthus' ridges high
Diana leadeth dance about, a thousandfold anigh
The following Oreads gather round, with shoulder quiver-hung
She overbears the Goddesses her swift feet fare among,
And great Latona's silent breast the joys of godhead touch.
Lo, such was Dido; joyously she bore herself e'en such
Amidst them, eager for the work and ordered rule to come;
Then through the Goddess' door she passed, and midmost 'neath the
dome,
High raised upon a throne she sat, with weapons hedged about,
And doomed, and fashioned laws for men, and fairly sifted out
And dealt their share of toil to them, or drew the lot as happened.
There suddenly Æneas sees amidst a concourse wrapped
Antheus, Sergestus, and the strong Cloanthus draw anigh,
And other Teucrians whom the whirl, wild, black, all utterly
Had scattered into other lands afar across the sea.
Amazed he stood, nor stricken was Achates less than he
By joy, by fear: they hungered sore hand unto hand to set;
But doubt of dealings that might be stirred in their hearts as yet;
So lurking, cloaked in hollow cloud they note what things betide
Their fellows there, and on what shore the ships they manned may
bide,
And whence they come; for chosen out of all the ships they bear

Bidding of peace, and, crying out, thus temple-ward they fare.
But now when they were entered in, and gained the grace of speech,
From placid heart Ilioneus the elder 'gan beseech:
"O Queen, to whom hath Jove here given a city new to raise,
And with thy justice to draw rein on men of wilful ways,
We wretched Trojans, tossed about by winds o'er every main,
Pray thee forbid it from our ships, the dreadful fiery bane.
Spare pious folk, and look on us with favouring kindly eyes!
We are not come with sword to waste the Libyan families,
Nor drive adown unto the strand the plunder of the strong:
No such high hearts, such might of mind to vanquished folk belong.
There is a place, Hesperia called of Greeks in days that are,
An ancient land, a fruitful soil, a mighty land in war.
Oenotrian folk first tilled the land, whose sons, as rumours run,
Now call it nought but Italy from him who led them on.
And thitherward our course was turned,
When sudden, stormy, tumbling seas, Orion rose on us,
And wholly scattering us abroad with fierce blasts from the south,
Drave us, sea-swept, by shallows blind, to straits with wayless
mouth:
But to thy shores we few have swum, and so betake us here.
What men among men are ye then? what country's soil may bear
Such savage ways? ye grudge us then the welcome of your sand,
And fall to arms, and gainsay us a tide-washed strip of strand.
But if men-folk and wars of men ye wholly set at nought,
Yet deem the Gods bear memory still of good and evil wrought
Æneas was the king of us; no juster was there one,
No better lover of the Gods, none more in battle shone:
And if the Fates have saved that man, if earthly air he drink,
Nor 'neath the cruel deadly shades his fallen body shrink,
Nought need we fear, nor ye repent to strive in kindly deed
With us: we have in Sicily fair cities to our need.
And fields we have; Acestes high of Trojan blood is come.
Now suffer us our shattered ships in haven to bring home,
To cut us timber in thy woods, and shave us oars anew.
Then if the Italian cruise to us, if friends and king are due,
To Italy and Latium then full merry wend we on.

But if, dear father of our folk, hope of thy health be gone,
And thee the Libyan water have, nor hope Iulus give,
Then the Sicanian shores at least, and seats wherein to live,
Whence hither came we, and the King Acestes let us seek.”
So spake he, and the others made as they the same would speak,
The Dardan-folk with murmuring mouth.

But Dido, with her head hung down, in few words answer gave:
“Let fear fall from you, Teucrian men, and set your cares aside;
Hard fortune yet constraineth me and this my realm untried
To hold such heed, with guard to watch my marches up and down.
Who knoweth not Æneas’ folk? who knoweth not Troy-town,
The valour, and the men, and all the flame of such a war?
Nay, surely nought so dull as this the souls within us are,
Nor turns the sun from Tyrian town, so far off yoking steed.
So whether ye Hesperia great, and Saturn’s acres need,
Or rather unto Eryx turn, and King Acestes’ shore,
Safe, holpen will I send you forth, and speed you with my store:
Yea and moreover, have ye will in this my land to bide.
This city that I build is yours: here leave your ships to ride:
Trojan and Tyrian no two wise at hands of me shall fare.
And would indeed the King himself, Æneas, with us were,
Driven by that self-same southern gale: but sure men will I send,
And bid them search through Libya from end to utmost end,
Lest, cast forth anywhere, he stray by town or forest part.”

Father Æneas thereupon high lifted up his heart,
Nor stout Achates less, and both were fain the cloud to break;
And to Æneas first of all the leal Achates spake:
“O Goddess-born, what thought hereof ariseth in thy mind?
All safe thou seest thy ships; thy folk fair welcomed dost thou find:
One is away, whom we ourselves saw sunken in the deep;
But all things else the promised word thy mother gave us keep.”
Lo, even as he spake the word the cloud that wrapped them cleaves,
And in the open space of heaven no dusk behind it leaves;
And there Æneas stood and shone amid the daylight clear,
With face and shoulders of a God: for loveliness of hair
His mother breathed upon her son, and purple light of youth,
And joyful glory of the eyes: e’en as in very sooth

The hand gives ivory goodliness, or when the Parian stone,
Or silver with the handicraft of yellow gold is done:
And therewithal unto the Queen doth he begin to speak,
Unlooked-for of all men:
“Lo here the very man ye seek,
Trojan Æneas, caught away from Libyan seas of late!
Thou, who alone of toils of Troy hast been compassionate,
Who takest us, the leavings poor of Danaan sword, outworn
With every hap of earth and sea, of every good forlorn,
To city and to house of thine: to thank thee to thy worth,
Dido, my might may compass not; nay, scattered o’er the earth
The Dardan folk, for what thou dost may never give thee meed:
But if somewhere a godhead is the righteous man to heed,
If justice is, or any soul to note the right it wrought,
May the Gods give thee due reward. What joyful ages brought
Thy days to birth? what mighty ones gave such an one today?
Now while the rivers seaward run, and while the shadows stray
O’er hollow hills, and while the pole the stars is pasturing wide,
Still shall thine honour and thy name, still shall thy praise abide
What land soever calleth me.”

Therewith his right hand sought
His very friend Ilioneus, his left Serestus caught,
And then the others, Gyas strong, Cloanthus strong in fight.
Sidonian Dido marvelled much, first at the hero’s sight,
Then marvelled at the haps he had, and so such word doth say:
“O Goddess-born, what fate is this that ever dogs thy way
With such great perils? What hath yoked thy life to this wild shore?
And art thou that Æneas then, whom holy Venus bore
Unto Anchises, Dardan lord, by Phrygian Simoïs’ wave?
Of Teucer unto Sidon come a memory yet I have,
Who, driven from out his fatherland, was seeking new abode
By Belus’ help: but Belus then, my father, over-rode
Cyprus the rich, and held the same as very conquering lord:
So from that tide I knew of Troy and bitter Fate’s award,
I knew of those Pelasgian kings — yea, and I knew thy name.
He then, a foeman, added praise to swell the Teucrian fame,
And oft was glad to deem himself of ancient Teucer’s line.

So hasten now to enter in 'neath roofs of me and mine.
Me too a fortune such as yours, me tossed by many a toil,
Hath pleased to give abiding-place at last upon this soil,
Learned in illhaps full wise am I unhappy men to aid."
Such tale she told, and therewith led to house full kingly made
Æneas, bidding therewithal the Gods with gifts to grace;
Nor yet their fellows she forgot upon the sea-beat place,
But sendeth them a twenty bulls, an hundred bristling backs
Of swine, an hundred fatted lambs, whereof his ewe none lacks,
And gifts and gladness of the God.
Meanwhile the gleaming house within with kingly pomp is dight,
And in the midmost of the hall a banquet they prepare:
Cloths laboured o'er with handicraft, and purple proud is there;
Great is the silver on the board, and carven out of gold
The mighty deeds of father-folk, a long-drawn tale, is told,
Brought down through many and many an one from when their race
began.

Æneas, through whose father's heart unquiet love there ran,
Sent on the swift Achates now unto the ships to speed,
To bear Ascanius all these haps, and townward him to lead;
For on Ascanius well beloved was all his father's thought:
And therewithal gifts good to give from Ilium's ruin caught
He bade him bring: a cope all stiff with golden imagery;
With saffron soft acanthus twine a veil made fair to see;
The Argive Helen's braveries, brought from Mycenæ erst,
When she was seeking Pergamos and wedding all accursed:
Her mother Leda gave her these and marvellous they were.
A sceptre too that Ilione in days agoe did bear,
The eldest-born of Priam's maids; a neckchain pearl bestrown,
And, doubly wrought with gold and gems, a kingly-fashioned crown.
So to the ships Achates went these matters forth to speed.
But Cytherea in her heart turned over new-wrought rede,
New craft; how, face and fashion changed, her son the very Love
For sweet Ascanius should come forth, and, gift-giving, should move
The Queen to madness, make her bones the yoke-fellows of flame.
Forsooth the doubtful house she dreads, the two-tongued Tyrian
name;

And bitter Juno burneth her, and care the night doth wake:
Now therefore to the winged Love such words as this she spake:
“O son, my might, my only might, who fearest nought at all
How his, the highest Father’s bolts, Typhoeus’ bane, may fall,
To thee I flee, and suppliant so thy godhead’s power beseech:
Thy brother, e’en Æneas, tossed on every sea-side beach
Thou knowest; all the fashioning of wrongful Juno’s hate
Thou knowest; oft upon my grief with sorrow wouldst thou wait.
Him now Phoenician Dido holds, and with kind words enow
Delays him there, but unto what Junonian welcomes grow
I fear me: will she hold her hand when thus the hinge is dight?
Now therefore am I compassing to catch their craft in flight,
To ring the Queen about with flame that her no power may turn,
That she may cling to me and sore for mine Æneas yearn.
Now hearken how I counsel thee to bring about my will:
The kingly boy his father calls, he whom I cherish still,
To that Sidonian city now is ready dight to fare,
And gifts, the gleanings of the sea and flames of Troy, doth bear,
Whom soaked in sleep forthwith will I in high Cythera hide,
Or in Idalium’s holy place where I am wont to bide,
Lest any one the guile should know and thrust themselves between:
But thou with craft his fashion feign, and with his face be seen
Well known of all, for no more space than one night’s wearing by;
And so, when Dido, gladdest grown, shall take thee up to lie
Upon her breast ‘twixt queenly board and great Lyæus’ wave,
And thou the winding of her arms and kisses sweet shalt have,
Then breathe the hidden flame in her and forge thy venom’d guile.”
His lovesome mother Love obeyed, and doffed his wings awhile,
And as Iulus goeth now rejoicing on his way.
But Venus all Ascanius’ limbs in quiet rest doth lay,
And cherished in her goddess’ breast unto Idalian groves
She bears him, where the marjoram still soft about him moves
And breatheth sweet from scented shade and blossoms on the air.
Love wrought her will, and bearing now those royal gifts and rare,
Unto the Tyrians joyous went, e’en as Achates led.
But when he came into the house, there on her golden bed
With hangings proud Queen Dido lay amidmost of the place:

The father then, Æneas, then the youth of Trojan race,
There gather, and their bodies cast on purple spread abroad.
Folk serve them water for their hands, and speed the baskets stored
With Ceres, and the towels soft of close-clipped nap they bear.
Within were fifty serving-maids, whose long array had care
To furnish forth the meat and drink, and feed the house-gods' flame;
An hundred more, and youths withal of age and tale the same,
Set on the meat upon the board and lay the cups about.
And now through that wide joyous door came thronging from
without
The Tyrians, and, so bidden, lie on benches painted fair.
They wonder at Æneas' gifts, and at Iulus there,
The flaming countenance of God, and speech so feigned and fine;
They wonder at the cope and veil with that acanthus twine.
And chiefly that unhappy one doomed to the coming ill,
Nor hungry hollow of her heart nor burning eyes may fill
With all beholding: gifts and child alike her heart do move.
But he, when he had satisfied his feignèd father's love,
And clipped Æneas all about, and round his neck had hung,
Went to the Queen, who with her eyes and heart about him clung,
And whiles would strain him to her breast — poor Dido! knowing
nought
What God upon her bosom sat; who ever had in thought
His Acidalian mother's word, and slowly did begin
To end Sychæus quite, and with a living love to win
Her empty soul at rest, and heart unused a weary tide.
But when the feasting first was stayed, and boards were done aside,
Great beakers there they set afoot, and straight the wine they
crowned.
A shout goes up within the house, great noise they roll around
The mighty halls: the candles hang adown from golden roof
All lighted, and the torches' flame keeps dusky night aloof.
And now a heavy bowl of gold and gems the Queen bade bring
And fill with all unwatered wine, which erst used Belus king,
And all from Belus come: therewith through the hushed house she
said:
"O Jupiter! they say by thee the guesting laws were made;

Make thou this day to Tyrian folk, and folk come forth from Troy,
A happy day, and may our sons remember this our joy!
Mirth-giver Bacchus, fail thou not from midst our mirth! be kind,
O Juno! and ye Tyrian folk, be glad this bond to bind!”
She spake, and on the table poured the glorious wave of wine,
Then touched the topmost of the bowl with dainty lip and fine,
And, egging on, to Bitias gave: nought slothful to be told
The draught he drained, who bathed himself within the foaming
gold;

Then drank the other lords of them: long-haired Iopas then
Maketh the golden harp to sing, whom Atlas most of men
Erst taught: he sings the wandering moon and toiling of the sun,
And whence the kind of men and beasts, how rain and fire begun,
Arcturus, the wet Hyades, and twin-wrought Northern Bears:
And why so swift the winter sun unto his sea-bath fares,
And what delayeth night so long upon the daylight’s hem.
Then praise on praise the Tyrians shout, the Trojans follow them.
Meanwhile unhappy Dido wore the night-tide as it sank
In diverse talk, and evermore long draughts of love she drank,
And many a thing of Priam asked, of Hector many a thing:
With what-like arms Aurora’s son had come unto the King;
What were the steeds of Diomed, how great Achilles was.
At last she said:

“But come, O guest, tell all that came to pass
From earliest tide; of Danaan craft, and how thy land was lorn,
And thine own wanderings; for as now the seventh year is worn
That thee a-straying wide away o’er earth and sea hath borne.”

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

ÆNEAS TELLETH TO DIDO AND THE TYRIANS THE STORY
OF TROY'S OVERTHROW.

All hearkened hushed, and fixed on him was every face of man,
As from the couch high set aloft Æneas thus began:

“Unutterable grief, O Queen, thou biddest me renew
The falling of the Trojan weal and realm that all shall rue
‘Neath Danaan might; which thing myself unhappy did behold,
Yea, and was no small part thereof. What man might hear it told
Of Dolopes, or Myrmidons, or hard Ulysses’ band,
And keep the tears back? Dewy night now falleth from the land
Of heaven, and all the setting stars are bidding us to sleep:
But if to know our evil hap thy longing is so deep,
If thou wilt hear a little word of Troy’s last agony,
Though memory shuddereth, and my heart shrunk up in grief doth
lie,

I will begin.

By battle broke, and thrust aback by Fate
Through all the wearing of the years, the Danaan lords yet wait
And build a horse up mountain-huge by Pallas’ art divine,
Fair fashioning the ribs thereof with timbers of the pine,
And feign it vowed for safe return, and let the fame fly forth.
Herein by stealth a sort of men chosen for bodies’ worth
Amid its darkness do they shut; the caverns inly lost
Deep in the belly of the thing they fill with armed host.
In sight of Troy lies Tenedos, an island known of all,
And rich in wealth before the realm of Priam had its fall,
Now but a bay and roadstead poor, where scarcely ships may ride.
So thither now they sail away in desert place to hide.
We thought them gone, and that they sought Mycenæ on a wind,
Whereat the long-drawn grief of Troy fell off from every mind.
The gates are opened; sweet it is the Dorian camp to see,
The dwellings waste, the shore all void where they were wont to be:

Here dwelt the band of Dolopes, here was Achilles set,
And this was where their ships were beached; here edge to edge we
met.

Some wonder at unwedded maid Minerva's gift of death,
That baneful mountain of a horse; and first Thymoetes saith
'Twere good in walls to lead the thing, on topmost burg to stand;
Whether such word the fate of Troy or evil treason planned
I know not: Capys and the rest, who better counsel have,
Bid take the fashioned guile of Greeks, the doubtful gift they gave,
To tumble it adown to sea, with piled-up fire to burn,
Or bore the belly of the beast its hidden holes to learn;
So cleft atwain is rede of men abiding there in doubt.
But first before all others now with much folk all about
Laocoon the fiery man runs from the burg adown,
And shouts from far:

'O wretched men, how hath such madness grown?
Deem ye the foe hath fared away? Deem ye that Danaan gifts
May ever lack due share of guile? Are these Ulysses' shifts?
For either the Achæans lurk within this fashioned tree,
Or 'tis an engine wrought with craft bane of our walls to be,
To look into our very homes, and scale the town perforce:
Some guile at least therein abides: Teucrians, trust not the horse!
Whatso it is, the Danaan folk, yea gift-bearing I fear.'

Thus having said, with valiant might he hurled a huge-wrought spear
Against the belly of the beast swelled out with rib and stave;
It stood a-trembling therewithal; its hollow caverns gave
From womb all shaken with the stroke a mighty sounding groan.
And but for God's heart turned from us, for God's fate fixed and
known,
He would have led us on with steel to foul the Argive den,
And thou, O Troy, wert standing now, thou Priam's burg as then!
But lo, where Dardan shepherds lead, with plenteous clamour round,
A young man unto Priam's place with hands behind him bound,
Who privily had thrust himself before their way e'en now
The work to crown, and into Troy an open way to show
Unto the Greeks; a steadfast soul, prepared for either end,
Or utterly to work his craft or unto death to bend.

Eager to see him as he went around the Trojans flock
On every side, and each with each contend the man to mock.
Lo now, behold the Danaan guile, and from one wrong they wrought
Learn ye what all are like to be.

For as he stood in sight of all, bewildered, weaponless,
And let his eyes go all around the gazing Phrygian press,
He spake:

‘What land shall have me now, what sea my head shall hide?

What then is left of deed to do that yet I must abide?

No place I have among the Greeks, and Dardan folk withal

My foemen are, and bloody end, due doom, upon me call.’

And with that wail our hearts were turned, and somewhat backward
hung

The press of men: we bade him say from whence his blood was
sprung,

And what he did, and if indeed a captive we might trust;

So thus he spake when now all fear from off his heart was thrust:

‘Whatso betide, to thee, O King, the matter’s verity

Will I lay bare unto the end, nor Argive blood deny:

This firstly; for if Fate indeed shaped Sinon for all bale

To make him liar and empty fool her worst may not avail.

Perchance a rumour of men’s talk about your ears hath gone,

Telling of Palamedes’ fame and glory that he won,

The son of Belus: traitors’ word undid him innocent;

By unjust doom for banning war the way of death he went,

Slain by Pelasgian men, that now his quenched light deplore.

Fellow to him, and nigh akin, I went unto the war,

Sent by my needy father forth, e’en from my earliest years;

Now while he reigned in health, a king fair blooming mid his peers

In council of the kings, I too had share of name and worth.

But after he had gone his way from land of upper earth,

Thrust down by sly Ulysses’ hate, (I tell all men’s belief),

Then beaten down I dragged my life through shadowy ways of grief,

And heavily I took the death of him my sackless friend,

Nor held my peace, O fool! but vowed revenge if time should send

A happy tide; if I should come to Argos any more,

A victor then: so with my words I drew down hatred sore.

This was the first fleck of my ill; Ulysses ever now
Would threaten with some new-found guilt, and mid the folk would
sow

Dark sayings, and knowing what was toward, sought weapons new at
need;

Nor wearied till with Calchas now to help him to the deed. —

— But why upturn these ugly things, or spin out time for nought?

For if ye deem all Greekish men in one same mould are wrought:

It is enough. Come make an end; Ulysses' hope fulfil!

With great price would the Atridæ buy such working of their will.'

Then verily to know the thing and reach it deep we burned,

So little in Pelasgian guile and evil were we learned.

He takes the tale up; fluttering-voiced from lying heart he speaks:

'The longing to be gone from Troy fell oft upon the Greeks,

And oft they fain had turned their backs on war without an end,

(I would they had), and oft as they were e'en at point to wend

A tempest would forbid the sea, or southern gale would scare,

And chiefly when with maple-beams this horse that standeth here

They fashioned, mighty din of storm did all the heavens fulfil.

So held aback, Eurypylus we sent to learn the will

Of Phoebus: from the shrine he brought such heavy words as these:

With blood and with a virgin's death did ye the winds appease

When first ye came, O Danaan folk, unto the Ilian shore;

With blood and with an Argive soul the Gods shall ye adore

For your return.

'Now when that word men's ears had gone about

Their hearts stood still, and tremors cold took all their bones for
doubt

What man the Fates had doomed thereto, what man Apollo would.

Amidst us then the Ithacan drags in with clamour rude

Calchas the seer, and wearie him the Gods' will to declare.

Of that craftsman's cruel guile had many bade beware

In words, and many silently foresaw the coming death.

Twice five days Calchas holdeth peace and, hidden, gainsayeth

To speak the word that any man to very death should cast,

Till hardly, by Ulysses' noise sore driven, at the last

He brake out with the speech agreed, and on me laid the doom;

All cried assent, and what each man feared on himself might come,
‘Gainst one poor wretch’s end of days with ready hands they bear.
Now came the evil day; for me the rites do men prepare,
The salted cakes, the holy strings to do my brows about.
I needs must say I brake my bonds, from Death’s house gat me out,
And night-long lay amid the sedge by muddy marish side
Till they spread sail, if they perchance should win their sailing tide.
Nor have I hope to see again my fatherland of old;
My longed-for father and sweet sons I never shall behold;
On whom the guilt of me who fled mayhappen men will lay,
And with their death for my default the hapless ones shall pay.
But by the might of very God, all sooth that knoweth well,
By all the unstained faith that yet mid mortal men doth dwell,
If aught be left, I pray you now to pity such distress!
Pity a heart by troubles tried beyond its worthiness!’
His weeping won his life of us, and pity thereunto,
And Priam was the first who bade his irons to undo,
And hand-bonds, and in friendly words unto the man he speaks:
‘Whoso thou art, henceforward now forget thy missing Greeks;
Thou shalt be ours: but learn me now, who fain the sooth would wot,
Wherefore they built this world of horse, what craftsman him begot,
And what to do? What gift for Gods; what gin of war is he?’
He spake. The other, wise in guile and Greekish treachery,
Both palms of his from bonds new-freed raised toward the stars
above,
And, ‘O eternal fires!’ he cried, ‘O might that none may move,
Bear witness now! ye altar-stones, ye wicked swords I fled,
Ye holy fillets of the Gods bound round my fore-doomed head,
That I all hallowed Greekish rites may break and do aright,
That I may hate the men and bring all hidden things to light
If aught lie hid; nor am I held by laws my country gave!
But thou, O Troy, abide by troth, and well thy saviour save,
If truth I bear thee, if great things for great I pay thee o’er!
‘All hope the Danaans had, all trust for speeding on the war
On Pallas’ aid was ever set: yet came a day no less
When godless Diomed and he, well-spring of wickedness,
Ulysses, brake the holy place that they by stealth might gain

The fate-fulfilled Palladium, when, all the burg-guards slain,
They caught the holy image up, and durst their bloody hands
Lay on the awful Goddess there and touch her holy bands:
The flood-tide of the Danaan hope ebbed from that very day;
Might failed them, and the Goddess-maid turned all her heart away:
Token whereof Tritonia gave by portent none might doubt:
Scarce was the image set in camp when suddenly flashed out
Fierce fire from staring eyes of her, and salt sweat oozed and fell
O'er all her limbs, and she from earth, O wonderful to tell!
Leapt thrice, still holding in her hand the quivering spear and shield:
Then Calchas bade us turn to flight across the wavy field,
Singing how ruin of Pergamos the Argive steel shall lack,
Till Argos give the signs again, and we the God bring back
In hollow of the curved keel across the tumbling main.
And this is why they sought their home, Mycenæ's land, again,
And there they dight them arms and God, and presently unwares
Will be on you across the sea — Calchas such doom declares.
So warned hereby for Godhead's hurt, in stolen Palladium's stead,
Atonement for their heavy guilt, this horse they fashionèd.
But him indeed did Calchas bid to pile so mountain-high
With such a might of mingled beams, and lead up to the sky,
Lest it within the gates should come, or mid the walls, and lest
Beneath their ancient Pallas-faith the people safe should rest.
For if upon Minerva's gift ye lay a godless hand,
Then mighty ruin (and would to God before his face might stand
That ruin instead) on Priam's might, and Phrygian folk shall fall.
But if your hands shall lead it up within the city wall,
Then Asia, free and willing it, to Pelops' house shall come
With mighty war; and that same fate our sons shall follow home.'
Caught by such snares and crafty guile of Sinon the forsworn,
By lies and lies, and tears forced forth there were we overborne;
We, whom Tydides might not tame, nor Larissæan king
Achilles; nor the thousand ships, and ten years' wearying.
But now another, greater hap, a very birth of fear,
Was thrust before us wretched ones, our sightless hearts to stir.
Laocoon, chosen out by lot for mighty Neptune's priest,
Would sacrifice a mighty bull at altars of the feast;

When lo, away from Tenedos, o'er quiet of the main
(I tremble in the tale) we see huge coils of serpents twain
Breasting the sea, and side by side swift making for the shore;
Whose fronts amid the flood were strained, and high their crests
upbore
Blood-red above the waves, the rest swept o'er the sea behind,
And all the unmeasured backs of them coil upon coil they wind,
While sends the sea great sound of foam. And now the meads they
gained,
The burning eyes with flecks of blood and streaks of fire are stained,
Their mouths with hisses all fulfilled are licked by flickering tongue.
Bloodless we flee the sight, but they fare steadfastly along
Unto Laocoon; and first each serpent round doth reach
One little body of his sons, and knitting each to each,
And winding round and round about, the unhappy body gnaws:
And then himself, as sword in hand anigh for help he draws,
They seize and bind about in coils most huge, and presently
Are folded twice about his midst, twice round his neck they tie
Their scaly backs, and hang above with head and toppling mane,
While he both striveth with his hands to rend their folds atwain,
His fillets covered o'er with blood and venom black and fell,
And starward sendeth forth withal a cry most horrible,
The roaring of a wounded bull who flees the altar-horn
And shaketh from his crest away the axe unhandy borne.
But fleeing to the shrines on high do those two serpents glide,
And reach the hard Tritonia's house, and therewithin they hide
Beneath the Goddess' very feet and orbèd shield of dread;
Then through our quaking hearts indeed afresh the terror spread,
And all men say Laocoon hath paid but worthily
For guilt of his, and hurt of steel upon the holy tree,
When that unhappy wicked spear against its flank he threw.
They cry to lead the image on to holy house and due,
And Pallas' godhead to adore.
We break adown our rampart walls and bare the very town:
All gird themselves unto the work, set wheels that it may glide
Beneath his feet, about his neck the hempen bond is tied
To warp it on: up o'er the walls so climbs the fateful thing

Fruitful of arms; and boys about and unwed maidens sing
The holy songs, and deem it joy hand on the ropes to lay.
It enters; through the city's midst it wends its evil way.
— O land! O Ilium, house of Gods! O glorious walls of war!
O Dardan walls! — four times amidst the threshold of our door
It stood: four times with sound of arms the belly of it rung;
But heedless, maddened hearts and blind, hard on the ropes we hung,
Nor but amidst the holy burg the monster's feet we stay.
And then Cassandra oped her mouth to tell the fateful day, —
Her mouth that by the Gods' own doom the Teucrians ne'er might
trow.

Then on this day that was our last we bear the joyous bough,
Poor wretches! through the town to deck each godhead's holy place.
Meanwhile the heavens are faring round, night falls on ocean's face,
Enwrapping in her mighty shade all earthly things and sky,
And all the guile of Myrmidons: silent the Teucrians lie
Through all the town, and Sleep her arms o'er wearied bodies slips.
And now the Argive host comes forth upon its ordered ships
From Tenedos, all hushed amid the kind moon's silent ways,
Seeking the well-known strand, when forth there breaks the bale-
fire's blaze

On the king's deck: and Sinon, kept by Gods' unequal fate,
For Danaans hid in horse's womb undoes the piny gate
In stealthy wise: them now the horse, laid open to the air,
Gives forth again, and glad from out the hollow wood they fare;
Thessandrus, Sthenelus, the dukes, and dire Ulysses pass;
Slipped down along a hanging rope, Thoas and Acamas,
Peleian Neoptolemus, and Machaon the first,
And Menelaüs, and the man who forged the guile accursed,
Epeos. Through the city sunk in sleep and wine they break,
Slain are the guards, at gates all oped their fellows in they take,
Till all their bands confederate are met at last in one.
It was the time when that first peace of sick men hath begun,
By very gift of God o'er all in sweetest wise to creep,
When Hector comes before mine eyes amid the dreams of sleep,
Most sorrowful to see he was, and weeping plenteous flood,
And e'en as torn behind the car, black with the dust and blood,

His feet all swollen with the thong that pierced them through and through.

Woe worth the while for what he was! How changed from him we knew!

The Hector come from out the fight in arms Achilles lost,
The Hector that on Danaan decks the Phrygian firebrands tost.

Foul was his beard, and all his hair was matted up with gore,
And on his body were the wounds, the many wounds he bore
Around his Troy. I seemed in sleep, I weeping e'en as he,
To speak unto the hero first in voice of misery:

'O Light of Troy, most faithful hope of all the Teucrian men,
What stay hath held thee back so long? from what shore com'st thou
then,

Long-looked-for Hector? that at last, so many died away,
Such toil of city, toil of men, we see thy face today,
We so forewearied? What hath fouled in such an evil wise
Thy cheerful face? what mean these hurts thou showest to mine
eyes?'

Nought: nor my questions void and vain one moment turned his
speech;

Who from the inmost of his heart a heavy groan did reach:

'O Goddess-born, flee forth,' he said, 'and snatch thee from the fire!

The foeman hath the walls, and Troy is down from topmost spire.

For Priam and for country now enough. If any hand

Might have kept Pergamos, held up by mine it yet should stand.

Her holy things and household gods Troy gives in charge to thee;

Take these as fellows of thy fate: go forth the walls to see,

The great walls thou shalt build, when thou the sea hast wandered
o'er.'

He spake, and from the inner shrine forth in his hands he bore
Great Vesta, and the holy bands, and fire that never dies.

Meanwhile the city's turmoiled woe was wrought in diverse wise,

And though my father's house aback apart from all was set,

And hedged about with many trees, clearer and clearer yet

The sounds grew on us, ever swelled the weapons' dread and din.

I shake off sleep and forthwithal climb up aloft and win

To topmost roof: with ears pricked up I stand to hearken all.

As when before the furious South the driven flame doth fall
Among the corn: or like as when the hill-flood rolls in haste
To waste the fields and acres glad, the oxen's toil to waste,
Tearing the headlong woods along, while high upon a stone
The unready shepherd stands amazed, and hears the sound come on.
Then was their faith made manifest, then Danaan guile lay bare;
Deïphobus' wide house e'en now, o'ertopped by Vulcan's flare,
Shows forth its fall; Ucalegon's is burning by its side:
The narrow seas Sigæum guards gleam litten far and wide.
The shout of men ariseth now, and blaring of the horn,
And mad, I catch my weapons up though idly they be borne;
But burned my heart to gather folk for battle, and set forth
Upon the burg in fellowship; for fury and great wrath
Thrust on my heart: to die in arms, it seemed a good reward.
But lo, now Panthus newly slipped from 'neath the Achean sword,
Panthus the son of Othrys, priest of Phoebus' house on high;
His holy things and vanquished Gods, his little lad thereby
He drags, and as a madman runs, to gain our doorway set.
'Panthus, how fares it at the worst? what stronghold keep we yet?'
Scarce had I said, when from his mouth a groan and answer fares:
'Troy's latest day has come on us, a tide no struggling wears:
Time was, the Trojans were; time was, and Ilium stood; time was,
And glory of the Teucrian folk! Jove biddeth all to pass
To Argos now: in Troy afire the Danaans now are lords;
The horse high set amidst the town pours forth a flood of swords,
And Sinon, of the victors now, the flame is driving home
High mocking: by the open gates another sort is come,
As many thousands as ere flocked from great Mycenæ yet:
Others with weapons ready dight the narrow ways beset,
And ban all passage; point and edge are glittering drawn and bare
Ready for death: and scarcely now the first few gatewards dare
The battle, and blind game of Mars a little while debate.'
Spurred by such speech of Othrys' son, and force of godhead great,
Mid fire and steel I follow on as grim Erinnys shows,
Where call the cries, where calls the shout that ever heavenward
goes,
Rhipeus therewith, and Epytus the mighty under shield,

Dymas and Hypanis withal their fellowship now yield;
Met by the moon they join my side with young Coroebus; he
The son of Mygdon, at that tide in Troy-town chanced to be;
Drawn thither by Cassandra's love that burned within his heart.
So he to Priam service gave, and helped the Phrygian part:
Unhappy! that the warning word of his God-maddened love
He might not hearken on that day.

Now when I see them gathered so to dare the battle's pain,
Thus I begin:

'O fellows fair, O hardy hearts in vain!

If now ye long to follow me who dares the utterance
And certain end, ye see indeed what wise our matters chance.
The Gods, who in the other days our lordship mighty made,
Are gone from altar and from shrine: a town of flames ye aid.
Fall on a very midst the fire and die in press of war!

One hope there is for vanquished men, to cherish hope no more.'

Therewith the fury of their minds I feed, and thence away,
As ravening wolves by night and cloud their bellies' lust obey,
That bitter-sharp is driving on, the while their whelps at home
Dry-jawed await them, so by steel, by crowd of foes we come
Into the very death; we hold the city's midmost street,
Black night-tide's wings with hollow shade about our goings meet.
O ruin and death of that ill night, what tongue may set it forth!

Or who may pay the debt of tears that agony was worth!

The ancient city overthrown, lord for so many a year,
The many bodies of the slain, that, moveless, everywhere
Lie in the street, in houses lie, lie round the holy doors
Of Gods. But not alone that night the blood of Teucrians pours,
For whiles the valour comes again in vanquished hearts to bide,
And conquering Danaans fall and die: grim grief on every side,
And fear on every side there is, and many-faced is death.

Androgeus, whom a mighty band of Danaans followeth,
First falleth on the road of us, and, deeming us to be
His fellow-folk, in friendly words he speaketh presently:
'Haste on, O men! what sloth is this delayeth so your ways?
While others hand and haul away in Pergamos ablaze;
What! fellows, from the lofty ships come ye but even now?'

But with the word, no answer had wherein at all to trow,
He felt him fallen amid the foe, and taken in the snare;
Then foot and voice aback he drew, and stood amazèd there,
As one who through the thicket thrusts, and unawares doth tread
Upon a snake, and starts aback with sudden rush of dread
From gathering anger of the thing and swelling neck of blue:
So, quaking at the sight of us, Androgeus backward drew.
But we fall on with serried arms and round their rout we crowd,
And fell them knowing nought the place, and with all terror cowed:
So sweet the breath of fortune was on our first handicraft.
But with good-hap and hardihood Coroebus' spirit laughed;
'Come, fellows, follow up,' he cries, 'the way that fortune shows
This first of times, and where belike a little kind she grows.
Change we our shields, and do on us the tokens of the Greeks;
Whether with fraud or force he play what man of foeman seeks,
Yea, these themselves shall give us arms.'
He spake, and forth did bear
Androgeus' high-crested helm and shield emblazoned fair,
And did it on, and Argive sword he girt unto his thigh:
So Rhipeus did, and Dymas did, and all did joyously,
And each man wholly armed himself with plunder newly won.
Then mingled with the Greeks we fare, and no God helps us on,
And many a battle there we join amid the eyeless night,
And many a Danaan send adown to Orcus from the light:
Some fled away unto the ships, some to the safe sea-shore,
Or smitten with the coward's dread climbed the great horse once
more
And there they lie all close within the well-known womb of wood.
Alas! what skills it man to trust in Gods compelled to good?
For lo, Cassandra, Priam's maid, with hair cast all about,
From Pallas' house and innermost of holy place dragged out,
And straining with her burning eyes in vain to heaven aloft;
Her eyes, for they in bonds had bound her tender palms and soft.
Nought bore Coroebus' maddened mind to see that show go by,
And in the middle of their host he flung himself to die,
And all we follow and fall on with points together set.
And first from that high temple-top great overthrow we get

From weapons of our friends, and thence doth hapless death arise
From error of the Greekish crests and armour's Greekish guise;
Then crying out for taken maid, fulfilled thereat with wrath,
The gathered Greeks fall in on us: comes keenest Ajax forth;
The sons of Atreus, all the host of Dolopes are there: —
As whiles, the knit whirl broken up, the winds together bear
And strive, the West wind and the South, the East wind glad and free
With Eastland steeds; sore groan the woods; and Nereus stirs the sea
From lowest deeps, and trident shakes, and foams upon the wave: —
They even to whom by night and cloud great overthrow we gave,
Through craft of ours, and drave about through all the town that
while,

Now show themselves, and know our shields and weapons worn for
guile

The first of all; our mouths unmeet for Greekish speech they tell

Then o'er us sweeps the multitude; and first Coroeus fell

By Peneus before the Maid who ever in the fight

Prevaileth most; fell Rhipheus there, the heedfullest of right

Of all among the Teucrian folk, the justest man of men;

The Gods deemed otherwise. Dymas and Hypanis died then,

Shot through by friends, and not a whit availed to cover thee,

O Panthus, thine Apollo's bands or plenteous piety.

Ashes of Ilium, ye last flames where my beloved ones burned,

Bear witness mid your overthrow my face was never turned

From Danaan steel and Danaan deed! if fate had willed it so

That I should fall, I earned my wage.

Borne thence away, we go

Pelias and Iphitus and I; but Iphitus was spent

By eld, and by Ulysses' hurt half halting Pelias went.

So unto Priam's house we come, called by the clamour there,

Where such a mighty battle was as though none otherwhere

Yet burned: as though none others fell in all the town beside.

There all unbridled Mars we saw, the Danaans driving wide

Against the house; with shield-roofs' rush the doors thereof beset.

The ladders cling unto the walls, men by the door-posts get

Some foothold up; with shielded left they meet the weapons' rain,

While on the battlements above grip with the right they gain.

The Dardans on the other side pluck roof and pinnacle
From off the house; with such-like shot they now, beholding well
The end anigh, all death at hand, make ready for the play:
And gilded beams, the pomp and joy of fathers passed away.
They roll adown, and other some with naked point and edge
The nether doorways of the place in close arrayment hedge.
Blazed up our hearts again to aid this palace of a king,
To stead their toil, to vanquished men a little help to bring.
A door there was, a secret pass into the common way
Of all King Priam's houses there, that at the backward lay
As one goes by: in other days, while yet the lordship was,
Hapless Andromache thereby unto the twain would pass
Alone, or leading to the king Astyanax her boy.
And thereby now I gain the tower, whence wretched men of Troy
In helpless wise from out their hands were casting darts aloof.
There was a tower, a sheer hight down, builded from highest roof
Up toward the stars; whence we were wont on Troy to look adown,
And thence away the Danaan ships, the Achæan tented town.
Against the highest stage hereof the steel about we bear,
Just where the joints do somewhat give: this from its roots we tear,
And heave it up and over wall, whose toppling at the last
Bears crash and ruin, and wide away the Danaans are down cast
Beneath its fall: but more come on: nor drift of stones doth lack,
Nor doth all kind of weapon-shot at any while grow slack.
Lo, Pyrrhus in the very porch forth to the door doth pass
Exulting; bright with glittering points and flashing of the brass;
— E'en as a snake to daylight come, on evil herbage fed,
Who, swollen, 'neath the chilly soil hath had his winter bed,
And now, his ancient armour doffed, and sleek with youth new
found,
With front upreared his slippery back he coileth o'er the ground
Up 'neath the sun; his three-cleft tongue within his mouth gleams
clear: —
And with him Periphas the huge, Achilles' charioteer,
Now shield-bearer Automedon and all the Scyrian host
Closed on the walls and on the roof the blazing firebrands tost.
Pyrrhus in forefront of them all catches a mighty bill,

Beats in the hardened door, and tears perforce from hinge and sill
The brazen leaves; a beam hewn through, wide gaped the oak hard
knit

Into a great-mouthed window there, and through the midst of it
May men behold the inner house; the long halls open lie;
Bared is the heart of Priam's home, the place of kings gone by;
And close against the very door all armed men they see.
That inner house indeed was mazed with wail and misery,
The inmost chambers of the place an echoing hubbub hold
Of women's cries, whose clamour smites the far-off stars of gold,
And through the house so mighty great the fearful mothers stray,
And wind their arms about the doors, and kisses on them lay.
But Pyrrhus with his father's might comes on; no bolt avails,
No man against the might of him; the door all battered fails,
The door-leaves torn from off of hinge tumble and lie along:
Might maketh road; through passage forced the entering Danaans
throng,

And slay the first and fill the place with armour of their ranks.
Nay nought so great is foaming flood that through its bursten banks
Breaks forth, and beateth down the moles that 'gainst its going stand.
And falls a fierce heap on the plain, and over all the land
Drags off the herds and herd-houses.

There saw I Pyrrhus wild
With death of men amidst the door, and either Atreus' child;
And Hecuba and hundred wives her sons wed saw I there,
And Priam fouling with his blood the very altars fair
Whose fires he hallowed: fifty beds the hope of house to be,
The doorways proud with outland gold and war-got bravery
Sunk into ash; where fire hath failed the Danaans are enow.
Belike what fate on Priam fell thou askest me to show:
For when he saw the city lost, and his own house-door stormed,
And how in bowels of his house the host of foemen swarmed,
The ancient man in vain does on the arms long useless laid
About his quaking back of eld, and girds himself with blade
Of no avail, and fareth forth amid the press to die.
A very midmost of the courts beneath the naked sky
A mighty altar stood: anear a bay exceeding old,

The altar and the Gods thereof did all in shadow hold;
And round about that altar-stead sat Hecuba the queen,
And many daughters: e'en as doves all huddled up are seen
'Neath the black storm they cling about the dear God's images.
But when in arms of early days King Priam now she sees,
She crieth: 'O unhappy spouse! what evil heart hast thou,
With weapons thus to gird thyself, or whither wilt thou now?
Today availeth no such help, and no such warder's stay
May better aught; not even were my Hector here today.
But come thou hither unto me; this altar all shall save,
Or we shall die together here!'
Her arms about she gave
And took him, and the elder set adown in holy stead.
But lo! now one of Priam's sons, Polites, having fled
From Pyrrhus' murder through the swords and through the foeman's
throng,
Runs wounded through the empty hall from out the cloister long,
And burning Pyrrhus, hard at heel, the deadly hurt doth bear,
And grip of hand is on him now, and now the point of spear.
But as he rushed before their eyes, his parents' face beneath
He fell, and with most plenteous blood shed forth his latest breath;
Then Priam, howsoever nigh the very death might grip,
Refrained him nothing at the sight, but voice and wrath let slip:
'Ah, for such wickedness,' he cried, 'for daring such a deed,
If aught abide in heaven as yet such things as this to heed,
May the Gods give thee worthy thanks, and pay thee well-earned
prize,
That thou hast set the death of sons before my father's eyes,
That thou thy murder's fouling thus in father's face hast flung.
Not he, Achilles, whence indeed thou liar hast never sprung,
Was such a foe to Priam erst; for shamfast meed he gave
To law and troth of suppliant men, and rendered to the grave
The bloodless Hector dead, and me sent to mine own again.'
So spake the elder, and cast forth a toothless spear and vain,
That forthwith from the griding brass was put aback all spent,
And from the shield-boss' outer skin hung down, for nothing sent.
Then Pyrrhus cried: 'Yea tell him this, go take the tidings down

To Peleus' son my father then, of Pyrrhus worsen grown
And all these evil deeds of mine! take heed to tell the tale!
Now die!'
And to the altar-stone him quivering did he hale,
And sliding in his own son's blood so plenteous: in his hair
Pyrrhus his left hand wound, his right the gleaming sword made
bare,
That even to the hilts thereof within his flank he hid.
Such was the end of Priam's day, such faring forth fate bid,
Troy all aflame upon the road, all Pergamus adown.
He, of so many peoples once the mighty lord and crown,
So many lands of Asia once, a trunk beside the sea
Huge with its headless shoulders laid, a nameless corpse is he.
Then first within the compassing of bitter fear I was;
The image of my father dear by me all mazed did pass,
When I beheld the like-aged king gasping his life away
Through cruel wound: upon mine eyes forlorn Creusa lay,
The wasted house, my little one, Iulus', evil end.
I look aback to see what folk about me yet do wend,
But all, foredone, had fallen away, their weary bodies spent,
Some all amid the fire had cast, some unto earth had sent.
Alone was I of all men now, when lo, in Vesta's house
Abiding, and in inmost nook silent and lurking close,
Helen the seed of Tyndarus! the clear fires give her light
As there she strayeth, turning eyes on every shifting sight;
She, fearful of the Teucrian wrath for Pergamus undone,
And fearful of the Danaan wrath and husband left alone,
The wasting fury both of Troy and land where she was born,
She hid her by the altar-stead, a thing of Gods forlorn.
Forth blazed the wildfire in my soul, wrath stirred me up to slake
My vengeance for my dying home, and ill's atonement take.
What! should she come to Sparta safe, and her Mycenæ then,
And in the hard-won triumphing go forth a Queen of men,
And see her husband and her home, her parents and her sons,
Served by the throng of Ilian wives and Phrygian vanquished ones?
Shall Priam so be slain with sword; shall Troy so blaze aloft;
Shall the sea-beach the Dardan blood have sweat so oft and oft

For this? Nay, nay: and though forsooth no deed to blaze abroad
The slaying of a woman be, nor gaineth fame's reward,
Yet still to quench an evil thing and pay the well-earned meed
Is worthy praise, and joy it were unto the full to feed
My heart's fell flame, and satisfy these ashes well beloved.
Such things my soul gave forth; such things in furious heart I moved.
When lo, my holy mother now, ne'er seen by eyes of mine
So clear before, athwart the dark in simple light did shine;
All God she was; of countenance and measure was she nought,
But her the heaven-abiders see; so my right hand she caught,
And held me, and from rosy mouth moreover added word:
'O son, what anger measureless thy mighty grief hath stirred?
Why ragest thou? or whither then is gone thy heed of me?
Wilt thou not first behold the place where worn by eld is he,
Anchises, left? Wilt thou not see if yet thy wife abide
Creusa, or Ascanius yet? The Greekish bands fare wide
About them now on every hand, and but my care withstood
The fire had wafted them away or sword had drunk their blood.
Laconian Helen's beauty cursed this overthrow ne'er wrought.
Nor guilty Paris; nay, the Gods, the Gods who pity nought,
Have overturned your lordship fair, and laid your Troy allow.
Behold! I draw aside the cloud that all abroad doth flow,
Dulling the eyes of mortal men, and darkening dewily
The world about. And look to it no more afeard to be
Of what I bid, nor evermore thy mother's word disown.
There where thou seest the great walls cleft, and stone torn off from
stone,

—
There Neptune shakes the walls and stirs the foundings from their
hold
With mighty trident, tumbling down the city from its base.
There by the Scæan gates again hath bitter Juno place
The first of all, and wild and mad, herself begirt with steel,
Calls up her fellows from the ships.
Look back! Tritonian Pallas broods o'er topmost burg on high,
All flashing bright with Gorgon grim from out her stormy sky;

The very Father hearteneth on, and stays with happy might
The Danaans, crying on the Gods against the Dardan fight.
Snatch flight, O son, whiles yet thou may'st, and let thy toil be o'er,
I by thy side will bring thee safe unto thy father's door.'
She spake, and hid herself away where thickest darkness poured.
Then dreadful images show forth, great Godheads are abroad,
The very haters of our Troy.

And then indeed before mine eyes all Ilium sank in flame,
And overturned was Neptune's Troy from its foundations deep.
E'en as betideth with an ash upon the mountain steep,
Round which sore smitten by the steel the acre-bidders throng,
And strive in speeding of the axe: and there it threateneth long,
And, shaken, trembleth nodding still with heavy head of leaf;
Till overcome by many hurts it groans its latest grief,
And torn from out the ridgy hill, drags all its ruin alow.

I get me down, and, Goddess-led, speed on 'twixt fire and foe,
And point and edge give place to me, before me sinks the flame;
But when unto my father's door and ancient house I came,
And I was fain of all things first my father forth to bear
Unto the mountain-tops, and first I sought to find him there,
Still he gainsayed to spin out life now Troy was lost and dead,
Or suffer exile: 'Ye whose blood is hale with youth,' he said,
'Ye other ones, whose might and main endureth and is stout,
See ye to flight while yet ye may!

Full surely if the heavenly ones my longer life had willed,
They would have kept me this abode: the measure is fulfilled
In that the murder I have seen, and lived when Troy-town fell.
O ye, depart, when ye have bid my body streaked farewell.
My hand itself shall find out death, or pity of my foes,
Who seek my spoils: the tomb methinks a little thing to lose.
Forsooth I tarry overlong, God-cursed, a useless thing,
Since when the Father of the Gods, the earth-abiders' King,
Blew on me blast of thunder-wind and touched me with his flame.'
His deed was stubborn as his word, no change upon him came.
But all we weeping many tears, my wife Creusa there,
Ascanius, yea and all the house, besought him not to bear
All things to wrack with him, nor speed the hastening evil tide.

He gainsaith all, and in his will and home will yet abide.
So wretchedly I rush to arms with all intent to die;
For what availeth wisdom now, what hope in fate may lie?
'And didst thou hope, O father, then, that thou being left behind,
My foot would fare? Woe worth the word that in thy mouth I find!
But if the Gods are loth one whit of such a town to save,
And thou with constant mind wilt cast on dying Troy-town's grave
Both thee and thine, wide is the door to wend adown such ways;
For Pyrrhus, red with Priam's blood, is hard at hand, who slays
The son before the father's face, the father slays upon
The altar. Holy Mother, then, for this thou ledst me on
Through fire and sword! — that I might see our house filled with the
foe,
My father old, Ascanius, Creusa lying low,
All weltering in each other's blood, and murdered wretchedly.
Arms, fellows, arms! the last day's light on vanquished men doth
cry.
Ah! give me to the Greeks again, that I may play the play
Another while: not unavenged shall all we die today.'
So was I girt with sword again, and in my shield would set
My left hand now, and was in point from out of doors to get,
When lo, my wife about my feet e'en in the threshold clung,
Still to his father reaching out Iulus tender-young:
'If thou art on thy way to die, then bear us through it all;
But if to thee the wise in arms some hope of arms befall,
Then keep this house first! Unto whom giv'st thou Iulus' life,
Thy father's, yea and mine withal, that once was called thy wife?'
So crying out, the house she filled with her exceeding moan,
When sudden, wondrous to be told, a portent was there shown;
For as his woeful parents' hands and lips he hangs between,
On topmost of Iulus' head a thin peaked flame is seen,
That with the harmless touch of fire, whence clearest light is shed,
Licks his soft locks and pastures round the temples of his head.
Quaking with awe from out his hair we fall the fire to shake,
And bring the water of the well the holy flame to slake.
But joyous to the stars aloft Anchises raiseth eyes,
And with his hands spread out abroad to very heaven he cries:

‘Almighty Jove, if thou hast will toward any prayers to turn,
Look down on us this while alone; if aught our goodness earn,
Father, give help and strengthen us these omens from the sky!’
Scarce had the elder said the word ere crashing suddenly
It thundered on the left, and down across the shades of night
Ran forth a great brand-bearing star with most abundant light;
And clear above the topmost house we saw it how it slid
Lightening the ways, and at the last in Ida’s forest hid.
Then through the sky a furrow ran drawn out a mighty space,
Giving forth light, and sulphur-fumes rose all about the place.
My father vanquished therewithal his visage doth upraise,
And saith a word unto the Gods that holy star to praise:
‘Now, now, no tarrying is at all, I follow where ye lead;
O Father-Gods heed ye our house and this my son’s son heed!
This is your doom; and Troy is held beneath your majesty.
I yield, O son, nor more gainsay to go my ways with thee.’
He spake; and mid the walls meanwhile we hear the fire alive
Still clearer, and the burning place more nigh the heat doth drive.
‘O hasten, father well-beloved, to hang about my neck!
Lo, here my shoulders will I stoop, nor of the labour reck.
And whatsoever may befall, the two of us shall bide
One peril and one heal and end: Iulus by my side
Shall wend, and after us my wife shall follow on my feet
Ye serving-folk, turn ye your minds these words of mine to meet:
Scant from the city is a mound and temple of old tide,
Of Ceres’ lone, a cypress-tree exceeding old beside.
Kept by our fathers’ worshipping through many years ago:
Thither by divers roads go we to meet at last in one.
Now, father, take thy fathers’ Gods and holy things to hold,
For me to touch them fresh from fight and murder were o’erbold,
A misdeed done against the Gods, till in the living flood
I make a shift to wash me clean.’
I stooped my neck and shoulders broad e’en as the word I said,
A forest lion’s yellow fell for cloth upon them laid,
And took my burden up: my young Iulus by my side,
Holding my hand, goes tripping short unto his father’s stride;
My wife comes after: on we fare amidst a mirky world.

And I, erewhile as nothing moved by storm of weapons hurled,
I, who the gathering of the Greeks against me nothing feared,
Now tremble at each breath of wind, by every sound am stirred,
Sore troubled for my fellows both, and burden that I bore.
And now we draw anigh the gates, and all the way seemed o'er,
When sudden sound of falling feet was borne upon our ears,
And therewithal my father cries, as through the dusk he peers,
'Haste, son, and get thee swift away, for they are on us now;
I see the glittering of the brass and all their shields aglow.'
What Godhead nought a friend to me amidst my terror there
Snatched wit away I nothing know: for while I swiftly fare
By wayless places, wandering wide from out the road I knew,
Creusa, whether her the Fates from me unhappy drew,
Whether she wandered from the way, or weary lagged aback,
Nought know I, but that her henceforth mine eyes must ever lack.
Nor turned I round to find her lost, nor had it in my thought,
Till to that mound and ancient house of Ceres we were brought;
Where, all being come together now, there lacked but her alone,
And there her fellows' hopes, her son's, her husband's were undone.
On whom of men, on whom of Gods, then laid I not the guilt?
What saw I bitterer to be borne in all the city spilt?
Ascanius and Anchises set the Teucrian Gods beside,
I give unto my fellows there in hollow dale to hide,
But I unto the city turn with glittering weapons girt;
Needs must I search all Troy again, and open every hurt,
And into every peril past must thrust my head once more.
And first I reach the walls again and mirk ways of the door
Whereby I wended out erewhile; and my old footsteps' track
I find, and mid the dusk of night with close eyes follow back;
While on the heart lies weight of fear, and e'en the hush brings
dread,
Thence to the house, if there perchance, if there again she tread,
I go: infall of Greeks had been, and all the house they hold,
And 'neath the wind the ravening fire to highest ridge is rolled.
The flames hang o'er, with raging heat the heavens are hot withal;
Still on: I look on Priam's house and topmost castle-wall;
And in the desert cloisters there and Juno's very home

Lo, Phoenix and Ulysses cursed, the chosen wards, are come
To keep the spoil; fair things of Troy, from everywhither brought,
Rapt from the burning of the shrines, Gods' tables rudely caught,
And beakers utterly of gold and raiment snatched away
Are there heaped up; and boys and wives drawn out in long array
Stand trembling round about the heap.
And now withal I dared to cast my cries upon the dark,
I fill the streets with clamour great, and, groaning woefully,
'Creusa,' o'er and o'er again without avail I cry.
But as I sought and endlessly raved all the houses through
A hapless shape, Creusa's shade, anigh mine eyen drew,
And greater than the body known her image fashioned was;
I stood amazed, my hair rose up, nor from my jaws would pass
My frozen voice, then thus she spake my care to take away:
'Sweet husband, wherefore needest thou with such mad sorrow play?
Without the dealing of the Gods doth none of this betide;
And they, they will not have thee bear Creusa by thy side,
Nor will Olympus' highest king such fellowship allow.
Long exile is in store for thee, huge plain of sea to plough,
Then to Hesperia shalt thou come, where Lydian Tiber's wave
The wealthiest meads of mighty men with gentle stream doth lave:
There happy days and lordship great, and kingly wife, are born
For thee. Ah! do away thy tears for loved Creusa lorn.
I shall not see the Myrmidons' nor Dolopes' proud place,
Nor wend my ways to wait upon the Greekish women's grace;
I, daughter of the Dardan race, I, wife of Venus' son;
Me the great Mother of the Gods on Trojan shore hath won.
Farewell, and love the son we loved together once, we twain.'
She left me when these words were given, me weeping sore, and fain
To tell her much, and forth away amid thin air she passed:
And there three times about her neck I strove mine arms to cast,
And thrice away from out my hands the gathered image streams,
E'en as the breathing of the wind or wingèd thing of dreams.
And so at last, the night all spent, I meet my folk anew;
And there I found great multitude that fresh unto us drew,
And wondered thereat: wives were there, and men, and plenteous
youth;

All gathered for the faring forth, a hapless crowd forsooth:
From everywhere they draw to us, with goods and courage set,
To follow o'er the sea where'er my will may lead them yet.
And now o'er Ida's topmost ridge at last the day-star rose
With dawn in hand: all gates and doors by host of Danaan foes
Were close beset, and no more hope of helping may I bide.
I turned and took my father up and sought the mountain-side.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

ÆNEAS TELLS OF HIS WANDERINGS AND MISHAPS BY
LAND AND BY SEA.

Now after it had pleased the Gods on high to overthrow
The Asian weal and sackless folk of Priam, and allow
Proud Ilium lay, and Neptune's Troy was smouldering on the
ground,

For diverse outlands of the earth and waste lands are we bound,
Driven by omens of the Gods. Our fleet we built beneath
Antandros, and the broken steeps of Phrygian Ida's heath,
Unwitting whither Fate may drive, or where the Gods shall stay
And there we draw together men.

Now scarce upon the way

Was summer when my father bade spread sails to Fate at last.

Weeping I leave my fatherland, and out of haven passed

Away from fields where Troy-town was, an outcast o'er the deep,

With folk and son and Household Gods and Greater Gods to keep.

Far off a peopled land of Mars lies midst its mighty plain,

Tilled of the Thracians; there whilom did fierce Lycurgus reign.

'Twas ancient guesting-place of Troy: our Gods went hand in hand

While bloomed our weal: there are we borne, and on the hollow
strand

I set my first-born city down, 'neath evil fates begun,

And call the folk Æneadæ from name myself had won.

Unto Dione's daughter there, my mother, and the rest,

I sacrificed upon a day to gain beginning blest,

And to the King of Heavenly folk was slaying on the shore

A glorious bull: at hand by chance a mound at topmost bore

A cornel-bush and myrtle stiff with shafts close set around:

Thereto I wend and strive to pluck a green shoot from the ground,

That I with leafy boughs thereof may clothe the altars well;

When lo, a portent terrible and marvellous to tell!

For the first stem that from the soil uprooted I tear out

Oozes black drops of very blood, that all the earth about
Is stained with gore: but as for me, with sudden horror chill
My limbs fall quaking, and my blood with freezing fear stands still.
Yet I go on and strive from earth a new tough shoot to win,
That I may search out suddenly what causes lurk within;
And once again from out the bark blood followeth as before.
I turn the matter in my mind: the Field-Nymphs I adore,
And him, Gradivus, father dread, who rules the Thracian plain,
And pray them turn the thing to good and make its threatenings vain.
But when upon a third of them once more I set my hand,
And striving hard thrust both my knees upon the opposing sand —
— Shall I speak now or hold my peace? — a piteous groan is heard
From out the mound, and to mine ears is borne a dreadful word:
‘Why manglest thou a wretched man? O spare me in my tomb!
Spare to beguile thy righteous hand, Æneas! Troy’s own womb
Bore me, thy kinsman; from this stem floweth no alien gore:
Woe’s me! flee forth the cruel land, flee forth the greedy shore;
For I am Polydore: pierced through, by harvest of the spear
O’ergrown, that such a crop of shafts above my head doth bear.’
I stood amazed: the wildering fear the heart in me down-weighted.
My hair rose up, my frozen breath within my jaws was stayed.
Unhappy Priam privily had sent this Polydore,
For fostering to the Thracian king with plenteous golden store.
In those first days when he began to doubt the Dardan might,
Having the leaguered walls of Troy for ever in his sight.
This king, as failed the weal of Troy and fortune fell away,
Turned him about to conquering arms and Agamemnon’s day.
He brake all right, slew Polydore, and all the gold he got
Perforce: O thou gold-hunger cursed, and whither driv’st thou not
The hearts of men?
But when at length the fear from me did fall,
Unto the chosen of the folk, my father first of all,
I show those portents of the Gods and ask them of their will,
All deem it good that we depart that wicked land of ill,
And leave that blighted guesting-place and give our ships the breeze.
Therefore to Polydore we do the funeral services,
The earth is heaped up high in mound; the Death-Gods’ altars stand

Woeful with bough of cypress black and coal-blue holy band;
The wives of Ilium range about with due dishevelled hair;
Cups of the warm and foaming milk unto the dead we bear,
And bowls of holy blood we bring, and lay the soul in grave,
And cry a great farewell to him, the last that he shall have.
But now, when we may trust the sea and winds the ocean keep
Unangered, and the South bids on light whispering to the deep,
Our fellows crowd the sea-beach o'er and run the ships adown,
And from the haven are we borne, and fadeth field and town.
Amid the sea a land there lies, sweet over everything,
Loved of the Nereids' mother, loved by that Ægean king
Great Neptune: this, a-wandering once all coasts and shores around,
The Bow-Lord good to Gyaros and high Myconos bound,
And bade it fixed to cherish folk nor fear the wind again:
There come we; and that gentlest isle receives us weary men;
In haven safe we land, and thence Apollo's town adore;
King Anius, who, a king of men, Apollo's priesthood bore,
His temples with the fillets done and crowned with holy bays,
Meets us, and straight Anchises knows, his friend of early days.
So therewith hand to hand we join and houseward get us gone.
There the God's fane I pray unto, the place of ancient stone:
'Thymbræan, give us house and home, walls to the weary give,
In folk and city to endure: let Pergamus twice live,
In Troy twice built, left of the Greeks, left of Achilles' wrath!
Ah, whom to follow? where to go? wherein our home set forth?
O Father, give us augury and sink into our heart!
Scarce had I said the word, when lo all doors with sudden start
Fell trembling, and the bay of God, and all the mountain side,
Was stirred, and in the opened shrine the holy tripod cried:
There as a voice fell on our ears we bowed ourselves to earth:
'O hardy folk of Dardanus, the land that gave you birth
From root and stem of fathers old, its very bosom kind,
Shall take you back: go fare ye forth, your ancient mother find:
There shall Æneas' house be lords o'er every earth and sea,
The children of his children's sons, and those that thence shall be.'
So Phoebus spake, and mighty joy arose with tumult mixed,
As all fell wondering where might be that seat of city fixed,

Where Phoebus called us wandering folk, bidding us turn again.
Thereat my father, musing o'er the tales of ancient men,
Saith: 'Hearken, lords, and this your hope a little learn of me!
There is an isle of mightiest Jove called Crete amid the sea;
An hundred cities great it hath, that most abundant place;
And there the hill of Ida is, and cradle of our race.
Thence Teucer our first father came, if right the tale they tell,
When borne to those Rhoetean shores he chose a place to dwell
A very king: no Ilium was, no Pergamus rose high;
He and his folk abode as then in dales that lowly lie:
Thence came Earth-mother Cybele and Corybantian brass,
And Ida's thicket; thence the hush all hallowed came to pass,
And thence the lions yoked and tame, the Lady's chariot drag.
On then! and led by God's command for nothing let us lag!
Please we the winds, and let our course for Gnosian land be laid;
Nor long the way shall be for us: with Jupiter to aid,
The third-born sun shall stay our ships upon the Cretan shore.'
So saying, all the offerings due he to the altar bore,
A bull to Neptune, and a bull to thee, Apollo bright,
A black ewe to the Storm of sea, to Zephyr kind a white.
Fame went that Duke Idomeneus, thrust from his fathers' land,
Had gone his ways, and desert now was all the Cretan strand,
That left all void of foes to us those habitations lie.
Ortygia's haven then we leave, and o'er the sea we fly
By Naxos of the Bacchus ridge, Donusa's green-hued steep,
And Olearon, and Paros white, and scattered o'er the deep
All Cyclades; we skim the straits besprent with many a folk;
And diverse clamour mid the ships seafarers striving woke;
Each eggs his fellow; On for Crete, and sires of time agone!
And rising up upon our wake a fair wind followed on.
And so at last we glide along the old Curetes' strand,
And straightway eager do I take the city wall in hand,
And call it Pergamea, and urge my folk that name who love,
For love of hearth and home to raise a burg their walls above.
And now the more part of the ships are hauled up high and dry,
To wedding and to work afield the folk fall presently,
And I give laws and portion steads; when suddenly there fell

From poisoned heaven a wasting plague, a wretched thing to tell,
On limbs of men, on trees and fields; and deadly was the year,
And men must leave dear life and die, or weary sick must bear
Their bodies on: then Sirius fell to burn the acres dry;
The grass was parched, the harvest sick all victual did deny.
Then bids my father back once more o'er the twice-measured main,
To Phoebus and Ortygia's strand, some grace of prayer to gain:
What end to our outworn estate he giveth? whence will he
That we should seek us aid of toil; where turn to o'er the sea?
Night falleth, and all lives of earth doth sleep on bosom bear,
When lo, the holy images, the Phrygian House-gods there,
E'en them I bore away from Troy and heart of burning town,
Were present to the eyes of me in slumber laid adown,
Clear shining in the plenteous light that over all was shed
By the great moon anigh her full through windows fashioned.
Then thus they fall to speech with me, end of my care to make:
'The thing that in Ortygia erst the seer Apollo spake
Here telleth he, and to thy doors come we of his good will:
Thee and thine arms from Troy aflame fast have we followed still.
We 'neath thy care and in thy keel have climbed the swelling sea,
And we shall bear unto the stars thy sons that are to be,
And give thy city majesty: make ready mighty wall
For mighty men, nor toil of way leave thou, though long it fall.
Shift hence abode; the Delian-born Apollo ne'er made sweet
These shores for thee, nor bade thee set thy city down in Crete:
There is a place, the Westland called of Greeks in days that are,
An ancient land, a fruitful soil, a mighty land of war;
Oenotrian folk first tilled the land, whose sons, as rumours run,
Now call it nought but Italy, from him who led them on.
This is our very due abode: thence Dardanus outbroke,
Iasius our father thence, beginner of our folk.
Come rise, and glad these tidings tell unto thy father old,
No doubtful tale: now Corythus, Ausonian field and fold
Let him go seek, for Jupiter banneth Dictæan mead.'
All mazed was I with sight and voice of Gods; because indeed
This was not sleep, but face to face, as one a real thing sees.
I seemed to see their coifed hair and very visages,

And over all my body too cold sweat of trembling flowed.
I tore my body from the bed, and, crying out aloud,
I stretched my upturned hands to heaven and unstained gifts I spilled
Upon the hearth, and joyfully that worship I fulfilled.
Anchises next I do to wit and all the thing unlock;
And he, he saw the twi-branched stem, twin fathers of our stock,
And how by fault of yesterday through steads of old he strayed.
'O son, well learned in all the lore of Ilium's fate,' he said,
'Cassandra only of such hap would sing; I mind me well
Of like fate meted to our folk full oft would she foretell;
And oft would call to Italy and that Hesperian home.
But who believed that Teucrian folk on any day might come
Unto Hesperia's shores? or who might trow Cassandra then?
Yield we to Phoebus, follow we as better counselled men
The better part.'
We, full of joy, obey him with one mind;
From this seat too we fare away and leave a few behind;
With sail abroad in hollow tree we skim the ocean o'er.
But when our keels the deep sea made, nor had we any more
The land in sight, but sea around, and sky around was spread,
A coal-blue cloud drew up to us that, hanging overhead,
Bore night and storm, and mirky gloom o'er all the waters cast:
Therewith the winds heap up the waves, the seas are rising fast
And huge; and through the mighty whirl scattered we toss about;
The storm-clouds wrap around the day, and wet mirk blotteth out
The heavens, and mid the riven clouds the ceaseless lightnings live.
So are we blown from out our course, through might of seas we
drive,
Nor e'en might Palinurus self the day from night-tide sift,
Nor have a deeming of the road atwixt the watery drift.
Still on for three uncertain suns, that blind mists overlay,
And e'en so many starless nights, across the sea we stray;
But on the fourth day at the last afar upon us broke
The mountains of another land, mid curling wreaths of smoke.
Then fall the sails, we rise on oars, no sloth hath any place,
The eager seamen toss the spray and sweep the blue sea's face;
And me first saved from whirl of waves the Strophades on strand

Now welcome; named by Greekish name Isles of the Sea, they stand
Amid the great Ionian folk: Celæno holds the shores,
And others of the Harpies grim, since shut were Phineus' doors
Against them, and they had to leave the tables they had won.
No monster woefuller than they, and crueller is none
Of all God's plagues and curses dread from Stygian waters sent.
A wingèd thing with maiden face, whose bellies' excrement
Is utter foul; and hookèd hands, and face for ever pale
With hunger that no feeding stints.
Borne thither, into haven come, we see how everywhere
The merry wholesome herds of neat feed down the meadows fair,
And all untended goatish flocks amid the herbage bite.
With point and edge we fall on them, and all the Gods invite,
Yea very Jove, to share the spoil, and on the curvèd strand
We strew the beds, and feast upon rich dainties of the land.
When lo, with sudden dreadful rush from out the mountains hap
The Harpy folk, and all about their clanging wings they flap,
And foul all things with filthy touch as at the food they wrench,
And riseth up their grisly voice amid the vilest stench.
Once more then 'neath a hollow rock at a long valley's head,
Where close around the boughs of trees their quavering shadows
shed,
We dight the boards, and once again flame on the altars raise.
Again from diverse parts of heaven, from dusky lurking-place,
The shrieking rout with hookèd feet about the prey doth fly,
Fouling the feast with mouth: therewith I bid my company
To arms, that with an evil folk the war may come to pass.
They do no less than my commands, and lay along the grass
Their hidden swords, and therewithal their bucklers cover o'er.
Wherefore, when swooping down again, they fill the curvèd shore
With noise, Misenus blows the call from off a watch-stead high
With hollow brass; our folk fall on and wondrous battle try,
Striving that sea-fowl's filthy folk with point and edge to spill.
But nought will bite upon their backs, and from their feathers still
Glanceth the sword, and swift they flee up 'neath the stars of air,
Half-eaten meat and token foul leaving behind them there.
But on a rock exceeding high yet did Celæno rest,

Unhappy seer! there breaks withal a voice from out her breast:
‘What, war to pay for slaughtered neat, war for our heifers slain?
O children of Laomedon, the war then will ye gain?
The sackless Harpies will ye drive from their own land away?
Then let this sink into your souls, heed well the words I say;
The Father unto Phoebus told a tale that Phoebus told
To me, and I the first-born fiend that same to you unfold:
Ye sail for Italy, and ye, the winds appeased by prayer,
Shall come to Italy, and gain the grace of haven there:
Yet shall ye gird no wall about the city granted you,
Till famine, and this murder’s wrong that ye were fain to do,
Drive you your tables gnawed with teeth to eat up utterly.’
She spake, and through the woody deeps borne off on wings did fly.
But sudden fear fell on our folk, and chilled their frozen blood;
Their hearts fell down; with weapon-stroke no more they deem it
good
To seek for peace: but rather now sore prayers and vows they will,
Whether these things be goddesses or filthy fowls of ill.
Father Anchises on the strand stretched both his hands abroad,
And, bidding all their worship due, the Mighty Ones adored:
‘Gods, bring their threats to nought! O Gods, turn ye the curse, we
pray!
Be kind, and keep the pious folk!’
Then bade he pluck away
The hawser from the shore and slack the warping cable’s strain:
The south wind fills the sails, we fare o’er foaming waves again,
E’en as the helmsman and the winds have will that we should fare.
And now amidmost of the flood Zacynthus’ woods appear,
Dulichium, Samos, Neritos, with sides of stony steep:
Wide course from cliffs of Ithaca, Laertes’ land, we keep,
Cursing the soil that bore and nursed Ulysses’ cruelty.
Now open up Leucata’s peaks, that fare so cloudy high
Over Apollo, mighty dread to all seafarers grown;
But weary thither do we steer and make the little town,
We cast the anchors from the bows and swing the sterns a-strand.
And therewithal since we at last have gained the longed-for land,
We purge us before Jupiter and by the altars pray,

Then on the shores of Actium's head the Ilian plays we play.
Anointed with the sleeking oil there strive our fellows stripped
In wrestling game of fatherland: it joys us to have slipped
By such a host of Argive towns amidmost of the foe.
Meanwhile, the sun still pressing on, the year about doth go,
And frosty winter with his north the sea's face rough doth wear;
A buckler of the hollow brass of mighty Abas' gear
I set amid the temple-doors with singing scroll thereon,
ÆNEAS HANGETH ARMOUR HERE FROM CONQUERING
DANAANS WON.

And then I bid to leave the shore and man the thwarts again.
Hard strive the folk in smiting sea, and oar-blades brush the main.
The airy high Phæacian towers sink down behind our wake,
And coasting the Epirote shores Chaonia's bay we make,
And so Buthrotus' city-walls high set we enter in.
There tidings hard for us to trow unto our ears do win,
How Helenus, e'en Priam's son, hath gotten wife and crown
Of Pyrrhus come of Æacus, and ruleth Greekish town,
And that Andromache hath wed one of her folk once more.
All mazed am I; for wondrous love my heart was kindling sore
To give some word unto the man, of such great things to learn:
So from the haven forth I fare, from ships and shore I turn.
But as it happed Andromache was keeping yearly day,
Pouring sad gifts unto the dead, amidst a grove that lay
Outside the town, by wave that feigned the Simoïs that had been,
Blessing the dead by Hector's mound empty and grassy green,
Which she with altars twain thereby had hallowed for her tears.
But when she saw me drawing nigh with armour that Troy bears
About me, senseless, throughly feared with marvels grown so great,
She stiffens midst her gaze; her bones are reft of life-blood's heat,
She totters, scarce, a long while o'er, this word comes forth from her:
'Is the show true, O Goddess-born? com'st thou a messenger
Alive indeed? or if from thee the holy light is fled,
Where then is Hector?'
Flowed the tears e'en as the word she said,
And with her wailing rang the place: sore moved I scarce may speak
This word to her, grown wild with grief, in broken voice and weak:

'I live indeed, I drag my life through outer ways of ill;
Doubt not, thou seest the very sooth.
Alas! what hap hath caught thee up from such a man downcast?
Hath any fortune worthy thee come back again at last?
Doth Hector's own Andromache yet serve in Pyrrhus' bed?'
She cast her countenance adown, and in a low voice said:
'O thou alone of Trojan maids that won a little joy,
Bidden to die on foeman's tomb before the walls of Troy!
Who died, and never had to bear the sifting lot's award,
Whose slavish body never touched the bed of victor lord!
We from our burning fatherland carried o'er many a sea,
Of Achillæan offspring's pride the yoke-fellow must be,
Must bear the childbed of a slave: thereafter he, being led
To Leda's child Hermione and that Laconian bed,
To Helenus his very thrall me very thrall gave o'er:
But there Orestes, set on fire by all the love he bore
His ravished wife, and mad with hate, comes on him unaware
Before his fathers' altar-stead and slays him then and there.
By death of Neoptolemus his kingdom's leavings came
To Helenus, who called the fields Chaonian fields by name,
And all the land Chaonia, from Chaon of Troy-town;
And Pergamus and Ilian burg on ridgy steep set down.
What winds, what fates gave thee the road to cross the ocean o'er?
Or what of Gods hath borne thee on unwitting to our shore?
What of the boy Ascanius? lives he and breathes he yet?
Whom unto thee when Troy yet was ——
The boy then, of his mother lost, hath he a thought of her?
Do him Æneas, Hector gone, father and uncle, stir,
To valour of the ancient days, and great hearts' glorious gain?'
Such tale she poured forth, weeping sore, and long she wept in vain
Great floods of tears: when lo, from out the city draweth nigh
Lord Helenus the Priam-born midst mighty company,
And knows his kin, and joyfully leads onward to his door,
Though many a tear 'twixt broken words the while doth he outpour.
So on; a little Troy I see feigned from great Troy of fame,
A Pergamus, a sandy brook that hath the Xanthus name,
On threshold of a Scæan gate I stoop to lay a kiss.

Soon, too, all Teucrian folk are wrapped in friendly city's bliss,
And them the King fair welcomes in amid his cloisters broad,
And they amidmost of the hall the bowls of Bacchus poured,
The meat was set upon the gold, and cups they held in hand.
So passed a day and other day, until the gales command
The sails aloft, and canvas swells with wind from out the South:
Therewith I speak unto the seer, such matters in my mouth:
'O Troy-born, O Gods' messenger, who knowest Phoebus' will,
The tripods and the Clarian's bay, and what the stars fulfil,
And tongues of fowl, and omens brought by swift foreflying wing,
Come, tell the tale! for of my way a happy heartening thing
All shrines have said, and all the Gods have bid me follow on
To Italy, till outland shores, far off, remote were won:
Alone Celæno, Harpy-fowl, new dread of fate set forth,
Unmeet to tell, and bade us fear the grimmiest day of wrath,
And ugly hunger. How may I by early perils fare?
Or doing what may I have might such toil to overbear?'
So Helenus, when he hath had the heifers duly slain,
Prays peace of Gods, from hallowed head he doffs the bands again,
And then with hand he leadeth me, O Phoebus, to thy door,
My fluttering soul with all thy might of godhead shadowed o'er.
There forth at last from God-loved mouth the seer this word did
send:

'O Goddess-born, full certainly across the sea ye wend
By mightiest bidding, such the lot the King of Gods hath found
All fateful; so he rolls the world, so turns its order round.
Few things from many will I tell that thou the outland sea
May'st sail the safer, and at last make land in Italy;
The other things the Parcae still ban Helenus to wot,
Saturnian Juno's will it is that more he utter not.
First, from that Italy, which thou unwitting deem'st anigh,
Thinking to make in little space the haven close hereby,
Long is the wayless way that shears, and long the length of land;
And first in the Trinacrian wave must bend the rower's wand.
On plain of that Ausonian salt your ships must stray awhile,
And thou must see the nether meres, Ææan Circe's isle,
Ere thou on earth assured and safe thy city may'st set down.

I show thee tokens; in thy soul store thou the tokens shown.
When thou with careful heart shalt stray the secret stream anigh,
And 'neath the holm-oaks of the shore shalt see a great sow lie,
That e'en now farrowed thirty head of young, long on the ground
She lieth white, with piglings white their mother's dugs around, —
That earth shall be thy city's place, there rest from toil is stored.
Nor shudder at the coming curse, the gnawing of the board,
The Fates shall find a way thereto; Apollo called shall come.
But flee these lands of Italy, this shore so near our home,
That washing of the strand thereof our very sea-tide seeks;
For in all cities thereabout abide the evil Greeks.
There now have come the Locrian folk Narycian walls to build;
And Lyctian Idomeneus Sallentine meads hath filled
With war-folk; Philoctetes there holdeth Petelia small,
Now by that Meliboean duke fenced round with mighty wall.
Moreover, when your ships have crossed the sea, and there do stay,
And on the altars raised thereto your vows ashore ye pay,
Be veiled of head, and wrap thyself in cloth of purple dye,
Lest 'twixt you and the holy fires ye light to God on high
Some face of foeman should thrust in the holy signs to spill.
Now let thy folk, yea and thyself, this worship thus fulfil,
And let thy righteous sons of sons such fashion ever mind.
But when, gone forth, to Sicily thou comest on the wind,
And when Pelorus' narrow sea is widening all away,
Your course for leftward lying land and leftward waters lay,
How long soe'er ye reach about: flee right-hand shore and wave.
In time ago some mighty thing this place to wrack down drave,
So much for changing of the world doth lapse of time avail.
It split atwain, when heretofore the two lands, saith the tale,
Had been but one, the sea rushed in and clave with mighty flood
Hesperia's side from Italy, and field and city stood
Drawn back on either shore, along a sundering sea-race strait.
There Scylla on the right hand lurks, the left insatiate
Charybdis holds, who in her maw all whirling deep adown
Sucketh the great flood tumbling in thrice daily, which out-thrown
Thrice daily doth she spout on high, smiting the stars with brine.
But Scylla doth the hidden hole of mirky cave confine;

With face thrust forth she draweth ships on to that stony bed;
Manlike above, with maiden breast and lovely fashioned
Down to the midst, she hath below huge body of a whale,
And unto maw of wolfish heads is knit a dolphin's tail.
'Tis better far to win about Pachynus, outer ness
Of Sicily, and reach long round, despite the weariness,
Than have that ugly sight of her within her awful den,
And hear her coal-blue baying dogs and rocks that ring again.
Now furthermore if Helenus in anything have skill,
Or aught of trust, or if his soul with sooth Apollo fill,
Of one thing, Goddess-born, will I forewarn thee over all,
And spoken o'er and o'er again my word on thee shall fall:
The mighty Juno's godhead first let many a prayer seek home;
To Juno sing your vows in joy, with suppliant gifts o'ercome
That Lady of all Might; and so, Trinacria overpast,
Shalt thou be sped to Italy victorious at the last.
When there thou com'st and Cumæ's town amidst thy way hast
found,
The Holy Meres, Avernus' woods fruitful of many a sound,
There the wild seer-maid shalt thou see, who in a rock-hewn cave
Singeth of fate, and letteth leaves her names and tokens have:
But whatso song upon those leaves the maiden seer hath writ
She ordereth duly, and in den of live stone leaveth it:
There lie the written leaves unmoved, nor shift their ordered rows.
But when the hinge works round, and thence a light air on them
blows,
Then, when the door doth disarray among the frail leaves bear,
To catch them fluttering in the cave she never hath a care,
Nor will she set them back again nor make the song-words meet;
So folk unanswered go their ways and loathe the Sibyl's seat.
But thou, count not the cost of time that there thou hast to spend;
Although thy fellows blame thee sore, and length of way to wend
Call on thy sails, and thou may'st fill their folds with happy gale,
Draw nigh the seer, and strive with prayers to have her holy tale;
Beseech her sing, and that her words from willing tongue go free:
So revered shall she tell thee tale of folk of Italy
And wars to come; and how to 'scape, and how to bear each ill,

And with a happy end at last thy wandering shall fulfil.
Now is this all my tongue is moved to tell thee lawfully:
Go, let thy deeds Troy's mightiness exalt above the sky!
So when the seer from loving mouth such words as this had said,
Then gifts of heavy gold and gifts of carven tooth he bade
Be borne a-shipboard; and our keels he therewithal doth stow
With Dodonæan kettle-ware and silver great enow,
A coat of hookèd woven mail and triple golden chain,
A helm with noble towering crest crowned with a flowing mane,
The arms of Pyrrhus: gifts most meet my father hath withal;
And steeds he gives and guides he gives,
Fills up the tale of oars, and arms our fellows to their need.
Anchises still was bidding us meanwhile to have a heed
Of setting sail, nor with the wind all fair to make delay;
To whom with words of worship now doth Phoebus' servant say:
'Anchises, thou whom Venus' bed hath made so glorious,
Care of the Gods, twice caught away from ruin of Pergamus,
Lo, there the Ausonian land for thee, set sail upon the chase:
Yet needs must thou upon the sea glide by its neighbouring face.
Far off is that Ausonia yet that Phoebus open lays.
Fare forth, made glad with pious son! why tread I longer ways
Of speech, and stay the rising South with words that I would tell?'
And therewithal Andromache, sad with the last farewell,
Brings for Ascanius raiment wrought with picturing wool of gold,
And Phrygian coat; nor will she have our honour wax acold,
But loads him with the woven gifts, and such word sayeth she:
'Take these, fair boy; keep them to be my hands' last memory,
The tokens of enduring love thy younger days did win
From Hector's wife Andromache, the last gifts of thy kin.
O thou, of my Astyanax the only image now!
Such eyes he had, such hands he had, such countenance as thou,
And now with thee were growing up in equal tale of years.'
Then I, departing, spake to them amid my rising tears:
'Live happy! Ye with fortune's game have nothing more to play,
While we from side to side thereof are hurried swift away.
Your rest hath blossomed and brought forth; no sea-field shall ye till,
Seeking the fields of Italy that fade before you still.

Ye see another Xanthus here, ye see another Troy,
Made by your hands for better days me hopes, and longer joy:
And soothly less it lies across the pathway of the Greek,
If ever I that Tiber flood and Tiber fields I seek
Shall enter, and behold the walls our folk shall win of fate.
Twin cities some day shall we have, and folks confederate,
Epirus and Hesperia; from Dardanus each came,
One fate had each: them shall we make one city and the same,
One Troy in heart: lo, let our sons of sons' sons see to it!'
Past nigh Ceraunian mountain-sides thence o'er the sea we flit,
Whence the sea-way to Italy the shortest may be made.
But in the meanwhile sets the sun, the dusk hills lie in shade,
And, choosing oar-wards, down we lie on bosom of the land
So wished for: by the water-side and on the dry sea-strand
We tend our bodies here and there; sleep floodeth every limb.
But ere the hour-bedriven night in midmost orb did swim,
Nought slothful Palinurus rose, and wisdom strives to win
Of all the winds: with eager ear the breeze he drinketh in;
He noteth how through silent heaven the stars soft gliding fare,
Arcturus, the wet Hyades, and either Northern Bear,
And through and through he searcheth out Orion girt with gold.
So when he sees how everything a peaceful sky foretold,
He bloweth clear from off the poop, and we our campment shift,
And try the road and spread abroad our sail-wings to the lift.
And now, the stars all put to flight, Aurora's blushes grow,
When we behold dim fells afar and long lands lying low,
— E'en Italy. Achates first cries out on Italy;
To Italy our joyous folk glad salutation cry.
Anchises then a mighty bowl crowned with a garland fair,
And filled it with unwatered wine and called the Gods to hear,
High standing on the lofty deck:
'O Gods that rule the earth and sea, and all the tides of storm,
Make our way easy with the wind, breathe on us kindly breath!'
Then riseth up the longed-for breeze, the haven openeth
As nigh we draw, and on the cliff a fane of Pallas shows:
Therewith our fellow-folk furl sail and shoreward turn the prows.
Bow-wise the bight is hollowed out by eastward-setting flood,

But over-foamed by salt-sea spray thrust out its twin horns stood,
While it lay hidden; tower-like rocks let down on either hand
Twin arms of rock-wall, and the fane lies backward from the stand.
But I beheld upon the grass four horses, snowy white,
Grazing the meadows far and wide, first omen of my sight.
Father Anchises seeth and saith: 'New land, and bear'st thou war?
For war are horses dight; so these war-threatening herd-beasts are.
Yet whiles indeed those four-foot things in car will well refrain,
And tamed beneath the yoke will bear the bit and bridle's strain,
So there is yet a hope of peace.'
Then on the might we call
Of Pallas of the weapon-din, first welcomer of all,
And veil our brows before the Gods with cloth of Phrygian dye;
And that chief charge of Helenus we do all rightfully,
And Argive Juno worship there in such wise as is willed.
We tarry not, but when all vows are duly there fulfilled,
Unto the wind our sail-yard horns we fall to turn about,
And leave the houses of the Greeks, and nursing fields of doubt.
And next is seen Tarentum's bay, the Herculean place
If fame tell true; Lacinia then, the house of Gods, we face;
And Caulon's towers, and Scylaceum, of old the shipman's bane.
Then see we Ætna rise far off above Trinacria's main;
Afar the mighty moan of sea, and sea-cliffs beaten sore,
We hearken, and the broken voice that cometh from the shore:
The sea leaps high upon the shoals, the eddy churns the sand.
Then saith Anchises: 'Lo forsooth, Charybdis is at hand,
Those rocks and stones the dread whereof did Helenus foretell.
Save ye, O friends! swing out the oars together now and well!'
Nor worser than his word they do, and first the roaring beaks
Doth Palinurus leftward wrest; then all the sea-host seeks
With sail and oar the waters wild upon the left that lie:
Upheaved upon the tossing whirl we fare unto the sky,
Then down unto the nether Gods we sink upon the wave:
Thrice from the hollow-carven rocks great roar the sea-cliffs gave;
Thrice did we see the spray cast forth and stars with sea-dew done;
But the wind left us weary folk at sinking of the sun,
And on the Cyclops' strand we glide unwitting of the way.

Locked from the wind the haven is, itself an ample bay;
But hard at hand mid ruin and fear doth Ætna thunder loud;
And whiles it blasteth forth on air a black and dreadful cloud,
That rolleth on a pitchy wreath, where bright the ashes mix,
And heaveth up great globes of flame and heaven's high star-world
licks,

And other whiles the very cliffs, and riven mountain-maw
It belches forth; the molten stones together will it draw
Aloft with moan, and boileth o'er from lowest inner vale.
This world of mountain presseth down, as told it is in tale,
Enceladus the thunder-scorched; huge Ætna on him cast,
From all her bursten furnaces breathes out his fiery blast;
And whensoever his weary side he shifteth, all the shore
Trinacrian trembleth murmuring, and heaven is smoke-clad o'er.
In thicket close we wear the night amidst these marvels dread,
Nor may we see what thing it is that all that noise hath shed:
For neither showed the planet fires, nor was the heaven bright
With starry zenith; mirky cloud hung over all the night,
In mist of dead untimely tide the moon was hidden close.
But when from earliest Eastern dawn the following day arose,
And fair Aurora from the heaven the watery shades had cleared,
Lo, suddenly from out the wood new shape of man appeared.
Unknown he was, most utter lean, in wretchedest of plight:
Shoreward he stretched his suppliant hands; we turn back at the
sight,

And gaze on him: all squalor there, a mat of beard we see,
And raiment clasped with wooden thorns; and yet a Greek is he,
Yea, sent erewhile to leaguered Troy in Greekish weed of war.
But when he saw our Dardan guise and arms of Troy afar,
Feared at the sight he hung aback at first a little space,
But presently ran headlong down into our sea-side place
With tears and prayers:

'O Teucrian men, by all the stars,' he cried,
'By all the Gods, by light of heaven ye breathe, O bear me wide
Away from here! to whatso land henceforth ye lead my feet
It is enough. That I am one from out the Danaan fleet,
And that I warred on Ilian house erewhile, most true it is;

For which, if I must pay so much wherein I wrought amiss,
Then strew me on the flood and sink my body in the sea!
To die by hands of very men shall be a joy to me.'
He spake with arms about our knees, and wallowing still he clung
Unto our knees: but what he was and from what blood he sprung
We bade him say, and tell withal what fate upon him drave.
His right hand with no tarrying then Father Anchises gave
Unto the youth, and heartened him with utter pledge of peace.
So now he spake when fear of us amid his heart did cease:
'Luckless Ulysses' man am I, and Ithaca me bore,
Hight Achemenides, who left that Adamastus poor
My father (would I still were there!) by leaguered Troy to be.
Here while my mates aquake with dread the cruel threshold flee,
They leave me in the Cyclops' den unmindful of their friend;
A house of blood and bloody meat, most huge from end to end,
Mirky within: high up aloft star-smiting to behold
Is he himself; — such bane, O God, keep thou from field and fold!
Scarce may a man look on his face; no word to him is good;
On wretches' entrails doth he feed and black abundant blood.
Myself I saw him of our folk two hapless bodies take
In his huge hand, whom straight he fell athwart a stone to break
As there he lay upon his back; I saw the threshold swim
With spouted blood, I saw him grind each bloody dripping limb,
I saw the joints amidst his teeth all warm and quivering still.
— He payed therefore, for never might Ulysses bear such ill,
Nor was he worser than himself in such a pinch bestead:
For when with victual satiate, deep sunk in wine, his head
Fell on his breast, and there he lay enormous through the den,
Snorting out gore amidst his sleep, with gobbets of the men
And mingled blood and wine; then we sought the great Gods with
prayer
And drew the lots, and one and all crowded about him there,
And bored out with a sharpened pike the eye that used to lurk
Enormous lonely 'neath his brow overhanging grim and mirk,
As great a shield of Argolis, or Phoebus' lamp on high;
And so our murdered fellows' ghosts avenged we joyously.
— But ye, O miserable men, flee forth! make haste to pluck

The warping hawser from the shore!
For even such, and e'en so great as Polypheme in cave
Shuts in the wealth of woolly things and draws the udders' wave,
An hundred others commonly dwell o'er these curving bights,
Unutterable Cyclop folk, or stray about the heights.
Thrice have the twin horns of the moon fulfilled the circle clear
While I have dragged out life in woods and houses of the deer,
And gardens of the beasts; and oft from rocky place on high
Trembling I note the Cyclops huge, hear foot and voice go by.
And evil meat of wood-berries, and cornel's flinty fruit
The bush-boughs give; on grass at whiles I browse, and plucked-up
root

So wandering all about, at last I see unto the shore
Your ships a-coming: thitherward my steps in haste I bore:
Whate'er might hap enough it was to flee this folk of ill;
Rather do ye in any wise the life within me spill.'
And scarcely had he said the word ere on the hill above
The very shepherd Polypheme his mountain mass did move,
A marvel dread, a shapeless trunk, an eyeless monstrous thing,
Who down unto the shore well known his sheep was shepherding;
A pine-tree in the hand of him leads on and stays his feet;
The woolly sheep his fellows are, his only pleasure sweet,
The only solace of his ill.

But when he touched the waters deep, and mid the waves was come,
He falls to wash the flowing blood from off his eye dug out;
Gnashing his teeth and groaning sore he walks the sea about,
But none the less no wave there was up to his flank might win.
Afeard from far we haste to flee, and, having taken in
Our suppliant, who had earned it well, cut cable silently,
And bending to the eager oars sweep out along the sea.
He heard it, and his feet he set to follow on the sound;
But when his right hand failed to reach, and therewithal he found
He might not speed as fast as fares the Ionian billow lithe,
Then clamour measureless he raised, and ocean quaked therewith
Through every wave, and inwardly the land was terrified
Of Italy, and Ætna boomed from many-hollowed side.
But all the race of Cyclops stirred from woods and lofty hills,

Down rushes to the haven-side and all the haven fills;
And Ætna's gathered brethren there we see; in vain they stand
Glowering grim-eyed with heads high up in heaven, a dreadful band
Of councillors: they were as when on ridge aloft one sees
The oaks stand thick against the sky, and cone-hung cypresses,
Jove's lofty woods, or thicket where Diana's footsteps stray.
Then headlong fear fell on our folk in whatsoever way
To shake the reefs out spreading sail to any wind that blew;
But Helenus had bid us steer a midmost course and true
'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis, lest to death we sail o'er-close:
So safest seemed for backward course to let the sails go loose.
But lo, from out Pelorus' strait comes down the northern flaw,
And past Pantagia's haven-mouth of living stone we draw,
And through the gulf of Megara by Thapsus lying low.
Such names did Achemenides, Ulysses' fellow, show,
As now he coasted back again the shore erst wandered by.
In jaws of the Sicanian bay there doth an island lie
Against Plemyrion's wavy face; folk called it in old days
Ortygia: there, as tells the tale, Alpheus burrowed ways
From his own Elis 'neath the sea, and now by mouth of thine,
O Arethusa, blendeth him with that Sicilian brine.
We pray the isle's great deities, e'en as we bidden were:
And thence we pass the earth o'erfat about Helorus' mere;
Then by Pachynus' lofty crags and thrust-forth rocks we skim,
And Camarina showeth next a long way off and dim;
Her whom the Fates would ne'er be moved: then comes the plain in
sight
Of Gela, yea, and Gela huge from her own river hight:
Then Acragas the very steep shows great walls far away,
Begetter of the herds of horse high-couraged on a day.
Then thee, Selinus of the palms, I leave with happy wind,
And coast the Lilybean shoals and tangled skerries blind.
But next the firth of Drepanum, the strand without a joy,
Will have me. There I tossed so sore, the tempests' very toy,
O woe is me! my father lose, lightener of every care,
Of every ill: me all alone, me weary, father dear,
There wouldst thou leave; thou borne away from perils all for

nought!

Ah, neither Helenus the seer, despite the fears he taught,
Nor grim Celæno in her wrath, this grief of soul forebode.
This was the latest of my toils, the goal of all my road,
For me departed thence some God to this your land did bear.”
So did the Father Æneas, with all at stretch to hear,
Tell o’er the fateful ways of God, and of his wanderings teach:
But here he hushed him at the last and made an end of speech.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

HEREIN IS TOLD OF THE GREAT LOVE OF DIDO, QUEEN OF CARTHAGE, AND THE WOEFUL ENDING OF HER.

Meanwhile the Queen, long smitten sore with sting of all desire,
With very heart's blood feeds the wound and wastes with hidden fire.
And still there runneth in her mind the hero's valiancy,
And glorious stock; his words, his face, fast in her heart they lie:
Nor may she give her body peace amid that restless pain.
But when the next day Phoebus' lamp lit up the lands again,
And now Aurora from the heavens had rent the mist apart,
Sick-souled her sister she bespeaks, the sharer of her heart:
"Sister, O me, this sleepless pain that fears me with unrest!
O me, within our house and home this new-come wondrous guest!
Ah, what a countenance and mien! in arms and heart how strong!
Surely to throw him of the Gods it doth no wisdom wrong;
For fear it is shows base-born souls. Woe's me! how tossed about
By fortune was he! how he showed war's utter wearing out!
And, but my heart for ever now were set immovably
Never to let me long again the wedding bond to tie,
Since love betrayed me first of all with him my darling dead,
And were I not all weary-sick of torch and bridal bed,
This sin alone of all belike my falling heart might trap;
For, Anna, I confess it thee, since poor Sychæus' hap,
My husband dead, my hearth acold through murderous brother's
deed,
This one alone hath touched the quick; this one my heart may lead
Unto its fall: I feel the signs of fire of long ago.
And yet I pray the deeps of earth beneath my feet may yawn,
I pray the Father send me down bolt-smitten to the shades,
The pallid shades of Erebus, the night that never fades,
Before, O Shame, I shame thy face, or loose what thou hast tied!
He took away the love from me, who bound me to his side
That first of times. Ah, in the tomb let love be with him still!"

The tears arisen as she spake did all her bosom fill.
But Anna saith: "Dearer to me than very light of day,
Must thou alone and sorrowing wear all thy youth away,
Nor see sweet sons, nor know the joys that gentle Venus brings?
Deem'st thou dead ash or buried ghosts have heed of such-like
things?

So be it that thy sickened soul no man to yield hath brought
In Libya as in Tyre; let be Iarbas set at nought,
And other lords, whom Africa, the rich in battle's bliss,
Hath nursed: but now, with love beloved, — must thou be foe to
this?

Yea, hast thou not within thy mind amidst whose bounds we are?
Here the Gætulian cities fierce, a folk unmatched in war,
And hard Numidia's bitless folk, and Syrtes' guestless sand
Lie round thee: there Barcæans wild, the rovers of the land,
Desert for thirst: what need to tell of wars new-born in Tyre,
And of thy murderous brother's threats?

Meseems by very will of Gods, by Juno's loving mind,
The Ilian keels run down their course before the following wind.
Ah, what a city shalt thou see! how shall the lordship wax
With such a spouse! with Teucrian arms our brothers at our backs
Unto what glory of great deeds the Punic realm may reach!
But thou, go seek the grace of Gods, with sacrifice beseech;
Then take thy fill of guest-serving; weave web of all delays:
The wintry raging of the sea, Orion's watery ways,
The way-worn ships, the heavens unmeet for playing seaman's part."
So saying, she blew the flame of love within her kindled heart,
And gave her doubtful soul a hope and loosed the girth of shame.
Then straight they fare unto the shrines, by every altar's flame
Praying for peace; and hosts they slay, chosen as custom would,
To Phoebus, Ceres wise of law, Father Lyæus good,
But chiefest unto Juno's might, that wedlock hath in care.
There bowl in hand stands Dido forth, most excellently fair,
And pours between the sleek cow's horns; or to and fro doth pace
Before the altars fat with prayer, 'neath very godhead's face,
And halloweth in the day with gifts, and, gazing eagerly
Amid the host's yet beating heart, for answering rede must try.

— Woe's me! the idle mind of priests! what prayer, what shrine
avails

The wild with love! — and all the while the smooth flame never fails
To eat her heart: the silent wound lives on within her breast:

Unhappy Dido burneth up, and, wild with all unrest,
For ever strays the city through: as arrow-smitten doe,
Unwary, whom some herd from far hath drawn upon with bow
Amid the Cretan woods, and left the swift steel in the sore,
Unknowing: far in flight she strays the woods and thickets o'er,
'Neath Dictæ's heights; but in her flank still bears the deadly reed.

Now midmost of the city-walls Æneas doth she lead,
And shows him the Sidonian wealth, the city's guarded ways;
And now she falls to speech, and now amidst a word she stays.
Then at the dying of the day the feast she dights again,
And, witless, once again will hear the tale of Ilium's pain;
And once more hangeth on the lips that tell the tale aloud.
But after they were gone their ways, and the dusk moon did shroud
Her light in turn, and setting stars bade all to sleep away,
Lone in the empty house she mourns, broods over where he lay,
Hears him and sees him, she apart from him that is apart
Or, by his father's image smit, Ascanius to her heart
She taketh, if her utter love she may thereby beguile.
No longer rise the walls begun, nor play the youth this while
In arms, or fashion havens forth, or ramparts of the war:
Broken is all that handicraft and mastery; idle are
The mighty threatenings of the walls and engines wrought heaven
high.

Now when the holy wife of Jove beheld her utterly
Held by that plague, whose madness now not e'en her fame might
stay,

Then unto Venus, Saturn's seed began such words to say:
"Most glorious praise ye carry off, meseems, most wealthy spoil,
Thou and thy Boy; wondrous the might, and long to tell the toil,
Whereas two Gods by dint of craft one woman have o'erthrown.
But well I wot, that through your fear of walls I call mine own,
In welcome of proud Carthage doors your hearts may never trow.
But what shall be the end hereof? where wends our contest now?

What if a peace that shall endure, and wedlock surely bound,
We fashion? That which all thine heart was set on thou hast found.
For Dido burns: bone of her bone thy madness is today:
So let us rule these folks as one beneath an equal sway:
Let the doom be that she shall take a Phrygian man for lord,
And to thine hand for dowry due her Tyrian folk award.”
But Venus felt that Juno’s guile within the word did live,
Who lordship due to Italy to Libya fain would give,
So thus she answered her again: “Who were so overbold
To gainsay this? or who would wish war against thee to hold,
If only this may come to pass, and fate the deed may seal?
But doubtful drifts my mind of fate, if one same town and weal
Jove giveth to the Tyrian folk and those from Troy outcast,
If he will have those folks to blend and bind the treaty fast
Thou art his wife: by prayer mayst thou prove all his purpose
weighed.

Set forth, I follow.”

Juno then took up the word and said:

“Yea, that shall be my very work: how that which presseth now
May be encompassed, hearken ye, in few words will I show:
Æneas and the hapless queen are minded forth to fare
For hunting to the thicket-side, when Titan first shall bear
Tomorrow’s light aloft, and all the glittering world unveil:
On them a darkening cloud of rain, blended with drift of hail,
Will I pour down, while for the hunt the feathered snare-lines shake,
And toils about the thicket go: all heaven will I awake
With thunder, and their scattered folk the mid-mirk shall enwrap:
Then Dido and the Trojan lord on one same cave shall hap;
I will be there, and if to me thy heart be stable grown,
In wedlock will I join the two and deem her all his own:
And there shall be their bridal God.”

Then Venus nought gainsaid,

But, nodding yea, she smiled upon the snare before her laid.

Meanwhile Aurora risen up had left the ocean stream,
And gateward throned the chosen youth in first of morning’s beam,
And wide-meshed nets, and cordage-toils and broad-steeled spears
abound,

Massylian riders go their ways with many a scenting hound.
The lords of Carthage by the door bide till the tarrying queen
Shall leave her chamber: there, with gold and purple well beseen,
The mettled courser stands, and champs the bit that bids him bide.
At last she cometh forth to them with many a man beside:
A cloak of Sidon wrapped her round with pictured border wrought,
Her quiver was of fashioned gold, and gold her tresses caught;
The gathering of her purple gown a golden buckle had.
Then come the Phrygian fellows forth; comes forth Iulus glad;
Yea and Æneas' very self is of their fellowship,
And joins their band: in goodliness all those did he outstrip:
E'en such as when Apollo leaves the wintry Lycian shore,
And Xanthus' stream, and Delos sees, his mother's isle once more;
And halloweth in the dance anew, while round the altars shout
The Cretans and the Dryopes, and painted Scythian rout:
He steps it o'er the Cynthus' ridge, and leafy crown to hold
His flowing tresses doth he weave, and intertwines the gold,
And on his shoulders clang the shafts. Nor duller now passed on
Æneas, from his noble face such wondrous glory shone.
So come they to the mountain-side and pathless deer-fed ground,
And lo, from hill-tops driven adown, how swift the wild goats bound
Along the ridges: otherwhere across the open lea
Run hart and hind, and gathering up their hornèd host to flee,
Amid a whirling cloud of dust they leave the mountain-sides.
But here the boy Ascanius the midmost valley rides,
And glad, swift-horsed, now these he leaves, now those he flees
before,
And fain were he mid deedless herds to meet a foaming boar,
Or see some yellow lion come the mountain-slopes adown.
Meanwhile with mighty murmuring sound confused the heavens are
grown,
And thereupon the drift of rain and hail upon them broke;
Therewith the scattered Trojan youth, the Tyrian fellow-folk,
The son of Venus' Dardan son, scared through the meadows fly
To diverse shelter, while the streams rush from the mountains high.
Then Dido and the Trojan lord meet in the self-same cave;
Then Earth, first-born of everything, and wedding Juno gave

The token; then the wildfires flashed, and air beheld them wed,
And o'er their bridal wailed the nymphs in hill-tops overhead.
That day began the tide of death; that day the evil came;
No more she heedeth eyes of men; no more she heedeth fame;
No more hath Dido any thought a stolen love to win,
But calls it wedlock: yea, e'en so she weaveth up the sin.
Straight through the mighty Libyan folks is Rumour on the wing —
Rumour, of whom nought swifter is of any evil thing:
She gathereth strength by going on, and bloometh shifting oft!
A little thing, afraid at first, she springeth soon aloft;
Her feet are on the worldly soil, her head the clouds o'erlay.
Earth, spurred by anger 'gainst the Gods, begot her as they say,
Of Coeus and Enceladus the latest sister-birth.
Swift are her wings to cleave the air, swift-foot she treads the earth:
A monster dread and huge, on whom so many as there lie
The feathers, under each there lurks, O strange! a watchful eye;
And there wag tongues, and babble mouths, and hearkening ears
upstand
As many: all a-dusk by night she flies 'twixt sky and land
Loud clattering, never shutting eye in rest of slumber sweet.
By day she keepeth watch high-set on houses of the street,
Or on the towers aloft she sits for mighty cities' fear!
And lies and ill she loves no less than sooth which she must bear.
She now, rejoicing, filled the folk with babble many-voiced,
And matters true and false alike sang forth as she rejoiced:
How here was come Æneas now, from Trojan blood sprung forth,
Whom beauteous Dido deemed indeed a man to mate her worth:
How winter-long betwixt them there the sweets of sloth they nursed,
Unmindful of their kingdoms' weal, by ill desire accursed.
This in the mouth of every man the loathly Goddess lays,
And thence to King Iarbas straight she wendeth on her ways,
To set his mind on fire with words, and high his wrath to lead.
He, sprung from Garamantian nymph and very Ammon's seed,
An hundred mighty fanes to Jove, an hundred altars fair,
Had builded in his wide domain, and set the watch-fire there,
The everlasting guard of God: there fat the soil was grown
With blood of beasts; the threshold bloomed with garlands diverse

blown.

He, saith the tale, all mad at heart, and fired with bitter fame,
Amidmost of the might of God before the altars came,
And prayed a many things to Jove with suppliant hands outspread:
“O Jupiter, almighty lord, to whom from painted bed
The banqueting Maurusian folk Lenæan joy pours forth,
Dost thou behold? O Father, is our dread of nothing worth
When thou art thundering? Yea, forsooth, a blind fire of the clouds,
An idle hubbub of the sky, our souls with terror loads!
A woman wandering on our shore, who set her up e’en now
A little money-cheapened town, to whom a field to plough
And lordship of the place we gave, hath thrust away my word
Of wedlock, and hath taken in Æneas for her lord:
And now this Paris, hedged around with all his gelding rout,
Mæonian mitre tied to chin, and wet hair done about,
Sits on the prey while to thine house a many gifts we bear,
Still cherishing an idle tale who our begetters were.”
The Almighty heard him as he prayed holding the altar-horns,
And to the war-walls of the Queen his eyes therewith he turns,
And sees the lovers heeding nought the glory of their lives;
Then Mercury he calls to him, and such a bidding gives:
“Go forth, O Son, the Zephyrs call, and glide upon the wing
Unto the duke of Dardan men in Carthage tarrying,
Who hath no eyes to see the walls that fate to him hath given:
Speak to him, Son, and bear my words down the swift air of heaven:
His fairest mother promised us no such a man at need,
Nor claimed him twice from Greekish sword to live for such a deed.
But Italy, the fierce in war, the big with empire’s brood,
Was he to rule; to get for us from glorious Teucer’s blood
That folk of folks, and all the world beneath his laws to lay.
But if such glory of great deeds nought stirreth him today,
Nor for his own fame hath he heart the toil to overcome,
Yet shall the father grudge the son the towered heights of Rome?
What doth he? tarrying for what hope among the enemy?
And hath no eyes Ausonian sons, Lavinian land to see?
Let him to ship! this is the doom; this word I bid thee bear.”
He spake: his mighty father’s will straight did the God prepare

To compass, and his golden shoes first bindeth on his feet,
E'en those which o'er the ocean plain aloft on feathers fleet,
Or over earth swift bear him on before the following gale:
And then his rod he takes, wherewith he calleth spirits pale
From Orcus, or those others sends sad Tartarus beneath,
And giveth sleep and takes away, and openeth eyes to death;
The rod that sways the ocean-winds and rules the cloudy rack.
Now winging way he comes in sight of peak and steepy back
Of flinty Atlas, on whose head all heaven is set adown —
Of Atlas with the piny head, and never-failing crown
Of mirky cloud, beat on with rain and all the winds that blow:
A snow-cloak o'er his shoulders falls, and headlong streams
overflow

His ancient chin; his bristling beard with plenteous ice is done.
There hovering on his poisèd wings stayed that Cyllenian one,
And all his gathered body thence sent headlong toward the waves;
Then like a bird the shores about, about the fishy caves,
Skims low adown upon the wing the sea-plain's face anigh,
Not otherwise 'twixt heaven and earth Cyllene's God did fly;
And now, his mother's father great a long way left behind,
Unto the sandy Libya's shore he clave the driving wind.
But when the cot-built place of earth he felt beneath his feet,
He saw Æneas founding towers and raising houses meet:
Starred was the sword about him girt with yellow jasper stone,
The cloak that from his shoulders streamed with Tyrian purple
shone:

Fair things that wealthy Dido's hand had given him for a gift,
Who with the gleam of thready gold the purple web did shift.
Then brake the God on him: "Forsooth, tall Carthage wilt thou
found,

O lover, and a city fair raise up from out the ground?
Woe's me! thy lordship and thy deeds hast thou forgotten quite?
The very ruler of the Gods down from Olympus bright
Hath sent me, he whose majesty the earth and heavens obey;
This was the word he bade me bear adown the windy way.
What dost thou? hoping for what hope in Libya dost thou wear
Thy days? if glorious fated things thine own soul may not stir,

And heart thou lackest for thy fame the coming toil to wed,
Think on Ascanius' dawn of days and hope inherited,
To whom is due the Italian realm and all the world of Rome!"

But when from out Cyllenius' mouth such word as this had come,
Amidst his speech he left the sight of men that die from day,
And mid thin air from eyes of folk he faded far away.
But sore the sight Æneas feared, and wit from out him drave;
His hair stood up, amidst his jaws the voice within him clave.
Bewildered by that warning word, and by that God's command,
He yearneth to depart and flee, and leave the lovely land.
Ah, what to do? and with what word may he be bold to win
Peace of the Queen all mad with love? what wise shall he begin?
Hither and thither now he sends his mind all eager-swift,
And bears it diversely away and runs o'er every shift:
At last, as many things he weighed, this seemed the better rede.
Mnestheus, Sergestus, straight he calls, Sergestus stout at need,
And bids them dight ship silently and bring their folk to shore,
And dight their gear, and cause thereof with lying cover o'er;
While he himself, since of all this kind Dido knoweth nought,
Nor of the ending of such love may ever have a thought,
Will seek to draw anigh the Queen, seek time wherein the word
May softliest be said to her, the matter lightliest stirred.
So all they glad his bidding do, and get them to the work.
But who may hoodwink loving eyes? She felt the treason lurk
About her life, and from the first saw all that was to be;
Fearing indeed where no fear was. That Rumour wickedly
Told her wild soul of ship-host armed and ready to set out;
The heart died in her; all aflame she raves the town about,
E'en as a Thyad, who, soul-smit by holy turmoil, hears
The voice of Bacchus on the day that crowns the triple years,
And mirk Cithæron through the night hath called her clamorous.
Unto Æneas at the last herself she speaketh thus:
"O thou forsworn! and hast thou hoped with lies to cover o'er
Such wickedness, and silently to get thee from my shore?
Our love, it hath not held thee back? nor right hand given in faith
Awhile ago? nor Dido doomed to die a bitter death?
Yea, e'en beneath the winter heavens thy fleet thou gatherest

In haste to fare across the main amid the north's unrest
O cruel! What if land unknown and stranger field and fold
Thou sought'st not; if the ancient Troy stood as in days of old;
Wouldst thou not still be seeking Troy across the wavy brine?
— Yea, me thou fleest. O by these tears, by that right hand of thine,
Since I myself have left myself unhappy nought but this,
And by our bridal of that day and early wedding bliss,
If ever I were worthy thanks, if sweet in aught I were,
Pity a falling house! If yet be left a space for prayer,
O then I pray thee put away this mind of evil things!
Because of thee the Libyan folks, and those Numidian kings,
Hate me, and Tyrians are my foes: yea, and because of thee
My shame is gone, and that which was my heavenward road to be.
My early glory. — Guest, to whom leav'st thou thy dying friend?
Since of my husband nought but this is left me in the end.
Why bide I till Pygmalion comes to lay my walls alow,
Till taken by Getulian kings, Iarbas' slave I go?
Ah! if at least ere thou wert gone some child of thee I had!
If yet Æneas in mine house might play a little lad,
E'en but to bring aback the face of that beloved one,
Then were I never vanquished quite, nor utterly undone.”
She spake: he, warned by Jove's command, his eyes still steadfast
held,
And, striving, thrust his sorrow back, howso his heart-strings
swelled:
At last he answered shortly thus:
“O Queen, though words may fail
To tell thy lovingkindness, ne'er my heart belies the tale:
Still shall it be a joy to think of sweet Elissa's days
While of myself I yet may think, while breath my body sways.
Few words about the deed in hand: ne'er in my mind it came
As flees a thief to flee from thee; never the bridal flame
Did I hold forth, or plight my troth such matters to fulfil.
If fate would let me lead a life according to my will,
Might I such wise as pleaseth me my troubles lay to rest,
By Troy-town surely would I bide among the ashes blest
Of my beloved, and Priam's house once more aloft should stand;

New Pergamus for vanquished men should rise beneath my hand.
But now Grynean Phoebus bids toward Italy the great
To reach my hand; to Italy biddeth the Lycian fate:
There is my love, there is my land. If Carthage braveries
And lovely look of Libyan walls hold fast thy Tyrian eyes,
Why wilt thou grudge the Teucrian men Ausonian dwelling-place?
If we too seek the outland realm, for us too be there grace!
Father Anchises, whensoever night covereth up the earth
With dewy dark, and whensoe'er the bright stars come to birth,
His troubled image midst of sleep brings warning word and fear.
Ascanius weigheth on my heart with wrong of head so dear,
Whom I beguile of fateful fields and realm of Italy.
Yea, even now God's messenger sent from the Jove on high,
(Bear witness either head of us!) bore doom of God adown
The eager wind: I saw the God enter the fair-walled town
In simple light: I drank his voice, yea with these ears of mine.
Cease then to burn up with thy wail my burdened heart and thine!
Perforce I follow Italy."

But now this long while, as he spake, athwart and wild she gazed,
And here and there her eyeballs rolled, and strayed with silent look
His body o'er; and at the last with heart of fire outbroke:
"Traitor! no Goddess brought thee forth, nor Dardanus was first
Of thine ill race; but Caucasus on spiky crags accurst
Begot thee; and Hyrcanian dugs of tigers suckled thee.
Why hide it now? why hold me back lest greater evil be?
For did he sigh the while I wept? his eyes — what were they moved?
Hath he been vanquished unto tears, or pitied her that loved?
— Ah, is aught better now than aught, when Juno utter great,
Yea and the Father on all this with evil eyen wait?
All faith is gone! I took him in a stranded outcast, bare:
Yea in my very throne and land, ah fool! I gave him share.
His missing fleet I brought aback; from death I brought his friends.
— Woe! how the furies burn me up! — Now seer Apollo sends,
Now bidding send the Lycian lots; now sendeth Jove on high
His messenger to bear a curse adown the windy sky!
Such is the toil of Gods aloft; such are the cares that rack
Their souls serene. — I hold thee not, nor cast thy words aback.

Go down the wind to Italy! seek lordship o'er the sea!
Only I hope amid the rocks, if any God there be,
Thou shalt drink in thy punishment and call on Dido's name
Full oft: and I, though gone away, will follow with black flame;
And when cold death from out my limbs my soul hath won away,
I will be with thee everywhere; O wretch, and thou shalt pay.
Ah, I shall hear; the tale of all shall reach me midst the dead."
Therewith she brake her speech athwart, and sick at heart she fled
The outer air, and turned away, and gat her from his eyes;
Leaving him dallying with his fear, and turning many wise
The words to say. Her serving-maids the fainting body weak,
Bear back unto the marble room and on the pillows streak.
But god-fearing Æneas now, however fain he were
To soothe her grief and with soft speech assuage her weary care,
Much groaning, and the heart of him shaken with loving pain.
Yet went about the God's command and reached his ships again.
Then fall the Teucrians on indeed, and over all the shore
Roll the tall ships; the pitchy keel swims in the sea once more:
They bear the oars still leaf-bearing: they bring the might of wood,
Unwrought, so fain of flight they are,
Lo now their flitting! how they run from all the town in haste!
E'en as the ants, the winter-wise, are gathered whiles to waste
A heap of corn, and toil that same beneath their roof to lay,
Forth goes the black troop mid the mead, and carries forth the prey
Over the grass in narrow line: some strive with shoulder-might
And push along a grain o'ergreat, some drive the line aright,
Or scourge the loiterers: hot the work fares all along the road.
Ah Dido, when thou sawest all what heart in thee abode!
What groans thou gavest when thou saw'st from tower-top the long
strand
A-boil with men all up and down; the sea on every hand
Before thine eyes by stir of men torn into all unrest!
O evil Love, where wilt thou not drive on a mortal breast?
Lo, she is driven to weep again and pray him to be kind,
And suppliant, in the bonds of love her lofty heart to bind,
Lest she should leave some way untried and die at last for nought.
"Anna, thou seest the strand astir, the men together brought

From every side, the canvas spread calling the breezes down.
While joyful on the quarter-deck the sea-folk lay the crown.
Sister, since I had might to think that such a thing could be,
I shall have might to bear it now: yet do one thing for me,
Poor wretch, O Anna: for to thee alone would he be kind,
That traitor, and would trust to thee the inmost of his mind;
And thou alone his softening ways and melting times dost know.
O sister, speak a suppliant word to that high-hearted foe:
I never swore at Aulis there to pluck up root and branch
The Trojan folk; for Pergamus no war-ship did I launch:
Anchises' buried ghost from tomb I never tore away:
Why will his ears be ever deaf to any word I say?
Where hurrieth he? O let him give his wretched love one gift;
Let him but wait soft sailing-tide, when fair the breezes shift.
No longer for the wedding past, undone, I make my prayer,
Nor that he cast his lordship by, and promised Latium fair.
For empty time, for rest and stay of madness now I ask,
Till Fortune teach the overthrown to learn her weary task.
Sister, I pray this latest grace; O pity me today,
And manifold when I am dead the gift will I repay.”
So prayed she: such unhappy words of weeping Anna bears,
And bears again and o'er again: but him no weeping stirs,
Nor any voice he hearkeneth now may turn him from his road:
God shut the hero's steadfast ears; fate in the way abode.
As when against a mighty oak, strong growth of many a year,
On this side and on that the blasts of Alpine Boreas bear,
Contending which shall root it up: forth goes the roar, deep lie
The driven leaves upon the earth from shaken bole on high.
But fast it clingeth to the crag, and high as goes its head
To heaven aloft, so deep adown to hell its roots are spread.
E'en so by ceaseless drift of words the hero every wise
Is battered, and the heavy care deep in his bosom lies;
Steadfast the will abides in him; the tears fall down for nought.
Ah, and unhappy Dido then the very death besought,
Outworn by fate: the hollow heaven has grown a sight to grieve.
And for the helping of her will, that she the light may leave,
She seeth, when mid the frankincense her offering she would lay,

The holy water blackening there, O horrible to say!
The wine poured forth turned into blood all loathly as it fell.
Which sight to none, not e'en unto her sister, would she tell.
Moreover, to her first-wed lord there stood amidst the house
A marble shrine, the which she loved with worship marvellous,
And bound it was with snowy wool and leafage of delight;
Thence heard she, when the earth was held in mirky hand of night,
Strange sounds come forth, and words as if her husband called his
own.

And o'er and o'er his funeral song the screech-owl wailed alone,
And long his lamentable tale from high aloft was rolled.
And many a saying furthermore of god-loved seers of old
Fears her with dreadful memory: all wild amid her dreams
Cruel Æneas drives her on, and evermore she seems
Left all alone; and evermore a road that never ends,
Mateless, and seeking through the waste her Tyrian folk, she wends.
As raving Pentheus saw the rout of that Well-willing Folk,
When twofold sun and twofold Thebes upon his eyes outbroke:
Or like as Agamemnon's son is driven across the stage,
Fleeing his mother's fiery hand that bears the serpent's rage,
While there the avenging Dreadful Ones upon the threshold sit.
But when she gave the horror birth, and, grief-worn, cherished it,
And doomed her death, then with herself she planned its time and
guise,

And to her sister sorrowing sore spake word in such a wise,
Covering her end with cheerful face and calm and hopeful brow:
"Kinswoman, I have found a way, (joy with thy sister now!)
Whereby to bring him back to me or let me loose from him.
Adown beside the setting sun, hard on the ocean's rim,
Lies the last world of Æthiops, where Atlas mightiest grown
Upon his shoulder turns the pole with burning stars bestrown.
A priestess thence I met erewhile, come of Massylian seed,
The warden of the West-maid's fane, and wont the worm to feed,
Mingling for him the honey-juice with poppies bearing sleep,
Whereby she maketh shift on tree the hallowed bough to keep.
She by enchantment takes in hand to loose what hearts she will,
But other ones at need will she with heavy sorrows fill;

And she hath craft to turn the stars and back the waters beat,
Call up the ghosts that fare by night, make earth beneath thy feet
Cry out, and ancient ash-trees draw the mountain-side adown.
Dear heart, I swear upon the Gods, I swear on thee, mine own
And thy dear head, that I am loath with magic craft to play.
But privily amid the house a bale for burning lay
‘Neath the bare heaven, and pile on it the arms that evil one
Left in the chamber: all he wore, the bridal bed whereon
My days were lost: for so ’tis good: the priestess sheweth me
All tokens of the wicked man must perish utterly.”
No more she spake, but with the word her face grew deadly white.
But Anna sees not how she veiled her death with new-found rite,
Nor any thought of such a deed her heart encompasseth;
Nor fears she heavier things to come than at Sychæus’ death.
Wherefore she takes the charge in hand.
But now the Queen, that bale being built amid the inner house
‘Neath the bare heavens, piled high with fir and cloven oak enow,
Hangeth the garlands round the place, and crowns the bale with
bough
That dead men use: the weed he wore, his very effigy,
His sword, she lays upon the bed, well knowing what shall be.
There stand the altars, there the maid, wild with her scattered hair,
Calls Chaos, Erebus, and those three hundred godheads there,
And Hecate triply fashioned to maiden Dian’s look;
Water she scattered, would-be wave of dark Avernus’ brook;
And herbs she brought, by brazen shears ‘neath moonlight harvested,
All downy-young, though inky milk of venom’d ill they shed.
She brings the love-charm snatched away from brow of new-born
foal
Ere yet the mother snatcheth it.
Dido herself the altars nigh, meal in her hallowed hands,
With one foot of its bindings bare, and ungirt raiment stands,
And dying calls upon the Gods, and stars that fateful fare;
And then if any godhead is, mindful and just to care
For unloved lovers, unto that she sendeth up the prayer.
Now night it was, and everything on earth had won the grace
Of quiet sleep: the woods had rest, the wilder’d waters’ face:

It was the tide when stars roll on amid their courses due,
And all the tilth is hushed, and beasts, and birds of many a hue;
And all that is in waters wide, and what the waste doth keep
In thicket rough, amid the hush of night-tide lay asleep,
And slipping off the load of care forgot their toilsome part.
But ne'er might that Phoenician Queen, that most unhappy heart,
Sink into sleep, or take the night unto her eyes and breast:
Her sorrows grow, and love again swells up with all unrest,
And ever midst her troubled wrath rolls on a mighty tide;
And thus she broods and turns it o'er and o'er on every side.
"Ah, whither now? Shall I bemoaned my early lovers try,
And go Numidian wedlock now on bended knee to buy:
I, who so often scorned to take their bridal-bearing hands?
Or shall I, following Ilian ships, bear uttermost commands
Of Teucrian men, because my help their lightened hearts makes kind;
Because the thank for deed I did lies ever on their mind?
But if I would, who giveth leave, or takes on scornful keel
The hated thing? Thou knowest not, lost wretch, thou may'st not
feel,
What treason of Laomedon that folk for ever bears.
What then? and shall I follow lone the joyous mariners?
Or, hedged with all my Tyrian host, upon them shall I bear,
Driving again across the sea those whom I scarce might tear
From Sidon's city, forcing them to spread their sails abroad?
Nay, stay thy grief with steel, and die, and reap thy due reward!
Thou, sister, conquered by my tears, wert first this bane to lay
On my mad soul, and cast my heart in that destroyer's way.
Why was I not allowed to live without the bridal bed,
Sackless and free as beasts afield, with no woes wearied?
Why kept I not the faith of old to my Sychæus sworn?"

Such wailing of unhappy words from out her breast was torn.
Æneas on the lofty deck meanwhile, assured of flight,
Was winning sleep, since every need of his was duly dight;
When lo! amid the dreams of sleep that shape of God come back,
Seemed once again to warn him thus: nor yet the face did lack
Nor anything of Mercury; both voice and hue was there,
And loveliness of youthful limbs and length of yellow hair:

“O Goddess-born, and canst thou sleep through such a tide as this?
And seest thou not how round about the peril gathered is?
And, witless, hear’st not Zephyr blow with gentle, happy wind?
For treason now and dreadful deed she turneth in her mind,
Assured of death; and diversely the tide of wrath sets in.
Why fleest thou not in haste away, while haste is yet to win?
Thou shalt behold the sea beat up with oar-blade, and the brand
Gleam dire against thee, and one flame shall run adown the strand,
If thee tomorrow’s dawn shall take still lingering on this shore.
Up! tarry not! for woman’s heart is shifting evermore.”
So saying, amid the mirk of night he mingled and was lost.
And therewithal Æneas, feared by sudden-flitting ghost,
Snatching his body forth from sleep, stirs up his folk at need:
“Wake ye, and hurry now, O men! get to the thwarts with speed,
And bustle to unfurl the sails! here sent from heaven again
A God hath spurred us on to flight, and biddeth hew atwain
The hempen twine. O holy God, we follow on thy way,
Whatso thou art; and glad once more thy bidding we obey.
O be with us! give gracious aid; set stars the heaven about
To bless our ways!”
And from the sheath his lightning sword flew out
E’en as he spake: with naked blade he smote the hawser through,
And all are kindled at his flame; they hurry and they do.
The shore is left, with crowd of keels the sight of sea is dim;
Eager they whirl the spray aloft, as o’er the blue they skim.
And now Aurora left alone Tithonus’ saffron bed,
And first light of another day across the world she shed.
But when the Queen from tower aloft beheld the dawn grow white,
And saw the ships upon their way with fair sails trimmed aright,
And all the haven shipless left, and reach of empty strand,
Then thrice and o’er again she smote her fair breast with her hand,
And rent her yellow hair, and cried, “Ah, Jove! and is he gone?
And shall a very stranger mock the lordship I have won?
Why arm they not? Why gather not from all the town in chase?
Ho ye! why run ye not the ships down from their standing-place?
Quick, bring the fire! shake out the sails! hard on the oars to sea!
— What words are these, or where am I? What madness changeth

me?

Unhappy Dido! now at last thine evil deed strikes home.

Ah, better when thou mad'st him lord — lo whereunto are come
His faith and troth who erst, they say, his country's house-gods held
The while he took upon his back his father spent with eld?

Why! might I not have shred him up, and scattered him piecemeal
About the sea, and slain his friends, his very son, with steel,
Ascanius on his father's board for dainty meat to lay?

But doubtful, say ye, were the fate of battle? Yea, O yea!

What might I fear, who was to die? — if I had borne the fire
Among their camp, and filled his decks with flame, and son and sire
Quenched with their whole folk, and myself had cast upon it all!

— O Sun, whose flames on every deed earth doeth ever fall,

O Juno, setter-forth and seer of these our many woes,

Hecate, whose name howled out a-nights o'er city crossway goes,

Avenging Dread Ones, Gods that guard Elissa perishing,

O hearken! turn your might most meet against the evil thing!

O hearken these our prayers! and if the doom must surely stand,

And he, the wicked head, must gain the port and swim aland,

If Jove demand such fixèd fate and every change doth bar,

Yet let him faint mid weapon-strife and hardy folk of war!

And let him, exiled from his house, torn from Iulus, wend,

Beseeching help mid wretched death of many and many a friend.

And when at last he yieldeth him to pact of grinding peace,

Then short-lived let his lordship be, and lovèd life's increase.

And let him fall before his day, unburied on the shore!

Lo this I pray, this last of words forth with my blood I pour.

And ye, O Tyrians, 'gainst his race that is, and is to be,

Feed full your hate! When I am dead send down this gift to me:

No love betwixt the peoples twain, no troth for anything!

And thou, Avenger of my wrongs, from my dead bones outspring,

To bear the fire and the sword o'er Dardan-peopled earth

Now or hereafter; whensoever the day brings might to birth.

I pray the shore against the shore, the sea against the sea,

The sword 'gainst sword — fight ye that are, and ye that are to be!"

So sayeth she, and everywise she turns about her mind

How ending of the loathèd light she speediest now may find.

And few words unto Barce spake, Sychæus' nurse of yore;
For the black ashes held her own upon the ancient shore:
"Dear nurse, my sister Anna now bring hither to my need,
And bid her for my sprinkling-tide the running water speed;
And bid her have the hosts with her, and due atoning things:
So let her come; but thou, thine head bind with the holy strings;
For I am minded now to end what I have set afoot,
And worship duly Stygian Jove and all my cares uproot;
Setting the flame beneath the bale of that Dardanian head."
She spake; with hurrying of eld the nurse her footsteps sped.
But Dido, trembling, wild at heart with her most dread intent,
Rolling her blood-shot eyes about, her quivering cheeks besprent
With burning flecks, and elsewhere dead white with death drawn
nigh
Burst through the inner doorways there and clomb the bale on high,
Fulfilled with utter madness now, and bared the Dardan blade,
Gift given not for such a work, for no such ending made.
There, when upon the Ilian gear her eyen had been set,
And bed well known, 'twixt tears and thoughts awhile she lingered
yet;
Then brooding low upon the bed her latest word she spake:
"O raiment dear to me while Gods and fate allowed, now take
This soul of mine and let me loose from all my woes at last!
I, I have lived, and down the way fate showed to me have passed;
And now a mighty shade of me shall go beneath the earth!
A glorious city have I raised, and brought my walls to birth,
Avenged my husband, made my foe, my brother, pay the pain:
Happy, ah, happy overmuch were all my life-days' gain,
If never those Dardanian keels had drawn our shores anigh."
She spake: her lips lay on the bed: "Ah, unavenged to die!
But let me die! Thus, thus 'tis good to go into the night!
Now let the cruel Dardan eyes drink in the bale-fire's light,
And bear for sign across the sea this token of my death."
Her speech had end: but on the steel, amid the last word's breath,
They see her fallen; along the blade they see her blood foam out,
And all her hands besprent therewith: wild fly the shrieks about
The lofty halls, and Rumour runs mad through the smitten town.

The houses sound with women's wails and lamentable groan;
The mighty clamour of their grief rings through the upper skies.
'Twas e'en as if all Carthage fell mid flood of enemies,
Or mighty Tyre of ancient days, — as if the wildfire ran
Rolling about the roof of God and dwelling-place of man.
Half dead her sister heard, and rushed distraught and trembling there,
With nail and fist befouling all her face and bosom fair:
She thrust amidst them, and by name called on the dying Queen:
“O was it this my sister, then! guile in thy word hath been!
And this was what the bale, the fire, the altars wrought for me!
Where shall I turn so left alone? Ah, scorned was I to be
For death-fellow! thou shouldst have called me too thy way to wend.
One sword-pang should have been for both, one hour to make an
end.
Built I with hands, on Father-Gods with crying did I cry
To be away, a cruel heart, from thee laid down to die?
O sister, me and thee, thy folk, the fathers of the land,
Thy city hast thou slain — O give, give water to my hand,
And let me wash the wound, and if some last breath linger there,
Let my mouth catch it!”
Saying so she reached the topmost stair,
And to her breast the dying one she fondled, groaning sore,
And with her raiment strove to staunch the black and flowing gore.
Then Dido strove her heavy lids to lift, but back again
They sank, and deep within her breast whispered the deadly bane:
Three times on elbow struggling up a little did she rise,
And thrice fell back upon the bed, and sought with wandering eyes
The light of heaven aloft, and moaned when it was found at last.
Then on her long-drawn agony did Juno pity cast,
Her hard departing; Iris then she sent from heaven on high,
And bade her from the knitted limbs the struggling soul untie.
For since by fate she perished not, nor waited death-doom given,
But hapless died before her day by sudden fury driven,
Not yet the tress of yellow hair had Proserpine off-shred,
Nor unto Stygian Orcus yet had doomed her wandering head.
So Iris ran adown the sky on wings of saffron dew,
And colours shifting thousandfold against the sun she drew,

And overhead she hung: "So bid, from off thee this I bear,
Hallowed to Dis, and charge thee now from out thy body fare."
She spake and sheared the tress away; then failed the life-heat spent
And forth away upon the wind the spirit of her went.

BOOK V.

ARGUMENT.

ÆNEAS MAKING FOR ITALY IS STAYED BY CONTRARY WINDS, WHEREFORE HE SAILETH TO SICILY, AND, COMING TO THE TOMB OF HIS FATHER ANCHISES, HOLDETH SOLEMN GAMES THEREAT, AND IN THE END GOETH HIS WAY TO ITALY AGAIN.

Meanwhile Æneas with his ships the mid-sea way did hold
Steadfast, and cut the dusky waves before the north wind rolled,
Still looking back upon the walls now litten by the flame
Of hapless Dido: though indeed whence so great burning came
They knew not; but the thought of grief that comes of love defiled
How great it is, what deed may come of woman waxen wild,
Through woeful boding of the sooth the Teucrians' bosoms bore.
But when the ships the main sea held, nor had they any more
The land in sight, but sea around and sky around was spread,
A coal-blue cloud drew up to them, that hanging overhead
Bore night and storm: feared 'neath the dark the waters trembling lie.
Then called the helmsman Palinure from lofty deck on high:
"Ah, wherefore doth such cloud of storm gird all the heavens about?
What will ye, Father Neptune, now?"
Therewith he crieth out
To gather all the tackling in, and hard on oars to lay,
And slopeth sail across the wind; and so such word doth say:
"Great-souled Æneas, e'en if Jove my borrow now should be,
'Neath such a sky I might not hope to make our Italy:
The changed winds roar athwart our course, and from the west grown
black
They rise; while o'er the face of heaven gathers the cloudy rack.
Nor have we might to draw a-head, nor e'en to hold our own.
Wherefore since Fortune hath prevailed, by way that she hath shown,
Whither she calleth, let us turn: methinks the way but short
To brother-land of Eryx leal and safe Sicanian port,
If I may read the stars aright that erst I bare in mind."

Quoth good Æneas: "Now for long that suchwise would the wind
I saw, and how thou heldest head against it all in vain:
Shift sail and go about; what land may sweeter be to gain,
Or whither would I liefer turn my keels from beat of sea,
Than that which yet the Dardan lord Acestes holds for me,
That holds my very father's bones, Anchises, in its breast?"
They seek the haven therewithal, and fair and happy west
Swellleth the sails: o'er whirl of waves full speedily they wend,
And glad to that familiar sand they turn them in the end:
But there Acestes meeteth them, who from a mountain high
All wondering had seen afar the friendly ships draw nigh.
With darts he bristled, and was clad in fell of Libyan bear.
Him erst unto Crimissus' flood a Trojan mother fair
Brought forth: and now, forgetting nought his mother's folk of old,
He welcomes them come back again with wealth of field and fold,
And solaces the weary men with plenteous friendly cheer.
But when the stars in first of dawn fled from the morrow clear,
Æneas called upon the shore assembly of his folk,
And standing high aloft on mound such words to tell he spoke:
"O mighty Dardan men, O folk from blood of Godhead born,
The yearly round is all fulfilled, with lapse of months outworn,
Since when my godlike father's husk and bones of him we laid
Amid the mould, and heavy sad the hallowed altars made:
And now meseems the day is here, for evermore to me
A bitter day, a worshipped day. — So God would have it be!
Yea should it find me outcast man on great Getulia's sand,
Or take me in the Argive sea, or mid Mycenæ's land,
Yet yearly vows, and pomps that come in due recurring while,
Still should I pay, and gifts most meet upon the altar pile.
Now to my father's bones, indeed, and ashes are we brought
By chance; yet not, meseems, without the Godhead's will and
thought
Are we come here, to lie in peace within a friendly bay.
So come, and let all worship here the glory of the day;
Pray we the winds, that year by year this worship may be done
In temples dedicate to him within my city won.
Troy-born Acestes giveth you two head of hornèd beasts

For every ship; so see ye bid the House-gods to your feasts,
Both them of Troy and them our host Acestes loveth here.
Moreover, if the ninth dawn hence Aurora shall uprear
For health of men, and with her rays earth's coverlit shall lift,
For Teucrians will I fast set forth the race for galleys swift:
Then whosoe'er is fleet of foot, or bold of might and main,
Or with the dart or eager shaft a better prize may gain,
Or whoso hath the heart to play in fight-glove of raw hide,
Let all be there, and victory's palm and guerdon due abide.
Clean be all mouths! and gird with leaves the temple of the head."
His mother's bush he did on brow e'en as the word he said;
The like did Helymus, the like Acestes ripe of eld,
The like the boy Ascanius, yea, and all that manner held.
Then from that council to the tomb that duke of men did pass;
Mid many thousands, he the heart of all that concourse was.
There, worshipping, on earth he pours in such wise as was good
Two cups of mere wine, two of milk, and two of holy blood,
And scatters purple flowers around; and then such words he said:
"Hail, holy father! hail once more! hail, ashes visited
Once more for nought! hail, father-shade and spirit sweet in vain!
Forbid with me that Italy to seek, that fated plain,
With me Ausonian Tiber-flood, whereso it be, to seek."
He spake: but from the lowest mound a mighty serpent sleek
Drew seven great circles o'er the earth, and glided sevenfold,
Passing in peace the tomb around, and o'er the altars rolled:
Blue stripèd was the back of him, and all his scales did glow
With glitter of fine flecks of gold; e'en as the cloud-hung bow
A thousand shifting colours fair back from the sun he cast.
Æneas wondered at the sight; but on the serpent passed,
And 'twixt the bowls and smoothèd cups his long array he wound,
Tasting the hallowed things; and so he gat him underground
Beneath the tomb again, and left the altars pastured o'er.
Heartened hereby, his father's soul Æneas worshipped more,
And, doubtful, deemeth it to be Anchises' guardian ghost
Or godhead of the place: so there he slayeth double host,
As custom would; two black-backed steers, and e'en as many swine,
And calleth on his father's soul with pouring of the wine,

On great Anchises' glorious ghost from Acheron set free.
From out their plenty therewithal his fellows joyfully
Give gifts, and load the altar-stead, and smite the steers adown.
While others serve the seething brass, and o'er the herbage strown
Set coaly morsels 'neath the spit, and roast the inner meat.
And now the looked-for day was come with simple light and sweet,
And Phaeton's horses shining bright the ninth dawn in did bear.
Fame and the name Acestes had the neighbouring people stir
To fill the shore with joyful throng, Æneas' folk to see:
But some were dight amid the games their strife-fellows to be.
There first before the eyes of men the gifts to come they lay
Amid the course; as hallowed bowls, and garlands of green bay,
And palms, the prize of victory, weapons, and raiment rolled
In purple, and a talent's weight of silver and of gold;
Then blast of horn from midst the mound the great games halloweth
in:

Four ships from all the fleet picked out will first the race begin
With heavy oars; well matched are they for speed and rowers' tale:
Hereof did Mnesteus' eager oars drive on the speedy Whale,
Mnesteus to be of Italy, whence cometh Memmius' name.
The huge Chimæra's mountain mass was Gyas set to tame;
There on that city of a ship threesome its rowing plies
The Dardan youth; the banks of oars in threefold order rise.
Sergestus next, the name whereof the Sergian house yet bears,
Is ferried by the Centaur great: last in blue Scylla steers
Cloanthus, whence the name of thee, Cluentius, man of Rome.
Far mid the sea a rock there is, facing the shore-line's foam,
Which, beat by overtoppling waves, is drowned and hidden oft,
What time the stormy North-west hides the stars in heaven aloft:
But otherwhiles it lies in peace when nought the sea doth move,
And riseth up a meadow fair that sunning sea-gulls love.
There a green goal Æneas raised, dight of a leafy oak,
To be a sign of turning back to that sea-faring folk,
That fetching compass round the same their long course they might
turn.

So then by lot they take their place: there on the deck they burn.
The captains, goodly from afar in gold and purple show:

The other lads with poplar-leaf have garlanded the brow,
And with the oil poured over them their naked shoulders shine.
They man the thwarts; with hearts a-stretch they hearken for the sign,
With arms a-stretch upon the oars; hard tugs the pulse of fear
About their bounding hearts, hard strains the lust of glory dear.
But when the clear horn gives the sound, forthwith from where they
lie

They leap away; the seamen's shouts smite up against the sky,
The upturned waters froth about as home the arms are borne:
So timely they the furrows cut, and all the sea upturn
Is cloven by the sweep of oars and bows' three-headed push.

— Nay, nought so swift in twi-yoke race forth from the barriers rush
The scattered headlong chariots on to wear the space of plain,
Nor eager so the charioteers shake waves along the rein
Above the hurrying yoke, as hung over the lash they go.

— Then with the shouts and praise of men, and hope cast to and fro,
Rings all the grove; the cliff-walled shore rolleth great voice around,
And beating 'gainst the mountain-side the shattering shouts rebound.
Before the others Gyas flies, and first the waves doth skim
Betwixt the throng and roar, but hard Cloanthus presseth him;
Who, better manned, is held aback by sluggish weight of pine.
'Twixt Whale and Centaur after these the edge of strife is fine,
And hard they struggle each with each to win the foremost place.
Now the Whale hath it; beaten now is foregone in the race
By the huge Centaur; head and head now follow on the two,
As the long keel of either one the salt sea furrows through.
But now they drew anigh the holm, the goal close on them gave,
When Gyas first and conquering there amid the whirl of wave
Unto the helmsman of his ship, Menoetes, cries command:
“And why so far unto the right? turn hither to this hand!
Hug thou the shore; let the blades graze the very rocks a-lee.
Let others hold the deep!”

No less unto the wavy sea
Menoetes, fearing hidden rocks, still turns away the bow:
Gyas would shout him back again: “Menoetes, whither now?
Steer for the rocks!”

And therewithal, as back his eyes he cast.

He sees Cloanthus hard at heel and gaining on him fast;
Who, grazing on this hand and that the rocks and Gyas' ship,
Now suddenly by leeward course a-head of all doth slip,
And leaving clear the goal behind hath open water's gain.
Then unto Gyas' very bones deep burns the wrathful pain;
Nor did his cheeks lack tears indeed: forgetting honour's trust,
Forgetting all his fellows' weal, Menoetes doth he thrust
Headlong from off the lofty deck into the sea adown,
And takes the tiller, helmsman now and steering-master grown;
He cheers his men, and toward the shore the rudder wresteth round.
Menoetes, heavy, hardly won up from the ocean's ground,
(For he was old, and floods enow fulfilled his dripping gear,)
Made for the holm and sat him down upon the dry rock there:
The Teucrians laughed to see him fall, and laughed to see him swim,
And laugh to see him spue the brine back from the heart of him.
Now Mnestheus' and Sergestus' hope began anew to spring,
That they might outgo Gyas yet amid his tarrying:
Of whom Sergestus draws ahead and nears the rocky holm;
But not by all his keel indeed the other did o'ercome,
But by the half; the eager Whale amidships held her place,
Where Mnestheus midst the men themselves now to and fro did pace,
Egging them on: "Now, now!" he cries; "up, up, on oar-heft high!
Fellows of Hector, whom I chose when Troy last threw the die!
Now put ye forth your ancient heart, put forth the might of yore,
Wherewith amid Getulian sand, Ionian sea ye bore;
The heart and might ye had amidst Malea's following wave!
I, Mnestheus, seek not victory now, nor foremost place to save.
— Yet, O my heart! but let them win to whom thou giv'st the crown,
O Neptune! — but the shameful last! O townsmen, beat it down.
And ban such horror!"
Hard on oars they lie mid utter throes,
And quivereth all the brazen ship beneath their mighty blows;
The sea's floor slippeth under them; the ceaseless pantings shake
Their limbs and parchèd mouths, and still the sweat-streams never
slake.
But very chance those strivers gave the prize they struggled for,

Since now Sergestus, hot at heart, while to the stony shore
He clingeth innerward, is come into the treacherous strait,
And hapless driveth on the rocks thrust forth for such a fate:
The cliffs are shaken and the oars against the flinty spikes
Snap crashing, and the prow thrust up yet hangeth where it strikes:
Up start the seafarers, and raise great hubbub tarrying;
Then sprits all iron-shod and poles sharp-ended forth they bring
To bear her off, and gather oars a-floating in the wash.
But Mnestheus, whetted by his luck, joyful, with hurrying dash
Of timely-beating oars, speeds forth, and praying breezes on,
O'er waters' slope adown the sea's all open way doth run:
— E'en as a pigeon in a cave stirred suddenly from rest,
Who in the shady pumice-rock hath house and happy nest;
Scared 'neath the roof she beateth forth with mighty flap of wings,
And flieth, borne adown the fields, till in soft air she swings,
And floateth on the flowing way, nor scarce a wing doth move;
— So Mnestheus, so the Whale herself, the latter waters clove,
So with the way erst made on her she flew on swift and soft;
And first Sergestus doth she leave stayed on the rock aloft,
Striving in shallows' tanglement, calling for help in vain,
And learning with his broken oars a little way to gain.
Then Gyas and Chimæra's bulk he holdeth hard in chase,
Who, from her lack of helmsman lost, must presently give place.
And now at very end of all Cloanthus is the last
With whom to deal: his most he strives, and presseth on him fast.
Then verily shout thrusts on shout, and all with all goodwill
Cry on the chase; their echoing noise the very lift doth fill.
These, thinking shame of letting fall their hardly-gotten gain
Of glory's meed, to buy the praise with very life are fain;
Those, fed on good-hap, all things may, because they deem they
may:
The twain, perchance, head laid to head, had won the prize that day,
But if Cloanthus both his palms had stretched to seaward there,
And called upon the Gods to aid and poured forth eager prayer:
“O Gods, whose lordship is the sea, whose waters I run o'er,
Now glad will I, your debtor bound, by altars on the shore
Bring forth for you a snow-white bull, and cast amid the brine

His inner meat, and pour abroad a flowing of fair wine.”
He spake, and all the Nereids’ choir hearkened the words he said
Down ‘neath the waves, and Phorcus’ folk, and Panopea the maid;
Yea, and the sire Portunus thrust the keel with mighty hand
Upon its way, and arrow-swift it flew on toward the land,
Swift as the South, and there at rest in haven deep it lies.
But now Anchises’ seed, all men being summoned in due wise,
Proclaims Cloanthus victor there by loud-voiced herald’s shout,
And with green garland of the bay he does his brows about;
Then biddeth them to choose the gifts, for every ship three steers,
And wine, and every crew therewith great weight of silver bears.
And glorious gifts he adds withal to every duke of man:
A gold-wrought cloak the victor hath, about whose rim there ran
A plenteous double wavy stream of Meliboean shell,
And leafy Ida’s kingly boy thereon was pictured well.
A-following up the fleeing hart with spear and running fleet;
Eager he seemed as one who pants; then him with hookèd feet
Jove’s shield-bearer hath caught, and up with him from Ida flies,
And there the ancient masters stretch vain palms unto the skies,
While bark of staring hunting-hound beats fierce at upper air.
Then next for him who second place of might and valour bare
A mail-coat wove of polished rings with threefold wire of gold,
Which from Demoleos the King had stripped in days of old,
A conqueror then by Simoïs swift beneath high-built Troy,
He giveth now that lord to have a safeguard and a joy;
Its many folds his serving-men, Phegeus and Sagaris,
Scarce bore on toiling shoulders joined, yet clad in nought but this
Swift ran Demoleos following on the Trojans disarrayed.
A third gift then he setteth forth, twin cauldrons brazen made,
And silver bowls with picturing fret and wrought with utter pain.
And now when all had gotten gifts, and glorying in their gain,
Were wending with the filleting of purple round the brow,
Lo, gotten from the cruel rock with craft and toil enow,
With missing oars, and all one board unhandy and foredone,
His ship inglorious and bemocked, Sergestus driveth on.
— As with an adder oft it haps caught on the highway’s crown,
Aslant by brazen tire of wheel, or heavy pebble thrown

By wayfarer, hath left him torn and nigh unto his end:
Who writhings wrought for helpless flight through all his length doth
send,

And one half fierce with burning eyes uprears a hissing crest,
The other half, with wounds all halt, still holding back the rest;
He knitteth him in many a knot and on himself doth slip.

— E'en such the crawling of the oars that drave the tarrying ship.

But they hoist sail on her, and so the harbour-mouth make shift

To win: and there Æneas gives Sergestus promised gift,

Blithe at his saving of the ship, and fellows brought aback:

A maid he hath, who not a whit of Pallas' art doth lack.

Of Crete she is, and Pholoë called, and twins at breast she bears.

Now all that strife being overpast, the good Æneas fares

To grassy meads girt all about by hollow wooded hills,

Where theatre-wise the racing-course the midmost valley fills.

Thereto the hero, very heart of many a thousand men,

Now wendeth, and on seat high-piled he sits him down again.

There whosoever may have will to strive in speedy race

He hearteneth on with hope of gift, and shows the prize and grace.

So from all sides Sicilians throng, and Trojan fellowship.

Euryalus and Nisus first.

Euryalus for goodliness and youth's first blossom famed,

Nisus for fair love of the youth; then after these are named

Diores, of the blood of kings from Priam's glorious race;

Salus and Patron next; the one of Acarnanian place,

The other from Arcadian blood of Tegeæa outsprung:

Then two Trinacrians, Helymus and Panopes the young,

In woodcraft skilled, who ever went by old Acestes' side;

And many others else there were whom rumour dimmed doth hide.

And now amidmost of all these suchwise Æneas spake:

"Now hearken; let your merry hearts heed of my saying take:

No man of all the tale of you shall henceforth giftless go;

Two Gnosian spears to each I give with polished steel aglow,

An axe to carry in the war with silver wrought therein.

This honour is for one and all: the three first prize shall win,

And round about their heads shall do the olive dusky-grey.

A noble horse with trappings dight the first shall bear away;

A quiver of the Amazons with Thracian arrows stored
The second hath; about it goes a gold belt broidered broad,
With gem-wrought buckle delicate to clasp it at the end.
But gladdened with this Argive helm content the third shall wend.”
All said, they take their places due, and when the sign they hear,
Forthwith they leave the bar behind and o’er the course they bear,
Like drift of storm-cloud; on the goal all set their eager eyes:
But far before all shapes of man shows Nisus, and outflies
The very whistling of the winds or lightning on the wing.
Then, though the space be long betwixt, comes Salius following;
And after Salius again another space is left,
And then Euryalus is third;
And after him is Helymus: but lo, how hard on heel
Diores scuds! foot on his foot doth Helymus nigh feel,
Shoulder on shoulder: yea, and if the course held longer out,
He would slip by him and be first, or leave the thing in doubt.
Now, spent, unto the utmost reach and very end of all
They came, when in the slippery blood doth luckless Nisus fall,
E’en where the ground was all a-slop with bullocks slain that day,
And all the topmost of the grass be-puddled with it lay:
There, as he went the victor now, exulting, failed his feet
From off the earth, and forth he fell face foremost down to meet
The midst of all the filthy slime blent with the holy gore:
Yet for Euryalus his love forgat he none the more,
For rising from the slippery place in Salius’ way he thrust,
Who, rolling over, lay along amid the thickened dust.
Forth flies Euryalus, and flies to fame and foremost place,
His own friend’s gift, mid beat of hands and shouts that bear him
grace.
Next came in Helymus, and next the palm Diores bore.
But over all the concourse set in hollow dale, and o’er
The heads of those first father-lords goes Salius’ clamouring speech,
Who for his glory reft away by guile doth still beseech.
But safe goodwill and goodly tears Euryalus do bear,
And lovelier seemeth valour set in body wrought so fair.
Him too Diores backeth now, and crieth out on high,
Whose palm of praise and third-won place shall fail and pass him by,

If the first glory once again at Salius' bidding shift.
Then sayeth Father Æneas: "O fellows, every gift
Shall bide unmoved: the palm of praise shall no man now displace.
Yet for my sackless friend's mishap give me some pity's grace."
He spake, and unto Salius gave a mighty lion's hide,
Getulian born, with weight of hair and golden claws beside:
Then Nisus spake: "If such great gifts are toward for beaten men,
And thou must pity those that fall, what gift is worthy then
Of Nisus? I, who should have gained the very victory's crown,
If me, as Salius, Fate my foe had never overthrown."
And even as he speaks the word he showeth face and limb
Foul with the mud. The kindest lord, the Father, laughed on him,
And bade them bring a buckler forth, wrought of Didymaon,
Spoil of the Greeks, from Neptune's house and holy doors undone;
And there unto the noble youth he gives that noble thing.
But now, the race all overpassed and all the gift-giving,
Quoth he: "If any valour hath, or heart that may withstand,
Let him come forth to raise his arm with hide-begirded hand."
So saying, for the fight to come he sets forth glories twain;
A steer gilt-horned and garlanded the conquering man should gain,
A sword and noble helm should stay the vanquished in his woe.
No tarrying was there: Dares straight his face to all doth show,
And riseth in his mighty strength amidst the murmur great:
He who alone of all men erst with Paris held debate,
And he who at the mound wherein that mightiest Hector lay,
Had smitten Butes' body huge, the winner of the day,
Who called him come of Amycus and that Bebrycian land:
But Dares stretched him dying there upon the yellow sand.
Such was the Dares that upreared his head against the fight,
And showed his shoulders' breadth and drave his fists to left and
right,
With arms cast forth, as heavy strokes he laid upon the air.
But when they sought a man for him, midst all the concourse there
Was none durst meet him: not a hand the fighting-glove would don:
Wherefore, high-hearted, deeming now the prize from all was won,
He stood before Æneas' feet nor longer tarried,
But with his left hand took the steer about the horn and said:

“O Goddess-born, if no man dares to trust him in the play,
What end shall be of standing here; must I abide all day?
Bid them bring forth the gifts.”

Therewith they cried out one and all,
The Dardan folk, to give the gifts that due to him did fall.
But with hard words Acestes now Entellus falls to chide,
As on the bank of grassy green they sat there side by side,
“Entellus, bravest hero once of all men, and for nought,
If thou wilt let them bear away without a battle fought
Such gifts as these. And where is he, thy master then, that God,
That Eryx, told of oft in vain? where is thy fame sown broad
Through all Trinacria, where the spoils hung up beneath thy roof?”
“Nay,” said he, “neither love of fame nor glory holds aloof
Beaten by fear, but cold I grow with eld that holdeth back.
My blood is dull, my might gone dry with all my body’s lack.
Ah, had I that which once I had, that which the rascal there
Trusts in with idle triumphing, the days of youth the dear,
Then had I come into the fight by no gift-giving led,
No goodly steer: nought heed I gifts.”

And with the last word said,
His fighting gloves of fearful weight amidst of them he cast,
Wherewith the eager Eryx’ hands amid the play had passed
Full oft; with hardened hide of them his arms he used to bind.
Men’s hearts were mazed; such seven bull-hides each other in them
lined,

So stiff they were with lead sewn in and iron laid thereby;
And chief of all was Dares mazed, and drew back utterly.
But the great-souled Anchises’ seed that weight of gauntlets
weighed,

And here and there he turned about their mighty folds o’erlaid.
Then drew the elder from his breast words that were like to these:
“Ah, had ye seen the gloves that armed the very Hercules,
And that sad battle foughten out upon this country shore!
For these are arms indeed that erst thy kinsmen Eryx bore:
Lo, ye may see them even now flecked with the blood and brain.
With these Alcides he withstood; with these I too was fain
Of war, while mightier blood gave might, nor envious eld as yet

On either temple of my head the hoary hairs had set.
But if this Dares out of Troy refuse our weapons still,
And good Æneas doom it so, and so Acestes will,
My fight-lord; make the weapons like: these gloves of Eryx here
I take aback: be not afraid, but doff thy Trojan gear.”
He spake, and from his back he cast his twifold cloak adown,
And naked his most mighty limbs and shoulders huge were shown,
And on the midmost of the sand a giant there he stood.
Wherewith Anchises’ seed brought forth gloves even-matched and
good,
And so at last with gear alike the arms of each he bound,
Then straightway each one stretched aloft on tip-toe from the ground:
They cast their mighty arms abroad, nor any fear they know,
The while their lofty heads they draw abackward from the blow:
And so they mingle hands with hands and fall to wake the fight.
The one a-trusting in his youth and nimbler feet and light;
The other’s bulk of all avail, but, trembling, ever shrank
His heavy knees, and breathing short for ever shook his flank.
Full many a stroke those mighty men cast each at each in vain;
Thick fall they on the hollow sides; the breasts ring out again
With mighty sound; and eager-swift the hands full often stray
Round ears and temples; crack the jaws beneath that heavy play:
In one set strain, not moving aught, heavy Entellus stands,
By body’s sway and watchful eye shunning the dart of hands:
But Dares is as one who brings the gin ‘gainst high-built town,
Or round about some mountain-hold the leaguer setteth down:
Now here now there he falleth on, and putteth art to pain
At every place, and holds them strait with onset all in vain.
Entellus, rising to the work, his right hand now doth show
Upreared; but he, the nimble one, foresaw the falling blow
Above him, and his body swift writhed skew-wise from the fall.
Entellus spends his stroke on air, and, overborne withal,
A heavy thing, falls heavily to earth, a mighty weight:
As whiles a hollow-eaten pine on Erymanthus great,
Or mighty Ida, rooted up, to earthward toppling goes.
Then Teucrian and Trinacrian folk with wondrous longing rose,
And shouts went skyward: thither first the King Acestes ran,

And pitying his like-aged friend raised up the fallen man;
Who neither slackened by his fall, nor smit by any fear,
Gets back the eagerer to the fight, for anger strength doth stir,
And shame and conscious valour lights his ancient power again.
In headlong flight his fiery wrath drives Dares o'er the plain,
And whiles his right hand showereth strokes, his left hand raineth
whiles.

No tarrying and no rest there is; as hail-storm on the tiles
Rattleth, so swift with either hand the eager hero now
Beats on and batters Dares down, and blow is laid on blow.
But now the Father Æneas no longer might abide
Entellus' bitter rage of soul or lengthening anger's tide,
But laid an end upon the fight therewith, and caught away
Dares foredone, and soothing words in such wise did he say:
"Unhappy man, what madness then hath hold upon thine heart?
Feel'st not another might than man's, and Heaven upon his part?
Yield to the Gods!"

So 'neath his word the battle sank to peace.

But Dares his true fellows took, trailing his feeble knees,
Lolling his head from side to side, the while his sick mouth sent
The clotted blood from out of it wherewith the teeth were blent.
They lead him to the ships; then, called, they take the helm and
sword,

But leave Entellus' bull and palm, the victory's due reward;
Who, high of heart, proud in the beast his conquering hand did earn,
"O Goddess-born," he said, "and ye, O Teucrians, look, and learn
What might was in my body once, ere youth it had to lack,
And what the death whence Dares saved e'en now ye draw aback."
He spake, and at the great bull's head straightway he took his stand,
As there it bode the prize of fight, and drawing back his hand
Rose to the blow, and 'twixt the horns sent forth the hardened glove,
And back upon his very brain the shattered skull he drove.
Down fell the beast and on the earth lay quivering, outstretched,
dead,

While over him from his inmost breast such words Entellus said:
"Eryx, this soul, a better thing, for Dares doomed to die,
I give thee, and victorious here my gloves and craft lay by."

Forth now Æneas biddeth all who have a mind to strive
At speeding of the arrow swift, and gifts thereto doth give,
And with his mighty hand the mast from out Serestus' keel
Uprears; and there a fluttering dove, mark for the flying steel,
Tied to a string he hangeth up athwart the lofty mast.
Then meet the men; a brazen helm catches the lots down cast:
And, as from out their favouring folk ariseth up the shout,
Hippocoon, son of Hyrtacus, before the rest leaps out;
Then Mnestheus, who was victor erst in ship upon the sea,
Comes after: Mnestheus garlanded with olive greenery.
The third-come was Eurytion, thy brother, O renowned,
O Pandarus, who, bidden erst the peace-troth to confound,
Wert first amid Achæan host to send a wingèd thing.
But last, at bottom of the helm, Acestes' name did cling,
Who had the heart to try the toil amid the youthful rout.
Then with their strength of all avail they bend the bows about
Each for himself: from quiver then the arrows forth they take:
And first from off the twanging string through heaven there went the
wake
Of shaft of young Hyrtacides, and clave the flowing air,
And, flying home, amid the mast that stood before it there
It stuck: the mast shook therewithal; the frightened, timorous bird,
Fluttered her wings; and mighty praise all round about was heard.
Then stood forth Mnestheus keen, and drew his bow unto the head,
Aiming aloft; and shaft and eyes alike therewith he sped;
But, worthy of all pitying, the very bird he missed,
But had the hap to shear the knots and lines of hempen twist
Whereby, all knitted to her foot, she to the mast was tied:
But flying toward the winds of heaven and mirky mist she hied.
Then swift Eurytion, who for long had held his arrow laid
On ready bow-string, vowed, and called his brother unto aid,
And sighted her all joyful now amidst the void of sky,
And smote her as she clapped her wings 'neath the black cloud on
high:
Then dead she fell, and mid the stars of heaven her life she left,
And, falling, brought the shaft aback whereby her heart was cleft.
Acestes now was left alone, foiled of the victory's prize.

No less the father sent his shot aloft unto the skies,
Fain to set forth his archer-craft and loud-resounding bow.
Then to men's eyes all suddenly a portent there did show,
A mighty sign of things to come, the ending showed how great
When seers, the shakers of men's hearts, sang over it too late.
For, flying through the flowing clouds, the swift reed burned about,
And marked its road with flaming wake, and, eaten up, died out
Mid the thin air: as oft the stars fly loose from heaven's roof,
And run adown the space of sky with hair that flies aloof.
Trinacrian men and Teucrian men, staring aghast they stood,
Praying the Gods: but mightiest Æneas held for good
That tokening, and Acestes takes as one all glad at heart,
And loadeth him with many gifts, and suchwise speaks his part:
"Take them, O father, for indeed by such a sign I wot
Olympus' King will have thee win all honour without lot.
This gift thou hast, Anchises' self, the ancient, had before,
A bowl all stamped with images, which Cisseus once of yore,
The Thracian, to my father gave, that he might bear the same
A very tokening of his love and memory of his name."
So saying, a garland of green bay he doth his brows about,
And victor over all the men Acestes giveth out:
Nor did the good Eurytion grudge his honour so preferred,
Though he alone from height of heaven had brought adown the bird:
But he came next in gift-giving who sheared the string, and last
Was he who set his wingèd reed amidmost of the mast.
Now had Æneas called to him, ere yet the match was done,
The child of Epytus, the guard, and fellow of his son,
Beardless Iulus, and so spake into his faithful ear:
"Go thou and bid Asoenius straight, if ready dight with gear
He hath that army of the lads, and fair array of steeds,
To bring unto his grandsire now, himself in warlike weeds,
That host of his."
The lord meanwhile biddeth all folk begone
Who into the long course had poured, and leave the meadow lone.
Then come the lads: in equal ranks before their fathers' eyes
They shine upon their bitted steeds, and wondering murmurs rise
From men of Troy and Sicily as on their ways they fare.

Due crown of well-ordainèd leaves bindeth their flowing hair,
And each a pair of cornel shafts with iron head doth hold;
And some the polished quiver bear at shoulder: limber gold,
Ringing the neck with twisted stem, high on the breast is shown.
Three companies of horse they are by tale, and up and down
Three captains ride, and twice six lads each leadeth to the war:
In bands of even tale they shine, and like their leaders are.
Their first array all glad at heart doth little Priam lead,
Who from his grandsire had his name, thy well-renowned seed,
Polites, fated to beget Italian folk: him bore
A Thracian piebald flecked with white, whose feet were white
before,
And white withal the crest of him that high aloft he flung.
Next Atys came, from whence the stem of Latin Atii sprung;
Young Atys, whom Iulus young most well-beloved did call:
Iulus last, in goodness so far excelling all,
Upon a horse of Sidon came, whom that bright Dido gave
To be a token of her love, her memory to save.
On horses of Acestes old, Trinacrian-nurtured beasts,
The others of the youth are borne.
With praise they greet their fluttering hearts and look on them with
joy,
Those Dardan folk, who see in them the ancient eyes of Troy.
But after they had fared on steed the concourse all about
Before the faces of their folk, Epytides did shout
The looked-for sign afar to them, and cracked withal his whip:
Then evenly they fall apart, in threesome order slip
Their cloven ranks; but, called again, aback upon their way
They turn, and threatening levelled spears against each other lay.
Then they to other onset now and other wheeling take,
In bands opposed, and tangles of ring on ring they make;
So with their weapons every show of very fight they stir,
And now they bare their backs in flight, and now they turn the spear
In hostile wise; now side by side in plighted peace they meet.
— E'en as they tell of Labyrinth that lies in lofty Crete,
A road with blind walls crossed and crossed, an ever-shifting trap
Of thousand ways, where he who seeks upon no sign may hap,

But midst of error, blind to seize or follow back, 'tis gone.
Not otherwise Troy's little ones the tangle follow on
At top of speed, and interweave the flight and battle's play;
E'en as the dolphins, swimming swift amid the watery way,
Cleave Libyan or Carpathian sea and sport upon the wave.
This guise of riding, such-like play, his folk Ascanius gave
Once more, when round the Long White Stead the walls of war he
drew:

Withal the Ancient Latin Folk he taught the games to do,
Suchwise as he a lad had learned with lads from Troy that came:
That same the Albans taught their sons; most mighty Rome that same
Took to her thence, and honoured so her sires of yore agone:
Now name of Troy and Trojan host the play and boys have won.
Thus far unto the Holy Sire the games were carried through,
When Fortune turned her faith at last and changed her mind anew:
For while the diverse hallowed games about the tomb they spent,
Saturnian Juno Iris fair from heights of heaven hath sent
Unto the Ilian ships, and breathed fair wind behind her ways,
For sore she brooded, nor had spent her wrath of ancient days.
So now the maid sped swift along her thousand-coloured bow,
And swiftly ran adown the path where none beheld her go.
And there she saw that gathering great, and swept the strand with
eye,
And saw the haven void of folk, the ships unheeded lie.
But far away on lonely beach the Trojan women weep
The lost Anchises; and all they look ever on the deep
Amid their weeping: "Woe are we! what waters yet abide!
What ocean-waste for weary folk!" So one and all they cried,
And all they yearn for city's rest: sea-toil is loathsome grown.
So she, not lacking craft of guile, amidst them lighted down,
When she hath put away from her God's raiment and God's mien,
And but as wife of Doryclus, the Tmarian man, is seen,
Old Beroë, who once had sons and lordly race and name;
Amid the Dardan mother-folk such wise the Goddess came:
"O wretched ones!" she said, "O ye whom armed Achæan hand
Dragged not to death before the walls that stayed your fatherland!
Unhappy folk! and why hath Fate held back your doom till now?

The seventh year is on the turn since Troy-town's overthrow;
And we all seas the while, all lands, all rocks and skies that hate
The name of guest, have wandered o'er, and through the sea
o'er great
Still chase that fleeing Italy mid wallowing waters tossed.
Lo, here is Eryx' brother-land; Acestes is our host;
What banneth us to found our walls and lawful cities gain?
O Fatherland! O House-Gods snatched from midst the foe in vain!
Shall no walls more be called of Troy? Shall I see never more
Xanthus or Simois, like the streams where Hector dwelt of yore?
Come on, and those unhappy ships burn up with aid of me;
For e'en now mid the dreams of sleep Cassandra did I see,
Who gave me burning brand, and said, 'Here seek your Troy anew:
This is the house that ye shall have.' — And now is time to do!
No tarrying with such tokens toward! Lo, altars four are here
Of Neptune: very God for us heart and the fire doth bear!"
So saying, first she caught upon the fiery bane, and raised
Her hand aloft, and mightily she whirled it as it blazed
And cast it: but the Ilian wives, their straining hearts are torn,
Their souls bewildered: one of them, yea, and their eldest-born,
Pyrgo, the queenly fosterer of many a Priam's son,
Cried: "Mothers, nay no Beroë, nay no Rhoeteian one,
The wife of Doryclus is this: lo, Godhead's beauty there!
Behold the gleaming of her eyes, note how she breathes the air;
Note ye her countenance and voice, the gait wherewith she goes.
Yea, I myself left Beroë e'en now amidst her woes;
Sick, sad at heart that she alone must fail from such a deed,
Nor bear unto Anchises' ghost his glory's righteous meed."
Such were the words she spake to them.
But now those mothers, at the first doubtful, with evil eyes
Gazed on the ships awhile between unhappy craving stayed
For land they stood on, and the thought of land that Fortune bade:
When lo! with even spread of wings the Goddess rose to heaven,
And in her flight the cloudy lift with mighty bow was riven.
Then, wildered by such tokens dread, pricked on by maddened
hearts,
Shrieking they snatch the hearthstone's fire and brand from inner

parts;

While some, they strip the altars there, and flaming leaf and bough
Cast forth: and Vulcan, let aloose, is swiftly raging now
Along the thwarts, along the oars, and stems of painted fir.
But now with news of flaming ships there goes a messenger,
Eumelus, to Anchises' tomb, and theatre-seats, and they
Look round themselves and see the soot black in the smoke-cloud
play.

Then first Ascanius, e'en as blithe the riding-play he led,
So eager now he rode his ways to camp bewildered,
And nowise might they hold him back, his masters spent of breath.
"O what new madness then is this? What, what will ye?" he saith.
"O wretched townswomen, no foe, no camp of Argive men
Ye burn, but your own hopes ye burn. Lo, your Ascanius then!"
Therewith before their feet he cast his empty helm afar,
Dight wherewithal he stirred in sport that image of the war.
And thither now Æneas sped, and crowd of Teucrian folk;
Whereat the women diversely along the sea-shore broke,
Fleeing afeard, and steal to woods and whatso hollow den,
And loathe their deed, and loathe the light, as changed they know
again

Their very friends, and Juno now from every heart is cast.
But none the less the flaming rage for ever holdeth fast
With might untamed; the fire lives on within the timbers wet,
The caulking sends forth sluggish smoke, the slow heat teeth doth set
Upon the keel; to inmost heart down creeps the fiery bale;
Nor all the might of mighty men nor rivers poured avail.
Then good Æneas from his back the raiment off him tore,
And called the Gods to aid, and high his palms to heaven upbore:
"Great Jove, if not all utterly a hater thou art grown
Of Trojan folk, and if thy love of old yet looketh down
On deeds of men, give to our ships to win from out the flame,
O Father, now, and snatch from death the feeble Teucrian name,
Or else thrust down the remnant left, if so we merit aught,
With bolt of death, and with thine hand sweep us away to nought!"
Scarce had he given forth the word, ere midst outpouring rain,
The black storm rageth measureless, and earthly height and plain

Shake to the thundering; all the sky casts forth confused flood,
Most black with gathering of the South: then all the ship-hulls stood
Fulfilled with water of the heavens; the half-burned oak was
drenched,

Until at last to utmost spark the smouldering fire is quenched,
And all the ships escaped the bane of fiery end save four.

But, shaken by such bitter hap, Father Æneas bore
This way and that; and turned the cares on all sides in his breast:
Whether amid Sicilian fields to set him down in rest,
Forgetting Fate, or yet to strive for shores of Italy.

Then the old Nautes, whom erewhile had Pallas set on high
By her exceeding plenteous craft and lore that she had taught: —
She gave him answers; telling him how wrath of God was wrought,
And how it showed, and what the law of fate would ask and have: —
This man unto Æneas now such words of solace gave:

“O Goddess-born, Fate’s ebb and flow still let us follow on,
Whate’er shall be, by bearing all must Fortune’s fight be won.
Dardan Acestes have ye here, sprung of the Godhead’s seed;
Take his goodwill and fellowship to help thee in thy rede.
Give him the crews of those burnt ships; to him let such-like go
As faint before thy mighty hope and shifting weal and woe.
The mothers weary of the sea, the elders spent with years,
And whatsoever feeble is and whatsoever fears,
Choose out, and in this land of his walls let the weary frame;
And they their town by leave of thee shall e’en Acesta name.”

So was he kindled by the speech of that wise ancient friend,
Yet still down every way of care his thought he needs must send.
But now the wain of mirky night was holding middle sky,
When lo, his father’s image seemed to fall from heaven the high,
And suddenly Anchises’ lips such words to him poured forth:
“O son, that while my life abode more than my life wert worth;
O son, well learned in Ilium’s fates, hither my ways I take
By Jove’s commands, who even now the fiery bane did slake
Amid thy ships, and now at last in heaven hath pitied thee:
Yield thou to elder Nautes’ reds; exceeding good they be:
The very flower of all thy folk, the hearts that hardiest are,
Take thou to Italy; for thee in Latium bideth war

With hardy folk of nurture rude: but first must thou be gone
To nether dwelling-place of Dis: seek thou to meet me, son,
Across Avernus deep: for me the wicked house of hell
The dusk unhappy holdeth not; in pleasant place I dwell,
Elysium, fellowship of good: there shall the holy Maid,
The Sibyl, bring thee; plenteous blood of black-wooled ewes being
paid:

There shalt thou learn of all thy race, and gift of fated walls.
And now farewell: for dewy night from mid way-faring falls,
The panting steeds of cruel dawn are on me with their breath.”
He spake, and midst thin air he fled as smoke-wreath vanisheth.
“Where rushest thou?” Æneas cried: “where hurriest thou again?
Whom fleest thou? who driveth thee from these embraces fain?”
So saying, the flame asleep in ash he busied him to wake,
And worshipped with the censer full and holy-kneaded cake
The sacred Vesta’s shrine and God of Pergamean wall.
Then for his fellows doth he send, Acestes first of all,
And teacheth them of Jove’s command, and what his sire beloved
Had bidden him, and whitherwise his heart thereto was moved.
No tarrying there was therein, Acestes gainsaid nought;
They write the mothers on the roll; thither a folk is brought,
Full willing hearts, who nothing crave the great reward of fame:
But they themselves shape thwarts anew; and timbers gnawed by
flame

Make new within their ships again, and oars and rudders fit.
A little band it is by tale, but valour lives in it.
Meanwhile Æneas marketh out the city with the plough,
And, portioning the houses out, bids Troy and Ilium grow:
Therewith Acestes, Trojan king, joys in his lordship fair;
Sets forth the court, and giveth laws to fathers gathered there:
Then on the head of Eryx huge a house that neareth heaven
To Venus of Idalia is reared: a priest is given
And holy grove wide spread around, where old Anchises lay.
Now all the folk for nine days’ space have made them holyday
And worshipped God; and quiet winds have lowly laid the main,
And ever gentle Southern breath woos to the deep again:
Then all along the hollow shore ariseth weeping great,

And 'twixt farewells and many a kiss a night and day they wait:
Yea e'en the mothers, yea e'en they to whom so hard and drear
The sea had seemed, a dreadful name they had no heart to bear,
Are fain to go, are fain to take all toil the way may find.
Whom good Æneas solaceth with friendly words and kind,
As to Acestes' kindred heart weeping he giveth them.
Three calves to Eryx then he bids slay on the ocean's hem;
To wind and weather an ewe lamb; then biddeth cast aloose:
And he himself, begarlanded with olive clipped close,
Stands, cup in hand, on furthest prow, and casts upon the brine
The inner meat, and poureth forth the flowing of the wine.
They gather way; springs up astern the fair and following breeze;
The fellows strive in smiting brine and sweep the level seas.
But meanwhile Venus, sorely stirred by cares and all unrest,
Hath speech of Neptune, pouring forth complaining from her breast:
"The cruel wrath that Juno bears, and heart insatiate,
Drive me, O Neptune, prayer-fulfilled upon thy power to wait:
She softeneth not by lapse of days nor piety's increase,
Nor yielding unto Jove and Fate from troubling will she cease.
'Tis not enough to tear away from heart of Phrygian folk
Their city by her cruel hate; nor with all ills to yoke
Troy's remnant; but its ash and bones through death she followeth
on.
What! doth her own heart know the deed that all this wrath hath
won?
Be thou my witness how of late she stirred up suddenly
Wild tumult of the Libyan sea! all waters with the sky
She mingled, trusting all in vain to storm of Æolus:
This in thy very realm she dared.
E'en now mad hearts to Trojan wives by wickedness she gave,
And foully burned his ships; and him with crippled ship-host drave
To leave his fellow-folk behind upon an outland shore.
I pray thee let the remnant left sail safe thine ocean o'er,
And let them come where into sea Laurentian Tiber falls,
If right I ask, and unto these Fate giveth fateful walls."
Then Saturn's son, the sea-tamer, gave forth such words as these:
"'Tis utter right, O Cytherean, to trust thee to my seas,

Whence thou wert born; and I myself deserve no less; e'en I,
Who oft for thee refrain the rage of maddened sea and sky.
Nor less upon the earth my care Æneas did embrace;
Xanthus and Simoïs witness it! — When, following up the chace,
The all-unheartened host of Troy 'gainst Troy Achilles bore,
And many a thousand gave to death; choked did the rivers roar
Nor any way might Xanthus find to roll his flood to sea:
Æneas then in hollow cloud I caught away, when he
Would meet Pelides' might with hands and Gods not strong enow.
Yea, that was when from lowest base I wrought to overthrow
The walls of that same Troy forsworn my very hands had wrought.
And now cast all thy fear away, my mind hath shifted nought;
Avernus' haven shall he reach, e'en as thou deemest good,
And one alone of all his folk shall seek amidst the flood;
One head shall pay for all the rest.”

So when these words had brought to peace the Goddess' joyful heart,
The Father yokes his steeds with gold, and bridles the wild things
With o'erfoamed bit, and loose in hand the rein above them flings,
And light in coal-blue car he flies o'er topmost of the sea:
The waves sink down, the heaped main lays his waters peacefully
Before the thunder of his wheels; from heaven all cloud-flecks fail.
Lo, diverse bodies of his folk; lo, many a mighty whale;
And Glaucus' ancient fellowship, Palæmon Ino's son,
And Tritons swift, and all the host that Phorcus leadeth on;
Maid Panopea and Melite, Cymodoce the fair,
Nesæa, Spio, and Thalia, with Thetis leftward bear.
Now to Æneas' overstrained heart the kindly joy and soft
Sinks deep: herewith he biddeth men raise all the masts aloft
At swiftest, and along the yards to spread the sails to wind:
So all sheet home together then; then leftward with one mind
They tack; then tack again to right: the yard-horns up in air
They shift and shift, while kindly winds seaward the ship-host bear.
But first before all other keels did Palinurus lead
The close array, and all were charged to have his course in heed.
And now the midmost place of heaven had dewy night drawn nigh,
And 'neath the oars on benches hard scattered the shipmen lie,
Who all the loosened limbs of them to gentle rest had given;

When lo, the very light-winged Sleep stooped from the stars of
heaven,
Thrusting aside the dusky air and cleaving night atwain:
The sackless Palinure he sought with evil dreams and vain.
So on the high poop sat the God as Phorbas fashionèd,
And as he sat such-like discourse from out his mouth he shed:
“Iasian Palinure, unasked the waves our ship-host bear;
Soft blow the breezes steadily; the hour for rest is here:
Lay down thine head, steal weary eyes from toil a little space,
And I will do thy deeds awhile and hold me in thy place.”
But Palinure with scarce-raised eyes e’en such an answer gave:
“To gentle countenance of sea and quiet of the wave
Deem’st thou me dull? would’st have me throw in such a monster’s
truth?
And shall I mine Æneas trust to lying breeze forsooth,
I, fool of peaceful heaven and sea so many times of old?”
So saying to the helm he clung, nor ever left his hold,
And all the while the stars above his eyes toward them drew.
But lo, the God brought forth a bough wet with Lethean dew,
And sleepy with the might of Styx, and shook it therewithal
Over his brow, and loosed his lids delaying still to fall:
But scarce in first of stealthy sleep his limbs all loosened lay,
When, weighing on him, did he tear a space of stern away,
And rolled him, helm and wrack and all, into the flowing wave
Headlong, and crying oft in vain for fellowship to save:
Then Sleep himself amid thin air flew, borne upon the wing.
No less the ship-host sails the sea, its safe way following
Untroubled ‘neath the plighted word of Father Neptune’s mouth.
So to the Sirens’ rocks they draw, a dangerous pass forsooth
In yore ago, now white with bones of many a perished man.
Thence ever roared the salt sea now as on the rocks it ran;
And there the Father felt the ship fare wild and fitfully,
Her helmsman lost; so he himself steered o’er the night-tide sea,
Sore weeping; for his fellow’s end his inmost heart did touch:
“O Palinure, that throwed the sky and soft seas overmuch,
Now naked on an unknown shore thy resting-place shall be!”

BOOK VI.

ARGUMENT.

ÆNEAS COMETH TO THE SIBYL OF CUMÆ, AND BY HER IS LED INTO THE UNDER-WORLD, AND THERE BEHOLDETH MANY STRANGE THINGS, AND IN THE END MEETETH HIS FATHER, ANCHISES, WHO TELLETH HIM OF THE DAYS TO COME.

So spake he weeping, and his host let loose from every band,
Until at last they draw anigh Cumæ's Euboean strand.
They turn the bows from off the main; the toothèd anchors' grip
Makes fast the keels; the shore is hid by many a curvèd ship.
Hot-heart the youthful company leaps on the Westland's shore;
Part falleth on to seek them out the seed of fiery store
That flint-veins hide; part runneth through the dwellings of the deer,
The thicket steads, and each to each the hidden streams they bare.
But good Æneas seeks the house where King Apollo bides,
The mighty den, the secret place set far apart, that hides
The awful Sibyl, whose great soul and heart he seeketh home,
The Seer of Delos, showing her the hidden things to come:
And so the groves of Trivia and golden house they gain.
Now Dædalus, as tells the tale, fleeing from Minos' reign,
Durst trust himself to heaven on wings swift hastening, and swim
forth
Along the road ne'er tried before unto the chilly north;
So light at last o'er Chalcis' towers he hung amid the air,
Then, come adown to earth once more, to thee he hallowed here,
O Phoebus, all his wingèd oars, and built thee mighty fane:
Androgeus' death was on the doors; then paying of the pain
By those Cecropians; bid, alas, each year to give in turn
Seven bodies of their sons; — lo there, the lots drawn from the urn.
But facing this the Gnosian land draws up amid the sea:
There is the cruel bull-lust wrought, and there Pasiphaë
Embraced by guile: the blended babe is there, the twiformed thing,
The Minotaur, that evil sign of Venus' cherishing;

And there the tangled house and toil that ne'er should be undone:
But ruth of Dædalus himself a queen's love-sorrow won,
And he himself undid the snare and winding wilderment.
Guiding the blind feet with the thread. Thou, Icarus, wert blent
Full oft with such a work be sure, if grief forbade it not;
But twice he tried to shape in gold the picture of thy lot,
And twice the father's hands fell down.

Long had their eyes read o'er

Such matters, but Achates, now, sent on a while before,
Was come with that Deiphobe, the Glaucus' child, the maid
Of Phoebus and of Trivia, and such a word she said:

"The hour will have no tarrying o'er fair shows for idle eyes;

'Twere better from an unyoked herd seven steers to sacrifice,
And e'en so many hosts of ewes in manner due culled out."

She spake; her holy bidding then the warriors go about,

Nor tarry: into temple high she calls the Teucrian men,

Where the huge side of Cumæ's rock is carven in a den,

Where are an hundred doors to come, an hundred mouths to go,

Whence e'en so many awful sounds, the Sibyl's answers flow.

But at the threshold cried the maid: "Now is the hour awake
For asking — Ah, the God, the God!"

And as the word she spake

Within the door, all suddenly her visage and her hue

Were changed, and all her sleekèd hair, and gasping breath she drew,

And with the rage her wild heart swelled, and greater was she grown,

Nor mortal-voiced; for breath of God upon her heart was blown

As He drew nigher:

"Art thou dumb of vows and prayers, forsooth,

Trojan Æneas, art thou dumb? unprayed, the mighty mouth
Of awe-mazed house shall open not."

Even such a word she said,

Then hushed: through hardened Teucrian bones swift ran the chilly
dread,

And straight the king from inmost heart the flood of prayers doth
pour:

"Phoebus, who all the woe of Troy hast pitied evermore,

Who Dardan shaft and Paris' hands in time ago didst speed

Against Achilles' body there, who me withal didst lead
Over the seas that go about so many a mighty land,
Through those Massylian folks remote, and length of Syrtes' sand,
Till now I hold that Italy that ever drew aback;
And now perchance a Trojan fate we, even we may lack.
Ye now, O Gods and Goddesses, to whom a stumbling-stone
Was Ilium in the days of old, and Dardan folk's renown,
May spare the folk of Pergamus. But thou, O holiest,
O Maid that knowest things to come, grant thou the Latin rest
To Teucrian men, and Gods of Troy, the straying way-worn powers!
For surely now no realm I ask but such as Fate makes ours.
To Phoebus and to Trivia then a temple will I raise,
A marble world; in Phoebus' name will hallow festal days:
Thee also in our realm to be full mighty shrines await,
There will I set thine holy lots and hidden words of fate
Said to my folk, and hallow there well-chosen men for thee,
O Holy One: But give thou not thy songs to leaf of tree,
Lest made a sport to hurrying gales confusedly they wend;
But sing them thou thyself, I pray!"
Therewith his words had end.

Meanwhile the Seer-maid, not yet tamed to Phoebus, raves about
The cave, still striving from her breast to cast the godhead out;
But yet the more the mighty God her mouth bewildered wears,
Taming her wild heart, fashioning her soul with weight of fears.
At last the hundred mighty doors fly open, touched of none,
And on the air the answer floats of that foreseeing one:
"O Thou, who dangers of the sea hast thoroughly worn away,
Abides thee heavier toil of earth: the Dardans on a day
Shall come to that Lavinian land, — leave fear thereof afar:
Yet of their coming shall they rue. Lo, war, war, dreadful war!
And Tiber bearing plenteous blood upon his foaming back.
Nor Simoïs there, nor Xanthus' stream, nor Dorian camp shall lack:
Yea, once again in Latin land Achilles is brought forth,
God-born no less: nor evermore shall mighty Juno's wrath
Fail Teucrian men. Ah, how shalt thou, fallen on evil days,
To all Italian lands and folks thine hands beseeching raise!
Lo, once again a stranger bride brings woeful days on Troy,

Once more the wedding of a foe.
But thou, yield not to any ill, but set thy face, and wend
The bolder where thy fortune leads; the dawn of perils' end,
Whence least thou mightest look for it, from Greekish folk shall
come."

Suchwise the Seer of Cumæ sang from out her inner home
The dreadful double words, wherewith the cavern moans again,
As sooth amid the mirk she winds: Apollo shakes the rein
Over the maddened one, and stirs the strings about her breast;
But when her fury lulled awhile and maddened mouth had rest,
Hero Æneas thus began:

"No face of any care,
O maiden, can arise on me in any wise unware:
Yea, all have I forecast; my mind hath worn through everything.
One prayer I pray, since this they call the gateway of the King
Of Nether-earth, and Acheron's o'erflow this mirky mere:
O let me meet the eyes and mouth of my dead father dear;
O open me the holy gate, and teach me where to go!
I bore him on these shoulders once from midmost of the foe,
From flame and weapons thousandfold against our goings bent;
My yoke-fellow upon the road o'er every sea he went,
'Gainst every threat of sea and sky a hardy heart he held,
Though worn and feeble past decay and feebleness of eld.
Yea, he it was who bade me wend, a suppliant, to thy door,
And seek thee out: O holy one, cast thou thy pity o'er
Father and son! All things thou canst, nor yet hath Hecaté
Set thee to rule Avernus' woods an empty Queen to be.
Yea, Orpheus wrought with Thracian harp and strings of tuneful
might

To draw away his perished love from midmost of the night.
Yea, Pollux, dying turn for turn, his brother borrowed well,
And went and came the road full oft — Of Theseus shall I tell?
Or great Alcides? Ah, I too from highest Jove am sprung."
Such were the words he prayed withal and round the altars clung:
Then she fell speaking:

"Man of Troy, from blood of Godhead grown,
Anchises' child, Avernus' road is easy faring down;

All day and night is open wide the door of Dis the black;
But thence to gain the upper air, and win the footsteps back,
This is the deed, this is the toil: Some few have had the might,
Beloved by Jove the just, upborne to heaven by valour's light,
The Sons of God. 'Twixt it and us great thicket fills the place
That slow Cocytus' mirky folds all round about embrace;
But if such love be in thine heart, such yearning in thee lie,
To swim twice o'er the Stygian mere and twice to see with eye
Black Tartarus, and thou must needs this idle labour win,
Hearken what first there is to do: the dusky tree within
Lurks the gold bough with golden leaves and limber twigs of gold,
To nether Juno consecrate; this all these woods enfold,
Dim shadowy places cover it amid the hollow dale;
To come unto the under-world none living may avail
Till he that growth of golden locks from off the tree hath shorn;
For this fair Proserpine ordained should evermore be borne
Her very gift: but, plucked away, still faileth not the thing,
Another golden stem instead hath leafy tide of spring.
So thoroughly search with eyes: thine hand aright upon it lay
When thou hast found: for easily 'twill yield and come away
If the Fates call thee: otherwise no might may overbear
Its will, nor with the hardened steel the marvel mayst thou shear.
— Ah! further, — of thy perished friend as yet thou nothing
know'st,
Whose body lying dead and cold defileth all thine host,
While thou beseechest answering words, and hangest on our door:
Go, bring him to his own abode and heap the grave mound o'er;
Bring forth the black-wooled ewes to be first bringing back of grace:
So shalt thou see the Stygian groves, so shalt thou see the place
That hath no road for living men.”
So hushed her mouth shut close:
But sad-faced and with downcast eyes therefrom Æneas goes,
And leaves the cave, still turning o'er those coming things, so dim,
So dark to see. Achates fares nigh fellow unto him,
And ever 'neath like load of cares he lets his footsteps fall:
And many diverse words they cast each unto each withal,
What was the dead friend and the grave whereof the seer did teach.

But when they gat them down at last upon the barren beach,
They saw Misenus lying dead by death but lightly earned;
Misenus, son of Æolus; no man more nobly learned
In waking up the war with brass and singing Mars alight.
Great Hector's fellow was he erst, with Hector through the fight
He thrust, by horn made glorious, made glorious by the spear.
But when from Hector life and all Achilles' hand did tear,
Dardan Æneas' man became that mightiest under shield,
Nor unto any worser lord his fellowship would yield.
Now while by chance through hollow shell he blew across the sea,
And witless called the very Gods his singing-foes to be,
The envious Triton caught him up, if ye the tale may trow,
And sank the hero 'twixt the rocks in foaming waters' flow.
Wherefore about him weeping sore were gathered all the men,
And good Æneas chief of all: the Sibyl's bidding then
Weeping they speed, and loiter not, but heap the tree-boughs high
Upon the altar of the dead to raise it to the sky:
Then to the ancient wood they fare, high dwelling of wild things;
They fell the pine, and 'neath the axe the smitten holm-oak rings;
With wedge they cleave the ashen logs, and knitted oaken bole,
Full fain to split; and mighty elms down from the mountains roll.
Amid the work Æneas is, who hearteneth on his folk,
As with such very tools as they he girds him for the stroke;
But through the sorrow of his heart such thought as this there strays,
And looking toward the waste of wood such word as this he prays:
"O if that very golden bough would show upon the tree,
In such a thicket and so great; since all she told of thee,
The seer-maid, O Misenus lost, was true and overtrue!"
But scarcely had he spoken thus, when lo, from heaven there flew
Two doves before his very eyes, who settled fluttering
On the green grass: and therewithal that mightiest battle-king
Knoweth his mother's birds new-come, and joyful poureth prayer:
"O, if a way there be at all, lead ye amid the air,
Lead on unto the thicket place where o'er the wealthy soil
The rich bough casteth shadow down! Fail not my eyeless toil,
O Goddess-mother!"
So he saith, and stays his feet to heed

What token they may bring to him, and whitherward they speed.
So on they flutter pasturing, with such a space between,
As they by eyes of following folk may scantily well be seen;
But when Avernus' jaws at last, the noisome place, they reach,
They rise aloft and skim the air, and settle each by each
Upon the very wished-for place, yea high amid the tree,
Where the changed light through twigs of gold shines forth
diversedly;

As in the woods mid winter's chill puts forth the mistletoe,
And bloometh with a leafage strange his own tree ne'er did sow,
And with his yellow children hath the rounded trunk in hold,
So in the dusky holm-oak seemed that bough of leafy gold,
As through the tinkling shaken foil the gentle wind went by:
Then straight Æneas caught and culled the tough stem greedily,
And to the Sibyl's dwelling-place the gift in hand he bore.
Nor less meanwhile the Teucrians weep Misenus on the shore,
And do last service to the dead that hath no thanks to pay.
And first fat fagots of the fir and oaken logs they lay,
And pile a mighty bale and rich, and weave the dusk-leaved trees
Between its sides, and set before the funeral cypresses,
And over all in seemly wise the gleaming weapons pile:
But some speed fire bewavèd brass and water's warmth meanwhile,
And wash all o'er and sleek with oil the cold corpse of the dead:
Goes up the wail; the limbs bewept they streak upon the bed,
And cast thereon the purple cloths, the well-known noble gear.
Then some of them, they shoulder up the mighty-fashioned bier,
Sad service! and put forth the torch with faces from him turned,
In fashion of the fathers old: there the heaped offerings burned,
The frankincense, the dainty meats, the bowls o'erflowed with oil.
But when the ashes were sunk down and fire had rest from toil,
The relics and the thirsty ash with unmixed wine they wet.
Then the gleaned bones in brazen urn doth Corynæus set,
Who thrice about the gathered folk the stainless water bore.
As from the fruitful olive-bough light dew he sprinkled o'er,
And cleansed the men, and spake withal last farewell to the dead.
But good Æneas raised a tomb, a mound huge fashioned,
And laid thereon the hero's arms and oar and battle-horn,

Beneath an airy hill that thence Misenus' name hath borne,
And still shall bear it, not to die till time hath faded out.
This done, those deeds the Sibyl bade he setteth swift about:
A deep den is there, pebble-piled, with mouth that gapeth wide;
Black mere and thicket shadowy-mirk the secret of it hide.
And over it no fowl there is may wend upon the wing
And 'scape the bane; its blackened jaws bring forth such venoming.
Such is the breath it bears aloft unto the hollow heaven;
So to the place the Greekish folk have name of Fowl-less given.
Here, first of all, four black-skinned steers the priestess sets in line,
And on the foreheads of all these out-pours the bowl of wine.
Then 'twixt the horns she culleth out the topmost of the hair,
And lays it on the holy fire, the first-fruits offered there,
And cries aloud on Hecat  , of might in heaven and hell;
While others lay the knife to throat and catch the blood that fell
Warm in the bowls:   neas then an ewe-lamb black of fleece
Smites down with sword to her that bore the dread Eumenides,
And her great sister; and a cow yet barren slays aright
To thee, O Proserpine, and rears the altars of the night
Unto the Stygian King, and lays whole bulls upon the flame,
Pouring rich oil upon the flesh that rush of fire o'ercame.
But now, when sunrise is at hand, and dawning of the day,
The earth falls moaning 'neath their feet, the wooded ridges sway,
And dogs seem howling through the dusk as now she drew anear
The Goddess. "O be far away, ye unclean!" cries the seer.
"Be far away! ah, get ye gone from all the holy wood!
But thou,   neas, draw thy steel and take thee to the road;
Now needeth all thine hardihood and steadfast heart and brave."
She spake, and wildly cast herself amidst the hollow cave,
But close upon her fearless feet   neas followeth.
O Gods, who rule the ghosts of men, O silent shades of death,
Chaos and Phlegethon, hushed lands that lie beneath the night!
Let me speak now, for I have heard: O aid me with your might
To open things deep sunk in earth, and mid the darkness blent.
All dim amid the lonely night on through the dusk they went,
On through the empty house of Dis, the land of nought at all.
E'en as beneath the doubtful moon, when niggard light doth fall

Upon some way amid the woods, when God hath hidden heaven,
And black night from the things of earth the colours dear hath driven.
Lo, in the first of Orcus' jaws, close to the doorway side,
The Sorrows and Avenging Grievs have set their beds to bide;
There the pale kin of Sickness dwells, and Eld, the woeful thing,
And Fear, and squalid-fashioned Lack, and witless Hungering,
Shapes terrible to see with eye; and Toil of Men, and Death,
And Sleep, Death's brother, and the Lust of Soul that sickeneth:
And War, the death-bearer, was set full in the threshold's way,
And those Well-willers' iron beds: there heartless Discord lay,
Whose viper-breeding hair about was bloody-filleted.
But in the midst a mighty elm, dusk as the night, outspread
Its immemorial boughs and limbs, where lying dreams there lurk,
As tells the tale, still clinging close 'neath every leaf-side mirk.
Withal most wondrous, many-shaped are all the wood-beasts there;
The Centaurs stable by the porch, and twi-shaped Scyllas fare,
And hundred-folded Briareus, and Lerna's Worm of dread
Fell hissing; and Chimæra's length and fire-behelmèd head,
Gorgons and Harpies, and the shape of that three-bodied Shade.
Then smitten by a sudden fear Æneas caught his blade,
And turned the naked point and edge against their drawing nigh;
And but for her wise word that these were thin lives flitting by
All bodiless, and wrapped about in hollow shape and vain,
With idle sword had he set on to cleave the ghosts atwain.
To Acheron of Tartarus from hence the road doth go,
That mire-bemingled, whirling wild, rolls on his desert flow,
And all amid Cocytus' flood casteth his world of sand.
This flood and river's ferrying doth Charon take in hand,
Dread in his squalor: on his chin untrimmed the hoar hair lies
Most plenteous; and unchanging flame bides in his staring eyes:
Down from his shoulders hangs his gear in filthy knot upknot;
And he himself poles on his ship, and tends the sails of it,
And crawls with load of bodies lost in bark all iron-grey,
Grown old by now: but fresh and green is godhead's latter day.
Down thither rushed a mighty crowd, unto the flood-side borne;
Mothers and men, and bodies there with all the life outworn
Of great-souled heroes; many a boy and never-wedded maid,

And youths before their fathers' eyes upon the death-bale laid:
As many as the leaves fall down in first of autumn cold;
As many as the gathered fowl press on to field and fold,
From off the weltering ocean-flood, when the late year and chill
Hath driven them across the sea the sunny lands to fill.
There stood the first and prayed him hard to waft their bodies o'er,
With hands stretched out for utter love of that far-lying shore.
But that grim sailor now takes these, now those from out the band,
While all the others far away he thrusteth from the sand.
Æneas wondered at the press, and moved thereby he spoke:
"Say, Maid, what means this river-side, and gathering of the folk?
What seek the souls, and why must some depart the river's rim,
While others with the sweep of oars the leaden waters skim?"
Thereon the ancient Maid of Days in few words answered thus:
"Anchises' seed, thou very child of Godhead glorious,
Thou seest the deep Cocytus' pools, thou seest the Stygian mere,
By whose might Gods will take the oath, and all forswearing fear:
But all the wretched crowd thou seest are they that lack a grave,
And Charon is the ferryman: those borne across the wave
Are buried: none may ever cross the awful roaring road
Until their bones are laid at rest within their last abode.
An hundred years they stray about and wander round the shore,
Then they at last have grace to gain the pools desired so sore."
There tarried then Anchises' child and stayed awhile his feet,
Mid many thoughts, and sore at heart, for such a doom unmeet:
And there he saw all sorrowful, without the death-dues dead,
Leucaspis, and Orontes, he that Lycian ship-host led;
Whom, borne from Troy o'er windy plain, the South wind utterly
O'erwhelming, sank him, ships and men, in swallow of the sea.
And lo ye now, where Palinure the helmsman draweth nigh,
Who lately on the Libyan sea, noting the starry sky,
Fell from the high poop headlong down mid wavy waters cast.
His sad face through the plenteous dusk Æneas knew at last,
And spake:
"What God, O Palinure, did snatch thee so away
From us thy friends and drown thee dead amidst the watery way?
Speak out! for Seer Apollo, found no guileful prophet erst,

By this one answer in my soul a lying hope hath nursed;
Who sang of thee safe from the deep and gaining field and fold
Of fair Ausonia: suchwise he his plighted word doth hold!"

The other spake: "Apollo's shrine in nowise lied to thee,
King of Anchises, and no God hath drowned me in the sea:
But while I clung unto the helm, its guard ordained of right,
And steered thee on, I chanced to fall, and so by very might
Seaward I dragged it down with me. By the rough seas I swear
My heart, for any hap of mine, had no so great a fear
As for thy ship; lest, rudderless, its master from it torn,
Amid so great o'ertopping seas it yet might fail forlorn.
Three nights of storm I drifted on, 'neath wind and water's might,
Over the sea-plain measureless; but with the fourth day's light
There saw I Italy rise up from welter of the wave.
Then slow I swam unto the land, that me well-nigh did save,
But fell the cruel folk on me, heavy with raiment wet,
And striving with my hookèd hands hold on the rocks to get:
The fools, they took me for a prey, and steel against me bore.
Now the waves have me, and the winds on sea-beach roll me o'er.
But by the breath of heaven above, by daylight's joyous ways,
By thine own father, by the hope of young Iulus' days,
Snatch me, O dauntless, from these woes, and o'er me cast the earth!
As well thou may'st when thou once more hast gained the Veline
firth.

Or if a way there be, if way thy Goddess-mother show, —
For not without the will of Gods meseemeth wouldst thou go
O'er so great floods, or have a mind to swim the Stygian mere, —
Then give thine hand, and o'er the wave me woeful with thee bear,
That I at least in quiet place may rest when I am dead."

So spake he, but the priestess straight such word unto him said:
"O Palinure, what godless mind hath gotten hold of thee,
That thou the grim Well-willers' stream and Stygian flood wouldst
see

Unburied, and unbidden still the brim wilt draw anear?
Hope not the Fates of very God to change by any prayer.
But take this memory of my words to soothe thy wretched case:
Through all their cities far and wide the people of the place,

Driven by mighty signs from heaven, thy bones shall expiate
And raise thee tomb, and year by year with worship on thee wait;
And there the name of Palinure shall dwell eternally.”
So at that word his trouble lulled, his grief of heart passed by,
A little while he joyed to think of land that bore his name.
So forth upon their way they went and toward the river came;
But when from Stygian wave their path the shipman’s gaze did meet,
As through the dead hush of the grove shoreward they turned their
feet,
He fell upon them first with words and unbid chided them:
“Whoe’er ye be who come in arms unto our river’s hem,
Say what ye be! yea, speak from thence and stay your steps
forthright!
This is the very place of shades, and sleep, and sleepful night;
And living bodies am I banned in Stygian keel to bear.
Nor soothly did I gain a joy, giving Alcides fare,
Or ferrying of Pirithoüs and Theseus time ago,
Though come of God they were and matched in valiancy of none:
He sought the guard of Tartarus chains on his limbs to lay,
And from the King’s own seat he dragged the quaking beast away:
Those strove to carry off the Queen from great Dis’ very bed.”
The Amphrysian prophet answering, few words unto him said:
“But here are no such guiles as this, so let thy wrath go by:
Our weapons bear no war; for us still shall the door-ward lie
And bark in den, and fright the ghosts, the bloodless, evermore:
Nor shall chaste Proserpine for us pass through her kinsman’s door:
Trojan Æneas, great in arms and great in godly grace,
Goes down through dark of Erebus to see his father’s face.
But if such guise of piety may move thine heart no whit,
At least this bough “ — (bared from her weed therewith she showeth
it) —
“Know ye!”
Then in his swelling heart adown the anger sank,
Nor spake he more; but wondering at that gift a God might thank,
The fateful stem, now seen once more so long a time worn by,
He turned about his coal-blue keel and drew the bank anigh
The souls upon the long thwarts set therewith he thrusteth out,

And clears the gangway, and withal takes in his hollow boat
The huge Æneas, 'neath whose weight the seamed boat groans and
creaks,

And plenteous water of the mere lets in at many leaks.

At last the Hero and the Maid safe o'er the watery way

He leaveth on the ugly mire and sedge of sorry grey.

The three-mouthed bark of Cerberus here filleth all the place,

As huge he lieth in a den that hath them full in face:

But when the adders she beheld upon his crest upborne,

A sleepy morsel honey-steeped, and blent of wizards' corn,

She cast him: then his threefold throat, all wild with hunger's lack,

He opened wide, and caught at it, and sank his monstrous back,

And there he lay upon the earth enormous through the cave.

Æneas caught upon the pass the door-ward's slumber gave,

And fled the bank of that sad stream no man may pass again.

And many sounds they heard therewith, a wailing vast and vain;

For weeping souls of speechless babes round the first threshold lay,

Whom, without share of life's delight, snatched from the breast
away,

The black day hurried off, and all in bitter ending hid.

And next were those condemned to die for deed they never did:

For neither doom nor judge nor house may any lack in death:

The seeker Minos shakes the urn, and ever summoneth

The hushed-ones' court, and learns men's lives and what against
them stands.

The next place is of woeful ones, who sackless, with their hands

Compassed their death, and weary-sick of light without avail

Cast life away; but now how fain to bear the poor man's bale

Beneath the heaven, the uttermost of weary toil to bear!

But law forbiddeth: the sad wave of that unlovely mere

Is changeless bond; and ninefold Styx compelleth to abide.

Nor far from thence behold the meads far spread on every side,

The Mourning Meads — in tale have they such very name and sign.

There those whom hard love ate away with cruel wasting pine

Are hidden in the lonely paths with myrtle-groves about,

Nor in the very death itself may wear their trouble out:

Phædra he saw, Procris he saw, and Eriphyle sad.

Baring that cruel offspring's wound her loving body had:
Evadne and Pasiphaë, Laodamia there
He saw, and Cænis, once a youth and then a maiden fair,
And shifted by the deed of fate to his old shape again.
Midst whom Phœnician Dido now, fresh from the iron bane,
Went wandering in the mighty wood: and when the Trojan man
First dimly knew her standing by amid the glimmer wan
— E'en as in earliest of the month one sees the moon arise,
Or seems to see her at the least in cloudy drift of skies —
He spake, and let the tears fall down by all love's sweetness stirred:
"Unhappy Dido, was it true, that bitter following word,
That thou wert dead, by sword hadst sought the utter end of all?
Was it thy very death I wrought? Ah! on the stars I call,
I call the Gods and whatso faith the nether earth may hold,
To witness that against my will I left thy field and fold!
But that same bidding of the Gods, whereby e'en now I wend
Through dark, through deserts rusty-rough, through night without an
end,
Drive me with doom. Nor held my heart in anywise belief
That my departure from thy land might work thee such a grief.
O stay thy feet! nor tear thyself from my beholding thus.
Whom fleest thou? this word is all that Fate shall give to us."
Such were the words Æneas spake to soothe her as she stood
With stern eyes flaming, while his heart swelled with the woeful
flood:
But, turned away, her sick eyes still she fixed upon the earth;
Nor was her face moved any more by all his sad words' birth
Than if Marpesian crag or flint had held her image so:
At last she flung herself away, and fled, his utter foe,
Unto the shady wood, where he, her husband of old days,
Gives grief for grief, and loving heart beside her loving lays.
Nor less Æneas, smitten sore by her unworthy woes,
With tears and pity followeth her as far away she goes.
But thence the meted way they wear, and reach the outer field,
Where dwell apart renownèd men, the mighty under shield:
There Tydeus meets him; there he sees the great fight-glorious man,
Parthenopæus; there withal Adrastus' image wan;

And there the Dardans battle-slain, for whom the wailing went
To very heaven: their long array he saw with sad lament:
Glaucus and Medon there he saw, Thersilochus, the three
Antenor-sons, and Polyphoe, by Ceres' mystery
Made holy, and Idæus still in car with armèd hand:
There on the right side and the left the straying spirits stand.
Nor is one sight of him enough; it joyeth them to stay
And pace beside, asking for why he wendeth such a way.
But when the lords of Danaan folk, and Agamemnon's hosts,
Behold the man and gleaming arms amid the dusky ghosts,
They fall a-quaking full of fear: some turn their back to fly
As erst they ran unto the ships; some raise a quavering cry,
But never from their gaping vain will swell the shout begun.
And now Deïphobus he sees, the glorious Priam's son;
But all his body mangled sore, his face all evilly hacked,
His face and hands; yea, and his head, laid waste, the ear-lobes
lacked,
And nostrils cropped unto the root by wicked wound and grim.
Scarcely he knew the trembling man, who strove to hide from him
Those torments dire, but thus at last he spake in voice well known:
"O great in arms, Deïphobus, from Teucer's blood come down,
Who had the heart to work on thee such bitter wicked bale?
Who had the might to deal thee this? Indeed I heard the tale,
That, tired with slaying of the Greeks on that last night of all,
Upon a heap of mingled death thou didst to slumber fall:
And I myself an empty tomb on that Rhoetean coast
Set up to thee, and thrice aloud cried blessing on thy ghost:
Thy name and arms still keep the place; but thee I found not, friend,
To set thee in thy fathers' earth ere I too needs must wend."
To him the child of Priam spake: "Friend, nought thou left'st
undone;
All things thou gav'st Deïphobus, and this dead shadowy one:
My Fates and that Laconian Bane, the Woman wicked-fair,
Have drowned me in this sea of ills: she set these tokens here.
How midst a lying happiness we wore the last night by
'Thou know'st: yea; overwell belike thou hold'st that memory
Now when the baneful Horse of Fate high Pergamus leapt o'er,

With womb come nigh unto the birth of weaponed men of war,
She, feigning hallowed dance, led on a holy-shouting band
Of Phrygian maids, and midst of them, the bale-fire in her hand,
Called on the Danaan men to come, high on the castle's steep:
But me, outworn with many cares and weighed adown with sleep,
The hapless bride-bed held meanwhile, and on me did there press
Deep rest and sweet, most like indeed to death's own quietness.
Therewith my glorious wife all arms from out the house withdrew,
And stole away from o'er my head the sword whose faith I knew,
Called Menelaüs to the house and opened him the door,
Thinking, forsooth, great gift to give to him who loved so sore,
To quench therewith the tale gone by of how she did amiss.
Why linger? They break in on me, and he their fellow is,
Ulysses, preacher of all guilt. — O Gods, will ye not pay
The Greeks for all? belike with mouth not godless do I pray.
— But tell me, thou, what tidings new have brought thee here alive?
Is it blind strayings o'er the sea that hither doth thee drive,
Or bidding of the Gods? Wherein hath Fortune worn thee so,
That thou, midst sunless houses sad, confused lands, must go?"
But as they gave and took in talk, Aurora at the last
In rosy wain the topmost crown of upper heaven had passed,
And all the fated time perchance in suchwise had they spent;
But warning of few words enow the Sibyl toward him sent:
"Night falls, Æneas, weeping here we wear the hours in vain;
And hard upon us is the place where cleaves the road atwain;
On by the walls of mighty Dis the right-hand highway goes,
Our way to that Elysium: the left drags on to woes
Ill-doers' souls, and bringeth them to godless Tartarus."
Then spake Deïphobus: "Great seer, be not o'erwroth with us:
I will depart and fill the tale, and unto dusk turn back:
Go forth, our glory, go and gain the better fate I lack!"
And even with that latest word his feet he tore away.
But suddenly Æneas turned, and lo, a city lay
Wide-spread 'neath crags upon the left, girt with a wall threefold;
And round about in hurrying flood a flaming river rolled,
E'en Phlegethon of Tartarus, with rattling, stony roar:
In face with adamantine posts was wrought the mighty door,

Such as no force of men nor might of heaven-abiders high
May cleave with steel; an iron tower thence riseth to the sky:
And there is set Tisiphone, with girded blood-stained gown,
Who, sleepless, holdeth night and day the doorway of the town.
Great wail and cruel sound of stripes that city sendeth out,
And iron clanking therewithal of fetters dragged about.
Then fearfully Æneas stayed, and drank the tumult in:
“O tell me, Maiden, what is there? What images of sin?
What torments bear they? What the wail yon city casts abroad?”
Then so began the seer to speak: “O glorious Teucrian lord,
On wicked threshold of the place no righteous foot may stand:
But when great Hecate made me Queen of that Avernus land,
She taught me of God’s punishments and led me down the path.
— There Gnosian Rhadamanthus now most heavy lordship hath,
And heareth lies, and punisheth, and maketh men confess
Their deeds of earth, whereof made glad by foolish wickedness,
They thrust the late repentance off till death drew nigh to grip:
Those guilty drives Tisiphone, armed with avenging whip,
And mocks their writhings, casting forth her other dreadful hand
Filled with the snakes, and crying on her cruel sister’s band.
And then at last on awful hinge loud-clanging opens wide
The Door of Doom: — and lo, behold what door-ward doth abide
Within the porch, what thing it is the city gate doth hold!
More dreadful yet the Water-worm, with black mouth fiftyfold,
Hath dwelling in the inner parts. Then Tartarus aright
Gapes sheer adown; and twice so far it thrusteth under night
As up unto the roof of heaven Olympus lifteth high:
And there the ancient race of Earth, the Titan children, lie,
Cast down by thunder, wallowing in bottomless abode.
There of the twin Aloidæ the monstrous bodies’ load
I saw; who fell on mighty heaven to cleave it with their hands,
That they might pluck the Father Jove from out his glorious lands;
And Salmoneus I saw withal, paying the cruel pain
That fire of Jove and heaven’s own voice on earth he needs must
feign:
He, drawn by fourfold rush of steeds, and shaking torches’ glare,
Amidmost of the Grecian folks, amidst of Elis fair,

Went glorying, and the name of God and utter worship sought.
O fool! the glory of the storm, and lightning like to nought,
He feigned with rattling copper things and beat of horny hoof.
Him the Almighty Father smote from cloudy rack aloof,
But never brand nor pitchy flame of smoky pine-tree cast,
As headlong there he drave him down amid the whirling blast.
And Tityon, too, the child of Earth, great Mother of all things,
There may ye see: nine acres' space his mighty frame he flings;
His deathless liver still is cropped by that huge vulture's beak
That evermore his daily meat doth mid his inwards seek,
Fruitful of woe, and hath his home beneath his mighty breast:
Whose heart-strings eaten, and new-born shall never know of rest.
Of Lapithæ, Pirithoüs, Ixion, what a tale!
O'er whom the black crag hangs, that slips, and slips, and ne'er shall fail

To seem to fall. The golden feet of feast beds glitter bright,
And there in manner of the kings is glorious banquet dight.
But lo, the Furies' eldest-born is crouched beside it there,
And banneth one and all of them hand on the board to bear,
And riseth up with tossing torch, and crieth, thundering loud.
Here they that hated brethren sore while yet their life abode,
The father-smiters, they that drew the client-catching net,
The brooders over treasure found in earth, who never yet
Would share one penny with their friends — and crowded thick these
are —

Those slain within another's bed; the followers up of war
Unrighteous; they no whit ashamed their masters' hand to fail,
Here prisoned bide the penalty: seek not to know their tale
Of punishment; what fate it is o'erwhelmeth such a folk.
Some roll huge stones; some hang adown, fast bound to tire or spoke
Of mighty wheels. There sitteth now, and shall sit evermore
Theseus undone: wretch Phlegyas is crying o'er and o'er
His warning, and in mighty voice through dim night testifies:
'Be warned, and learn of righteousness, nor holy Gods despise.'
This sold his fatherland for gold; this tyrant on it laid;
This for a price made laws for men, for price the laws unmade:
This broke into his daughter's bed and wedding-tide accursed:

All dared to think of monstrous deed, and did the deed they durst.
Nor, had I now an hundred mouths, an hundred tongues at need,
An iron voice, might I tell o'er all guise of evil deed,
Or run adown the names of woe those evil deeds are worth."
So when Apollo's ancient seer such words had given forth:
"Now to the road! fulfil the gift that we so far have brought!
Haste on!" she saith, "I see the walls in Cyclops' furnace wrought;
And now the opening of the gates is lying full in face,
Where we are bidden lay adown the gift that brings us grace."
She spake, and through the dusk of ways on side by side they wend,
And wear the space betwixt, and reach the doorway in the end.
Æneas at the entering in bedews his body o'er
With water fresh, and sets the bough in threshold of the door.
So, all being done, the Goddess' gift well paid in manner meet,
They come into a joyous land, and green-sward fair and sweet
Amid the happiness of groves, the blessèd dwelling-place.
Therein a more abundant heaven clothes all the meadows' face
With purple light, and their own sun and their own stars they have.
Here some in games upon the grass their bodies breathing gave;
Or on the yellow face of sand they strive and play the play;
Some beat the earth with dancing foot, and some, the song they say:
And there withal the Thracian man in flowing raiment sings
Unto the measure of the dance on seven-folded strings;
And now he smites with finger-touch, and now with ivory reed.
And here is Teucer's race of old, most lovely sons indeed;
High-hearted heroes born on earth in better days of joy:
Ilus was there, Assaracus, and he who builded Troy,
E'en Dardanus. Far off are seen their empty wains of war
And war-weed: stand the spears in earth, unyoked the horses are,
And graze the meadows all about; for even as they loved
Chariot and weapons, yet alive, and e'en as they were moved
To feed sleek horses, under earth doth e'en such joy abide.
Others he saw to right and left about the meadows wide
Feasting; or joining merry mouths to sing the battle won
Amidst the scented laurel grove, whence earthward rolleth on
The full flood that Eridanus athwart the wood doth pour.
Lo, they who in their country's fight sword-wounded bodies bore;

Lo, priests of holy life and chaste, while they in life had part;
Lo, God-loved poets, men who spake things worthy Phoebus' heart:
And they who bettered life on earth by new-found mastery;
And they whose good deeds left a tale for men to name them by:
And all they had their brows about with snowy fillets bound.
Now unto them the Sibyl spake as there they flowed around, —
Unto Musæus first; for him midmost the crowd enfolds
Higher than all from shoulders up, and reverently beholds:
“Say, happy souls, and thou, O bard, the best earth ever bare,
What land, what place Anchises hath? for whose sake came we here,
And swam the floods of Erebus and every mighty wave.”
Then, lightly answering her again, few words the hero gave:
“None hath a certain dwelling-place; in shady groves we bide,
And meadows fresh with running streams, and beds by river-side:
But if such longing and so sore the heart within you hath,
O’ertop yon ridge and I will set your feet in easy path.”
He spake and footed it afore, and showeth from above
The shining meads; and thence away from hill-top down they move.
But Sire Anchises deep adown in green-grown valley lay,
And on the spirits prisoned there, but soon to wend to day,
Was gazing with a fond desire: of all his coming ones
There was he reckoning up the tale, and well-loved sons of sons:
Their fate, their haps, their ways of life, their deeds to come to pass.
But when he saw Æneas now draw nigh athwart the grass,
He stretched forth either palm to him all eager, and the tears
Poured o’er his cheeks, and speech withal forth from his mouth there
fares:
“O come at last, and hath the love, thy father hoped for, won
O’er the hard way, and may I now look on thy face, O son,
And give and take with thee in talk, and hear the words I know?
So verily my mind forebode, I deemed ’twas coming so,
And counted all the days thereto; nor was my longing vain.
And now I have thee, son, borne o’er what lands, how many a main!
How tossed about on every side by every peril still!
Ah, how I feared lest Libyan land should bring thee unto ill!”
Then he: “O father, thou it was, thine image sad it was,
That, coming o’er and o’er again, drave me these doors to pass:

My ships lie in the Tyrrhene salt — ah, give the hand I lack!
Give it, my father; neither thus from my embrace draw back!”
His face was wet with plenteous tears e’en as the word he spake,
And thrice the neck of him beloved he strove in arms to take;
And thrice away from out his hands the gathered image streams,
E’en as the breathing of the wind or wingèd thing of dreams.
But down amid a hollow dale meanwhile Æneas sees
A secret grove, a thicket fair, with murmuring of the trees,
And Lethe’s stream that all along that quiet place doth wend;
O’er which there hovered countless folks and peoples without end:
And as when bees amid the fields in summer-tide the bright
Settle on diverse flowery things, and round the lilies white
Go streaming; so the fields were filled with mighty murmuring.
Unlearned Æneas fell aquake at such a wondrous thing,
And asketh what it all may mean, what rivers these may be,
And who the men that fill the banks with such a company.
Then spake Anchises: “These are souls to whom fate oweth now
New bodies: there they drink the draught by Lethe’s quiet flow,
The draught that is the death of care, the long forgetfulness.
And sure to teach thee of these things, and show thee all their press,
And of mine offspring tell the tale, for long have I been fain,
That thou with me mightst more rejoice in thine Italia’s gain.”
“O Father, may we think it then, that souls may get them hence
To upper air and take once more their bodies’ hinderance?
How can such mad desire be to win the worldly day?”
“Son, I shall tell thee all thereof, nor hold thee on the way.”
Therewith he takes the tale and all he openeth orderly:
“In the beginning: earth and sky and flowing fields of sea,
And stars that Titan fashioned erst, and gleaming moony ball,
An inward spirit nourisheth, one soul is shed through all,
That quickeneth all the mass, and with the mighty thing is blent:
Thence are the lives of men and beasts and flying creatures sent,
And whatsoe’er the sea-plain bears beneath its marble face;
Quick in these seeds is might of fire and birth of heavenly place,
Ere earthly bodies’ baneful weight upon them comes to lie,
Ere limbs of earth bewilder them and members made to die.
Hence fear they have, and love, and joy, and grief, and ne’er may

find

The face of heaven amid the dusk and prison strait and blind:
Yea, e'en when out of upper day their life at last is borne,
Not all the ill of wretched men is utterly outworn,
Not all the bane their bodies bred; and sure in wondrous wise
The plenteous ill they bore so long engrained in them it lies:
So therefore are they worn by woes and pay for ancient wrong:
And some of them are hung aloft the empty winds among;
And some, their stain of wickedness amidst the water's heart
Is washed away; amidst the fire some leave their worsen part;
And each his proper death must bear: then through Elysium wide
Are we sent forth; a scanty folk in joyful fields we bide,
Till in the fulness of the time, the day that long hath been
Hath worn away the inner stain and left the spirit clean,
A heavenly essence, a fine flame of all unmingled air.
All these who now have turned the wheel for many and many a year
God calleth unto Lethe's flood in mighty company,
That they, remembering nought indeed, the upper air may see
Once more, and long to turn aback to worldly life anew.”
Anchises therewithal his son, and her the Sibyl drew
Amid the concourse, the great crowd that such a murmuring sent,
And took a mound whence they might see the spirits as they went
In long array, and learn each face as 'neath their eyes it came.
“Come now, and I of Dardan folk will tell the following fame,
And what a folk from Italy the world may yet await,
Most glorious souls, to bear our name adown the ways of fate.
Yea, I will set it forth in words, and thou thy tale shalt hear:
Lo ye, the youth that yonder leans upon the headless spear,
Fate gives him highest place today; he first of all shall rise,
Blent blood of Troy and Italy, unto the earthly skies:
Silvius is he, an Alban name, thy son, thy latest born;
He whom thy wife Lavinia now, when thin thy life is worn,
Beareth in woods to be a king and get a kingly race,
Whence comes the lordship of our folk within the Long White Place.
And Procas standeth next to him, the Trojan people's fame;
Then Capys, Numitor, and he who bringeth back thy name,
Silvius Æneas, great in war, and great in godliness,

If ever he in that White Stead may bear the kingdom's stress.
Lo ye, what youths! what glorious might unto thine eyes is shown!
But they who shade their temples o'er with civic oaken crown,
These build for thee Nomentum's walls, and Gabii, and the folk
Fidenian, and the mountains load with fair Collatia's yoke:
Pometii, Bola, Cora, there shall rise beneath their hands,
And Inuus' camp: great names shall spring amid the nameless lands.
"Then Mavors' child shall come on earth, his grandsire following,
When Ilia's womb, Assaracus' own blood, to birth shall bring
That Romulus: — lo, see ye not the twin crests on his head,
And how the Father hallows him for day with his own dread
E'en now? Lo, son! those signs of his; lo, that renowned Rome!
Whose lordship filleth all the earth, whose heart Olympus' home,
And with begirdling of her wall girds seven great burgs to her,
Rejoicing in her man-born babes: e'en as the Earth-Mother
Amidst the Phrygian cities goes with car and towered crown,
Glad in the Gods, whom hundred-fold she kisseth for her own.
All heaven-abiders, all as kings within the house of air.
Ah, turn thine eyeballs hitherward, look on this people here,
Thy Roman folk! Lo Cæsar now! Lo all Iulus' race,
Who 'neath the mighty vault of heaven shall dwell in coming days.
And this is he, this is the man thou oft hast heard foretold,
Augustus Cæsar, sprung from God to bring the age of gold
Aback unto the Latin fields, where Saturn once was king.
Yea, and the Garamantian folk and Indians shall he bring
Beneath his sway: beyond the stars, beyond the course of years,
Beyond the Sun-path lies the land, where Atlas heaven upbears,
And on his shoulders turns the pole with burning stars bestrown.
Yea, and e'en now the Caspian realms quake at his coming, shown
By oracles of God; and quakes the far Mæotic mere,
And sevenfold Nile through all his mouths quakes in bewildered
fear.

Not so much earth did Hercules o'erpass, though he prevailed
To pierce the brazen-footed hind, and win back peace that failed
The Erymanthus' wood, and shook Lerna with draught of bow;
Nor Liber turning vine-wreathed reins when he hath will to go
Adown from Nysa's lofty head in tiger-yokèd car. —

Forsooth then shall we doubt but deeds shall spread our valour far?
Shall fear forsooth forbid us rest in that Ausonian land?
“But who is this, the olive-crowned, that beareth in his hand
The holy things? I know the hair and hoary beard of eld
Of him, the Roman king, who first a law-bound city held,
Sent out from little Cures’ garth, that unrich land of his,
Unto a mighty lordship: yea, and Tullus next is this,
Who breaks his country’s sleep and stirs the slothful men to fight;
And calleth on the weaponed hosts unused to war’s delight
But next unto him Ancus fares, a boaster overmuch;
Yea and e’en now the people’s breath too nigh his heart will touch.
And wilt thou see the Tarquin kings and Brutus’ lofty heart,
And fasces brought aback again by his avenging part?
He first the lordship consular and dreadful axe shall take;
The father who shall doom the sons, that war and change would
wake,
To pain of death, that he thereby may freedom’s fairness save.
Unhappy! whatso tale of thee the after-time may have,
The love of country shall prevail, and boundless lust of praise.
“Drusi and Decii lo afar! On hard Torquatus gaze,
He of the axe: Camillus lo, the banner-rescuer!
But note those two thou seest shine in arms alike and clear,
Now souls of friends, and so to be while night upon them weighs:
Woe’s me! what war shall they awake if e’er the light of days
They find: what host each sets ‘gainst each, what death-field shall
they dight!
The father from the Alpine wall, and from Monoecus’ height
Comes down; the son against him turns the East’s embattlement.
O children, in such evil war let not your souls be spent,
Nor turn the valour of your might against the heart of home.
Thou first, refrain, O thou my blood from high Olympus come;
Cast thou the weapons from thine hand!
“Lo to the Capitol aloft, for Corinth triumphing,
One glorious with Achæan deaths in victor’s chariot goes;
Mycenæ, Agamemnon’s house, and Argos he o’erthrows,
Yea and Æacides himself the great Achilles’ son;
Avenging so the sires of Troy and Pallas’ house undone.

Great Cato, can I leave thee then untold? pass Cossus o'er?
Or house of Gracchus? Yea, or ye, twin thunderbolts of war,
Ye Scipios, bane of Libyan land? Fabricius, poor and strong?
Or thee, Serranus, casting seed adown the furrows long?
Fabii, where drive ye me outworn? Thou Greatest, thou art he,
Who bringest back thy country's weal by tarrying manfully.
"Others, I know, more tenderly may beat the breathing brass,
And better from the marble block bring living looks to pass;
Others may better plead the cause, may compass heaven's face,
And mark it out, and tell the stars, their rising and their place:
But thou, O Roman, look to it the folks of earth to sway;
For this shall be thine handicraft, peace on the world to lay,
To spare the weak, to wear the proud by constant weight of war."
So mid their marvelling he spake, and added furthermore:
"Marcellus lo! neath Spoils of Spoils how great and glad he goes,
And overtops all heroes there, the vanquisher of foes:
Yea, he shall prop the Roman weal when tumult troubleth all,
And ride amid the Punic ranks, and crush the rising Gaul,
And hang in sire Quirinus' house the third war-taken gear."
Then spake Æneas, for he saw following Marcellus near
A youth of beauty excellent, with gleaming arms bedight,
Yet little glad of countenance with eyes that shunned the light:
"O father, who is he that wends beside the hero's hem,
His son belike, or some one else from out that mighty stem?
What murmuring of friends about! How mighty is he made!
But black Night fluttereth over him with woeful mirky shade."
Then midst the rising of his tears father Anchises spoke:
"O son, search not the mighty woe and sorrow of thy folk!
The Fates shall show him to the world, nor longer blossoming
Shall give. O Gods that dwell on high, belike o'ergreat a thing
The Roman tree should seem to you, should this your gift endure!
How great a wail of mighty men that Field of Fame shall pour
On Mavors' mighty city walls: what death-rites seest thou there,
O Tiber, as thou glidest by his new-wrought tomb and fair!
No child that is of Ilian stock in Latin sires shall raise
Such glorious hope; nor shall the land of Romulus e'er praise
So fair and great a nursling child mid all it ever bore.

Goodness, and faith of ancient days, and hand unmatched in war,
Alas for all! No man unhurt had raised a weaponed hand
Against him, whether he afoot had met the foeman's band,
Or smitten spur amid the flank of eager foaming horse.
O child of all men's ruth, if thou the bitter Fates mayst force,
Thou art Marcellus. Reach ye hands of lily-blooms fulfilled;
For I will scatter purple flowers, and heap such offerings spilled
Unto the spirit of my child, and empty service do."

Thereafter upon every side they strayed that country through,
Amid wide-spreading airy meads, and sight of all things won.
But after old Anchises now through all had led his son,
And kindled love within his heart of fame that was to be,
Then did he tell him of the wars that he himself should see,
And of Laurentian peoples taught, and town of Latin folk;
And how from every grief to flee, or how to bear its stroke.
Now twofold are the Gates of Sleep, whereof the one, men say,
Is wrought of horn, and ghosts of sooth thereby win easy way,
The other clean and smooth is wrought of gleaming ivory,
But lying dreams the nether Gods send up to heaven thereby.
All said, Anchises on his son and Sibyl-maid doth wait
Unto the last, and sends them up by that same ivory gate.
He wears the way and gains his fleet and fellow-folk once more.
So for Caieta's haven-mouth by straightest course they bore,
Till fly the anchors from the bows and sterns swing round ashore.

BOOK VII.

ARGUMENT.

ÆNEAS AND HIS TROJANS TAKE LAND BY THE TIBER-MOUTH, AND KING LATINUS PLIGHTETH PEACE WITH THEM; WHICH PEACE IS BROKEN BY THE WILL OF JUNO, AND ALL MEN MAKE THEM READY FOR WAR.

Thou also, O Æneas' nurse, Caieta, didst avail,
E'en dying, unto these our shores to leave a deathless tale:
And yet thy glory guards the place, thy bones have won it name
Within the great Hesperian land, if that be prize of fame.
But good Æneas, when at last all funeral rites were paid
And the grave heaped, when in a while the ocean's face was laid,
Went on his way with sails aloft, and left the port behind:
The faint winds breathe about the night, the moon shines clear and kind;
Beneath the quivering shining road the wide seas gleaming lie.
But next the beach of Circe's land their swift ships glide anigh,
Where the rich daughter of the Sun with constant song doth rouse
The groves that none may enter in, or in her glorious house
Burneth the odorous cedar-torch amidst the dead of night,
While through the slender warp she speeds the shrilling shuttle light.
And thence they hear the sound of groans, and wrath of lions dread
Fretting their chains; and roaring things o'er night-tide fallen dead;
And bristled swine and caged bears cried bitter-wild, and sore;
And from the shapes of monstrous wolves the howling seaward bore.
These from the likeness of mankind had cruel Circe won
By herbs of might, and shape and hide of beasts upon them done.
But lest the godly Trojan folk such wickedness should bear,
Lest borne into the baneful bay they bring their keels o'er near,
Their sails did Father Neptune fill with fair and happy breeze,
And sped their flight and sent them swift across the hurrying seas.
Now reddened all the sea with rays, and from the heavenly plain
The golden-hued Aurora shone amidst her rosy wain,
Then fell the winds and every air sank down in utter sleep,

And now the shaven oars must strive amid the sluggish deep:
Therewith Æneas sees a wood rise from the water's face,
And there it is the Tiber's flood amidst a pleasant place,
With many a whirling eddy swift and yellowing with sand
Breaks into sea; and diversely above on either hand
The fowl that love the river-bank and haunt the river-bed
Sweetened the air with plenteous song and through the thicket fled.
So there Æneas bids his folk shoreward their bows to lay,
And joyfully he entereth in the stream's o'ershadowed way.
To aid, Erato! while I tell what kings, what deedful tide,
What manner life, in Latin land did anciently abide
When first the stranger brought his ships to that Ausonian shore;
Yea help me while I call aback beginnings of the war.
O Goddess, hearten thou thy seer! dread war my song-speech saith:
It tells the battle in array, and kings full fain of death,
The Tyrrhene host, all Italy, spurred on the sword to bear:
Yea, greater matters are afoot, a mightier deed I stir.
The king Latinus, old of days, ruled o'er the fields' increase,
And cities of the people there at rest in long-drawn peace:
Of Faunus and Laurentian nymph, Marica, do we learn
That he was born: but Faunus came of Picus, who must turn
To thee, O Saturn, for his sire: 'twas he that blood began.
Now, as God would, this king had got no son to grow a man,
For he who first had dawned on him in earliest youth had waned:
A daughter only such a house, so great a world sustained,
Now ripe for man, the years fulfilled that made her meet for bed:
And her much folk of Latin land were fain enow to wed,
And all Ausonia: first of whom, and fairest to be seen,
Was Turnus, great from fathers great; and him indeed the queen
Was fain of for her son-in-law with wondrous love of heart:
But dreadful portents of the Gods the matter thrust apart.
Amidmost of the inner house a laurel-tree upbore
Its hallowed leaves, that fear of God had kept through years of yore:
Father Latinus first, they said, had found it there, when he
Built there his burg and hallowed it to Phoebus' deity,
And on Laurentian people thence the name thereof had laid;
On whose top now the gathered bees, O wondrous to be said!

Borne on with mighty humming noise amid the flowing air,
Had settled down, and foot to foot all interwoven there,
In sudden swarm they hung adown from off the leafy bough.
But straight the seer cries out: "Ah me! I see him coming now,
The stranger man; I see a host from that same quarter come
To this same quarter, to be lords amidst our highest home."
But further, while the altar-fires she feeds with virgin brands,
The maid Lavinia, and beside her ancient father stands,
Out! how along her length of hair the grasp of fire there came,
And all the tiring of her head was caught in crackling flame.
And there her royal tresses blazed, and blazed her glorious crown
Gem-wrought, and she one cloud of smoke and yellow fire was
grown:

And wrapped therein, the fiery God she scattered through the house:
And sure it seemed a dreadful thing, a story marvellous:
For they fell singing she should grow glorious of fame and fate,
But unto all her folk should be the seed of huge debate.
So troubled by this tokening dread forth fareth now the king
To Faunus' fane, his father-seer, to ask him counselling
'Neath Albunea the high, whose wood, the thicket most of worth,
Resoundeth with the holy well and breathes the sulphur forth.
From whence the folk of Italy and all Oenotrian land
Seek rede amidst of troublous time. Here, when the priest in hand
Hath borne the gifts, and laid him down amidst the hush of night
On the strown fells of slaughtered ewes, and sought him sleep aright,
He seeth wondrous images about him flit and shift,
He hearkeneth many a changing voice, of talk with Gods hath gift,
And holdeth speech with Acheron, from deep Avernus come.
There now the sire Latinus went seeking the answers home,
And there an hundred woolly ewes in order due did slay,
And propped upon the fells thereof on bed of fleeces lay,
Till from the thickets inner depths the sudden answer came:
"Seek not thy daughter, O my son, to wed to Latin name;
Unto the bridal set on foot let not thy troth be given:
Thy sons are coming over sea to raise our blood to heaven,
And sons of sons' sons from their stem shall see beneath their feet
All things for them to shift and doom; all things the sun may meet,

As to and fro he wendeth way 'twixt either ocean wave."
Such warnings of the silent night that father Faunus gave,
Shut up betwixt his closed lips Latinus held no whit,
But through Ausonia flying fame had borne the noise of it,
When that Laomedontian folk at last had moored their ships
Unto the grassy-mounded bank whereby the river slips.
Æneas and Iulus fair, and all their most and best,
Beneath a tall tree's boughs had laid their bodies down to rest:
They dight the feast; about the grass on barley-cakes they lay
What meat they had, — for even so Jove bade them do that day, —
And on the ground that Ceres gave the woodland apples pile.
And so it happened, that all being spent, they turn them in a while
To Ceres' little field, and eat, egged on by very want,
And dare to waste with hands and teeth the circle thin and scant
Where fate lay hid, nor spare upon the trenchers wide to fall.
"Ah!" cries Iulus, "so today we eat up board and all."
'Twas all his jest-word; but its sound their labour slew at last,
And swift his father caught it up, as from his mouth it passed,
And stayed him, by the might of God bewildered utterly.
Then forthwith: "Hail," he cried, "O land that Fate hath owed to me!
And ye, O House-gods of our Troy, hail ye, O true and kind!
This is your house, this is your land: my father, as I mind,
Such secrets of the deeds of Fate left me in days of yore:
'O son, when hunger driveth thee stranded on outland shore
To eat the very boards beneath thy victual scant at need,
There hope for house, O weary one, and in that place have heed
To set hand first unto the roof, and heap the garth around.'
So this will be that hunger-tide: this waited us to bound
Our wasting evils at the last.
So come, and let us joyfully upon the first of dawn
Seek out the land, what place it is, what men-folk there abide,
And where their city; diversely leaving the haven-side.
But now pour out the bowls to Jove, send prayer upon the way
To sire Anchises, and the wine again on table lay."
He spake, and with the leafy bough his temples garlanded,
And to the Spirit of the Soil forthwith the prayer he said,
To Earth, the eldest-born of Gods, to Nymphs, to Streams unknown

As yet: he called upon the Night, and night-tide's signs new shown;
Idæan Jove, the Phrygian Queen, the Mother, due and well
He called on; and his parents twain in Heaven and in Hell.
But thrice the Almighty Father then from cloudless heaven on high
Gave thunder, showing therewithal the glory of his sky
All burning with the golden gleam, and shaken by his hand.
Then sudden rumour ran abroad amid the Trojan band,
That now the day was come about their fateful walls to raise;
So eagerly they dight the feast, gladdened by omen's grace,
And bring the beakers forth thereto and garland well the wine.
But when the morrow's lamp of dawn across the earth 'gan shine,
The shore, the fields, the towns of folk they search, wide scattering:
And here they come across the pools of that Numician spring:
This is the Tiber-flood; hereby the hardy Latins dwell.
But therewithal Anchises' seed from out them chose him well
An hundred sweet-mouthed men to go unto the walls renowned,
Where dwelt the king, and every one with Pallas' olive crowned,
To carry gifts unto the lord and peace for Teucrians pray.
So, bidden, nought they tarry now, but swift-foot wear the way.
But he himself marks out the walls with shallow ditch around,
And falls to work upon the shore his first abode to found,
In manner of a camp, begirt with bank and battlement.
Meanwhile his men beheld at last, when all the way was spent,
The Latin towers and roofs aloft, and drew the walls anigh:
There were the lads and flower of youth afield the city by
Backing the steed, or mid the dust a-steering of the car,
Or bending of the bitter bow, hurling tough darts afar
By strength of arm; for foot or fist crying the challenging.
Then fares a well-horsed messenger, who to the ancient king
Bears tidings of tall new-comers in outland raiment clad:
So straight Latinus biddeth them within his house be had,
And he upon his father's throne sat down amidmost there.
High on an hundred pillars stood that mighty house and fair,
High in the burg, the dwelling-place Laurentian Picus won,
Awful with woods, and worshipping of sires of time agone:
Here was it wont for kings to take the sceptre in their hand,
Here first to raise the axe of doom: 'twas court-house of the land,

This temple, and the banquet-hall; here when the host was slain
The fathers at the endlong boards would sit the feast to gain.
There too were dight in cedar old the sires of ancient line
For there was fashioned Italus, and he who set the vine,
Sabinus, holding yet in hand the image of the hook;
And Saturn old, and imaging of Janus' double look,
Stood in the porch; and many a king was there from ancient tide,
Who in their country's battle erst the wounds of Mars would bide:
And therewithal were many arms hung on the holy door.
There hung the axes crookèd-horned, and taken wains of war,
And crested helms, and bolts and locks that city-gates had borne;
And spears and shields, and thrusting-beaks from ships of battle torn.
There with Quirinus' crooked staff, girt in the shortened gown,
With target in his left hand held, was Picus set adown, —
The horse-tamer, whom Circe fair, caught with desire erewhile,
Smote with that golden rod of hers, and, sprinkling venom's guile,
Made him a fowl, and colours fair blent on his shifting wings.
In such a temple of the Gods, in such a house of kings,
Latinus sat when he had called those Teucrian fellows in,
And from his quiet mouth and grave such converse did begin:
“What seek ye, sons of Dardanus? for not unknown to me
Is that your city or your blood; and how ye crossed the sea,
That have I heard. But these your ships, what counsel or what lack
Hath borne them to Ausonian strand o'er all the blue sea's back?
If ye have strayed from out your course, or, driven by stormy tide
(For such things oft upon the sea must seafarers abide),
Have entered these our river-banks in haven safe to lie,
Flee not our welcome, nor unknown the Latin folk pass by;
The seed of Saturn, bound to right by neither law nor chain,
But freely following in the ways whereof the God was fain.
Yea now indeed I mind a tale, though now with years outworn,
How elders of Aurunce said that mid these fields was born
That Dardanus, who reached at last the Phrygian Ida's walls,
And Thracian Samos, that the world now Samothracia calls:
From Tuscan stead of Corythus he went upon his ways;
Whose throne is set in golden heaven, the star-besprinkled place,
Who adds one other to the tale of altared deities.”

He ended, but Ilioneus followed in words like these:
“O king, O glorious Faunus’ child, no storm upon the main
Drave us amid the drift of waves your country coast to gain;
And neither star nor strand made blind the region of our road;
But we by counsel and free will have sought out thine abode,
Outcast from such a realm as once was deemed the mightiest
The Sun beheld, as o’er the heaven she ran from east to west.
Jove is the well-spring of our race; the Dardan children joy
In Jove for father; yea, our king, Æneas out of Troy,
Who sends us to thy door, himself is of the Highest’s seed.
How great a tempest was let loose o’er our Idæan mead,
From dire Mycenæ Sent; what fate drave either clashing world,
Europe and Asia, till the war each against each they hurled,
His ears have heard, who dwells afar upon the land alone
That ocean beats; and his no less the bondman of the zone,
That midmost lieth of the four, by cruel sun-blaze worn.
Lo, from that flood we come to thee, o’er waste of waters borne,
Praying a strip of harmless shore our House-Gods’ home to be,
And grace of water and of air to all men lying free.
We shall not foul our land’s renown; and thou, thy glory fair
We know, and plenteous fruit of thanks this deed of thine shall bear:
Nor ever may embrace of Troy Ausonia’s soul despite.
Now by Æneas’ fates I swear, and by his hand of might,
Whether in troth it hath been tried, or mid the hosts of war,
That many folks — yea, scorn us not that willingly we bore
These fillets in our hands today with words beseeching peace —
That many lands have longed for us, and yearned for our increase.
But fate of Gods and Gods’ command would ever drive us home
To this your land: this is the place whence Dardanus was come,
And hither now he comes again: full sore Apollo drave
To Tuscan Tiber, and the place of dread Numicius’ wave.
Moreover, here some little gifts of early days of joy
Giveth our king, a handful gleaned from burning-tide of Troy:
Anchises at the altar erst would pour from out this gold;
This was the gear that Priam used when in the guise of old
He gave his gathered folk the law; sceptre, and holy crown,
And weed the work of Ilian wives.”

Now while Ilioneus so spake Latinus held his face,
Musing and steadfast, on the ground setting his downcast gaze,
Rolling his eyes all thought-fulfilled; nor did the broidered gear
Of purple move the King so much, nor Priam's sceptre fair,
As on his daughter's bridal bed the thoughts in him had rest,
For ancient Faunus' fateful word he turned within his breast.
Here was the son, the fate-foretold, the outland wanderer,
Called on by equal doom of God the equal throne to share;
He from whose loins those glorious sons of valour should come forth
To take the whole world for their own by utter might of worth.
At last he spake out joyfully: "God grace our deed begun,
And his own bidding! man of Troy, thine asking shall be done:
I take your gifts: nought shall ye lack from King Latinus' hand,
Riches of Troy, nor health and wealth of fat and fruitful land.
But let Æneas come himself if he so yearn for me,
If he be eager for our house, and would our fellow be;
Nor let him fear to look upon friends' faces close anigh,
Part of the peace-troth shall be this, my hand in his to lie.
And now bear back unto your king this bidding that I send:
I have a daughter; her indeed with countryman to blend
The answers of my father's house forbid, and many a sign
Sent down from heaven: from over sea comes one to wed our line;
They say this bideth Latin Land; a man to raise our blood
Up to the very stars of heaven: that this is he fate would,
I think, yea hope, if any whit my heart herein avail."
He spake, and bade choose horses out from all his noble tale,
Whereof three hundred sleek and fair stood in the stables high:
These biddeth he for Teucrian men be led forth presently,
Wing-footed purple-bearing beasts, with pictures o'er them flung
Of woven stuff, and, on their breasts are golden collars hung:
Gold-housed are they, and champ in teeth the yellow-golden chain
But to Æneas, absent thence, a car and yoke-beasts twain
He sends: the seed of heaven are they, and breathing very fire,
The blood of those that Circe stole when she beguiled her sire,
That crafty mistress, winning them, bastards, from earthy mare.
So back again Æneas' folk high on their horses fare,
Bearing Latinus' gifts and words, and all the tale of peace.

But lo, where great Jove's bitter wife comes from the town of
Greece,
From Argos wrought of Inachus, and holds the airy way.
Far off she sees Æneas' joy, and where the ship-host lay
Of Dardans: yea from Sicily and far Pachynus head
She seeth him on earth at last and raising roofèd stead,
And all the ships void: fixed she stood, smit through with bitter
wrath,
And shook her head: then from her breast the angry words came
forth:
"Ah, hated race! Ah, Phrygian fates that shear my fates atwain!
Was there no dead man's place for you on that Sigeon plain?
Had ye no might to wend as slaves? gave Troy so poor a flame
To burn her men, that through the fire and through the swords ye
came?
I think at last my godhead's might is wearied and gone by,
That I have drunk enough of hate, and now at rest may lie: — I,
who had heart to follow up those outcasts from their land,
And as they fled o'er all the sea still in their path would stand.
Against these Teucrians sea and sky have spent their strength for
nought:
Was Syrtes aught, or Scylla aught, or huge Charybdis aught?
Lo now the longed-for Tiber's breast that nation cherisheth
Safe from the deep and safe from me: while Mars might do to death
Those huge-wrought folk of Lapithæ: the very Father-God
Gave up the ancient Calydon to Dian's wrath and rod.
What was the guilt of Lapithæ? what crime wrought Calydon?
But I, the mighty spouse of Jove, who nought have left undone
My evil hap might compass, I who ran through all craft's tale
Am vanquished of Æneas now. But if of no avail
My godhead be, I will not spare to pray what is of might,
Since Heaven I move not, needs must I let loose the Nether Night.
Ah! say it is not fated me the Latin realm to ban,
Lavinia must be fated wife of this same Trojan man,
Yet may I draw out time at least, and those great things delay;
At least may I for either king an host of people slay:
For father and for son-in-law shall plenteous price be paid,

With Trojan and Rutulian blood shalt thou be dowered, O maid;
Bellona's self shall bridal thee; not Cisseus' seed alone
Was big with brand; not she alone with wedding-ring has shone:
Yea, and this too is Venus' child; another Paris comes
To kindle deadly torch again in new-born Trojan homes."
So spake she terrible, and sank into the earth below,
Yea to the nether night, and stirred Alecto, forge of woe,
From the dread Goddesses' abode: sad wars she loveth well,
And murderous wrath, and lurking guile, and evil deeds and fell:
E'en Pluto loathes her; yea, e'en they of that Tartarean place,
Her sisters, hate her: sure she hath as many a changing face,
As many a cruel body's form, as her black snakes put forth.
To whom in such wise Juno spake and whetted on her wrath:
"Win me a work after thine heart, O Virgin of the night,
Lest all my fame, unstained of old, my glory won aright,
Give place: lest there Æneas' sons Latinus overcome
By wedlock, and in Italy set up their house and home:
Thou, who the brothers of one heart canst raise up each 'gainst each,
And overturn men's homes with hate, and through the house-walls'
breach
Bear in the stroke and deadly brand — a thousand names hast thou,

A thousand arts of ill: Stir up thy fruitful bosom now;
Be render of the plighted peace; of war-seed be the sower;
That men may yearn for arms, and ask, and snatch in one same
hour."

Thereon Alecto, steeped at heart with Gorgon venoming.
Sought Latium first and high-built house of that Laurentian king,
And by the silent threshold stood whereby Amata lay,
In whose hot heart a woman's woe and woman's wrath did play,
About those Teucrian new-comers and Turnus' bridal bed:
On her she cast an adder blue, a tress from off her head,
And sent it to her breast to creep her very heart-strings through,
That she, bewildered by the bane, may all the house undo.
So he betwixt her bosom smooth and dainty raiment slid,
And crawled as if he touched her not, and maddened her yet hid,
And breathed the adder's soul in her: the dreadful wormy thing

Seemed the wrought gold about her neck, or the long silken string
That knit her hair, and slippery soft it glided o'er her limbs.
And now while first the plague begins, and soft the venom swims,
Touching her sense, and round her bones the fiery web is pressed,
Nor yet her soul had caught the flame through all her poisoned
breast,

Still soft, and e'en as mothers will, she spake the word and said
Her woes about her daughter's case, and Phrygian bridal bed.

"To Teucrian outcasts shall our maid, Lavinia, wedded be?
O Father, hast thou nought of ruth of her, forsooth, and thee?
Nor of the mother, whom that man forsworn shall leave behind,
Bearing the maiden o'er the sea with the first northern wind?
Nay, not e'en so the Phrygian herd pierced Lacedæmon's fold,
And bore Ledæan Helen off unto the Trojan hold.

Nay, where is gone thine hallowed faith, thy kinsomeness of yore?
Thine hand that oft to Turnus' hand, thy kinsman, promise bore?

Lo, if we needs must seek a son strange to the Latin folk,
And Father Faunus' words on thee are e'en so strait a yoke,
I deem, indeed, that every land free from our kingdom's sway
Is stranger land, and even so I deem the Gods would say:
And Turnus comes, if we shall seek beginning of his race.

From Inachus, Acrisius old, and mid Mycenæ's place."

But when she thus had said in vain, and saw Latinus still
Withstand her: when all inwardly the maddening serpent's ill
Hath smitten through her heart of hearts and passed through all her
frame,

Then verily the hapless one, with dreadful things aflame,
Raves through the city's length and breadth in God-wrought agonies:
As 'neath the stroke of twisted lash at whiles the whip-top flies,
Which lads all eager for the game drive, ever circling wide
Round some void hall; it, goaded on beneath the strip of hide,
From circle unto circle goes; the silly childish throng
Still hanging o'er, and wondering how the box-tree spins along,
The while their lashes make it live: no quieter she ran
Through the mid city, borne amid fierce hearts of many a man.
Then in the wilderness she feigns the heart that Bacchus fills,
And stirs a greater madness up, beginning greater ills,

And mid the leafy mountain-side her daughter hides away,
To snatch her from the Teucrian bed, the bridal torch to stay;
Foaming: "Hail, Bacchus! thou alone art worthy lord to wed
This virgin thing: for thee she takes the spear's soft-fruited head,
For thee she twinkleth dancing feet, and feeds her holy hair."
The rumour flies, and one same rage all mother-folk doth bear,
Heart-kindled by the Fury's ill, to roofs of all unrest:
They flee the house and let the wind play free o'er hair and breast:
While others fill the very heavens with shrilly quivering wail,
And skin-clad toss about the spear the wreathing vine-leaves veil:
But she ablaze amidst of them upholds the fir-lit flame,
And sings her daughter's bridal song, and sings of Turnus' name,
Rolling her blood-shot eyes about; then eager suddenly
She shouts: "Ho, mothers! Latin wives, wherever ye may be,
Hearken! if in your righteous souls abideth any love
Of lorn Amata; if your souls a mother's right may move,
Cast off the fillets from your locks, with me the madness bear."
So through the woodland wilderness and deserts of the deer
Alecto drave the Queen around, with Bacchus' stings beset
But when she deemed enough was wrought that rage of hers to whet,
And that Latinus' rede and house was utterly undone,
Forthwith away on dusky wings is borne that evil one
Unto the bold Rutulian's wall: a city, saith the tale,
Raised up by Danaë for her Acrisian folks' avail
When on the hurrying South she fled: Ardea in days of yore
Our fathers called it; nor as yet is name thereof passed o'er,
Though wealth be gone: there Turnus lay within his house on high,
And midmost sleep of dusky night was winning peacefully.
When there Alecto cruel face and hellish body shed,
And to an ancient woman's like her shape she fashioned,
Wrinkling her forehead villanous; and hoary coifed hair
She donned, and round about it twined the olive-garland fair,
And seemed the ancient Calybé of Juno's holy place;
And so with such a word she thrust before the hero's face:
"Turnus, and wilt thou bear it now, such labour spent in vain,
And give thy folk to Dardan men, the outcasts of the main?
The King gainsays thy wedding couch, and dowry justly bought

By very blood, and for his throne an outland heir is sought.
Go, thou bemoaned, and thrust thyself mid perils none shall thank;
For cloaking of the Latin peace o'erthrow the Tuscan rank!
The mighty Saturn's Seed herself hath bid me openly
To bear thee this, while thou in peace of middle night shouldst lie.
So up! be merry! arm the lads! bid wend from out the gate.
Up, up, and arm! The Phrygian folk who in the fair stream wait,
Burn thou their dukes of men with fire! burn every painted keel!
'Tis heavenly might that biddeth this. Let King Latinus feel
Thy strength, and learn to know at last what meaneth Turnus' sword,
Unless he grant the wedding yet, and hold his plighted word."
But therewithal the young man spake, and answered her in scorn:
"Thou errest: tidings of all this failed nowise to be borne
Unto mine ears, how stranger ships the Tiber-flood beset.
Nay, make me not so sore afeared, — belike she minds me yet,
Juno, the Queen of Heaven aloft.
Nay, mother, Eld the mouldy-dull, the empty of all sooth,
Tormenteth thee with cares in vain, and mid the arms of kings
Bemoeks the seer with idle shows of many fearful things.
Nay, 'tis for thee to watch God's house, and ward the images,
And let men deal with peace and war; for they were born for these."
But at such word Alecto's wrath in utter fire outbrake;
A tremor ran throughout his limbs e'en as the word he spake;
Fixed stared his eyes, the Fury hissed with Serpent-world so dread,
And such a mighty body woke: then rolling in her head
Her eyes of flame, she thrust him back, stammering and seeking
speech,
As on her head she reared aloft two adders each by each,
And sounded all her fearful whip, and cried from raving mouth:
"Lo, I am she, the mouldy-dull, whom Eld, the void of sooth,
Bemoeks amid the arms of kings with empty lies of fear!
Look, look! for from the Sisters' House, the Dread Ones, come I
here;
And war and death I have in hand."
She spake, and on the youth she cast her torch and set its blaze,
A mirky gleam of smoke-wreathed flame, amidmost of his heart:
And mighty dread his slumber brake, and forth from every part,

From bones and body, burst the sweat, and o'er his limbs 'gan fall;
And wild he cries for arms, and seeks for arms from bed and wall:
The sword-lust rageth in his soul, and wicked thirst of war.
So was it as at whiles it is, when with a mighty roar
The twiggen flame goes up about the hollow side of brass;
The water leapeth up therewith, within comes rage to pass,
The while the cloudy foaming flood spouts up a bubbling stir,
Until the sea refrains no more; the black cloud flies in air.
So to the dukes of men he shows how peace hath evil end,
And on Latinus biddeth them in weed of war to wend;
That they may save their Italy, and thrust the foemen forth.
And he will fare unto the field more than the twain of worth,
Teucrians and Latins: so he saith, and calls the Gods to aid.
Then eagerly Rutulian men to war and battle bade:
For some his glorious beauty stirred, and some his youth drave on,
And some his sires; and some were moved by deeds his hand had done.

But while he fills Rutulian souls with love for glorious things,
Alecto to the Teucrians wends on Stygian-fashioned wings,
With fresh guile spying out the place where goodly on the shore,
With toils and speed 'gainst woodland beasts, Iulus waged the war.
Here for his hounds Cocytus' Maid a sudden madness blent,
Crossing the nostrils of the beasts with long familiar scent,
As eagerly they chased a hart. This first began the toil,
And kindled field-abiders' souls to war and deadly broil.
There was a hart most excellent, a noble hornèd thing,
That Tyrrheus' sons had stolen from its own dam's cherishing,
And fostered: he, their father, had the kingly herd to heed,
And well was trusted far and wide, the warden of the mead.
But to their sister Sylvia's hand the beast was used, and oft
She decked him lovingly, and wreathed his horns with leafage soft,
And combed him oft, and washed him oft in water of the well.
Tame to her hand, and used enow amid manfolk to dwell,
He strayed the woods; but day by day betook him evermore,
Of his own will at twilight-tide, to that familiar door.
Him now Iulus' hunting hounds mad-eager chanced to stir
Afar from home, and floating whiles adown the river fair,

Or whiles on bank of grassy green beguiling summer's flame.
Therewith Ascanius, all afire with lust of noble fame,
Turned on the beast the spiky reed from out the curvèd horn;
Nor lacked the God to his right hand; on was the arrow borne
With plenteous whirr, and smote the hart through belly and through
flank;
Who, wounded, to the well-known house fled fast, and groaning
shrank
Into the stalls of his abode, and bloody, e'en as one
Who cries for pity, filled the place with woefulness of moan.
Then first the sister Sylvia there, smiting her breast, cried out,
Calling to aid the hardy hearts of field-folk thereabout;
And swifter than the thought they came; for still that bitter Bane
Lurked in the silent woods: this man a half-burned brand did gain
For weapon; that a knotted stake: whate'er came first to hand,
The seeker's wrath a weapon made: there Tyrrheus cheers his band,
Come from the cleaving of an oak with foursome driven wedge,
Panting and fierce he tossed aloft the wood-bill's grinded edge.
But she, that Evil, on the watch, noting the death anigh,
Climbs up upon the stall-house loft, and from its roof on high
Singeth the shepherd's gathering sign, and through the crookèd horn
Sends voice of hell: and e'en therewith, as forth the notes were
borne,
The forest trembled; the deep woods resounded; yea afar
The mere of Trivia heard the sound, and that white water, Nar,
That bears the sulphur down its stream; the Veline well-springs
heard:
Mothers caught up their little ones, and trembled sore afraid.
Then hurrying at the voice sent forth by the dread war-horn's song,
The hardy-hearted folk of fields from everywhither throng,
With weapons caught in haste: and now the Trojan folk withal
Pour from their opened gates, and on to aid Ascanius fall.
And there the battle is arrayed; and now no war they wake,
Where field-folk strive with knotty club or fire-behardened stake;
But with the two-edged sword they strive: the meadows bristle black
With harvest of the naked steel: the gleaming brass throws back
Unto the clouds that swim aloft the smiting of the sun:

As when the whitening of the wind across the flood doth run,
And step by step the sea gets up, and higher heaps the wave,
Until heaven-high it sweeps at last up from its lowest cave.
And here, by dint of whistling shaft in forefront of the fight,
A youth, e'en Tyrrheus' eldest son, by name of Almo hight,
Was laid alow: there in his throat the reedy bane abode,
And shut with blood the path of speech, the tender life-breath's road.
And many a body fell around: there, thrusting through the press
With peaceful word, Galæsus old died in his righteousness;
Most just of men; most rich erewhile of all Ausonian land:
Five flocks of bleaters once he had: five-fold came home to hand
His herds of neat: an hundred ploughs turned up the earth for him.
But while they wrought these deeds of Mars mid doubtful fate and
dim,
The Goddess, strong in pledge fulfilled, since she the war had stained
With very blood, and death of men in that first battle gained,
Leaveth the Westland, and upborne along the hollow sky,
To Juno such a word of pride sets forth victoriously:
"Lo thou, the discord fashioned fair with misery of fight!
Come let them join in friendship now, and troth together plight!
But now, since I have sprinkled Troy with that Ausonian blood,
I will do more, if thereunto thy will abideth good;
For all the cities neighbouring to war my word shall bring,
And in their souls the love of Mars and maddening fire shall fling
Till all strike in, and all the lea crops of my sowing bear."
But Juno answered: "Full enough there is of fraud and fear;
Fast stands the stumbling-block of war, and hand to hand they fight:
The sword that Fate first gave to them hath man's death stained
aright
Forsooth let King Latinus now and Venus' noble son
Join hand to hand, and hold high feast for such a wedding won.
But thee, the Father of the Gods, lord of Olympus high,
Will nowise have a-wandering free beneath the worldly sky:
Give place; and whatso more of toil Fortune herein may make
Myself shall rule."
Such words as these Saturnian Juno spake,
And on the wing the Evil rose, with snaky sweeping whirr,

Seeking Cocytus' house, and left the light world's steep of air.
Midst Italy a place there is 'neath mountains high set down,
Whose noble tale in many a land hath fame and great renown,
The valley of Amsanctus called, hemmed in by woody steep
On either side, and through whose midst a rattling stream doth leap,
With clattering stones and eddying whirl: a strange den gapeth there,
The very breathing-hole of Dis; an awful place of fear,
A mighty gulf of baneful breath that Acheron hath made
When he brake forth: therein as now the baneful Fury laid
Her hated godhead, lightening so the load of earth and heaven.
No less meanwhile did Saturn's Queen still turn her hand to leaven
That war begun. The shepherd folk rush from the battle-wrack
Into the city of the king, bearing their dead aback,
Almo the lad, Galæsus slain with changed befoulèd face.
They bid Latinus witness bear, and cry the Gods for grace.
Turnus is there, and loads the tale of bale-fire and the sword,
And swells the fear: "The land shall have a Teucrian host for lord:
With Phrygians shall ye foul your race and drive me from your
door."

Then they, whose mothers midst the wood God Bacchus overbore,
To lead the dance — Amata's name being held in nowise light —
Together draw from every side, and weary for the fight.
Yea, all with froward heart and voice cry out for war and death,
That signs of heaven forbid so sore, that high God gainsayeth,
And King Latinus' house therewith beset they eagerly;
But he unmoved against them stands as crag amid the sea;
As crag amid the sea, that stands unmoved and huge to meet
The coming crash, while plenteously the waves bark round its feet:
Vain is the roaring on the rocks and rattling shingly crash,
The wrack from off its smitten sides falls down amid the wash.
But when no might is given him their blindness to o'ercome,
And by the road fell Juno would the matter must win home,
Sore called the father on the Gods and emptiness of air:
"Ah, broken by the Fates," he cried, "amid the storm we bear!
Ye with your godless blood yourselves shall pay the penalty,
Unhappy men! But Turnus, thou, thine ill deed bideth thee
With woe enough, and overlate the Gods shalt thou adore.

For me, my rest is gained, my foot the threshold passeth o'er;
Yet is my happy ending spilled."

Nor further would he say;

But, hedged within his house, he cast the reins of rule away.

In Latium of the Westland world a fashion was whilome,

Thence hallowed of the Alban folk, held holy thence by Rome,

Earth's mightiest thing: and this they used what time soe'er they
woke

Mars unto battle; whether they against the Getic folk,

Ind, Araby, Hyrcanian men, fashioned the woeful wrack,

Or mid the dawn from Parthian men the banners bade aback.

For twofold are the Gates of War — still bear they such a name —

Hallowed by awe of Mars the dread, and worship of his fame,

Shut by an hundred brazen bolts, and iron whose avail

Shall never die: nor ever thence doth door-ward Janus fail.

Now when amid the Fathers' hearts fast is the war-rede grown,

The Consul, girt in Gabine wise, and with Quirinus gown

Made glorious, doth himself unbar the creaking door-leaves great,

And he himself cries on the war; whom all men follow straight,

The while their brazen yea-saying the griding trumpets blare.

In e'en such wise Latinus now was bidden to declare

The battle 'gainst Æneas' folk, and ope the gates of woe.

But from their touch the Father shrank, and fleeing lest he do

The evil deed, in eyeless dark he hideth him away.

Then slipped the Queen of Gods from heaven, and ended their delay;

For back upon their hinges turned the Seed of Saturn bore

The tarrying leaves, and burst apart the iron Gates of War,

And all Ausonia yet unstirred brake suddenly ablaze:

And some will go afoot to field, and some will wend their ways

Aloft on horses dusty-fierce: all seek their battle-gear.

Some polish bright the buckler's face and rub the pike-point clear

With fat of sheep; and many an axe upon the wheel is worn.

They joy to rear the banners up and hearken to the horn.

And now five mighty cities forge the point and edge anew

On new-raised anvils; Tibur proud, Atina staunch to do,

Ardea and Crustumerium's folk, Antemnæ castle-crowned.

They hollow helming for the head; they bend the withe around

For buckler-boss: or other some beat breast-plates of the brass,
Or from the toughened silver bring the shining greaves to pass.
Now fails all prize of share and hook, all yearning for the plough;
The swords their fathers bore afield anew they smithy now.
Now is the gathering-trumpet blown; the battle-token speeds;
And this man catches helm from wall; this thrusteth foaming steeds
To collar; this his shield does on, and mail-coat threesome laid
Of golden link, and girdeth him with ancient trusty blade.
O Muses, open Helicon, and let your song awake
To tell what kings awoke to war, what armies for whose sake
Filled up the meads; what men of war sweet mother Italy
Bore unto flower and fruit as then; what flame of fight ran high:
For ye remember, Holy Ones, and ye may tell the tale;
But we — a slender breath of fame scarce by our ears may sail.
Mezentius first, the foe of Gods, fierce from the Tuscan shore
Unto the battle wends his way, and armeth host of war:
Lausus, his son, anigh him wends; — no lovelier man than he,
Save Turnus, the Laurentine-born, the crown of all to see. —
Lausus, the tamer of the horse, the wood-deer's following bane,
Who led from Agyllina's wall a thousand men in vain.
Worthy was he to have more mirth than 'neath Mezentius' sway;
Worthy that other sire than he had given him unto day.
The goodly Aventinus next, glorious with palm of prize,
Along the grass his chariot shows and steeds of victories,
Sprung from the goodly Hercules, marked by his father's shield,
Where Hydra girded hundred-fold with adders fills the field:
Him Rhea the priestess on a day gave to the sun-lit earth,
On wooded bent of Aventine, in secret stolen birth;
The woman mingled with a God, what time that, Geryon slain,
The conquering man of Tiryns touched the fair Laurentian plain,
And washed amidst the Tuscan stream the bulls Iberia bred.
These bear in war the bitter glaive and darts with pilèd head:
With slender sword and Sabine staff the battle they abide;
But he afoot and swinging round a monstrous lion's hide,
Whose bristly brow and terrible with sharp white teeth a-row
Hooded his head, beneath the roof where dwelt the king did go
All shaggy rough, his shoulders clad with Herculean cloak.

Then next twin brethren wend away from Tibur's town and folk,
Whose brother-born, Tiburtus, erst had named that citied place;
Catillus, eager Coras they, men of the Argive race;
In forefront of the battle-wood, mid thick of sleet they fare,
Like as two centaurs cloud-begot, that down the mountains bear,
Leaving the high-piled Homole, and Othrys of the snow
With hurrying hoofs: the mighty wood yields to them as they go;
The tangle of the thicket-place before them gives aback.
Nor did Præneste's raiser-up from field of battle lack,
That Cæculus, whom king of men mid cattle of the mead,
All ages of the world have trowed was Vulcan's very seed
Found on the hearth: from wide away gathered his rustic band:
Those housed upon Præneste's steep; they of the Juno land
Of Gabii: abiders near cool Anio, they that dwell
On Hernic rocks, the stream-bedewed: they whom thou feedest well,
Anagnia rich; the foster-sons of Amasenus' coast.
Not all had arms, or clash of shield, or war-wain; but the most
Cast the grey plummets forth, and some, the dart in hand they bear,
And on the head the fallow fell of woodland wolf they wear
For helming: now with all of them the left foot goes aground,
Naked and bare; but with the hide untanned the left is bound.
Messapus lo, the horse-tamer, a child by Neptune won,
Ne'er by the fire to be spilled, nor by the steel undone;
His folk this long while sunk in peace, a battle-foolish band,
He calleth suddenly to fight, and taketh sword in hand;
Æqui Falisci are of these, Fescennium's folk of fight,
These lie upon Flavinium's lea, and hold Soracte's hight,
And mere and mound of Ciminus, Capena's woodland broad.
With measured footfalls on they go, a-singing of their lord:
As whiles the snowy swans will fare amid the world of cloud,
Returning from their feeding-field; far goes the song and loud,
Whose notes along their necks they pour: the flood resounds, and all
The Asian marish beat with song.
Scarce might ye deem the brazen ranks of such a mighty host
Were gathered there: but rather fowl a-driving toward the coast,
An airy cloud of hoarse-voiced things drawn from the wallowing sea.
Lo sprung from ancient Sabine blood comes Clausus presently,

Leading a mighty host, himself a very host of war;
From whom the Claudian tribe and race hath spread itself afar
Through Latium, since the Sabine folk was given a share in Rome:
With him the Amiternian host and old Quirites come;
Eretus' host and they that keep Mutusca's olive gain,
The bidders in Nomentum's wall, and Veline Rosea's plain,
The bristling rocks of Tetricæ and high Severus' flank,
Casperia and Foruli and wet Himella's bank;
The drinkers of the Tiber-stream and Fabaris, and folk
Cool Nursia sends, and Horta's troop, and men of Latin yoke;
And they whom hapless Allia parts with wash of waters wan:
As many as on Lybian main the tumbling waves roll on
When fierce Orion falls to sleep in wintry waters' lair;
Or thick as stand the wheaten ears the young sun burneth there
On Hermus' plain or Lycia's lea a-yellowing for the hook:
Loud clashed the shields, and earth afeared beneath their footfalls
shook.

Halæsus, Agamemnon's blood, a foe to Troy inbred,
Next yoked the horses to the car; a thousand men he led,
Fierce folk for Turnus: they that hoe the vine-fair Massic soil;
And they that from their lofty hills adown unto the broil
Aruncan fathers sent, and they of Sidicinum's lea;
All who leave Cales, all whose homes beside Vulturnus be,
The shoally water: with them went Saticula's fierce band,
And host of Oscans: slender shafts are weapons of their hand,
Which same to toughened casting-thong amid the fight they tie;
With bucklered left and scanty blade they come to blows anigh.
Nor, Oebalus, shalt thou unsung from this our story fail,
Whom Telon on nymph Sebethis begat as tells the tale
When Teleboan Capreæ he reigned o'er waxen old;
Whose son might not abide to sit within his father's fold;
But even then held neath his sway the country far and wide,
Sarrastes' folk, and all the plain along the Sarnus side.
Celenna's lea, and Batulum, and folk of Rufra's town,
And those on whom Abella's walls, the apple-rich, look down.
But these are wont to hurl the spear after the Teuton wise,
Their heads are helmed with e'en such bark as on the holm-oak lies:

All brazen-wrought their targets gleam, their brazen sword-blades flash.

'Twas Nursæ in the heart of hills sent thee to battle-clash,
O Ufens, well renowned of fame, and rich in battle's grace;
Whose folk are roughest lived of men, eager for woodland chase;
Æquiculi they hight; who dwell on land of little gain,
And ever armed they till the earth, and ever are they fain
To drive the spoil from hour to hour, and live upon the prey.
Then Umbro of the hardy heart went on the battle-way;
Priest was he of Marruvian folk; about his helm was bent
The happy olive, leaf and twig: him King Archippus sent:
Wont was he with his hand and voice the bitter viper-kind
And water-worms of evil breath in bonds of sleep to bind;
And he would soothe the wrath of them, and dull their bite by craft,
Yet nothing might he heal the hurt that came of Dardan shaft;
Nay, nothing might the sleepy song avail against his bane,
All herbs on Marsian mountains plucked were nought thereto and vain.

Anguitia's thicket wept for thee, Fucinus wave of glass,
The thin wan waters wept for thee.

Most goodly Virbius went to war, Hippolytus' own son:
His mother fair Aricia sent this battle-glorious one
From fostering of Egeria's wood, from out the marish place
Where standeth Dian's altar rich fulfilled of plenteous grace.
For folk say, when Hippolytus, undone by step-dame's lie,
Had paid unto his father's wrath that utmost penalty,
He, piecemeal torn by maddened steeds, yet came aback to live
Beneath the starry firmament, and air that heaven doth give,
Brought back to life by healing herbs and Dian's cherishing:
Then the Almighty Father, wroth that any mortal thing
Should rise again to light of life from nether shadows wan,
Beat down with bolt to Stygian wave the Phoebus-gotten man,
The finder of such healing craft, the wise in such an art.
But Trivia's lovingkindness hid Hippolytus apart,
And in the nymph Egeria's wood she held him many a day:
Alone in woods of Italy he wore his life away,
Deedless, his very name all changed, and Virbius by-named then.

So for this cause to Trivia's fane and hallowed grove do men
Drive horn-foot steeds, because, o'ercome by sea-beasts dread of
yore,

Piecemeal the chariot and the man they strewed about the shore.
No less his son would drive the steeds across the level plain
For all their heat, and rush to war aloft in battle-wain.

Now mid the forefront Turnus self of body excellent,
Strode sword in hand: there by the head all others he outwent:
His threefold crested helm upbore Chimæra in her wrath;
Where very flame of Ætna's womb her jaws were pouring forth;
And fiercer of her flames was she, and madder of her mood
As bloomed the battle young again with more abundant blood.

But on the smoothness of his shield was golden Io shown
With upraised horns, with hairy skin, a very heifer grown, —
A noble tale; — and Argus there was wrought, the maiden's ward;
And father Inachus from bowl well wrought the river poured.

A cloud of foot-folk follow him; his shielded people throng
The meadows all about; forth goes the Argive manhood strong;
Aruncan men and Rutuli, Sicanians of old years,

Sacranian folk, Labicus' band the blazoned shield-bearers:

Thy thicket-biders, Tiber; those that holy acres till

Beside Numicus, those that plough Rutulian holt and hill,

And ridges of Circaeï: they whose meadows Anxur Jove

Looks down on, where Feronia joys amid her fair green grove;

Where Satura's black marish lies, where chilly Ufens glides,

Seeking a way through lowest dales, till in the sea he hides.

And after these from Volscian folk doth fair Camilla pass,

Leading a mighty host of horse all blossoming with brass;

A warrior maid, whose woman's hands unused to ply the rock,

Unused to bear Minerva's crate, were wise in battle's shock.

The very winds might she outgo with hurrying maiden feet,

Or speed across the topmost blades of tall unsmitten wheat,

Nor ever hurt the tender ears below her as she ran;

Or she might walk the middle sea, and cross the welter wan,

Nor dip the nimble soles of her amid the wavy ways.

From house and field the youth pours forth to wonder and to gaze;

The crowd of mothers stands at stare all marvelling, and beholds

Her going forth; how kingly cloak of purple dye enfolds
Her shining shoulders, how the clasp of gold knots up her hair,
And how a quiver Lycian-wrought the Queen herself doth bear,
And shepherd's staff of myrtle-wood steel-headed to a spear.

BOOK VIII.

ARGUMENT.

THE LATINS SEEK HELP OF DIOMEDE, AND ÆNEAS OF EVANDER, TO WHOM HE GOETH AS A GUEST. VENUS CAUSETH VULCAN TO FORGE ARMOUR AND WEAPONS FOR HER SON ÆNEAS.

When Turnus from Laurentum's burg the battle-sign upreared,
When with their voices hard and shrill the gathering trumpets blare,
When he had stirred his war-steeds on and clashed his weed of war,
All troubled were the minds of men, and midst of tumult sore
All Latium swore the battle oath, and rage of men outbroke;
Messapus then, and Ufens great, the dukes of warring folk,
Mezentius, scorner of the Gods, these drive from every side
The folk to war, and waste the fields of tillers far and wide.
And Venulus is sent withal to Diomedes' town
To pray for aid, and tell him how the Teucrians are come down
On Latium: how Æneas comes with ship-host, carrying
His vanquished House-Gods, calling him the Fate-ordainèd King;
How many a folk of Italy hath joined the Dardan lord,
How that his name in Latin land is grown a mighty word —
'What thing the man will build from this, what way the prize of fight,
If Fortune aid him he shall turn — through this thou see'st more light
Than cometh to King Turnus yet or King Latinus eyes.
So goes the world in Latium now, and noting how all lies,
The Trojan hero drifts adown a mighty tide of care,
And hither now his swift thought speeds, now thither bids it fare,
And sends it diversely about by every way to slip:
As quivering light of water is in brazen vessel's lip,
Smit by the sun, or casting back the image of the moon.
It flitteth all about the place, and rising upward soon
Smiteth the fashioned ceiling spread beneath the tiling steep.
Night fell, and over all the world the earthly slumber deep
Held weary things, the fowl of air, the cattle of the wold,
And on the bank beneath the crown of heaven waxen cold,

Father Æneas, all his heart with woeful war oppressed,
Lay stretched along and gave his limbs the tardy meed of rest:
When lo, between the poplar-leaves the godhead of the place,
E'en Tiber of the lovely stream, arose before his face,
A veil of linen grey and thin the elder's body clad,
And garlanding of shady sedge the tresses of him had;
And thus Æneas he bespeaks to take away his woe:
"O Seed of Gods, who bearest us Troy-town from midst the foe,
Who savest Pergamus new-born no more to die again,
Long looked-for on Laurentine earth and fields of Latin men;
This is your sure abiding-place, your House-Gods' very stead;
Turn not, nor fear the battle-threats, for now hath fallen dead
The swelling storm of godhead's wrath.
And lest thou think I forge for thee an idle dream of sleep,
Amid the holm-oaks of the shore a great sow shalt thou see,
Who e'en now farrowed thirty head of young; there lieth she
All white along, with piglings white around her uddered sides:
That earth shall be thy dwelling-place; there rest from toil abides.
From thence Ascanius, when the year hath thrice ten times rolled
round,
Shall raise a city, calling it by Alba's name renowned.
No doubtful matters do I sing, — but how to speed thee well,
And win thee victor from all this, in few words will I tell:
Arcadian people while ago, a folk from Pallas come,
Following Evander for their king, have borne his banners home,
And chosen earth, and reared their town amid a mountain place
E'en Pallanteum named, from him who first began their race:
This folk against the Latin men for ever wages fight,
Bid them as fellows to thy camp, and treaty with them plight;
But I by bank and flow of flood will straightly lead thee there,
While thou with beating of the oars the stream dost overbear.
Arise, arise, O Goddess-born, when the first star-world sets,
Make prayer to Juno in due wise; o'ercome her wrath and threats
With suppliant vows: victorious grown, thou yet shalt worship me;
For I am that abundant flood whom thou today dost see
Sweeping the bank and cleaving way amid the plenteous earth,
Blue Tiber, sweetest unto heaven of all the streams of worth.

This is my mighty house; my head from lofty cities sweeps.”
The River spake, and hid himself amid the watery deeps;
But night and slumber therewithal Æneas’ eyes forsook;
He rose and toward the dawning-place and lights of heaven ‘gan
look,
And duly in his hollow hand he lifted water fair
From out the stream, and unto heaven in such wise poured his
prayer:
“O Nymphs, Laurentian Nymphs, from whence the race of rivers
springs,
And thou, O father Tiber fair, with holy wanderings,
Cherish Æneas; thrust from me the bitter following bane,
What pool soe’er may nurse thy spring, O pityer of my pain,
From whatso land, O loveliest, thy stream may issue forth.
For ever will I give thee gifts, and worship well thy worth,
Horned river, of all Westland streams the very king and lord;
Only be with me; faster bind thy great God-uttered word.”
Thus having said, two twi-banked keels he chooseth from the fleet,
And mans the oars and dights his folk with gear and weapons meet.
But lo meanwhile a wondrous sign is thrust before his eyes;
For on the green-sward of the wood a snow-white sow there lies
Down by the strand, her little ones, like-hued, about her pressed;
Whom god-loving Æneas slays to thee, O mightiest,
O Juno, at thine altar-fires hallowing both dam and brood.
Now while the long night wore away, the swelling of his flood
Had Tiber soothed, and eddying back in peace the stream was stayed,
And in the manner of a mere the water’s face was laid,
Or as a pool, that so the oars unstrained their work may ply.
So now they speed their journey forth amid a happy cry;
The oiled fir slips along the seas, the waves fall wondering then, —
The woods, unused, fall wondering sore to see the shields of men
Shine far up stream; to see the keels bepainted swimming there:
But day and night, with beat of oars, the watery way they wear,
And conquer reaches long, o’erlaid with many a shifting tree,
And cleave the forest fair and green along the waveless sea.
Unto the midmost crown of heaven had climbed the fiery sun,
By then the walls, and far-off burg, and few roofs one by one

They see; the place raised high as heaven by mightiness of Rome,
Where in those days Evander had an unrich, scanty home:
So thither swift they turned their prow, and toward the city drew.
That day it chanced the Arcadian King did yearly honour do
Unto Amphitryon's mighty son, and on the God did call
In grove before the city-walls: Pallas, his son, withal,
The battle-lords, the senate poor of that unwealthy folk
Cast incense there; with yet warm blood the altars were a-smoke.
But when they saw the tall ships glide amidst the dusky shade
Of woody banks, and might of men on oars all silent laid,
Scared at the sudden sight they rise, and all the boards forsake:
But Pallas, of the hardy heart, forbids the feast to break,
While he, with weapon caught in haste, flies forth to meet the men,
And crieth from a mound afar:
"Fellows, what drive you then?
And whither wend ye on your ways by road untried before?
What folk and from what home are ye? and is it peace or war?"
Then spake the father Æneas the lofty deck aboard,
As with the peaceful olive-bough he reached his hand abroad;
"Troy's folk ye see and weapons whet against the Latin side,
Whom they have driven forth by war amid their plenteous pride.
We seek Evander: go ye forth and tell him this, and say
That chosen dukes of Troy are come for plighted troth to pray."
The sound of such a mighty name smote Pallas with amaze:
"Come forth," he said, "whoso ye be: before my father's face
Say what ye would; come to our Gods and in our house be guest."
So saying he gave his hand to him, and hard his right hand pressed;
Therewith they leave the river-bank, and wend amidst the wood:
But spake Æneas to the king fair friendly words and good:
"O best of Greeks, whom fortune wills that I should now beseech,
And unto thee the suppliant staff of olive garlands reach,
I feared thee not for Arcas' seed or Duke of Danai,
Nor for thy being to Atreus' twins a kinsman born anigh:
Rather my heart, and holy words that Gods have given forth,
Our fathers' kin, the world-wide tale that goeth of thy worth,
Bind me to thee, and make me fain of what Fate bids befall.
Now Dardanus, first setter-up and sire of Ilian wall,

Born of Electra, Atlas' child, as Greekish stories say,
Came to the Teucrians: Atlas huge Electra gave today,
Atlas, who on his shoulders rears the round-wrought heavenly house:
But Mercury thy father is, whom Maia glorious
Conceived, and shed on earth one day on high Cyllene cold;
But Atlas Maia too begot, if we may trow tale told,
That very Atlas who the stars of heavenly house doth raise,
So from one root the race of us wends on its twofold ways.
Stayed by these things none else I sent, nor guilefully have sought,
Assaying of thee, but myself unto thyself I brought,
And mine own head; and here I stand a suppliant at thy door.
And that same Daunian folk of men drive us with bitter war
As fall on thee: if us they chase, what stay but utterly,
(So deem they) all the Westland earth beneath their yoke shall lie,
With all the upper flood of sea, and nether waters' wash.
Take troth and give it: hearts are we stout in the battle's clash,
High-counselled souls, men well beheld in deeds that try the man." He ended: but Evander's look this long while overran
His face, his speaking eyes, and all his body fair to see;
Then in few words he answered thus:
"How sweet to welcome thee,
Best heart of Troy! and how I mind the words, and seem to hear
Anchises' voice, and see the face that mighty man did bear:
For I remember Priam erst, child of Laomedon,
Came to Hesione's abode, to Salamis passed on,
And thence would wend his ways to seek Arcadia's chilly place.
The blossom of the spring of life then bloomed upon my face,
When on the Teucrian lords I looked with joy and wonderment;
On Priam, too: but loftier there than any other went
Anchises; and his sight in me struck youthful love awake.
I yearned to speak unto the man, and hand in hand to take:
So fain I met him, led him in to Phineus' wallèd place;
And he, departing, gave to me a noble arrow-case
And Lycian shafts; a cloak thereto, all shot across with gold,
And golden bridles twain, that now Pallas, my son, doth hold.
Lo, then, the right hand that ye sought is joined in troth to thine;
And when tomorrow's light once more upon the world shall shine,

Glad, holpen, shall I send you forth and stay you with my store.
Meanwhile, since here ye come our friends, with us the Gods adore
At this our hallowed yearly feast, which ill it were to stay:
Be kind, and with your fellows' boards make friends without delay."
Therewith he bids bring forth once more the wine-cups and the meat,
And he himself sets down the men upon a grassy seat;
But chiefly to the bed bedight with shaggy lion's skin
He draws Æneas, bidding him the throne of maple win.
Then vie the chosen youth-at-arms, the altar-priest brings aid;
They bear in roasted flesh of bulls, and high the baskets lade
With gifts of Ceres fashioned well, and serve the Bacchus' joy;
So therewithal Æneas eats and men-at-arms of Troy
Of undivided oxen chines and inwards of the feast.
But when the lust of meat was dulled and hunger's gnawing ceased,
Saith King Evander:

"This high-tide that we are holding thus,
This ordered feast, this altar raised to God all-glorious,
No idle task of witch-work is, that knoweth not the Gods
Of ancient days: O Trojan chief, we, saved from fearful odds,
Here worship, and give glory new to deeds done gloriously.
Note first the crag, whose world of stones o'ertoppleth there anigh;
What stone-heaps have been cast afar, how waste and wild is grown
The mountain-house, what mighty wrack the rocks have dragged
adown.

Therein a cave was erst, that back a long way burrowing ran,
Held by the dreadful thing, the shape of Cacus, monster-man.
A place the sun might never see, for ever warm and wet
With reek of murder newly wrought; o'er whose proud doorways set
The heads of men were hanging still wan mid the woeful gore.
Vulcan was father of this fiend; his black flame did he pour
Forth from his mouth, as monster-great he wended on his ways.
But to our aid, as whiles it will, brought round the lapse of days
The help and coming of a God: for that most mighty one,
All glorious with the death and spoils of threefold Geryon,
Alcides, our avenger came, driving the victor's meed,
His mighty bulls, who down the dale and river-bank did feed.
But Cacus, mad with furious heart, that nought undared might be

Of evil deeds, or nought untried of guile and treachery,
Drive from the fold four head of bulls of bodies excellent,
And e'en so many lovely kine, whose fashion all outwent;
Which same, that of their rightful road the footprints clean might
lack,

Tail-foremost dragged he to his den, turning their way-marks back;
And so he hid them all away amid that stonydark,
Nor toward the cave might he that sought find any four-foot mark.

“Meanwhile, his beasts all satiate, from fold Amphitryon’s son
Now gets them ready for the road, and busks him to be gone;
When lo, the herd falls bellowing, and with its sorrow fills
The woodland as it goes away, and lowing leaves the hills.
Therewith a cow gave back the sound, and in the cavern hid
Lowd out, and in despite his heed all Cacus’ hope undid.
Then verily Alcides’ ire and gall of heart outbroke
In fury, and his arms he caught and weight of knotty oak,
And running, sought the hill aloft that thrusteth toward the skies.
Then first our folk saw Cacus scared and trouble in his eyes,
And in a twinkling did he flee, no eastern wind as fleet,
Seeking his den, and very fear gave wings unto his feet;
But scarcely was he shut therein, and, breaking down the chains,
Had dropped the monstrous rock that erst his crafty father’s pains
Hung there with iron; scarce had he blocked the doorway with the
same,

When lo, the man of Tiryns there, who with his heart aflame
Eyed all the entries, here and there turning about his face,
Gnashing his teeth: afire with wrath, thrice all that hilly place
Of Aventine he eyeth o’er, thrice tries without avail
The rocky door, thrice sits him down aweared in the dale.
“There was a peaked rock of flint with ragged edges dight,
Which at the cave’s back rose aloft exceeding high to sight,
A dwelling meet for evil fowl amidst their nests to bide;
This, that hung o’er the brow above the river’s leftward side,
Hard from the right he beareth on, and shakes, and from its roots
Wrencheth it loose, and suddenly adown the bent side shoots.
Then ringeth all the mighty heaven with thunder of its wrack,
The banks are rent, the frightened stream its waters casteth back;

But Cacus' den and kingly house showed all uncovered there,
The inmost of the shadowy cave was laid undoored and bare:
As if the inner parts of earth 'neath mighty stroke should gape,
Unlocking all the house of hell, showing that country's shape,
The wan land all forlorn of God: there shows the unmeasured pit,
And ghosts aquake with light of day shot through the depths of it.
"But Cacus, caught unwares by day whereof he had no doubt,
Imprisoned in the hollow rock, in strange voice bellowing out,
Alcides fell on from above, calling all arms to aid,
And plenteous cast of boughs and stones upon the monster laid;
While he, since now no flight availed to 'scape that peril's hold,
Pours from his mouth a mighty smoke, O wondrous to be told!
Enwrapping all the house about with blinding misty shroud,
Snatching the sight from eyes of men, and rolling on the cloud,
A reeking night with heart of fire and utter blackness blent.
Alcides' spirit bore it nought; his body swift he sent
With headlong leap amid the fire where thickest rolled the wave
Of smoke, and with its pitchy mist was flooding all the cave;
Cacus he catcheth in the dark spueing out fire in vain,
And knitteth him in knot about, and, strangling him, doth strain
The starting eyes from out of him, and throat that blood doth lack:
Then the mirk house is opened wide; the doors are torn aback;
The stolen kine, that prey his oath foreswore to heaven are shown,
And by the feet is dragged today the body hideous grown;
Nor may men satiate their hearts by gazing on the thing;
His fearful eyes, the face of him, the man-beast's fashioning
Of bristled breast; those jaws of his, whence faded is the flame.
"Hence is this honour celebrate, and they that after came
Still kept the day all joyfully; Potitius wrought it first,
This feast of mighty Hercules; the house Pinarian nursed,
The altar of the grove he reared, which Mightiest yet we call,
And ever more, in very sooth, shall mightiest be of all.
So come, O youths, these glorious deeds I bid you glorify:
Wreathe round your hair, put forth your hands and raise the cup on high!
Call on the God whom all we love, and give the wine full fain!"
He spake: the leaf of Hercules, the poplar coloured twain,

Shaded his hair; the leaves entwined hung down aback his head;
The holy beaker filled his hand: then merry all men sped,
And on the table poured their gift, and called the Gods to hear.
Meanwhile unto the slopes of heaven the Western Star drew near,
And then the priests, and chief thereof, Potitius, thither came,
All clad in skins, as due it was, and bearing forth the flame.
New feast they dight, and gifts beloved of second service bring,
And on the altar pile again the plates of offering.
The Salii then to singing-tide heart-kindled go around
The altars; every brow of them with poplar leafage bound:
And here the youths, the elders there, set up the song of praise,
And sing the deeds of Hercules: How, on his first of days,
The monsters twain his stepdame sent, the snakes, he crushed in
hand;
And how in war he overthrew great cities of the land,
Troy and Oechalia: how he won through thousand toils o'er great,
That King Eurystheus laid on him by bitter Juno's fate.
"O thou Unconquered, thou whose hand beat down the cloud-born
two,
Pholeus, Hylæus, twin-wrought things, and Cretan monsters slew:
O thou who slew'st the lion huge 'neath that Nemean steep,
The Stygian mere hath quaked at thee, the ward of Orcus deep
Quaked in his den above his bed of half-gnawed bones and blood.
At nothing fashioned wert thou feared; not when Typhoeus stood
Aloft in arms: nor from thine heart fell any rede away
When round thee headed-manifold the Worm of Lerna lay.
O very child of Jupiter, O Heaven's new glory, hail!
Fail not thy feast with friendly foot, nor us, thy lovers, fail!"
With such-like song they sing the praise, and add to all the worth
The cave of Cacus, and the beast that breathed the wildfire forth.
The woods sing with them as they sing; the hills are light with song.
So, all the holy things fulfilled, they wend their ways along
Unto the city: the old king afoot was with them there,
And bade Æneas and his son close to his side to fare,
And as he went made light the way with talk of many a thing.
Æneas wonders, and his eyes go lightly wandering
O'er all; but here and there they stay, as, joyful of his ways,

He asks and hears of tokens left by men of earlier days.
Then spake the King Evander, he who built up Rome of old:
“These woods the earth-born Fauns and Nymphs in time ago did
hold,
And men from out the tree-trunk born and very heart of oak;
No fashion of the tilth they knew, nor how the bulls to yoke,
Nor how to win them store of wealth, or spare what they had got;
The tree-boughs only cherished them and rugged chase and hot.
Then from Olympus of the heavens first Saturn came adown,
Fleeing the war of Jupiter and kingdom overthrown:
He laid in peace the rugged folk amid the mountains steep
Scattered about, and gave them laws, and willed them well to keep
The name of Latium, since he lay safe hidden on that shore.
They call the days the Golden Days that ‘neath that king outwore,
Amid such happiness of peace o’er men-folk did he reign.
But worsened time as on it wore, and gathered many a stain;
And then the battle-rage was born, and lust of gain outbroke:
Then came the host Ausonian; then came Sicanian folk;
And oft and o’er again the land of Saturn cast its name.
Then kings there were, and Thybris fierce, of monstrous body came,
From whom the Tiber flood is named by us of Italy,
Its old true name of Albula being perished and gone by.
Me, driven from my land, and strayed about the ocean’s ends,
Almighty Fortune and the Fate no struggling ever bends
Set in these steads; my mother’s word well worshipped hither drave,
The nymph Carmentis; and a god, Apollo, wayfare gave.”
Now, as he spake, hard thereunto the altar-stead doth show,
And gate that by Carmentis’ name the Roman people know;
An honour of the olden time to nymph Carmentis, she,
The faithful seer, who first foretold what mighty men should be
Æneas’ sons; how great a name from Pallanteum should come.
Then the great grove that Romulus hallowed the flier’s home
He showeth, and Lupercal set beneath the cliff acold,
Called of Lycean Pan in wise Parrhasia used of old.
Thereafter Argiletum’s grove he shows and bids it tell,
A very witness, where and how the guesting Argus fell.
Next, then, to the Tarpeian stead and Capitol they went,

All golden now, but wild of yore with thickets' tanglement:
E'en then at its dread holiness the folk afield would quake
And tremble sore to look upon its cliff-besetting brake.
"This grove," saith he, "this hill thou seest with thicket-covered
brow,
Some godhead haunts, we know not who: indeed Arcadians trow
That very Jove they there have seen, when he his blackening shield
Hath shaken whiles and stirred the storm amidst the heavenly field.
Look therewithal on those two burgs with broken walls foredone!
There thou beholdest tokens left by folk of long ago:
For one did Father Janus old, and one did Saturn raise,
Janiculum, Saturnia, they hight in ancient days."
Amid such talk they reach the roofs whereunder did abide
Unrich Evander; and they see the herd-beasts feeding wide
And lowing through the Roman Courts amid Carinæ's shine.
But when they came unto the house, "Beneath these doors of mine
Conquering Alcides went," he said; "this king's house took him in.
Have heart to scorn world's wealth, O guest, and strive thou too to
win
A godhead's worth: take thou no scorn of our unrich estate."
He spake, and 'neath the narrow roof Æneas' body great
He led withal, and set him down; and such a bed was there
As 'twas of leaves, and overlaid with skin of Libyan bear.
Night falleth, and its dusky wings spreads o'er the face of earth,
When Venus, fearful in her soul (nor less than fear 'twas worth),
Sore troubled by Laurentine threats and all the tumult dread,
Bespeaketh Vulcan, as she lay upon his golden bed,
And holiness of very love amidst her words she bore:
"When Argive kings were wasting Troy predestined with their war,
Were wracking towers foredoomed to fall mid flames of hating men,
No help of thine for hapless ones, no arms I asked for then,
Wrought by thy craft and mastery: nor would I have thee spend
Thy labour, O beloved spouse, to win no happy end;
Though many things to Priam's house meseemeth did I owe,
And oftentimes I needs must weep Æneas' pain and woe.
But now that he by Jove's command Rutulian shores hath won,
I am thy suppliant, asking arms, a mother for her son,

Praying thy godhead's holiness: time was when Nereus' seed,
Tithonus' wife, with many tears could bend thee to thy need.
Look round, what peoples gather now; what cities shut within
Their barrèd gates are whetting sword to slay me and my kin."
She spake: with snowy arms of God she fondled him about,
And wound him in her soft embrace, while yet he hung in doubt:
Sudden the wonted fire struck home; unto his inmost drew
The old familiar heat, and all his melting bones ran through:
No otherwise than whiles it is when rolls the thunder loud,
And gleaming of the fiery rent breaks up the world of cloud.
In glory of her loveliness she felt her guile had gained.
Then spake the Father, overcome by Love that ne'er hath waned:
"Why fish thy reasons from the deep? where is thy trust in me,
I prithee, O my God and Love? Had such wish weighed on thee,
Then, also, had it been my part to arm the Teucrian hand,
Nor had the Almighty Sire nor Fate forbidden Troy to stand,
And Priam might have held it out another ten years yet.
And now if thou wouldst wage the war, if thus thy soul is set,
Thy longing shall have whatsoe'er this craft of mine may lend;
Whatever in iron may be done, or silver-golden blend;
Whatever wind and fire may do: I prithee pray no more,
But trust the glory of thy might."
So when his words wore o'er
He gave the enfolding that she would, and shed upon her breast
He lay, and over all his limbs he drew the sleepy rest.
But when the midmost night was worn, and slumber, past its prime,
Had faded out, in sooth it was that woman's rising-time,
Who needs must prop her life with rock and slender mastery
That Pallas gives: she wakes the ash and flames that smouldering lie,
And, adding night unto her toil, driveth her maids to win
Long task before its kindled light, that she may keep from sin
Her bride-bed; that her little ones well waxen-up may be.
Not otherwise that Might of Fire, no sluggard more than she,
To win his art and handicraft from that soft bed arose.
Upon the flank of Sicily there hangs an island close
To Lipari of Æolus, with shear-hewn smoky steep;
Beneath it thunder caves and dens Ætnæan, eaten deep

With forges of the Cyclops: thence men hear the anvils cry
‘Neath mighty strokes, and through the cave the hissing sparkles fly
From iron of the Chalybes, and pants the forge with flame.
The house is Vulcan’s, and the land Vulcania hath to name.
Thither the Master of the Fire went down from upper air,
Where Cyclop folk in mighty den were forging iron gear;
Pyracmon of the naked limbs, Brontes and Steropes.
A thunderbolt half-fashioned yet was in the hands of these,
Part-wrought, suchwise as many an one the Father casts on earth
From all the heaven, but otherwhere unfinished from the birth,
Three rays they wrought of writhen storm, three of the watery wrack;
Nor do the three of ruddy flame nor windy winging lack:
And now the work of fearful flash, and roar, and dread they won,
And blent amid their craftsmanship the flame that followeth on.
But otherwhere they dight the wain and wingèd wheels of Mars,
Wherewith the men and walls of men he waketh up to wars.
There angry Pallas’s arms they wrought and Ægis full of fear,
And set the gold and serpent scales, and did with mighty care
The knitted adders, and for breast of very God did deck
The Gorgon rolling eyen still above her severed neck.
“Do all away,” he said, “lay by the labour so far done;
Cyclops of Ætna, turn your minds to this one thing alone:
Arms for a great man must be wrought; betake ye to your might;
Betake ye to your nimble hands and all your mastery’s sleight,
And hurry tarrying into haste.”
No more he spake: all they
Fall swift to work and portion out the labour of the day:
The brazen rivers run about with metal of the gold,
And soft the Chalyb bane-master flows in the forges’ hold.
A mighty shield they set on foot to match all weapons held
By Latin men, and sevenfold ring on ring about it weld.
Meanwhile, in windy bellows’ womb some in the breezes take
And give them forth, some dip the brass all hissing in the lake,
And all the cavern is agroan with strokes on anvil laid.
There turn and turn about betwixt, with plenteous might to aid,
They rear their arms; with grip of tongs they turn the iron o’er.
But while the Lemnian Father thus speeds on the Æolean shore

The lovely light Evander stirs amid his lowly house,
And morning song of eave-dwellers from sleep the king doth rouse.
Riseth that ancient man of days and on his kirtle does,
And both his feet he binds about with bonds of Tyrrhene shoes;
Then Tegeæan sword he girds to shoulder and to side,
And on the left he flings aback the cloak of panther-hide.
Moreover, from the threshold step goes either watchful ward,
Two dogs to wit, that follow close the footsteps of their lord.
So to the chamber of his guest the hero goes his way,
Well mindful of his spoken word and that well-promised stay.
Nor less Æneas was afoot betimes that morning-tide,
And Pallas and Achates went each one their lord beside.
So met, they join their right hands there and in the house sit down,
And win the joy of spoken words, that lawful now hath grown;
And thuswise speaks Evander first:
“O mightiest duke of Trojan men, — for surely, thou being safe,
My heart may never more believe in Troy-town’s vanquishing, —
The battle-help that I may give is but a little thing
For such a name: by Tuscan stream on this side are we bound;
On that side come Rutulian arms to gird our walls with sound.
But ’tis my rede to join to you a mighty folk of fight,
A wealthy lordship: chance unhopèd this hope for us hath dight;
So draw thou thither whereunto the Fates are calling on.
Not far hence is a place of men, on rock of yore agone
Built up; Agylla’s city ’tis, where glorious folk of war,
The Lydian folk, on Tuscan hills pitched their abode of yore.
A many years of blooming once they had, until the king
Mezentius held them ‘neath his pride and cruel warfaring.
Why tell those deaths unspeakable, and many a tyrant’s deed?
May the Gods store them for the heads of him and all his seed!
Yea, yea, dead corpses would he join to bodies living yet,
And hand to hand, O misery! and mouth to mouth would set;
There, drenched with gore and drenched with dew of death, must
they abide,
A foul embrace unspeakable, and long and long they died.
Worn out at last, his folk in arms beset his house about,
And him therein all mad with rage, cut of his following rout,

And cast the wildfire therewithal over his roof on high:
But he, amidst the slaughter slipped, to fields of Rutuli
Made shift to flee, and there is held a guest by Turnus' sword.
So by just anger raised today Etruria is abroad,
Crying with Mars to aid, 'Give back the king to pay the cost!'
Æneas, I will make thee now the captain of their host:
For down the whole coast goes the roar from out their ship-host's
pack;
They cry to bear the banners forth; but them still holdeth back
The ancient seer, thus singing Fate:*Mæonia's chosen peers,
The heart and flower of men of old, whom grief's just measure bears
Against the foe; souls that your king hath stirred to righteous wrath,
No man of Italy is meet to lead this army forth;
Seek outland captains. Then, indeed, the Tuscan war array,*
Feared by such warnings of the Gods, amidst these meadows lay.
Tarchon himself hath hither sent sweet speakers, bearing me
Their lordships' kingly staff and crown, and signs of royalty;
And bidding take the Tuscan land and join their camp of war.
But eld adull with winter frost and spent with days of yore,
My body over-old for deeds begrudged such government.
I would have stirred my son, but he, with Sabine mother blent,
Shared blood of this Italian land: but thee the Fates endow
With years and race full meet hereto; the Gods call on thee now.
Go forth, O captain valorous of Italy and Troy.
Yea, I will give thee Pallas here, my hope and darling joy,
And bid him 'neath thy mastery learn in battle to be bold,
And win the heavy work of Mars, and all thy deeds behold;
And, wondering at thy valiancy, win through his earliest years.
Two hundred knights of Arcady, the bloom of all it bears,
I give thee; in his own name, too, like host shall Pallas bring."
Scarce had he said, and still their gaze unto the earth did cling,
Æneas of Anchises born and his Achates true,
For many thoughts of matters hard their minds were running through,
When Cytherea gave a sign amid the open sky;
For from the left a flash of light went quivering suddenly,
And sound went with it, and all things in utter turmoil fared,
And clangour of the Tyrrhene trump along the heavens blared.

They look up; ever and anon a mighty clash they hear,
And gleams they see betwixt the clouds, amid the sky-land clear,
The glitter of the arms of God, the thunder of their clang.
The man of Troy, while others' hearts amazed and fearful hang,
Knoweth the sound, the promised help, his Goddess-mother's meed.
He saith: "Yea, verily, O host, to ask is little need
What hap this portent draweth on: the Gods will have me wend;
The God that made me promised erst such heavenly signs to send
If war were toward; and through the sky she promised to bear down
Arms Vulcan-fashioned for my need.
Woe's me for poor Laurentium's folk! what death, what bloody
graves!
— Ah, Turnus, thou shalt pay it me! — how many 'neath thy waves,
O Father Tiber, shalt thou roll the shields and helms of men,
And bodies of the mighty ones! Cry war, oath-breakers, then!"
And as he spake the word he rose from off the lofty throne,
And the slaked fire of Hercules roused on the altar-stone;
And joyfully he drew anear the God of yesterday
And little House-Gods: chosen ewes in manner due they slay,
Evander and the youth of Troy together side by side.
Then to the ships they wend their ways, where yet their fellows bide:
There men to follow him in fight he chooseth from the peers,
The flower of hardy hearts; the rest the downlong water bears;
Deedless they swim adown the stream, Ascanius home to bring
The tidings of his coming sire and matters flourishing.
But horses get such Teucrian men as are for Tyrrhene mead;
By lot they choose Æneas one which yellow lion's weed
Goes all about; full fair it shone, for it was golden-clawed.
Then sudden through the little town the rumour flies abroad,
That knights will speedily ride forth to Tyrrhene kingly stead.
Then fear redoubleth mothers' prayers, and nigher draweth dread
In peril's hand, and greater still the face of Mars doth grow.
Father Evander strains the hand of him that needs must go,
Clinging with tears insatiate, and such a word doth say:
"O me! would Jove bring back again the years long worn away!
Were I as when the foremost foes upon Præneste's field
I felled, and burnt victoriously a heap of shield on shield:

When with this very hand I sent King Herilus to Hell,
Whose dam, Feronia, at his birth, — wild is the tale to tell, —
Had given him gift of threefold life; three times the sword to shake,
And thrice to fall upon the field: yet did this right hand take
That threefold life away from him, thrice spoiled him of his gear.
O were I such, ne'er would I break from thine embracing dear,
O son; nor had Mezentius erst, the tyrant neighbour lord,
In my despite so many deaths wrought with his cruel sword,
Nor widowed this our city here of such a host of sons.
But ye, O Gods! — thou Mightiest, King of all heavenly ones,
O Jove, have pity now, I pray, upon the Arcadian King,
And hear a father's prayers! for if your mighty governing, —
If Fate shall keep my Pallas safe, and I may live to see
His face again, — if he return to keep our unity,
Then may I live, and any toil, such as ye will, abide!
But, Fortune, if thou threatenest ill, and misery betide,
Then let me now, yea, now indeed, the cruel life break through,
While yet my fear is unfulfilled and hope may yet come true;
While thee, belovèd joy of eld, I wrap mine arms around,
Ere yet the tale of evil hap mine ancient ears may wound.”
Thus at their last departing-tide the father poured the prayer,
Whom, fainting now, the serving-men back within doors must bear;
While forth from out the open gate the host of horsemen ride,
Æneas and Achates leal in forefront of their pride,
And then the other Trojan lords: amidst the company,
In cloak adorned and painted arms, was Pallas fair to see:
E'en such as Lucifer, when he bathed in the ocean stream,
The light beloved of Venus well o'er every starry beam,
Hath raised his holy head in heaven and down the darkness rent.
The fearful mothers on the walls their eyen after sent,
Following the dusty cloud of them and ranks of glittering brass.
But mid the thicket places there by nighest road they pass
Unto their end in weed of war: with shout and serried band
The clattering hooves of four-foot things shake down the dusty land.
There is a mighty thicket-place by chilly Cæres' side,
By ancient dread of fathers gone held holy far and wide:
A place that hollow hills shut in and pine-wood black begirds.

Men say that to Silvanus erst, the God of fields and herds,
The old Pelasgi hallowed it, and made a holy day,
E'en those who in the time agone on Latin marches lay.
No great way hence the Tuscan folk and Tarcho held them still
In guarded camp; the host of them from rising of a hill
Might now be seen, as far and wide they spread about the field.
Father Æneas and his folk, the mighty under shield,
Speed hither, and forewearied now their steeds and bodies tend.
But through the clouds of heavenly way doth fair white Venus wend,
Bearing the gift; who when she saw in hidden valley there
Her son afar, apart from men by river cool and fair,
Then kind she came before his eyes, and in such words she spake:
"These promised gifts, my husband's work, O son, I bid thee take:
So shalt thou be all void of doubt, O son, when presently
Laurentines proud and Turnus fierce thou bidst the battle try."
So spake the Cytherean one and sought her son's embrace,
And hung the beaming arms upon an oak that stood in face.
But he, made glad by godhead's gift, and such a glory great,
Marvelleth and rolleth o'er it all his eyes insatiate,
And turns the pieces o'er and o'er his hands and arms between;
The helm that flasheth flames abroad with crest so dread beseen:
The sword to do the deeds of Fate; the hard-wrought plates of brass,
Blood-red and huge; yea, e'en as when the bright sun brings to pass
Its burning through the coal-blue clouds and shines o'er field and
fold:
The light greaves forged and forged again of silver-blend and gold:
The spear, and, thing most hard to tell, the plating of the shield.
For there the tale of Italy and Roman joy afield
That Master of the Fire had wrought, not unlearned of the seers,
Or blind to see the days before. The men of coming years,
Ascanius stem, all foughten fields, were wrought in due array.
In the green den of Mavors there the fostering she-wolf lay,
The twin lads sporting round the beast, clung to her udders there,
And sucked the nursing mother-wolf, and nothing knew of fear;
But she, with lithe neck turned about, now this now that caressed,
And either body with her tongue for hardy shaping pressed.
Rome had he done anigh thereto and Sabine maidens caught

From concourse of the hollow seats when roundway games were wrought

There for the sons of Romulus the sudden war upstarts

With Tatius, the old king of days, and Cures' hardy hearts.

Then those two kings, the battle quenched, yet clad in battle-gear,

Stand with the bowl in hand before the fire of Jupiter,

As each to each o'er slaughtered sow the troth of peace they plight.

Anigh is Metius piecemeal dragged by foursome chariots light.

— Ah, Alban, by the troth of words 'twere better to abide! —

There Tullus strews his lying flesh about the thicket wide,

Nor sprinkling of a traitor's blood the bramble-bushes lack.

There was Porsena bidding men take outcast Tarquin back,

The while his mighty leaguer lay about the city's weal.

For freedom there Æneas' sons were rushing on the steel:

As full of wrath, as one who threats, might ye behold his frown,

Because that Cocles was of heart to break the bridge adown;

And Cloelia from her bursten bonds was swimming o'er the flood.

On topmost of Tarpeian burg the warden Manlius stood

Before the house of God, and held the Capitol high-set;

Whereon with straw of Romulus the roof was bristling yet.

There fluttering mid the golden porch the silver goose was done,

The seer that told of Gaulish feet unto the threshold won:

Then through the brake the Gauls were come, and held the castle's height,

Beneath the shielding of the mirk and gift of shadowy night.

All golden are the locks of these, and golden is their gear,

And fair they shine in welshed coats; their milk-white necks do bear

The twisted gold; each one in hand two Alpine spears doth wield,

And guarded are their bodies well with plenteous length of shield.

The Saliî in their dancing game; the naked Luperci,

With crests that bore the tuft of wool and shields from out the sky,

There had he wrought: the mothers chaste in softly-gliding car

Bore holy things the city through. Yea, he had wrought afar

The very house of Tartarus, and doors of Dis the deep,

And dooms of evil: there wert thou hung on the beetling steep,

O Catiline, and quaking sore 'neath many a fiendly face;

While Cato gave the good their laws in happy hidden place.

The image of the swelling sea amidst of these there lay
All golden, with the blue o'erfoamed with flecks of hoary spray,
And dolphins shining silver-white with tail-stroke swept the wave,
And gathered in an orbèd band the flowing waters clave.
And in the midst were brazen fleets and show of Actium's wars
And all Leucate set a-boil with ordered game of Mars
There might ye see; and all the flood lit up with golden light.
Augustus Cæsar, leading on Italian men to fight
With Father-folk, and Household Gods, and Gods of greater name,
Stood high on deck: his joyful brow flashed forth a twofold flame,
His father's star above his head is shining glory-clear.
With wind to aid and God to aid, Agrippa otherwhere
Leads on the host from high; whose brows with glorious battle-sign
Are decked; for with the crown of beaks, the ship-host's prize, they
shine.

But Antony, with outland force and arms wrought diversely,
Victorious from the morning-folks and ruddy-stranded sea,
Bore Egypt and the Eastland might and Bactria's outer ends;
And after him — O shame to tell! — a wife of Egypt wends.
They rush together; all the sea is beaten into foam,
Torn by the great three-tyndè beaks and oar-blades driven home:
They seek the deep: ye might have thought that uptorn Cyclades
Swam o'er the main, that mountains met high mountains on the seas,
With such a world of towered ships fall on those folks of war.
The hempen flame they fling from hand; they cast the dart afar
Of wingèd steel, and Neptune's lea reddens with death anew.
The Queen amidst calls on her host with timbrel fashioned due
In Egypt's guise, nor looks aback the adders twain to see;
Barking Anubis, shapes of God wild-wrought and diversely
'Gainst Neptune and 'gainst Venus fair, and 'gainst Minerva's weal
Put forth the spear; and Mavors' wrath was fashioned forth in steel
Amidst the fight: the Dreadful Ones stooped evil-wrought from
heaven,
And Discord stalked all glad at heart beneath her mantle riven;
And after her, red scourge in hand, did dire Bellona go.
All this Apollo, Actian-housed, beheld, and bent his bow
From high aloft, and with his fear all Egypt fell to wrack,

And Ind and Araby; and all Sabæans turned the back.
Then once again the Queen was wrought, who on the winds doth cry,
And spreadeth sail; and now, and now, the slackened sheet lets fly.
The Lord of Fire had wrought her there wan with the death to be,
Borne on, amid the death of men, by wind and following sea.
But Nile was wrought to meet them there, with body great to grieve,
And in the folding of his cloak the vanquished to receive,
To take them to his bosom grey, his flood of hidden home.
There Cæsar threefold triumphing, borne on amidst of Rome,
Three hundred shrines was hallowing to Gods of Italy
Through all the city; glorious gift that nevermore shall die;
The while all ways with joy and game and plenteous praising rang.
In all the temples altars were; in all the mothers sang
Before the altars; on the earth the steers' due slaughter lay.
But on the snow-white threshold there of Phoebus bright as day
He sat and took the nations' gifts, and on the glorious door
He hung them up: in long array the tamed folks went before,
As diverse in their tongues as in their arms and garments' guise.
The Nomads had he fashioned there, that Mulciber the wise,
And Afric's all ungirded folk; Carians and Leleges,
Shafted Geloni: softlier there Euphrates rolled his seas;
The Morini, the last of men, the hornèd Rhine, were there,
Danæ untamed, Araxes loth the chaining bridge to bear.
So on the shield, his mother's gift by Vulcan fashioned fair,
He wondereth, blind of things to come but glad the tale to see,
And on his shoulder bears the fame and fate of sons to be.

BOOK IX.

ARGUMENT.

IN THE MEANTIME THAT ÆNEAS IS AWAY, TURNUS AND THE LATINS BESET THE TROJAN ENCAMPMENT, AND MISS BUT A LITTLE OF BRINGING ALL THINGS TO RUIN.

Now while a long way off therefrom do these and those such deed,
Saturnian Juno Iris sends from heaven aloft to speed
To Turnus of the hardy heart, abiding, as doth hap,
Within his sire Pilumnus' grove in shady valley's lap;
Whom Thaumas' child from rosy mouth in suchwise doth bespeak:
"Turnus, what no one of the Gods might promise, didst thou seek,
The day of Fate undriven now hath borne about for thee:
Æneas, he hath left his town, and ships, and company,
And sought the lordship Palatine and King Evander's house;
Nay more, hath reached the utmost steads, the towns of Corythus
And host of Lydians, where he arms the gathered carles for war.
Why doubt'st thou? now is time to call for horse and battle-car.
Break tarrying off, and make thy stoop upon their camp's dismay."
She spake, and on her poisèd wings went up the heavenly way,
And in her flight with mighty bow cleft through the cloudy land.
The warrior knew her, and to heaven he cast up either hand,
And with such voice of spoken things he followed as she fled:
"O Iris, glory of the skies, and who thy ways hath sped
Amidst the clouds to earth and me? Whence this so sudden clear
Of weather? Lo, the midmost heaven I see departed shear,
And through the zenith stray the stars: such signs I follow on,
Whoso ye be that call to war."
And therewithal he won
Unto the stream, and from its face drew forth the water fair,
Praying the Gods, and laid a load of vows upon the air.
And now the host drew out to war amid the open meads,
With wealth of painted gear and gold, and wealth of noble steeds.
Messapus leads the first array, and Tyrrheus' children ward
The latter host, and in the midst is Turnus' self the lord.

Such is the host as Ganges deep, arising mid the hush
With sevenfold rivers' solemn flow, or Nile-flood's fruitful rush,
When he hath ebb'd from off the fields and hid him in his bed.
But now the Teucrians see the cloud of black dust grow to head
From far away, and dusty-dark across the plain arise:
And first from off the mound in face aloud Caïcus cries:
"Ho! what is this that rolleth on, this misty, mirky ball?
Swords, townsmen, swords! Bring point and edge; haste up to climb
the wall.

Ho, for the foeman is at hand!"

Then, with a mighty shout,

The Trojans swarm through all the gates and fill the walls about;
For so Æneas, war-lord wise, had bidden them abide

At his departing; if meantime some new hap should betide,
They should not dare nor trust themselves to pitch the fight afield,
But hold the camp and save the town beneath the ramparts' shield.

Therefore, though shame and anger bade go forth and join the play,
They bolt and bar the gates no less and all his word obey;
And armed upon the hollow towers abide the coming foe.

But Turnus, flying forward fast, outwent the main host slow,
And with a score of chosen knights is presently at hand

Before the town: borne on he was on horse of Thracian land,
White-flecked, and helmeted was he with ruddy-crested gold.

"Who will be first with me, O youths, play with the foe to hold?

Lo, here!" he cried; and on the air a whirling shaft he sent,
The first of fight, and borne aloft about the meadows went.

His fellows take it up with shouts, and dreadful cry on rolls

As fast they follow, wondering sore at sluggard Teucrian souls, —
That men should shun the battle pitched, nor dare the weapon-game,
But hug their walls. So round the walls, high-horsed, with heart
afame,

He rides about, and tries a way where never was a way:

E'en as a wolf the sheep-fold full besetteth on a day,

And howleth round about the garth, by wind and rain-drift beat,
About the middle of the night, while safe the lamb-folk bleat

Beneath their mothers: wicked-fierce against them safe and near
He rageth; hunger-madness long a-gathering him doth wear,

With yearning for that blood beloved to wet his parchèd jaws.
E'en so in that Rutulian duke to flame the anger draws,
As he beholdeth walls and camp: sore burnt his hardy heart
For shifts to come at them; to shake those Teucrians shut apart
From out their walls and spread their host about the meadows wide.
So on the ships he falls, that lay the campment's fence beside,
Hedged all about with garth and mound and by the river's flood,
And to the burning crieth on his folk of joyous mood,
And eager fills his own right hand with branch of blazing fir:
Then verily they fall to work whom Turnus' gaze doth stir,
And all the host of them in haste hand to the black torch lays.
They strip the hearths; the smoky brand sends forth pitch-laden
blaze,
And starward soot-bemingled flame drave Vulcan as he burned.
Say, Muse, what God from Teucrian folk such sore destruction
turned?

Who drave away from Trojan keels so mighty great a flame?
Old is the troth in such a tale, but never dies its fame.
What time Æneas first began on Phrygian Ida's steep
To frame his ships, and dight him there to ride upon the deep,
The Berecynthian Mother-Queen spake, as the tale doth fare,
Unto the Godhead of great Jove:

“Son, grant unto my prayer

That which thy lovèd mother asks from heaven all tamed to peace:
A wood of pines I have, beloved through many years' increase.
There is a thicket on my height wherein men worship me,
Dim with the blackening of the firs and trunks of maple-tree:
These to the Dardan youth in need of ship-host grudged I nought,
But in my anxious soul as now is born a troubling thought.
Do off my dread, and let, I pray, a mother's prayers avail,
That these amid no shattering sea or whirling wind may fail;
Let it avail them that my heights first brought them unto birth.”

Answered her son, that swayeth still the stars that rule the earth:

“O mother, whither call'st thou Fate? what wouldst thou have them
be?

Shall keels of mortal fashioning gain immortality?

And shall Æneas well assured stray every peril through?

Shall this be right? hath any God the power such things to do?
No less when they have done their work, and safe in Italy
Lie in the haven, which soe'er have overpassed the sea,
And borne the Duke of Dardan men to that Laurentine home,
From such will I take mortal shape, and bid them to become
Queens of the sea-plain, such as are Doto the Nereus child,
And Galatea, whose bosoms cleave the foaming waters wild.”
He spake and swore it by the flood his Stygian Brother rules,
And by its banks that reek with pitch o'er its black whirling pools,
And with the bowing of his head did all Olympus shake.
And now the promised day was come, nor will the Parcae break
The time fulfilled; when Turnus' threat now bade the Mother heed
That she from those her holy ships should turn the fire at need.
Strange light before the eyes of men shone forth; a mighty cloud
Ran from the dawning down the sky, and there was clashing loud
Of Ida's hosts, and from the heavens there fell a voice of fear,
That through Rutulia's host and Troy's fulfillèd every ear:
“Make no great haste, O Teucrian men, these ships of mine to save!
Nor arm thereto! for Turnus here shall burn the salt sea wave
Sooner than these, my holy pines. But ye — depart, go free!
The Mother biddeth it: depart, Queens, Goddesses, of sea!”
Straightway the ships brake each the chain that tied them to the bank,
And, as the dolphins dive adown, with plunging beaks they sank
Down to the deeps, from whence, O strange! they come aback once
more;
As many brazen beaks as erst stood fast beside the shore,
So many shapes of maidens now seaward they wend their ways.
Appalled were those Rutulian hearts; yea, feared with all amaze,
Messapus sat mid frightened steeds: the rough-voiced stream grew
black;
Yea, Tiberinus from the deep his footsteps drew aback.
But Turnus of the hardy heart, his courage nothing died;
Unmoved he stirs their souls with speech, unmoved he falls to chide:
“These portents seek the Teucrians home; the very Jupiter
Snatches their wonted aid from them, that might not bide to bear
Rutulian fire and sword: henceforth the sea-plain lacketh road
For Teucrian men: their flight is dead, and half the world's abode

Is reft from them: and earth, forsooth, upon our hands it waits,
With thousands of Italian swords. For me, I fear no Fates:
For if the Phrygians boast them still of answering words of God,
Enough for Venus and the Fates that Teucrian men have trod
The fair Ausonia's fruitful field: and answering fates have I:
A wicked folk with edge of sword to root up utterly,
For stolen wife: this grief hath grieved others than Atreus' sons,
And other folk may run to arms than those Mycenian ones.
— Enough one downfall is, say ye? — Enough had been one sin.
Yea, I had deemed all womankind your hatred well might win.
— Lo, these are they to whom a wall betwixt the sword and sword,
The little tarrying of a ditch, — such toys the death to ward! —
Give hearts of men! What, saw they not the war-walls of Troy-town,
The fashioning of Neptune's hand, amid the flame sink down?
But ye, my chosen, who is dight with me to break the wall,
That we upon their quaking camp with point and edge may fall?
No need I have of Vulcan's arms or thousand ships at sea
Against these Teucrians; yea, though they should win them
presently,
The Tuscan friendship: deeds of dusk and deedless stolen gain
Of that Palladium, and the guards of topmost castle slain,
Let them not fear: we shall not lurk in horse's dusky womb:
In open day to gird your walls with wildfire is the doom.
Let them not deem they have to put the Danaans to the proof,
Pelagian lads that Hector's hand for ten years held aloof.
— But come, since all the best of day is well-nigh worn to end,
Joy in our good beginning, friends, and well your bodies tend,
And bide in hope and readiness the coming of the fight.”
Therewith Messapus hath the charge with outguards of the night
To keep the gates, and all the town with watch-fires round to ring:
Twice seven are chosen out to hold the town inleaguering
Of Rutuli: an hundred youths, they follow each of these;
A purple-crested folk that gleam with golden braveries:
They pace the round, they shift the turn, or scattered o'er the grass
Please heart and soul with wine, and turn the empty bowl of brass:
The watch-fires shine around in ring; through sport and sleeplessness
Their warding weareth night away.

The Trojans from their walls of war look down on all these things;
They hold the heights in arms, and search the great gate's fastenings
With hurrying fear; or, spear in hand, gangway to battlement
They yoke. There Mnestheus urged the work; there hot Serestus
went;

They whom Æneas, if perchance the time should call thereto,
Had made first captains of the host, lords of all things to do.
So all the host along the walls the peril shareth out,
Falling to watch, and plays its part in turn and turn about.
Nisus was warder of the gate, the eager under shield,
The son of Hyrtacus, whom erst did huntress Ida yield
Unto Æneas' fellowship, keen with the shaft and spear.
Euryalus, his friend, stood by, than whom none goodlier
Went with Æneas or did on the battle-gear of Troy:
Youth's bloom unshorn was on his cheek, scarce was he but a boy.

Like love the twain had each for each; in battle side by side
They went; and now as gatewards twain together did abide.
Now Nisus saith: "Doth very God so set the heart on fire,
Euryalus, or doth each man make God of his desire?
My soul is driving me to dare the battle presently,
Or some great deed; nor pleased with peace at quiet will it be.
Thou seest how those Rutulian men trust in their warding keep;
How wide apart the watch-fires shine; how slack with wine and sleep
Men lie along; how far and wide the hush o'er all things lies.
Note now what stirreth in my mind, what thoughts in me arise:
They bid call back Æneas now, fathers, and folk, and all,
And send out men to bear to him sure word of what doth fall.
Now if the thing I ask for thee they promise, — for to me
The deed's fame is enough, — meseems beneath yon mound I see
A way whereby to Palianteum in little space to come."

Euryalus, by mighty love of glory smitten home,
Stood all amazed, then answered thus his fiery-hearted friend:
"O Nisus, wilt thou yoke me not to such a noble end?

And shall I send thee unto deeds so perilous alone?
My sire Opheltus, wise in war, nourished no such an one,
Reared mid the terror of the Greeks and Troy-town's miseries;
Nor yet with thee have I been wont to deedless deeds like these,

Following Æneas' mighty heart through Fortune's furthest way.
Here is a soul that scorns the light, and deems it good to pay
With very life for such a fame as thou art brought anear."

Saith Nisus: "Nay, I feared of thee no such a thing, I swear,
No such ill thought; so may he bring thy friend back with the prize,
Great Jove, or whosoe'er beholds these things with equal eyes.
But if some hap (thou seest herein how many such may fall),
If any hap, if any God bear me the end of all,
Fain were I thou wert left: thine age is worthier life-day's gain;
Let there be one to buy me back snatched from amidst the slain,
And give me earth: or if e'en that our wonted fortune ban,
Do thou the rites, and raise the tomb unto the missing man;
Nor make me of thy mother's woe the fashioner accurst:
She who, O friend, alone of all our many mothers durst
To follow thee, nor heeded aught of great Acestes' town."
He said: "For weaving of delay vain is thy shuttle thrown;
Nor is my heart so turned about that I will leave the play:
Let us be doing!"

Therewithal he stirs the guards, and they
Come up in turn, wherewith he leaves the warding-stead behind,
And goes with Nisus, and the twain set forth the prince to find.
All other creatures, laid asleep o'er all the earthly soil,
Let slip the cares from off their hearts, forgetful of their toil,
But still the dukes of Trojan men and chosen folk of war
Held counsel of that heavy tide that on the kingdom bore,
What was to do, or who would go Æneas' messenger.
There shield on arm, and leaned upon the length of shafted spear,
They stand amid their stronghold's mead: in eager haste the twain,
Nisus and young Euryalus, the presence crave to gain,
For matters great and worth the time: straight doth Iulus take
Those hurried men to him, and bids that Nisus speech should wake.
Then saith the son of Hyrtacus: "Just-hearted, hearken now,
Folk of Æneas, neither look upon the things we show
As by our years. The Rutuli slackened by wine and sleep
Lie hushed, and we have seen whereby upon our way to creep,
E'en by the double-roaded gate that near the sea-strand lies:
Their fires are slaked, and black the smoke goes upward to the skies.

If ye will suffer us to use this fortune that doth fall
We will go seek Æneas now and Pallanteum's wall:
Ye shall behold him and his spoils from mighty victory wrought
Come hither presently: the way shall fail our feet in nought,
For we have seen the city's skirts amid the valleys dim
In daily hunt, whereby we learned the river's uplong brim."
Then spake Aletes weighty-wise, heart-ripe with plenteous eld:
"Gods of our fathers, under whom the weal of Troy is held,
Ye have not doomed all utterly the Teucrian folk undone,
When ye for us such souls of youth, such hardy hearts have won."
So saying by shoulder and by hand he took the goodly twain,
While all his countenance and cheeks were wet with plenteous rain,
"What gifts may I deem worthy, men, to pay such hearts athirst
For utmost glory? certainly the fairest and the first
The Gods and your own hearts shall grant: the rest your lord shall
give,
Godly Æneas; and this man with all his life to live,
Ascanius here, no memory of such desert shall lack."
"But I," Ascanius breaketh in, "whose father brought aback
Is all my heal — Nisus, I pray by those great Gods of mine,
By him of old, Assaracus, by hoary Vesta's shrine,
Bring back my father! whatsoe'er is left with me today
Of Fate or Faith, into your breasts I give it all away.
O give me back the sight of him, and grief is all gone by.
Two cups of utter silver wrought and rough with imagery
I give you, which my father took from wracked Arisbe's hold;
Two tripods eke, two talents' weight of fire-beproven gold;
A beaker of the time ago, Sidonian Dido's gift.
But if we hap to win the day and spoil of battle shift,
If we lay hand on Italy and staff of kingship bear, —
Ye saw the horse that bore today gold Turnus and his gear,
That very same, the shield withal, and helm-crest ruddy dyed,
Thy gifts, O Nisus, from the spoil henceforth I set aside.
Moreover of the mother-folk twice six most excellent
My sire shall give, and captive men with all their armament,
And therewithal the kingly field, Latinus' garden-place.
But thou, O boy most worshipful, whom nigher in the race

Mine own years follow, thee I take unto mine inmost heart,
Embracing thee my very friend in all to have a part;
Nor any glory of my days without thee shall I seek,
Whether I fashion peace or war; all that I do or speak
I trust to thee."

In answer thus Euryalus 'gan say:

"No day henceforth of all my life shall prove me fallen away
From this my deed: only may fate in kindly wise befall,
Nor stand against me: now one gift I ask thee over all:
I have a mother born on earth from Priam's ancient race,
Who wretched in the land of Troy had no abiding-place,
Nor in Acesta's steadfast wall; with me she still must wend:
Her, who knows nought of this my risk, whatever may be the end
Unto thy safeguard do I leave: Night and thy right hand there
Be witness that my mother's tears I had no heart to bear.
But solace thou her lack, I pray; comfort her desert need;
Yea let me bear this hope with me, and boldlier shall I speed
Amid all haps."

Touched to the heart the Dardans might not keep
Their tears aback, and chief of all did fair Iulus weep,
The image of his father's love so flashed upon his soul:
And therewithal he spake the word:

"All things I duly answer for worthy thy deed of fame;
Thy mother shall my mother be, nor lack but e'en the name
To be Creusa: store of thanks no little hath she won
That bore thee. Whatsoever hap thy valorous deed bear on,
By this my head, whereon my sire is wont the troth to plight,
Whatever I promised thee come back, with all things wrought aright,
Thy mother and thy kin shall bide that very same reward."
So spake he, weeping, and did off his shoulder-girded sword
All golden, that with wondrous craft Lycaon out of Crete
Had fashioned, fitting it withal in ivory scabbard meet.
And Mnestheus unto Nisus gives a stripped-off lion's hide
And shaggy coat; and helm for helm giveth Aletes tried.
Then forth they wend in weed of war, and they of first estate,
Young men and old, went forth with them, and leave them at the gate
With following vows; and therewithal Iulus, goodly-wrought,

Who far beyond his tender years had mind of manly thought,
Charged them with many messages unto his father's ear, —
Vain words the night-winds bore away and gave the clouds to bear.
Forth now they wend and pass the ditch, and through the mirk night
gain

The baneful camp: yet ere their death they too shall be the bane
Of many: bodies laid in sleep and wine they see strewed o'er
The herbage, and the battle-cars upreared along the shore;
And mid the reins and wheels thereof are men and weapons blent
With wine-jars: so Hyrtacides such word from tooth-hedge sent:
“Euryalus, the hand must dare, the time cries on the deed;
Here lies the way: do thou afar keep watch and have good heed,
Lest any hand aback of us arise ‘gainst thee and me:
Here will I make a waste forsooth, and wide thy way shall be.”
He speaks, and hushes all his voice, and so with naked blade
Falls on proud Rhamnes; who, as happed, on piled-up carpets laid,
Amid his sleep was blowing forth great voice from inner breast.
A king he was; king Turnus' seer, of all belovèd best;
Yet nought availed his wizardry to drive his bane away.
Three thralls unware, as heeding nought amid the spears they lay,
He endeth: Remus' shield-bearer withal and charioteer,
Caught 'neath the very steeds: his sword their drooping necks doth
shear;

Then from their lord he takes the head, and leaves the trunk to spout
Gushes of blood: the earth is warm with black gore all about.
The beds are wet. There Lamyrus and Lamus doth he slay,
And young Serranus fair of face, who played the night away
For many an hour, until his limbs 'neath God's abundance failed,
And down he lay: ah! happier 'twere if he had still prevailed
To make the live-long night one game until the morning cold.
As famished lion Nisus fares amid the sheep-filled fold,
When ravening hunger driveth on; the soft things, dumb with dread,
He draggeth off, devouring them, and foams from mouth blood-red.
Nor less the death Euryalus hath wrought; for all aflame
He wades in wrath, and on the way slays many lacking name:
Fadus, Herbesus therewithal, Rhoetus and Abaris;
Unwary they: but Rhoetus waked, and looking on all this,

Fulfilled of fear was hiding him behind a wine-jar pressed:
The foe was on him as he rose; the sword-blade pierced his breast
Up to the hilts, and drew aback abundant stream of death.
His purple life he poureth forth, and, dying, vomiteth
Blent blood and wine. On death-stealth still onward the Trojan went,
And toward Messapus' leaguer drew, where watch-fires well-nigh
spent

He saw, and horses all about, tethered in order due,
Cropping the grass: but Nisus spake in hasty words and few,
Seeing him borne away by lust of slaughter overmuch:
"Hold we our hands, for dawn our foe hasteth the world to touch:
Deep have we drunk of death, and cut a road amid the foe."
The gear of men full goodly-wrought of silver through and through
They leave behind, and bowls therewith, and carpets fashioned fair.
Natheless Euryalus caught up the prophet Rhamnes' gear
And gold-bossed belt, which Cædicus, the wealthy man of old,
Sent to Tiburtine Remulus, that he his name might hold,
Though far he were; who, dying, gave his grandson their delight;
And he being dead, Rutulian men won them in war and fight
These now he takes, and all for nought does on his valorous breast,
And dons Messapus' handy helm with goodly-fashioned crest,
Wherewith they leave the camp and gain the road that safer lay.
But horsemen from the Latin town meantime were on the way,
Sent on before to carry word to Turnus, lord and king,
While in array amid the fields the host was tarrying.
Three hundred knights, all shielded folk, 'neath Volscens do they
fare.

And now they drew anigh the camp and 'neath its rampart were,
When from afar they saw the twain on left-hand footway lurk;
Because Euryalus' fair helm mid glimmer of the mirk
Betrayed the heedless youth, and flashed the moonbeams back again.
Nor was the sight unheeded: straight cries Volscens midst his men:
"Stand ho! why thus afoot, and why in weapons do ye wend,
And whither go ye?"

Nought had they an answer back to send,
But speed their fleeing mid the brake, and trust them to the night;
The horsemen cast themselves before each crossway known aright,

And every outgoing there is with guard they girdle round.
Rough was the wood; a thicket-place where black holm-oaks abound,
And with the tanglement of thorns choked up on every side,
The road but glimmering faintly out from where the foot-tracks hide.
The blackness of overhanging boughs and heavy battle-prey
Hinder Euryalus, and fear beguiles him of the way.
Nisus comes out, and now had won unwitting from the foe,
And reached the place from Alba's name called Alban Meadows
now;
Where King Latinus had as then his high-built herd-houses.
So there he stands, and, looking round, his fellow nowhere sees:
"Hapless Euryalus! ah me, where have I left thy face?
Where shall I seek thee, gathering up that tangle of the ways
Through the blind wood?"
So therewithal he turns upon his track,
Noting his footsteps, and amid the hushed brake strays aback,
Harkening the horse-hoofs and halloos and calls of following folk.
Nor had he long abided there, ere on his ears outbroke
Great clamour, and Euryalus he sees, whom all the band
Hath taken, overcome by night, and blindness of the land,
And wildering tumult: there in vain he strives in battle-play.
Ah, what to do? What force to dare, what stroke to snatch away
The youth? Or shall he cast himself amid the swords to die,
And hasten down the way of wounds to lovely death anigh?
Then swiftly, with his arm drawn back and brandishing his spear,
He looks up at the moon aloft, and thuswise poureth prayer:
"To aid, thou Goddess! Stay my toil, and let the end be good!
Latonian glory of the stars, fair watcher of the wood,
If ever any gift for me upon thine altars gave
My father Hyrtacus; if I for thee the hunting drave;
If aught I hung upon thy dome, or set upon thy roof,
Give me to break their gathered host, guide thou my steel aloof!"
He spake, and in the shafted steel set all his body's might,
And hurled it: flying forth the spear clave through the dusk of night,
And, reaching Sulmo turned away, amidst his back it flew,
And brake there; but the splintering shaft his very heart pierced
through,

And o'er he rolleth, vomiting the hot stream from his breast:
Then heave his flanks with long-drawn sobs and cold he lies at rest.
On all sides then they peer about: but, whetted on thereby,
The quivering shaft from o'er his ear again he letteth fly.
Amid their wilderment the spear whistleth through either side
Of Tagus' temples, and wet-hot amidst his brain doth bide.
Fierce Volscens rageth, seeing none who might the spear-shot send,
Or any man on whom his wrath and heat of heart to spend.
"But thou, at least, with thine hot blood shalt pay the due award
For both," he cries; and therewithal, swift drawing forth the sword,
He falleth on Euryalus. Then, wild with all affright,
Nisus shrieks out, and cares no more to cloak himself with night,
And hath no heart to bear against so great a misery.
"On me, me! Here — I did the deed! turn ye the sword on me,
Rutulians! — all the guilt is mine: he might not do nor dare.
May heaven and those all-knowing stars true witness of it bear!
Only with too exceeding love he loved his hapless friend."
Such words he poured forth, but the sword no less its way doth
wend,
Piercing the flank and rending through the goodly breast of him;
And rolls Euryalus in death: in plenteous blood they swim
His lovely limbs, his drooping neck low on his shoulder lies:
As when the purple field-flower faints before the plough and dies,
Or poppies when they hang their heads on wearied stems outworn,
When haply by the rainy load their might is overborne.
Then Nisus falls amidst of them, and Volscens seeks alone
For aught that any man may do: save him he heedeth none.
About him throng the foe: all round the strokes on him are laid
To thrust him off: but on he bears, whirling his lightning blade,
Till full in Volscens' shouting mouth he burieth it at last,
Tearing the life from out the foe, as forth his own life passed.
Then, ploughed with wounds, he cast him down upon his lifeless
friend,
And so in quietness of death gat resting in the end.
O happy twain, if anywise my song-craft may avail,
From out the memory of the world no day shall blot your tale,
While on the rock-fast Capitol Æneas' house abides,

And while the Roman Father still the might of empire guides.
The Rutuli, victorious now with spoils and prey of war,
But sorrowing still, amid the camp the perished Volscens bore.
Nor in the camp was grief the less, when they on Rhamnes came
Bloodless; and many a chief cut off by one death and the same;
Serranus dead and Numa dead: a many then they swarm
About the dead and dying men, and places wet and warm
With new-wrought death, and runnels full with plenteous foaming
blood.

Then one by one the spoils they note; the glittering helm and good
Messapus owned: the gear such toil had won back from the dead.
But timely now Aurora left Tithonus' saffron bed,
And over earth went scattering wide the light of new-born day:
The sun-flood flowed, and all the world unveiled by daylight lay.
Then Turnus, clad in arms himself, wakes up the host to arms,
And every lord to war-array bids on his brazen swarms;
And men with diverse tidings told their battle-anger whet.
Moreover (miserable sight!) on upraised spears they set
Those heads, and follow them about with most abundant noise,
Euryalus and Nisus dead.

Meanwhile Æneas' hardy sons upon their leftward wall
Stand in array; for on the right the river girdeth all.
In woe they ward the ditches deep, and on the towers on high
Stand sorrowing; for those heads upreared touch all their hearts
anigh,

Known overwell to their sad eyes mid the black flow of gore.
Therewith in wingèd fluttering haste, the trembling city o'er
Goes tell-tale Fame, and swift amidst the mother's ears doth glide;
And changed she was, nor in her bones the life-heat would abide:
The shuttle falls from out her hand, unrolled the web doth fall,
And with a woman's hapless shrieks she flieth to the wall:
Rending her hair, beside herself, she faced the front of fight,
Heedless of men, and haps of death, and all the weapons' flight,
And there the very heavens she filled with wailing of her grief:
"O son, and do I see thee so? Thou rest and last relief
Of my old days! hadst thou the heart to leave me lone and spent?
O cruel! might I see thee not on such a peril sent?"

Was there no time for one last word amid my misery?
A prey for Latin fowl and dogs how doth thy body lie,
On lands uncouth! Not e'en may I, thy mother, streak thee, son,
Thy body dead; or close thine eyes, or wash thy wounds well won,
Or shroud thee in the cloth I wrought for thee by night and day,
When hastening on the weaving-task I kept eld's cares at bay?
Where shall I seek thee? What earth hides thy body, mangled sore,
And perished limbs? O son, to me bringest thou back no more
Than this? and have I followed this o'er every land and sea?
O pierce me through, if ye be kind; turn all your points on me,
Rutulians! Let me first of all with battle-steel be sped!
Father of Gods, have mercy thou! Thrust down the hated head
Beneath the House of Tartarus with thine own weapon's stress,
Since otherwise I may not break my life-days' bitterness."
Their hearts were shaken with her wail, and Sorrow fain will weep,
And in all men their battle-might unbroken lay asleep.
But Actor and Idæus take that flaming misery,
As bade Ilioneus, and young Iulus, sore as he
Went weeping: back in arms therewith they bear her 'neath the roof.
But now the trump with brazen song cast fearful sound aloof,
Chiding to war; and shouts rise up and belloweth back the heaven,
And forth the Volscians fare to speed the shield-roof timely driven.
Some men fall on to fill the ditch and pluck the ramparts down;
Some seek approach and ladders lay where daylight rends the crown
Of wall-wards, and would get them up where stands the hedge of war
Thinner of men: against their way the Teucrian warders pour
All weapon-shot: with hard-head pikes they thrust them down the
steep.
Long was the war wherein they learned the battle-wall to keep.
Stones, too, of deadly weight they roll, if haply they may break
The shield-roof of the battle-rush; but sturdily those take
All chances of the play beneath their close and well-knit hold.
Yet fail they; for when hard at hand their world of war was rolled,
A mighty mass by Teucrians moved rolls on and rushes o'er,
And fells the host of Rutuli and breaks the tiles of war.
Nor longer now the Rutuli, the daring hearts, may bear
To play with Mars amid the dark, but strive the walls to clear

With storm of shaft and weapon shot.
But now Mezentius otherwhere, a fearful sight to see,
Was tossing high the Tuscan pine with smoke-wreathed fiery heart:
While Neptune's child, the horse-tamer Messapus, played his part,
Rending the wall, and crying out for ladders to be laid.
Speak, Song-maids: thou, Calliope, give thou the singer aid
To tell what wise by Turnus' sword the field of fight was strown;
What death he wrought; what man each man to Orcus sent adown.
Fall to with me to roll abroad the mighty skirts of war,
Ye, Goddesses, remember all, and ye may tell it o'er.
There was a tower built high overhead, with gangways up in air,
Set well for fight, 'gainst which the foe their utmost war-might bear,
And all Italians strive their most to work its overthrow:
Gainst whom the Trojans ward it well, casting the stones below,
And through the hollow windows speed the shot-storm thick and fast.

There Turnus first of all his folk a flaming firebrand cast,
And fixed it in the turret's flank: wind-nursed it caught great space
Of planking, and amid the doors, consuming, kept its place.
Then they within, bewildered sore, to flee their ills are fain,
But all for nought; for while therein they huddle from the bane,
And draw aback to place yet free from ruin, suddenly
O'erweighted toppleth down the tower, and thundereth through the sky.

Half-dead the warders fall to earth by world of wrack o'erborne,
Pierced with their own shafts, and their breasts with hardened splinters torn.

Yea, Lycus and Helenor came alone of all their peers
Alive to earth: Helenor, now in spring-tide of his years:
Bond-maid Licymnia privily to that Mæonian king
Had borne the lad, and sent him forth to Troy's beleaguering
With arms forbidden, sheathless sword and churl's unpainted shield.
But when he saw himself amidst the thousand-sworded field
Of Turnus, Latins on each side, behind, and full in face,
E'en as a wild beast hedged about by girdle of the chase
Rages against the point and edge, and, knowing death anear,
Leaps forth, and far is borne away down on the hunter's spear;

Not otherwise the youth falls on where thickest spear-points lie,
And in the middle of the foe he casts himself to die.

But Lycus, nimbler far of foot, betwixt the foemen slipped,
Betwixt the swords, and gained the wall, and at the coping gripped,
And strove to draw him up with hand, the friendly hands to feel;
But Turnus both with foot and spear hath followed hard at heel,
And mocks him thus in victory: "How was thy hope so grown
Of 'scaping from my hand, O fool?"

Therewith he plucks him down

From where he hung, and space of wall tears downward with the
man.

As when it chanceth that a hare or snowy-bodied swan
Jove's shield-bearer hath borne aloft in snatching hookèd feet;
Or lamb, whose mother seeketh him with most abundant bleat,
Some wolf of Mars from fold hath caught.

Goes up great cry around:

They set on, and the ditches filled with o'erturned garth and mound,
While others cast the blazing brands on roof and battlement.

Ilioneus with mighty stone, a shard from hillside rent,

Lucetius felled, as fire in hand unto the gate he drew.

Then Liger felled Emathion, for craft of spear he knew;

Asylas Corynaeus, by dint of skill in bowshaft's ways,

Cæneus Ortygius fells, and him, victorious, Turnus slays,

And Itys, Clonius, Promolus, Dioxippus withal,

And Sagaris, and Idas set on topmost turret-wall.

Then Capys slays Privernus; him Themilla's light-winged spear

Had grazed, whereon he dropped his shield, and his left hand did
bear

Upon the hurt; when lo, thereto the wingèd shaft did win,

And nailed the hand unto the side, and, buried deep within,

Burst all the breathing-ways of life with deadly fatal sore.

But lo, where standeth Arcens' child in goodly weed of war,

Fair with his needle-painted cloak, with Spanish scarlet bright,

Noble of face: Arcens, his sire, had sent him to the fight

From nursing of his mother's grove about Symæthia's flood,

Whereby Palicus' altar stands, the wealthy and the good.

Mezentius now laid by his spear, and took his whistling sling,

And whirled it thrice about his head at length of tugging string,
And with the flight of molten lead his midmost forehead clave,
And to the deep abundant sand his outstretched body gave.
Then first they say Ascanius aimed his speedy shafts in war,
Wherewith but fleeing beasts afield he used to fright before:
But now at last his own right hand the stark Numanus slays,
Who had to surname Remulus, and in these latter days
King Turnus' sister, young of years, had taken to his bed:
He in the forefront of the fight kept crying out, and said
Things worthy and unworthy tale: puffed up with pride of place
New-won he went, still clamouring out his greatness and his grace.
"O twice-caught Phrygians, shames you nought thus twice amid the wars

To lie in bonds, and stretch out walls before the march of Mars?
Lo, these are they who woke the war the wives of us to wed!
What God sent you to Italy? what madness hither sped?
Here are no Atreus' sons, and no Ulysses word-weaver.
A people hard from earliest spring our new-born sons we bear
Unto the stream, and harden us with bitter frost and flood.
Our lads, they wake the dawning-chase and wear the tangled wood;
Our sport is taming of the horse and drawing shafted bow;
Our carles, who bear a world of toil, and hunger-pinching know,
Tame earth with spade, or shake with war the cities of the folk.
Yea, all our life with steel is worn; afield we drive the yoke
With spear-shaft turned about: nor doth a halting eld of sloth
Weaken our mightiness of soul, or change our glory's growth.
We do the helm on hoary hairs, and ever deem it good
To drive the foray day by day, and make the spoil our food.
But ye — the raiment saffron-stained, with purple glow tricked out

These are your heart-joys: ye are glad to lead the dance about.
Sleeve-coated folk, O ribbon-coifed, not even Phrygian men,
But Phrygian wives, to Dindymus the high go get ye then!
To hear the flute's twi-mouthèd song as ye are wont to do!
The Berecynthian Mother's box and cymbals call to you
From Ida: let men deal with war, and drop adown your swords."
That singer of such wicked speech, that caster forth of words,

Ascanius brooked not: breasting now his horse-hair full at strain,
He aimed the shaft, and therewithal drew either arm atwain,
And stood so; but to Jupiter first suppliant fell to pray:
“O Jove Almighty, to my deeds, thus new-begun, nod yea,
And I myself unto thy fane the yearly gifts will bear,
And bring before thine altar-stead a snow-white gilt-horned steer,
Whose head unto his mother’s head is evenly upborne,
Of age to spurn the sand with hoof and battle with the horn.”
The Father heard, and out of heaven, wherein no cloud-fleck hung,
His leftward thunder fell, wherewith the fateful bow outrung,
The back-drawn shaft went whistling forth with dreadful sound, and
sped

To pierce the skull of Remulus and hollow of his head:
“Go to, then, and thy mocking words upon men’s valour call,
The twice-caught Phrygians answer back Rutulians herewithal.”
This only word Ascanius spake: the Teucrians raise their cry
And shout for joy, and lift their heart aloft unto the sky.
Long-haired Apollo then by hap high-set in airy place,
Looked down upon Ausonian host and leaguered city’s case,
And thus the victor he bespeaks from lofty seat of cloud:
“Speed on in new-born valour, child! this is the starward road,
O son of Gods and sire of Gods! Well have the Fates ordained
That ‘neath Assaracus one day all war shall be refrained.
No Troy shall hold thee.”

With that word he stoops from heaven aloft
And puts away on either side the wind that meets him soft,
And seeks Ascanius: changed is he withal, and putteth on
The shape of Butes old of days, shield-bearer time ago
Unto Anchises, Dardan king, and door-ward true and tried;
But with Ascanius now his sire had bidden him abide.
Like this old man in every wise, voice, hue, and hoary hair,
And arms that cried on cruel war, now did Apollo fare,
And to Iulus hot of heart in such wise went his speech:
“Enough, O child of Æneas, that thou with shaft didst reach
Numanus’ life unharmed thyself, great Phoebus grants thee this,
Thy first-born praise, nor grudgeth thee like weapons unto his.
But now refrain thy youth from war.”

So spake Apollo then,
And in the midmost of his speech fled sight of mortal men,
And faded from their eyes away afar amid the air.
The Dardan dukes, they knew the God and holy shooting-gear,
And as he fled away from them they heard his quiver shrill.
Therefore Ascanius, fain of fight, by Phoebus' word and will
They hold aback: but they themselves fare to the fight again,
And cast their souls amidst of all the perils bare and plain.
Then goes the shout adown the wall, along the battlement;
The javelin-thongs are whirled about, the sharp-springed bows are bent,
And all the earth is strewn with shot: the shield, the helmet's cup,
Ring out again with weapon-dint, and fierce the fight springs up.
As great as, when the watery kids are setting, beats the rain
Upon the earth; as plentiful as when upon the main
The hail-clouds fall, when Jupiter, fierce with the southern blasts,
Breaks up the hollow clouds of heaven and watery whirl downcasts.
Now Pandarus and Bitias stark, Idan Alcanor's seed.
They whom Iæra of the woods in Jove's brake nursed with heed,
Youths tall as firs or mountain-cliffs that in their country are,
The gate their lord hath bid them keep, these freely now unbar,
And freely bid the foeman in, trusting to stroke of hand;
But they themselves to right and left before the gate-towers stand,
Steel-clad, and with their lofty heads crested with glittering gleams;
E'en as amid the air of heaven, beside the flowing streams
On rim of Padus, or anigh soft Athesis and sweet,
Twin oak-trees spring, and tops unshorn uprear the skies to meet,
And with their heads high over earth nod ever in the wind.
So now the Rutuli fall on when clear the way they find,
But Quercens, and Æquicolus the lovely war-clad one,
And Tmarus of the headlong soul, and Hæmon, Mavors' son,
Must either turn their backs in flight, with all their men of war,
Or lay adown their lovèd lives on threshold of the door.
Then bitterer waxeth battle-rage in hate-fulfillèd hearts,
And there the Trojans draw to head and gather from all parts,
Eager to deal in handy strokes, full fierce afield to fare.
But as duke Turnus through the fight was raging elsewhere,

Confounding folk, there came a man with tidings that the foe,
Hot with new death, the door-leaves wide to all incomers throw.
Therewith he leaves the work in hand, and, stirred by anger's goad,
Against the Dardan gate goes forth, against the brethren proud:
There first Antiphates he slew, who fought amid the first,
The bastard of Sarpedon tall, by Theban mother nursed.
With javelin-cast he laid him low: the Italian cornel flies
Through the thin air, pierceth his maw, and 'neath his breast-bone
lies

Deep down; the hollow wound-cave pours a flood of gore and foam,
And warm amid him lies the steel, amid his lung gone home.
Then Meropes', and Erymas', Aphidnus' lives he spilled;
Then Bitias of the flaming eyes and heart with ire fulfilled; —
Not with the dart, for to no dart his life-breath had he given; —
But whirled and whizzing mightily came on the sling-spear, driven
Like lightning-flash; against whose dint two bull-hides nought
availed,

Nor yet the golden faithful fence of war-coat double-scaled:
His fainting limbs fell down afield, and earth gave out a groan,
And rang the thunder of his shield huge on his body thrown:
E'en as upon Euboean shore of Baiaë falleth whiles
A stony pillar, which built up of mighty bonded piles
They set amid the sea: suchwise it draggeth mighty wrack
Headlong adown, and deep in sea it lieth dashed aback:
The seas are blent, black whirl of sand goes up confusedly;
And with the noise quakes Prochytas, and quakes Inarimè,
The unsoft bed by Jove's command upon Typhoeus laid.
Then Mars, the mighty in the war, brings force and strength to aid
The Latin men, and in their hearts he stirs his bitter goads,
The while with fleeing and black fear the Teucrian heart he loads:
From everywhither run the folk, since here is battle rich,
And in all hearts the war-god wakes.

But Pandarus, beholding now his brother laid to earth,
And whitherward wends Fortune now, and what Time brings to birth,
Back-swinging on the hinge again with might the door-leaf sends,
By struggle of his shoulders huge; and many of his friends
Shut outward of the walls he leaves, amid the fierce debate;

While others, with himself shut in, poured backward through the gate.

Madman! who saw not how the king Rutulian mid the band
Came rushing, but amidst the town now shut him with his hand,
E'en as a tiger pent amidst a helpless flock of sheep.

Then dreadfully his armour rings, light from his eyes doth leap, —
A strange new light: the blood-red crest upon his helm-top quakes,
And from the circle of his shield a glittering lightning breaks.

Sudden Æneas' frightened folk behold his hated face
And mighty limbs: but Pandarus breaks forth amid the place
Huge, and his heart afire with rage for his lost brother's death.

"Nay, this is not Amata's home, the dowry house," he saith,
"Nor yet doth Ardea's midmost wall hold kindred Turnus in:
The foe-man's camp thou seest, wherefrom thou hast no might to win."

But from his all untroubled breast laughed Turnus, as he said:

"Begin, if thou hast heart thereto, let hand to hand be laid!
Thou shalt tell Priam how thou found'st a new Achilles here."

He spake: the other put all strength to hurling of his spear,
A shaft all rough with knots, and still in its own tree-bark bound.
Straightway the thin air caught it up, but that swift-speeding wound
Saturnian Juno turned aside and set it in the door.

— "But now thou 'scapest not this steel mine own hand maketh sure,
Nought such as thine the weapon-smith, the wound-smith — —"

With the word

He riseth up unto the high uprising of the sword,
Wherewith betwixt the temples twain he clave his midmost head,
And with a fearful wound apart the cheeks unbearded shred.
Then came a sound, and shook the earth 'neath the huge weight of him:

With armour wet with blood and brain, with fainting, slackened limb,
He strewed the ground in death; his head, sheared clean and evenly,
From either shoulder hanging down, this side and that did lie.
Then turn and flee the Trojan folk, by quaking terror caught;
And if the conquering man as then one moment had had thought
To burst the bolts and let his folk in through the opened door,
That day had been the last of days for Trojans and their war.

But utter wrath of heart and soul, and wildering lust of death
Drive him afire amidst the foe.

Then Phaleris he catcheth up, and ham-strung Gyges then,
Whose spears, snatched up, he hurleth on against the backs of men;
For Juno finds him might enough and heart wherewith to do,
Halys he sendeth down with these, Phegeus with targe smit through;
Then, as they roused the war on wall, nor wotted aught of this,
Alcander stark, and Halius stout, Noëmon, Prytanis.

Then Lynceus, as he ran to aid and cheered his folk withal,
He reacheth at with sweeping sword from right hand of the wall
And smiteth; and his helm and head, struck off with that one blow,
Lie far away: Amycus then, the wood-deer's wasting foe,
He slayeth: happier hand had none in smearing of the shaft
And arming of the iron head the poison-wound to waft.

Then Clytius, son of Æolus, and Cretheus Muse-beloved, —
Cretheus the Muses' fellow-friend, whose heart was ever moved
By song and harp, and measured sound along the strained string;
Who still of steeds, and arms, and men, and battle-tide would sing.
At last the Trojan dukes of men, Mnestheus, Serestus fierce,
Draw to a head when all this death is borne unto their ears,
And see their folk all scattering wide, the foe amidst them see.

Then Mnestheus cries: "And whither now, and whither will ye flee?
What other walls, what other town have ye a hope to find?
Hath one man, O my town-fellows, whom your own ramparts bind,
Wrought such a death and unavenged amid your very town,
And sent so many lords of war by Orcus' road adown?

O dastards, your unhappy land, your Gods of ancient days,
Your great Æneas — what! no shame, no pity do they raise?"
Fired by such words, they gather heart and stand in close array,
Till step by step 'gins Turnus now to yield him from the play,
And seek the river and the side the wet wave girds about.

Then fiercer fall the Teucrians on, and raise a mighty shout,
And lock their ranks: as when a crowd of men-folk and of spears
Falls on a lion hard of heart, and he, beset by fears,
But fierce and grim-eyed, yieldeth way, though anger and his worth
Forbid him turn his back about: no less to fare right forth
Through spears and men avails him not, though ne'er so fain he be.

Not otherwise unhasty feet drew Turnus doubtfully
Abackward, all his heart a-boil with anger's overflow.
Yea, twice, indeed, he falls again amidmost of the foe,
And twice more turns to huddled flight their folk along the walls;
But, gathered from the camp about, the whole host on him falls,
Nor durst Saturnian Juno now his might against them stay;
For Jupiter from heaven hath sent Iris of airy way,
No soft commands of his high doom bearing his sister down,
If Turnus get him not away from Troy's high-built town.
So now the warrior's shielded left the play endureth not,
Nought skills his right hand; wrapped around in drift of weapon shot
About his temples' hollow rings his helm with ceaseless clink;
The starkly-fashioned brazen plates amid the stone-cast chink;
The crest is battered from his head; nor may the shield-boss hold
Against the strokes: the Trojans speed the spear-storm manifold,
And lightening Mnestheus thickeneth it: then over all his limbs
The sweat bursts out, and all adown a pitchy river swims:
Hard grows his breath, and panting sharp shaketh his body spent.
Until at last, all clad in arms, he leapt adown, and sent
His body to the river fair, who in his yellow flood
Caught him, and bore him forth away on ripple soft and good,
And gave him merry to his men, washed from the battle's blood.

BOOK X.

ARGUMENT.

THE GODS TAKE COUNSEL: ÆNEAS COMETH TO HIS FOLK AGAIN, AND DOETH MANY GREAT DEEDS IN BATTLE.

Meanwhile is opened wide the door of dread Olympus' walls,
And there the Sire of Gods and Men unto the council calls,
Amid the starry place, wherefrom, high-throned, he looks adown
Upon the folk of Latin land and that beleaguered town.
There in the open house they sit, and he himself begins:
"O Dwellers in the House of Heaven, why backward thuswise wins
Your purpose? Why, with hearts unruled, raise ye the strife so sore?
I clean forbade that Italy should clash with Troy in war.
Now why the war that I forbade? who egged on these or those
To fear or fight, or drave them on with edge of sword to close?
Be not o'reager in your haste: the hour of fight shall come,
When dreadful Carthage on a day against the walls of Rome,
Betwixt the opened doors of Alps, a mighty wrack shall send;
Then may ye battle, hate to hate, and reach and grasp and rend:
But now forbear, and joyfully knit fast the plighted peace."
Few words spake Jove; but not a few in answer unto these
Gave golden Venus back again:
"O Father, O eternal might of men and deeds of earth —
For what else may be left to me whereto to turn my prayers? —
Thou seest the Rutuli in pride, and Turnus, how he fares?
Amidst them, borne aloft by steeds, and, swelling, war-way sweeps
With Mars to aid: the fencèd place no more the Teucrians keeps,
For now within the very gates and mound-heaped battlement
They blend in fight, and flood of gore adown the ditch is sent,
Unware Æneas is away. — Must they be never free
From bond of leaguer? lo, again the threatening enemy
Hangs over Troy new-born! Behold new host arrayed again
From Arpi, the Ætolian-built; against the Teucrian men
Tydides riseth. So for me belike new wounds in store,
And I, thy child, must feel the edge of arms of mortal war.

Now if without thy peace, without thy Godhead's will to speed,
The Trojans sought for Italy, let ill-hap pay ill deed,
Nor stay them with thine help: but if they followed many a word
Given forth by Gods of Heaven and Hell, by whom canst thou be
stirred

To turn thy doom, or who to forge new fate may e'er avail?
Of ship-host burnt on Eryx shore why should I tell the tale?
Or of the king of wind and storm, or wild and windy crowd
Æolia bred, or Iris sent adown the space of cloud?
But now withal the Gods of Hell, a world untried before,
She stirreth, and Alecto sent up to the earthly shore
In sudden hurry raves about towns of Italian men.
No whit for lordship do I yearn: I hoped such glories then
While Fortune was: let them be lords whom thou wilt doom for
lords!

But if no land thy hard-heart wife to Teucrian men awards,
Yet, Father, by the smoking wrack of overwhelmèd Troy
I pray thee from the weapon-dint safe let me send a boy,
Yea, e'en Ascanius: let me keep my grandson safe for me!
Yea, let Æneas toss about on many an unknown sea,
And let him follow wheresoe'er his fortune shall have led:
But this one let me shield, and take safe from the battle's dread.
Paphus, Cythera, Amathus, are mine, and I abide
Within Idalia's house: let him lay weed of war aside,
And wear his life inglorious there: then shalt thou bid the hand
Of Carthage weigh Ausonia down, and nothing shall withstand
The towns of Tyre. — Ah, what availed to 'scape the bane of war?
Ah, what availed that through the midst of Argive flames they bore
To wear down perils of wide lands, and perils of the main,
While Teucrian men sought Latin land and Troy new-born again?
Ah, better had it been for them by Troy's cold ash to stay,
To dwell on earth where Troy hath been. Father, give back, I pray,
Their Xanthus and their Simoïs unto that wretched folk,
And let them toil and faint once more 'neath Ilium's woeful yoke!"
Then spake Queen Juno, heavy wroth: "Why driv'st thou me to part
My deep-set silence, and lay bare with words my grief of heart?
What one of all the Gods or men Æneas drave to go

On warring ways, or bear himself as King Latinus' foe?
Fate-bidden he sought Italy? — Yea, soothly, or maybe
Spurned by Cassandra's wilderment — and how then counselled we
To leave his camp and give his life to make the winds a toy?
To trust his walls and utmost point of war unto a boy?
To trust the Tuscan faith, and stir the peaceful folk to fight?
What God hath driven him to lie, what hardness of my might?
Works Juno here, or Iris sent adown the cloudy way?
'Tis wrong for Italy, forsooth, the ring of fire to lay
Round Troy new-born; for Turnus still to hold his fathers' earth! —
Though him, Pilumnus' own son's son, Venilia brought to birth —
But what if Trojans fall with flame upon the Latin folk,
And drive the prey from off their fields oppressed by outland yoke?
Or choose them sons-in-law, or brides from mothers' bosoms tear?
Or, holding peace within their hands, lade ships with weapon-gear?
Thou erst hadst might from Greekish hands Æneas' self to draw,
To thrust a cloud and empty wind in stead of man of war,
And unto sea-nymphs ship by ship the ship-host mayst thou change.
But we to help the Rutuli, 'tis horrible and strange!
— Unware Æneas is away? — let him abide unware!
Paphus thou hast, Idalium, and high Cythera fair,
Then why with cities big with war and hearts of warriors deal?
What! we it was who strove to wrack the fainting Trojan weal?
We! — or the one who thwart the Greeks the wretched Trojans
dashed?
Yea, and what brought it all about that thus in arms they clashed,
Europe and Asia? that men brake the plighted peace by theft?
Did I the Dardan lecher lead, who Sparta's jewel reft?
Did I set weapons in his hand, breed lust to breed debate?
Then had thy care for thine been meet, but now indeed o'erlate
With wrongful plaint thou risest up, and bickerest emptily."
So pleaded Juno, and all they, the heavenly folk anigh,
Murmured their doom in diverse wise; as when the first of wind
Caught in the woods is murmuring on, and rolleth moanings blind,
Betraying to the mariners the onset of the gale.
Then spake the Almighty Sire, in whom is all the world's avail,
And as he spake the high-built house of God was quieted,

And earth from her foundations shook, and heaven was hushed
o'erhead,

The winds fell down, the face of sea was laid in quiet fair:

“Take ye these matters to your hearts, and set my sayings there;
Since nowise the Ausonian folk the plighted troth may blend
With Teucrians, and your contest seems a strife without an end;
What fortune each may have today, what hope each one shears out,
Trojan or Rutulan, will I hold all in balanced doubt,
Whether the camp be so beset by fate of Italy,
Or hapless wanderings of Troy, and warnings dealt awry.
Nor loose I Rutulans the more; let each one's way-faring
Bear its own hap and toil, for Jove to all alike is king;
The Fates will find a way to wend.”

He nodded oath withal

By his own Stygian brother's stream, the pitchy waters' fall,
And blazing banks, and with his nod shook all Olympus' land.
Then fell the talk; from golden throne did Jupiter upstand,
The heaven-abiders girt him round and brought him to the door.

The Rutuli amid all this are pressing on in war,
Round all the gates to slay the men, the walls with fire to ring,
And all Æneas' host is pent with fenced beleaguering.

Nor is there any hope of flight; upon the towers tall
They stand, the hapless men in vain, thin garland for the wall;

Asius, the son of Imbrasus, Thymoetes, and the two
Assaraci, and Thymbris old, with Castor, deeds they do
In the forefront; Sarpedon's sons, twin brethren, with them bide,
Clarus and Themon, born erewhile in lofty Lycia's side.

And now Lyrnessian Acmon huge with strain of limbs strives hard,
And raises up a mighty stone, no little mountain shard;

As great as father Clytius he, or brother Mnestheus' might:

So some with stones, with spear-cast some, they ward the walls in
fight,

They deal with fire or notch the shaft upon the strained string.

But lo amidst, most meetly wrought for Venus cherishing,
His goodly head the Dardan boy unhooded there doth hold,
As shineth out some stone of price, cleaving the yellow gold,
Fair for the bosom or the head; or as the ivory shines,

That with Orician terebinth the art of man entwines,
Or mid the boxwood; down along his milk-white neck they lie
The streams of hair, which golden wire doth catch about and tie.
The mighty nations, Ismarus, there saw thee deft to speed
The bane of men, envenoming the deadly flying reed;
Thou lord-born of Moeonian house, whereby the tiller tills
Rich acres, where Pactolus' flood gold overflowing spills.
There, too, was Mnestheus, whom his deed late done of thrusting
forth

King Turnus from the battlements hath raised to heavenly worth,
And Capys, he whose name is set upon Campania's town.
But while the bitter play of war went bickering up and down,
Æneas clave the seas with keel amidst the dead of night:
For when Evander he had left and reached the Tuscan might,
He met their king and told his name, and whence his race of old,
And what he would and how he wrought: and of the host he told,
Mezentius now had gotten him, and Turnus' wrothful heart;
He warned him in affairs of men to trust not Fortune's part;
And therewithal he mingleth prayers: Tarchon no while doth wait,
But joineth hosts and plighteth troth; and so, set free by Fate,
A-shipboard go the Lydian folk by God's command and grace,
Yet 'neath the hand of outland duke: Æneas' ship hath place
In forefront: Phrygian lions hang above its armèd tyne
O'ertopped by Ida, unto those Troy's outcasts happy sign:
There great Æneas sits, and sends his mind a-wandering wide
Through all the shifting chance of war; and by his left-hand side
Is Pallas asking of the stars and night-tide's journey dim,
Or whiles of haps by land or sea that fortune'd unto him.
Ye Goddesses, ope Helicon, and raise the song to say
What host from out the Tuscan land Æneas led away,
And how they dight their ships, and how across the sea they drave.
In brazen Tiger Massicus first man the sea-plain clave;
A thousand youths beneath him are that Clusium's walls have left
And Cosæ's city: these in war with arrow-shot are deft,
And bear light quivers of the bark, and bear the deadly bow.
Then comes grim Abas, all his host with glorious arms aglow,
And on his stern Apollo gleams, well wrought in utter gold.

But Populonia's mother-land had given him there to hold
Six hundred of the battle-craft; three hundred Ilva sent,
Rich isle, whose wealth of Chalyb ore wastes never nor is spent.
The third is he, who carrieth men the words God hath to say,
Asylas, whom the hearts of beasts and stars of heaven obey,
And tongues of birds, and thunder-fire that coming tidings bears.
A thousand men he hurrieth on with bristling of the spears;
Pisa, the town Alpheüs built amid the Tuscan land,
Bids them obey.
Came Astur next, goodliest of all the band;
Astur, who trusteth in his horse and shifty-coloured weed;
Three hundred hath he, of one heart to wend as he shall lead:
And these are they in Cæres' home and Minios' lea that bide,
The Pyrgi old, and they that feel Gravisca's heavy tide.
Nor thee, best war-duke, Cinyras, of that Ligurian crew,
Leave I unsung: nor thee the more, Cupavo lord of few,
Up from the cresting of whose helm the feathery swan-wings rise.
Love was thy guilt; thy battle-sign was thine own father's guise.
For Cycnus, say they, while for love of Phaëthon he grieves.
And sings beneath his sisters' shade, beneath the poplar-leaves;
While with the Muse some solace sweet for woeful love he won,
A hoary eld of feathers soft about him doth he on,
Leaving the earth and following the stars with tuneful wails;
And now his son amid his peers with Tuscan ship-host sails,
Driving with oars the Centaur huge, who o'er the waters' face
Hangs, threatening ocean with a rock, huge from his lofty place,
And ever with his length of keel the deep sea furrows o'er.
Then he, e'en Ocnus, stirreth up folk from his father's shore,
Who from the love of Tuscan flood and fate-wise Manto came,
And gave, O Mantua, walls to thee, and gave his mother's name:
Mantua, the rich in father-folk, though not one-stemmed her home.
Three stems are there, from each whereof four peoples forth are
come,
While she herself, the head of all, from Tuscan blood hath might.
Five hundred thence Mezentius arms against himself in fight,
Whom Mincius' flood, Benacus' son, veiled in the sedges grey,
Was leading in the fir of fight across the watery way.

Then heavy-huge Aulestes goes; the oar-wood hundred-fold
Rises for beating of the flood, as foam the seas uprolled.
Huge Triton ferries him, whose shell the deep blue sea doth fright:
Up from the shaggy naked waist manlike is he to sight
As there he swims, but underneath whale-bellied is he grown;
Beneath the half-beast breast of him the foaming waters moan.
So many chosen dukes of men in thrice ten keels they sail,
And cut with brass the meads of brine for Troy and its avail.
And now had day-tide failed the sky, and Phoebe, sweet and fair,
Amid her nightly-straying wain did mid Olympus wear.
Æneas, who might give his limbs no whit of peacefulness,
Was sitting with the helm in hand, heeding the sail-gear's stress,
When lo a company of friends his midmost course do meet:
The Nymphs to wit, who Cybele, the goddess holy-sweet,
Bade turn from ships to very nymphs, and ocean's godhead have.
So evenly they swam the sea, and sundered wave and wave,
As many as the brazen beaks once by the sea-side lay;
Afar they know their king, and round in dancing-wise they play;
But one of them, Cymodocea, who speech-lore knew the best,
Drew nigh astern and laid thereon her right hand, with her breast
Above the flood, the while her left through quiet waves rowed on,
And thus bespoke him all unware:
"Wak'st thou, O Godhead's son!
Æneas, wake! and loose the sheets and let all canvas fill!
We were the pine-trees on a time of Ida's holy hill,
Thy ship-host once, but sea-nymphs now: when that Rutulian lord
Fell faithless, headlong, on our lives with firebrand and the sword,
Unwillingly we brake our bonds and sought thee o'er the main.
The Mother in her pity thus hath wrought our shape again,
And given us gift of godhead's life in house of ocean's ground.
Lo now, the boy Ascanius by dyke and wall is bound
Amid the spears, the battle-wood that Latins forth have sent.
And now the horse of Arcady, with stout Etruscans blent,
Holdeth due tryst. Now is the mind of Turnus firmly set
To thrust between them, lest thy camp they succour even yet.
Wherefore arise, and when the dawn first climbs the heavenly shore
Call on thy folk, and take thy shield unconquered evermore,

The Fire-lord's gift, who wrought its lips with circling gold about:
Tomorrow's light, unless thou deem'st my words are all to doubt,
Shall see Rutulian death in heaps a-lying on the land."

Therewith departing, forth she thrust the tall ship with her hand,
As one who had good skill therein, and then across the seas
Swifter than dart she fled, or shaft that matcheth well the breeze,
And straight the others hastened on. All mazed was he of Troy,
Anchises' seed, but yet the sign upraised his heart with joy,
And, looking to the hollow heaven, in few words prayed he thus
"Kind Ida-Mother of the Gods, whose heart loves Dindymus
And towered towns, and lions yoked and tamed to bear the bit,
Be thou my battle-leader now, and do thou further it,
This omen, and with favouring foot the Trojan folk draw nigh."
But while he spake, Day, come again, had run adown the sky,
With light all utter perfect wrought, and driven away the night.
Then folk he biddeth follow on the banners of the fight,
And make them ready for the play and shape their hearts for war.
But he, aloft upon the poop, now sees them where they are,
His leaguered Teucrians, as his left uprears the blazing shield;
And then, the sons of Dardanus up to the starry field
Send forth the cry, and hope is come to whet their battle-wrath.
Thick flies their spear-storm: 'tis as when the Strymon cranes give
forth

Their war-sign on the mirky rack, and down the heavens they run
Sonorous, fleeing southern breeze with clamour following on.
But wondrous to Rutulian king and dukes of Italy
That seemed, until they look about, and lo, the keels they see
Turned shoreward; yea, a sea of ships onsetting toward the shore.
Yea, and the helm is all ablaze, beams from the crest outpour,
The golden shield-boss wide about a world of flame doth shed.
E'en so, amid the clear of night, the comets bloody-red
Blush woeful bright; nor otherwise is Sirius' burning wrought,
When drought and plagues for weary men the birth of him hath
wrought,

And that unhappy light of his hath saddened all the heaven.
But nought from Turnus' hardy heart was high hope ever driven
To take the strand of them and thrust those comers from the shore:

Eager he chid, hot-heart, with words men's courage he upbore:
"Lo, now your prayers have come about, that hand meet hand in
strife,

And Mars is in the brave man's hand: let each one's home and wife
Be in his heart! Call ye to mind those mighty histories,
The praises of our father-folk! Come, meet them in the seas,
Amid their tangle, while their feet yet totter on the earth:
For Fortune helpeth them that dare."

So saying, he turneth in his mind with whom on these to fall,
And unto whom to leave meanwhile the leaguering of the wall.
Meanwhile Æneas from his ships high-built his folk doth speed
Ashore by bridges: many men no less the back-draught heed
Of the spent seas, and, trusting shoals, they make the downward leap;
And others slide adown the oars. Tarchon the shore doth sweep,
Espying where the waves break not, nor back the sea doth roar,
But where the sea-flood harmlessly with full tide swims ashore,
And thither straight he lays his keels, and prays unto his folk:
"O chosen, on the stark oars lay! now up unto the stroke;
Bear on the ships, and with your beaks cleave ye this foeman's earth;
And let the very keels themselves there furrow them their berth.
On such a haven nought I heed, though ship and all we break,
If once we gain the land."

Therewith, as such a word he spake,
His fellows rise together hard on every shaven tree,
In mind to bear their ships befoamed up on the Latin lea,
Until their tyne are high and dry, and fast is every keel
Unhurt: save, Tarchon, thine alone, that winneth no such weal;
For on the shallows driven aground, on evil ridge unmeet,
She hangeth balanced a long while, and doth the waters beat;
Then, breaking, droppeth down her men amidmost of the waves,
Entangled in the wreck of oars, and floating thwarts and staves;
And in the back-draught of the seas their feet are caught withal.
No dull delay holds Turnus back; but fiercely doth he fall,
With all his host, on them of Troy, and meets them on the strand.
The war-horns sing. Æneas first breaks through the field-folk's band,
— Fair omen of the fight — and lays the Latin folk alow.
Thero he slays, most huge of men, whose own heart bade him go

Against Æneas: through the links of brass the sword doth fare,
And through the kirtle's scaly gold, and wastes the side laid bare.
Then Lichas smites he, ripped erewhile from out his mother dead,
And hallowed, Phoebus, unto thee, because his baby head
Had 'scaped the steel: nor far from thence he casteth down to die
Hard Cisseus, Gyas huge, who there beat down his company
With might of clubs; nought then availed that Herculean gear,
Nor their stark hands, nor yet their sire Melampus, though he were
Alcides' friend so long as he on earth wrought heavy toil.
Lo Pharo! while a deedless word he flingeth mid the broil,
The whirring of the javelin stays within his shouting mouth.
Thou, Cydon, following lucklessly thy new delight, the youth
Clytius, whose first of fallow down about his cheeks is spread
Art well-nigh felled by Dardan hand, and there hadst thou lain dead,
At peace from all the many loves wherein thy life would stray,
Had not thy brethren's serried band now thrust across the way
E'en Phorcus' seed: sevenfold of tale and sevenfold spears they
wield:

But some thereof fly harmless back from helm-side and from shield,
The rest kind Venus turned aside, that grazing past they flew;
But therewithal Æneas spake unto Achates true:

"Reach me my shafts: not one in vain my right hand now shall speed
Against Rutulians, of all those that erst in Ilian mead
Stood in the bodies of the Greeks."

Then caught he a great spear

And cast it, and it flew its ways the brazen shield to shear
Of Mæon, breaking through his mail, breaking his breast withal:
Alcanor is at hand therewith, to catch his brother's fall
With his right hand; but through his arm the spear without a stay
Flew hurrying on, and held no less its straight and bloody way,
And by the shoulder-nerves the hand hung down all dead and vain.
Then Numitor, his brother's spear caught from his brother slain,
Falls on Æneas; yet to smite the mighty one in face
No hap he had, but did the thigh of great Achates graze.
Clausus of Cures, trusting well in his young body's might,
Now cometh, and with stiff-wrought spear from far doth Dryops
smite

Beneath the chin; home went its weight, and midst his shouting's birth

From rent throat snatched both voice and life, and prone he smote the ear

And from his mouth abundantly shed forth the flood of gore.

Three Thracians also, men whose stem from Boreas came of yore,

Three whom their father Idas sent, and Ismara their land,

In various wise he fells. And now Halesus comes to hand,

And his Aruncans: Neptune's seed now cometh thrusting in,

Messapus, excellent of horse. Hard strife the field to win!

On this side and on that they play about Ausonia's door.

As whiles within the mighty heaven the winds are making war,

And equal heart they have thereto, and equal might they wield:

Yields none to none, nor yields the rack, nor aught the waters yield;

Long hangs the battle; locked they stand, all things are striving then:

Not otherwise the Trojan host and host of Latin men

Meet foot to foot, and man to man, close pressing in the fray.

But in another place, where erst the torrent in its way

Had driven the rolling rocks along and torn trees of the banks,

Did Pallas see the Arcadian folk, unused to fight in ranks

Of footmen, turn their backs before the Latins in the chase,

Since they forsooth had left their steeds for roughness of the place:

Wherefore he did the only deed that failing Fortune would,

Striving with prayers and bitter words to make their valour good:

"Where flee ye, fellows? Ah, I pray, by deeds that once were bold,

By name of King Evander dear, by glorious wars of old,

By my own hope of praise that springs to mate my father's praise,

Trust not your feet! with point and edge ye needs must cleave your ways

Amidst the foe. Where yon array of men doth thickest wend,

Thither our holy fatherland doth you and Pallas send:

No Gods weigh on us; mortal foes meet mortal men today;

As many hands we have to use, as many lives to pay.

Lo, how the ocean shuts us in with yonder watery wall!

Earth fails for flight — what! seaward then, or Troyward shall we fall?"

Thus said, forthwith he breaketh in amid the foeman's press,

Whom Lagus met the first of all, by Fate's unrighteousness
Drawn thitherward: him, while a stone huge weighted he upheaves,
He pierceth with a whirling shaft just where the backbone cleaves
The ribs atwain, and back again he wrencheth forth the spear
Set mid the bones: nor him the more did Hisbo take unware,
Though that he hoped; for Pallas next withstood him, rushing on
All heedless-wild at that ill death his fellow fair had won,
And buried all his sword deep down amid his wind-swelled lung.
Then Sthenelus he meets, and one from ancient Rhoetus sprung,
Anchemolus, who dared defile his own stepmother's bed.
Ye also on Rutulian lea twin Daucus' sons lay dead,
Larides, Thymber; so alike, O children, that by nought
Your parents knew you each from each, and sweet the error thought.
But now to each did Pallas give a cruel marking-sign;
For, Thymber, the Evandrian sword smote off that head of thine:
And thy lopped right, Larides, seeks for that which was its lord,
The half-dead fingers quiver still and grip unto the sword.
But now the Arcadians cheered by words, beholding his great deed,
The mingled shame and sorrow arm and 'gainst the foeman lead.
Then Pallas thrusteth Rhoeteus through a-flitting by in wain;
And so much space, so much delay, thereby did Ilus gain,
For 'twas at Ilus from afar that he his spear had cast
But Rhoeteus met it on the road fleeing from you full fast,
Best brethren, Teuthras, Tyres there: down from the car rolled he,
And with the half-dead heel of him beat the Rutulian lea.
As when amidst the summer-tide he gains the wished-for breeze,
The shepherd sets the sparkled flame amid the thicket trees,
The wood's heart catches suddenly, the flames spread into one,
And fearful o'er the meadows wide doth Vulcan's army run,
While o'er the flames the victor sits and on their joy looks down.
No less the valour of thy folk unto a head was grown
To help thee, Pallas: but behold, Halesus, fierce in field,
Turns on the foe, and gathers him 'neath cover of his shield.
Ladon, Pheres, Demodocus, all these he slaughtered there;
With gleaming sword he lopped the hand Strymonius did uprear
Against his throat: in Thoas' face withal a stone he sent,
And drave apart the riven bones with blood and brains all blent

Halesus' sire, the wise of Fate, in woods had hidden him;
But when that elder's whitening eyes at last in death did swim,
Fate took Halesus, hallowing him to King Evander's blade:
For Pallas aimeth at him now, when such wise he had prayed:
"O Father Tiber, grant this spear, that herewithal I shake,
Through hard Halesus' breast forthwith a happy way may take;
So shall thine oak-tree have the arms, the warrior's battle-spoil."
The God heard: while Halesus shields Imaon in the broil,
To that Arcadian shaft he gives his luckless body bared.
But nought would Lausus, lord of war, let all his host be scared,
E'en at the death of such a man: first Abas doth he slay,
Who faces him, the very knot and holdfast of the play.
Then fall Arcadia's sons to field; felled is Etruria's host,
And ye, O Teucrian bodies, erst by Grecian death unlost.
Then meet the hosts with lords well-matched and equal battle-might;
The outskirts of the battle close, nor 'mid the press of fight
May hand or spear move: busy now is Pallas on this side,
Lausus on that; nor is the space between their ages wide,
Those noble bodies: and both they were clean forbid of Fate
Return unto their lands: but he who rules Olympus great
Would nowise suffer them to meet themselves to end the play,
The doom of each from mightier foe abideth each today.
But Turnus' sister warneth him to succour Lausus' war,
The gracious Goddess: straight he cleaves the battle in his car,
And when he sees his folk, cries out: "'Tis time to leave the fight!
Lone against Pallas do I fare, Pallas is mine of right;
I would his sire himself were here to look upon the field."
He spake, and from the space forbid his fellow-folk did yield,
But when the Rutuli were gone, at such a word of pride
Amazed, the youth on Turnus stares, and lets his gaze go wide
O'er the huge frame, and from afar with stern eyes meets it all,
And 'gainst the words the tyrant spake such words from him there
fall:
"Now shall I win me praise of men for spoiling of a King,
Or for a glorious death: my sire may outface either thing:
Forbear thy threats."
He spake, and straight amid the war-field drew;

But cold in that Arcadian folk therewith the heart-blood grew;
While Turnus from his war-wain leapt to go afoot to fight:
And as a lion sees afar from off his watch burg's height
A bull at gaze amid the mead with battle in his thought,
And flies thereto, so was the shape of coming Turnus wrought.
But now, when Pallas deemed him come within the cast of spear,
He would be first, if Fate perchance should help him swift to dare,
And his less might, and thus he speaks unto the boundless sky:
"Now by my father's guesting-tide and board thou drew'st anigh,
A stranger, O Alcides, help this great deed I begin!
His bloody gear from limbs half-dead let Turnus see me win;
And on the dying eyes of him be victor's image pressed."
Alcides heard the youth, and 'neath the inmost of his breast
He thrust aback a heavy groan, and empty tears he shed:
But to his son in kindly wise such words the Father said:
"His own day bideth every man; short space that none may mend
Is each man's life: but yet by deeds wide-spreading fame to send,
Man's valour hath this work to do: 'neath Troy's high-built wall
How many sons of God there died: yea there he died withal,
Sarpedon my own progeny. Yea too and Turnus' Fates
Are calling him: he draweth nigh his life's departing-gates."
He spake and turned his eyes away from fields of Rutuli:
But Pallas with great gathered strength the spear from him let fly,
And drew therewith from hollow sheath his sword all eager-bright.
The spear flew gleaming where the arms rise o'er the shoulder's
height,
Smote home, and won its way at last through the shield's outer rim,
And Turnus' mighty body reached and grazed the flesh of him.
Long Turnus shook the oak that bore the bitter iron head,
Then cast at Pallas, and withal a word he cast and said:
"Let see now if this shaft of mine may better win a pass!"
He spake; for all its iron skin and all its plates of brass,
For all the swathing of bull-hides that round about it went,
The quivering spear smote through the shield and through its
midmost rent
And through the mailcoat's staying fence the mighty breast did gain.
Then at the spear his heart-blood warmed did Pallas clutch in vain;

By one way and the same his blood and life, away they fare;
But down upon the wound he rolled, and o'er him clashed his gear,
And dying there his bloody mouth sought out the foeman's sod:
Whom Turnus overstrides and says:
"Hearken Arcadians, bear ye back Evander words well learned:
Pallas I send him back again, dealt with as he hath earned,
If there be honour in a tomb, or solace in the earth,
I grudge it not — Ænean guests shall cost him things of worth."
So spake he, and his left foot then he set upon the dead,
And tore the girdle thence away full heavy fashionèd,
And wrought with picture of a guilt; that youthful company
Slain foully on one wedding-night: bloody the bride-beds lie.
This Clonus son of Eurytus had wrought in plenteous gold,
Now Turnus wears it triumphing, merry such spoil to hold. —
— O heart of man, unlearned in Fate and what the days may hide,
Unlearned to be of measure still when swelled with happy tide!
The time shall come when Turnus wealth abundantly would pay
For Pallas whole, when he shall loathe that spoil, that conquering
day.

But Pallas' folk with plenteous groans and tears about him throng,
And laid upon his battle-shield they bear the dead along.
O thou, returning to thy sire, great grief and glory great,
Whom one same day gave unto war and swept away to fate,
Huge heaps of death Rutulian thou leav'st the meadow still.
And now no rumour, but sure word of such a mighty ill
Flies to Æneas, how his folk within the deathgrip lie,
And how time pressed that he should aid the Teucrians turned to fly.
So all things near with sword he reaps, and wide he drives the road
Amid the foe with fiery steel, seeking thee, Turnus proud,
Through death new wrought; and Pallas now, Evander, all things
there

Live in his eyes: the boards whereto that day he first drew near,
A stranger, and those plighted hands. Four youths of Sulmo wrought,
And the like tale that Ufens erst into the world's life brought,
He takes alive to slay them — gifts for that great ghost's avail,
And with a shower of captive blood to slake the dead men's bale.
Then next at Magus from afar the shaft of bane he sent;

Deftly he cowered, and on above the quivering weapon went,
And clasping both Æneas' knees thus spake the suppliant one:
"O by thy father's ghost, by hope Iulus hath begun,
I pray thee for my sire and son my life yet let me win:
I have a high house, silver wrought is dug adown therein,
A talent's weight, and store therewith of wrought and unwrought
gold:

This will not snatch the victory from out the Teucrian's hold,
Nor can the life of one alone such mighty matter make."

So he, but answering thereunto this word Æneas spake:

"Thy gold and silver talent's weight, whereof thou tell'st such store,
Spare for thy sons! thy Turnus slew such chaffering of war
When Pallas' death he brought about a little while ago;
So deems my sire Anchises' ghost, Iulus deemeth so."

Then with his left he caught the helm and hilt-deep thrust the blade
Into the back-bent throat of him e'en as the prayer he prayed.

Not far hence was Hæmonides, Phoebus' and Trivia's priest,
The holy fillets on his brow, his glory well increased
With glorious arms, and glittering gear shining on every limb.
Him the King chaseth o'er the field, and, standing over him,
Hides him in mighty dusk of death; whose gleaned battle-gear,
A gift to thee, O battle-god, back doth Serestus bear.

Then Cæculus of Vulcan's stem the hedge of battle fills,
And Umbro cometh unto fight down from the Marsian hills.

On them his rage the Dardan child let slip. But next his blade
Anxur's left hand and orbèd shield upon the meadow laid.

Proud things had Anxur said, and deemed his word was matched by
might,

And so perchance he raised his soul up to the heavenly height,
And hoary eld he looked to see, and many a peaceful year.

Tarquitius, proud of heart and soul, in glittering battle-gear,
Whom the nymph Dryope of yore to woodland Faunus gave,
Came thrusting thwart his fiery way; his back-drawn spear he drave,
Pinning his mail-coat unto him, and mighty mass of shield:

His vainly-praying head, that strove with words, upon the field
He swept therewith, and rolling o'er his carcase warm with death,
Above him from the heart of hate such words as this he saith:

“Lie there, fear-giver! no more now thy mother most of worth
Shall load thee with thy father’s tomb, or lay thee in the earth:
Thou shalt be left to birds of prey, or deep adown the flood
The waves shall bear thee, and thy wounds be hungry fishes’ food.”
Next Lucas and Antæus stout, foremost of Turnus’ men,
He chaseth: Numa staunch of heart and yellow Camers then;
A man from high-souled Volscens sprung, field-wealthiest one of all
Ausonian men, and lord within the hushed Amyclæ’s wall.
E’en as Ægæon, who they say had arms an hundred-fold,
And hundred hands, from fifty mouths and maws the wildfire rolled,
What time in arms against the bolts from Jove of Heaven that flew
He clashed upon the fifty shields and fifty sword-points drew:
So conquering, over all the mead Æneas’ fury burns
When once his sword is warm with death: and now, behold, he turns
Upon Niphæus’ four-yoked steeds, and breasts their very breath.
But when they see him striding far, and threatening doom and death,
In utter dread they turn about, and rushing back again,
They shed their master on the earth and shoreward drag the wain.
Meanwhile with twi-yoked horses white fares Lucagus midst men,
His brother Liger by his side, who holdeth rein as then,
And turneth steed, while Lucagus the drawn sword whirlleth wide.
Them and their war-rage in no wise Æneas might abide,
But on he rushes, showing huge with upheaved threatening shaft.
Then Liger cast a word at him:
“No steeds of Diomedé thou seest, and no Achilles’ car
Or Phrygian fields: this hour shall end thy life-days and the war
Here on this earth.”

Such words as these from witless Liger stray,
But nought in bandying of words the man of Troy would play;
Rather his mighty battle-shaft he hurled against the foe,
While Lucagus his horses drives with spear-butt, bending low
Over the lash, and setteth forth his left foot for the fight.
Beneath the bright shield’s nether rim the spear-shaft takes its flight,
Piercing his groin upon the left: then shaken from his wain,
He tumbleth down and rolleth o’er in death upon the plain.
To whom a fierce and bitter word godly Æneas said:
“Ho, Lucagus! no dastard flight of steeds thy car betrayed,

No empty shadow turned them back from facing of the foe,
But thou thyself hast leapt from wheel and let the yoke-beasts go.”
He spake, and caught the reins withal; slipped down that wretched
one

His brother, and stretched forth the hands that little deed had done:

“By thee, by those that brought thee forth so glorious unto day,
O Trojan hero, spare my life, and pity me that pray!”

Æneas cut athwart his speech: “Not so erewhile ye spake.

Die! ill it were for brother thus a brother to forsake.”

And in his breast the sword he drave home to the house of breath.

Thus through the meads the Dardan Duke set forth the tale of death,

With rage as of the rushing flood, or whirl-storm of the wind.

At last they break forth into field and leave their camp behind,

Ascanius and the lads of war in vain beleaguereð.

Meanwhile to Juno Jupiter set forth the speech and said:

“O thou who art my sister dear and sweetest wife in one,

’Tis Venus as thou deemedst, (nought thy counsel is undone),

Who upholds Trojan might forsooth: they lack fight-eager hand,

They lack fierce heart and steady soul the peril to withstand!”

To whom spake Juno, meek of mood: “And why, O fairest lord,

Dost thou so vex me sad at heart, fearing thy heavy word?

But in my soul were love as strong as once it used to be,

And should be, thou though all of might wouldst ne’er deny it me,

That Turnus I should draw away from out the midst of fight,

That I might keep him safe to bless his father Daunus’ sight.

Now let him die, let hallowed blood the Teucrian hate atone:

And yet indeed his name and race from blood of ours hath grown;

He from Pilumnus is put forth: yea, good gifts furthermore

His open hand full oft hath piled within thine holy door.”

To whom air-high Olympus’ king short-worded answer made:

“If for the youth who soon must fall respite of death is prayed,

And tarrying-time, nor aught thou deem’st but that my doom must
stand,

Then carry Turnus off by flight, snatch him from fate at hand.

So far thy longing may I please: but if a greater grace

Lurk ‘neath thy prayers, and thou hast hope to change the battle’s
face,

And turmoil everything once more, thou feedest hope in vain.”
Then Juno weeping: “Ah, but if thy heart should give the gain
Thy voice begrudgeth! if ‘twere doomed that he in life abide —
But ill-end dogs the sackless man, unless I wander wide
Away from sooth — Ah, yet may I be mocked of fear-wrought lies,
And may thy rede as thou hast might be turned to better wise.”
She spake the word and cast herself adown from heaven the high,
Girt round with rain-cloud, driving on a storm amid the sky,
And that Laurentian leaguer sought and Ilium’s hedge of fight.
And there she fashioned of the cloud a shadow lacking might:
With image of Æneas’ shape the wondrous show is drest,
She decks it with the Dardan spear and shield, and mocks the crest
Of that all-godlike head, and gives a speech that empty flows,
Sound without soul, and counterfeits the gait wherewith he goes, —
As dead men’s images they say about the air will sweep,
Or as the senses weary-drenched are mocked with dreams of sleep.
But in the forefront of the fight war-merry goes the thing,
And cries the warrior on with words and weapons brandishing:
On whom falls Turnus, and afar hurleth his whizzing spear:
Then turns the phantom back about and fleeth as in fear.
Then verily when Turnus deemed he saw Æneas fled.
With all the emptiness of hope his headlong heart he fed:
“Where fleest thou, Æneas, then? why leave thy plighted bride?
This hand shall give thee earth thou sought’st so far across the tide.”
So cries he following, brandishing his naked sword on high,
Nor sees what wise adown the wind his battle-bliss goes by.
By hap a ship was moored anear unto a ledgy stone,
With ladders out and landing-bridge all ready to let down,
That late the King Orsinus bore from Clusium o’er the sea;
And thereinto the hurrying lie, Æneas’ shape, did flee,
And down its lurking-places dived: but Turnus none the more
Hangs back, but beating down delay swift runs the high bridge o’er.
Scarce on the prow, ere Juno brake the mooring-rope atwain,
And rapt the sundered ship away o’er back-draught of the main.
And there afar from fight is he on whom Æneas cries,
Still sending down to death’s abode an host of enemies;
Nor any more the image then will seek his shape to shroud,

But flying upward blendeth him amid the mirky cloud.
Meanwhile, as midmost of the sea the flood bore Turnus on,
Blind to the deed that was in hand, thankless for safety won,
He looketh round, and hands and voice starward he reacheth forth:
“Almighty Father, deemedst thou my guilt so much of worth?
And wouldst thou have me welter through such woeful tide of pain?
Whence? whither? why this flight? what man shall I come back
again?

Ah, shall I see Laurentum’s walls, or see my camp once more?
What shall betide the fellowship that followed me to war,
Whom I have left? O misery to die the death alone!
I see them scattered even now, I hear the dying groan.
What do I? what abyss of earth is deep enough to hide
The wretched man? But ye, O winds, be merciful this tide,
On rocks, on stones — I, Turnus, thus adore you with good will —
Drive ye the ship, or cast it up on Syrtes’ shoals of ill,
Where Rutuli and tell-tale Fame shall never find me out!”
Hither and thither as he spake his spirit swam in doubt,
Shall he now fall upon the point, whom shame hath witless made,
Amid most of his very ribs driving the bitter blade;
Or casting him amid the waves swim for the hollow strand,
And give his body back again to sworded Teucrian band?
Thrice either deed he fell to do, and thrice for very ruth
The mightiest Juno stayed his hand and held aback his youth.
So ‘neath a fair and following wind he glideth o’er the sea,
And to his father’s ancient walls is ferried presently.
Meanwhile, by Jupiter’s command, Mezentius props the fight,
And all ablaze he falleth on the gladdened Teucrian might:
The Tuscan host rush up, and all upon one man alone
Press on with hatred in their hearts and cloud of weapons thrown.
Yet is he as a rock thrust out amid the mighty deep
To meet the raging of the winds, bare to the water’s sweep.
All threats of sea and sky it bears, all might that they may wield,
Itself unmoved. Dolichaon’s son he felleth unto field,
One Hebrus; Latagus with him, and Palmus as he fled.
But Latagus with stone he smites, a mighty mountain-shred,
Amid the face and front of him, and Palmus, slow to dare,

Sends rolling ham-strung: but their arms he biddeth Lausus bear
Upon his back, and with their crests upon his helm to wend.
Phrygian Evanthès then he slays, and Mimas, whiles the friend
Like-aged of Paris; unto day and Amycus his sire
Theano gave him on the night that she who went with fire,
E'en Cisseus' daughter, Paris bore: now Paris lies asleep
In ancient Troy; Laurentian land unknown doth Mimas keep.
Tis as a boar by bite of hounds from the high mountains driven,
Who on pine-nursing Vesulus a many years hath thriven,
Or safe in that Laurentian marsh long years hath had his home,
And fed adown the reedy wood; now mid the toil-nets come
He stands at bay, and foameth fierce, and bristleth up all o'er,
And none hath heart to draw anigh and rouse the wrath of war,
But with safe shouts and shafts aloof they press about the place;
While he, unhastening, unafear'd, doth everywhither face,
Gnashing his teeth and shaking off the spears from out his back.
So they, who 'gainst Mezentius there just wrath do nowise lack,
Lack heart to meet him hand to hand with naked brandished blade,
But clamour huge and weapon-shot from far upon him laid.
From that old land of Corythus erewhile had Acron come,
A Grecian man; half-wed he passed the threshold of his home:
Whom when Mezentius saw afar turmoiling the mid fight,
Purple with plumes and glorious web his love for him had dight;
E'en as a lion hunger-pinched about the high-fenced fold,
When ravening famine driveth him, if he by chance behold
Some she-goat, or a hart that thrusts his antlers up in air,
Merry he waxeth, gaping fierce his mane doth he uprear,
And hugs the flesh he lies upon; a loathsome sea of blood
Washes the horror of his mouth.
So merry runs Mezentius forth amid the press of foes,
And hapless Acron falls, and pounds the black earth mid his throes
With beat of heel; staining the shaft that splintered in the wound.
Scorn had he then Orodes swift to fell unto the ground
Amidst his flight, or give blind bane with unknown cast afar;
He ran to meet him man to man, prevailing in the war
By nought of guile or ambushing, but by the dint of blade.
Foot on the fallen then he set, and strength to spear-shaft laid:

“Fellows, here tall Orodes lies, no thrall in battle throng.”
Then merrily his following folk shout forth their victory-song:
Yet saith the dying:
“Whosoe’er thou art, thou winnest me
Not unavenged: thy joy grows old: the like fate looks for thee,
And thou the self-same lea shalt hold within a little while!”
To whom Mezentius spake, his wrath crossed by a gathering smile:
“Die thou! the Father of the Gods, the earth-abider’s lord,
Will look to me.”

He drew the spear from out him at the word,
And iron slumber fell on him, hard rest weighed down his eyes,
And shut were they for evermore by night that never dies.
Now Cædicus slays Alcathous; Sacrator ends outright
Hydaspes; then Parthenius stark and Orses fall in fight
By Rapo; and Messapus fells strong Clonius, and the son,
Of Lycaon; one laid alow, by his own steeds cast down,
One foot to foot. Lo Agis now, the Lycian, standeth forth,
Whom Valerus, that nothing lacked his grandsire’s might and worth,
O’erthroweth: Salius Thronius slays; Nealces, Salius;
For skilled he was in dart and shaft, far-flying, perilous.
Now grief and death in Mavors’ scales even for each they lie;
Victors and vanquished, here they slay, and here they fall and die,
But neither these nor those forsooth had fleeing in their thought.
But in Jove’s house the Gods had ruth of rage that nothing wrought,
And such a world of troubles sore for men of dying days;
On this side Venus, and on that Saturnian Juno gaze;
And wan Tisiphonè runs wild amid the thousands there.
But lo, Mezentius fierce and fell, shaking a mighty spear,
Stalks o’er the plain. — Lo now, how great doth great Orion sweep
Afoot across the Nereus’ field, the mid sea’s mightiest deep,
Cleaving his way, raised shoulder-high above the billowy wash;
Or when from off the mountain-top he bears an ancient ash
His feet are on the soil of earth, the cloud-rack hides his head:
— E’en so in mighty battle-gear afield Mezentius sped.
But now Æneas, noting him adown the battle-row,
Wendeth to meet him; undismayed he bideth for his foe,
Facing the great-souled man, and stands unmoved, a mighty mass:

Then measuring the space between if spear thereby may pass:
“Right hand,” he cries, “my very God, and fleeing spear I shake,
To aid! Thee, Lausus, clad in arms that I today shall take
From body of the sea-thief here I vow for gift of war
Over Æneas slain.”

He spake, and hurled the shaft afar

Loud whistling: from the shield it glanced, and flying far and wide
Smit glory-great Antores down through bowels and through side:

Antores friend of Hercules, who, erst from Argos come,

Clung to Evander, and abode in that Italian home:

There laid to earth by straying wound he looketh on the sky,

With lovely Argos in his heart, though death be come anigh.

Then good Æneas cast his spear, and through the hollow round
Of triple brass, through linen skin, through craftsmanship inwound,
With threefold bull-hides, pierced the shaft, and in the groin did lie,
Nor further could its might avail. Then swiftly from his thigh
Æneas caught his glaive, and glad the Tyrrhene blood to see,
Set on upon his wildered foe hot-heart and eagerly.

But Lausus, by his father's love sore moved, did all behold,
And groaned aloud, while o'er his cheeks a heavy tear-flood rolled
— Ah, I will tell of thine ill-fate and deeds that thou hast done;

If any troth in stories told may reach from yore agone,

My speech, O unforgotten youth, in nowise shalt thou lack —

The father with a halting foot hampered and spent drew back,

Still dragging on the foeman's spear that hung amid his shield;

But mingling him in battle-rush the son took up the field,

And as Æneas' right hand rose well laden with the blow

He ran beneath, bore off the sword, and stayed the eager foe,

And with a mighty shout behind his fellows follow on,

While shielded by his son's defence the father gat him gone,

And shafts they cast and vex the foe with weapon shot afar.

Mad wroth Æneas grows, but bides well covered from the war;

And as at whiles the clouds come down with furious pelt of hail,

And every driver of the plough the beaten lea doth fail,

And every one that works afield, while safe the traveller lurks

In castle of the river-bank or rock-wrought cloister-works,

The while the rain is on the earth, that they may wear the day

When once again the sun comes back; — so on Æneas lay
The shaft-storm, so the hail of fight loud thundering he abode,
And Lausus with the wrath of words, Lausus with threats did load.
“Ah, whither rushest thou to die, and darest things o’ergreat?
Thy love betrays thine heedless heart.”

No less, the fool of fate,
He rusheth on, till high and fierce the tide of wrath doth win
O’er heart of that Dardanian duke, and now the Parcæ spin
Lausus’ last thread: for his stark sword Æneas drives outright
Through the young body, hiding it hilt-deep therein from light
It pierced the shield and glittering gear wherewith he threatened war,
And kirtle that his mother erst with gold had broidered o’er,
And flooded all his breast with blood; and woeful down the wind
His spirit sought the under-world, and left his corpse behind.
But when Anchises’ son beheld the face of that dead man,
His face that in a wondrous wise grew faded out and wan,
Groaning for ruth his hand therewith down toward him did he move,
For o’er his soul the image came of his own father’s love:
“O boy, whom all shall weep, what then for such a glorious deed,
What gift can good Æneas give, thy bounteous valour’s meed?
Keep thou the arms thou joyedst in. I give thy body here
Unto thy father’s buried ghosts, if thou thereof hast care.
But let this somewhat solace thee for thine unhappy death,
By great Æneas’ hand thou diest.”

Then chiding words he saith
Unto his fellows hanging back, and lifteth up the dead
From off the lea, where blood defiled the tresses of his head.
Meanwhile the father by the wave that ripples Tiber’s breast
With water staunched his bleeding hurt and gave his body rest,
Leaning against a tree-trunk there: high up amid the tree
Hangeth his brazen helm; his arms lie heavy on the lea;
The chosen war-youths stand about: he, sick and panting now,
Nurseth his neck, and o’er his breast his combed-down beard lets
flow.

Much about Lausus did he ask, and sore to men he spake
To bid him back, or warning word from his sad sire to take.
But Lausus dead his weeping folk were bearing on his shield;

A mighty heart, to mighty hand the victory must he yield
The father's soul foretaught of ill, afar their wail he knew,
And fouled his hoar hair with the dust, and both his hands upthrew
Toward heaven aloft; then clinging fast unto that lifeless one:
"What lust," saith he, "of longer life so held my heart, O son,
That thee, my son, I suffered thus to bare thee to the bane
Instead of me; that I, thy sire, health of thy hurts I gain,
Life of thy death! Ah now at last my exile is become
A woe unto my weary heart; yea, now the wound goes home.
For I am he who stained thy name, O son, with guilt of mine,
Thrust forth by Fate from fatherland and sceptre of my line:
I should have paid the penalty unto my country's hate,
And given up my guilty soul to death, my very fate.
I live: I leave not sons of men, nor let the light go by —
— Yet will I leave them."

So he spake, and on his halting thigh
Rose up, and, howsoe'er his hurt might drag his body down,
Unvanquished yet, he called his horse, his very pleasures crown,
And glory; who had borne him forth victorious from all war;
And thus he spake unto the beast that seemed to sorrow sore:
"Rhoebus, o'erlong — if aught be long to men that pass away —
Have we twain lived: those bloody spoils shalt thou bring home
today,
And carrying Æneas' head avenge my Lausus' woe.
Or if our might no more may make a road whereby to go,
Thou too shalt fall: I deem indeed thou, stout-heart, hast no will
To suffer other men's commands, or Trojan joy fulfil."
And therewithal he backeth him, and as he used of old
Settleth his limbs: good store of shafts his either hand doth hold:
His head is glittering o'er with brass, and horse-hair shags his crest.
So midmost of the fight he bears, and ever in his breast
Swellleth the mighty sea of shame and mingled miseries.
And now across the fight his voice thrice on Æneas cries.
Æneas knew it well forsooth, and joyfully he prayed:
"So grant the Father of the Gods! So may Apollo aid
That thou may'st fall on me in fight!"
So much he spake, and went his way to meet the foeman's shaft;

But spake the other: "Bitter wretch, who took'st away my son,
Why fright me now? by that one way my heart might be undone:
No death I dread, no God that is, in battle would I spare.
Enough — I come to thee to die; but first these gifts I bear."
He spake the word, and 'gainst the foe a dart withal he cast,
And shaft on shaft he lays on him about him flitting fast,
Wide circling; but the golden boss through all the storm bore out
Thrice while Æneas faceth him he rides the ring about,
Casting the weapons from his hand; and thrice the Trojan lord
Bears round a mighty thicket set in brazen battle-board.
But when such tarrying wearieth him, such plucking forth of spears,
And standing in such ill-matched fight the heart within him wears,
Turning the thing o'er manywise, he breaketh forth to speed
A shaft amid the hollow brow of that war-famous steed:
Then beating of the air with hoof uprears the four-foot thing
And with his fallen master falls, and 'neath his cumbering
Weighs down his shoulders brought to earth, and heavy on him lies.
Then Trojan men and Latin men with shouting burn the skies,
And swift Æneas runneth up and pulleth forth his sword,
And crieth o'er him:

"Where is now Mezentius, eager lord?
Where is the fierce heart?"

Unto whom the Tuscan spake, when he
Got sense again, and breathed the air, and o'er him heaven did see:
"O bitter foe, why chidest thou? why slayest thou with words?
Slay me and do no wrong! death-safe I came not mid the swords;
And no such covenant of war for us my Lausus bought:
One thing I pray, if vanquished men of grace may gain them aught,
Let the earth hide me! well I know how bitter and how nigh
My people's wrath draws in on me: put thou their fury by,
And in the tomb beside my son I pray thee let me lie."
He saith, and open-eyed receives the sword-point in his throat,
And o'er his arms in waves of blood his life and soul doth float.

BOOK XI.

ARGUMENT.

TRUCE IS MADE FOR THE BURYING OF THE DEAD: THE
LATINS TAKE COUNSEL OF PEACE OR WAR. CAMILLA'S
DEEDS AND DEATH.

Meanwhile Aurora risen up from bed of ocean wends,
And King Æneas, though his grief bids him in burying friends
To wear the day, and though his heart the death of men dismays,
Yet to the Gods of Dawning-tide the worship duly pays.
From a great oak on every side the branches doth he shear,
And setteth on a mound bedight in gleaming battle-gear
The spoils of King Mezentius: a gift to thee it stood,
O Might of War! Thereon he set the crest with blood bedewed,
The broken shafts, the mail-coat pierced amid the foughten field
With twice six dints: on the left arm he tied the brazen shield,
And round about the neck he hung the ivory-hilted sword.
Then to his friends, a mighty hedge of duke and battle-lord,
He turned, and to their joyous hearts these words withal he said:
“The most is done, and for the rest let all your fears lie dead:
Lo here the first-fruits! battle-spoil won from a haughty king:
Lo this is all Mezentius now, mine own hands’ fashioning.
Now toward the King and Latin walls all open lies the way;
Up hearts, for war! and let your hope foregrip the battle-day,
That nought of sloth may hinder you, or take you unaware,
When Gods shall bid the banners up, and forth with men ye fare
From out of camp, — that craven dread clog not your spirits then:
Meanwhile give we unto the earth these our unburièd men,
The only honour they may have in nether Acheron.
Come, fellows, to those noble souls who with their blood have won
A country for us, give those gifts, the last that they may spend.
And first unto Evander’s town of sorrow shall I send
That Pallas, whom, in nowise poor of valour or renown,
The black day reft away from us in bitter death to drown.”
With weeping eyes he drew aback, e’en as the word he said,

Unto the threshold of the place where Pallas, cold and dead,
The old Acoetes watched, who erst of that Parrhasian King,
Evander, was the shield-bearer, but now was following
His well-belovèd foster-child in no such happy wise;
But round him were the homemen's band and Trojan companies,
And Ilian wives with loosened locks in guise of sorrow sore.
But when Æneas entereth now beneath the lofty door
From beaten breast great moan they cast up to the starry heaven;
And wailing of their woeful cheer through all the house is driven.
The King himself when he beheld the pillowed head at rest,
The snow-white face, the open wound wrought on the smooth young
breast

By that Ausonian spear, so spake amid his gathered tears:
"O boy bewept, despite the gifts my happy Fortune bears
Doth she still grudge it thee to see my kingdom glorious,
Or come a victor back again unto thy father's house?
Not such the promise that I gave on that departing day
Unto thy father, whose embrace then sped me on my way
To mighty lordship, while his fear gave forth the warning word
That with fierce folk I had to do, hard people of the sword.
Now he, deceived by empty hope, belike pours forth the prayer,
And pileth up the gifts for nought upon the altars fair,
While we — in woe with honours vain — about his son we stand,
Dead now, and no more owing aught to any heavenly hand.
Unhappy, thou shalt look upon thy dead unhappy son!
Is this the coming back again? is this the triumph won?
Is this my solemn troth? — Yet thee, Evander, bides no sight
Of craven beat with shameful wounds, nor for the saved from fight
Shalt thou but long for dreadful death. — Woe's me, Ausonian land!
Woe's me, Iulus, what a shield is perished from thine hand!"
Such wise he wept him, and bade raise the hapless body dead,
And therewithal a thousand men, his war-hosts' flower, he sped
To wait upon him on the way with that last help of all,
And be between his father's tears: forsooth a solace small
Of mighty grief; a debt no less to that sad father due.
But others speed a pliant bier weaving a wattle through,
Of limber twigs of berry-bush and boughs of oaken-tree,

And shadow o'er the piled-up bed with leafy canopy.
So there upon the wild-wood couch adown the youth is laid;
E'en as a blossom dropped to earth from fingers of a maid —
The gilliflower's bloom maybe, or jacinth's hanging head,
Whose lovely colour is not gone, nor shapely fashion fled,
Although its mother feedeth not, nor earth its life doth hold.
Thereon two woven webs, all stiff with purple dye and gold,
Æneas bringeth forth, which erst with her own fingers fair
Sidonian Dido wrought for him, and, glad the toil to bear,
Had shot across the web thereof with thin and golden thread:
In one of these the youth he wrapped, last honour of the dead,
And, woeful, covered up the locks that fire should burn away.
And furthermore a many things, Laurentum's battle-prey,
He pileth up, and bids the spoil in long array be borne:
Horses and battle-gear he adds, late from the foemen torn:
And men's hands had he bound aback whom shortly should he send
Unto the ghosts; whose blood should slake the fire that ate his friend.
And trunks of trees with battle-gear from foemen's bodies won
He bids the leaders carry forth, with foemen's names thereon.
Hapless Acoetes, spent with eld, is brought forth; whiles he wears
His bosom with the beat of fists, and whiles his face he tears:
Then forth he falls, and grovelling there upon the ground doth lie.
They bring the war-wain now, o'errained with blood of Rutuli:
Æthon his war-horse comes behind, stripped of his gear of state,
Mourning he goes, and wets his face with plenteous tear-drops great.
Some bring the dead man's spear and helm: victorious Turnus' hand
Hath all the rest: then follow on the woeful Teucrian band,
All Tuscans, and Arcadian folk with weapons turned about.
But now, when all the following folk were got a long way out,
Æneas stood and groaned aloud, and spake these words withal:
"Us otherwhere to other tears the same dread war-fates call;
Undying greetings go with thee! farewell for evermore,
O mightiest Pallas!"

Ending so, to those high walls of war
He turned about, and went his ways unto his war-folks' home.
But from the Latin city now were fair speech-masters come,
Half-hidden by the olive-boughs, and praying for a grace,

That he would give them back their men who lay about the place
O'erthrown by steel, and let them lie in earth-mound duly dight;
Since war was not for men o'ercome, or those that lack the light —
That he would spare his whileome hosts, the kinsmen of his bride.
But good Æneas, since their prayer might not be put aside,
Let all his pardon fall on them, and sayeth furthermore:
"O Latin folk, what hapless fate hath tangled you in war
So great and ill? From us, your friends, why must ye flee away?
For perished men, dead thralls of Mars, a little peace ye pray,
But to your living folk indeed fain would I grant the grace.
I had not come here, save that Fate here gave me home and place:
No battle with your folk I wage; nay, rather 'twas your lord
Who left my friendship, trusting him to Turnus' shield and sword.
For Turnus to have faced the death were deed of better worth:
If he deems hands should end the war and thrust the Teucrians forth,
'Twere lovely deed to meet my hand amid the rain of strife;
Then let him live to whom the Gods have given the gift of life.
Go ye, and 'neath your hapless ones lay ye the bale-fire's blaze."
He made an end; but still they stood and hushed them in amaze,
And each on each they turned their eyes, and every tongue refrained,
Till elder Drances, whom for foe child Turnus well had gained
By hate-filled charges, took the word, and in such wise began:
"O great in fame, in dint of war yet greater, Trojan man!
What praise of words is left to me to raise thee to the sky?
For justice shall I praise thee most, or battle's mastery?
Now happy, to our fathers' town this answer back we bear,
And if good-hap a way thereto may open anywhere,
Thee to Latinus will we knit — let Turnus seek his own! —
Yea, we shall deem it joy forsooth about your fateful town:
To raise the walls, and Trojan stones upon our backs to lay."
Such words he spake, and with one mouth did all men murmur yea.
For twice six days they covenant; and in war-sundering peace
The Teucrians and the Latins blent about the woods increase,
About the hill-sides wander safe; the smitten ash doth know
The ring of steel; the pines that thrust heaven-high they overthrow;
Nor cease with wedge to cleave the oak and cedar shedding scent,
Or on the wains to lead away the rowan's last lament.

And now the very Wingèd Fame, with that great grief she bears,
Filleth Evander's town and house, filleth Evander's ears;
Yea, Fame, who erst of Pallas' deeds in conquered Latium told:
Rush the Arcadians to the gates, and as they used of old,
Snatch up the torches of the dead, and with the long array
Of flames the acre-cleaving road gleams litten far away:
Then meeteth them the Phrygian crowd, and swells the wailing band;
And when the mothers saw them come amid the house-built land,
The woeful town they set afire with clamour of their ill.
But naught there is hath any might to hold Evander still;
He comes amidst, and on the bier where Pallas lies alow
He grovels, and with weeping sore and groaning clings thereto;
And scarce from sorrow at the last his speech might win a way:
"Pallas, this holdeth not the word thou gavest me that day,
That thou wouldst ward thee warily in game of bitter Mars:
Though sooth I knew how strong it is, that first fame of the wars;
How strong is that o'er-sweet delight of earliest battle won.
O wretched schooling of my child! O seeds of war begun,
How bitter hard! O prayers of mine, O vows that none would hear
Of all the Gods! O holiest wife, thy death at least was dear,
And thou art happy to be gone, not kept for such a tide.
But I — my life hath conquered Fate, that here I might abide
A lonely father. Ah, had I gone with the Trojan host,
To fall amid Rutulian spears! were mine the life-days lost;
If me, not Pallas, this sad pomp were bringing home today! —
Yet, Teucrians, on your troth and you no blaming would I lay,
Nor on our hands in friendship joined: 'twas a foreordered load
For mine old age: and if my son untimely death abode,
'Tis sweet to think he fell amidst the thousand Volscians slain,
And leading on the men of Troy the Latin lands to gain.
Pallas, no better funeral rites mine heart to thee awards
Than good Æneas giveth thee, and these great Phrygian lords,
The Tyrrhene dukes, the Tyrrhene host, a mighty company;
While they whom thine own hand hath slain great trophies bear for thee.
Yea, Turnus, thou wert standing there, a huge trunk weapon-clad,
If equal age, if equal strength from lapse of years ye had.

— But out! — why should a hapless man thus stay the Teucrian swords?

Go, and be mindful to your king to carry these my words:

If here by loathèd life I bide, with Pallas dead and gone,
Thy right hand is the cause thereof, which unto sire and son
Owes Turnus, as thou wottest well: no other place there is
Thy worth and fate may fill. God wot I seek no life-days' bliss,
But might I bear my son this tale amid the ghosts of earth!"

Meanwhile the loveliness of light Aurora brought to birth
For heartsick men, and brought aback the toil of heart and hand:

Father Æneas therewithal down on the hollow strand,
And Tarchon with him, rear the bales; and each man thither bears
His dead friend in the ancient guise: beneath the black flame flares,
The heaven aloft for reek thereof with night is overlaid:

Three times about the litten bales in glittering arms arrayed
They run the course; three times on steed they beat the earth about
Those woeful candles of the dead and sing their wailing out;
The earth is strewn with tears of men, and arms of men forlorn,
And heavenward goes the shout of men and blaring of the horn:
But some upon the bale-fires cast gear stripped from Latins slain:
War-helms, and well-adornèd swords, and harness of the rein,
And glowing wheels: but overwell some knew the gifts they brought,
The very shields of their dead friends and weapons sped for nought.

Then oxen manifold to Death all round about they slay,
And bristled boars, and sheep they snatch from meadows wide away,
And hew them down upon the flame; then all the shore about
They gaze upon their burning friends, and watch the bale-fires out.
Nor may they tear themselves away until the dewy night
Hath turned the heavens about again with gleaming stars bedight.

Nor less the unhappy Latins build upon another stead
The bale-fires numberless of tale: but of their warriors dead,
A many bodies there they dig into the earth adown,
And bear them into neighbouring lands, or back into the town:
The rest, a mighty heap of death piled up confusedly,
Untold, unhonoured, there they burn: then that wide-lying lea
Glareth with fires that thick and fast keep rising high and high.
But when the third dawn drew away cold shadows from the sky,

Weeping, great heaps of ashes there and blended bones they made,
And over them the weight of earth yet warm with fire they laid.
But in the houses, in the town of that rich Latin king
More heavy was the wail, more sore the long-drawn sorrowing:
Here mothers, wretched fosterers here, here sisters loved and lorn,
And sorrowing sore, and lads whose lives from fathers' care were
torn,
Were cursing of the cruel war, and Turnus and his bride,
"He, he, in arms, he with the sword should play it out," they cried,
"Who claims the realm of Italy and foremost lordship there."
And bitter Drances weights the scale, and witnessing doth bear
That Turnus only is called forth, the battle-bidden man.
But divers words of many folk on Turnus' side yet ran,
And he was cloaked about withal by great Amata's name,
And plenteous signs of battle won upheld his fair-won fame.
Now midst these stirs and flaming broils the messengers are here
From Diomedes' mighty walls; and little is the cheer
Wherewith they bring the tidings back that every whit hath failed
Their toil and pains: that not a whit hath gold or gifts availed,
Or mighty prayers, that Latin folk some other stay in war
Must seek, or from the Trojan king a craven peace implore.
Then e'en Latinus' counsel failed amid such miseries:
The wrath of God, the tombs new-wrought that lay before their eyes,
Made manifest Æneas come by will of God and Fate.
Therefore a mighty parliament, the firstlings of estate,
By his commandment summoned there, unto his house he brings.
Wherefore they gather, streaming forth unto that house of kings
By the thronged ways: there in the midst Latinus sitteth now,
First-born of years, first lord of rule, with little joyful brow.
Hereon the men come back again from that Ætolian wall
He biddeth tell their errand's speed, what answers did befall,
Each in their order: thereupon for speech was silence made,
And Venulus, obeying him, suchwise began and said:
"Friends, we have looked on Diomedes and on the Argive home,
And all the road and every hap thereby have overcome:
Yea, soothly, we have touched the hand that wracked the Ilian earth:
Argyripa he buildeth there, named from his land of birth,

In Iapygian Garganus, where he hath conquered place.
Where, entered in, and leave being given to speak before his face,
We gave our gifts, and told our names, and whence of lands we were,
Who waged us war, and for what cause to Arpi we must fare.
He hearkened and from quiet mouth gave answer thus again:
“O happy folk of Saturn’s land, time-old Ausonian men,
What evil hap hath turmoiled you amid your peaceful life,
Beguiling you to stir abroad the doubtfulness of strife?
All we who on the Ilian fields with sword-edge compassed guilt,
— Let be the war-ills we abode before the wall high built;
Let be the men whom Simoïs hides — we o’er the wide world
driven,
Have wrought out pain and punishment for ill deed unforgiven,
Till Priam’s self might pity us. Witness the star of bane
Minerva sent; Euboea’s cliffs, Caphereus’ vengeful gain!
‘Scaped from that war, and driven away to countries sundered wide,
By Proteus’ Pillars exiled now, must Menelaüs bide;
And those Ætnæan Cyclop-folk Ulysses look upon:
Of Pyrrhus’s land why tell, or of Idomeneus, that won
To ruined house; of Locrian men cast on the Libyan shore?
Mycenæ’s lord, the duke and king of all the Argive war,
There, on the threshold of his house, his wicked wife doth slay.
— Asia o’ercome — and in its stead Adultery thwart the way! —
Ah, the Gods’ hate, that so begrudged my yearning eyes to meet
My father’s hearth, my longed-for wife, and Calydon the sweet!
Yea, and e’en now there followeth me dread sight of woeful things:
My lost companions wend the air with feathery beat of wings,
Or wander, fowl on river-floods: O woe’s me for their woe!
The voices of their weeping wail about the sea-cliffs go.
But all these things might I have seen full surely for me stored
Since then, when on the flesh of God I fell with maddened sword,
And on the very Venus’ hand a wicked wound I won.
Nay, nay, to no such battles more I pray you drive me on!
No war for me with Teucrian men since Pergamus lies low;
Nor do I think or joy at all in ills of long ago.
The gifts, that from your fatherland unto my throne ye bear,
Turn toward Æneas. We have stood, time was, spear meeting spear,

Hand against hand: trust me, who tried, how starkly to the shield
He riseth up, how blows the wind when he his spear doth wield.
If two such other men had sprung from that Idæan home,
Then Dardanus with none to drive to Inachus had come,
And seen our walls, and Greece had mourned reversal of her day.
About the walls of stubborn Troy, whatso we found of stay,
By Hector's and Æneas' hands the Greekish victory
Was tarried, and its feet held back through ten years wearing by.
Both these in heart and weapon-skill were full of fame's increase,
But this one godlier: let your hands meet in the plighted peace
E'en as ye may: but look to it if sword to sword ye bring.'
"Thus have ye heard, most gracious one, the answer of the King,
And therewithal what thought he had about this heavy war."
Scarce had he said, when diverse voice of murmuring ran all o'er
Those troubled mouths of Italy: as when the rocks refrain
The rapid streams, and sounds arise within the eddies' chain,
And with the chatter of the waves the neighbouring banks are filled.
But when their minds were soothed and all the wildering voices
stilled,

The King spake first unto the Gods, then thus began to say:
"Latins, that ye had counselled you hereon before today
Was both my will, and had been good: no time is this to fall
To counsel now, when as we speak the foe besets the wall.
With folk of God ill war we wage, lords of the Latin town,
With all-unconquerable folk; no battles wear them down;
Yea, beaten never have they heart to cast the sword away.
Lay down the hope ye had to gain Ætolian war-array;
Let each man be his proper hope. Lo ye, the straits are sore.
How all things lie about us now by ruin all toppled o'er,
Witness of this the eyes of you, the hands of you have won.
No man I blame, what valour could hath verily been done:
With all the manhood of our land the battle hath been fought:
But now what better way herein my doubtful mind hath thought
Will I set forth, and shortly tell the rede that is in me:
Hearken! beside the Tuscan stream I own an ancient lea,
Which, toward the sunset stretching far, yea o'er Sicanian bounds,
Aruncans and Rutulians sow, working the rough hill grounds

With draught of plough, but feeding down the roughest with their sheep.

Let all this land, and piny place upon the mountain-steep,
Be yielded for the Teucrian peace: the laws let us declare
For plighted troth, and bid the men as friends our realm to share.
There let them settle and build walls, if thitherward they yearn;
But if unto another land their minds are set to turn,
And other folk, and all they ask is from our shore to flee,
Then let us build them twice ten ships from oak of Italy,
Or more if they have men thereto: good store of ship-stuff lies
Hard by the waves; and they shall show their number and their guise;
But toil of men, and brass and gear we for their needs will find.
And now to carry these our words, and fast the troth-plight bind,
Send we an hundred speech-masters, the best of Latin land,
To seek them thither, stretching forth the peace-bough in the hand,
And bearing gifts; a talent's weight of gold and ivory,
The throne therewith and welted gown, signs of my lordship high.
Take open counsel; stay the State so faint and weary grown.”
Then Drances, ever full of hate, whom Turnus' great renown
With bitter stings of envy thwart goaded for evermore;
Lavish of wealth and fair of speech, but cold-hand in the war;
Held for no unwise man of redes, a make-bate keen enow;
The lordship of whose life, forsooth, from well-born dam did flow,
His father being of no account — upriseth now this man,
And piles a grievous weight of words with all the wrath he can.
“A matter dark to none, and which no voice of mine doth need,
Thou counsellest on, sweet King: for all confess in very deed
They wot whereto our fortune drives; but fear their speech doth hide:
Let him give liberty of speech, and sink his windy pride,
Because of whose unhappy fate, and evil life and will —
Yea, I will speak, despite his threats to smite me and to kill —
So many days of dukes are done, and all the city lies
O'erwhelmed with grief, the while his luck round camps of Troy he
tries,
Trusting to flight, and scaring heaven with clashing of his sword.
One gift meseems thou shouldest add, most gracious king and lord,
Unto the many gifts thou bid'st bear to the Dardan folk,

Nor bow thyself to violence, nor lie beneath its yoke.
Father, thy daughter nobly wed unto a glorious son,
And knit the bonds of peace thereby in troth-plight never done.
Or if such terror and so great upon our hearts doth lie,
Let us adjure the man himself, and pray him earnestly
To yield up this his proper right to country and to king: —
— O why into the jaws of death wilt thou so often fling
Thine hapless folk, O head and fount of all the Latin ill?
No safety is in war; all we, for peace we pray thee still,
O Turnus, — for the only pledge of peace that may abide.
I first, whom thou call'st foe (and nought that name I thrust aside),
Lo, suppliant to thy feet I come! Pity thy people then!
Sink thine high heart, and, beaten, yield; surely we broken men
Have seen enough of deaths, laid waste enough of field and fold.
But if fame stir thee, if thine heart such dauntless valour hold,
If such a longing of thy soul a kingly dowry be,
Dare then, and trust thee in thy might, and breast the enemy.
Forsooth all we, that Turnus here a queenly wife might gain —
We common souls — a heap unwept, unburied, strew the plain.
And now for thy part, if in thee some valour hath a place
Or memory of the ancient wars, go look him in the face
Who calleth thee to come afield.”
But Turnus' fury at the word outbrake in sudden flame.
He groaned, and from his inmost soul this speech of his outpoured:
“O Drances, when the battle-day calleth for hand and sword,
Great words good store thou givest still, and first thou comest still
When so the Sires are called: but why with words the council fill?
Big words aflies from thee safe, while yet the walls hold good
Against the foe, nor yet the ditch is swimming with our blood.
Go, thunder out thy wonted words! lay craven fear on me,
O Drances, thou, whose hand has heaped the Teucrian enemy
Dead all about, and everywhere has glorified the meads
With war-spoil! Thou thyself may'st try how lively valour speeds!
'Tis well the time: forsooth the road lieth no long way out
To find the foe! on every side they hedge the wall about
Go we against them! — tarriest thou? and is thy Mars indeed
A dweller in the windy tongue and feet well learned in speed,

The same today as yesterday?

— I beaten! who of right, O beast! shall brand me beaten man,
That seeth the stream of Ilian blood swelling the Tiber's flow,
Who seeth all Evander's house uprooted, laid alow;
Who seeth those Arcadian men stripped of their battle-gear?
Big Pandarus, stout Bitias, found me no craven there,
Or all the thousand whom that day to Tartarus I sent,
When I was hedged by foeman's wall and mound's beleaguerment
No health in war? Fool, sing such song to that Dardanian head,
And thine own day! cease not to fright all things with mighty dread.
Cease not to puff up with thy pride the poor twice-conquered folk,
And lay upon the Latin arms the weight of wordy yoke.
Yea, sure the chiefs of Myrmidons quake at the Phrygian sword,
Tydides and Achilles great, the Larissæan lord;
And Aufidus the flood flees back unto the Hadriac sea.
But now whereas this guile-smith fains to dread mine enmity,
And whetteth with a fashioned fear the bitter point of strife —
Nay, quake no more! for this mine hand shall spill no such a life;
But it shall dwell within thy breast and have thee for a mate. —
Now, Father, unto thee I turn, and all thy words of weight;
If every hope of mending war thou verily lay'st down;
If we are utterly laid waste, and, being once overthrown,
Have fallen dead; if Fate no more may turn her feet about,
Then pray we peace, and deedless hands, e'en as we may, stretch out.
Yet if of all our ancient worth some little yet abide,
I deem him excellent of men, craftsman of his tide,
A noble heart, who, lest his eyes should see such things befall,
Hath laid him down in death, and bit the earth's face once for all.
And if we still have store of force, and crop of youth unladen,
And many a town, and many a folk of Italy to aid;
And if across a sea of blood the Trojan glory came,
And they too died, and over all with one blast and the same
The tempest swept; why shameless thus do our first footsteps fail?
Why quake our limbs, yea e'en before they feel the trumpet's gale?
A many things the shifting time, the long laborious days,
Have mended oft: a many men hath Fortune's wavering ways
Made sport of, and brought back again to set on moveless rock.

The Ætolian and his Arpi host help not our battle-shock.
Yet is Messapus ours, and ours Tolumnius fortunate,
And many a duke and many a folk; nor yet shall tarry late
The glory of our Latin lords and this Laurentian lea.
Here too Camilla, nobly born of Volscian stock, shall be,
Leading her companies of horse that blossom brass all o'er.
But if the Teucrians me alone are calling to the war,
And thus 'tis doomed, and I so much the common good withstand —
Well, victory hath not heretofore so fled my hated hand
That I should falter from the play with such a prize in sight:
Fain shall I face him, yea, though he outgo Achilles' might,
And carry battle-gear as good of Vulcan's fashioning,
For you, and for Latinus here, my father and my king,
I, Turnus, second unto none in valour of old years,
Devote my life. Æneas calls me only of the peers?
— O that he may! — not Drances here — the debt of death to pay
If God be wroth, or if Fame win, to bear the prize away.”
But while amid their doubtful fate the ball of speech they tossed,
Contending sore, Æneas moved his camp and battle-host;
And lo, amid the kingly house there runs a messenger
Mid tumult huge, who all the town to mighty dread doth stir,
With tidings how the Teucrian host and Tuscan men of war
Were marching from the Tiber flood, the meadows covering o'er.
Amazèd are the minds of men; their hearts with tremor shake,
And anger stirred by bitter stings is presently awake:
In haste and heat they crave for arms; the youth cries on the sword,
The Fathers mutter sad and weep: with many a wrangling word
A mighty tumult goeth up, and toward the sky doth sweep:
Not otherwise than when the fowl amid the thicket deep
Sit down in hosts; or when the swans send forth their shrilling song
About Padusa's fishy flood, the noisy pools among.
“Come, fellow-folk,” cries Turnus then, for he the time doth seize,
“Call ye to council even now, and sit and praise the peace,
And let the armed foe wrack the realm!”
Nor more he said withal,
But turned about and went his ways from that high-built hall.
Said he: “Volusus, lead away the Volscian ranks to fight,

And Rutuli! Messapus, thou, afield with horse and knight!
Thou, Coras, with thy brother duke sweep down the level mead.
Let some make breaches good, and some man the high towers with
heed;
And let the rest bear arms with me whereso my bidding sends.”
Then straightway, running in all haste, to wall the city wends.
Sore shaken in his very heart, by that ill tide undone,
His council Sire Latinus leaves and those great redes begun:
Blaming himself that he took not Æneas of free will,
Nor gave the town that Dardan lord the place of son to fill.
Now some dig dykes before the gate, or carry stones and stakes,
And bloody token of the war the shattering trump awakes.
Mothers and lads, a motley guard, they crown the threatened wall,
For this last tide of grief and care hath voice to cry for all.
Moreover to the temple-stead, to Pallas’ house on high,
The Queen goes forth hedged all about by matron company,
And bearing gifts: next unto whom, the cause of all this woe,
With lovely eyes cast down to earth, doth maid Lavinia go.
They enter and with frankincense becloud the temple o’er,
And cast their woeful voices forth from out the high-built door:
“O Weapon-great Tritonian Maid, O front of war-array,
Break thou the Phrygian robber’s sword, and prone his body lay
On this our earth; cast him adown beneath our gates high-reared!”
Now eager Turnus for the war his body did begird:
The ruddy-gleaming coat of mail upon his breast he did,
And roughened him with brazen scales; with gold his legs he hid;
With brow yet bare, unto his side he girt the sword of fight,
And all a glittering golden man ran down the castle’s height.
High leaps his heart, his hope runs forth the foeman’s host to face:
As steed, when broken are the bonds, fleeth the stabling place,
Set free at last, and, having won the unfenced open mead,
Now runneth to the grassy grounds wherein the mare-kind feed;
Or, wont to water, speedeth him in well-known stream to wash,
And, wantoning, with uptossed head about the world doth dash,
While wave his mane-locks o’er his neck, and o’er his shoulders
play.
But, leading on the Volscian host, there comes across his way

Camilla now, who by the gate leapt from her steed adown,
And in likewise her company, who left their horses lone,
And earthward streamed: therewith the Queen such words as this
gave forth:

“Turnus, if any heart may trust in manly might and worth,
I dare to promise I will meet Æneas’ war array,
And face the Tyrrhene knights alone, and deal them battle-play.
Let my hand be the first to try the perils of the fight,
The while the foot-men townward bide, and hold the walls aright.”

Then Turnus answered, with his eyes fixed on the awful maid:

“O glory of Italian land, how shall the thanks be paid
Worthy thy part? but since all this thy great soul overflies,
To portion out our work today with me indeed it lies.

Æneas, as our spies sent out and rumour saith for sure,
The guileful one, his light-armed horse hath now sent on before
To sweep the lea-land, while himself, high on the hilly ground,
Across the desert mountain-necks on for our walls is bound.

But I a snare now dight for him in woodland hollow way
Besetting so the straitened pass with weaponed war-array.

But bear thy banners forth afield to meet the Tyrrhene horse,
With fierce Messapus joined to thee, the Latin battle-force,
Yea, and Tiburtus: thou thyself the leader’s care shalt take.”

So saith he, and with such-like words unto the war doth wake
Messapus and his brother-lords; then ‘gainst the foeman fares.

There was a dale of winding ways, most meet for warlike snares
And lurking swords: with press of leaves the mountain bent is black
That shutteth it on either side: thence leads a scanty track;

By strait-jawed pass men come thereto, a very evil road:

But thereabove, upon the height, lieth a plain abode,

A mountain-heath scarce known of men, a most safe lurking-place,
Whether to right hand or to left the battle ye will face,

Or hold the heights, and roll a storm of mighty rocks adown.

Thither the war-lord wends his way by country road well known,
And takes the place, and bideth there within the wood accursed.

Meanwhile within the heavenly house Diana speaketh first

To Opis of the holy band, the maiden fellowship,

And words of grief most sorrowful Latonia’s mouth let slip:

“Unto the bitter-cruel war the maid Camilla wends,
O maid: and all for nought indeed that dearest of my friends
Is girding her with arms of mine.”

Nought new-born was the love

Diana owned, nor sudden-sweet the soul in her did move:

When Metabus, by hatred driven, and his o’erweening pride,

Fled from Privernum’s ancient town, his fathers’ country-side,

Companion of his exile there, amid the weapon-game,

A babe he had with him, whom he called from her mother’s name

Casmilla, but a little changed, and now Camilla grown.

He, bearing her upon his breast, the woody ridges lone

Went seeking, while on every side the sword-edge was about,

And all around were scouring wide the weaponed Volscian rout.

But big lay Amasenus now athwart his very road,

Foaming bank-high, such mighty rain from out of heaven had
flowed.

There, as he dight him to swim o’er, love of his babe, and fear

For burden borne so well-beloved, his footsteps back did bear.

At last, as all things o’er he turned, this sudden rede he took:

The huge spear that in mighty hand by hap the warrior shook,

A close-knit shaft of seasoned oak with many a knot therein,

Thereto did he his daughter bind, wrapped in the cork-tree’s skin,

And to the middle of the beam he tied her craftily;

Then, shaking it in mighty hand, thus spoke unto the sky:

“O kind, O dweller in the woods, Latonian Virgin fair,

A father giveth thee a maid, who holds thine arms in air

As from the foe she flees to thee: O Goddess, take thine own,

That now upon the doubtful winds by this mine arm is thrown!”

He spake, and from his drawn-back arm cast forth the brandished
wood;

Sounded the waves; Camilla flew across the hurrying flood,

A lorn thing bound to whistling shaft, and o’er the river won.

But Metabus, with all the band of chasers pressing on,

Unto the river gives himself, and reaches maid and spear,

And, conquering, from the grassy bank Diana’s gift doth tear.

To roof and wall there took him thence no city of the land,

Nay, he himself, a wild-wood thing, to none had given the hand;

Upon the shepherd's lonely hills his life thenceforth he led;
His daughter mid the forest-brake, and wild deers' thicket-stead,
He nourished on the milk that flowed from herd-mare's untamed
breast,

And to the maiden's tender lips the wild thing's udder pressed;
Then from the first of days when she might go upon her feet,
The heft of heavy sharpened dart her hand must learn to meet,
And from the little maiden's back he hung the shaft and bow;
While for the golden hair-clasp fine and long-drawn mantle's flow
Down from her head, along her back, a tiger's fell there hung.
E'en then too from her tender hand a childish shot she flung,
The sling with slender smoothened thong she drave about her head
To bring the crane of Strymon down, or lay the white swan dead.
Then many a mother all about the Tyrrhene towns in vain
Would wed her to their sons; but she, a maid without a stain,
Alone in Dian's happiness the spear for ever loved,
For ever loved the maiden life.

— "O had she ne'er been moved

By such a war, nor dared to cross the Teucrian folk in fight!
Then had she been a maid of mine, my fellow and delight.
But since the bitterness of fate lies round her life and me,
Glide down, O maiden, from the pole, and find the Latin lea,
Where now, with evil tokens toward, sad battle they awake;
Take these, and that avenging shaft from out the quiver take,
Wherewith whoso shall wrong with wound my holy-bodied may,
Be he of Troy or Italy, see thou his blood doth pay:
And then will I her limbs bewept, unspoiled of any gear,
Wrap in a hollow cloud, and lay in kindred sepulchre."
She spoke; the other slipped adown the lightsome air of heaven,
With wrapping cloak of mirky cloud about her body driven.
But in meanwhile the Trojan folk the city draw anigh,
The Tuscan dukes and all their horse in many a company
Well ordered: over all the plain neighing the steed doth fare,
Prancing, and champing on the bit that turns him here and there,
And far and wide the lea is rough with iron harvest now.
And with the weapons tossed aloft the level meadows glow.
Messapus and the Latins swift, lo, on the other hand;

And Coras with his brother-lord, and maid Camilla's band,
Against them in the field; and lo, far back their arms they fling
In couching of the level spears, and shot spears' brandishing.
All is afire with neigh of steeds and onfall of the men.
And now, within a spear-shot come, short up they rein, and then
They break out with a mighty cry, and spur the maddened steeds;
And all at once from every side the storm of spear-shot speeds,
As thick as very snowing is, and darkens down the sun.
And thereon with their levelled spears each against each they run,
Tyrrhenus and Aconteus fierce: in forefront of the fight
They meet and crash with thundering sound; wracked are the steeds
outright,
Breast beating in each breast of them: far is Aconteus flung
In manner of the lightning bolt, or stone from engine slung;
Far off he falls, and on the air pours all his life-breath out.
Then wildered is the war array; the Latins wheel about
And sling their targets all aback, and townward turn their steeds.
The Trojans follow; first of whom the ranks Asylas leads.
But when they draw anigh the gates once more the Latin men
Raise up the cry, and turn about the limber necks again;
Then flee their foes, and far afield with loosened reins they ride;
As when the sea-flood setting on with flowing, ebbing tide,
Now earthward rolling, overlays the rocks with foaming sea,
And with its bosom overwhelms the sand's extremity,
Now swiftly fleeing back again, sucks back into its deep
The rolling stones, and leaves the shore with softly-gliding sweep.
Twice did the Tuscans townward drive the host of Rutuli;
Twice, looking o'er their shielded backs, afield they needs must fly;
But when they joined the battle thrice knit up was all array
In one great knot, and man sought man wherewith to play the play.
Then verily the dying groans up to the heavens went;
Bodies and arms lie deep in blood, and with the men-folk blent,
The dying horses wallow there, and fearful fight arose.
Orsilochus with Remulus had scant the heart to close,
But hurled his shaft against the horse, and smote him 'neath the ear;
The smitten beast bears not the wound, but, maddened, high doth
rear

The legs of him and breast aloft: his master flung away,
Rolls on the earth: Catillus there doth swift Iolas slay;
Yea, and Herminius, big of soul, and big of limbs and gear,
Who went with head by nothing helmed save locks of yellow hair,
Who went with shoulders all unarmed, as one without a dread,
So open unto fight was he; but through his shoulders sped
The quivering spear, and knit him up twi-folded in his pain.
So black blood floweth everywhere; men deal out iron bane,
And, struggling, seek out lovely death amid the wounds and woe.
But through the middle of the wrack doth glad Camilla go,
The quivered war-maid, all one side stripped naked for the play;
And now a cloud of limber shafts she scattereth wide away,
And now with all unwearied hand catcheth the twi-bill strong.
The golden bow is at her back, and Dian's arrow-song.
Yea, e'en and if she yielded whiles, and showed her back in flight,
From back-turned bow the hurrying shaft she yet would aim aright.
About her were her chosen maids, daughters of Italy,
Larina, Tulla, and Tarpeia, with brazen axe on high,
Whom that divine Camilla chose for joy and fame's increase,
Full sweet and goodly hand-maidens in battle and in peace:
E'en as the Thracian Amazons thresh through Thermodon's flood,
When they in painted war-gear wend to battle and to blood:
Or those about Hippolyta, or round the wain of Mars
Wherein Panthesilea wends, when hubbub of the wars
The maiden-folk exulting raise, and moony shields uprear.
Whom first, whom last, O bitter Maid, didst thou overthrow with
spear?
How many bodies of the slain laidst thou upon the field?
Eunæus, Clytius' son, was first, whose breast for lack of shield
The fir-tree long smit through and through, as there he stood in face;
He poureth forth a sea of blood, and, falling in his place,
Bites the red earth, and dying writhes about the bitter bane.
Liris and Pagasus she slays; one, catching at the rein
Of his embowelled steed rolls o'er, the other as he ran
To aid, and stretched his swordless hand unto the fallen man,
Fell headlong too, and there they lie: with these Amastus wends,
The son of Hippotas; her spear in chase of men she sends,

Harpalycus, Demophoön, Tereus, and Chromis stout
As many as her maiden hand the whirling darts send out
So many Phrygian falls there are. Far off, in uncouth gear,
The hunter Ornytus upon Apulian steed doth fare,
Whose warring shoulders bigly wrought with stripped-off bullock's
hide

Are covered; but his head is helmed with wood-wolf's gaping wide,
A monstrous mouth, wherein are left the teeth all gleaming white:
A wood-spear arms the hand of him, he wheels amid the fight,
And by the head he overtops all other men about.

Him she o'ertakes, no troublous deed amid the fleeing rout,
And, slaying him, from bitter heart this word withal she spake:
"Tuscan, thou deem'st thee hunting still the deer amid the brake;
The day has come when women's arms have cast thy boasting back:
Yet going to thy fathers' ghosts a word thou shalt not lack
To praise thy life; for thou mayst say, Camilla was my bane."

Orsilochus and Butes next, two huge-wrought Trojans, gain
Death at her hands: Butes aback she smit through with the spear
Betwixt the mail-coat and the helm, wherethrough the neck doth peer
As there he sits, and on his left hangs down the target round;
But from Orsilochus she flees, wide circling o'er the ground,
Then, slipping inward of the ring, chaseth the chaser there,
And, rising high, her mighty axe driveth through bones and gear.
With blow on blow, mid all his prayers and crying out for grace,
Until his hot and bloody brain is flooding all his face.

A man haps on her now, and stands afeard such sight to see;
Of Aunus of the Apennines the warring son was he,
Great of Ligurians, while the Fates his guile would yet allow:
But he, since fleeing out of fight, would nought avail him now,
Nor knew he how in any wise to turn the Queen away,
With rede of guile and cunning words began to play the play:
"What deed of fame, for woman's heart to trust a horse's might?
Wilt thou not set thy speed aside, and 'gainst me dare the fight
On equal ground, and gird thyself for foot-fight face to face?
See then to whom the windy fame shall bring the victory's grace!"
He spake; but she, in bitter rage, and stung to her heart's root,
Unto her fellow gave her steed and faced him there afoot,

Most unafeard, with naked glaive and target bare and white.
Thereat the youth deemed guile had won, and turned at once to flight;

Nought tarrying but to turn the reins, he fleeth on his road,
And ever with his iron heel the four-foot thing doth goad.
“Empty Ligurian, all in vain thine high heart dost thou raise,
And all in vain thou triest today thy father’s crafty ways.
Nor shall thy lying bring thee safe to lying Aunus’ head.”
So spake the maid, and all afire on flying feet she sped,
Outwent the horse and crossed his road, and catching at the rein,
There made her foeman pay for all with bloody steel-wrought bane,

As easily the holy hawk from craggy place on high
In winged chase follows on the dove aloft along the sky,
And taketh her in hookèd hold with bitter feet to tear,
While blood and riven feathers fall from out the upper air.
Nathless the Sower of manfolk and all the Godly Kind,
Upon Olympus set aloft, to this was nothing blind,
And Tarchon of the Tyrrhene folk he stirreth up to war,
And stingeth all the heart of him with anger bitter-sore;
Who, borne on horse ‘twixt death of men and faltering war-array,
Goads on his bands unto the fight, and many a word doth say,
And calleth each man by his name, and bids the beaten stand:
“What fear, O hearts that nought may shame, O folk of deedless hand,

What dastardy, O Tyrrhene folk, hath now so caught your souls?
A woman drives us scattering wide, and back our war-wall rolls.
Why bear our hands these useless spears, this steel not made for fight?

Ye are not slack in Venus’ play or battle of the night,
Or when the crookèd fife gives sign that Bacchus’ dance is toward
Well wait ye onset of the feast and cups of plenteous board:
Your love, your hearts, are there, whereas the lucky priest doth bid
The holy words, and victims fat call to the thickets hid.”

He spake, and, fain of death himself, against the foemen spurs,
And full in face of Venulus his eager body bears,
And catcheth him by arm about, and tears him from his horse,
And bears him off on saddle-bow in grip of mighty force:

Then goes the clamour up to heaven, and all the Latin eyes
Turn thitherward: but fiery-swift across the field he flies,
Bearing the weapons and the man; then from his foeman's spear
Breaks off the head, and searches close for opening here and there
Whereby to give the deadly wound: the foe doth ever fight,
Thrusting the hand from threatened throat, and puts back might with
might.

As when a yellow erne aloft skyward a dragon draws,
And knits him up within her feet and gripping of her claws:
But still the wounded serpent turns in many a winding fold,
And bristles all his spiky scales, and hissing mouth doth hold
Aloft against her; she no less through all his struggles vain
Drives hookèd beak, and still with wings beats through the airy plain;
E'en so from those Tiburtine ranks glad Tarchon bears the prey:
And, following on their captain's deed, fall on amid the fray
Mæonia's sons.

But Arruns now, the foredoomed man of fate,
Encompassing Camilla's ways with spear and guile, doth wait
On all her goings; spying out what hap is easiest.
Now, wheresoe'er the hot-heart maid amid the battle pressed,
There Arruns winds, and silently holds watch on all her ways:
And when from forth the foe she comes, bearing the victory's praise,
Still speedily in privy wise the rein he turns about:
This way he tries, that way he tries, still wandering in and out
On all sides; shaking spear of doom with evil heart of guile.
Now Chloereus, bond of Cybele and priest upon a while,
Afar as happed in Phrygian gear gleamed out upon his steed,
Foaming and goodly: clad was he in skin-wrought battle-weed,
With brazen scales done feather-wise, and riveted with gold,
And grand was he in outland red and many a purple fold;
Gortynian arrows from afar with Lycian horn he sped;
Gold rang the bow upon his back; gold-mitred was his head
In priestly wise; his saffron scarf, the crackling folds of it
Of linen fine, in knot about a red-gold buckle knit;
His kirtle was embroidered fair, his hosen outland-wrought.
The maiden, whether Trojan gear for temple-gate she sought,
Or whether she herself would wend, glorious in war-got gold,

Amidst of all the press of arms this man in chase must hold
Blind as a hunter; all unaware amidst the war-array
She burned with all a woman's lust for spoil of men and prey:
When now, the time at last being seized, from out its lurking-place
Arruns drew forth his spear, and prayed the Gods above for grace:
"Highest of Gods, Apollo, ward of dear Soracte's stead,
Whom we first honour, unto whom the piny blaze is fed;
Whom worshipping, we, waxen strong in might of godliness,
The very midmost of the fire with eager foot-soles press —
Almighty Father, give me grace to do away our shame!
No battle-gear, no trophies won from vanquished maid I claim,
No spoils I seek; my other deeds shall bring me praise of folk;
Let but this dreadful pest of men but fall beneath my stroke,
And me wend back without renown unto my father's place!"
Apollo heard, and half the prayer he turned his heart to grace,
The other half he flung away adown the wind to go.
That he by sudden stroke of death should lay Camilla low, —
He granted this: that his high house should see his safe return,
He granted not: the hurrying gusts that word to breezes turn.
So when the shaft hurled from his hand gave sound upon the air,
All Volscians turn their hardy hearts, and all men's eyes bear
Upon the Queen: but she no whit had any breeze in mind,
Or whistle of the spear that sped from out the house of wind,
Until the hurrying shaft beneath her naked bosom stood,
And clung there, deeply driven home, drinking her virgin blood.
Her frightened damsels run to her and catch the falling maid,
But Arruns fleeth fast, forsooth more than all they afraid —
Afraid and glad — nor durst he more to trust him to the spear,
Or 'neath the hail of maiden darts his body forth to bear.
And as the murder-wolf, ere yet the avenging spear-points bite,
Straight hideth him in pathless place amid the mountain-height,
When he hath slain some shepherd-lad or bullock of the fold;
Down goes his tail, when once he knows his deed so overbold,
Along his belly close it clings as he the woodland seeks.
Not otherwise from sight of men the wildered Arruns sneaks,
And mingles in the middle fight, glad to be clear away.
Death-smitten, at the spear she plucks; amidst her bones it lay,

About the ribs, that iron point in baneful wound and deep:
She droopeth bloodless, droop her eyes acold in deadly sleep;
From out her cheeks the colour flees that once therewith were clear.
Then, passing, Acca she bespeaks, her very maiden peer,
Her who alone of all the rest might share Camilla's rede,
A trusted friend: such words to her the dying mouth doth speed:
"Sister, thus far my might hath gone; but now this bitter wound
Maketh an end, and misty dark are grown all things around:
Fly forth, and unto Turnus bear my very latest words;
Let him to fight, and from the town thrust off the Trojan swords —
Farewell, farewell!" —

And with the word the bridle failed her hold,
And unto earth unwilling now she flowed, and waxen cold
Slowly she slipped her body's bonds; her languid neck she bent,
Laid down the head that death had seized, and left her armament;
And with a groan her life flew forth disdainful into night.
Then rose the cry and smote aloft the starry golden height,
And with the Queen so felled to field the fight grew young again,
And thronged and serried falleth on the Teucrian might and main,
The Tuscan Dukes, Evander's host, the wings of Arcady.
But Opis, Dian's watch of war, set on the mountain high,
A long while now all unafear'd had eyed the battle o'er,
And when far off, amid the cries of maddened men of war,
She saw Camilla win the death by bitter ill award,
She groaned, and from her inmost heart such words as these she
poured:

"Alas, O maid, thou payest it o'ermuch and bitterly,
That thou unto the Teucrian folk the challenge needs must cry.
Ah, nothing it availed thee, maid, through deserts of the deer
To worship Dian, or our shafts upon thy back to bear.
And yet the Queen hath left thee not alone amidst of shame
In grip of death; nor shalt thou die a death without a name
In people's ears; nor yet as one all unavenged be told:
For whosoever wronged thy flesh with wounding overbold
Shall pay the penalty well earned."

Now 'neath the mountains high,
All clad with shady holm-oaks o'er, a mighty mound doth lie,

The tomb of King Dercennus called, Laurentum's lord of yore;
And thitherward her speedy feet that loveliest Goddess bore,
And there abiding, Arruns spied from off the high-heaped mound
But when the wretch in gleaming arms puffed up with pride she
found,

"Why," quoth she, "dost thou turn away? Here, hither wend thy feet;
Come here and perish; take reward for slain Camilla meet!
But ah, for death of such an one is Dian's arrow due?"

Then from the Thracian quiver gilt a wingèd shaft she drew,
And bent the horn-wrought bow withal with heart on slaying set:
Far drew she, till the curving horns each with the other met:
Alike she strained her hands to shoot; the left hand felt the steel,
The right that drew the string aback her very breast did feel.
Then straightway Arruns heard in one the bow-string how it rung,
And whistle of the wind; and there the shaft within him clung:
His fellows leave him dying there and groaning out his last,
Forgotten in an unknown field, amid the sand downcast;
While to Olympus on the wing straightway is Opis borne.

But now first flees Camilla's band, their Queen and mistress lorn,
And flee the beaten Rutuli, and fierce Atinas flees;
The Dukes of men in disarray, the broken companies
Now turn their faces to the town, and seek a sheltering place,
Nor yet may any turn with spear upon the Teucrian chase,
That beareth death of men in hand, or bar the homeward road:
Cast back on fainting shoulders now the loose bow hangs a load;
The horny hoofs of four-foot things shake down the dusty mead,
The mirky cloud of rolling dust doth ever townward speed;
And mothers beating of their breasts stand on the watch-towers high,
And cast abroad their woman's wail up to the starry sky.
But they who in their fleeing first break through the open doors,
In mingled tumult on their backs a crowd of foemen pours;
Nor do they 'scape a wretched death: there, on the threshold-stead,
Within their fathers' walls, amidst the peace of home, they shed
The lives from out their bodies pierced: then some men shut the gate,
Nor durst they open to their friends, or take in them that wait
Praying without; and there indeed is woeful slaughter towards
Of them that fence the wall with swords, and rushers on the swords.

Those shut out 'neath the very eyes of weeping kith and kin,
Some headlong down the ditches roll, by fleeing rout thrust in;
Some blindly and with loosened rein spur on their steeds to meet
As battering-rams the very gates, the ruthless door-leaves beat
And now, in agony of fight, the mothers on the walls,
E'en as they saw Camilla do, (so love of country calls),
With hurrying hands the javelins cast, and in the iron's stead
Make shift of hardened pale of oak and stake with half-burned head.
Hot-heart they are, afire to die the first their town to save.
Meanwhile to Turnus in the woods sweeps in that cruel wave
Of tidings: trouble measureless doth Acca to him bring, —
The wasting of the Volscian host, Camilla's murdering,
The onset of the baneful foe with favouring Mars to aid;
The ruin of all things; present fear e'en on the city laid,
He, madly wroth, (for even so Jove's dreadful might deemed good),
Leaveth the hills' beleaguerment and mirky rugged wood.
Scarce was he out of sight thereof, and nigh his camp to win,
When mid the opened pass and bare Æneas entereth in,
Climbeth the ridge, and slippeth through the thicket's shadowy night.
So either toward the city fares with all their battle-might,
And no long space of way indeed there was betwixt the twain,
For e'en so soon as far away Æneas saw the plain
Through dusty reek, and saw withal Laurentum's host afar,
Turnus the fierce Æneas knew in all array of war,
And heard the marching footmen tramp, and coming horses neigh.
Then had they fallen to fight forthwith and tried the battle-play,
But rosy Phoebus sank adown amidst Iberian flood
His weary steeds, and brought back Night upon the failing day.
So there they pitch before the town and make their ramparts good.

BOOK XII.

ARGUMENT.

HEREIN ARE ÆNEAS AND TURNUS PLEDGED TO FIGHT THE MATTER OUT IN SINGLE COMBAT; BUT THE LATINIS BREAK THE PEACE AND ÆNEAS IS WOUNDED: IN THE END ÆNEAS MEETETH TURNUS INDEED, AND SLAYETH HIM.

When Turnus sees the Latin men all failing from the sword,
Broken by Mars, and that all folk bethink them of his word.
And fall to mark him with their eyes, then fell he burns indeed,
And raises up his heart aloft; e'en as in Punic mead
The smitten lion, hurt in breast by steel from hunters' ring,
Setteth the battle in array, and joyfully doth fling
The mane from off his brawny neck, and fearless of his mood
Breaks off the clinging robber-spear, and roars from mouth of blood;
E'en so o'er Turnus' fiery heart the tide of fury wins,
And thus he speaketh to the King, and hasty speech begins:
"No hanging back in Turnus is, and no Ænean thrall
Hath aught to do to break his word or plighted troth recall:
I will go meet him: Father, bring the Gods, the peace-troth plight;
Then either I this Dardan thing will send adown to night, —
This rag of Asia, — Latin men a-looking on the play,
And all alone the people's guilt my sword shall wipe away;
Or let him take us beaten folk, and wed Lavinia then!"
But unto him from quiet soul Latinus spake again:
"Great-hearted youth, by e'en so much as thou in valorous might
Dost more excel, by so much I must counsel me aright,
And hang all haps that may betide in those sad scales of mine.
Thine are thy father Daunus' realms, a many towns are thine,
Won by thine hand: Latinus too his gold and goodwill yields;
But other high-born maids unwed dwell in Laurentine fields
Or Latin land, — nay, suffer me to set all guile apart,
And say a hard thing — do thou take this also to thine heart:
To none of all her wooers of old my daughter may I wed;
This warning word of prophecy all men and Gods have sped.

But by thy kindred blood o'ercome, and by the love of thee,
And by my sad wife's tears, I broke all bonds and set me free.
From son-in-law I rapt his bride, I drew a godless sword.
What mishaps and what wrack of peace have been my due reward
Thou seest, Turnus, and what grief I was the first to bear.
Twice beaten in a woeful fight, scarce is our city here
Held by the hope of Italy: still Tiber-flood rolls by,
Warm with our blood, and 'neath our bones wide meadows
whitening lie.

But whither waver I so oft? what folly shifts my mind?
If I am ready, Turnus dead, peace with these men to bind,
Shall I not rather while thou liv'st cast all the war away?
What shall my kindred Rutuli, what shall Italia say,
If I deliver thee to death, (Fate thrust the words aside!)
Thee, who hast wooed me for thy sire, my daughter for thy bride?
Look on the wavering hap of war, pity thy father's eld,
Now far from thee in sorrow sore by ancient Ardea held."
But not a whit might all these words the wrath of Turnus bend.
Nay, worsen waxed he, sickening more by medicine meant to mend:
And e'en so soon as he might speak, such words were in his mouth:
"Thy trouble for my sake, best lord, e'en for my sake forsooth,
Lay down, I prithee; let me buy a little praise with death.
I too, O father, sow the spear, nor weak hand scattereth
The iron seed, with me afield: the blood-springs know my stroke.
Nor here shall be his Goddess-dame with woman's cloud to cloak
A craven king, and hide herself in empty mirky shade."
But now the Queen, by this new chance of battle sore afraid,
Fell weeping, as her fiery son she held with dying eyes:
"O Turnus, by these tears, by what of worship for me lies
Anigh thy heart; O, only hope of this my latter tide,
Sole rest from sorrow! thou, in whom all worship doth abide,
All glory of the Latin name, our falling house-wall stay!
Set not thine hand to Teucrian war; this thing alone I pray.
Whatever lot abideth thee, O Turnus, mid the fight,
Abideth me, and I with thee will leave the loathed light;
Nor will I, made Æneas' thrall, behold him made my son."
Lavinia heard her mother's words with burning cheeks, whereon

Lay rain of tears, for thereunto exceeding ruddy flush
Had brought the fire that now along her litten face did rush:
As when the Indian ivory they wrong with blood-red dye,
Or when mid many lilies white the ruddy roses lie,
E'en such a mingled colour showed upon the maiden's face.
Sore stirred by love upon the maid he fixed his constant gaze,
And, all the more afire for fight, thus to Amata said:
"I prithee, mother, with these tears, such sign of coming dread,
Dog not my feet as forth I wend to Mavors' bitter play;
For Turnus is not free to thrust the hour of death away.
Go, Idmon, bear the Phrygian lord these very words of mine,
Nought for his pleasure: When the dawn tomorrow first shall shine,
And from her purple wheels aloft shall redden all the sky,
Lead not thy Teucrians to the fight: Teucrians and Rutuli
Shall let their swords be; and we twain, our blood shall quench the
strife,
And we upon that field shall woo Lavinia for a wife."
He spake, and to the roofed place now swiftly wending home,
Called for his steeds, and merrily stood there before their foam,
E'en those that Orithyia gave Pilumnus, gift most fair,
Whose whiteness overpassed the snow, whose speed the wingèd air.
The busy horse-boys stand about, and lay upon their breasts
The clapping of their hollow hands, and comb their manèd crests.
But he the mail-coat doth on him well-wrought with golden scale
And latten white; he fits the sword unto his hand's avail:
His shield therewith, and hornèd helm with ruddy crest o'erlaid:
That sword, the very Might of Fire for father Daunus made,
And quenched the white-hot edge thereof amidst the Stygian flood.
Then the strong spear he took in hand that 'gainst the pillar stood,
Amidmost of the house: that spear his hand won mightily
From Actor of Auruncum erst; he shakes the quivering tree
Loud crying: "Now, O spear of mine, who never heretofore
Hast failed my call, the day draws on: thee the huge Actor bore,
Now Turnus' right hand wieldeth thee: to aid, that I prevail
To lay the Phrygian gelding low, and strip his rended mail
By might of hand; to foul with dust the ringlets of his hair,
Becrisped with curling-irons hot and drenched with plenteous

myrrh!"

By such a fury is he driven; from all his countenance
The fiery flashes leap, the flames in his fierce eyeballs dance:
As when a bull in first of fight raiseth a fearful roar,
And teacheth wrath unto his horns and whets them for the war,
And 'gainst the tree-trunks pusheth them, and thrusts the breezes
home,

And with the scattering of the sand preludeth fight to come.
Nor less Æneas, terrible, in Venus' armour dight,
Now whetteth war; and in his heart stirreth the wrath of fight,
That plighted peace shall lay the war fain is his heart and glad;
His fellows' minds and bitter fear that makes Iulus sad
He solaceth with fate-wise words; then bids his folk to bear
His answer to the Latin king and peace-laws to declare.
But scarce the morrow's dawn of day had lit the mountain steeps,
And scarce the horses of the Sun drew upward from the deeps,
And from their nostrils raised aloft blew forth the morning clear,
When Trojans and Rutulian men the field of fight prepare,
And measure out a space beneath the mighty city's wall.
Midmost the hearths they hallow there to common Gods of all,
And grassy altars: other some bear fire, and fountain's flow,
All linen clad, and vervain leaves are crowning every brow.
Forth comes the host of Italy, the men that wield the spear
Pour outward from the crowded gate; the Trojan host is there,
And all the Tyrrhene company in battle-gear diverse,
Nor otherwise in iron clad, than if the War-god fierce
Cried on to arms: and in the midst of war-ranks thousandfold
The dukes are flitting, well beseen in purple dye and gold,
E'en Mnestheus of Assaracus, Asylas huge of force,
Messapus, Neptune's very son, the tamer of the horse.
But when the sign was given abroad each to his own place won,
And set his spear-shaft in the earth and leaned his shield thereon.
Then streamed forth mothers fain to see and elders feeble grown;
The unarmed crowd beset the towers and houses of the town,
And others of the people throng the high-built gates around.
But Juno from the steep that men now call the Alban mound
(Though neither worship, name, nor fame it bore upon that day),

Was looking down upon the lists and either war-array
Of Trojan and Laurentine men, and King Latinus' wall,
Then upon Turnus' sister's ear her words of God did fall:
A goddess she, the queen of mere and sounding river-wave;
Which worship Jupiter the King, the Heaven-Abider gave
A hallowed gift to pay her back for ravished maidenhood:
"O Nymph, the glory of the streams, heart well-beloved and good,
Thee only, as thou know'st, I love of all who e'er have come
Into the unkind bed of Jove from out a Latin home,
With goodwill have I granted thee the heavenly house to share;
Therefore, Juturna, know thy grief lest I the blame should bear:
While Fortune would, and while the Fates allowed the Latin folk
A happy day, so long did I thy town and Turnus cloak;
But now I see him hastening on to meet the fated ill:
His doomsday comes, the foeman's hand shall soon his hour fulfil.
I may not look upon the fight, or see the waged field;
But thou, if any present help thou durst thy brother yield,
Haste, it behoves thee! — happier days on wretches yet may rise."
Scarce spake she ere Juturna poured the tear-flood from her eyes,
And thrice and four times smote with hand her bosom well beseen.
"Nay, this is now no weeping-time," saith that Saturnian Queen,
"Haste; snatch thy brother from the death if all be not undone,
Or wake up war and rend apart the treaty scarce begun;
And I am she that bids thee dare."
She urged her, and she left
Her wavering mind and turmoiled heart with sorrow's torment cleft.
Meantime the Kings — Latinus there, a world of state around,
Is borne upon the fourfold car, his gleaming temples bound
With twice six golden rays, the sign of his own grandsire's light,
The heavenly Sun; and Turnus wends with twi-yoked horses white,
Tossing in hand two shafts of war with broad-beat points of steel.
And hither Father Æneas, spring of the Roman weal,
Flaming with starry shield and arms wrought in the heavenly home,
And next to him Ascanius young, the second hope of Rome,
Fare from the camp: the priest thereon, in unstained raiment due,
Offereth a son of bristly sow and unshorn yearling ewe,
And bringeth up the four-foot hosts unto the flaming place.

But they, with all eyes turned about the rising sun to face,
Give forth the salt meal from the hand, and with the iron sign
The victims' brows, and mid the flame pour out the bowls of wine:
Then good Æneas draws his sword, and thuswise prays the prayer:
"Bear witness, Sun, and thou, O Land, who dost my crying hear!
Land, for whose sake I waxed in might, sustaining toils enow;
And Thou, Almighty Father, hear! Saturnian Juno thou,
Grown kinder, Goddess, I beseech; and thou, most glorious Mars,
Father, whose hand of utter might is master of all wars;
Ye Springs, and River-floods I call, and whatsoever God
Is in the air, or whatso rules the blue sea with its rod —
If to Ausonian Turnus here Fortune shall give the day,
The conquered to Evander's town shall straightly wend their way;
Iulus shall depart the land, nor shall Æneas' folk
Stir war hereafter, or with sword the Latin wrath provoke.
But if the grace of victory here bow down upon our fight;
— (As I believe, as may the Gods make certain with their might!) —
I will not bid the Italian men to serve the Teucrian's will;
Nor for myself seek I the realm; but all unconquered still
Let either folk with equal laws plight peace for evermore:
The Gods and worship I will give, Latinus see to war;
My father lawful rule shall have; for me my Teucrians here
Shall build a city, and that home Lavinia's name shall bear."
So first Æneas: after whom Latinus swears and says,
Looking aloft, and stretching hands up towards the starry ways:
"E'en so, Æneas, do I swear by Stars, and Sea, and Earth,
By twi-faced Janus, and the twins Latona brought to birth,
And by the nether Might of God and shrine of unmoved Dis;
And may the Sire who halloweth in all troth-plight hearken this:
I hold the altars, and these Gods and fires to witness take,
That, as for Italy, no day the peace and troth shall break,
What thing soever shall befall; no might shall conquer me.
Not such as with the wrack of flood shall mingle earth and sea,
Nor such as into nether Hell shall melt the heavenly land.
E'en as this sceptre" — (for by chance he bore a staff in hand) —
"Shall never more to leafage light and twig and shadow shoot,
Since when amid the thicket-place, cut off from lowest root,

It lost its mother, and the knife hath lopped it, leaf and bough, —
A tree once, but the craftsman's hand hath wrapped it seemly now
With brass about, and made it meet for hands of Latin lords.”
So in the sight of all the chiefs with such abundant words
They bound the troth-plight fast and sure: then folk in due wise slay
The victims on the altar-flame, and draw the hearts away
Yet living, and with platters full the holy altars pile.
But unto those Rutulian men unequal this long while
The fight had seemed, and in their hearts the mingled trouble rose;
And all the more, as nigher now they note the ill-matched foes,
This helpeth Turnus' silent step, and suppliant worshipping
About the altars, and his eyes that unto earth do cling,
His faded cheeks, his youthful frame that wonted colour lacks.
Wherefore Jaterna, when she hears the talk of people wax,
And how the wavering hearts of men in diverse manner sway,
Like unto Camers wendeth now amidst of that array;
— A mighty man, from mighty blood, his father well renowned
For valorous worth, and he himself keen in the battle found.
So through the mid array she speeds, well knowing what is toward,
And soweth rumour on the wind and speaketh such a word:
“O shame ye not, Rutulian men, to offer up one soul
For all your warriors? lack we aught in might or muster-roll
To match them? Here is all they have — Trojans, Arcadian peers,
And that Etruscan Turnus' bane, the fateful band of spears:
Why, if we meet, each second man shall scantily find a foe.
And now their king, upborne by fame, unto the Gods shall go,
Upon whose shrines he vows himself; his name shall live in tale.
But we shall lose our fatherland and 'neath proud lords shall fail,
E'en those that sit there heavy-slow upon our fields today.”
So with such words she lit the hearts of all that young array;
Yet more and more a murmur creeps about the ranks of men;
Changed even are Laurentine folk; changed are the Latins then;
They who had hoped that rest from fight and peaceful days were
won,
Are now but fain of battle-gear, and wish the troth undone,
For ruth that such a cruel fate on Turnus' head should fall.
But unto these a greater thing Jaterna adds withal,

A sign from heaven; and nought so much stirred Italy that day,
As this whose prodigy beguiled men's hearts to go astray:
For now the yellow bird of Jove amid the ruddy light
Was chasing of the river-fowl, and drave in hurried flight
The noisy throng; when suddenly down to the waves he ran,
And caught in greedy hookèd claws a goodly-bodied swan:
Uprose the hearts of Italy, for all the fowl cry out,
And, wonderful for eyes to see, from fleeing turn about,
Darken the air with cloud of wings, and fall upon the foe;
Till he, oppressed by might of them and by his prey held low,
Gives way, and casts the quarry down from out his hookèd claws
Into the river, and aback to inner cloud-land draws.
Then to the sign the Rutuli shout greeting with one breath,
And spread their hands abroad; but first the seer Tolumnius saith:
"This, this is that, which still my prayers sought oft and o'er again.
I take the sign, I know the God! to arms with me, O men!
Poor people, whom the stranger-thief hath terrified with war.
E'en like these feeble fowl; who wastes the acres of your shore,
Yet shall he fly, and give his sails unto the outer sea:
But ye, your ranks with heart and mind now serry manfully,
And ward your ravished King and Duke with all your battle-world!"
He spake, and, running forth, a shaft against the foe he hurled.
Forth whizzed the cornel through the air, cleaving its way aright,
And therewithal great noise outbreaks, and every wedge of fight
Is turmoiled, and the hearts of men are kindled for the fray.
On sped the shaft to where there stood across its baneful way
Nine fair-shaped brethren, whom whilom one faithful Tuscan wife
Amid Gylippus' Arcad house brought forth to light and life:
Now one of these, e'en where the belt of knitted stitches wrought
Chafed on the belly, and the clasp the joining edges caught,
A youth most excellent of frame and clad in glittering gear —
It pierced his ribs; on yellow sand it stretched him dying there.
Thereat his brethren, a fierce folk, with grief and rage alight,
Some draw their swords and some catch up the steel of speedy flight,
And rush on blind: Laurentum's ranks, against them swift they go,
And thick the Trojans from their side the meadows overflow,
Agyllans and Arcadian men with painted war array;

And one lust winneth over all with point and edge to play.
They strip the altars; drifting storm of weapon-shot doth gain
O'er all the heavens, and ever grows the iron battle-rain.
The bowls and hearths they bear away: Latinus gets him gone,
Bearing aback the beaten Gods and troth-plight all undone,
But other men rein in the car and leap upon the steed,
And there with naked swords they sit, all ready for the need.
Messapus, fain to rend the troth, on hostile horse down-bears
Upon Aulestes, Tuscan king, who kingly raiment wears:
He fled, but as abackward there away from him he went,
Came on the altars at his back in hapless tanglement
Of head and shoulders: thitherward doth hot Messapus fly
With spear in hand, and from his steed he smites him heavily
With the great beam amid his prayers, and word withal doth say:
"He hath it, and the Gods have got a better host today!"
Therewith to strip his body warm up runs the Italian band;
But Corynæus from the hearth catches a half-burnt brand,
And e'en as Ebusus comes up, and stroke in hand doth bear,
He filleth all his face with flame; out doth his great beard flare,
And sendeth stink of burning forth: the Trojan followed on
The wildered man, and with his left grip of his tresses won,
And, straining hard with weight of knee, to earth he pinned his foe,
And drave the stark sword through his side.
See Podalirius go,
Chasing the shepherd Alsus through the front of weapon-wrack;
O'er him he hangs with naked sword; but he, with bill swung back,
Cleaveth the foeman facing him through midmost brow and chin,
And all about his battle-gear the bloody rain doth win:
Then iron slumber fell on him, hard rest weighed down his eyes,
And shut were they for evermore in night that never dies.
Then good Æneas stretched forth hands all empty of the sword,
And called bare-headed on his folk, with eager shouted word:
"Where rush ye on, and whither now doth creeping discord rise?
Refrain your wrath; the troth is struck; its laws in equal wise
Are doomed; and 'tis for me alone the battle to endure.
Nay, let me be! cast fear away; my hand shall make it sure.
This troth-plight, all these holy things, owe Turnus to my sword."

But while his voice was sounding, lo, amidmost of his word,
A whistling speedy-wingèd shaft unto the hero won;
Unknown what hand hath sped it forth, what whirlwind bore it on;
What God, what hap, such glory gave to hands of Rutuli;
Beneath the weight of things unknown dead doth the honour lie,
Nor boasted any of the hurt Æneas had that day.
But Turnus, when he saw the King give back from that array,
And all the turmoil of the Dukes, with hope his heart grew fain;
He cried for horse and arms, and leapt aloft to battle-wain,
And high of heart set on apace, the bridle in his hand;
And many a brave man there he gave unto the deadly land,
And rolled o'er wounded men in heaps, and high in car wore down
The ranks of men; and fleers' spears from out his hand were thrown:
E'en as when litten up to war by Hebrus' chilly flood
Red Mavors beateth on his shield, and rouseth fightful mood
Amid the fury of his steeds, who o'er the level lea
In uttermost hoof-smitten Thrace the south and west outflee.
And lo, the fellows of the God, the black Fear's bitter face,
The Rage of men, the Guile of War anigh him wend apace:
E'en so amid the battle-field his horses Turnus sped,
Reeking with sweat: there tramples he the woeful heaps of dead,
The hurrying hoofs go scattering wide a drift of bloody rain;
The gore, all blent with sandy dust, is pounded o'er the plain.
To death he casteth Sthenelus, Pholus, and Thamyris;
Those twain anigh, but him afar; from far the bane he is
Of Glaucus and of Lades, sons of Imbrusus, whom he
In Lycia bred a while ago, and armed them equally
To fight anigh, or on their steeds the winds to overrun.
But otherwhere amidst the fight Eumedes fareth on,
The son of Dolon of old time, most well-renowned in fight,
And bringing back his father's name in courage and in might:
For that was he who while ago the Danaan camp espied,
And chose Achilles' car for spoil in his abundant pride:
But otherwise Tydides paid for such a deed o'erbold,
And no more had he any hope Achilles' steeds to hold.
So Turnus, when adown the lea this warrior he had seen,
First a light spear he sent in chase across the void between,

Then stayed his steeds, and leaping down unto the fallen ran,
And set his foot upon the neck of that scarce-breathing man,
And from his right hand wrenched the sword and bathed its glittering
blade

Deep in his throat, and therewithal such spoken chiding said:

“Down, Trojan! measure out the mead, and that Hesperean land
Thou sought'st in war: such are the gifts that fall unto the hand
Of those that dare the sword with me; such city-walls they raise!”

Asbutes wends 'neath spear-cast then, a fellow of his ways;

Chloreus, Dares, Thersilochus, and Sybaris, withal;

Thymoetes, who from rearing horse had hap to catch a fall;

And e'en as when the breathing forth of Thracian Boreas roars

O'er deep Ægean, driving on the wave-press to the shores,

Then wheresoe'er the wind stoops down the clouds flee heaven
apace;

So wheresoe'er cleaves Turnus way all battle giveth place,

All war-array is turned to wrack: his onrush beareth him,

And in the breeze that meets his car his tossing crest doth swim.

This onset of the maddened heart nought Phegeus might abide,

But cast himself before the steeds, and caught and wrenched aside

The bit-befoaming mouths of them, the heart-stung hurrying steeds.

But while he hangeth dragged along, the spear broad-headed speeds

Unto his shieldless side, and rends the twinkled coat of mail,

And for the razing of his flesh a little doth avail:

But he turned round about his shield and at the foemen made,

And from his naked sword drawn forth sought most well-needed aid;

When now the axle-tree and wheel, unto fresh speeding won,

Cast him down headlong unto earth, and Turnus following on,

Betwixt the lowest of the helm and haubert's upper lip

Sheared off his head, and left the trunk upon the sand to slip.

But while victorious Turnus gives these deaths unto the plain,

Mnestheus and that Achates leal, Ascanius with the twain,

Bring great Æneas to the camp all covered with his blood;

There, propping up his halting steps with spear-shaft long, he stood:

Mad wroth he is, and strives to pluck the broken reed away,

And bids them help by any road, the swiftest that they may,

To cut away the wound with sword, cut to the hiding-place

Where lies the steel, and send him back to meet the battle's face.
Iapis, son of Iasus, by Phoebus best beloved,
Draws nigh now: Phoebus on a time, by mighty longing moved,
Was fain to give him gifts of God, his very heavenly craft —
Foresight, or skill of harp-playing, or mastery of the shaft:
But he, that from his bed-rid sire the death he yet might stave,
Would liefer know the might of herbs, and how men heal and save,
And, speeding of a silent craft, inglorious life would wear.
Æneas, fretting bitterly, stood leaning on his spear
Midst a great concourse of the lords, with sad Iulus by,
Unmoved amid their many tears: the elder, girded high
In folded gown, in e'en such wise as Pæon erst was dight,
With hurrying hand speeds many a salve of Phoebus' herbs of might;
But all in vain: his right hand woos the arrow-head in vain;
For nought the teeth of pincers grip the iron of the bane;
No happy road will Fortune show, no help Apollo yields:
And grimly terror more and more prevaieth o'er the fields,
And nigher draws the evil hour: they see the dusty pall
Spread o'er the heaven; draw horsemen nigh, and shafts begin to fall
Thick in the midmost of the camp: grim clamour smites the stars,
The shouts of men, the cries of men that fall in game of Mars.
Now Mother Venus, sore at heart for her sore-wounded son,
Plucketh a stalk of dittany from Cretan Ida won,
That with a downy leaf of grey and purple head doth grow,
And well enough the mountain-goats the herbage of it know
What time the winged shaft of man within them clingeth sore.
This Venus brought, with cloudy cloak her body covered o'er,
This in the waves of glittering rims she steepeth privily,
Drugging the cup, and wholesome juice withal there blendeth she,
Wrought of ambrosia; heal-all too most sweet of heavenly smell.
So with that stream Iapis old the shaft-wound cherished well
Unwitting: sudden from the flesh all grievance doth depart,
And all the blood is staunch'd at once up from the wound's deep
heart,
And comes the shaft unto the hand with nought to force it forth,
And freshly to the king returns his ancient might and worth.
Then cries Iapis:

“Loiter ye? arms for the hero then!”

And he is first against the foe to whet the hearts of men.

“Lo, not from any help of man, nor from art’s mastery

These things have happed, nor hath mine hand, Æneas, holpen thee.

A great God wrought to send thee back great deeds of fame to win.”

Then, fain of fight, on either side the king his legs shuts in

With ruddy gold: he loathes delay, and high his war-shaft shakes;

And then his left side meets the shield, his back the hauberk takes,

And round Iulus casteth he a steel-clad man’s embrace,

And saith, but lightly kissing him from midst the helmet’s space:

“Child, the bare valour learn of me and very earthly toil,

Good-hap of others; my right hand shall ward thee in the broil

These days that are, and gain for thee exceeding great rewards;

But thou, when ripe thine age shall grow, remember well the swords;

Then as thine heart seeks through the past for kin to show the road,

Well shall thy sire Æneas stir, thine uncle Hector goad.”

But when these words are cast abroad, huge through the gate he goes,

Shaking in hand a mighty spear; then in arrayment close

Antheus and Mnestheus rush to war: the camp is left behind,

And all the host flows forth; the fields are blent with dust-cloud
blind,

And, stirred by trample of the feet, the earth’s face trembleth sore.

But Turnus from a facing mound beheld that coming war.

The Ausonians looked, and through their hearts swift ran the chilly
fear:

And now before all other men first doth Jaturna hear,

And know the sound, and, quaking sore, she fleeth back again.

On comes he, hurrying on the host black o’er the open plain:

As when a storm cast on the world from heaven asunder rent,

Wendeth across the middle sea: out! how the dread is sent

Deep to the field-folks’ boding hearts: — here comes the orchards’
bane,

Here comes the acres’ utter wrack, the ruin of all the plain!

The gale that goes before its face brings tidings to the shore:

So ‘gainst the foe the Trojan Duke led on his hosts of war;

And gathering in the wedge-array all knit them close around.

Now hath Thymbræus’ battle-blade the huge Osiris found,

And Mnestheus slays Archetius, Achates Epulo,
And Gyas Ufens: yea, the seer Tolumnius lieth low,
He who was first against the foe to hurl the war-shaft out.
The cry goes up unto the heaven; the war-tide turns about,
Dust-cloud of flight the Rutuli raise up across the field:
But he, the King, thinks scorn of it to smite the backs that yield;
Nay, those that meet him foot to foot, the wielders of the spear,
He followeth not: Turnus alone his eyes track everywhere
Amid the dust-cloud, him alone he crieth unto fight.
Hereby Jaterna's manly mind is shaken with affright;
Metiscus, Turnus' charioteer, she plucketh from the rein,
And leaveth him fallen down afar from yoking pole and wain:
But she mounts up, and with her hand the waving bridle guides,
The while Metiscus' voice, and limbs, and war-gear with her bides:
As when amid a lordling's house there flits a swallow black,
On skimming wings she seeks to still her noisy nestlings' lack,
And wandering through the lofty halls but little feast doth get,
Then soundeth through the empty porch, and round the fish-pools
wet,
So is Jaterna borne on wheels amidmost of the foe,
And flying on in hurrying chase by everything doth go,
Now here, now there, her brother shows all flushed with victory,
But still refrains him from the press; far o'er the waste they fly.
No less Æneas picks his way amid the winding road,
Tracking the man, and through the rout cries ever high and loud;
But e'en as oftentimes as he his foeman caught with eye,
And 'gainst the flight of wingèd steeds his running feet would try,
So oft the speedy wain of war Jaterna turned aside.
Ah, what to do? In vain he went, borne on a shifting tide,
While diverse cares to clashing ways the soul within him drave.
But lo, Messapus, speedy-light, who chanced in hand to have
Two light and limber shafts of tree, each with its iron head,
Now whirling one, a shot well aimed unto the hero sped:
Ænesis stayed, and gathered him behind his shielding-gear,
And sank upon his knee; no less the eager-driven spear
Smote on his helm, and shore away the topmost of his crest
Then verily his wrath arose; by all that guile oppressed,

When he beheld the steeds and car far from his battle borne,
He bade Jove witness, and the hearths of troth-plight wronged and
torn:

He breaks at last amidst of them with Mars to help him on,
And fearful speedeth work of death wherein he spareth none,
And casteth every rein aside that held his anger in.

What God shall tell me all the woe, what God the song shall win
Of shifting death and Dukes undone, and all those many dead,
By Turnus and by him of Troy about the fight-field spread?

O Jupiter, was this thy will, that nations doomed to live
In peace hereafter, on that day in such a broil should strive?

Rutulian Sucro was the first that Trojan onset stayed;
Æneas met him, and forsooth no long delay he made,
But smote his side, and through his ribs and fencing of the breast
Drave on his bitter naked sword where way was easiest.

Turnus afoot met Amycus, cast down from off his horse,
His brother, swift Diore, too: the first amidst his course
The long spear smote, the sword the last; the heads of both the twain
He hangeth up and beareth on shedding a bloody rain.

Talon and Tanais therewith, Cethegus stout to do,
All three at once the Trojan sped, and sad Onytes slew,
Whom to the name of Echion Peridia's womb did yield.
Then Turnus slew the brethren sent from Phoebus' Lycian field:
Menates, too, of Arcady, who loathed the war in vain;
By fruitful fishy Lerna's flood was once his life and gain,
And unrich house, and nought he knew of mighty men's abode,
And hired for a price of men the earth his father sowed.

As when two fires, that on a while are sped from diverse ways,
Run through the dry and tinder wood, and crackling twigs of bays;
As when from off the mountain-tops two hurrying rivers speed,
And foaming, roaring, as they rush, drive down to ocean's mead,
And each one wastes his proper road; no slothfuller than these,
Æneas, Turnus, fare afield; swell up the anger-seas

In both their hearts; torn are their breasts that know not how to yield,
In speeding of the wounding-craft their utter might they wield.

Murranus, as his sires of sires and ancient name he sings,
And boasts his blood come far adown the line of Latin kings,

Æneas, with a mighty rock and whirlwind of a stone,
O'erthrows, and stretches on the earth; the wain-wheels roll him on,
Amid the bridle and the yoke, whom there upon the sword
The hurrying hoofs of horses pound, remembering not their lord.
Then Hyllus' onset, and his heart with fury all aglow,
Doth Turnus meet; who hurls a shaft against his golden brow,
And through the helm the war-spear flies, and in the brain is stayed.
Thee, Cretheus, bravest of the Greeks, thine hands did nothing aid
To snatch from Turnus.

Nought his Gods did their Cupencus cloak
Against Æneas' rush of war; breast-on he met the stroke,
And nought availed that hapless one the tarrying golden shield.
Thee also, warring Æolus, did that Laurentine field
See fallen, and cumbering the earth with body laid alow;
Thou diest, whom the Argive hosts might never overthrow,
Nor that Achilles' hand that wrought the Priam's realm its wrack.
Here was thy meted mortal doom; high house 'neath Ida's back,
High house within Lyrnessus' garth, grave in Laurentine lea.
Now all the hosts to fight are turned, and blent in battle's sea,
All Latin folk, all Dardan sons, Mnestheus, Serestus keen,
Messapus tamer of the horse, Asylas fame-beseen,
The Tuscan host, Evander's men, the Arcadian wings of fight,
Each for himself the warriors play, and strive with utter might;
No tarrying, no rest, they strain in contest measureless.
But now a thought his mother sent Æneas' mind to bless.
That he should wend unto the walls, and townward turn his host,
And blend amid destruction swift the Latin people lost.
For he, now marking Turnus' ways through many a company,
Hither and thither turns his eyes, and sees the city lie
At peace amid the mighty stir, unharmed amid the fight,
And image of a greater war set all his soul alight.
Mnestheus, Sergestus then he calls, Serestus battle-strong,
The Dukes of war; he mounts a knoll; thither the Teucrians throng
In serried ranks, yet lay not by the battle-spear and shield:
So there from off the mound he speaks amidmost of the field:
"Let none hang back from these my words, for Jove is standing by;
Let none be dull herein because it cometh suddenly:

Today the town, the cause of war, the king Latinus' home,
Unless they cry them craven men, and 'neath the yoke they come,
Will I o'erthrow; the smoking towers upon the ground will lay.
What! must I wait till Turnus grows fain of the battle-play?
And shall he, conquered, take his ease to fight me o'er and o'er?
O fellows, this is head and well of all the wicked war.
Haste with the torches, set we forth the troth with fire to find!"
He spake; but all they set to work, and striving with one mind
Knit close their ranks, and on the town a world of battle bear:
Unlooked-for ladders are at hand, and sudden fires appear;
While some they run unto the gates, and there the out-guards slay,
Or hurl the spears, and with their cloud dim down the light of day.
Æneas, in the front of men, lifts hand unto the walls,
And in a great and mighty voice guilt on Latinus calls,
And bids the Gods to witness him twice to the battle driven,
Italians twice become his foes, and twice the treaty riven.
But mid the turmoiled city-folk arose the bickering then,
Some bade unbar and open gates unto the Dardan men;
Yea, some unto the walls would drag their very king and lord;
But some bear arms and go their ways the walls of war to ward:
E'en as the shepherd finds the bees shut in, a fencèd folk,
In chinky pumice rock, and fills their house with bitter smoke;
But they, all busy-fearful grown within their waxen wall,
Run here and there and whet their wrath with mighty humming call:
The black stink rolleth through their house, and with a murmuring
blind

The stony hollows moan: the reek the empty air doth find.
Here on the weary Latins fell another stroke of fate,
That moved the city deep adown with sorrow sore and great;
For when the Queen from house aloft beheld the foe draw nigh,
The walls beset, the flaming brands unto the house-roofs fly,
And nowhere the Rutulian ranks or Turnus' warring host,
The hapless woman deems the youth in stress of battle lost,
And, all bewildered in her mind by these so sudden woes,
Curses herself for head and spring whence all the evil flows;
And crying many a bitter word, and mad with sorrow grown,
She riveth with her dying hand the queenly purple gown,

And knits the knot of loathly death from lofty beam on high.
But when the wretched Latin wives know all this misery,
Her daughter first, Lavinia, wastes the blossom of her hair,
And wounds her rosy cheeks; then they that stood about her there
Run wild about, and all the house resoundeth with their wail.
Thence through the city flies the sound of that unhappy tale,
And all hearts sink: Latinus goes with raiment rent and torn,
Stunned by his wife's unhappy lot, and city lost and lorn,
And scattering o'er his hoariness defilement of the dust;
And often he upbraids himself that he took not to trust
That Dardan lord, nor willingly had hallowed him his son.
Meanwhile across the outer plain war-Turnus followeth on
The last few stragglers, duller grown, and less and less his heart
Rejoices in his hurrying steed and their victorious part.
The air bore to him noise of men with doubtful terror blent,
And round about his hearkening ears confused murmur sent;
The noise of that turmoiled town, a sound of nought but woe:
"Ah, me!" he cried, "what mighty grief stirs up the city so?
Why from the walls now goeth up this cry and noise afar?"
He spake, and, wildered, drew the rein and stayed the battle-car:
His sister met his questioning, as she in seeming clad
Of that Metiscus, all the rule of battle-chariot had,
And steeds and bridle:
"Hereaway, O Turnus, drive we on
The sons of Troy; where victory shows a road that may be won:
For other hands there are, belike, the houses to defend.
Æneas falls on Italy, and there doth battle blend;
So let our hands give cruel death to Teucrian men this day,
No less in tale: so shalt thou hold thine honour in the fray."
But Turnus sayeth thereunto:
"Sister, I knew thee long ago, when first by art and craft
Thou brok'st the troth-plight, and therewith amidst the battle went;
And now thou hidest God in vain. But whose will thee hath sent
From high Olympus' house to bear such troubles, and so great?
Was it to see thy brother's end and most unhappy fate?
For what do I? What heal is left in aught that may befall?
Mine eyes beheld Murranus die, on me I heard him call:

No dearer man in all the world is left me for a friend:
Woe's me I that mighty man of men a mighty death must end.
Ufens is dead, unhappy too lest he our shame behold;
E'en as I speak the Teucrians ward his arms and body cold.
And now — the one shame wanting yet — shall I stand deedless by
Their houses' wrack, nor let my sword cast back that Drances' lie?
Shall I give back, and shall this land see craven Turnus fled?
Is death, then, such a misery? O rulers of the dead,
Be kind! since now the high God's heart is turned away from me;
A hallowed soul I go adown, guiltless of infamy,
Not all unworthy of the great, my sires of long ago.”
Scarce had he said when, here behold, from midmost of the foe,
Comes Saces on his foaming steed, an arrow in his face,
Who, crying prayers on Turnus' name, onrusheth to the place:
“Turnus, in thee our last hope lies! pity thy wretched folk!
Æneas thundereth battle there, and threateneth with his stroke
The overthrow of tower and town, and wrack of Italy.
The flames are flying toward the roofs; all mouths of Latins cry
On thee; all eyes are turned to thee: yea, the king wavereth there,
Whom shall he call his son-in-law, to whom for friendship fare.
The Queen to wit, thy faithfullest, is dead by her own hand,
And, fearful of the things to come, hath left the daylight land.
Messapus and Atinas keen alone upbear our might
Before the gates: round each of them are gathered hosts of fight
Thick-thronging, and a harvest-tide that bristles with the sword;
While here thou wendest car about the man-deserted sward.”
Bewildered then with images of diverse things he stood
In silent stare; and in his heart upswelled a mighty flood
Of mingled shame and maddening grief: the Furies goaded sore
With bitter love and valour tried and known from time of yore.
But when the cloud was shaken off and light relit his soul,
His burning eyeballs toward the town, fierce-hearted, did he roll,
And from the wheels of war looked back unto the mighty town;
And lo, behold, a wave of flame into a tongue-shape grown
Licked round a tower, and 'twixt its floors rolled upward unto
heaven:
A tower that he himself had reared with timbers closely driven,

And set beneath it rolling-gear, and dight the bridges high.
“Now, sister, now the Fates prevail! no more for tarrying try.
Nay, let us follow where the God, where hard Fate calleth me!
Doomed am I to Æneas’ hand; doomed, howso sore it be,
To die the death; ah, sister, now thou seest me shamed no more:
Now let me wear the fury through ere yet my time is o’er.”
He spake, and from the chariot leapt adown upon the mead,
And left his sister lone in grief amidst the foe to speed,
Amidst the spears, and breaketh through the midmost press of fight,
E’en as a headlong stone sweeps down from off the mountain-height,
Torn by the wind; or drifting rain hath washed it from its hold,
Or loosed, maybe, it slippeth down because the years grow old:
Wild o’er the cliffs with mighty leap goes down that world of stone,
And bounds o’er earth, and woods and herds and men-folk rolleth on
Amidst its wrack: so Turnus through the broken battle broke
Unto the very city-walls, where earth was all a-soak
With plenteous blood, and air beset with whistling of the shafts;
There with his hand he maketh sign, and mighty speech he wafts:
“Forbear, Rutulians! Latin men, withhold the points of fight!
Whatever haps, the hap is mine; I, I alone, of right
Should cleanse you of the broken troth, and doom of sword-edge
face.”

So from the midst all men depart, and leave an empty space;
But now the Father Æneas hath hearkened Turnus’ name,
And backward from the walls of war and those high towers he came.
He casts away all tarrying, sets every deed aside,
And thundering in his battle-gear rejoicing doth he stride:
As Athos great, as Eryx great, great as when roaring goes
Amid the quaking oaken woods and glory lights the snows,
And Father Apennine uprears his head amidst the skies.
Then Trojan and Rutulian men turn thither all their eyes,
And all the folk of Italy, and they that hold the wall,
And they that drive against its feet the battering engines’ fall
All men do off their armour then. Amazed Latinus stands
To see two mighty heroes, born in such wide-sundered lands.
Meet thus to try what deed of doom in meeting swords may be.
But they, when empty space is cleared amid the open lea,

Set each on each in speedy wise, and with their war-spears hurled
Amid the clash of shield and brass break into Mavors' world;
Then groaneth earth; then comes the hail of sword-strokes thick and
fast,

And in one blended tangle now are luck and valour cast:
As when on mighty Sila's side, or on Taburnus height,
Two bulls with pushing horny brows are mingled in the fight:
The frightened herdsmen draw aback, and all the beasts are dumb
For utter fear; the heifers too misdoubt them what shall come,
Who shall be master of the grove and leader of the flock;
But each on each they mingle wounds with fearful might of shock,
And gore and push home fencing horns, and with abundant blood
Bathe neck and shoulder, till the noise goes bellowing through the
wood;

E'en so Æneas out of Troy, and he, the Daunian man,
Smite shield on shield; and mighty clash through all the heavens
there ran.

'Tis Jupiter who holds the scales 'twixt even-poised tongue;
There in the balance needfully their sundered fates he hung,
Which one the battle-pain shall doom, in which the death shall lie.
Now Turnus deems him safe, and forth with sword upreared on high,
He springs, and all his body strains, and rises to the stroke,
And smites: the Trojans cry aloud, and eager Latin folk,
And both hosts hang 'twixt hope and fear: but lo, the treacherous
sword

Breaks in the middle of the blow and leaves its fiery lord: —
And if the flight shall fail him now! — Swift as the East he flees
When in his right hand weaponless an unknown hilt he sees.
They say, that when all eager-hot he clomb his yokèd car
In first of fight, that then he left his father's blade of war,
And caught in hand his charioteer Metiscus' battle-glaive;
And that was well while Trojan fleers backs to the smiting gave,
But when they meet Vulcanian arms, the very God's device,
Then shivereth all the mortal blade e'en as the foolish ice;
And there upon the yellow sand the glittering splinters lie.
So diversely about the field doth wildered Turnus fly,
And here and there in winding ways he doubleth up and down,

For thick all round about the lists was drawn the Teucric crown:
By wide marsh here, by high walls there, his fleeing was begirt.
Nor less Æneas, howsoever, hampered by arrow-hurt,
His knees might hinder him at whiles and fail him as he ran,
Yet foot for foot all eagerly followed the hurrying man;
As when a hound hath caught a hart hemmed by the river's ring,
Or hedged about by empty fear of crimson-feathered string,
And swift of foot and baying loud goes following up the flight;
But he, all fearful of the snare and of the flood-bank's height,
Doubles and turns a thousand ways, while open-mouthed and staunch

The Umbrian keen sticks hard at heel, and now, now hath his haunch,

Snapping his jaws as though he gripped, and, mocked, but biteth air.
Then verily the cry arose; the bank, the spreading mere,
Rang back about, and tumult huge ran shattering through the sky.
But Turnus as he fled cried out on all his Rutuli,

And, calling each man by his name, craved his familiar blade.

Meanwhile Æneas threateneth death if any come to aid,

And swift destruction: and their souls with fearful threats doth fill
Of city ruined root and branch; and, halting, followeth still.

Five rings of flight their running fills, and back the like they wend:
Nought light nor gamesome is the prize for which their feet contend,
For there they strive in running-game for Turnus' life and blood.

By hap hard by an olive wild of bitter leaves there stood,

Hallowed to Faunus, while ago a most well-worshipped tree,

Whereon to that Laurentian God the sailors saved from sea

Would set their gifts, and hang therefrom their garments vowed at need.

But now the Teucric men of late had lopped with little heed

That holy stem, that they might make the lists of battle clear:

And there Æneas' war-spear stood; his might had driven it there,

And held it now, set hard and fast in stubborn root and stout:

The Dardan son bent o'er it now to pluck the weapon out,

That he might follow him with shot whom running might not take.

But Turnus, wildered with his fear, cried out aloud and spake:

"O Faunus, pity me, I pray! and thou, O kindest Earth,

Hold thou the steel for me, who still have worshipped well thy worth,
Which ever those Ænean folk with battle would profane!”

He spake, and called the God to aid with vows not made in vain;
For o’er the tough tree tarrying long, struggling with utter might,
No whit Æneas could undo the gripping woody bite.

But while he struggleth hot and hard, and hangeth o’er the spear,
Again the Daunian Goddess, clad in shape of charioteer
Metiscus, Turnus’ trusty sword unto his hand doth speed.

But Venus, wrathful that the Nymph might dare so bold a deed,
Came nigh, and from the deep-set root the shaft of battle drew.

So they, high-hearted, stored with hope and battle-gear anew,
One trusting in his sword, and one fierce with his spear on high,
Stand face to face, the glorious game of panting Mars to try.

Meanwhile the King of Heaven the great thus unto Juno saith,
As from a ruddy cloud she looked upon the game of death:

“What then shall end it, O my wife? what deed is left thine hand?

That Heaven shall gain Æneas yet, a Godhead of the land,

That Fate shall bear him to the stars thou know’st and hast allowed:

What dost thou then, or hoping what hang’st thou in chilly cloud?

What! was it right that mortal wound a God’s own flesh should
wrong?

Right to give Turnus — but for thee how was Juturna strong? —

The sword he lost? or vanquished men, to give their might increase?

I prithee yield unto my prayers, and from thy troubling cease.

Let not thine hushed grief eat thine heart, or bitter words of care

So often from thy sweetest mouth the soul within me wear.

The goal is reached: thou hast availed o’er earth and sea to drive

The Trojan men; to strike the spark of wicked war alive;

To foul their house, and woe and grief mid wedding-feast to bear,

And now I bid thee hold thine hand.”

Thuswise said Jupiter,

And with a downcast countenance spake that Satumian Queen:

“Well have I known, great Jupiter, all that thy will hath been,

And Turnus and the worldly land loth have I left alone,

Else nowise should’st thou see me bear, sole on this airy throne,

Things meet and unmeet: flame-begirt the war-ranks would I gain,

And drag the host of Trojans on to battle and their bane.

Juturna! — yes, I pitied her, and bade her help to bear
Unto her brother; good, methought, for life great things to dare;
But nought I bade her to the shaft or bending of the bow,
This swear I by the ruthless well, the Stygian overflow,
The only holy thing there is that weighs on Godhead's oath.
And now indeed I yield the place, and leave the fight I loathe.
But one thing yet I ask of thee, held in no fateful yoke;
For Latium's sake I pray therefore, and glory of thy folk:
When they at last — so be it now! — pledge peace mid bridal kind,
When they at last join law to law, and loving treaty bind,
Let them not change their ancient name, those earth-born Latin men,
Nor turn them into Trojan folk, or call them Teucrians then:
Let not that manfolk shift their tongue, or cast their garb aside;
Let Latium and the Alban kings through many an age abide,
And cherish thou the Roman stem with worth of Italy:
Troy-town is dead: Troy and its name for ever let them die!”
The Fashioner of men and things spake, smiling in her face:
“Yea, Jove's own sister; second branch forsooth, of Saturn's race!
Such are the mighty floods of wrath thou rollest in thy breast.
But this thine anger born for nought, I prithee let it rest:
I give thine asking; conquered now I yield me, and am glad:
The Ausonian men shall keep the tongue and ways their fathers had,
And as their name is shall it be: only in body blent
Amidst them shall the Teucrians sink; from me shall rites be sent,
And holy things, and they shall be all Latins of one tongue.
Hence shalt thou see a blended race from blood Ausonian sprung,
Whose godliness shall outgo men, outgo the Gods above;
Nor any folk of all the world so well thy worth shall love.”
So gladdened Juno's heart was turned, and yea-saying she bowed,
And so departed from the sky and left her watching-cloud.
Another thing the Father now within him turneth o'er,
What wise Juturna he shall part from her lost brother's war:
Two horrors are there that are called the Dreadful Ones by name,
Whom with Megæra of the Pit at one birth and the same
Untimely Night brought forth of yore, and round about them twined
Like coils of serpents, giving them great wings to hold the wind:
About Jove's throne, and close anigh the Stern King's threshold-

stead,

Do these attend, in sick-heart men to whet the mortal dread,
Whenso the King-God fashions forth fell death and dire disease,
Or smites the guilty cities doomed with battle miseries.
Now one of these sent Jupiter swift from the heavenly place,
And bade her for a sign of doom to cross Juturna's face.
So borne upon a whirl of wind to earth the swift one flies,
E'en as an arrow from the string is driven amid the skies,
Which headed with the venom fell a Parthian man hath shot, —
Parthian, Cydonian, it may be, — the hurt that healeth not;
Its hidden whirring sweepeth through the drifting misty flow:
So fared the Daughter of the Night, and sought the earth below.
But when she saw the Ilian hosts and Turnus' battle-rank,
Then sudden into puny shape her body huge she shrank,
A fowl that sits on sepulchres, and desert roofs alone
In the dead night, and through the mirk singeth her ceaseless moan;
In such a shape this bane of men met Turnus' face in field,
And, screeching, hovered to and fro, and flapped upon his shield:
Strange heaviness his body seized, consuming him with dread,
His hair stood up, and in his jaws his voice lay hushed and dead.
But when afar Juturna knew the Dread One's whirring wings,
The hapless sister tears her hair and loose its tresses flings,
Fouling her face with tearing nails, her breast with beat of hand.
"How may my help, O Turnus, now beside my brother stand?
How may I harden me 'gainst this? by what craft shall I stay
Thy light of life? how cast myself in such a monster's way?
Now, now I leave the battle-field; fright not the filled with fear,
O birds of ill! full well I know your flapping wings in air,
And baneful sound. Thy mastering will I know it holdeth good,
O Jove the great! — was this the gift thou gav'st for maidenhood?
Why give me everlasting life, and death-doom take away?
O, but for that my sorrows sore now surely might I slay,
And wend beside my brother now amid the nether Night.
Am I undying? ah, can aught of all my good delight
Without thee, O my brother lost! O Earth, gape wide and well,
And let a Goddess sink adown into the deeps of hell!"
So much she said, and wrapped her round with mantle dusky-grey,

And, groaning sore, she hid herself within the watery way.
But forth Æneas goes, and high his spear he brandisheth,
A mighty tree, and from his heart grown fell a word he saith:
“And wherewith wilt thou tarry me? hangs Turnus back again?
No foot-strife but the armèd hand must doom betwixt us twain.
Yea, turn thyself to every shape, and, gathering everything
Wherewith thine heart, thy craft is strong, go soaring on the wing,
And chase the stars; or deep adown in hollow earth lie stored.”
But Turnus shakes his head and saith: “’Tis not thy bitter word
That frights me, fierce one; but the Gods, but Jove my foeman
grown.”

No more he said, but, looking round, espied a weighty stone,
An ancient mighty rock indeed, that lay upon the lea,
Set for a landmark, judge and end of acre-strife to be,
Which scarce twice six of chosen men upon their backs might raise,
Of bodies such as earth brings forth amid the latter days:
But this in hurrying hand he caught, and rising to the cast,
He hurled it forth against the foe, and followed on it fast;
Yet while he raised the mighty stone, and flung it to its fall.
Knew nought that he was running there, or that he moved at all:
Totter his knees, his chilly blood freezes with deadly frost,
And e’en the hero-gathered stone, through desert distance tossed,
O’ercame not all the space betwixt, nor home its blow might bring:
E’en as in dreaming-tide of night, when sleep, the heavy thing,
Weighs on the eyes, and all for nought we seem so helpless-fain
Of eager speed, and faint and fail amidmost of the strain;
The tongue avails not; all our limbs of their familiar skill
Are cheated; neither voice nor words may follow from our will:
So Turnus, by whatever might he strives to win a way,
The Dread One bans his hope; strange thoughts about his heart-
strings play;
He stareth on his Rutuli, and on the Latin town
Lingering for dread, trembling to meet the spear this instant thrown:
No road he hath to flee, no might against the foe to bear;
Nowhither may he see his car, or sister charioteer.
Æneas, as he lingereth there, shaketh the fateful shaft,
And, following up its fate with eyes, afar the steel doth waft

With all the might his body hath: no stone the wall-sling bears
E'er roars so loud: no thunderclap with such a crashing tears
Amid the heaven: on flew the spear, huge as the whirlwind black,
And speeding on the dreadful death: it brings to utter wrack
The hauberk's skirt and outer rim of that seven-folded shield,
And goeth grating through the thigh: then falleth unto field
Huge Turnus, with his hampered knee twi-folded with the wound:
Then with a groan the Rutuli rise up, and all around
Roar back the hill-sides, and afar the groves cast back the cry:
But he, downcast and suppliant saith, with praying hand and eye:
"Due doom it is; I pray no ruth; use what hath chanced to fall.
Yet, if a wretched father's woe may touch thine heart at all,
I pray thee — since Anchises once was even such to thee, —
Pity my father Daunus' eld, and send me, or, maybe,
My body stripped of light and life, back to my kin and land.
Thou, thou hast conquered: Italy has seen my craven hand
Stretched forth to pray a grace of thee; Lavinia is thy wife:
Strain not thine hatred further now!"

Fierce in the gear of strife

Æneas stood with rolling eyes, and held back hand and sword,
And more and more his wavering heart was softening 'neath the
word —

When lo, upon the shoulder showed that hapless thong of war!
Lo, glittering with familiar boss the belt child Pallas bore,
Whom Turnus with a wound overcame and laid on earth alow,
And on his body bore thenceforth those ensigns of his foe.
But he, when he awhile had glared upon that spoil of fight,
That monument of bitter grief, with utter wrath alight,
Cried terrible:

"And shalt thou, clad in my beloved one's prey,
Be snatched from me? — Tis Pallas yet, 'tis Pallas thus doth slay,
And taketh of thy guilty blood atonement for his death!"
Deep in that breast he driveth sword e'en as the word he saith:
But Turnus, — waxen cold and spent, the body of him lies,
And with a groan through dusk and dark the scornful spirit flies.

THE AENEID – Williams' Translation



In 1910 the American Unitarian pastor and hymnwriter Theodore C. Williams published his more literal interpretation of Virgil's text in blank verse.



Theodore C. Williams (1855-1915) was an American Unitarian pastor and hymn writer.

WILLIAMS' AENEID

BOOK I

BOOK II

BOOK III

BOOK IV

BOOK V

BOOK VI

BOOK VII

BOOK VIII

BOOK IX

BOOK X

BOOK XI

BOOK XII

BOOK I

Arms and the man I sing, who first made way,
predestined exile, from the Trojan shore
to Italy, the blest Lavinian strand.

Smitten of storms he was on land and sea
by violence of Heaven, to satisfy
stern Juno's sleepless wrath; and much in war
he suffered, seeking at the last to found
the city, and bring o'er his fathers' gods
to safe abode in Latium; whence arose
the Latin race, old Alba's reverend lords,
and from her hills wide-walled, imperial Rome.

O Muse, the causes tell! What sacrilege,
or vengeful sorrow, moved the heavenly Queen
to thrust on dangers dark and endless toil
a man whose largest honor in men's eyes
was serving Heaven? Can gods such anger feel?

In ages gone an ancient city stood —
Carthage, a Tyrian seat, which from afar
made front on Italy and on the mouths
of Tiber's stream; its wealth and revenues
were vast, and ruthless was its quest of war.

'T is said that Juno, of all lands she loved,
most cherished this, — not Samos' self so dear.

Here were her arms, her chariot; even then
a throne of power o'er nations near and far,
if Fate opposed not, 't was her darling hope
to 'stablish here; but anxiously she heard
that of the Trojan blood there was a breed
then rising, which upon the destined day
should utterly o'erwhelm her Tyrian towers,
a people of wide sway and conquest proud
should compass Libya's doom; — such was the web
the Fatal Sisters spun. Such was the fear
of Saturn's daughter, who remembered well

what long and unavailing strife she waged
for her loved Greeks at Troy. Nor did she fail
to meditate th' occasions of her rage,
and cherish deep within her bosom proud
its griefs and wrongs: the choice by Paris made;
her scorned and slighted beauty; a whole race
rebellious to her godhead; and Jove's smile
that beamed on eagle-ravished Ganymede.
With all these thoughts infuriate, her power
pursued with tempests o'er the boundless main
the Trojans, though by Grecian victor spared
and fierce Achilles; so she thrust them far
from Latium; and they drifted, Heaven-impelled,
year after year, o'er many an unknown sea —
O labor vast, to found the Roman line!
Below th' horizon the Sicilian isle
just sank from view, as for the open sea
with heart of hope they sailed, and every ship
clove with its brazen beak the salt, white waves.
But Juno of her everlasting wound
knew no surcease, but from her heart of pain
thus darkly mused: "Must I, defeated, fail
of what I will, nor turn the Teucric King
from Italy away? Can Fate oppose?
Had Pallas power to lay waste in flame
the Argive fleet and sink its mariners,
revenging but the sacrilege obscene
by Ajax wrought, Oileus' desperate son?
She, from the clouds, herself Jove's lightning threw,
scattered the ships, and ploughed the sea with storms.
Her foe, from his pierced breast out-breathing fire,
in whirlwind on a deadly rock she flung.
But I, who move among the gods a queen,
Jove's sister and his spouse, with one weak tribe
make war so long! Who now on Juno calls?
What suppliant gifts henceforth her altars crown?"
So, in her fevered heart complaining still,

unto the storm-cloud land the goddess came,
a region with wild whirlwinds in its womb,
Aeolia named, where royal Aeolus
in a high-vaulted cavern keeps control
o'er warring winds and loud concourse of storms.
There closely pent in chains and bastions strong,
they, scornful, make the vacant mountain roar,
chafing against their bonds. But from a throne
of lofty crag, their king with sceptred hand
allays their fury and their rage confines.
Did he not so, our ocean, earth, and sky
were whirled before them through the vast inane.
But over-ruling Jove, of this in fear,
hid them in dungeon dark: then o'er them piled
huge mountains, and ordained a lawful king
to hold them in firm sway, or know what time,
with Jove's consent, to loose them o'er the world.
To him proud Juno thus made lowly plea:
"Thou in whose hands the Father of all gods
and Sovereign of mankind confides the power
to calm the waters or with winds upturn,
great Aeolus! a race with me at war
now sails the Tuscan main towards Italy,
bringing their Ilium and its vanquished powers.
Uprouse thy gales. Strike that proud navy down!
Hurl far and wide, and strew the waves with dead!
Twice seven nymphs are mine, of rarest mould;
of whom Deiopea, the most fair,
I give thee in true wedlock for thine own,
to mate thy noble worth; she at thy side
shall pass long, happy years, and fruitful bring
her beauteous offspring unto thee their sire."
Then Aeolus: "'T is thy sole task, O Queen,
to weigh thy wish and will. My fealty
thy high behest obeys. This humble throne
is of thy gift. Thy smiles for me obtain
authority from Jove. Thy grace concedes

my station at your bright Olympian board,
and gives me lordship of the darkening storm.”
Replying thus, he smote with spear reversed
the hollow mountain’s wall; then rush the winds
through that wide breach in long, embattled line,
and sweep tumultuous from land to land:
with brooding pinions o’er the waters spread,
east wind and south, and boisterous Afric gale
upturn the sea; vast billows shoreward roll;
the shout of mariners, the creak of cordage,
follow the shock; low-hanging clouds conceal
from Trojan eyes all sight of heaven and day;
night o’er the ocean broods; from sky to sky
the thunders roll, the ceaseless lightnings glare;
and all things mean swift death for mortal man.
Straightway Aeneas, shuddering with amaze,
groaned loud, upraised both holy hands to Heaven,
and thus did plead: “O thrice and four times blest,
ye whom your sires and whom the walls of Troy
looked on in your last hour! O bravest son
Greece ever bore, Tydides! O that I
had fallen on Ilian fields, and given this life
struck down by thy strong hand! where by the spear
of great Achilles, fiery Hector fell,
and huge Sarpedon; where the Simois
in furious flood engulfed and whirled away
so many helms and shields and heroes slain!”
While thus he cried to Heaven, a shrieking blast
smote full upon the sail. Up surged the waves
to strike the very stars; in fragments flew
the shattered oars; the helpless vessel veered
and gave her broadside to the roaring flood,
where watery mountains rose and burst and fell.
Now high in air she hangs, then yawning gulfs
lay bare the shoals and sands o’er which she drives.
Three ships a whirling south wind snatched and flung
on hidden rocks, — altars of sacrifice

Italians call them, which lie far from shore
a vast ridge in the sea; three ships beside
an east wind, blowing landward from the deep,
drove on the shallows, — pitiable sight, —
and girdled them in walls of drifting sand.
That ship, which, with his friend Orontes, bore
the Lycian mariners, a great, plunging wave
struck straight astern, before Aeneas' eyes.
Forward the steersman rolled and o'er the side
fell headlong, while three times the circling flood
spun the light bark through swift engulfing seas.
Look, how the lonely swimmers breast the wave!
And on the waste of waters wide are seen
weapons of war, spars, planks, and treasures rare,
once Ilium's boast, all mingled with the storm.
Now o'er Achates and Ilioneus,
now o'er the ship of Abas or Aletes,
bursts the tempestuous shock; their loosened seams
yawn wide and yield the angry wave its will.
Meanwhile how all his smitten ocean moaned,
and how the tempest's turbulent assault
had vexed the stillness of his deepest cave,
great Neptune knew; and with indignant mien
uplifted o'er the sea his sovereign brow.
He saw the Teucrian navy scattered far
along the waters; and Aeneas' men
o'erwhelmed in mingling shock of wave and sky.
Saturnian Juno's vengeful stratagem
her brother's royal glance failed not to see;
and loud to eastward and to westward calling,
he voiced this word: "What pride of birth or power
is yours, ye winds, that, reckless of my will,
audacious thus, ye ride through earth and heaven,
and stir these mountain waves? Such rebels I —
nay, first I calm this tumult! But yourselves
by heavier chastisement shall expiate
hereafter your bold trespass. Haste away

and bear your king this word! Not unto him
dominion o'er the seas and trident dread,
but unto me, Fate gives. Let him possess
wild mountain crags, thy favored haunt and home,
O Eurus! In his barbarous mansion there,
let Aeolus look proud, and play the king
in yon close-bounded prison-house of storms!"

He spoke, and swiftness than his word subdued
the swelling of the floods; dispersed afar
th' assembled clouds, and brought back light to heaven.

Cymothoe then and Triton, with huge toil,
thrust down the vessels from the sharp-edged reef;
while, with the trident, the great god's own hand
assists the task; then, from the sand-strewn shore
out-ebbing far, he calms the whole wide sea,
and glides light-wheeled along the crested foam.

As when, with not unwonted tumult, roars
in some vast city a rebellious mob,
and base-born passions in its bosom burn,
till rocks and blazing torches fill the air
(rage never lacks for arms) — if haply then
some wise man comes, whose reverend looks attest
a life to duty given, swift silence falls;
all ears are turned attentive; and he sways
with clear and soothing speech the people's will.

So ceased the sea's uproar, when its grave Sire
looked o'er th' expanse, and, riding on in light,
flung free rein to his winged obedient car.

Aeneas' wave-worn crew now landward made,
and took the nearest passage, whither lay
the coast of Libya. A haven there
walled in by bold sides of a rocky isle,
offers a spacious and secure retreat,
where every billow from the distant main
breaks, and in many a rippling curve retires.

Huge crags and two confronted promontories
frown heaven-high, beneath whose brows outspread

the silent, sheltered waters; on the heights
the bright and glimmering foliage seems to show
a woodland amphitheatre; and yet higher
rises a straight-stemmed grove of dense, dark shade.
Fronting on these a grotto may be seen,
o'erhung by steep cliffs; from its inmost wall
clear springs gush out; and shelving seats it has
of unhewn stone, a place the wood-nymphs love.
In such a port, a weary ship rides free
of weight of firm-fluked anchor or strong chain.
Hither Aeneas of his scattered fleet
saving but seven, into harbor sailed;
with passionate longing for the touch of land,
forth leap the Trojans to the welcome shore,
and fling their dripping limbs along the ground.
Then good Achates smote a flinty stone,
secured a flashing spark, heaped on light leaves,
and with dry branches nursed the mounting flame.
Then Ceres' gift from the corrupting sea
they bring away; and wearied utterly
ply Ceres' cunning on the rescued corn,
and parch in flames, and mill 'twixt two smooth stones.
Aeneas meanwhile climbed the cliffs, and searched
the wide sea-prospect; haply Antheus there,
storm-buffed, might sail within his ken,
with biremes, and his Phrygian mariners,
or Capys or Caicus armor-clad,
upon a towering deck. No ship is seen;
but while he looks, three stags along the shore
come straying by, and close behind them comes
the whole herd, browsing through the lowland vale
in one long line. Aeneas stopped and seized
his bow and swift-winged arrows, which his friend,
trusty Achates, close beside him bore.
His first shafts brought to earth the lordly heads
of the high-antlered chiefs; his next assailed
the general herd, and drove them one and all

in panic through the leafy wood, nor ceased
the victory of his bow, till on the ground
lay seven huge forms, one gift for every ship.
Then back to shore he sped, and to his friends
distributed the spoil, with that rare wine
which good Acestes while in Sicily
had stored in jars, and prince-like sent away
with his loved guest; — this too Aeneas gave;
and with these words their mournful mood consoled.
“Companions mine, we have not failed to feel
calamity till now. O, ye have borne
far heavier sorrow: Jove will make an end
also of this. Ye sailed a course hard by
infuriate Scylla’s howling cliffs and caves.
Ye knew the Cyclops’ crags. Lift up your hearts!
No more complaint and fear! It well may be
some happier hour will find this memory fair.
Through chance and change and hazard without end,
our goal is Latium; where our destinies
beckon to blest abodes, and have ordained
that Troy shall rise new-born! Have patience all!
And bide expectantly that golden day.”
Such was his word, but vexed with grief and care,
feigned hopes upon his forehead firm he wore,
and locked within his heart a hero’s pain.
Now round the welcome trophies of his chase
they gather for a feast. Some flay the ribs
and bare the flesh below; some slice with knives,
and on keen prongs the quivering strips impale,
place cauldrons on the shore, and fan the fires.
Then, stretched at ease on couch of simple green,
they rally their lost powers, and feast them well
on seasoned wine and succulent haunch of game.
But hunger banished and the banquet done,
in long discourse of their lost mates they tell,
‘twixt hopes and fears divided; for who knows
whether the lost ones live, or strive with death,

or heed no more whatever voice may call?
Chiefly Aeneas now bewails his friends,
Orontes brave and fallen Amycus,
or mourns with grief untold the untimely doom
of bold young Gyas and Cloanthus bold.
After these things were past, exalted Jove,
from his ethereal sky surveying clear
the seas all winged with sails, lands widely spread,
and nations populous from shore to shore,
paused on the peak of heaven, and fixed his gaze
on Libya. But while he anxious mused,
near him, her radiant eyes all dim with tears,
nor smiling any more, Venus approached,
and thus complained: "O thou who dost control
things human and divine by changeless laws,
enthroned in awful thunder! What huge wrong
could my Aeneas and his Trojans few
achieve against thy power? For they have borne
unnumbered deaths, and, failing Italy,
the gates of all the world against them close.
Hast thou not given us thy covenant
that hence the Romans when the rolling years
have come full cycle, shall arise to power
from Troy's regenerate seed, and rule supreme
the unresisted lords of land and sea?
O Sire, what swerves thy will? How oft have I
in Troy's most lamentable wreck and woe
consoled my heart with this, and balanced oft
our destined good against our destined ill!
But the same stormful fortune still pursues
my band of heroes on their perilous way.
When shall these labors cease, O glorious King?
Antenor, though th' Achaeans pressed him sore,
found his way forth, and entered unassailed
Illyria's haven, and the guarded land
of the Liburni. Straight up stream he sailed
where like a swollen sea Timavus pours

a nine-fold flood from roaring mountain gorge,
and whelms with voiceful wave the fields below.
He built Patavium there, and fixed abodes
for Troy's far-exiled sons; he gave a name
to a new land and race; the Trojan arms
were hung on temple walls; and, to this day,
lying in perfect peace, the hero sleeps.
But we of thine own seed, to whom thou dost
a station in the arch of heaven assign,
behold our navy vilely wrecked, because
a single god is angry; we endure
this treachery and violence, whereby
wide seas divide us from th' Hesperian shore.
Is this what piety receives? Or thus
doth Heaven's decree restore our fallen thrones?"
Smiling reply, the Sire of gods and men,
with such a look as clears the skies of storm
chastely his daughter kissed, and thus spake on:
"Let Cytherea cast her fears away!
Irrevocably blest the fortunes be
of thee and thine. Nor shalt thou fail to see
that City, and the proud predestined wall
encompassing Lavinium. Thyself
shall starward to the heights of heaven bear
Aeneas the great-hearted. Nothing swerves
my will once uttered. Since such carking cares
consume thee, I this hour speak freely forth,
and leaf by leaf the book of fate unfold.
Thy son in Italy shall wage vast war
and, quell its nations wild; his city-wall
and sacred laws shall be a mighty bond
about his gathered people. Summers three
shall Latium call him king; and three times pass
the winter o'er Rutulia's vanquished hills.
His heir, Ascanius, now Iulus called
(Ilius it was while Ilium's kingdom stood),
full thirty months shall reign, then move the throne

from the Lavinian citadel, and build
for Alba Longa its well-bastioned wall.
Here three full centuries shall Hector's race
have kingly power; till a priestess queen,
by Mars conceiving, her twin offspring bear;
then Romulus, wolf-nursed and proudly clad
in tawny wolf-skin mantle, shall receive
the sceptre of his race. He shall uprear
and on his Romans his own name bestow.
To these I give no bounded times or power,
but empire without end. Yea, even my Queen,
Juno, who now chastiseth land and sea
with her dread frown, will find a wiser way,
and at my sovereign side protect and bless
the Romans, masters of the whole round world,
who, clad in peaceful toga, judge mankind.
Such my decree! In lapse of seasons due,
the heirs of Ilium's kings shall bind in chains
Mycenae's glory and Achilles' towers,
and over prostrate Argos sit supreme.
Of Trojan stock illustriously sprung,
lo, Caesar comes! whose power the ocean bounds,
whose fame, the skies. He shall receive the name
Iulus nobly bore, great Julius, he.
Him to the skies, in Orient trophies dress,
thou shalt with smiles receive; and he, like us,
shall hear at his own shrines the suppliant vow.
Then will the world grow mild; the battle-sound
will be forgot; for olden Honor then,
with spotless Vesta, and the brothers twain,
Remus and Romulus, at strife no more,
will publish sacred laws. The dreadful gates
whence issueth war, shall with close-jointed steel
be barred impregnably; and prisoned there
the heaven-offending Fury, throned on swords,
and fettered by a hundred brazen chains,
shall belch vain curses from his lips of gore."

These words he gave, and summoned Maia's son,
the herald Mercury, who earthward flying,
should bid the Tyrian realms and new-built towers
welcome the Trojan waifs; lest Dido, blind
to Fate's decree, should thrust them from the land.
He takes his flight, with rhythmic stroke of wing,
across th' abyss of air, and soon draws near
unto the Libyan mainland. He fulfils
his heavenly task; the Punic hearts of stone
grow soft beneath the effluence divine;
and, most of all, the Queen, with heart at ease
awaits benignantly her guests from Troy.
But good Aeneas, pondering all night long
his many cares, when first the cheerful dawn
upon him broke, resolved to take survey
of this strange country whither wind and wave
had driven him, — for desert land it seemed, —
to learn what tribes of man or beast possess
a place so wild, and careful tidings bring
back to his friends. His fleet of ships the while,
where dense, dark groves o'er-arch a hollowed crag,
he left encircled in far-branching shade.
Then with no followers save his trusty friend
Achates, he went forth upon his way,
two broad-tipped javelins poising in his hand.
Deep to the midmost wood he went, and there
his Mother in his path uprose; she seemed
in garb and countenance a maid, and bore,
like Spartan maids, a weapon; in such guise
Harpalyce the Thracian urges on
her panting coursers and in wild career
outstrips impetuous Hebrus as it flows.
Over her lovely shoulders was a bow,
slender and light, as fits a huntress fair;
her golden tresses without wimple moved
in every wind, and girded in a knot
her undulant vesture bared her marble knees.

She hailed them thus: "Ho, sirs, I pray you tell
if haply ye have noted, as ye came,
one of my sisters in this wood astray?
She bore a quiver, and a lynx's hide
her spotted mantle was; perchance she roused
some foaming boar, and chased with loud halloo."
So Venus spoke, and Venus' son replied:
"No voice or vision of thy sister fair
has crossed my path, thou maid without a name!
Thy beauty seems not of terrestrial mould,
nor is thy music mortal! Tell me, goddess,
art thou bright Phoebus' sister? Or some nymph,
the daughter of a god? Whate'er thou art,
thy favor we implore, and potent aid
in our vast toil. Instruct us of what skies,
or what world's end, our storm-swept lives have found!
Strange are these lands and people where we rove,
compelled by wind and wave. Lo, this right hand
shall many a victim on thine altar slay!"
Then Venus: "Nay, I boast not to receive
honors divine. We Tyrian virgins oft
bear bow and quiver, and our ankles white
lace up in purple buskin. Yonder lies
the Punic power, where Tyrian masters hold
Agenor's town; but on its borders dwell
the Libyans, by battles unsubdued.
Upon the throne is Dido, exiled there
from Tyre, to flee th' unnatural enmity
of her own brother. 'T was an ancient wrong;
too long the dark and tangled tale would be;
I trace the larger outline of her story:
Sichreus was her spouse, whose acres broad
no Tyrian lord could match, and he was-blessed
by his ill-fated lady's fondest love,
whose father gave him her first virgin bloom
in youthful marriage. But the kingly power
among the Tyrians to her brother came,

Pygmalion, none deeper dyed in crime
in all that land. Betwixt these twain there rose
a deadly hatred, — and the impious wretch,
blinded by greed, and reckless utterly
of his fond sister's joy, did murder foul
upon defenceless and unarmed Sichaeus,
and at the very altar hewed him down.
Long did he hide the deed, and guilefully
deceived with false hopes, and empty words,
her grief and stricken love. But as she slept,
her husband's tombless ghost before her came,
with face all wondrous pale, and he laid bare
his heart with dagger pierced, disclosing so
the blood-stained altar and the infamy
that darkened now their house. His counsel was
to fly, self-banished, from her ruined land,
and for her journey's aid, he whispered where
his buried treasure lay, a weight unknown
of silver and of gold. Thus onward urged,
Dido, assembling her few trusted friends,
prepared her flight. There rallied to her cause
all who did hate and scorn the tyrant king,
or feared his cruelty. They seized his ships,
which haply rode at anchor in the bay,
and loaded them with gold; the hoarded wealth
of vile and covetous Pygmalion
they took to sea. A woman wrought this deed.
Then came they to these lands where now thine eyes
behold yon walls and yonder citadel
of newly rising Carthage. For a price
they measured round so much of Afric soil
as one bull's hide encircles, and the spot
received its name, the Byrsa. But, I pray,
what men are ye? from what far land arrived,
and whither going?" When she questioned thus,
her son, with sighs that rose from his heart's depths,
this answer gave:

“Divine one, if I tell
my woes and burdens all, and thou could’st pause
to heed the tale, first would the vesper star
th’ Olympian portals close, and bid the day
in slumber lie. Of ancient Troy are we —
if aught of Troy thou knowest! As we roved
from sea to sea, the hazard of the storm
cast us up hither on this Libyan coast.

I am Aeneas, faithful evermore
to Heaven’s command; and in my ships I bear
my gods ancestral, which I snatched away
from peril of the foe. My fame is known
above the stars. I travel on in quest
of Italy, my true home-land, and I
from Jove himself may trace my birth divine.
With twice ten ships upon the Phrygian main
I launched away. My mother from the skies
gave guidance, and I wrought what Fate ordained.
Yet now scarce seven shattered ships survive
the shock of wind and wave; and I myself
friendless, bereft, am wandering up and down
this Libyan wilderness! Behold me here,
from Europe and from Asia exiled still!”
But Venus could not let him longer plain,
and stopped his grief midway:

“Whoe’er thou art,
I deem that not unblest of heavenly powers,
with vital breath still thine, thou comest hither
unto our Tyrian town. Go steadfast on,
and to the royal threshold make thy way!
I bring thee tidings that thy comrades all
are safe at land; and all thy ships, conveyed
by favoring breezes, safe at anchor lie;
or else in vain my parents gave me skill
to read the skies. Look up at yonder swans!
A flock of twelve, whose gayly fluttering file,
erst scattered by Jove’s eagle swooping down

from his ethereal haunt, now form anew
their long-drawn line, and make a landing-place,
or, hovering over, scan some chosen ground,
or soaring high, with whirl of happy wings,
re-circle heaven in triumphant song:
likewise, I tell thee, thy lost mariners
are landed, or fly landward at full sail.
Up, then! let yon plain path thy guidance be,”
She ceased and turned away. A roseate beam
from her bright shoulder glowed; th’ ambrosial hair
breathed more than mortal sweetness, while her robes
fell rippling to her feet. Each step revealed
the veritable goddess. Now he knew
that vision was his mother, and his words
pursued the fading phantom as it fled:
“Why is thy son deluded o’er and o’er
with mocking dreams, — another cruel god?
Hast thou no hand-clasp true, nor interchange
of words unfeigned betwixt this heart and thine?”
Such word of blame he spoke, and took his way
toward the city’s rampart. Venus then
o’erveiled them as they moved in darkened air, —
a liquid mantle of thick cloud divine, —
that viewless they might pass, nor would any
obstruct, delay, or question why they came.
To Paphos then she soared, her loved abode,
where stands her temple, at whose hundred shrines
garlands of myrtle and fresh roses breathe,
and clouds of orient sweetness waft away.
Meanwhile the wanderers swiftly journey on
along the clear-marked road, and soon they climb
the brow of a high hill, which close in view
o’er-towers the city’s crown. The vast exploit,
where lately rose but Afric cabins rude,
Aeneas wondered at: the smooth, wide ways;
the bastioned gates; the uproar of the throng.
The Tyrians toil unwearied; some up-raise

a wall or citadel, from far below
lifting the ponderous stone; or with due care
choose where to build, and close the space around
with sacred furrow; in their gathering-place
the people for just governors, just laws,
and for their reverend senate shout acclaim.
Some clear the harbor mouth; some deeply lay
the base of a great theatre, and carve out
proud columns from the mountain, to adorn
their rising stage with lofty ornament.
so busy bees above a field of flowers
in early summer amid sunbeams toil,
leading abroad their nation's youthful brood;
or with the flowing honey storing close
the pliant cells, until they quite run o'er
with nectared sweet; while from the entering swarm
they take their little loads; or lined for war,
rout the dull drones, and chase them from the hive;
brisk is the task, and all the honeyed air
breathes odors of wild thyme. "How blest of Heaven.
These men that see their promised ramparts rise!"
Aeneas sighed; and swift his glances moved
from tower to tower; then on his way he fared,
veiled in the wonder-cloud, whence all unseen
of human eyes, — O strange the tale and true! —
he threaded the thronged streets, unmarked, unknown.
Deep in the city's heart there was a grove
of beauteous shade, where once the Tyrians,
cast here by stormful waves, delved out of earth
that portent which Queen Juno bade them find, —
the head of a proud horse, — that ages long
their boast might be wealth, luxury and war.
Upon this spot Sidonian Dido raised
a spacious fane to Juno, which became
splendid with gifts, and hallowed far and wide
for potency divine. Its beams were bronze,
and on loud hinges swung the brazen doors.

A rare, new sight this sacred grove did show,
which calmed Aeneas' fears, and made him bold
to hope for safety, and with lifted heart
from his low-fallen fortunes re-aspire.

For while he waits the advent of the Queen,
he scans the mighty temple, and admires
the city's opulent pride, and all the skill
its rival craftsmen in their work approve.
Behold! he sees old Ilium's well-fought fields
in sequent picture, and those famous wars
now told upon men's lips the whole world round.
There Atreus' sons, there kingly Priam moved,
and fierce Pelides pitiless to both.

Aeneas paused, and, weeping, thus began:
"Alas, Achates, what far region now,
what land in all the world knows not our pain?
See, it is Priam! Virtue's wage is given —
O even here! Here also there be tears
for what men bear, and mortal creatures feel
each other's sorrow. Therefore, have no fear!
This story of our loss forbodes us well."

So saying, he received into his heart
that visionary scene, profoundly sighed,
and let his plenteous tears unheeded flow.
There he beheld the citadel of Troy
girt with embattled foes; here, Greeks in flight
some Trojan onset 'scaped; there, Phrygian bands
before tall-plumed Achilles' chariot sped.
The snowy tents of Rhesus spread hard by
(he sees them through his tears), where Diomed
in night's first watch burst o'er them unawares
with bloody havoc and a host of deaths;
then drove his fiery coursers o'er the plain
before their thirst or hunger could be stayed
on Trojan corn or Xanthus' cooling stream.
Here too was princely Troilus, despoiled,
routed and weaponless, O wretched boy!

Ill-matched against Achilles! His wild steeds
bear him along, as from his chariot's rear
he falls far back, but clutches still the rein;
his hair and shoulders on the ground go trailing,
and his down-pointing spear-head scrawls the dust.
Elsewhere, to Pallas' ever-hostile shrine,
daughters of Ilium, with unsnooded hair,
and lifting all in vain her hallowed pall,
walked suppliant and sad, beating their breasts,
with outspread palms. But her unswerving eyes
the goddess fixed on earth, and would not see.
Achilles round the Trojan rampart thrice
had dragged the fallen Hector, and for gold
was making traffic of the lifeless clay.
Aeneas groaned aloud, with bursting heart,
to see the spoils, the car, the very corpse
of his lost friend, — while Priam for the dead
stretched forth in piteous prayer his helpless hands.
There too his own presentment he could see
surrounded by Greek kings; and there were shown
hordes from the East, and black-browed Memnon's arms;
her band of Amazons, with moon-shaped shields,
Penthesilea led; her martial eye
flamed on from troop to troop; a belt of gold
beneath one bare, protruded breast she bound —
a warrior-virgin braving mail-clad men.
While on such spectacle Aeneas' eyes
looked wondering, while mute and motionless
he stood at gaze, Queen Dido to the shrine
in lovely majesty drew near; a throng
of youthful followers pressed round her way.
So by the margin of Eurotas wide
or o'er the Cynthian steep, Diana leads
her bright processional; hither and yon
are visionary legions numberless
of Oreads; the regnant goddess bears
a quiver on her shoulders, and is seen

emerging tallest of her beauteous train;
while joy unutterable thrills the breast
of fond Latona: Dido not less fair
amid her subjects passed, and not less bright
her glow of gracious joy, while she approved
her future kingdom's pomp and vast emprise.
Then at the sacred portal and beneath
the temple's vaulted dome she took her place,
encompassed by armed men, and lifted high
upon a throne; her statutes and decrees
the people heard, and took what lot or toil
her sentence, or impartial urn, assigned.
But, lo! Aeneas sees among the throng
Antheus, Sergestus, and Cloanthus bold,
with other Teucrians, whom the black storm flung
far o'er the deep and drove on alien shores.
Struck dumb was he, and good Achates too,
half gladness and half fear. Fain would they fly
to friendship's fond embrace; but knowing not
what might befall, their hearts felt doubt and care.
Therefore they kept the secret, and remained
forth-peering from the hollow veil of cloud,
haply to learn what their friends' fate might be,
or where the fleet was landed, or what aim
had brought them hither; for a chosen few
from every ship had come to sue for grace,
and all the temple with their voices rang.
The doors swung wide; and after access given
and leave to speak, revered Ilioneus
with soul serene these lowly words essayed:
"O Queen, who hast authority of Jove
to found this rising city, and subdue
with righteous governance its people proud,
we wretched Trojans, blown from sea to sea,
beseech thy mercy; keep the curse of fire
from our poor ships! We pray thee, do no wrong
unto a guiltless race. But heed our plea!

No Libyan hearth shall suffer by our sword,
nor spoil and plunder to our ships be borne;
such haughty violence fits not the souls
of vanquished men. We journey to a land
named, in Greek syllables, Hesperia:
a storied realm, made mighty by great wars
and wealth of fruitful land; in former days
Oenotrians had it, and their sons, 't is said,
have called it Italy, a chieftain's name
to a whole region given. Thitherward
our ships did fare; but with swift-rising flood
the stormful season of Orion's star
drove us on viewless shoals; and angry gales
dispersed us, smitten by the tumbling surge,
among innavigable rocks. Behold,
we few swam hither, waifs upon your shore!
What race of mortals this? What barbarous land,
that with inhospitable laws ye thrust
a stranger from your coasts, and fly to arms,
nor grant mere foothold on your kingdom's bound?
If man thou scornest and all mortal power,
forget not that the gods watch good and ill!
A king we had; Aeneas, — never man
in all the world more loyal, just and true,
nor mightier in arms! If Heaven decree
his present safety, if he now do breathe
the air of earth and is not buried low
among the dreadful shades, then fear not thou!
For thou wilt never rue that thou wert prompt
to do us the first kindness. O'er the sea
in the Sicilian land, are cities proud,
with martial power, and great Acestes there
is of our Trojan kin. So grant us here
to beach our shattered ships along thy shore,
and from thy forest bring us beam and spar
to mend our broken oars. Then, if perchance
we find once more our comrades and our king,

and forth to Italy once more set sail,
to Italy, our Latin hearth and home,
we will rejoicing go. But if our weal
is clean gone by, and thee, blest chief and sire,
these Libyan waters keep, and if no more
Iulus bids us hope, — then, at the least,
to yon Sicilian seas, to friendly lands
whence hither drifting with the winds we came,
let us retrace the journey and rejoin
good King Acestes.” So Ilioneus
ended his pleading; the Dardanidae
murmured assent.

Then Dido, briefly and with downcast eyes,
her answer made: “O Teucrians, have no fear!
Bid care begone! It was necessity,
and my young kingdom’s weakness, which compelled
the policy of force, and made me keep
such vigilant sentry my wide co’ast along.
Aeneas and his people, that fair town
of Troy — who knows them not? The whole world knows
those valorous chiefs and huge, far-flaming wars.
Our Punic hearts are not of substance all
insensible and dull: the god of day
drives not his fire-breathing steeds so far
from this our Tyrian town. If ye would go
to great Hesperia, where Saturn reigned,
or if voluptuous Eryx and the throne
of good Acestes be your journey’s end,
I send you safe; I speed you on your way.
But if in these my realms ye will abide,
associates of my power, behold, I build
this city for your own! Choose haven here
for your good ships. Beneath my royal sway
Trojan and Tyrian equal grace will find.
But O, that this same storm had brought your King.
Aeneas, hither! I will bid explore
our Libya’s utmost bound, where haply he

in wilderness or hamlet wanders lost.”
By these fair words to joy profoundly stirred,
Father Aeneas and Achates brave
to cast aside the cloud that wrapped them round
yearned greatly; and Achates to his King
spoke thus: “O goddess-born, in thy wise heart
what purpose rises now? Lo! All is well!
Thy fleet and followers are safe at land.
One only comes not, who before our eyes
sank in the soundless sea. All else fulfils
thy mother’s prophecy.” Scarce had he spoke
when suddenly that overmantling cloud
was cloven, and dissolved in lucent air;
forth stood Aeneas. A clear sunbeam smote
his god-like head and shoulders. Venus’ son
of his own heavenly mother now received
youth’s glowing rose, an eye of joyful fire,
and tresses clustering fair. ‘T is even so
the cunning craftsman unto ivory gives
new beauty, or with circlet of bright gold
encloses silver or the Parian stone.
Thus of the Queen he sued, while wonderment
fell on all hearts. “Behold the man ye seek,
for I am here! Aeneas, Trojan-born,
brought safely hither from yon Libyan seas!
O thou who first hast looked with pitying eye
on Troy’s unutterable grief, who even to us
(escaped our Grecian victor, and outworn
by all the perils land and ocean know),
to us, bereft and ruined, dost extend
such welcome to thy kingdom and thy home!
I have no power, Dido, to give thanks
to match thine ample grace; nor is there power
in any remnant of our Dardan blood,
now fled in exile o’er the whole wide world.
May gods on high (if influence divine
bless faithful lives, or recompense be found

in justice and thy self-approving mind)
give thee thy due reward. What age was blest
by such a birth as thine? What parents proud
such offspring bore? O, while the rivers run
to mingle with the sea, while shadows pass
along yon rounded hills from vale to vale,
and while from heaven's unextinguished fire
the stars be fed — so long thy glorious name,
thy place illustrious and thy virtue's praise,
abide undimmed. — Yet I myself must go
to lands I know not where." After this word
his right hand clasped his Ioved Ilioneus,
his left Serestus; then the comrades all,
brave Gyas, brave Cloanthus, and their peers.
Sidonian Dido felt her heart stand still
when first she looked on him; and thrilled again
to hear what vast adventure had befallen
so great a hero. Thus she welcomed him:
"What chance, O goddess-born, o'er danger's path
impels? What power to this wild coast has borne?
Art thou Aeneas, great Anchises' son,
whom lovely Venus by the Phrygian stream
of Simois brought forth unto the day?
Now I bethink me of when Teucer came
to Sidon, exiled, and of Belus' power
desired a second throne. For Belus then,
our worshipped sire, despoiled the teeming land
of Cyprus, as its conqueror and king.
And since that hour I oft have heard the tale
of fallen Troy, of thine own noble name,
and of Achaean kings. Teucer was wont,
although their foe, to praise the Teucrian race,
and boasted him of that proud lineage sprung.
Therefore, behold, our portals are swung wide
for all your company. I also bore
hard fate like thine. I too was driven of storms
and after long toil was allowed at last

to call this land my home. O, I am wise
in sorrow, and I help all suffering souls!”
So saying, she bade Aeneas welcome take
beneath her royal roof, and to the gods
made sacrifice in temples, while she sent
unto the thankful Trojans on the shore
a score of bulls, and of huge, bristling swine,
a herd of a whole hundred, and a flock
of goodly lambs, a hundred, who ran close
beside the mother-ewes: and all were given
in joyful feast to please the Heavenly Powers.
Her palace showed a monarch’s fair array
all glittering and proud, and feasts were spread
within the ample court. Rich broideries
hung deep incarnadined with Tyrian skill;
the board had massy silver, gold-embossed,
where gleamed the mighty deeds of all her sires,
a graven chronicle of peace and war
prolonged, since first her ancient line began,
from royal sire to son.

Aeneas now

(for love in his paternal heart spoke loud
and gave no rest) bade swift Achates run
to tell Ascanius all, and from the ship
to guide him upward to the town, — for now
the father’s whole heart for Ascanius yearned.
And gifts he bade them bring, which had been saved
in Ilium’s fall: a richly broidered cloak
heavy with golden emblems; and a veil
by leaves of saffron lilies bordered round,
which Argive Helen o’er her beauty threw,
her mother Leda’s gift most wonderful,
and which to Troy she bore, when flying far
in lawless wedlock from Mycenae’s towers;
a sceptre, too, once fair Ilione’s,
eldest of Priam’s daughters; and round pearls
strung in a necklace, and a double crown

of jewels set in gold. These gifts to find,
Achates to the tall ships sped away.
But Cytherea in her heart revolved
new wiles, new schemes: how Cupid should transform
his countenance, and, coming in the guise
of sweet Ascanius, still more inflame
the amorous Queen with gifts, and deeply fuse
through all her yielding frame his fatal fire.
Sooth, Venus feared the many-languaged guile
which Tyrians use; fierce Juno's hate she feared,
and falling night renewed her sleepless care.
Therefore to Love, the light-winged god, she said:
"Sweet son, of whom my sovereignty and power
alone are given! O son, whose smile may scorn
the shafts of Jove whereby the Titans fell,
to thee I fly, and humbly here implore
thy help divine. Behold, from land to land
Aeneas, thine own brother, voyages on
storm-driven, by Juno's causeless enmity.
Thou knowest it well, and oft hast sighed to see
my sighs and tears. Dido the Tyrian now
detains him with soft speeches; and I fear
such courtesy from Juno means us ill;
she is not one who, when the hour is ripe,
bids action pause. I therefore now intend
the Tyrian Queen to snare, and siege her breast
with our invading fire, before some god
shall change her mood. But let her bosom burn
with love of my Aeneas not less than mine.
This thou canst bring to pass. I pray thee hear
the plan I counsel. At his father's call
Ascanius, heir of kings, makes haste to climb
to yon Sidonian citadel; my grace
protects him, and he bears gifts which were saved
from hazard of the sea and burning Troy.
Him lapped in slumber on Cythera's hill,
or in Idalia's deep and hallowing shade,

myself will hide, lest haply he should learn
our stratagem, and burst in, foiling all.
Wear thou his shape for one brief night thyself,
and let thy boyhood feign another boy's
familiar countenance; when Dido there,
beside the royal feast and flowing wine,
all smiles and joy, shall clasp thee to her breast
while she caresses thee, and her sweet lips
touch close with thine, then let thy secret fire
breathe o'er her heart, to poison and betray."

The love-god to his mother's dear behest
gave prompt assent. He put his pinions by
and tripped it like Iulus, light of heart.
But Venus o'er Ascanius' body poured
a perfect sleep, and, to her heavenly breast
enfolding him, far, far away upbore
to fair Idalia's grove, where fragrant buds
of softly-petalled marjoram embower
in pleasurable shade.

Cupid straightway
obeyed his mother's word and bore the gifts,
each worthy of a king, as offerings
to greet the Tyrian throne; and as he went
he clasped Achates' friendly hand, and smiled.
Father Aeneas now, and all his band
of Trojan chivalry, at social feast,
on lofty purple-pillowed couches lie;
deft slaves fresh water on their fingers pour,
and from reed-woven basketry renew
the plenteous bread, or bring smooth napery
of softest weave; fifty handmaidens serve,
whose task it is to range in order fair
the varied banquet, or at altars bright
throw balm and incense on the sacred fires.
A hundred more serve with an equal band
of beauteous pages, whose obedient skill
piles high the generous board and fills the bowl.

The Tyrians also to the festal hall
come thronging, and receive their honor due,
each on his painted couch; with wondering eyes
Aeneas' gifts they view, and wondering more,
mark young Iulus' radiant brows divine,
his guileful words, the golden pall he bears,
and brodered veil with saffron lilies bound.
The Tyrian Queen ill-starred, already doomed
to her approaching woe, scanned ardently,
with kindling cheek and never-sated eyes,
the precious gifts and wonder-gifted boy.
He round Aeneas' neck his arms entwined,
fed the deep yearning of his seeming sire,
then sought the Queen's embrace; her eyes, her soul
clave to him as she strained him to her breast.
For Dido knew not in that fateful hour
how great a god betrayed her. He began,
remembering his mother (she who bore
the lovely Acidalian Graces three),
to make the dear name of Sichaeus fade,
and with new life, new love, to re-possess
her long-since slumbering bosom's lost desire.
When the main feast is over, they replace
the banquet with huge bowls, and crown the wine
with ivy-leaf and rose. Loud rings the roof
with echoing voices; from the gilded vault
far-blazing cressets swing, or torches bright
drive the dark night away. The Queen herself
called for her golden chalice studded round
with jewels, and o'er-brimming it with wine
as Belus and his proud successors use,
commanded silence, and this utterance made:
"Great Jove, of whom are hospitable laws
for stranger-guest, may this auspicious day
bless both our Tyrians and the wanderers
from Trojan shore. May our posterity
keep this remembrance! Let kind Juno smile,

and Bacchus, Iord of mirth, attend us here!
And, O ye Tyrians, come one and all,
and with well-omened words our welcome share!"

So saying, she outpoured the sacred drop
due to the gods, and lightly from the rim
sipped the first taste, then unto Bitias gave
with urgent cheer; he seized it, nothing loth,
quaffed deep and long the foaming, golden bowl,
then passed to others. On a gilded Iyre
the flowing-haired Iopas woke a song
taught him by famous Atlas: of the moon
he sang, the wanderer, and what the sun's
vast labors be; then would his music tell
whence man and beast were born, and whence were bred
clouds, lightnings, and Arcturus' stormful sign,
the Hyades, rain-stars, and nigh the Pole
the great and lesser Wain; for well he knew
why colder suns make haste to quench their orb
in ocean-stream, and wintry nights be slow.

Loudly the Tyrians their minstrel praised,
and Troy gave prompt applause. Dido the while
with varying talk prolonged the fateful night,
and drank both long and deep of love and wine.

Now many a tale of Priam would she crave,
of Hector many; or what radiant arms
Aurora's son did wear; what were those steeds
of Diomed, or what the stature seemed
of great Achilles. "Come, illustrious guest,
begin the tale," she said, "begin and tell
the perfidy of Greece, thy people's fall,
and all thy wanderings. For now, — Ah, me!
Seven times the summer's burning stars have seen
thee wandering far o'er alien lands and seas."

BOOK II

A general silence fell; and all gave ear,
while, from his lofty station at the feast,
Father Aeneas with these words began : —
A grief unspeakable thy gracious word,
o sovereign lady, bids my heart live o'er:
how Asia's glory and afflicted throne
the Greek flung down; which woeful scene I saw,
and bore great part in each event I tell.
But O! in telling, what Dolopian churl,
or Myrmidon, or gory follower
of grim Ulysses could the tears restrain?
'T is evening; lo! the dewes of night begin
to fall from heaven, and yonder sinking stars
invite to slumber. But if thy heart yearn
to hear in brief of all our evil days
and Troy's last throes, although the memory
makes my soul shudder and recoil in pain,
I will essay it. Wearied of the war,
and by ill-fortune crushed, year after year,
the kings of Greece, by Pallas' skill divine,
build a huge horse, a thing of mountain size,
with timbered ribs of fir. They falsely say
it has been vowed to Heaven for safe return,
and spread this lie abroad. Then they conceal
choice bands of warriors in the deep, dark side,
and fill the caverns of that monstrous womb
with arms and soldiery. In sight of Troy
lies Tenedos, an island widely famed
and opulent, ere Priam's kingdom fell,
but a poor haven now, with anchorage
not half secure; 't was thitherward they sailed,
and lurked unseen by that abandoned shore.
We deemed them launched away and sailing far,

bound homeward for Mycenae. Teucria then
threw off her grief inveterate; all her gates
swung wide; exultant went we forth, and saw
the Dorian camp untenanted, the siege
abandoned, and the shore without a keel.
“Here!” cried we, “the Dolopian pitched; the host
of fierce Achilles here; here lay the fleet;
and here the battling lines to conflict ran.”
Others, all wonder, scan the gift of doom
by virgin Pallas given, and view with awe
that horse which loomed so large. Thymoetes then
bade lead it through the gates, and set on high
within our citadel, — or traitor he,
or tool of fate in Troy’s predestined fall.
But Capys, as did all of wiser heart,
bade hurl into the sea the false Greek gift,
or underneath it thrust a kindling flame
or pierce the hollow ambush of its womb
with probing spear. Yet did the multitude
veer round from voice to voice and doubt of all.
Then from the citadel, conspicuous,
Laocoon, with all his following choir,
hurried indignant down; and from afar
thus hailed the people: “O unhappy men!
What madness this? Who deems our foemen fled?
Think ye the gifts of Greece can lack for guile?
Have ye not known Ulysses? The Achaean
hides, caged in yonder beams; or this is reared
for engin’ry on our proud battlements,
to spy upon our roof-tops, or descend
in ruin on the city. ‘T is a snare.
Trust not this horse, O Troy, whate’er it bode!
I fear the Greeks, though gift on gift they bear.”
So saying, he whirled with ponderous javelin
a sturdy stroke straight at the rounded side
of the great, jointed beast. A tremor struck
its towering form, and through the cavernous womb

rolled loud, reverberate rumbling, deep and long.
If heaven's decree, if our own wills, that hour,
had not been fixed on woe, his spear had brought
a bloody slaughter on our ambushed foe,
and Troy were standing on the earth this day!
O Priam's towers, ye were unfallen still!
But, lo! with hands fast bound behind, a youth
by clamorous Dardan shepherds haled along,
was brought before our king, — to this sole end
a self-surrendered captive, that he might,
although a nameless stranger, cunningly
deliver to the Greek the gates of Troy.
His firm-set mind flinched not from either goal, —
success in crime, or on swift death to fall.
The thronging Trojan youth made haste his way
from every side, all eager to see close
their captive's face, and clout with emulous scorn.
Hear now what Greek deception is, and learn
from one dark wickedness the whole. For he,
a mark for every eye, defenceless, dazed,
stood staring at our Phrygian hosts, and cried:
“Woe worth the day! What ocean or what shore
will have me now? What desperate path remains
for miserable me? Now have I lost
all foothold with the Greeks, and o'er my head
Troy's furious sons call bloody vengeance down.”
Such groans and anguish turned all rage away
and stayed our lifted hands. We bade him tell
his birth, his errand, and from whence might be
such hope of mercy for a foe in chains.
Then fearing us no more, this speech he dared:
“O King! I will confess, whate'er befall,
the whole unvarnished truth. I will not hide
my Grecian birth. Yea, thus will I begin.
For Fortune has brought wretched Sinon low;
but never shall her cruelty impair
his honor and his truth. Perchance the name

of Palamedes, Belus' glorious son,
has come by rumor to your listening ears;
whom by false witness and conspiracy,
because his counsel was not for this war,
the Greeks condemned, though guiltless, to his death,
and now make much lament for him they slew.
I, his companion, of his kith and kin,
sent hither by my humble sire's command,
followed his arms and fortunes from my youth.
Long as his throne endured, and while he throve
in conclave with his kingly peers, we twain
some name and lustre bore; but afterward,
because that cheat Ulysses envied him
(Ye know the deed), he from this world withdrew,
and I in gloom and tribulation sore
lived miserably on, lamenting loud
my lost friend's blameless fall. A fool was I
that kept not these lips closed; but I had vowed
that if a conqueror home to Greece I came,
I would avenge. Such words moved wrath, and were
the first shock of my ruin; from that hour,
Ulysses whispered slander and alarm;
breathed doubt and malice into all men's ears,
and darkly plotted how to strike his blow.
Nor rest had he, till Calchas, as his tool,-
but why unfold this useless, cruel story?
Why make delay? Ye count all sons of Greece
arrayed as one; and to have heard thus far
suffices you. Take now your ripe revenge!
Ulysses smiles and Atreus' royal sons
with liberal price your deed of blood repay."
We ply him then with passionate appeal
and question all his cause: of guilt so dire
or such Greek guile we harbored not the thought.
So on he prates, with well-feigned grief and fear,
and from his Iying heart thus told his tale:
"Full oft the Greeks had fain achieved their flight,

and raised the Trojan siege, and sailed away
war-wearied quite. O, would it had been so!
Full oft the wintry tumult of the seas
did wall them round, and many a swollen storm
their embarkation stayed. But chiefly when,
all fitly built of beams of maple fair,
this horse stood forth, — what thunders filled the skies!
With anxious fears we sent Eurypylus
to ask Apollo's word; and from the shrine
he brings the sorrowful commandment home:
'By flowing blood and by a virgin slain
the wild winds were appeased, when first ye came,
ye sons of Greece, to Ilium's distant shore.
Through blood ye must return. Let some Greek life
your expiation be.' The popular ear
the saying caught, all spirits were dimmed o'er;
cold doubt and horror through each bosom ran,
asking what fate would do, and on what wretch
Apollo's choice would fall. Ulysses, then,
amid the people's tumult and acclaim,
thrust Calchas forth, some prophecy to tell
to all the throng: he asked him o'er and o'er
what Heaven desired. Already not a few
foretold the murderous plot, and silently
watched the dark doom upon my life impend.
Twice five long days the seer his lips did seal,
and hid himself, refusing to bring forth
His word of guile, and name what wretch should die.
At last, reluctant, and all loudly urged
By false Ulysses, he fulfils their plot,
and, lifting up his voice oracular,
points out myself the victim to be slain.
Nor did one voice oppose. The mortal stroke
horribly hanging o'er each coward head
was changed to one man's ruin, and their hearts
endured it well. Soon rose th' accursed morn;
the bloody ritual was ready; salt

was sprinkled on the sacred loaf; my brows
were bound with fillets for the offering.
But I escaped that death — yes! I deny not!
I cast my fetters off, and darkling lay
concealed all night in lake-side sedge and mire,
awaiting their departure, if perchance
they should in truth set sail. But nevermore
shall my dear, native country greet these eyes.
No more my father or my tender babes
shall I behold. Nay, haply their own lives
are forfeit, when my foemen take revenge
for my escape, and slay those helpless ones,
in expiation of my guilty deed.
O, by yon powers in heaven which witness truth,
by aught in this dark world remaining now
of spotless human faith and innocence,
I do implore thee look with pitying eye
on these long sufferings my heart hath borne.
O, pity! I deserve not what I bear.”
Pity and pardon to his tears we gave,
and spared his life. King Priam bade unbind
the fettered hands and loose those heavy chains
that pressed him sore; then with benignant mien
addressed him thus: “Whate’er thy place or name,
forget the people thou hast lost, and be
henceforth our countryman. But tell me true!
What means the monstrous fabric of this horse?
Who made it? Why? What offering to Heaven,
or engin’ry of conquest may it be?”
He spake; and in reply, with skilful guile,
Greek that he was! the other lifted up
his hands, now freed and chainless, to the skies:
“O ever-burning and inviolate fires,
witness my word! O altars and sharp steel,
whose curse I fled, O fillets of the gods,
which bound a victim’s helpless forehead, hear!
‘T is lawful now to break the oath that gave

my troth to Greece. To execrate her kings
is now my solemn duty. Their whole plot
I publish to the world. No fatherland
and no allegiance binds me any more.
O Troy, whom I have saved, I bid thee keep
the pledge of safety by good Priam given,
for my true tale shall my rich ransom be.
The Greeks' one hope, since first they opened war,
was Pallas, grace and power. But from the day
when Diomed, bold scorner of the gods,
and false Ulysses, author of all guile,
rose up and violently bore away
Palladium, her holy shrine, hewed down
the sentinels of her acropolis,
and with polluted, gory hands dared touch
the goddess, virgin fillets, white and pure, —
thenceforth, I say, the courage of the Greeks
ebbed utterly away; their strength was lost,
and favoring Pallas all her grace withdrew.
No dubious sign she gave. Scarce had they set
her statue in our camp, when glittering flame
flashed from the staring eyes; from all its limbs
salt sweat ran forth; three times (O wondrous tale!)
it gave a sudden skyward leap, and made
prodigious trembling of her lance and shield.
The prophet Calchas bade us straightway take
swift flight across the sea; for fate had willed
the Trojan citadel should never fall
by Grecian arm, till once more they obtain
new oracles at Argos, and restore
that god the round ships hurried o'er the sea.
Now in Mycenae, whither they are fled,
new help of heaven they find, and forge anew
the means of war. Back hither o'er the waves
they suddenly will come. So Calchas gave
the meaning of the god. Warned thus, they reared
in place of Pallas, desecrated shrine

yon image of the horse, to expiate
the woeful sacrilege. Calchas ordained
that they should build a thing of monstrous size
of jointed beams, and rear it heavenward,
so might it never pass your gates, nor come
inside your walls, nor anywise restore
unto the Trojans their lost help divine.
For had your hands Minerva's gift profaned,
a ruin horrible — O, may the gods
bring it on Calchas rather! — would have come
on Priam's throne and all the Phrygian power.
But if your hands should lift the holy thing
to your own citadel, then Asia's host
would hurl aggression upon Pelops' land,
and all that curse on our own nation fall.”
Thus Sinon's guile and practiced perjury
our doubt dispelled. His stratagems and tears
wrought victory where neither Tydeus' son,
nor mountain-bred Achilles could prevail,
nor ten years' war, nor fleets a thousand strong.
But now a vaster spectacle of fear
burst over us, to vex our startled souls.
Laocoon, that day by cast of lot
priest unto Neptune, was in act to slay
a huge bull at the god's appointed fane.
Lo! o'er the tranquil deep from Tenedos
appeared a pair (I shudder as I tell)
of vastly coiling serpents, side by side,
stretching along the waves, and to the shore
taking swift course; their necks were lifted high,
their gory dragon-crests o'ertopped the waves;
all else, half seen, trailed low along the sea;
while with loud cleavage of the foaming brine
their monstrous backs wound forward fold on fold.
Soon they made land; the furious bright eyes
glowed with ensanguined fire; their quivering tongues
lapped hungrily the hissing, gruesome jaws.

All terror-pale we fled. Unswerving then
the monsters to Laocoon made way.
First round the tender limbs of his two sons
each dragon coiled, and on the shrinking flesh
fixed fast and fed. Then seized they on the sire,
who flew to aid, a javelin in his hand,
embracing close in bondage serpentine
twice round the waist; and twice in scaly grasp
around his neck, and o'er him grimly peered
with lifted head and crest; he, all the while,
his holy fillet fouled with venomous blood,
tore at his fetters with a desperate hand,
and lifted up such agonizing voice,
as when a bull, death-wounded, seeks to flee
the sacrificial altar, and thrusts back
from his doomed head the ill-aimed, glancing blade.
then swiftly writhed the dragon-pair away
unto the templed height, and in the shrine
of cruel Pallas sure asylum found
beneath the goddess' feet and orbed shield.
Such trembling horror as we ne'er had known
seized now on every heart. "Of his vast guilt
Laocoon," they say, "receives reward;
for he with most abominable spear
did strike and violate that blessed wood.
Yon statue to the temple! Ask the grace
of glorious Pallas!" So the people cried
in general acclaim. Ourselves did make
a breach within our walls and opened wide
the ramparts of our city. One and all
were girded for the task. Smooth-gliding wheels
were 'neath its feet; great ropes stretched round its neck,
till o'er our walls the fatal engine climbed,
pregnant with men-at-arms. On every side
fair youths and maidens made a festal song,
and hauled the ropes with merry heart and gay.
So on and up it rolled, a tower of doom,

and in proud menace through our Forum moved.
O Ilium, my country, where abode
the gods of all my sires! O glorious walls
of Dardan's sons! before your gates it passed,
four times it stopped and dreadful clash of arms
four times from its vast concave loudly rang.
Yet frantic pressed we on, our hearts all blind,
and in the consecrated citadel
set up the hateful thing. Cassandra then
from heaven-instructed heart our doom foretold;
but doomed to unbelief were Ilium's sons.
Our hapless nation on its dying day
flung free o'er streets and shrines the votive flowers.
The skies rolled on; and o'er the ocean fell
the veil of night, till utmost earth and heaven
and all their Myrmidonian stratagems
were mantled darkly o'er. In silent sleep
the Trojan city lay; dull slumber chained
its weary life. But now the Greek array
of ordered ships moved on from Tenedos,
their only light the silent, favoring moon,
on to the well-known strand. The King displayed
torch from his own ship, and Sinon then,
whom wrathful Heaven defended in that hour,
let the imprisoned band of Greeks go free
from that huge womb of wood; the open horse
restored them to the light; and joyfully
emerging from the darkness, one by one,
princely Thessander, Sthenelus, and dire
Ulysses glided down the swinging cord.
Closely upon them Neoptolemus,
the son of Peleus, came, and Acamas,
King Menelaus, Thoas and Machaon,
and last, Epeus, who the fabric wrought.
Upon the town they fell, for deep in sleep
and drowsed with wine it lay; the sentinels
they slaughtered, and through gates now opened wide

let in their fellows, and arrayed for war
th' auxiliar legions of the dark design.
That hour it was when heaven's first gift of sleep
on weary hearts of men most sweetly steals.
O, then my slumbering senses seemed to see
Hector, with woeful face and streaming eyes;
I seemed to see him from the chariot trailing,
foul with dark dust and gore, his swollen feet
pierced with a cruel thong. Ah me! what change
from glorious Hector when he homeward bore
the spoils of fierce Achilles; or hurled far
that shower of torches on the ships of Greece!
Unkempt his beard, his tresses thick with blood,
and all those wounds in sight which he did take
defending Troy. Then, weeping as I spoke,
I seemed on that heroic shape to call
with mournful utterance: "O star of Troy!
O surest hope and stay of all her sons!
Why tarriest thou so long? What region sends
the long-expected Hector home once more?
These weary eyes that look on thee have seen
hosts of thy kindred die, and fateful change
upon thy people and thy city fall.
O, say what dire occasion has defiled
thy tranquil brows? What mean those bleeding wounds?"
Silent he stood, nor anyway would stay
my vain lament; but groaned, and answered thus:
"Haste, goddess-born, and out of yonder flames
achieve thy flight. Our foes have scaled the wall;
exalted Troy is falling. Fatherland
and Priam ask no more. If human arm
could profit Troy, my own had kept her free.
Her Lares and her people to thy hands
Troy here commends. Companions let them be
of all thy fortunes. Let them share thy quest
of that wide realm, which, after wandering far,
thou shalt achieve, at last, beyond the sea."

He spoke: and from our holy hearth brought forth
the solemn fillet, the ancestral shrines,
and Vesta's ever-bright, inviolate fire.
Now shrieks and loud confusion swept the town;
and though my father's dwelling stood apart
embowered deep in trees, th' increasing din
drew nearer, and the battle-thunder swelled.
I woke on sudden, and up-starting scaled
the roof, the tower, then stood with listening ear:
't was like an harvest burning, when wild winds
uprouse the flames; 't was like a mountain stream
that bursts in flood and ruinously whelms
sweet fields and farms and all the ploughman's toil,
whirling whole groves along; while dumb with fear,
from some far cliff the shepherd hears the sound.
Now their Greek plot was plain, the stratagem
at last laid bare. Deiphobus' great house
sank vanquished in the fire. Ucalegon's
hard by was blazing, while the waters wide
around Sigeum gave an answering glow.
Shrill trumpets rang; loud shouting voices roared;
wildly I armed me (when the battle calls,
how dimly reason shines!); I burned to join
the rally of my peers, and to the heights
defensive gather. Frenzy and vast rage
seized on my soul. I only sought what way
with sword in hand some noble death to die.
When Panthus met me, who had scarce escaped
the Grecian spears, — Panthus of Othrys' line,
Apollo's priest within our citadel;
his holy emblems, his defeated gods,
and his small grandson in his arms he bore,
while toward the gates with wild, swift steps he flew.
"How fares the kingdom, Panthus? What strong place
is still our own?" But scarcely could I ask
when thus, with many a groan, he made reply: —
"Dardania's death and doom are come to-day,

implacable. There is no Ilium now;
our Trojan name is gone, the Teucrian throne
Quite fallen. For the wrathful power of Jove
has given to Argos all our boast and pride.
The Greek is lord of all yon blazing towers.
yon horse uplifted on our city's heart
disgorges men-at-arms. False Sinon now,
with scorn exultant, heaps up flame on flame.
Others throw wide the gates. The whole vast horde
that out of proud Mycenae hither sailed
is at us. With confronting spears they throng
each narrow passage. Every steel-bright blade
is flashing naked, making haste for blood.
Our sentries helpless meet the invading shock
and give back blind and unavailing war.”
By Panthus' word and by some god impelled,
I flew to battle, where the flames leaped high,
where grim Bellona called, and all the air
resounded high as heaven with shouts of war.
Rhipeus and Epytus of doughty arm
were at my side, Dymas and Hypanis,
seen by a pale moon, join our little band;
and young Coroebus, Mygdon's princely son,
who was in Troy that hour because he loved
Cassandra madly, and had made a league
as Priam's kinsman with our Phrygian arms:
ill-starred, to heed not what the virgin raved!
When these I saw close-gathered for the fight,
I thus addressed them: “Warriors, vainly brave,
if ye indeed desire to follow one
who dares the uttermost brave men may do,
our evil plight ye see: the gods are fled
from every altar and protecting fire,
which were the kingdom's stay. Ye offer aid
unto your country's ashes. Let us fight
unto the death! To arms, my men, to arms!
The single hope and stay of desperate men

is their despair." Thus did I rouse their souls.
Then like the ravening wolves, some night of cloud,
when cruel hunger in an empty maw
drives them forth furious, and their whelps behind
wait famine-throated; so through foemen's steel
we flew to surest death, and kept our way
straight through the midmost town . The wings of night
brooded above us in vast vault of shade.
But who the bloodshed of that night can tell?
What tongue its deaths shall number, or what eyes
find meed of tears to equal all its woe?
The ancient City fell, whose throne had stood
age after age. Along her streets were strewn
the unresisting dead; at household shrines
and by the temples of the gods they lay.
Yet not alone was Teucrian blood required:
oft out of vanquished hearts fresh valor flamed,
and the Greek victor fell. Anguish and woe
were everywhere; pale terrors ranged abroad,
and multitudinous death met every eye.
Androgeos, followed by a thronging band
of Greeks, first met us on our desperate way;
but heedless, and confounding friend with foe,
thus, all unchallenged, hailed us as his own :
"Haste, heroes! Are ye laggards at this hour?
Others bear off the captives and the spoil
of burning Troy. Just from the galleys ye?"
He spoke; but straightway, when no safe reply
returned, he knew himself entrapped, and fallen
into a foeman's snare; struck dumb was he
and stopped both word and motion; as one steps,
when blindly treading a thick path of thorns,
upon a snake, and sick with fear would flee
that lifted wrath and swollen gorge of green:
so trembling did Androgeos backward fall.
At them we flew and closed them round with war;
and since they could not know the ground, and fear

had whelmed them quite, we swiftly laid them low.
Thus Fortune on our first achievement smiled;
and, flushed with victory, Cormbus cried:
“Come, friends, and follow Fortune’s finger, where
she beckons us what path deliverance lies.
Change we our shields, and these Greek emblems wear.
‘Twixt guile and valor who will nicely weigh
When foes are met? These dead shall find us arms.”
With this, he dons Androgeos’ crested helm
and beauteous, blazoned shield; and to his side
girds on a Grecian blade. Young Rhipeus next,
with Dymas and the other soldiery,
repeat the deed, exulting, and array
their valor in fresh trophies from the slain.
Now intermingled with our foes we moved,
and alien emblems wore; the long, black night
brought many a grapple, and a host of Greeks
down to the dark we hurled. Some fled away,
seeking their safe ships and the friendly shore.
Some cowards foul went clambering back again
to that vast horse and hid them in its maw.
But woe is me! If gods their help withhold,
‘t is impious to be brave. That very hour
the fair Cassandra passed us, bound in chains,
King Priam’s virgin daughter, from the shrine
and altars of Minerva; her loose hair
had lost its fillet; her impassioned eyes
were lifted in vain prayer, — her eyes alone!
For chains of steel her frail, soft hands confined.
Coroebus’ eyes this horror not endured,
and, sorrow-crazed, he plunged him headlong in
the midmost fray, self-offered to be slain,
while in close mass our troop behind him poured.
But, at this point, the overwhelming spears
of our own kinsmen rained resistless down
from a high temple-tower; and carnage wild
ensued, because of the Greek arms we bore

and our false crests. The howling Grecian band,
crazed by Cassandra's rescue, charged at us
from every side; Ajax of savage soul,
the sons of Atreus, and that whole wild horde
Achilles from Dolopian deserts drew.

'T was like the bursting storm, when gales contend,
west wind and South, and jocund wind of morn
upon his orient steeds — while forests roar,
and foam-flecked Nereus with fierce trident stirs
the dark deep of the sea. All who did hide
in shadows of the night, by our assault
surprised, and driven in tumultuous flight,
now start to view. Full well they now can see
our shields and borrowed arms, and clearly note
our speech of alien sound; their multitude
o'erwhelms us utterly. Coroebus first
at mailed Minerva's altar prostrate lay,
pierced by Peneleus, blade; then Rhipeus fell;
we deemed him of all Trojans the most just,
most scrupulously righteous; but the gods
gave judgment otherwise. There Dymas died,
and Hypanis, by their compatriots slain;
nor thee, O Panthus, in that mortal hour,
could thy clean hands or Phoebus, priesthood save.
O ashes of my country! funeral pyre
of all my kin! bear witness that my breast
shrank not from any sword the Grecian drew,
and that my deeds the night my country died
deserved a warrior's death, had Fate ordained.
But soon our ranks were broken; at my side
stayed Iphitus and Pelias; one with age
was long since wearied, and the other bore
the burden of Ulysses' crippling wound.
Straightway the roar and tumult summoned us
to Priam's palace, where a battle raged
as if save this no conflict else were known,
and all Troy's dying brave were mustered there.

There we beheld the war-god unconfined;
The Greek besiegers to the roof-tops fled;
or, with shields tortoise-back, the gates assailed.
Ladders were on the walls; and round by round,
up the huge bulwark as they fight their way,
the shielded left-hand thwarts the falling spears,
the right to every vantage closely clings.
The Trojans hurl whole towers and roof-tops down
upon the mounting foe; for well they see
that the last hour is come, and with what arms
the dying must resist. Rich gilded beams,
with many a beauteous blazon of old time,
go crashing down. Men armed with naked swords
defend the inner doors in close array.
Thus were our hearts inflamed to stand and strike
for the king's house, and to his body-guard
bring succor, and renew their vanquished powers.
A certain gate I knew, a secret way,
which gave free passage between Priam's halls,
and exit rearward; hither, in the days
before our fall, the lone Andromache
was wont with young Astyanax to pass
in quest of Priam and her husband's kin.
This way to climb the palace roof I flew,
where, desperate, the Trojans with vain skill
hurled forth repellent arms. A tower was there,
reared skyward from the roof-top, giving view
of Troy's wide walls and full reconnaissance
of all Achaea's fleets and tented field;
this, with strong steel, our gathered strength assailed,
and as the loosened courses offered us
great threatening fissures, we uprooted it
from its aerial throne and thrust it down.
It fell with instantaneous crash of thunder
along the Danaan host in ruin wide.
But fresh ranks soon arrive; thick showers of stone
rain down, with every missile rage can find.

Now at the threshold of the outer court
Pyrrhus triumphant stood, with glittering arms
and helm of burnished brass. He glittered like
some swollen viper, fed on poison-leaves,
whom chilling winter shelters underground,
till, fresh and strong, he sheds his annual scales
and, crawling forth rejuvenate, uncoils
his slimy length; his lifted gorge insults
the sunbeam with three-forked and quivering tongue.
Huge Periphas was there; Automedon,
who drove Achilles' steeds, and bore his arms.
Then Scyros' island-warriors assault
the palaces, and hurl reiterate fire
at wall and tower. Pyrrhus led the van;
seizing an axe he clove the ponderous doors
and rent the hinges from their posts of bronze;
he cut the beams, and through the solid mass
burrowed his way, till like a window huge
the breach yawned wide, and opened to his gaze
a vista of long courts and corridors,
the hearth and home of many an ancient king,
and Priam's own; upon its sacred bourne
the sentry, all in arms, kept watch and ward.
Confusion, groans, and piteous turmoil
were in that dwelling; women shrieked and wailed
from many a dark retreat, and their loud cry
rang to the golden stars. Through those vast halls
the panic-stricken mothers wildly roved,
and clung with frantic kisses and embrace
unto the columns cold. Fierce as his sire,
Pyrrhus moves on; nor bar nor sentinel
may stop his way; down tumbles the great door
beneath the battering beam, and with it fall
hinges and framework violently torn.
Force bursts all bars; th' assailing Greeks break in,
do butchery, and with men-at-arms possess
what place they will. Scarce with an equal rage

a foaming river, when its dykes are down,
o'erwhelms its mounded shores, and through the plain
rolls mountain-high, while from the ravaged farms
its fierce flood sweeps along both flock and fold.
My own eyes looked on Neoptolemus
frenzied with slaughter, and both Atreus' sons
upon the threshold frowning; I beheld
her hundred daughters with old Hecuba;
and Priam, whose own bleeding wounds defiled
the altars where himself had blessed the fires;
there fifty nuptial beds gave promise proud
of princely heirs; but all their brightness now,
of brodered cunning and barbaric gold,
lay strewn and trampled on. The Danaan foe
stood victor, where the raging flame had failed.
But would ye haply know what stroke of doom
on Priam fell? Now when his anguish saw
his kingdom lost and fallen, his abode
shattered, and in his very hearth and home
th' exulting foe, the aged King did bind
his rusted armor to his trembling thews, —
all vainly, — and a useless blade of steel
he girded on; then charged, resolved to die
encircled by the foe. Within his walls
there stood, beneath the wide and open sky,
a lofty altar; an old laurel-tree
leaned o'er it, and enclasped in holy shade
the statues of the tutelary powers.
Here Hecuba and all the princesses
took refuge vain within the place of prayer.
Like panic-stricken doves in some dark storm,
close-gathering they sate, and in despair
embraced their graven gods. But when the Queen
saw Priam with his youthful harness on,
"What frenzy, O my wretched lord," she cried,
"Arrayed thee in such arms? O, whither now?
Not such defences, nor such arm as thine,

the time requires, though thy companion were
our Hector's self. O, yield thee, I implore!
This altar now shall save us one and all,
or we must die together." With these words
she drew him to her side, and near the shrine
made for her aged spouse a place to cling.
But, lo! just 'scaped of Pyrrhus' murderous hand,
Polites, one of Priam's sons, fled fast
along the corridors, through thronging foes
and a thick rain of spears. Wildly he gazed
across the desolate halls, wounded to death.
Fierce Pyrrhus followed after, pressing hard
with mortal stroke, and now his hand and spear
were close upon: — when the lost youth leaped forth
into his father's sight, and prostrate there
lay dying, while his life-blood ebbed away.
Then Priam, though on all sides death was nigh,
quit not the strife, nor from loud wrath refrained:
"Thy crime and impious outrage, may the gods
(if Heaven to mortals render debt and due)
justly reward and worthy honors pay!
My own son's murder thou hast made me see,
blood and pollution impiously throwing
upon a father's head. Not such was he,
not such, Achilles, thy pretended sire,
when Priam was his foe. With flush of shame
he nobly listened to a suppliant's plea
in honor made. He rendered to the tomb
my Hector's body pale, and me did send
back to my throne a king." With this proud word
the aged warrior hurled with nerveless arm
his ineffectual spear, which hoarsely rang
rebounding on the brazen shield, and hung
piercing the midmost boss, — but all in vain.
Then Pyrrhus: "Take these tidings, and convey
message to my father, Peleus' son!
tell him my naughty deeds! Be sure and say

how Neoptolemus hath shamed his sires.
Now die!" With this, he trailed before the shrines
the trembling King, whose feet slipped in the stream
of his son's blood. Then Pyrrhus' left hand clutched
the tresses old and gray; a glittering sword
his right hand lifted high, and buried it
far as the hilt in that defenceless heart.
So Priam's story ceased. Such final doom
fell on him, while his dying eyes surveyed
Troy burning, and her altars overthrown,
though once of many an orient land and tribe
the boasted lord. In huge dismemberment
his severed trunk lies tombless on the shore,
the head from shoulder torn, the corpse unknown.
Then first wild horror on my spirit fell
and dazed me utterly. A vision rose
of my own cherished father, as I saw
the King, his aged peer, sore wounded lying
in mortal agony; a vision too
of lost Creusa at my ravaged hearth,
and young Iulus' peril. Then my eyes
looked round me seeking aid. But all were fled,
war-wearied and undone; some earthward leaped
from battlement or tower; some in despair
yielded their suffering bodies to the flame.
I stood there sole surviving; when, behold,
to Vesta's altar clinging in dumb fear,
hiding and crouching in the hallowed shade,
Tyndarus' daughter!— 't was the burning town
lighted full well my roving steps and eyes.
In fear was she both of some Trojan's rage
for Troy o'erthrown, and of some Greek revenge,
or her wronged husband's long indignant ire.
So hid she at that shrine her hateful brow,
being of Greece and Troy, full well she knew,
the common curse. Then in my bosom rose
a blaze of wrath; methought I should avenge

my dying country, and with horrid deed
pay crime for crime. "Shall she return unscathed
to Sparta, to Mycenae's golden pride,
and have a royal triumph? Shall her eyes
her sire and sons, her hearth and husband see,
while Phrygian captives follow in her train?
is Priam murdered? Have the flames swept o'er
my native Troy? and cloth our Dardan strand
sweat o'er and o'er with sanguinary dew?
O, not thus unavenged! For though there be
no glory if I smite a woman's crime,
nor conqueror's fame for such a victory won,
yet if I blot this monster out, and wring
full punishment from guilt, the time to come
will praise me, and sweet pleasure it will be
to glut my soul with vengeance and appease
the ashes of my kindred." So I raved,
and to such frenzied purpose gave my soul.
Then with clear vision (never had I seen
her presence so unclouded) I beheld,
in golden beams that pierced the midnight gloom,
my gracious mother, visibly divine,
and with that mien of majesty she wears
when seen in heaven; she stayed me with her hand,
and from her lips of rose this counsel gave:
"O son, what sorrow stirs thy boundless rage?
what madness this? Or whither vanisheth
thy love of me? Wilt thou not seek to know
where bides Anchises, thy abandoned sire,
now weak with age? or if Creusa lives
and young Ascanius, who are ringed about
with ranks of Grecian foes, and long ere this —
save that my love can shield them and defend —
had fallen on flame or fed some hungry sword?
Not Helen's hated beauty works thee woe;
nor Paris, oft-accused. The cruelty
of gods, of gods unaided, overwhelms

thy country's power, and from its lofty height
casts Ilium down. Behold, I take away
the barrier-cloud that dims thy mortal eye,
with murk and mist o'er-veiling. Fear not thou
to heed thy mother's word, nor let thy heart
refuse obedience to her counsel given.
'Mid yonder trembling ruins, where thou see'st
stone torn from stone, with dust and smoke uprolling,
't is Neptune strikes the wall; his trident vast
makes her foundation tremble, and unseats
the city from her throne. Fierce Juno leads
resistless onset at the Scaean gate,
and summons from the ships the league of powers,
wearing her wrathful sword. On yonder height
behold Tritonia in the citadel
clothed with the lightning and her Gorgon-shield!
Unto the Greeks great Jove himself renews
their courage and their power; 't is he thrusts on
the gods themselves against the Trojan arms.
Fly, O my son! The war's wild work give o'er!
I will be always nigh and set thee safe
upon thy father's threshold." Having said,
she fled upon the viewless night away.
Then loomed o'er Troy the apparition vast
of her dread foes divine; I seemed to see
all Ilium sink in fire, and sacred Troy,
of Neptune's building, utterly o'erthrown.
So some huge ash-tree on the mountain's brow
(when rival woodmen, heaving stroke on stroke
of two-edged axes, haste to cast her down)
sways ominously her trembling, leafy top,
and drops her smitten head; till by her wounds
vanquished at last, she makes her dying groan,
and falls in loud wreck from the cliffs upturn.
I left the citadel; and, led by Heaven,
threaded the maze of deadly foes and fires,
through spears that glanced aside and flames that fell.

Soon came I to my father's ancient seat,
our home and heritage. But lo! my sire
(whom first of all I sought, and first would bear
to safe asylum in the distant hills)
vowed he could never, after fallen Troy,
live longer on, or bear an exile's woe.
"O you," he cried, "whose blood not yet betrays
the cruel taint of time, whose powers be still
unpropped and undecayed, go, take your flight.
If heavenly wrath had willed my life to spare,
this dwelling had been safe. It is too much
that I have watched one wreck, and for too long
outlived my vanquished country. Thus, O, thus!
Compose these limbs for death, and say farewell.
My own hand will procure it; or my foe
will end me of mere pity, and for spoil
will strip me bare. It is an easy loss
to have no grave. For many a year gone by,
accursed of Heaven, I tarry in this world
a useless burden, since that fatal hour
when Jove, of gods the Sire and men the King,
his lightnings o'er me breathed and blasting fire."
Such fixed resolve he uttered o'er and o'er,
and would not yield, though with my tears did join
my spouse Creusa, fair Ascanius,
and our whole house, imploring the gray sire
not with himself to ruin all, nor add
yet heavier burdens to our crushing doom.
He still cried, "No!" and clung to where he sat
and to the same dread purpose. I once more
back to the fight would speed. For death alone
I made my wretched prayer. What space was left
for wisdom now? What chance or hope was given?
"Didst thou, dear father, dream that I could fly
sundered from thee? Did such an infamy
fall from a father's lips? If Heaven's decree
will of this mighty nation not let live

a single soul, if thine own purpose be
to cast thyself and thy posterity
into thy country's grave, behold, the door
is open to thy death! Lo, Pyrrhus comes
red-handed from King Priam! He has slain
a son before a father's eyes, and spilt
a father's blood upon his own hearthstone.
Was it for this, O heavenly mother mine,
that thou hast brought me safe through sword and fire?
that I might see these altars desecrate
by their worst foes? that I might look upon
my sire, my wife, and sweet Ascanius
dead at my feet in one another's blood?
To arms, my men, to arms! The hour of death
now beckons to the vanquished. Let me go
whither the Greeks are gathered; let me stand
where oft revives the flagging stroke of war:
Not all of us die unavenged this day!"

I clasped my sword-belt round me once again,
fitted my left arm to my shield, and turned
to fly the house; but at the threshold clung
Creusa to my knees, and lifted up
Iulus to his father's arms. "If thou
wouldst rush on death," she cried, "O, suffer us
to share thy perils with thee to the end.
But if this day's work bid thee trust a sword,
defend thy hearthstone first. Who else shall guard
thy babe Iulus, or thy reverend sire?
Or me, thy wife that was — what help have I?"

So rang the roof-top with her piteous cries:
but lo! a portent wonderful to see
on sudden rose; for while his parents' grief
held the boy close in arm and full in view,
there seemed upon Iulus' head to glow
a flickering peak of fire; the tongue of flame
innocuous o'er his clustering tresses played,
and hovered round his brows. We, horror-struck,

grasped at his burning hair, and sprinkled him,
to quench that holy and auspicious fire.
then sire Anchises with exultant eyes
looked heavenward, and lifted to the stars
his voice and outstretched hands. "Almighty Jove,
if aught of prayer may move thee, let thy grace
now visit us! O, hear this holy vow!
And if for service at thine altars done,
we aught can claim, O Father, lend us aid,
and ratify the omen thou hast given!"
Scarce ceased his aged voice, when suddenly
from leftward, with a deafening thunder-peal,
cleaving the blackness of the vaulted sky,
a meteor-star in trailing splendor ran,
exceeding bright. We watched it glide sublime
o'er tower and town, until its radiant beam
in forest-mantled Ida died away;
but left a furrow on its track in air,
a glittering, long line, while far and wide
the sulphurous fume and exhalation flowed.
My father strove not now; but lifted him
in prayer to all the gods, in holy awe
of that auspicious star, and thus exclaimed:
"Tarry no moment more! Behold, I come!
Whitherso'er ye lead, my steps obey.
Gods of my fathers, O, preserve our name!
Preserve my son, and his! This augury
is yours; and Troy on your sole strength relies.
I yield, dear son; I journey at thy side."
He spoke; and higher o'er the blazing walls
leaped the loud fire, while ever nearer drew
the rolling surges of tumultuous flame.
"Haste, father, on these bending shoulders climb!
This back is ready, and the burden light;
one peril smites us both, whate'er befall;
one rescue both shall find. Close at my side
let young Iulus run, while, not too nigh,

my wife Creusa heeds what way we go.
Ye servants of our house, give ear, I pray,
to my command. Outside the city's gates
lies a low mound and long since ruined fane
to Ceres vowed; a cypress, ancient shade
o'erhangs it, which our fathers' pious care
protected year by year; by various paths
be that our meeting-place. But in thy hands
bring, sire, our household gods, and sanctifies:
for me to touch, who come this very hour
from battle and the fresh blood of the slain,
were but abomination, till what time
in living waters I shall make me clean."
So saying, I bowed my neck and shoulders broad,
o'erspread me with a lion's tawny skin,
and lifted up my load. Close at my side
little Iulus twined his hand in mine
and followed, with unequal step, his sire.
My wife at distance came. We hastened on,
creeping through shadows; I, who once had viewed
undaunted every instrument of war
and all the gathered Greeks in grim array,
now shook at every gust, and heard all sounds
with fevered trepidation, fearing both
for him I bore and him who clasped my hand.
Now near the gates I drew, and deemed our flight
safely at end, when suddenly I heard
the sounding tread of many warriors
that seemed hard-by, while through the murky night
my father peered, and shouted, "O my son,
away, away! for surely all our foes
are here upon us, and my eyes behold
the glance of glittering shields and flash of arms."
O, then some evil-working, nameless god
clouded my senses quite: for while I sped
along our pathless way, and left behind
all paths and regions known — O wretched me! —

Creusa on some dark disaster fell;
she stopped, or wandered, or sank down undone, —
I never knew what way, — and nevermore
I looked on her alive. Yet knew I not
my loss, nor backward turned a look or thought,
till by that hallowed hill to Ceres vowed
we gathered all, — and she alone came not,
while husband, friends, and son made search in vain.
What god, what man, did not my grief accuse
in frenzied word? In all the ruined land
what worse woe had I seen? Entrusting then
my sire, my son, and all the Teucrian gods
to the deep shadows of a slanting vale
where my allies kept guard, I tried me back
to that doomed town, re-girt in glittering arms.
Resolved was I all hazards to renew,
all Troy to re-explore, and once again
offer my life to perils without end.
The walls and gloomy gates whence forth I came
I first revisit, and retrace my way,
searching the night once more. On all sides round
horror spread wide; the very silence breathed
a terror on my soul. I hastened then
back to my fallen home, if haply there
her feet had strayed; but the invading Greeks
were its possessors, though the hungry fire
was blown along the roof-tree, and the flames
rolled raging upward on the fitful gale.
To Priam's house I haste, and climb once more
the citadel; in Juno's temple there,
the chosen guardians of her wasted halls,
Phoenix and dread Ulysses watched the spoil.
Here, snatched away from many a burning fane,
Troy's treasures lay, — rich tables for the gods,
thick bowls of messy gold, and vestures rare,
confusedly heaped up, while round the pile
fair youths and trembling virgins stood forlorn.

Yet oft my voice rang dauntless through the gloom,
from street to street I cried with anguish vain;
and on Creusa piteously calling,
woke the lamenting echoes o'er and o'er.
While on this quest I roamed the city through,
of reason reft there rose upon my sight —
O shape of sorrow! — my Creusa's ghost,
hers truly, though a loftier port it wore.
I quailed, my hair rose, and I gasped for fear;
but thus she spoke, and soothed my grief away:
"Why to these frenzied sorrows bend thy soul,
O husband ever dear! The will of Heaven
hath brought all this to pass. Fate doth not send
Creusa the long journeys thou shalt take,
or hath th' Olympian King so given decree.
Long is thy banishment; thy ship must plough
the vast, far-spreading sea. Then shalt thou come
unto Hesperia, whose fruitful plains
are watered by the Tiber, Lydian stream,
of smooth, benignant Bow. Thou shalt obtain
fair fortunes, and a throne and royal bride.
For thy beloved Creusa weep no more!
No Myrmidon's proud palace waits me now;
Dolopian shall not scorn, nor Argive dames
command a slave of Dardan's royal stem
and wife to Venus' son. On these loved shores
the Mother of the Gods compels my stay.
Farewell! farewell! O, cherish evermore
thy son and mine!" Her utterance scarce had ceased,
when, as I strove through tears to make reply,
she left me, and dissolved in empty air.
Thrice would my frustrate arms her form enfold;
thrice from the clasp of hand that vision fled,
like wafted winds and like a fleeting dream.
The night had passed, and to my friends once more
I made my way, much wondering to find
a mighty multitude assembled there

of friends new-come, — matrons and men-at-arms,
and youth for exile bound, — a doleful throng.
From far and near they drew, their hearts prepared
and their possessions gathered, to sail forth
to lands unknown, wherever o'er the wave
I bade them follow. Now above the crest
of loftiest Ida rose the morning-star,
chief in the front of day. The Greeks held fast
the captive gates of Troy. No help or hope
was ours any more. Then, yielding all,
and lifting once again my aged sire,
for refuge to the distant hills I fled.

BOOK III

When Asia's power and Priam's race and throne,
though guiltless, were cast down by Heaven's decree,
when Ilium proud had fallen, and Neptune's Troy
in smouldering ash lay level with the ground,
to wandering exile then and regions wild
the gods by many an augury and sign
compelled us forth. We fashioned us a fleet
within Antander's haven, in the shade
of Phrygian Ida's peak (though knowing not
whither our fate would drive, or where afford
a resting-place at last), and my small band
of warriors I arrayed. As soon as smiled
the light of summer's prime, my reverend sire
Anchises bade us on the winds of Fate
to spread all sail. Through tears I saw recede
my native shore, the haven and the plains
where once was Troy. An exile on the seas,
with son and followers and household shrines,
and Troy's great guardian-gods, I took my way.
There is a far-off land where warriors breed,
where Thracians till the boundless plains, and where
the cruel-eyed Lycurgus once was king.
Troy's old ally it was, its deities
had brotherhood with ours before our fall.
Thither I fared, and on its winding shores
set my first walls, though partial Fate opposed
our entrance there. In memory of my name
I called its people the Aeneadae.
Unto Dione's daughter, and all gods
who blessed our young emprise, due gifts were paid;
and unto the supreme celestial King
I slew a fair white bull beside the sea.
But haply near my place of sacrifice
a mound was seen, and on the summit grew

a copse of corner and a myrtle tree,
with spear-like limbs outbranched on every side.
This I approached, and tried to rend away
from its deep roots that grove of gloomy green,
and dress my altars in its leafy boughs.
But, horrible to tell, a prodigy
smote my astonished eyes: for the first tree,
which from the earth with broken roots I drew,
dripped black with bloody drops, and gave the ground
dark stains of gore. Cold horror shook my frame,
and every vein within me froze for fear.
Once more I tried from yet another stock
the pliant stem to tear, and to explore
the mystery within, — but yet again
the foul bark oozed with clots of blackest gore!
From my deep-shaken soul I made a prayer
to all the woodland nymphs and to divine
Gradivus, patron of the Thracian plain,
to bless this sight, to lift its curse away.
But when at a third sheaf of myrtle spears
I fell upon my knees, and tugged amain
against the adverse ground (I dread to tell!),
a moaning and a wail from that deep grave
burst forth and murmured in my listening ear:
“Why wound me, great Aeneas, in my woe?
O, spare the dead, nor let thy holy hands
do sacrilege and sin! I, Trojan-born,
was kin of thine. This blood is not of trees.
Haste from this murderous shore, this land of greed.
O, I am Polydorus! Haste away!
Here was I pierced; a crop of iron spears
has grown up o’er my breast, and multiplied
to all these deadly javelins, keen and strong.”
Then stood I, burdened with dark doubt and fear
I quailed, my hair rose and my utterance choked.
For once this Polydorus, with much gold,
ill-fated Priam sent by stealth away

for nurture with the Thracian king, what time
Dardania's war looked hopeless, and her towers
were ringed about by unrelenting siege.
That king, when Ilium's cause was ebbing low,
and fortune frowned, gave o'er his plighted faith
to Agamemnon's might and victory;
he scorned all honor and did murder foul
on Polydorus, seizing lawlessly
on all the gold. O, whither at thy will,
curst greed of gold, may mortal hearts be driven?
Soon as my shuddering ceased, I told this tale
of prodigies before the people's chiefs,
who sat in conclave with my kingly sire,
and bade them speak their reverend counsel forth.
All found one voice; to leave that land of sin,
where foul abomination had profaned
a stranger's right; and once more to resign
our fleet unto the tempest and the wave.
But fit and solemn funeral rites were paid
to Polydorus. A high mound we reared
of heaped-up earth, and to his honored shade
built a perpetual altar, sadly dressed
in cypress dark and purple pall of woe.
Our Ilian women wailed with loosened hair;
new milk was sprinkled from a foaming cup,
and from the shallow bowl fresh blood out-poured
upon the sacred ground. So in its tomb
we laid his ghost to rest, and loudly sang,
with prayer for peace, the long, the last farewell.
After these things, when first the friendly sea
looked safe and fair, and o'er its tranquil plain
light-whispering breezes bade us launch away,
my men drew down our galleys to the brine,
thronging the shore. Soon out of port we ran,
and watched the hills and cities fading far.
There is a sacred island in mid-seas,
to fruitful Doris and to Neptune dear,

which grateful Phoebus, wielder of the bow,
the while it drifted loose from land to land,
chained firmly where the crags of Gyaros
and Myconos uptower, and bade it rest
immovable, in scorn of wind and wave.
Thither I sped; by this my weary ships
found undisturbed retreat and haven fair.
To land we came and saw with reverent eyes
Apollo's citadel. King Anius,
his people's king, and priest at Phoebus' fane,
came forth to meet us, wearing on his brow
the fillets and a holy laurel crown.
Unto Anchises he gave greeting kind,
claimed old acquaintance, grasped us by the hand,
and bade us both his roof and welcome share.
Then, kneeling at the shrine of time-worn stone:
"Thou who at Thymbra on the Trojan shore
hast often blessed my prayer, O, give to me
a hearth and home, and to this war-worn band
defensive towers and offspring multiplied
in an abiding city; give to Troy
a second citadel, that shall survive
Achilles' wrath and all our Argive foe.
Whom shall we follow? Whither lies our way?
Where wilt thou grant us an abiding-place?
Send forth, O King, thy voice oracular,
and on our spirits move." Scarce had I spoke
when sudden trembling through the laurels ran
and smote the holy portals; far and wide
the mighty ridges of the mountain shook,
and from the opening shrine the tripod moaned.
Prostrate to earth we fall, as on our ears
this utterance breaks: "O breed of iron men,
ye sons of Dardanus! the self-same land
where bloomed at first your far-descended stem
shall to its bounteous bosom draw ye home.
Seek out your ancient Mother! There at last

Aeneas' race shall reign on every shore,
and his sons' sons, and all their house to be."
So Phoebus spoke; and mighty joy uprose
from all my thronging people, who would know
where Phoebus' city lay, and whitherward
the god ordained the wandering tribe's return.
Then spake my father, pondering olden days
and sacred memories of heroes gone:
"Hear, chiefs and princes, what your hopes shall be!
The Isle of Crete, abode of lofty Jove,
rests in the middle sea. Thence Ida soars;
there is the cradle of our race. It boasts
a hundred cities, seats of fruitful power.
Thence our chief sire, if duly I recall
the olden tale, King Teucer sprung, who first
touched on the Trojan shore, and chose his seat
of kingly power. There was no Ilium then
nor towered Pergama; in lowly vales
their dwelling; hence the ancient worship given
to the Protectress of Mount Cybele,
mother of Gods, what time in Ida's grove
the brazen Corybantic cymbals clang,
or sacred silence guards her mystery,
and lions yoked her royal chariot draw.
Up, then, and follow the behests divine!
Pour offering to the winds, and point your keels
unto that realm of Minos. It is near.
if Jove but bless, the third day's dawn should see
our ships at Cretan land." So, having said,
he slew the victims for each altar's praise.
A bull to Neptune, and a bull to thee,
o beauteous Apollo! A black lamb
unto the clouds and storms; but fleece of snow
to the mild zephyrs was our offering.
The tale was told us that Idomeneus,
from his hereditary kindgom driven,
had left his Crete abandoned, that no foe

now harbored there, but all its dwellings lay
untenanted of man. So forth we sailed
out of the port of Delos, and sped far
along the main. The maenad-haunted hills
of Naxos came in view; the ridges green
of fair Donysa, with Olearos,
and Paros, gleaming white, and Cyclades
scattered among the waves, as close we ran
where thick-strewn islands vex the channelled seas
with rival shout the sailors cheerly called:
“On, comrades! On, to Crete and to our sires!”
Freely behind us blew the friendly winds,
and gave smooth passage to that fabled shore,
the land of the Curetes, friends of Jove.
There eagerly I labored at the walls
of our long-prayed-for city; and its name
was Pergamea; to my Trojan band,
pleased with such name, I gave command to build
altar and hearth, and raise the lofty tower.
But scarce the ships were beached along the strand
(While o’er the isle my busy mariners
ploughed in new fields and took them wives once more, —
I giving homes and laws) when suddenly
a pestilence from some infectious sky
seized on man’s flesh, and horribly exhaled
o’er trees and crops a fatal year of plague.
Some breathed their last, while others weak and worn
lived on; the dog-star parched the barren fields;
grass withered, and the sickly, mouldering corn
refused us life. My aged father then
bade us re-cross the waves and re-implore
Apollo’s mercy at his island shrine;
if haply of our weariness and woe
he might vouchsafe the end, or bid us find
help for our task, or guidance o’er the sea.
‘T was night, and sleep possessed all breathing things;
when, lo! the sacred effigies divine,

the Phrygian gods which through the flames I bore
from fallen Troy, seemed in a vision clear
to stand before me where I slumbering lay,
bathed in bright beams which from the moon at full
streamed through the latticed wall: and thus they spoke
to soothe my care away. "Apollo's word,
which in far Delos the god meant for thee,
is uttered here. Behold, he sends ourselves
to this thy house, before thy prayer is made.
We from Troy's ashes have companioned thee
in every fight; and we the swollen seas,
guided by thee, in thine own ships have crossed;
our power divine shall set among the stars
thy seed to be, and to thy city give
dominion evermore. For mighty men
go build its mighty walls! Seek not to shun
the hard, long labors of an exile's way.
Change this abode! Not thine this Cretan shore,
nor here would Delian Phoebus have thee bide.
There is a land the roving Greeks have named
Hesperia. It is a storied realm
made mighty by great wars and fruitful land.
Oenotrians had it, and their sons, 't is said,
have called it Italy, a chieftain's name
to a whole region given. That land alone
our true abode can be; for Dardanus
was cradled there, and old Iasius,
their blood the oldest of our ancient line.
Arise! go forth and cheer thy father gray
with the glad tidings! Bid him doubt no more!
Ausonia seek and Corythus; for Jove
denies this Cretan realm to thine and thee."
I marvelled at the heavenly presences
so vocal and so bright, for 't was not sleep;
but face to face I deemed I could discern
each countenance august and holy brow,
each mantled head; and from my body ran

cold sweat of awe. From my low couch I sprang,
lifting to heaven my suppliant hands and prayer,
and o'er my hearth poured forth libations free.
After th' auspicious offering, I told
Anchises the whole tale in order due.
He owned our stock two-branched, of our great sires
the twofold line, and that his thought had strayed,
in new confusion mingling ancient names;
then spoke: "O son, in Ilium's doom severe
afflicted ever! To my ears alone
this dark vicissitude Cassandra sang.
I mind me now that her wild tongue foretold
such destiny. For oft she called aloud
'Hesperia!' oft 'Italia's kingdom!' called.
But who had faith that Teucer's sons should come
to far Hesperia? What mortal ear
gave heed to sad Cassandra's voice divine?
Now Phoebus speaks. Obedient let us be,
and, warned by him, our happier lot pursue!"
He spoke: with heart of hope we all obeyed;
again we changed abode; and, leaving there
a feeble few, again with spreading sails
we coursed in hollow ship the spacious sea.
When from the deep the shores had faded far,
and only sky and sea were round our way,
full in the zenith hung a purple cloud,
storm-laden, dark as night, and every wave
grew black and angry, while perpetual gales
came rolling o'er the main, and mountain-high
the wreckful surges rose; our ships were hurled
wide o'er the whirling waters; thunder-clouds
and misty murk of night made end of all
the light of heaven, save where the rifted storm
flashed with the oft-reiterate shaft of Jove.
Then went we drifting, beaten from our course,
upon a trackless sea. Not even the eyes
of Palinurus could tell night from noon

or ken our way. Three days of blinding dark,
three nights without a star, we roved the seas;
The fourth, land seemed to rise. Far distant hills
and rolling smoke we saw. Down came our sails,
out flew the oars, and with prompt stroke the crews
swept the dark waves and tossed the crested foam.
From such sea-peril safe, I made the shores
of Strophades, — a name the Grecians gave
to islands in the broad Ionic main, —
the Strophades, where dread Celaeno bides,
with other Harpies, who had quit the halls
of stricken Phineus, and for very fear
fled from the routed feast; no prodigy
more vile than these, nor plague more pitiless
ere rose by wrath divine from Stygian wave;
birds seem they, but with face like woman-kind;
foul-flowing bellies, hands with crooked claws,
and ghastly lips they have, with hunger pale.
Scarce had we made the haven, when, behold!
Fair herds of cattle roaming a wide plain,
and horned goats, untended, feeding free
in pastures green, surprised our happy eyes.
with eager blades we ran to take and slay,
asking of every god, and chiefly Jove,
to share the welcome prize: we ranged a feast,
with turf-built couches and a banquet-board
along the curving strand. But in a trice,
down from the high hills swooping horribly,
the Harpies loudly shrieking, flapped their wings,
snatched at our meats, and with infectious touch
polluted all; infernal was their cry,
the stench most vile. Once more in covert far
beneath a caverned rock, and close concealed
with trees and branching shade, we raised aloft
our tables, altars, and rekindled fires.
Once more from haunts unknown the clamorous flock
from every quarter flew, and seized its prey

with taloned feet and carrion lip most foul.
I called my mates to arms and opened war
on that accursed brood. My band obeyed;
and, hiding in deep grass their swords and shields,
in ambush lay. But presently the foe
swept o'er the winding shore with loud alarm :
then from a sentry-crag, Misenus blew
a signal on his hollow horn. My men
flew to the combat strange, and fain would wound
with martial steel those foul birds of the sea;
but on their sides no wounding blade could fall,
nor any plume be marred. In swiftest flight
to starry skies they soared, and left on earth
their half-gnawed, stolen feast, and footprints foul.
Celaeno only on a beetling crag
took lofty perch, and, prophetess of ill,
shrieked malediction from her vulture breast:
"Because of slaughtered kine and ravished herd,
sons of Laomedon, have ye made war?
And will ye from their rightful kingdom drive
the guiltless Harpies? Hear, O, hear my word
(Long in your bosoms may it rankle sore!)
which Jove omnipotent to Phoebus gave,
Phoebus to me: a word of doom, which I,
the Furies' elder sister, here unfold:
'To Italy ye fare. The willing winds
your call have heard; and ye shall have your prayer
in some Italian haven safely moored.
But never shall ye rear the circling walls
of your own city, till for this our blood
by you unjustly spilt, your famished jaws
bite at your tables, aye, — and half devour.'"
She spoke: her pinions bore her to the grove,
and she was seen no more. But all my band
shuddered with shock of fear in each cold vein;
their drooping spirits trusted swords no more,
but turned to prayers and offerings, asking grace,

scarce knowing if those creatures were divine,
or but vast birds, ill-omened and unclean.
Father Anchises to the gods in heaven
uplifted suppliant hands, and on that shore
due ritual made, crying aloud; "Ye gods
avert this curse, this evil turn away!
Smile, Heaven, upon your faithful votaries."
Then bade he launch away, the chain undo,
set every cable free and spread all sail.
O'er the white waves we flew, and took our way
where'er the helmsman or the winds could guide.
Now forest-clad Zacynthus met our gaze,
engirdled by the waves; Dulichium,
same, and Neritos, a rocky steep,
uprose. We passed the cliffs of Ithaca
that called Laertes king, and flung our curse
on fierce Ulysses' hearth and native land.
nigh hoar Leucate's clouded crest we drew,
where Phoebus' temple, feared by mariners,
loomed o'er us; thitherward we steered and reached
the little port and town. Our weary fleet
dropped anchor, and lay beached along the strand.
So, safe at land, our hopeless peril past,
we offered thanks to Jove, and kindled high
his altars with our feast and sacrifice;
then, gathering on Actium's holy shore,
made fair solemnities of pomp and game.
My youth, anointing their smooth, naked limbs,
wrestled our wonted way. For glad were we,
who past so many isles of Greece had sped
and 'scaped our circling foes. Now had the sun
rolled through the year's full circle, and the waves
were rough with icy winter's northern gales.
I hung for trophy on that temple door
a swelling shield of brass (which once was worn
by mighty Abas) graven with this line:
SPOIL OF AENEAS FROM TRIUMPHANT FOES.

Then from that haven I command them forth;
my good crews take the thwarts, smiting the sea
with rival strokes, and skim the level main.
Soon sank Phaeacia's wind-swept citadels
out of our view; we skirted the bold shores
of proud Epirus, in Chaonian land,
and made Buthrotum's port and towering town.
Here wondrous tidings met us, that the son
of Priam, Helenus, held kingly sway
o'er many Argive cities, having wed
the Queen of Pyrrhus, great Achilles' son,
and gained his throne; and that Andromache
once more was wife unto a kindred lord.
Amazement held me; all my bosom burned
to see the hero's face and hear this tale
of strange vicissitude. So up I climbed,
leaving the haven, fleet, and friendly shore.
That self-same hour outside the city walls,
within a grove where flowed the mimic stream
of a new Simois, Andromache,
with offerings to the dead, and gifts of woe,
poured forth libation, and invoked the shade
of Hector, at a tomb which her fond grief
had consecrated to perpetual tears,
though void; a mound of fair green turf it stood,
and near it rose twin altars to his name.
She saw me drawing near; our Trojan helms
met her bewildered eyes, and, terror-struck
at the portentous sight, she swooning fell
and lay cold, rigid, lifeless, till at last,
scarce finding voice, her lips addressed me thus :
"Have I true vision? Bringest thou the word
Of truth, O goddess-born? Art still in flesh?
Or if sweet light be fled, my Hector, where?"
With flood of tears she spoke, and all the grove
reechoed to her cry. Scarce could I frame
brief answer to her passion, but replied

with broken voice and accents faltering:
“I live, ‘t is true. I lengthen out my days
through many a desperate strait. But O, believe
that what thine eyes behold is vision true.
Alas! what lot is thine, that wert unthroned
from such a husband’s side? What after-fate
could give thee honor due? Andromache,
once Hector’s wife, is Pyrrhus still thy lord?”
With drooping brows and lowly voice she cried :
“O, happy only was that virgin blest,
daughter of Priam, summoned forth to die
in sight of Ilium, on a foeman’s tomb!
No casting of the lot her doom decreed,
nor came she to her conqueror’s couch a slave.
Myself from burning Ilium carried far
o’er seas and seas, endured the swollen pride
of that young scion of Achilles’ race,
and bore him as his slave a son. When he
sued for Hermione, of Leda’s line,
and nuptial-bond with Lacedaemon’s Iords,
I, the slave-wife, to Helenus was given,
and slave was wed with slave. But afterward
Orestes, crazed by loss of her he loved,
and ever fury-driven from crime to crime,
crept upon Pyrrhus in a careless hour
and murdered him upon his own hearth-stone.
Part of the realm of Neoptolemus
fell thus to Helenus, who called his lands
Chaonian, and in Trojan Chaon’s name
his kingdom is Chaonia. Yonder height
is Pergamus, our Ilian citadel.
What power divine did waft thee to our shore,
not knowing whither? Tell me of the boy
Ascanius! Still breathes he earthly air?
In Troy she bore him — is he mourning still
that mother ravished from his childhood’s eyes?
what ancient valor stirs the manly soul

of thine own son, of Hector's sister's child?"
Thus poured she forth full many a doleful word
with unavailing tears. But as she ceased,
out of the city gates appeared the son
of Priam, Helenus, with princely train.
He welcomed us as kin, and glad at heart
gave guidance to his house, though oft his words
fell faltering and few, with many a tear.
Soon to a humbler Troy I lift my eyes,
and of a mightier Pergamus discern
the towering semblance; there a scanty stream
runs on in Xanthus' name, and my glad arms
the pillars of a Scaean gate embrace.
My Teucrian mariners with welcome free
enjoyed the friendly town; his ample halls
our royal host threw wide; full wine-cups flowed
within the palace; golden feast was spread,
and many a goblet quaffed. Day followed day,
while favoring breezes beckoned us to sea,
and swelled the waiting canvas as they blew.
Then to the prophet-priest I made this prayer:
"Offspring of Troy, interpreter of Heaven!
Who knowest Phoebus' power, and readest well
the tripod, stars, and vocal laurel leaves
to Phoebus dear, who know'st of every bird
the ominous swift wing or boding song,
o, speak! For all my course good omens showed,
and every god admonished me to sail
in quest of Italy's far-distant shores;
but lone Celaeno, heralding strange woe,
foretold prodigious horror, vengeance dark,
and vile, unnatural hunger. How elude
such perils? Or by what hard duty done
may such huge host of evils vanquished be?"
Then Helenus, with sacrifice of kine
in order due, implored the grace of Heaven,
unloosed the fillets from his sacred brow,

and led me, Phoebus, to thy temple's door,
awed by th' o'er-brooding godhead, whose true priest,
with lips inspired, made this prophetic song:
"O goddess-born, indubitably shines
the blessing of great gods upon thy path
across the sea; the heavenly King supreme
thy destiny ordains; 't is he unfolds
the grand vicissitude, which now pursues
a course immutable. I will declare
of thy large fate a certain bounded part;
that fearless thou may'st view the friendly sea,
and in Ausonia's haven at the last
find thee a fixed abode. Than this no more
the Sister Fates to Helenus unveil,
and Juno, Saturn's daughter, grants no more.
First, that Italia (which nigh at hand
thou deemest, and wouldst fondly enter in
by yonder neighboring bays) lies distant far
o'er trackless course and long, with interval
of far-extended lands. Thine oars must ply
the waves of Sicily; thy fleet must cleave
the large expanse of that Ausonian brine;
the waters of Avernus thou shalt see,
and that enchanted island where abides
Aeaeon Circe, ere on tranquil shore
thou mayest plant thy nation. Lo! a sign
I tell thee; hide this wonder in thy heart:
Beside a certain stream's sequestered wave,
thy troubled eyes, in shadowy flex grove
that fringes on the river, shall descry
a milk-white, monstrous sow, with teeming brood
of thirty young, new littered, white like her,
all clustering at her teats, as prone she lies.
There is thy city's safe, predestined ground,
and there thy labors' end. Vex not thy heart
about those 'tables bitten', for kind fate
thy path will show, and Phoebus bless thy prayer.

But from these lands and yon Italian shore,
where from this sea of ours the tide sweeps in,
escape and flee, for all its cities hold
pernicious Greeks, thy foes: the Locri there
have builded walls; the wide Sallentine fields
are filled with soldiers of Idomeneus;
there Meliboean Philoctetes' town,
petilia, towers above its little wall.
Yea, even when thy fleet has crossed the main,
and from new altars built along the shore
thy vows to Heaven are paid, throw o'er thy head
a purple mantle, veiling well thy brows,
lest, while the sacrificial fire ascends
in offering to the gods, thine eye behold
some face of foe, and every omen fail.
Let all thy people keep this custom due,
and thou thyself be faithful; let thy seed
forever thus th' immaculate rite maintain.
After departing hence, thou shalt be blown
toward Sicily, and strait Pelorus' bounds
will open wide. Then take the leftward way:
those leftward waters in long circuit sweep,
far from that billowy coast, the opposing side.
These regions, so they tell, in ages gone
by huge and violent convulsion riven
(Such mutability is wrought by time),
sprang wide asunder; where the doubled strand
sole and continuous lay, the sea's vast power
burst in between, and bade its waves divide
Hesperia's bosom from fair Sicily,
while with a straitened firth it interflowed
their fields and cities sundered shore from shore.
The right side Scylla keeps; the left is given
to pitiless Charybdis, who draws down
to the wild whirling of her steep abyss
the monster waves, and ever and anon
flings them at heaven, to lash the tranquil stars.

But Scylla, prisoned in her eyeless cave,
thrusts forth her face, and pulls upon the rocks
ship after ship; the parts that first be seen
are human; a fair-breasted virgin she,
down to the womb; but all that lurks below
is a huge-membered fish, where strangely join
the flukes of dolphins and the paunch of wolves.
Better by far to round the distant goal
of the Trinacrian headlands, veering wide
from thy true course, than ever thou shouldst see
that shapeless Scylla in her vaulted cave,
where grim rocks echo her dark sea-dogs' roar.
Yea, more, if aught of prescience be bestowed
on Helenus, if trusted prophet he,
and Phoebus to his heart true voice have given,
o goddess-born, one counsel chief of all
I tell thee oft, and urge it o'er and o'er.
To Juno's godhead lift thy loudest prayer;
to Juno chant a fervent votive song,
and with obedient offering persuade
that potent Queen. So shalt thou, triumphing,
to Italy be sped, and leave behind
Trinacria. When wafted to that shore,
repair to Cumae's hill, and to the Lake
Avernus with its whispering grove divine.
There shalt thou see a frenzied prophetess,
who from beneath the hollow scarp'd crag
sings oracles, or characters on leaves
mysterious names. Whate'er the virgin writes,
on leaves inscribing the portentous song,
she sets in order, and conceals them well
in her deep cave, where they abide unchanged
in due array. Yet not a care has she,
if with some swinging hinge a breeze sweeps in,
to catch them as they whirl: if open door
disperse them flutterlig through the hollow rock,
she will not link their shifted sense anew,

nor re-invent her fragmentary song.
Oft her unanswered votaries depart,
scorning the Sibyl's shrine. But deem not thou
thy tarrying too long, whate'er thy stay.
Though thy companions chide, though winds of power
invite thy ship to sea, and well would speed
the swelling sail, yet to that Sibyl go.
Pray that her own lips may sing forth for thee
the oracles, uplifting her dread voice
in willing prophecy. Her rede shall tell
of Italy, its wars and tribes to be,
and of what way each burden and each woe
may be escaped, or borne. Her favoring aid
will grant swift, happy voyages to thy prayer.
Such counsels Heaven to my lips allows.
arise, begone! and by thy glorious deeds
set Troy among the stars!"

So spake the prophet with benignant voice.
Then gifts he bade be brought of heavy gold
and graven ivory, which to our ships
he bade us bear; each bark was loaded full
with messy silver and Dodona's pride
of brazen cauldrons; a cuirass he gave
of linked gold enwrought and triple chain;
a noble helmet, too, with flaming crest
and lofty cone, th' accoutrement erewhile
of Neoptolemus. My father too
had fit gifts from the King; whose bounty then
gave steeds and riders; and new gear was sent
to every sea-worn ship, while he supplied
seafarers, kit to all my loyal crews.
Anchises bade us speedily set sail,
nor lose a wind so fair; and answering him,
Apollo's priest made reverent adieu:
"Anchises, honored by the love sublime
of Venus, self and twice in safety borne
from falling Troy, chief care of kindly Heaven,

th' Ausonian shore is thine. Sail thitherward!
For thou art pre-ordained to travel far
o'er yonder seas; far in the distance lies
that region of Ausonia, Phoebus' voice
to thee made promise of. Onward, I say,
o blest in the exceeding loyal love
of thy dear son! Why keep thee longer now?
Why should my words yon gathering winds detain?"

Likewise Andromache in mournful guise
took last farewell, bringing embroidered robes
of golden woof; a princely Phrygian cloak
she gave Ascanius, vying with the King
in gifts of honor; and threw o'er the boy
the labors of her loom, with words like these:
"Accept these gifts, sweet youth, memorials
of me and my poor handicraft, to prove
th' undying friendship of Andromache,
once Hector's wife. Take these last offerings
of those who are thy kin — O thou that art
of my Astyanax in all this world
the only image! His thy lovely eyes!
Thy hands, thy lips, are even what he bore,
and like thy own his youthful bloom would be."

Thus I made answer, turning to depart
with rising tears: "Live on, and be ye blessed,
whose greatness is accomplished! As for me,
from change to change Fate summons, and I go;
but ye have won repose. No leagues of sea
await your cleaving keel. Not yours the quest
of fading Italy's delusive shore.

Here a new Xanthus and a second Troy
your labor fashioned and your eyes may see —
more blest, I trust, less tempting to our foes!
If e'er on Tiber and its bordering vales
I safely enter, and these eyes behold
our destined walls, then in fraternal bond
let our two nations live, whose mutual boast

is one Dardanian blood, one common story.
Epirus with Hesperia shall be
one Troy in heart and soul. But this remains
for our sons' sons the happy task and care."
Forth o'er the seas we sped and kept our course
nigh the Ceraunian headland, where begins
the short sea-passage unto Italy.
Soon sank the sun, while down the shadowed hills
stole deeper gloom; then making shore, we flung
our bodies on a dry, sea-bordering sand,
couched on earth's welcome breast; the oars were ranged
in order due; the tides of slumber dark
o'erflowed our lives. But scarce the chariot
of Night, on wings of swift, obedient Hours,
had touched the middle sky, when wakeful sprang
good Palinurus from his pillowed stone:
with hand at ear he caught each airy gust
and questioned of the winds; the gliding stars
he called by name, as onward they advanced
through the still heaven; Arcturus he beheld,
the Hyades, rain-bringers, the twin Bears,
and vast Orion girt in golden arms.
He blew a trumpet from his ship; our camp
stirred to the signal for embarking; soon
we rode the seas once more with swelling sail.
Scarce had Aurora's purple from the sky
warned off the stars, when lying very low
along th' horizon, the dimmed hills we saw
of Italy; Achates first gave cry
"Italia!" with answering shouts of joy,
my comrades' voices cried, "Italia, hail!"
Anchises, then, wreathed a great bowl with flowers
and filled with wine, invoking Heaven to bless,
and thus he prayed from our ship's lofty stern:
"O Iords of land and sea and every storm!
Breathe favoring breezes for our onward way!"
Fresh blew the prayed-for winds. A haven fair

soon widened near us; and its heights were crowned
by a Greek fane to Pallas. Yet my men
furled sail and shoreward veered the pointing prow.
the port receding from the orient wave
is curved into a bow; on either side
the jutting headlands toss the salt sea-foam
and hide the bay itself. Like double wall
the towered crags send down protecting arms,
while distant from the shore the temple stands.
Here on a green sward, the first omen given,
I saw four horses grazing through the field,
each white as snow. Father Anchises cried:
“Is war thy gift, O new and alien land?
Horses make war; of war these creatures bode.
Yet oft before the chariot of peace
their swift hoofs go, and on their necks they bear
th’ obedient yoke and rein. Therefore a hope
of peace is also ours.” Then we implored
Minerva’s mercy, at her sacred shrine,
the mail-clad goddess who gave welcome there;
and at an altar, mantling well our brows
the Phrygian way, as Helenus ordained,
we paid the honors his chief counsel urged,
with blameless rite, to Juno, Argive Queen.
No tarrying now, but after sacrifice
we twirled the sailyards and shook out all sail,
leaving the cities of the sons of Greece
and that distrusted land. Tarentum’s bay
soon smiled before us, town of Hercules,
if fame be true; opposing it uptowers
Lacinia’s headland unto Juno dear,
the heights of Caulon, and that sailors’ bane,
ship-shattering Scylaceum. Thence half seen,
trinacrian Aetna cleaves th’ horizon line;
we hear from far the crash of shouting seas,
where lifted billows leap the tide-swept sand.
Father Anchises cried: “‘T is none but she —

Charybdis! Helenus this reef foretold,
and rocks of dreadful name. O, fly, my men!
Rise like one man with long, strong sweep of oars!"

Not unobedient they! First Palinure
veered to the leftward wave the willing keel,
and sails and oars together leftward strove.
We shot to skyward on the arching surge,
then, as she sank, dropped deeper than the grave;
thrice bellowed the vast cliffs from vaulted wall;
thrice saw we spouted foam and showers of stars.
After these things both wind and sun did fail;
and weary, worn, not witting of our way,
we drifted shoreward to the Cyclops' land.

A spreading bay is there, impregnable
to all invading storms; and Aetna's throat
with roar of frightful ruin thunders nigh.
Now to the realm of light it lifts a cloud
of pitch-black, whirling smoke, and fiery dust,
shooting out globes of flame, with monster tongues
that lick the stars; now huge crags of itself,
out of the bowels of the mountain torn,
its maw disgorges, while the molten rock
rolls screaming skyward; from the nether deep
the fathomless abyss makes ebb and flow.

Enceladus, his body lightning-scarred,
lies prisoned under all, so runs the tale:
o'er him gigantic Aetna breathes in fire
from crack and seam; and if he haply turn
to change his wearied side, Trinacria's isle
trembles and moans, and thick fumes mantle heaven.

That night in screen and covert of a grove
we bore the dire convulsion, unaware
whence the loud horror came. For not a star
its lamp allowed, nor burned in upper sky
the constellated fires, but all was gloom,
and frowning night confined the moon in cloud.
When from the eastern waves the light of morn

began to peer, and from the upper sky
Aurora flamed away the dark and dew,
out of the forest sprang a startling shape
of hunger-wasted misery; a man
in wretched guise, who shoreward came with hands
outstretched in supplication. We turned back
and scanned him well. All grime and foulness he,
with long and tangled beard, his savage garb
fastened with thorns; but in all else he seemed
a Greek, and in his country's league of arms
sent to the siege of Troy. Then he beheld
the Dardan habit, and our Trojan steel,
he somewhat paused, as if in dread dismay
such sight to see, and falteringly moved;
but soon with headlong steps he sought the shore,
ejaculating broken sobs and prayers:

“By stars above! By gods on high! O, hear!
By this bright heavenly air we mortals breathe,
save me, sweet Trojans! Carry me away
unto what land ye will! I ask no more.

I came, I know it, in the ships of Greece;
and I did war, 't is true, with Ilium's gods.
O, if the crime deserve it, fling my corse
on yonder waves, and in the boundless brine
sink me forever! Give me in my death
the comfort that by human hands I die.”

He clasped our knees, and writhing on his own
clung fast. We bid him tell his race and name,
and by what fate pursued. Anchises gave
his own right hand in swift and generous aid,
and by prompt token cheered the exile's heart,
who, banishing his fears, poured forth this tale : —

“My home was Ithaca, and I partook
the fortunes of Ulysses evil-starred.

My name is Achemenides, my sire
was Adamastus, and I sailed for Troy,
being so poor, — O, that I ne'er had change

the lot I bore! In yon vast Cyclops' cave
my comrades, flying from its gruesome door,
left me behind, forgotten. 'T is a house
of gory feasts of flesh, 't is deep and dark,
and vaulted high. He looms as high as heaven;
I pray the blessed gods to rid the earth
of the vile monster! None can look on him,
none speak with him. He feeds on clotted gore
of disembowelled men. These very eyes
saw him seize two of our own company,
and, as he lolled back in the cave, he clutched
and dashed them on the stones, fouling the floor
with torrent of their blood; myself I saw him
crunch with his teeth the dripping, bloody limbs
still hot and pulsing on his hungry jaw.
But not without reward! For such a sight
Ulysses would not brook, and Ithaca
forgot not in such strait the name he bore.
For soon as, gorged with feasting and o'ercome
with drunken slumber, the foul giant lay
sprawled through the cave, his head dropped helpless down,
disgorging as he slept thick drool of gore
and gobbets drenched with bloody wine; then we,
calling on Heaven and taking place by lot,
drew round him like one man, and with a beam
sharpened at end bored out that monster eye,
which, huge and sole, lay under the grim brow,
round as an Argive shield or Phoebus' star.
Thus took we joyful vengeance for the shades
of our lost mates. But, O ill-fated men!
Fly, I implore, and cut the cables free
along the beach! For in the land abide,
like Polyphemus, who in hollow cave
kept fleecy sheep, and milked his fruitful ewes,
a hundred other, huge as he, who rove
wide o'er this winding shore and mountains fair:
Cyclops accursed, bestial! Thrice the moon

has filled her horns with light, while here I dwell
in lonely woods and lairs of creatures wild;
or from tall cliffs out-peering I discern
the Cyclops, and shrink shuddering from the sound
of their vast step and cry. My sorry fare
is berries and hard corners dropped from trees,
or herb-roots torn out from the niggard ground.
Though watching the whole sea, only today
Have I had sight of ships. To you I fled.
Whate'er ye be, it was my only prayer
to 'scape that monster brood. I ask no more.
O, set me free by any death ye will!"

He scarce had said, when moving o'er the crest
of a high hill a giant shape we saw:
that shepherd Polyphemus, with his flocks
down-wending to the well-known water-side;
huge, shapeless, horrible, with blinded eye,
bearing a lopped pine for a staff, he made
his footing sure, while the white, fleecy sheep,
sole pleasure now, and solace of his woes,
ran huddling at his side.

Soon to the vast flood of the level brine
he came, and washed the flowing gore away
from that out-hollowed eye; he gnashed his teeth,
groaning, and deep into the watery way
stalked on, his tall bulk wet by scarce a wave.
We fled in haste, though far, and with us bore
the truthful suppliant; cut silently
the anchor-ropes, and, bending to the oar,
swept on with eager strokes clean out to sea.

Aware he was, and toward our loud halloo
whirled sudden round; but when no power had he
to seize or harm, nor could his fierce pursuit
o'ertake the Ionian surges as they rolled,
he raised a cry incredible; the sea
with all its billows trembled; the wide shore
of Italy from glens and gorges moaned,

and Aetna roared from every vaulted cave.
Then rallied from the grove-clad, lofty isle
the Cyclops' clan, and lined the beach and bay.
We saw each lonely eyeball glare in vain,
as side by side those brothers Aetna-born
stood towering high, a conclave dark and dire:
as when, far up some mountain's famous crest,
wind-fronting oaks or cone-clad cypresses
have made assembling in the solemn hills,
Jove's giant wood or Dian's sacred grove.
We, terror-struck, would fly we knew not where,
with loosened sheet and canvas swelling strong
before a welcome wind; but Helenus
bade us both Scylla and Charybdis fear,
where 'twixt the twain death straitly hems the way;
and so the counsel was to veer our bark
the course it came. But lo! a northern gale
burst o'er us from Pelorus' narrowed side,
and on we rode far past Pantagia's bay
of unhewn rock, and past the haven strong
of Megara, and Thapsus lying low.
Such were the names retold, and such the shores
shown us by Achemenides, whose fate
made him familiar there, for he had sailed
with evil-starred Ulysses o'er that sea.
Off the Sicilian shore an island lies,
wave-washed Plemmyrium, called in olden days
Ortygia; here Alpheus, river-god,
from Elis flowed by secret sluice, they say,
beneath the sea, and mingles at thy mouth,
fair Arethusa! with Sicilian waves.
Our voices hailed the great gods of the land
with reverent prayer; then skirted we the shore,
where smooth Helorus floods the fruitful plain.
Under Pachynus' beetling precipice
we kept our course; then Camarina rose
in distant view, firm-seated evermore

by Fate's decree; and that far-spreading vale
of Gela, with the name of power it takes
from its wide river; and, uptowering far,
the ramparts of proud Acragas appeared,
where fiery steeds were bred in days of old.
Borne by the winds, along thy coast I fled,
Selinus, green with palm! and past the shore
of Lilybaeum with its treacherous reef;
till at the last the port of Drepanum
received me to its melancholy strand.
Here, woe is me I outworn by stormful seas,
my sire, sole comfort of my grievous doom,
Anchises ceased to be. O best of sires!
Here didst thou leave me in the weary way;
through all our perils — O the bitter loss! —
borne safely, but in vain. King Helenus,
whose prophet-tongue of dark events foretold,
spoke not this woe; nor did Celeno's curse
of this forebode. Such my last loss and pain;
such, of my weary way, the destined goal.
From thence departing, the divine behest
impelled me to thy shores, O listening queen!
Such was, while all gave ear, the tale sublime
father Aeneas, none but he, set forth
of wanderings and of dark decrees divine:
silent at last, he ceased, and took repose.

BOOK IV

Now felt the Queen the sharp, slow-gathering pangs
of love; and out of every pulsing vein
nourished the wound and fed its viewless fire.
Her hero's virtues and his lordly line
keep calling to her soul; his words, his glance,
cling to her heart like lingering, barbed steel,
and rest and peace from her vexed body fly.
A new day's dawn with Phoebus' lamp divine
lit up all lands, and from the vaulted heaven
Aurora had dispelled the dark and dew;
when thus unto the ever-answering heart
of her dear sister spoke the stricken Queen:
"Anna, my sister, what disturbing dreams
perplex me and alarm? What guest is this
new-welcomed to our house? How proud his mien!
What dauntless courage and exploits of war!
Sooth, I receive it for no idle tale
that of the gods he sprang. 'T is cowardice
betrays the base-born soul. Ah me! How fate
has smitten him with storms! What dire extremes
of war and horror in his tale he told!
O, were it not immutably resolved
in my fixed heart, that to no shape of man
I would be wed again (since my first love
left me by death abandoned and betrayed);
loathed I not so the marriage torch and train,
I could — who knows? — to this one weakness yield.
Anna, I hide it not! But since the doom
of my ill-starred Sichaeus, when our shrines
were by a brother's murder dabbled o'er,
this man alone has moved me; he alone
has shaken my weak will. I seem to feel
the motions of love's lost, familiar fire.

But may the earth gape open where I tread,
and may almighty Jove with thunder-scourge
hurl me to Erebus' abysmal shade,
to pallid ghosts and midnight fathomless,
before, O Chastity! I shall offend
thy holy power, or cast thy bonds away!
He who first mingled his dear life with mine
took with him all my heart. 'T is his alone —
o, let it rest beside him in the grave!"

She spoke: the bursting tears her breast o'erflowed.
"O dearer to thy sister than her life,"

Anna replied, "wouldst thou in sorrow's weed
waste thy long youth alone, nor ever know
sweet babes at thine own breast, nor gifts of love?
Will dust and ashes, or a buried ghost
reck what we do? 'T is true thy grieving heart
was cold to earlier wooers, Libya's now,
and long ago in Tyre. Iarbas knew
thy scorn, and many a prince and captain bred
in Afric's land of glory. Why resist
a love that makes thee glad? Hast thou no care
what alien lands are these where thou dost reign?
Here are Gaetulia's cities and her tribes
unconquered ever; on thy borders rove
Numidia's uncurbed cavalry; here too
lies Syrtis' cruel shore, and regions wide
of thirsty desert, menaced everywhere
by the wild hordes of Barca. Shall I tell
of Tyre's hostilities, the threats and rage
of our own brother? Friendly gods, I bow,
wafted the Teucrian ships, with Juno's aid,
to these our shores. O sister, what a throne,
and what imperial city shall be thine,
if thus espoused! With Trojan arms allied
how far may not our Punic fame extend
in deeds of power? Call therefore on the gods
to favor thee; and, after omens fair,

give queenly welcome, and contrive excuse
to make him tarry, while yon wintry seas
are loud beneath Orion's stormful star,
and on his battered ships the season frowns."'
So saying, she stirred a passion-burning breast
to love more madly still; her words infused
a doubting mind with hope, and bade the blush
of shame begone. First to the shrines they went
and sued for grace; performing sacrifice,
choosing an offering of unblemished ewes,
to law-bestowing Ceres, to the god
of light, to sire Lyeus, lord of wine;
but chiefly unto Juno, patroness
of nuptial vows. There Dido, beauteous Queen
held forth in her right hand the sacred bowl
and poured it full between the lifted horns
of the white heifer; or on temple floors
she strode among the richly laden shrines,
the eyes of gods upon her, worshipping
with many a votive gift; or, peering deep
into the victims' cloven sides, she read
the fate-revealing tokens trembling there.
How blind the hearts of prophets be! Alas!
Of what avail be temples and fond prayers
to change a frenzied mind? Devouring ever,
love's fire burns inward to her bones; she feels
quick in her breast the viewless, voiceless wound.
Ill-fated Dido ranges up and down
the spaces of her city, desperate
her life one flame — like arrow-stricken doe
through Cretan forest rashly wandering,
pierced by a far-off shepherd, who pursues
with shafts, and leaves behind his light-winged steed,
not knowing; while she scours the dark ravines
of Dicte and its woodlands; at her heart
the mortal barb irrevocably clings.
around her city's battlements she guides

aeneas, to make show of Sidon's gold,
and what her realm can boast; full oft her voice
essays to speak and frembling dies away:
or, when the daylight fades, she spreads anew
a royal banquet, and once more will plead
mad that she is, to hear the Trojan sorrow;
and with oblivious ravishment once more
hangs on his lips who tells; or when her guests
are scattered, and the wan moon's fading horn
bedims its ray, while many a sinking star
invites to slumber, there she weeps alone
in the deserted hall, and casts her down
on the cold couch he pressed. Her love from far
beholds her vanished hero and receives
his voice upon her ears; or to her breast,
moved by a father's image in his child,
she clasps Ascanius, seeking to deceive
her unblest passion so. Her enterprise
of tower and rampart stops: her martial host
no longer she reviews, nor fashions now
defensive haven and defiant wall;
but idly all her half-built bastions frown,
and enginery of sieges, high as heaven.
But soon the chosen spouse of Jove perceived
the Queen's infection; and because the voice
of honor to such frenzy spoke not, she,
daughter of Saturn, unto Venus turned
and counselled thus: "How noble is the praise,
how glorious the spoils of victory,
for thee and for thy boy! Your names should be
in lasting, vast renown — that by the snare
of two great gods in league one woman fell!
it 'scapes me not that my protected realms
have ever been thy fear, and the proud halls
of Carthage thy vexation and annoy.
Why further go? Prithee, what useful end
has our long war? Why not from this day forth

perpetual peace and nuptial amity?
Hast thou not worked thy will? Behold and see
how Iove-sick Dido burns, and all her flesh
‘The madness feels! So let our common grace
smile on a mingled people! Let her serve
a Phrygian husband, while thy hands receive
her Tyrian subjects for the bridal dower!’
In answer (reading the dissembler’s mind
which unto Libyan shores were fain to shift
Italia’s future throne) thus Venus spoke:
“‘T were mad to spurn such favor, or by choice
be numbered with thy foes. But can it be
that fortune on thy noble counsel smiles?
To me Fate shows but dimly whether Jove
unto the Trojan wanderers ordains
a common city with the sons of Tyre,
with mingling blood and sworn, perpetual peace.
His wife thou art; it is thy rightful due
to plead to know his mind. Go, ask him, then!
For humbly I obey!’ With instant word
Juno the Queen replied: “Leave that to me!
But in what wise our urgent task and grave
may soon be sped, I will in brief unfold
to thine attending ear. A royal hunt
in sylvan shades unhappy Dido gives
for her Aeneas, when to-morrow’s dawn
uplifts its earliest ray and Titan’s beam
shall first unveil the world. But I will pour
black storm-clouds with a burst of heavy hail
along their way; and as the huntsmen speed
to hem the wood with snares, I will arouse
all heaven with thunder. The attending train
shall scatter and be veiled in blinding dark,
while Dido and her hero out of Troy
to the same cavern fly. My auspices
I will declare — if thou alike wilt bless;
and yield her in true wedlock for his bride.

Such shall their spousal be!” To Juno’s will
Cythera’s Queen inclined assenting brow,
and laughed such guile to see. Aurora rose,
and left the ocean’s rim. The city’s gates
pour forth to greet the morn a gallant train
of huntsmen, bearing many a woven snare
and steel-tipped javelin; while to and fro
run the keen-scented dogs and Libyan squires.
The Queen still keeps her chamber; at her doors
the Punic lords await; her palfrey, brave
in gold and purple housing, paws the ground
and fiercely champs the foam-flecked bridle-rein.
At last, with numerous escort, forth she shines:
her Tyrian pall is bordered in bright hues,
her quiver, gold; her tresses are confined
only with gold; her robes of purple rare
meet in a golden clasp. To greet her come
the noble Phrygian guests; among them smiles
the boy Iulus; and in fair array
Aeneas, goodliest of all his train.
In such a guise Apollo (when he leaves
cold Lycian hills and Xanthus’ frosty stream
to visit Delos to Latona dear)
ordains the song, while round his altars cry
the choirs of many islands, with the pied,
fantastic Agathyrsi; soon the god
moves o’er the Cynthian steep; his flowing hair
he binds with laurel garland and bright gold;
upon his shining shoulder as he goes
the arrows ring: — not less uplifted mien
aeneas wore; from his illustrious brow
such beauty shone. Soon to the mountains tall
the cavalcade comes nigh, to pathless haunts
of woodland creatures; the wild goats are seen,
from pointed crag descending leap by leap
down the steep ridges; in the vales below
are routed deer, that scour the spreading plain,

and mass their dust-blown squadrons in wild flight,
far from the mountain's bound. Ascanius
flushed with the sport, spurs on a mettled steed
from vale to vale, and many a flying herd
his chase outspeeds; but in his heart he prays
among these tame things suddenly to see
a tusky boar, or, leaping from the hills,
a growling mountain-lion, golden-maned.
Meanwhile low thunders in the distant sky
mutter confusedly; soon bursts in full
the storm-cloud and the hail. The Tyrian troop
is scattered wide; the chivalry of Troy,
with the young heir of Dardan's kingly line,
of Venus sprung, seek shelter where they may,
with sudden terror; down the deep ravines
the swollen torrents roar. In that same hour
Queen Dido and her hero out of Troy
to the same cavern fly. Old Mother-Earth
and wedlock-keeping Juno gave the sign;
the flash of lightnings on the conscious air
were torches to the bridal; from the hills
the wailing wood-nymphs sobbed a wedding song.
Such was that day of death, the source and spring
of many a woe. For Dido took no heed
of honor and good-name; nor did she mean
her loves to hide; but called the lawlessness
a marriage, and with phrases veiled her shame.
Swift through the Libyan cities Rumor sped.
Rumor! What evil can surpass her speed?
In movement she grows mighty, and achieves
strength and dominion as she swifter flies.
small first, because afraid, she soon exalts
her stature skyward, stalking through the lands
and mantling in the clouds her baleful brow.
The womb of Earth, in anger at high Heaven,
bore her, they say, last of the Titan spawn,
sister to Coeus and Enceladus.

Feet swift to run and pinions like the wind
the dreadful monster wears; her carcase huge
is feathered, and at root of every plume
a peering eye abides; and, strange to tell,
an equal number of vociferous tongues,
foul, whispering lips, and ears, that catch at all.
At night she spreads midway 'twixt earth and heaven
her pinions in the darkness, hissing loud,
nor e'er to happy slumber gives her eyes:
but with the morn she takes her watchful throne
high on the housetops or on lofty towers,
to terrify the nations. She can cling
to vile invention and malignant wrong,
or mingle with her word some tidings true.
She now with changeful story filled men's ears,
exultant, whether false or true she sung:
how, Trojan-born Aeneas having come,
Dido, the lovely widow, looked his way,
deigning to wed; how all the winter long
they passed in revel and voluptuous ease,
to dalliance given o'er; naught heeding now
of crown or kingdom — shameless! lust-enslaved!
Such tidings broadcast on the lips of men
the filthy goddess spread; and soon she hied
to King Iarbas, where her hateful song
to newly-swollen wrath his heart inflamed.
Him the god Ammon got by forced embrace
upon a Libyan nymph; his kingdoms wide
possessed a hundred ample shrines to Jove,
a hundred altars whence ascended ever
the fires of sacrifice, perpetual seats
for a great god's abode, where flowing blood
enriched the ground, and on the portals hung
garlands of every flower. The angered King,
half-maddened by malignant Rumor's voice,
unto his favored altars came, and there,
surrounded by the effluence divine,

upraised in prayer to Jove his suppliant hands.
“Almighty Jupiter, to whom each day,
at banquet on the painted couch reclined,
Numidia pours libation! Do thine eyes
behold us? Or when out of yonder heaven,
o sire, thou launchest the swift thunderbolt,
is it for naught we fear thee? Do the clouds
shoot forth blind fire to terrify the soul
with wild, unmeaning roar? O, look upon
that woman, who was homeless in our realm,
and bargained where to build her paltry town,
receiving fertile coastland for her farms,
by hospitable grant! She dares disdain
our proffered nuptial vow. She has proclaimed
Aeneas partner of her bed and throne.
And now that Paris, with his eunuch crew,
beneath his chin and fragrant, oozy hair
ties the soft Lydian bonnet, boasting well
his stolen prize. But we to all these fanes,
though they be thine, a fruitless offering bring,
and feed on empty tales our trust in thee.”
As thus he prayed and to the altars clung,
th’ Omnipotent gave ear, and turned his gaze
upon the royal dwelling, where for love
the amorous pair forgot their place and name.
Then thus to Mercury he gave command:
“Haste thee, my son, upon the Zephyrs call,
and take thy winged way! My mandate bear
unto that prince of Troy who tarries now
in Tyrian Carthage, heedless utterly
of empire Heaven-bestowed. On winged winds
hasten with my decrees. Not such the man
his beauteous mother promised; not for this
twice did she shield him from the Greeks in arms:
but that he might rule Italy, a land
pregnant with thrones and echoing with war;
that he of Teucer’s seed a race should sire,

and bring beneath its law the whole wide world.
If such a glory and event supreme
enkindle not his bosom; if such task
to his own honor speak not; can the sire
begrudge Ascanius the heritage
of the proud name of Rome? What plans he now?
What mad hope bids him linger in the lap
of enemies, considering no more
the land Lavinian and Ausonia's sons.
Let him to sea! Be this our final word:
this message let our herald faithful bear.”
He spoke. The god a prompt obedience gave
to his great sire's command. He fastened first
those sandals of bright gold, which carry him
aloft o'er land or sea, with airy wings
that race the fleeting wind; then lifted he
his wand, wherewith he summons from the grave
pale-featured ghosts, or, if he will, consigns
to doleful Tartarus; or by its power
gives slumber or dispels; or quite unseals
the eyelids of the dead: on this relying,
he routs the winds or cleaves th' obscurity
of stormful clouds. Soon from his flight he spied
the summit and the sides precipitous
of stubborn Atlas, whose star-pointing peak
props heaven; of Atlas, whose pine-wreathed brow
is girdled evermore with misty gloom
and lashed of wind and rain; a cloak of snow
melts on his shoulder; from his aged chin
drop rivers, and ensheathed in stiffening ice
glitters his great grim beard. Here first was stayed
the speed of Mercury's well-poising wing;
here making pause, from hence he headlong flung
his body to the sea; in motion like
some sea-bird's, which along the levelled shore
or round tall crags where rove the swarming fish,
flies low along the waves: o'er-hovering so

between the earth and skies, Cyllene's god
flew downward from his mother's mountain-sire,
parted the winds and skimmed the sandy merge
of Libya. When first his winged feet
came nigh the clay-built Punic huts, he saw
Aeneas building at a citadel,
and founding walls and towers; at his side
was girt a blade with yellow jaspers starred,
his mantle with the stain of Tyrian shell
flowed purple from his shoulder, broidered fair
by opulent Dido with fine threads of gold,
her gift of love; straightway the god began:
"Dost thou for lofty Carthage toil, to build
foundations strong? Dost thou, a wife's weak thrall,
build her proud city? Hast thou, shameful loss!
Forgot thy kingdom and thy task sublime?
From bright Olympus, I. He who commands
all gods, and by his sovran deity
moves earth and heaven — he it was who bade
me bear on winged winds his high decree.
What plan is thine? By what mad hope dost thou
linger so long in lap of Libyan land?
If the proud reward of thy destined way
move not thy heart, if all the arduous toil
to thine own honor speak not, look upon
Iulus in his bloom, thy hope and heir
Ascanius. It is his rightful due
in Italy o'er Roman lands to reign."
After such word Cyllene's winged god
vanished, and e'er his accents died away,
dissolved in air before the mortal's eyes.
Aeneas at the sight stood terror-dumb
with choking voice and horror-rising hair.
He fain would fly at once and get him gone
from that voluptuous land, much wondering
at Heaven's wrathful word. Alas! how stir?
What cunning argument can plead his cause

before th' infuriate Queen? How break such news?
Flashing this way and that, his startled mind
makes many a project and surveys them all.
But, pondering well, his final counsel stopped
at this resolve: he summoned to his side
Mnestheus, Sergestus, and Serestus bold,
and bade them fit the fleet, all silently
gathering the sailors and collecting gear,
but carefully dissembling what emprise
such novel stir intends: himself the while
(Since high-born Dido dreamed not love so fond
could have an end) would seek an audience,
at some indulgent time, and try what shift
such matters may require. With joy they heard,
and wrought, assiduous, at their prince's plan.
But what can cheat true love? The Queen foreknew
his stratagem, and all the coming change
perceived ere it began. Her jealous fear
counted no hour secure. That unclean tongue
of Rumor told her fevered heart the fleet
was fitting forth, and hastening to be gone.
Distractedly she raved, and passion-tossed
roamed through her city, like a Maenad roused
by the wild rout of Bacchus, when are heard
the third year's orgies, and the midnight scream
to cold Cithaeron calls the frenzied crew.
Finding Aeneas, thus her plaint she poured:
"Didst hope to hide it, false one, that such crime
was in thy heart, — to steal without farewell
out of my kingdom? Did our mutual joy
not move thee; nor thine own true promise given
once on a time? Nor Dido, who will die
a death of sorrow? Why compel thy ships
to brave the winter stars? Why off to sea
so fast through stormy skies? O, cruelty!
If Troy still stood, and if thou wert not bound
for alien shore unknown, wouldst steer for Troy

through yonder waste of waves? Is it from me
thou takest flight? O, by these flowing tears,
by thine own plighted word (for nothing more
my weakness left to miserable me),
by our poor marriage of imperfect vow,
if aught to me thou owest, if aught in me
ever have pleased thee — O, be merciful
to my low-fallen fortunes! I implore,
if place be left for prayer, thy purpose change!
Because of thee yon Libyan savages
and nomad chiefs are grown implacable,
and my own Tyrians hate me. Yes, for thee
my chastity was slain and honor fair,
by which alone to glory I aspired,
in former days. To whom dost thou in death
abandon me? my guest! — since but this name
is left me of a husband! Shall I wait
till fell Pygmalion, my brother, raze
my city walls? Or the Gaetulian king,
Iarbas, chain me captive to his car? .
O, if, ere thou hadst fled, I might but bear
some pledge of love to thee, and in these halls
watch some sweet babe Aeneas at his play,
whose face should be the memory of thine own —
I were not so forsaken, lost, undone!”
She said. But he, obeying Jove’s decree,
gazed steadfastly away; and in his heart
with strong repression crushed his cruel pain;
then thus the silence broke: “O Queen, not one
of my unnumbered debts so strongly urged
would I gainsay. Elissa’s memory
will be my treasure long as memory holds,
or breath of life is mine. Hear my brief plea!
‘T was not my hope to hide this flight I take,
as thou hast dreamed. Nay, I did never light
a bridegroom’s torch, nor gave I thee the vow
of marriage. Had my destiny decreed,

that I should shape life to my heart's desire,
and at my own will put away the weight
of foil and pain, my place would now be found
in Troy, among the cherished sepulchres
of my own kin, and Priam's mansion proud
were standing still; or these my loyal hands
had rebuilt Ilium for her vanquished sons.
But now to Italy Apollo's power
commands me forth; his Lycian oracles
are loud for Italy. My heart is there,
and there my fatherland. If now the towers
of Carthage and thy Libyan colony
delight thy Tyrian eyes; wilt thou refuse
to Trojan exiles their Ausonian shore?
I too by Fate was driven, not less than thou,
to wander far a foreign throne to find.
Oft when in dewy dark night hides the world,
and flaming stars arise, Anchises' shade
looks on me in my dreams with angered brow.
I think of my Ascanius, and the wrong
to that dear heart, from whom I steal away
Hesperia, his destined home and throne.
But now the winged messenger of Heaven,
sent down by Jove (I swear by thee and me!),
has brought on winged winds his sire's command.
My own eyes with unclouded vision saw
the god within these walls; I have received
with my own ears his word. No more inflame
with lamentation fond thy heart and mine.
"T is not my own free act seeks Italy."
She with averted eyes and glance that rolled
speechless this way and that, had listened long
to his reply, till thus her rage broke forth:
"No goddess gave thee birth. No Dardanus
begot thy sires. But on its breast of stone
Caucasus bore thee, and the tigresses
of fell Hyrcania to thy baby lip

their udders gave. Why should I longer show
a lying smile? What worse can I endure?
Did my tears draw one sigh? Did he once drop
his stony stare? or did he yield a tear
to my lament, or pity this fond heart?
Why set my wrongs in order? Juno, now,
and Jove, the son of Saturn, heed no more
where justice lies. No trusting heart is safe
in all this world. That waif and castaway
I found in beggary and gave him share —
fool that I was! — in my own royal glory.
His lost fleet and his sorry crews I steered
from death away. O, how my fevered soul
unceasing raves! Forsooth Apollo speaks!
His Lycian oracles! and sent by Jove
the messenger of Heaven on fleeting air
the ruthless bidding brings! Proud business
for gods, I trow, that such a task disturbs
their still abodes! I hold thee back no more,
nor to thy cunning speeches give the lie.
Begone! Sail on to Italy, thy throne,
through wind and wave! I pray that, if there be
any just gods of power, thou mayest drink down
death on the mid-sea rocks, and often call
with dying gasps on Dido's name — while I
pursue with vengeful fire. When cold death rends
the body from the breath, my ghost shall sit
forever in thy path. Full penalties
thy stubborn heart shall pay. They'll bring me never
in yon deep gulf of death of all thy woe.”
Abrupt her utterance ceased; and sick at heart
she fled the light of day, as if to shrink
from human eyes, and left Aeneas there
irresolute with horror, while his soul
framed many a vain reply. Her swooning shape
her maidens to a marble chamber bore
and on her couch the helpless limbs reposed.

Aeneas, faithful to a task divine,
though yearning sore to remedy and soothe
such misery, and with the timely word
her grief assuage, and though his burdened heart
was weak because of love, while many a groan
rose from his bosom, yet no whit did fail
to do the will of Heaven, but of his fleet
resumed command. The Trojans on the shore
ply well their task and push into the sea
the lofty ships. Now floats the shining keel,
and oars they bring all leafy from the grove,
with oak half-hewn, so hurried was the flight.
Behold them how they haste — from every gate
forth-streaming! — just as when a heap of corn
is thronged with ants, who, knowing winter nigh,
refill their granaries; the long black line
runs o’er the levels, and conveys the spoil
in narrow pathway through the grass; a part
with straining and assiduous shoulder push
the kernels huge; a part array the file,
and whip the laggards on; their busy track
swarms quick and eager with unceasing toil.
O Dido, how thy suffering heart was wrung,
that spectacle to see! What sore lament
was thine, when from the towering citadel
the whole shore seemed alive, the sea itself
in turmoil with loud cries! Relentless Love,
to what mad courses may not mortal hearts
by thee be driven? Again her sorrow flies
to doleful plaint and supplication vain;
again her pride to tyrant Love bows down
lest, though resolved to die, she fail to prove
each hope of living: “O Anna, dost thou see
yon busy shore? From every side they come.
their canvas wooes the winds, and o’er each prow
the merry seamen hang their votive flowers.
Dear sister, since I did forebode this grief,

I shall be strong to bear it. One sole boon
my sorrow asks thee, Anna! Since of thee,
thee only, did that traitor make a friend,
and trusted thee with what he hid so deep —
the feelings of his heart; since thou alone
hast known what way, what hour the man would yield
to soft persuasion — therefore, sister, haste,
and humbly thus implore our haughty foe:
‘I was not with the Greeks what time they swore
at Aulis to cut off the seed of Troy;
I sent no ships to Ilium. Pray, have I
profaned Anchises’ tomb, or vexed his shade?’
Why should his ear be deaf and obdurate
to all I say? What haste? May he not make
one last poor offering to her whose love
is only pain? O, bid him but delay
till flight be easy and the winds blow fair.
I plead no more that bygone marriage-vow
by him forsworn, nor ask that he should lose
his beauteous Latium and his realm to be.
Nothing but time I crave! to give repose
and more room to this fever, till my fate
teach a crushed heart to sorrow. I implore
this last grace. (To thy sister’s grief be kind!)
I will requite with increase, till I die.”
Such complaints, such prayers, again and yet again,
betwixt the twain the sorrowing sister bore.
But no words move, no lamentations bring
persuasion to his soul; decrees of Fate
oppose, and some wise god obstructs the way
that finds the hero’s ear. Oft-times around
the aged strength of some stupendous oak
the rival blasts of wintry Alpine winds
smite with alternate wrath: loud is the roar,
and from its rocking top the broken boughs
are strewn along the ground; but to the crag
steadfast it ever clings; far as toward heaven

its giant crest uprears, so deep below
its roots reach down to Tartarus: — not less
the hero by unceasing wail and cry
is smitten sore, and in his mighty heart
has many a pang, while his serene intent
abides unmoved, and tears gush forth in vain.
Then wretched Dido, by her doom appalled,
asks only death. It wearies her to see
the sun in heaven. Yet that she might hold fast
her dread resolve to quit the light of day,
behold, when on an incense-breathing shrine
her offering was laid — O fearful tale! —
the pure libation blackened, and the wine
flowed like polluting gore. She told the sight
to none, not even to her sister's ear.
A second sign was given: for in her house
a marble altar to her husband's shade,
with garlands bright and snowy fleeces dressed,
had fervent worship; here strange cries were heard
as if her dead spouse called while midnight reigned,
and round her towers its inhuman song
the lone owl sang, complaining o'er and o'er
with lamentation and long shriek of woe.
Forgotten oracles by wizards told
whisper old omens dire. In dreams she feels
cruel Aeneas goad her madness on,
and ever seems she, friendless and alone,
some lengthening path to travel, or to seek
her Tyrians through wide wastes of barren lands.
Thus frantic Pentheus flees the stern array
of the Eumenides, and thinks to see
two noonday lights blaze o'er his doubled Thebes;
or murdered Agamemnon's haunted son,
Orestes, flees his mother's phantom scourge
of flames and serpents foul, while at his door
avenging horrors wait. Now sorrow-crazed
and by her grief undone, resolved on death,

the manner and the time her secret soul
prepares, and, speaking to her sister sad,
she masks in cheerful calm her fatal will:
“I know a way — O, wish thy sister joy! —
to bring him back to love, or set me free.
On Ocean’s bound and next the setting sun
lies the last Aethiop land, where Atlas tall
lifts on his shoulder the wide wheel of heaven,
studded with burning stars. From thence is come
a witch, a priestess, a Numidian crone,
who guards the shrine of the Hesperides
and feeds the dragon; she protects the fruit
of that enchanting tree, and scatters there
her slumb’rous poppies mixed with honey-dew.
Her spells and magic promise to set free
what hearts she will, or visit cruel woes
on men afar. She stops the downward flow
of rivers, and turns back the rolling stars;
on midnight ghosts she calls: her vot’ries hear
earth bellowing loud below, while from the hills
the ash-trees travel down. But, sister mine,
thou knowest, and the gods their witness give,
how little mind have I to don the garb
of sorcery. Depart in secret, thou,
and bid them build a lofty funeral pyre
inside our palace-wall, and heap thereon
the hero’s arms, which that blasphemer hung
within my chamber; every relic bring,
and chiefly that ill-omened nuptial bed,
my death and ruin! For I must blot out
all sight and token of this husband vile.
‘T is what the witch commands.” She spoke no more,
and pallid was her brow. Yet Anna’s mind
knew not what web of death her sister wove
by these strange rites, nor what such frenzy dares;
nor feared she worse than when Sichaeus died,
but tried her forth the errand to fulfil.

Soon as the funeral pyre was builded high
in a sequestered garden, looming huge
with boughs of pine and faggots of cleft oak,
the queen herself enwreathed it with sad flowers
and boughs of mournful shade; and crowning all
she laid on nuptial bed the robes and sword
by him abandoned; and stretched out thereon
a mock Aeneas; — but her doom she knew.
Altars were there; and with loose locks unbound
the priestess with a voice of thunder called
three hundred gods, Hell, Chaos, the three shapes
of triple Hecate, the faces three
of virgin Dian. She aspersed a stream
from dark Avernus drawn, she said; soft herbs
were cut by moonlight with a blade of bronze,
oozing black poison-sap; and she had plucked
that philter from the forehead of new foal
before its dam devours. Dido herself,
sprinkling the salt meal, at the altar stands;
one foot unsandalled, and with cincture free,
on all the gods and fate-instructed stars,
foreseeing death, she calls. But if there be
some just and not oblivious power on high,
who heeds when lovers plight unequal vow,
to that god first her supplications rise.
Soon fell the night, and peaceful slumbers breathed
on all earth's weary creatures; the loud seas
and babbling forests entered on repose;
now midway in their heavenly course the stars
wheeled silent on; the outspread lands below
lay voiceless; all the birds of tinted wing,
and flocks that haunt the merge of waters wide
or keep the thorny wold, oblivious lay
beneath the night so still; the stings of care
ceased troubling, and no heart its burden knew.
Not so the Tyrian Queen's deep-grieving soul!
To sleep she could not yield; her eyes and heart

refused the gift of night; her suffering
redoubled, and in full returning tide
her love rebelled, while on wild waves of rage
she drifted to and fro. So, ceasing not
from sorrow, thus she brooded on her wrongs:
“What refuge now? Shall I invite the scorn
of my rejected wooers, or entreat
of some disdainful, nomad blackamoor
to take me to his bed — though many a time
such husbands I made mock of? Shall I sail
on Ilian ships away, and sink to be
the Trojans’ humble thrall? Do they rejoice
that once I gave them bread? Lives gratitude
in hearts like theirs for bygone kindnesses?
O, who, if so I stooped, would deign to bear
on yon proud ships the scorned and fallen Queen?
Lost creature! Woe betide thee! Knowest thou not
the perjured children of Laomedon?
What way is left? Should I take flight alone
and join the revelling sailors? Or depart
with Tyrians, the whole attending train
of my own people? Hard the task to force
their hearts from Sidon’s towers; how once more
compel to sea, and bid them spread the sail?
Nay, perish! Thou hast earned it. Let the sword
from sorrow save thee! Sister of my blood —
who else but thee, — my own tears borne down,
didst heap disaster on my frantic soul,
and fling me to this foe? Why could I not
pass wedlock by, and live a blameless life
as wild things do, nor taste of passion’s pain?
But I broke faith! I cast the vows away
made at Sichaeus’ grave.” Such loud lament
burst from her breaking heart with doleful sound.
Meanwhile Aeneas on his lofty ship,
having made ready all, and fixed his mind
to launch away upon brief slumher fell.

But the god came; and in the self-same guise
once more in monitory vision spoke,
all guised as Mercury, — his voice, his hue,
his golden locks, and young limbs strong and fair.
“Hail, goddess-born! Wouldst linger on in sleep
at such an hour? Nor seest thou the snares
that hem thee round? Nor hearest thou the voice
of friendly zephyrs calling? Senseless man!
That woman’s breast contrives some treachery
and horrid stroke; for, resolute to die,
she drifts on swollen floods of wrath and scorn.
Wilt thou not fly before the hastening hour
of flight is gone? To-morrow thou wilt see
yon waters thronged with ships, the cruel glare
of fire-brands, and yonder shore all flame,
if but the light of morn again surprise
thee loitering in this land. Away! Away!
Stay not! A mutable and shifting thing
is woman ever.” Such command he spoke,
then melted in the midnight dark away.
Aeneas, by that fleeting vision struck
with an exceeding awe, straightway leaped forth
from slumber’s power, and to his followers cried :
“Awake, my men! Away! Each to his place
upon the thwarts! Unfurl at once the sails!
A god from heaven a second time sent down
urges our instant flight and bids us cut
the twisted cords. Whatever be thy name,
behold, we come, O venerated Power!
Again with joy we follow! Let thy grace
assist us as we go! And may thy power
bring none but stars benign across our sky.”
So saying, from its scabbard forth he flashed
the lightning of his sword, with naked blade
striking the hawsers free. Like ardor seized
on all his willing men, who raced and ran;
and, while their galleys shadowed all the sea,

clean from the shore they scudded, with strong strokes
sweeping the purple waves and crested foam.

Aurora's first young beams to earth were pouring
as from Tithonus' saffron bed she sprang;
while from her battlements the wakeful Queen
watched the sky brighten, saw the mated sails
push forth to sea, till all her port and strand
held not an oar or keel. Thrice and four times
she smote her lovely breast with wrathful hand,
and tore her golden hair. "Great Jove," she cries,
"Shall that departing fugitive make mock
of me, a queen? Will not my men-at-arms
draw sword, give chase, from all my city thronging?
Down from the docks, my ships! Out, out! Begone!
Take fire and sword! Bend to your oars, ye slaves!
What have I said? Where am I? What mad thoughts
delude this ruined mind? Woe unto thee,
thou wretched Dido, now thy impious deeds
strike back upon thee. Wherefore struck they not,
as was most fit, when thou didst fling away
thy sceptre from thy hand? O Iying oaths!
O faith forsworn! of him who brings, they boast,
his father's gods along, and bowed his back
to lift an age-worn sire! Why dared I not
seize on him, rend his body limb from limb,
and hurl him piecemeal on the rolling sea?
Or put his troop of followers to the sword,
ascanius too, and set his flesh before
that father for a feast? Such fearful war
had been of doubtful issue. Be it so!
What fears a woman dying? Would I had
attacked their camp with torches, kindled flame
from ship to ship, until that son and sire,
with that whole tribe, were unto ashes burned
in one huge holocaust — myself its crown!
Great orb of light whose holy beam surveys
all earthly deeds! Great Juno, patroness

of conjugal distress, who knowest all!
Pale Hecate, whose name the witches cry
at midnight crossways! O avenging furies!
O gods that guard Queen Dido's dying breath!
Give ear, and to my guiltless misery
extend your power. Hear me what I pray!
If it be fated that yon creature curst
drift to the shore and happy haven find,
if Father Iove's irrevocable word
such goal decree — there may he be assailed
by peoples fierce and bold. A banished man,
from his Iulus' kisses sundered far,
may his own eyes see miserably slain
his kin and kind, and sue for alien arms.
nor when he basely bows him to receive
terms of unequal peace, shall he be blest
with sceptre or with life; but perish there
before his time, and lie without a grave
upon the barren sand. For this I pray.
This dying word is flowing from my heart
with my spilt blood. And — O ye Tyrians! I
sting with your hatred all his seed and tribe
forevermore. This is the offering
my ashes ask. Betwixt our nations twain,
No Iove! No truce or amity! Arise,
Out of my dust, unknown Avenger, rise!
To harry and lay waste with sword and flame
those Dardan settlers, and to vex them sore,
to-day, to-morrow, and as long as power
is thine to use! My dying curse arrays
shore against shore and the opposing seas
in shock of arms with arms. May living foes
pass down from sire to son insatiate war!"

She said. From point to point her purpose flew,
seeking without delay to quench the flame
of her loathed life. Brief bidding she addressed
to Barce then, Sichaeus' nurse (her own

lay dust and ashes in a lonely grave
beside the Tyrian shore), “Go, nurse, and call
my sister Anna! Bid her quickly bathe
her limbs in living water, and procure
due victims for our expiating fires.
bid her make haste. Go, bind on thy own brow
the sacred fillet. For to Stygian Jove
it is my purpose now to consummate
the sacrifice ordained, ending my woe,
and touch with flame the Trojan’s funeral pyre.”
The aged crone to do her bidding ran
with trembling zeal. But Dido (horror-struck
at her own dread design, unstrung with fear,
her bloodshot eyes wide-rolling, and her cheek
twitching and fever-spotted, her cold brow
blanched with approaching death) — sped past the doors
into the palace garden; there she leaped,
a frenzied creature, on the lofty pyre
and drew the Trojan’s sword; a gift not asked
for use like this! When now she saw the garb
of Ilian fashion, and the nuptial couch
she knew too well, she lingered yet awhile
for memory and tears, and, falling prone
on that cold bed, outpoured a last farewell:
“Sweet relics! Ever dear when Fate and Heaven
upon me smiled, receive my parting breath,
and from my woe set free! My life is done.
I have accomplished what my lot allowed;
and now my spirit to the world of death
in royal honor goes. The founder I
of yonder noble city, I have seen
walls at my bidding rise. I was avenged
for my slain husband: I chastised the crimes
of our injurious brother. Woe is me!
Blest had I been, beyond deserving blest,
if but the Trojan galleys ne’er had moored
upon my kingdom’s bound!” So saying, she pressed

one last kiss on the couch. "Though for my death
no vengeance fall, O, give me death!" she cried.
"O thus! O thus! it is my will to take
the journey to the dark. From yonder sea
may his cold Trojan eyes discern the flames
that make me ashes! Be this cruel death
his omen as he sails!" She spoke no more.
But almost ere she ceased, her maidens all
thronged to obey her cry, and found their Queen
prone fallen on the sword, the reeking steel
still in her bloody hands. Shrill clamor flew
along the lofty halls; wild rumor spread
through the whole smitten city: loud lament,
groans and the wail of women echoed on
from roof to roof, and to the dome of air
the noise of mourning rose. Such were the cry
if a besieging host should break the walls
of Carthage or old Tyre, and wrathful flames
o'er towers of kings and worshipped altars roll.
Her sister heard. Half in a swoon, she ran
with trembling steps, where thickest was the throng,
beating her breast, while with a desperate hand
she tore at her own face, and called aloud
upon the dying Queen.

"Was it for this
my own true sister used me with such guile?
O, was this horrid deed the dire intent
of altars, lofty couch, and funeral fires?
What shall I tell for chiefest of my woes?
Lost that I am! Why, though in death, cast off
thy sister from thy heart? Why not invite
one mortal stroke for both, a single sword,
one agony together? But these hands
built up thy pyre; and my voice implored
the blessing of our gods, who granted me
that thou shouldst perish thus — and I not know!
In thy self-slaughter, sister, thou hast slain

myself, thy people, the grave counsellors
of Sidon, and yon city thou didst build
to be thy throne! — Go, fetch me water, there!
That I may bathe those gashes! If there be
one hovering breath that stays, let my fond lips
discover and receive!” So saying, she sprang up
from stair to stair, and, clasping to her breast
her sister’s dying form, moaned grievously,
and staunched the dark blood with her garment’s fold.
Vainly would Dido lift her sinking eyes,
but backward fell, while at her heart the wound
opened afresh; three times with straining arm
she rose; three times dropped helpless, her dimmed eyes
turned skyward, seeking the sweet light of day, —
which when she saw, she groaned. Great Juno then
looked down in mercy on that lingering pain
and labor to depart: from realms divine
she sent the goddess of the rainbow wing,
Iris, to set the struggling spirit free
and loose its fleshly coil. For since the end
came not by destiny, nor was the doom
of guilty deed, but of a hapless wight
to sudden madness stung, ere ripe to die,
therefore the Queen of Hades had not shorn
the fair tress from her forehead, nor assigned
that soul to Stygian dark. So Iris came
on dewy, saffron pinions down from heaven,
a thousand colors on her radiant way,
from the opposing sun. She stayed her flight
above that pallid brow: “I come with power
to make this gift to Death. I set thee free
from thy frail body’s bound.” With her right hand
she cut the tress: then through its every limb
the sinking form grew cold; the vital breath
fled forth, departing on the viewless air.

BOOK V

Meanwhile Aeneas, now well launched away,
steered forth with all the fleet to open sea,
on his unswerving course, and ploughed the waves,
sped by a driving gale; but when his eyes
looked back on Carthage, they beheld the glare
of hapless Dido's fire. Not yet was known
what kindled the wild flames; but that the pang
of outraged love is cruel, and what the heart
of desperate woman dares, they knew too well,
and sad foreboding shook each Trojan soul.
Soon in mid-sea, beyond all chart of shore,
when only seas and skies were round their way,
full in the zenith loomed a purple cloud,
storm-laden, dark as night, and every wave
grew black and angry; from his lofty seat
the helmsman Palinurus cried, "Alas!
What means this host of storms encircling heaven?
What, Neptune, wilt thou now?" He, having said,
bade reef and tighten, bend to stronger stroke,
and slant sail to the wind; then spake again:
"High-souled Aeneas, not if Jove the King
gave happy omen, would I have good hope
of making Italy through yonder sky.
Athwart our course from clouded evening-star
rebellious winds run shifting, and the air
into a cloud-wrack rolls. Against such foes
too weak our strife and strain! Since now the hand
of Fortune triumphs, let us where she calls
obedient go. For near us, I believe,
lies Eryx' faithful and fraternal shore:
here are Sicilian havens, if my mind
of yon familiar stars have knowledge true."
then good Aeneas: "For a friendly wind
long have I sued, and watched thee vainly strive.

Shift sail! What happier land for me and mine,
or for our storm-beat ships what safer shore,
than where Dardanian Acestes reigns;
the land whose faithful bosom cherishes
Anchises' ashes?" Heedful of his word,
they landward steer, while favoring zephyrs fill
the spreading sail. On currents swift and strong
the fleet is wafted, and with thankful soul
they moor on Sicily's familiar strand.
From a far hill-top having seen with joy
the entering ships, and knowing them for friends,
good King Acestes ran to bid them hail.
Garbed in rough pelt of Libyan bear was he,
and javelins he bore, in sylvan guise:
for him the river-god Crimissus sired
of Trojan wife. Remembering in his heart
his ancient blood, he greeted with glad words
the wanderers returned; bade welcome to
his rude abundance, and with friendly gifts
their weariness consoled. The morrow morn,
soon as the new beams of a golden day
had banished every star, Aeneas called
a council of his followers on the shore,
and from a fair green hillock gave this word:
"Proud sons of Dardanus, whose lofty line
none but the gods began! This day fulfils
the annual cycle of revolving time,
since the dear relics of my god-like sire
to earth we gave, and with dark offerings due
built altars sorrowful. If now I err not,
this is my day — ye gods have willed it so! —
for mourning and for praise. Should it befall
me exiled in Gaetulia's wilderness,
or sailing some Greek sea, or at the walls
of dire Mycenae, still would I renew
unfailing vows, and make solemnity
with thankful rites, and worshipful array,

at altars rich with gifts. But, lo, we come,
beyond all hope, where lie the very bones
of my great sire. Nor did it come to pass
without divine intent and heavenly power,
that on these hospitable shores we stand.
Up, then! For we will make a festal day,
imploping lucky winds! O, may his spirit
grant me to build my city, where his shrines
forever shall receive perpetual vows
made in his name! This prince of Trojan line,
Acestes, upon every ship bestows
a pair of oxen. To our offerings call
the powers that bless the altars and the fires
of our ancestral hearth; and join with these
the gods of good Acestes. Presently,
when the ninth dawn shall bring its beam benign
to mortal men, and show the radiant world,
or all my Teucrian people I ordain
a holiday of games; the flying ships
shall first contend; then swiftest runners try
a foot-race; after that the champions bold
who step forth for a cast of javelins,
or boast the soaring arrow; or fear not
the boxing-bout, with gauntlet of thick thongs.
This summons is for all; let all have hope
to earn some noble palm! And from this hour
speak but well-boding words, and bind your brows
with garlands green." So saying, he twined a wreath
of his own mother's myrtle-tree, to shade
his sacred brow; the hero Helymus,
and King Acestes for his tresses gray,
like coronals took on; Ascanius
and all the warrior youth like emblems wore.
Then in th' attendant throng conspicuous,
with thousands at his side, the hero moved
from place of council to his father's tomb.
There on the ground he poured libation due,

two beakers of good wine, of sweet milk two,
two of the victim's blood — and scattered flowers
of saddest purple stain, while thus he prayed:
“Hail, hallowed sire! And hail, ye ashes dear
of him I vainly saved! O soul and shade
of my blest father! Heaven to us denied
to find together that predestined land
of Italy, or our Ausonian stream
of Tiber — ah! but where?” He scarce had said,
when from the central shrine a gliding snake,
coiled seven-fold in seven spirals wide,
twined round the tomb and trailed innocuous o'er
the very altars; his smooth back was flecked
with green and azure, and his changeful scales
gleamed golden, as the cloud-born rainbow flings
its thousand colors from th' opposing sun.
Aeneas breathless watched the serpent wind
among the bowls and cups of polished rim,
tasting the sacred feast; where, having fed,
back to the tomb all harmless it withdrew.
Then with new zeal his sacrifice he brings
in honor of his sire; for he must deem
that serpent the kind genius of the place,
or of his very father's present shade
some creature ministrant. Two lambs he slew,
the wonted way, two swine, and, sable-hued,
the yoke of bulls; from shallow bowl he poured
libation of the grape, and called aloud
on great Anchises' spirit, and his shade,
from Acheron set free. Then all the throng,
each from his separate store, heap up the shrines
with victims slain; some range in order fair
the brazen cauldrons; or along the grass,
scattered at ease, hold o'er the embers bright
the spitted flesh and roast it in the flames.
Arrived the wished-for day; through cloudless sky
the coursers of the Sun's bright-beaming car

bore upward the ninth morn. The neighboring folk
thronged eager to the shore; some hoped to see
Aeneas and his warriors, others fain
would their own prowess prove in bout and game.
Conspicuous lie the rewards, ranged in sight
in the mid-circus; wreaths of laurel green,
the honored tripod, coronals of palm
for conquerors' brows, accoutrements of war,
rare robes of purple stain, and generous weight
of silver and of gold. The trumpet's call
proclaimed from lofty mound the opening games.
First, side by side, with sturdy, rival oars,
four noble galleys, pride of all the fleet,
come forward to contend. The straining crew
of Mnestheus bring his speedy Pristis on, —
Mnestheus in Italy erelong the sire
of Memmius' noble line. Brave Gyas guides
his vast Chimaera, a colossal craft,
a floating city, by a triple row
of Dardan sailors manned, whose banks of oars
in triple order rise. Sergestus, he
of whom the Sergian house shall after spring,
rides in his mighty Centaur. Next in line,
on sky-blue Scylla proud Cloanthus rides —
whence thy great stem, Cluentius of Rome!
Fronting the surf-beat shore, far out at sea
rises a rock, which under swollen waves
lies buffeted unseen, when wintry storms
mantle the stars; but when the deep is calm,
lifts silently above the sleeping wave
its level field, — a place where haunt and play
flocks of the sea-birds, Iovers of the sun.
Here was the goal; and here Aeneas set
a green-leaved flex-tree, to be a mark
for every captain's eye, from whence to veer
the courses of their ships in sweeping curves
and speed them home. Now places in the line

are given by lot. Upon the lofty sterns
the captains ride, in beautiful array
of Tyriac purple and far-flaming gold;
the crews are poplar-crowned, the shoulders bare
rubbed well with glittering oil; their straining arms
make long reach to the oar, as on the thwarts
they sit attentive, listening for the call
of the loud trumpet; while with pride and fear
their hot hearts throb, impassioned for renown.
Soon pealed the signal clear; from all the line
instant the galleys bounded, and the air
rang to the rowers, shouting, while their arms
pulled every inch and flung the waves in foam;
deep cut the rival strokes; the surface fair
yawned wide beneath their blades and cleaving keels.
Not swifter scour the chariots o'er the plain,
sped headlong from the line behind their teams
of mated coursers, while each driver shakes
loose, rippling reins above his plunging pairs,
and o'er the lash leans far. With loud applause
vociferous and many an urgent cheer
the woodlands rang, and all the concave shores
back from the mountains took the Trojan cry
in answering song. Forth-flying from his peers,
while all the crowd acclaims, sped Gyas' keel
along the outmost wave. Cloanthus next
pushed hard upon, with stronger stroke of oars
but heavier ship. At equal pace behind
the Pristis and the Centaur fiercely strive
for the third place. Now Pristis seems to lead,
now mightier Centaur past her flies, then both
ride on together, prow with prow, and cleave
long lines of foaming furrow with swift keels.
Soon near the rock they drew, and either ship
was making goal, — when Gyas, in the lead,
and winner of the half-course, loudly hailed
menoetes, the ship's pilot: "Why so far

to starboard, we? Keep her head round this way!
Hug shore! Let every oar-blade almost graze
that reef to larboard! Let the others take
the deep-sea course outside!" But while he spoke,
Menoetes, dreading unknown rocks below,
veered off to open sea. "Why steer so wide?
Round to the rock, Menoetes!" Gyas roared, —
again in vain, for looking back he saw
cloanthus hard astern, and ever nearer,
who, in a trice, betwixt the booming reef
and Gyas' galley, lightly forward thrust
the beak of Scylla to the inside course,
and, quickly taking lead, flew past the goal
to the smooth seas beyond. Then wrathful grief
flamed in the warrior's heart, nor was his cheek
unwet with tears; and, reckless utterly
of his own honor and his comrades, lives,
he hurled poor, slack Menoetes from the poop
headlong upon the waters, while himself,
pilot and master both, the helm assuming,
urged on his crew, and landward took his way.
But now, with heavy limbs that hardly won
his rescue from the deep, engulfing wave,
up the rude rock graybeard Menoetes climbed
with garment dripping wet, and there dropped down
upon the cliff's dry top. With laughter loud
the Trojan crews had watched him plunging, swimming,
and now to see his drink of bitter brine
spewed on the ground, the sailors laughed again.
But Mnestheus and Sergestus, coming last,
have joyful hope enkindled in each heart
to pass the laggard Gyas. In the lead
Sergestus' ship shoots forth; and to the rock
runs boldly nigh; but not his whole long keel
may pass his rival; the projecting beak
is followed fast by Pristis' emulous prow.
Then, striding straight amidships through his crew,

thus Mnestheus urged them on: "O Hector's friends!
Whom in the dying hours of Troy I chose
for followers! Now stand ye to your best!
Put forth the thews of valor that ye showed
in the Gaetolian Syrtes, or that sea
Ionian, or where the waves race by
the Malean promontory! Mnestheus now
hopes not to be the first, nor do I strive
for victory. O Father Neptune, give
that garland where thou wilt! But O, the shame
if we are last! Endure it not, my men!
The infamy refuse!" So, bending low,
they enter the home-stretch. Beneath their stroke
the brass-decked galley throbs, and under her
the sea-floor drops away. On, on they fly!
Parched are the panting lips, and sweat in streams
pours down their giant sides; but lucky chance
brought the proud heroes what their honor craved.
For while Sergestus furiously drove
his ship's beak toward the rock, and kept inside
the scanty passage, by his evil star
he grounded on the jutting reef; the cliffs
rang with the blow, and his entangled oars
grated along the jagged granite, while
the prow hung wrecked and helpless. With loud cry
upsprang the sailors, while the ship stood still,
and pushed off with long poles and pointed iron,
or snatched the smashed oars from the whirling tide.
Mnestheus exults; and, roused to keener strife
by happy fortune, with a quicker stroke
of each bright rank of oars, and with the breeze
his prayer implored, skims o'er the obedient wave
and sweeps the level main. Not otherwise
a startled dove, emerging o'er the fields
from secret cavern in the crannied hill
where her safe house and pretty nestlings lie,
soars from her nest, with whirring wings — but soon

through the still sky she takes her path of air
on pinions motionless. So Pristis sped
with Mnestheus, cleaving her last stretch of sea,
by her own impulse wafted. She outstripped
Sergestus first; for he upon the reef
fought with the breakers, desperately shouting
for help, for help in vain, with broken oars
contriving to move on. Then Mnestheus ran
past Gyas, in Chimaera's ponderous hulk,
of pilot now bereft; at last remains
Cloanthus his sole peer, whom he pursues
with a supreme endeavor. From the shore
burst echoing cheers that spur him to the chase,
and wild applause makes all the welkin ring.
The leaders now with eager souls would scorn
to lose their glory, and faint-hearted fail
to grasp a prize half-won, but fain would buy
honor with life itself; the followers too
are flushed with proud success, and feel them strong
because their strength is proven. Both ships now
with indistinguishable prows had sped
to share one prize, — but with uplifted hands
spread o'er the sea, Cloanthus, suppliant,
called on the gods to bless his votive prayer:
“Ye gods who rule the waves, whose waters be
my pathway now; for you on yonder strand
a white bull at the altar shall be slain
in grateful tribute for a granted vow;
and o'er the salt waves I will scatter far
the entrails, and outpour the flowing wine.”
He spoke; and from the caverns under sea
Phorcus and virgin Panopea heard,
and all the sea-nymphs' choir; while with strong hand
the kindly God of Havens rose and thrust
the gliding ship along, that swifter flew
than south wind, or an arrow from the string,
and soon made land in haven safe and sure.

Aeneas then, assembling all to hear,
by a far-sounding herald's voice proclaimed
Cloanthus victor, and arrayed his brows
with the green laurel-garland; to the crews
three bulls, at choice, were given, and plenteous wine
and talent-weight of silver; to the chiefs
illustrious gifts beside; the victor had
a gold-embroidered mantle with wide band
of undulant Meliboean purple rare,
where, pictured in the woof, young Ganymede
through Ida's forest chased the light-foot deer
with javelin; all flushed and panting he.
But lo! Jove's thunder-bearing eagle fell,
and his strong talons snatched from Ida far
the royal boy, whose aged servitors
reached helpless hands to heaven; his faithful hound
bayed fiercely at the air. To him whose worth
the second place had won, Aeneas gave
a smooth-linked golden corselet, triple-chained,
of which his own victorious hand despoiled
Demoleos, by the swift, embattled stream
of Simois, under Troy, — and bade it be
a glory and defence on valor's field;
scarce might the straining shoulders of two slaves,
Phegeus and Sagaris, the load endure,
yet oft Demoleos in this armor dressed
charged down full speed on routed hosts of Troy.
The third gift was two cauldrons of wrought brass,
and bowls of beaten silver, cunningly
embossed with sculpture fair. Bearing such gifts,
th' exultant victors onward moved, each brow
bound with a purple fillet. But behold!
Sergestus, from the grim rock just dragged off
by cunning toil, one halting rank of oars
left of his many lost, comes crawling in
with vanquished ship, a mockery to all.
As when a serpent, on the highway caught,

some brazen wheel has crushed, or traveller
with heavy-smiting blow left half alive
and mangled by a stone; in vain he moves
in writhing flight; a part is lifted high
with hissing throat and angry, glittering eyes;
but by the wounded part a captive still
he knots him fold on fold: with such a track
the maimed ship labored slow; but by her sails
she still made way, and with full canvas on
arrived at land. Aeneas then bestowed
a boon upon Sergestus, as was meet
for reward of the ship in safety brought
with all its men; a fair slave was the prize,
the Cretan Pholoe, well taught to weave,
and twin boy-babes upon her breast she bore.
Then good Aeneas, the ship-contest o'er,
turned to a wide green valley, circled round
with clasp of wood-clad hills, wherein was made
an amphitheatre; entering with a throng
of followers, the hero took his seat
in mid-arena on a lofty mound.
For the fleet foot-race, now, his summons flies, —
he offers gifts, and shows the rewards due.
The mingling youth of Troy and Sicily
hastened from far. Among the foremost came
the comrades Nisus and Euryalus,
Euryalus for beauty's bloom renowned,
Nisus for loyal love; close-following these
Diores strode, a prince of Priam's line;
then Salius and Patron, who were bred
in Acarnania and Arcady;
then two Sicilian warriors, Helymus
and Panopes, both sylvan bred and born,
comrades of King Acestes; after these
the multitude whom Fame forgets to tell.
Aeneas, so surrounded, thus spake forth:
“Hear what I purpose, and with joy receive!

of all your company, not one departs
with empty hand. The Cretan javelins
bright-tipped with burnished steel, and battle-axe
adorned with graven silver, these shall be
the meed of all. The three first at the goal
shall bind their foreheads with fair olive green,
and win the rewards due. The first shall lead,
victorious, yon rich-bridled steed away;
this Amazonian quiver, the next prize,
well-stocked with Thracian arrows; round it goes
a baldrick broad and golden, — in its clasp
a lustrous gem. The third man goes away
taking this helmet from the Argive spoil.”
They heard, and took their places. The loud horn
gave signal, and impetuous from the line,
swift as a bursting storm they sped away,
eyes fixed upon the goal. Far in advance
Nisus shot forward, swifter than the winds
or winged thunderbolt; the next in course,
next, but out-rivalled far, was Salius,
and after him a space, Euryalus
came third; him Helymus was hard upon;
and, look! Dioreas follows, heel on heel,
close at his shoulder — if the race be long
he sure must win, or claim a doubtful prize.
Now at the last stretch, spent and panting, all
pressed to the goal, when in a slime of blood
Nisus, hard fate! slipped down, where late the death
of victims slain had drenched the turf below.
Here the young victor, with his triumph flushed,
lost foothold on the yielding ground, and plunged
face forward in the pool of filth and gore;
but not of dear Euryalus was he
forgetful then, nor heedless of his friend;
but rising from the mire he hurled himself
in Salius’ way; so he in equal plight
rolled in the filthy slough. Euryalus

leaped forth, the winner of the race by gift
of his true friend, and flying to the goal
stood first, by many a favoring shout acclaimed.
Next Helymus ran in; and, for the third, last prize,
Diores. But the multitude now heard
the hollowed hill-side ringing with wild wrath
from Salius, clamoring where the chieftains sate
for restitution of his stolen prize,
lost by a cheat. But general favor smiles
upon Euryalus, whose beauteous tears
commend him much, and nobler seems the worth
of valor clothed in youthful shape so fair.
Diores, too, assists the victor's claim,
with loud appeal — he too has won a prize,
and vainly holds his last place, if the first
to Salius fall. Aeneas then replied:
“Your gifts, my gallant youths, remain secure.
None can re-judge the prize. But to console
the misadventure of a blameless friend,
is in my power.” Therewith to Salius
an Afric lion's monstrous pelt he gave,
with ponderous mane, the claws o'erlaid with gold.
But Nisus cried: “If such a gift be found
for less than victory, and men who fall
are worthy so much sorrow, pray, what prize
shall Nisus have? For surely I had won
the proudest of the garlands, if one stroke
of inauspicious fortune had not fallen
on Salius and me.” So saying, he showed
his smeared face and his sorry limbs befouled
with mire and slime. Then laughed the gracious sire,
and bade a shield be brought, the cunning work
of Didymaon, which the Greeks tore down
from Neptune's temple; with this noble gift
he sent the high-born youth upon his way.
The foot-race over and the gifts disbursed,
“Come forth!” he cries, “if any in his heart

have strength and valor, let him now pull on the gauntlets and uplift his thong-bound arms in challenge.” For the reward of this fight a two-fold gift he showed: the victor’s meed, a bullock decked and gilded; but a sword and glittering helmet to console the fallen. Straightway, in all his pride of giant strength, Dares loomed up, and wondering murmurs ran along the gazing crowd; for he alone was wont to match with Paris, he it was met Butes, the huge-bodied champion boasting the name and race of Amycus, Bythinian-born; him felled he at a blow, and stretched him dying on the tawny sand. Such Dares was, who now held high his head, fierce for the fray, bared both his shoulders broad, lunged out with left and right, and beat the air. Who shall his rival be? Of all the throng not one puts on the gauntlets, or would face the hero’s challenge. Therefore, striding forth, believing none now dare but yield the palm, he stood before Aeneas, and straightway seized with his left hand the bull’s golden horn, and cried, “O goddess-born, if no man dares to risk him in this fight, how long delay? how long beseems it I should stand and wait? Bid me bear off my prize.” The Trojans all murmured assent, and bade the due award of promised gift. But with a brow severe Acestes to Entellus at his side addressed upbraiding words, where they reclined on grassy bank and couch of pleasant green: “O my Entellus, in the olden days bravest among the mighty, but in vain! Endurest thou to see yon reward won without a blow? Where, prithee, is that god who taught thee? Are thy tales of Eryx vain?

Does all Sicilia praise thee? Is thy roof
with trophies hung?" The other in reply:
"My jealous honor and good name yield not
to fear. But age, so cold and slow to move,
makes my blood laggard, and my ebbing powers
in all my body are but slack and chill.
O, if I had what yonder ruffian boasts —
my own proud youth once more! I would not ask
the fair bull for a prize, nor to the lists
in search of gifts come forth." So saying, he threw
into the mid-arena a vast pair
of ponderous gauntlets, which in former days
fierce Eryx for his fights was wont to bind
on hand and arm, with the stiff raw-hide thong.
All marvelled; for a weight of seven bulls' hides
was pieced with lead and iron. Dares stared
astonished, and step after step recoiled;
high-souled Anchises' son, this way and that,
turned o'er the enormous coil of knots and thongs;
then with a deep-drawn breath the veteran spoke:
"O, that thy wondering eyes had seen the arms
of Hercules, and what his gauntlets were!
Would thou hadst seen the conflict terrible
upon this self-same shore! These arms were borne
by Eryx. Look; thy brother's! — spattered yet
with blood, with dashed-out brains! In these he stood
when he matched Hercules. I wore them oft
when in my pride and prime, ere envious age
shed frost upon my brows. But if these arms
be of our Trojan Dares disapproved,
if good Aeneas rules it so, and King
Acestes wills it, let us offer fight
on even terms. Let Eryx' bull's-hide go.
Tremble no more! But strip those gauntlets off —
fetched here from Troy." So saying, he dropped down
the double-folded mantle from his shoulders,
stripped bare the huge joints, the huge arms and thews,

and towered gigantic in the midmost ring.
Anchises' son then gave two equal pairs
of gauntlets, and accoutred with like arms
both champions. Each lifted him full height
on tiptoe; each with mien unterrified
held both fists high in air, and drew his head
far back from blows assailing. Then they joined
in struggle hand to hand, and made the fray
each moment fiercer. One was light of foot
and on his youth relied; the other strong
in bulk of every limb, but tottering
on sluggish knees, while all his body shook
with labor of his breath. Without avail
they rained their blows, and on each hollow side,
each sounding chest, the swift, reverberate strokes
fell without pause; around their ears and brows
came blow on blow, and with relentless shocks
the smitten jaws cracked loud. Entellus stands
unshaken, and, the self-same posture keeping,
only by body-movement or quick eye
parries attack. Dares (like one in siege
against a mountain-citadel, who now will drive
with ram and engine at the craggy wall,
now wait in full-armed watch beneath its towers)
tries manifold approach, most craftily
invests each point of vantage, and renews
his unsuccessful, ever various war.
Then, rising to the stroke, Entellus poised
aloft his ponderous right; but, quick of eye,
the other the descending wrath foresaw
and nimbly slipped away; Entellus so
wasted his stroke on air, and, self-o'erthrown,
dropped prone to earth his monstrous length along,
as when on Erymanth or Ida falls
a hollowed pine from giant roots upturn.
Alike the Teucrian and Trinacrian throng
shout wildly; while Acestes, pitying, hastes

to lift his gray companion. But, unchecked,
undaunted by his fall, the champion brave
rushed fiercer to the fight, his strength now roused
by rage, while shame and courage confident
kindle his soul; impetuous he drives
Dares full speed all round the ring, with blows
redoubled right and left. No stop or stay
gives he, but like a storm of rattling hail
upon a house-top, so from each huge hand
the champion's strokes on dizzy Dares fall.
Then Sire Aeneas willed to make a stay
to so much rage, nor let Entellus' soul
flame beyond bound, but bade the battle pause,
and, rescuing weary Dares, thus he spoke
in soothing words: "Ill-starred! What mad attempt
is in thy mind? Will not thy heart confess
thy strength surpassed, and auspices averse?
Submit, for Heaven decrees!" With such wise words
he sundered the fell strife. But trusty friends
bore Dares off: his spent limbs helpless trailed,
his head he could not lift, and from his lips
came blood and broken teeth. So to the ship
they bore him, taking, at Aeneas' word,
the helmet and the sword — but left behind
Entellus' prize of victory, the bull.
He, then, elate and glorying, spoke forth:
"See, goddess-born, and all ye Teucrians, see,
what strength was mine in youth, and from what death
ye have cleivered Dares." Saying so,
he turned him full front to the bull, who stood
for reward of the fight, and, drawing back
his right hand, poising the dread gauntlet high,
swung sheer between the horns and crushed the skull;
a trembling, lifeless creature, to the ground
the bull dropped forward dead. Above the fallen
Entellus cried aloud, "This victim due
I give thee, Eryx, more acceptable

than Dares' death to thy benignant shade.
For this last victory and joyful day,
my gauntlets and my art I leave with thee."'
Forthwith Aeneas summons all who will
to contest of swift arrows, and displays
reward and prize. With mighty hand he rears
a mast within th' arena, from the ship
of good Sergestus taken; and thereto
a fluttering dove by winding cord is bound
for target of their shafts. Soon to the match
the rival bowmen came and cast the lots
into a brazen helmet. First came forth
Hippocoon's number, son of Hyrtacus,
by cheers applauded; Mnestheus was the next,
late victor in the ship-race, Mnestheus crowned
with olive-garland; next Eurytion,
brother of thee, O bowman most renowned,
Pandarus, breaker of the truce, who hurled
his shaft upon the Achaeans, at the word
the goddess gave. Acestes' lot and name
came from the helmet last, whose royal hand
the deeds of youth dared even yet to try.
Each then with strong arm bends his pliant bow,
each from the quiver plucks a chosen shaft.
First, with loud arrow whizzing from the string,
the young Hippocoon with skyward aim
cuts through the yielding air; and lo! his barb
pierces the very wood, and makes the mast
tremble; while with a fluttering, frightened wing
the bird tugs hard, — and plaudits fill the sky.
Boldly rose Mnestheus, and with bow full-drawn
aimed both his eye and shaft aloft; but he
failing, unhappy man, to bring his barb
up to the dove herself, just cut the cord
and broke the hempen bond, whereby her feet
were captive to the tree: she, taking flight,
clove through the shadowing clouds her path of air.

But swiftly — for upon his waiting bow
he held a shaft in rest — Eurytion
invoked his brother's shade, and, marking well
the dove, whose happy pinions fluttered free
in vacant sky, pierced her, hard by a cloud;
lifeless she fell, and left in light of heaven
her spark of life, as, floating down, she bore
the arrow back to earth. Acestes now
remained, last rival, though the victor's palm
to him was lost; yet did the aged sire,
to show his prowess and resounding bow,
hurl forth one shaft in air; then suddenly
all eyes beheld such wonder as portends
events to be (but when fulfilment came,
too late the fearful seers its warning sung):
for, soaring through the stream of cloud, his shaft
took fire, tracing its bright path in flame,
then vanished on the wind, — as oft a star
will fall unfastened from the firmament,
while far behind its blazing tresses flow.
Awe-struck both Trojan and Trinacrian stood,
calling upon the gods. Nor came the sign
in vain to great Aeneas. But his arms
folded the blest Acestes to his heart,
and, loading him with noble gifts, he cried:
“Receive them, sire! The great Olympian King
some peerless honor to thy name decrees
by such an omen given. I offer thee
this bowl with figures graven, which my sire,
good gray Anchises, for proud gift received
of Thracian Cisseus, for their friendship's pledge
and memory evermore.” Thereon he crowned
his brows with garland of the laurel green,
and named Acestes victor over all.
Nor could Eurytion, noble youth, think ill
of honor which his own surpassed, though he,
he only, pierced the bird in upper air.

Next gift was his whose arrow cut the cord;
last, his whose light shaft clove the lofty pine.
Father Aeneas now, not making end
of game and contest, summoned to his side
Epytides, the mentor and true friend
of young Iulus, and this bidding gave
to his obedient ear: "Arise and go
where my Ascanius has lined his troop
of youthful cavalry, and trained the steeds
to tread in ranks of war. Bid him lead forth
the squadron in our sire Anchises' name,
and wear a hero's arms!" So saying, he bade
the course be cleared, and from the whole wide field
th' insurging, curious multitude withdrew.
In rode the boys, to meet their parents' eyes,
in even lines, a glittering cavalry;
while all Trinacria and the host from Troy
made loud applause. On each bright brow
a well-trimmed wreath the flowing tresses bound;
two javelins of corner tipped with steel
each bore for arms; some from the shoulder slung
a polished quiver; to each bosom fell
a pliant necklace of fine, twisted gold.
Three bands of horsemen ride, three captains proud
prance here and there, assiduous in command,
each of his twelve, who shine in parted lines
which lesser captains lead. One cohort proud
follows a little Priam's royal name —
one day, Polites, thy illustrious race
through him prolonged, shall greater glory bring
to Italy. A dappled Thracian steed
with snow-white spots and fore-feet white as snow
bears him along, its white face lifted high.
Next Atys rode, young Atys, sire to be
of th' Atian house in Rome, a boy most dear
unto the boy Iulus; last in line,
and fairest of the throng, Iulus came,

astride a steed from Sidon, the fond gift
of beauteous Dido and her pledge of love.
Close followed him the youthful chivalry
of King Acestes on Trinacrian steeds.
The Trojans, with exultant, loud acclaim,
receive the shy-faced boys, and joyfully
trace in the features of the sons their sires.
After, with smiling eyes, the horsemen proud
have greeted each his kin in all the throng,
Epytides th' appointed signal calls,
and cracks his lash; in even lines they move,
then, loosely sundering in triple band,
wheel at a word and thrust their lances forth
in hostile ranks; or on the ample field
retreat or charge, in figure intricate
of circling troop with troop, and swift parade
of simulated war; now from the field
they flee with backs defenceless to the foe;
then rally, lance in rest — or, mingling all,
make common front, one legion strong and fair.
As once in Crete, the lofty mountain-isle,
that-fabled labyrinthine gallery
wound on through lightless walls, with thousand paths
which baffled every clue, and led astray
in unreturning mazes dark and blind:
so did the sons of Troy their courses weave
in mimic flights and battles fought for play,
like dolphins tumbling in the liquid waves,
along the Afric or Carpathian seas.
This game and mode of march Ascanius,
when Alba Longa's bastions proudly rose,
taught to the Latin people of the prime;
and as the princely Trojan and his train
were wont to do, so Alba to her sons
the custom gave; so glorious Rome at last
the heritage accepted and revered;
and still we know them for the "Trojan Band,"

and call the lads a “Troy.” Such was the end
of game and contest at Anchises’ grave.
Then fortune veered and different aspect wore.
For ‘ere the sacred funeral games are done,
Saturnian Juno from high heaven sent down
the light-winged Iris to the ships of Troy,
giving her flight good wind — still full of schemes
and hungering to avenge her ancient wrong.
Unseen of mortal eye, the virgin took
her pathway on the thousand-colored bow,
and o’er its gliding passage earthward flew.
She scanned the vast assemblage; then her gaze
turned shoreward, where along the idle bay
the Trojan galleys quite unpeopled rode.
But far removed, upon a lonely shore,
a throng of Trojan dames bewailed aloud
their lost Anchises, and with tears surveyed
the mighty deep. “O weary waste of seas!
What vast, untravelled floods beyond us roll!”
So cried they with one voice, and prayed the gods
for an abiding city; every heart
loathed utterly the long, laborious sea.
Then in their midst alighted, not unskilled
in working woe, the goddess; though she wore
nor garb nor form divine, but made herself
one Beroe, Doryclus’ aged wife,
who in her happier days had lineage fair
and sons of noble name; in such disguise
she called the Trojan dames: “O ye ill-starred,
that were not seized and slain by Grecian foes
under your native walls! O tribe accursed,
what death is Fate preparing? Since Troy fell
the seventh summer flies, while still we rove
o’er cruel rocks and seas, from star to star,
from alien land to land, as evermore
we chase, storm-tossed, that fleeting Italy
across the waters wide. Behold this land

of Eryx, of Acestes, friend and kin;
what hinders them to raise a rampart here
and build a town? O city of our sires!
O venerated gods from haughty foes
rescued in vain! Will nevermore a wall
rise in the name of Troy? Shall I not see
a Xanthus or a Simois, the streams
to Hector dear? Come now! I lead the way.
Let us go touch their baneful ships with fire!
I saw Cassandra in a dream. Her shade,
prophetic ever, gave me firebrands,
and cried, 'Find Ilium so! The home for thee
is where thou art.' Behold, the hour is ripe
for our great act! No longer now delay
to heed the heavenly omen. Yonder stand
four altars unto Neptune. 'T is the god,
the god himself, gives courage for the deed,
and swift-enkindling fire." So having said,
she seized a dreadful brand; then, lifting high,
waved it all flaming, and with furious arm
hurled it from far. The Ilian matrons gazed,
bewildered and appalled. But one, of all
the eldest, Pyrgo, venerated nurse
of Priam's numerous sons, exclaimed, "Nay, nay!
This is no Beroe, my noble dames.
Doryclus knew her not. Behold and see
her heavenly beauty and her radiant eyes!
What voice of music and majestic mien,
what movement like a god! Myself am come
from Beroe sick, and left her grieving sore
that she, she only, had no gift to bring
of mournful honor to Anchises' shade."
She spoke. The women with ill-boding eyes
looked on the ships. Their doubting hearts were torn
'twixt tearful passion for the beauteous isle
their feet then trod, and that prophetic call
of Fate to lands unknown. Then on wide wings

soared Iris into heaven, and through the clouds
clove a vast arch of light. With wonder dazed,
the women in a shrieking frenzy rose,
took embers from the hearth-stones, stole the fires
upon the altars — faggots, branches, brands —
and rained them on the ships. The god of fire,
through thwarts and oars and bows of painted fir,
ran in unbridled flame. Swift to the tomb
of Sire Anchises, to the circus-seats,
the messenger Eumelus flew, to bring
news of the ships on fire; soon every eye
the clouds of smoke and hovering flame could see.
Ascanius, who had led with smiling brow
his troops of horse, accoutred as he was,
rode hot-haste to the turmoil of the camp,
nor could his guards restrain . “What madness now?
What is it ye would do?” he cried. “Alas!
Ill-fated women! Not our enemies,
nor the dread bulwarks of the Greek ye burn,
but all ye have to hope for. Look at me,
your own Ascanius!” His helmet then
into their midst he flung, which he had worn
for pageantry of war. Aeneas, too,
with Trojan bands sped thither. But far off,
the women, panic-scattered on the shore,
fled many ways, and deep in caverned crags
or shadowed forests hid them, for they loathed
their deed and life itself; their thoughts were changed;
they knew their kin and husbands, and their hearts
from Juno were set free. But none the less
the burning and indomitable flames
ragged without stay; beneath the ships’ smeared sides
the hempen fuel puffed a lingering smoke,
as, through the whole bulk creeping, the slow fire
devoured its way; and little it availed
that strong men fought the fire with stream on stream.
Then good Aeneas from his shoulder rent

his garment, and with lifted hands implored
the help of Heaven. "O Jove omnipotent!
If thou not yet thy wrath implacable
on every Trojan pourest, if thou still
hast pity, as of old, for what men bear,
O, grant my fleet deliverance from this flame!
From uttermost destruction, Father, save
our desperate Trojan cause! Or even now —
last cruelty! thy fatal thunders throw.
If this be my just meed, let thy dread arm
confound us all." But scarce the prayer is said,
when with a bursting deluge a dark storm
falls, marvellous to see; while hills and plains
with thunder shake, and to each rim of heaven
spreads swollen cloud-rack, black with copious rain
and multitudinous gales. The full flood pours
on every ship, and all the smouldering beams
are drenched, until the smoke and flames expire
and (though four ships be lost) the burning fleet
rides rescued from its doom. But smitten sore
by this mischance, Aeneas doubtfully
weighs in his heart its mighty load of cares,
and ponders if indeed he may abide
in Sicily, not heeding prophet-songs,
or seek Italian shores. Thereon uprose
Nautes, an aged sire, to whom alone
Tritonian Pallas of her wisdom gave
and made his skill renowned; he had the power
to show celestial anger's warning signs,
or tell Fate's fixed decree. The gifted man
thus to Aeneas comfortably spoke:
"O goddess-born, we follow here or there,
as Fate compels or stays. But come what may,
he triumphs over Fortune, who can bear
whate'er she brings. Behold, Acestes draws
from Dardanus his origin divine!
Make him thy willing friend, to share with thee

thy purpose and thy counsel. Leave with him
the crews of the lost ships, and all whose hearts
repine at thy high task and great emprise:
the spent old men, the women ocean-weary,
whate'er is feeble found, or faint of heart
in danger's hour, — set that apart, and give
such weary ones within this friendly isle
a city called Acesta, — if he will.”

Much moved Aeneas was by this wise word
of his gray friend, though still his anxious soul
was vexed by doubt and care. But when dark night
had brought her chariot to the middle sky,
the sacred shade of Sire Anchises seemed,
from heaven descending, thus to speak aloud:

“My son, than life more dear, when life was mine!

O son, upon whose heart the Trojan doom
has weighed so long! Beside thy couch I stand,
at pleasure of great Jove, whose hand dispelled
the mad fire from thy ships; and now he looks
from heaven with pitying brow. I bid thee heed
the noble counsels aged Nautes gave.

Only with warriors of dauntless breast
to Italy repair; of hardy breed,

of wild, rough life, thy Latin foes will be.

But first the shores of Pluto and the Shades
thy feet must tread, and through the deep abyss
of dark Avernus come to me, thy sire:

for I inhabit not the guilty gloom
of Tartarus, but bright Elysian day,
where all the just their sweet assemblies hold.

Hither the virgin Sibyl, if thou give
full offerings of the blood of sable kine,
shall lead thee down; and visions I will show
of cities proud and nations sprung from thee.
Farewell, for dewy Night has wheeled her way
far past her middle course; the panting steeds
of orient Morn breathe pitiless upon me.”

He spoke, and passed, like fleeting clouds of smoke,
to empty air. "O, whither haste away?"

Aeneas cried. "Whom dost thou fly? What god
from my fond yearning and embrace removes?"

Then on the altar of the gods of Troy
he woke the smouldering embers, at the shrine
of venerable Vesta, worshipping
with hallowed bread and incense burning free.

Straightway he calls assembly of his friends, —
Acestes first in honor, — and makes known
Jove's will, the counsel of his cherished sire,
and his own fresh resolve. With prompt assent
they hear his word, nor does Acestes fail
the task to share. They people the new town
with women; and leave every wight behind
who wills it — souls not thirsting for high praise.
Themselves re-bench their ships, rebuild, and fit
with rope and oar the flame-swept galleys all;
a band not large, but warriors bold and true.

Aeneas, guiding with his hand a plough,
marks out the city's ground, gives separate lands
by lot, and bids within this space appear
a second Troy. Trojan Acestes takes
the kingly power, and with benignant joy
appoints a forum, and decrees just laws
before a gathered senate. Then they raise
on that star-circled Erycinian hill,
the temple to Idalian Venus dear;
and at Anchises' sepulchre ordain
a priesthood and wide groves of hallowed shade.

Now the nine days of funeral pomp are done,
and every altar has had honors due
from all the folk. Now tranquil-breathing winds
have levelled the great deep, while brisk and free,
a favoring Auster bids them launch away.

But sound of many a wailing voice is heard
along the winding shore; for ere they go,

in fond embraces for a night and day
they linger still. The women — aye, and men! —
who hated yesterday the ocean's face
and loathed its name, now clamor to set sail
and bear all want and woe to exiles known.
But good Aeneas with benignant words
their sorrow soothes, and, not without a tear,
consigns them to Acestes' kindred care.
Then bids he sacrifice to Eryx' shade
three bulls, and to the wind-gods and the storm
a lamb, then loose the ships in order due.
He, with a garland of shorn olive, stood
holding aloft the sacrificial bowl
from his own vessel's prow, and scattered far
the sacred entrails o'er the bitter wave,
with gift of flowing wine. Swift at the stern
a fair wind rose and thrust them; while the crews
with rival strokes swept o'er the spreading sea.
Venus, the while, disturbed with grief and care,
to Neptune thus her sorrowing heart outpoured:
"Stern Juno's wrath and breast implacable
compel me, Neptune, to abase my pride
in lowly supplication. Lapse of days,
nor prayers, nor virtues her hard heart subdue,
nor Jove's command; nor will she rest or yield
at Fate's decree. Her execrable grudge
is still unfed, although she did consume
the Trojan city, Phrygia's midmost throne,
and though she has accomplished stroke on stroke
of retribution. But she now pursues
the remnant — aye! the ashes and bare bones
of perished Ilium; though the cause and spring
of wrath so great none but herself can tell.
Wert thou not witness on the Libyan wave
what storm she stirred, immingling sea and sky,
and with Aeolian whirlwinds made her war, —
in vain and insolent invasion, sire,

of thine own realm and power? Behold, but now,
goaded to evil deeds the Trojan dames,
she basely burned his ships; he in strange lands
must leave the crews of his lost fleet behind.
O, I entreat thee, let the remnant sail
in safety o'er thy sea, and end their way
in Tiber's holy stream; — if this my prayer
be lawful, and that city's rampart proud
be still what Fate intends." Then Saturn's son,
the ruler of the seas profound, replied:
"Queen of Cythera, it is meet for thee
to trust my waves from which thyself art sprung.
Have I not proved a friend, and oft restrained
the anger and wild wrath of seas and skies?
On land, let Simois and Xanthus tell
if I have loved Aeneas! On that day
Achilles drove the shuddering hosts of Troy
in panic to the walls, and hurled to death
innumerable foes, until the streams
were choked with dead, and Xanthus scarce could find
his wonted path to sea; that self-same day,
Aeneas, spent, and with no help of Heaven,
met Peleus' dreadful son: — who else but I
in cloudy mantle bore him safe afar?
Though 't was my will to cast down utterly
the walls of perjured Troy, which my own hands
had built beside the sea. And even to-day
my favor changes not. Dispel thy fear!
Safe, even as thou prayest, he shall ride
to Cumae's haven, where Avernus lies.
One only sinks beneath th' engulfing seas, —
one life in lieu of many."

Having soothed
and cheered her heart divine, the worshipped sire
flung o'er his mated steeds a yoke of gold,
bridled the wild, white mouths, and with strong hand
shook out long, loosened reins. His azure car

skimmed light and free along the crested waves;
before his path the rolling billows all
were calm and still, and each o'er-swollen flood
sank 'neath his sounding wheel; while from the skies
the storm-clouds fled away. Behind him trailed
a various company; vast bulk of whales,
the hoary band of Glaucus, Ino's son,
Palaemon and the nimble Tritons all,
the troop of Phorcus; and to leftward ranged
Thalia, Thetis, and fair Alelite,
with virgin Panopea, and the nymphs
Nesaea, Spio and Cymodoce.

Now in Aeneas' ever-burdened breast
the voice of hope revived. He bade make haste
to raise the masts, spread canvas on the spars;
all hands hauled at the sheets, and left or right
shook out the loosened sails, or twirled in place
the horn-tipped yards. Before a favoring wind
the fleet sped on. The line in close array
was led by Palinurus, in whose course
all ships were bid to follow. Soon the car
of dewy Night drew near the turning-point
of her celestial round. The oarsmen all
yielded their limbs to rest, and prone had fallen
on the hard thwarts, in deep, unpillowed slumber.
Then from the high stars on light-moving wings,
the God of Sleep found passage through the dark
and clove the gloom, — to bring upon thy head,
O Palinurus, an ill-boding sleep,
though blameless thou. Upon thy ship the god
in guise of Phorbas stood, thus whispering:
“Look, Palinurus, how the flowing tides
lift on thy fleet unsteered, and changeless winds
behind thee breathe! ‘T is now a happy hour
take thy rest. Lay down the weary head.
Steal tired eyes from toiling. I will do
thine office for thee, just a little space.”

But Palinurus, lifting scarce his eyes,
thus answered him: "Have I not known the face
of yonder placid seas and tranquil waves?
Put faith in such a monster? Could I trust —
I, oft by ocean's treacherous calm betrayed —
my lord Aeneas to false winds and skies?"
So saying, he grasped his rudder tight, and clung
more firmly, fixing on the stars his eyes.
Then waved the god above his brows a branch
wet with the dews of Lethe and imbued
with power of Stygian dark, until his eyes
wavered and slowly sank. The slumberous snare
had scarce unbound his limbs, when, leaning o'er,
the god upon the waters flung him forth,
hands clutching still the helm and ship-rail torn,
and calling on his comrades, but in vain.
Then soared th' immortal into viewless air;
and in swift course across the level sea
the fleet sped safe, protected from all fear
by Neptune's vow. Yet were they drawing nigh
the sirens' island-steep, where oft are seen
white, bleaching bones, and to the distant ear
the rocks roar harshly in perpetual foam.
Then of his drifting fleet and pilot gone
Aeneas was aware, and, taking helm,
steered through the midnight waves, with many a sigh;
and, by his comrade's pitiable death
sore-smitten, cried, "O, thou didst trust too far
fair skies and seas, and liest without a grave,
my Palinurus, in a land unknown!"

BOOK VI

After such words and tears, he flung free rein
To the swift fleet, which sped along the wave
To old Euboean Cumae's sacred shore.
They veer all prows to sea; the anchor fluke
Makes each ship sure, and shading the long strand
The rounded sterns jut o'er. Impetuously
The eager warriors leap forth to land
Upon Hesperian soil. One strikes the flint
To find the seed-spark hidden in its veins;
One breaks the thick-branched trees, and steals away
The shelter where the woodland creatures bide;
One leads his mates where living waters flow.
Aeneas, servant of the gods, ascends
The templed hill where lofty Phoebus reigns,
And that far-off, inviolable shrine
Of dread Sibylla, in stupendous cave,
O'er whose deep soul the god of Delos breathes
Prophetic gifts, unfolding things to come.
Here are pale Trivia's golden house and grove.
Here Daedalus, the ancient story tells,
Escaping Minos' power, and having made
Hazard of heaven on far-mounting wings,
Floated to northward, a cold, trackless way,
And lightly poised, at last, o'er Cumae's towers.
Here first to earth come down, he gave to thee
His gear of wings, Apollo! and ordained
Vast temples to thy name and altars fair.
On huge bronze doors Androgeos' death was done;
And Cecrops' children paid their debt of woe,
Where, seven and seven, — O pitiable sight! —
The youths and maidens wait the annual doom,
Drawn out by lot from yonder marble urn.
Beyond, above a sea, lay carven Crete: —
The bull was there; the passion, the strange guile;

And Queen Pasiphae's brute-human son,
The Minotaur — of monstrous loves the sign.
Here was the toilsome, labyrinthine maze,
Where, pitying love-lorn Ariadne's tears,
The crafty Daedalus himself betrayed
The secret of his work; and gave the clue
To guide the path of Theseus through the gloom.
O Icarus, in such well-graven scene
How proud thy place should be! but grief forbade:
Twice in pure gold a father's fingers strove
To shape thy fall, and twice they strove in vain.
Aeneas long the various work would scan;
But now Achates comes, and by his side
Deiphobe, the Sibyl, Glaucus' child.
Thus to the prince she spoke :
"Is this thine hour
To stand and wonder? Rather go obtain
From young unbroken herd the bullocks seven,
And seven yearling ewes, our wonted way."
Thus to Aeneas; his attendants haste
To work her will; the priestess, calling loud,
Gathers the Trojans to her mountain-shrine.
Deep in the face of that Euboean crag
A cavern vast is hollowed out amain,
With hundred openings, a hundred mouths,
Whence voices flow, the Sibyl's answering songs.
While at the door they paused, the virgin cried :
"Ask now thy doom! — the god! the god is nigh!"
So saying, from her face its color flew,
Her twisted locks flowed free, the heaving breast
Swelled with her heart's wild blood; her stature seemed
Vaster, her accent more than mortal man,
As all th' oncoming god around her breathed :
"On with thy vows and prayers, O Trojan, on!
For only unto prayer this haunted cave
May its vast lips uncloze." She spake no more.
An icy shudder through the marrow ran

Of the bold Trojans; while their sacred King
Poured from his inmost soul this plaint and prayer :
“Phoebus, who ever for the woes of Troy
Hadst pitying eyes! who gavest deadly aim
To Paris when his Dardan shaft he hurled
On great Achilles! Thou hast guided me
Through many an unknown water, where the seas
Break upon kingdoms vast, and to the tribes
Of the remote Massyli, whose wild land
To Syrtes spreads. But now; because at last
I touch Hesperia’s ever-fleeting bound,
May Troy’s ill fate forsake me from this day!
O gods and goddesses, beneath whose wrath
Dardania’s glory and great Ilium stood,
Spare, for ye may, the remnant of my race!
And thou, most holy prophetess, whose soul
Foreknows events to come, grant to my prayer
(Which asks no kingdom save what Fate decrees)
That I may stablish in the Latin land
My Trojans, my far-wandering household-gods,
And storm-tossed deities of fallen Troy.
Then unto Phoebus and his sister pale
A temple all of marble shall be given,
And festal days to Phoebus evermore.
Thee also in my realms a spacious shrine
Shall honor; thy dark books and holy songs
I there will keep, to be my people’s law;
And thee, benignant Sibyl for all time
A company of chosen priests shall serve.
O, not on leaves, light leaves, inscribe thy songs!
Lest, playthings of each breeze, they fly afar
In swift confusion! Sing thyself, I pray.”
So ceased his voice; the virgin through the cave,
Scarce bridled yet by Phoebus’ hand divine,
Ecstatic swept along, and vainly strove
To fang its potent master from her breast;
But he more strongly plied his rein and curb

Upon her frenzied lips, and soon subdued
Her spirit fierce, and swayed her at his will.
Free and self-moved the cavern's hundred adooors
Swung open wide, and uttered to the air
The oracles the virgin-priestess sung :
"Thy long sea-perils thou hast safely passed;
But heavier woes await thee on the land.
Truly thy Trojans to Lavinian shore
Shall come — vex not thyself thereon — but, oh!
Shall rue their coming thither! war, red war!
And Tiber stained with bloody foam I see.
Simois, Xanthus, and the Dorian horde
Thou shalt behold; a new Achilles now
In Latium breathes, — he, too, of goddess born;
And Juno, burden of the sons of Troy,
Will vex them ever; while thyself shalt sue
In dire distress to many a town and tribe
Through Italy; the cause of so much ill
Again shall be a hostess-queen, again
A marriage-chamber for an alien bride.
Oh! yield not to thy woe, but front it ever,
And follow boldly whither Fortune calls.
Thy way of safety, as thou least couldst dream,
Lies through a city of the Greeks, thy foes."
Thus from her shrine Cumaea's prophetess
Chanted the dark decrees; the dreadful sound
Reverberated through the bellowing cave,
Commingling truth with ecstasies obscure.
Apollo, as she raged, flung loosened rein,
And thrust beneath her heart a quickening spur.
When first her madness ceased, and her wild lips
Were still at last, the hero thus began :
"No tribulations new, O Sibyl blest,
Can now confront me; every future pain
I have foretasted; my prophetic soul
Endured each stroke of fate before it fell.
One boon I ask. If of th' infernal King

This be the portal where the murky wave
Of swollen Acheron o'erflows its bound,
Here let me enter and behold the face
Of my loved sire. Thy hand may point the way;
Thy word will open wide yon holy doors.
My father through the flames and falling spears,
Straight through the centre of our foes, I bore
Upon these shoulders. My long flight he shared
From sea to sea, and suffered at my side
The anger of rude waters and dark skies, —
Though weak — O task too great for old and gray!
Thus as a suppliant at thy door to stand,
Was his behest and prayer. On son and sire,
O gracious one, have pity, — for thy rule
Is over all; no vain authority
Hadst thou from Trivia o'er th' Avernian groves.
If Orpheus could call back his loved one's shade,
Emboldened by the lyre's melodious string :
If Pollux by the interchange of death
Redeemed his twin, and oft repassed the way :
If Theseus — but why name him? why recall
Alcides' task? I, too, am sprung from Jove.”
Thus, to the altar clinging, did he pray :
The Sibyl thus replied : “Offspring of Heaven,
Anchises' son, the downward path to death
Is easy; all the livelong night and day
Dark Pluto's door stands open for a guest.
But O! remounting to the world of light,
This is a task indeed, a strife supreme.
Few, very few, whom righteous Jove did bless,
Or quenchless virtue carried to the stars,
Children of gods, have such a victory won.
Grim forests stop the way, and, gliding slow,
Cocytus circles through the sightless gloom.
But if it be thy dream and fond desire
Twice o'er the Stygian gulf to travel, twice
On glooms of Tartarus to set thine eyes,

If such mad quest be now thy pleasure — hear
What must be first fulfilled . A certain tree
Hides in obscurest shade a golden bough,
Of pliant stems and many a leaf of gold,
Sacred to Proserpine, infernal Queen.
Far in the grove it hides; in sunless vale
Deep shadows keep it in captivity.
No pilgrim to that underworld can pass
But he who plucks this burgeoned, leafy gold;
For this hath beauteous Proserpine ordained
Her chosen gift to be. Whene'er it is culled,
A branch out-leaving in like golden gleam,
A second wonder-stem, fails not to spring.
Therefore go seek it with uplifted eyes!
And when by will of Heaven thou findest it,
Reach forth and pluck; for at a touch it yields,
A free and willing gift, if Fate ordain;
But otherwise no mortal strength avails,
Nor strong, sharp steel, to rend it from the tree.
Another task awaits; thy friend's cold clay
Lies unentombed. Alas! thou art not ware
(While in my house thou lingerest, seeking light)
That all thy ships are by his death defiled.
Unto his resting-place and sepulchre,
Go, carry him! And sable victims bring,
In expiation, to his mournful shade.
So at the last on yonder Stygian groves,
And realms to things that breathe impassable,
Thine eye shall gaze." So closed her lips inspired.
Aeneas then drew forth, with downcast eyes,
From that dark cavern, pondering in his heart
The riddle of his fate. His faithful friend
Achates at his side, with paces slow,
Companioned all his care, while their sad souls
Made mutual and oft-renewed surmise
What comrade dead, what cold and tombless clay,
The Sibyl's word would show.

But as they mused,
Behold Misenus on the dry sea-sands,
By hasty hand of death struck guiltless down!
A son of Aeolus, none better knew
To waken heroes by the clarion's call,
With war-enkindling sound. Great Hector's friend
In happier days, he oft at Hector's side
Strode to the fight with glittering lance and horn.
But when Achilles stripped his fallen foe,
This dauntless hero to Aeneas gave
Allegiance true, in not less noble cause.
But, on a day, he chanced beside the sea
To blow his shell-shaped horn, and wildly dared
Challenge the gods themselves to rival song;
Till jealous Triton, if the tale be true,
Grasped the rash mortal, and out-flung him far
'mid surf-beat rocks and waves of whirling foam.
Now from all sides, with tumult and loud cry,
The Trojans came, — Aeneas leading all
In faithful grief; they hasten to fulfil
The Sibyl's mandate, and with many a tear
Build, altar-wise, a pyre, of tree on tree
Heaped high as heaven : then they penetrate
The tall, old forest, where wild creatures bide,
And fell pitch-pines, or with resounding blows
Of axe and wedge, cleave oak and ash-tree through,
Or logs of rowan down the mountains roll.
Aeneas oversees and shares the toil,
Cheers on his mates, and swings a woodman's steel.
But, sad at heart with many a doubt and care,
O'erlooks the forest wide; then prays aloud :
“O, that the Golden Bough from this vast grove
Might o'er me shine! For, O Aeolides,
The oracle foretold thy fate, too well!”
Scarce had he spoken, when a pair of doves
Before his very eyes flew down from heaven
To the green turf below; the prince of Troy

Knew them his mother's birds, and joyful cried,
"O, guide me on, whatever path there be!
In airy travel through the woodland fly,
To where yon rare branch shades the blessed ground.
Fail thou not me, in this my doubtful hour,
O heavenly mother!" So saying, his steps lie stayed,
Close watching whither they should signal give;
The lightly-feeding doves flit on and on,
Ever in easy ken of following eyes,
Till over foul Avernus' sulphurous throat
Swiftly they lift them through the liquid air,
In silent flight, and find a wished-for rest
On a twy-natured tree, where through green boughs
Flames forth the glowing gold's contrasted hue.
As in the wintry woodland bare and chill,
Fresh-budded shines the clinging mistletoe,
Whose seed is never from the parent tree
O'er whose round limbs its tawny tendrils twine, —
So shone th' out-leaving gold within the shade
Of dark holm-oak, and so its tinsel-bract
Rustled in each light breeze. Aeneas grasped
The lingering bough, broke it in eager haste,
And bore it straightway to the Sibyl's shrine.
Meanwhile the Trojans on the doleful shore
Bewailed Misenus, and brought tribute there
Of grief's last gift to his unheeding clay.
First, of the full-sapped pine and well-hewn oak
A lofty pyre they build; then sombre boughs
Around it wreathe, and in fair order range
Funereal cypress; glittering arms are piled
High over all; on blazing coals they lift
Cauldrons of brass brimmed o'er with waters pure;
And that cold, lifeless clay lave and anoint
With many a moan and cry; on their last couch
The poor, dead limbs they lay, and mantle o'er
With purple vesture and familiar pall.
Then in sad ministry the chosen few,

With eyes averted, as our sires did use,
Hold the enkindling torch beneath the pyre :
They gather up and burn the gifts of myrrh,
The sacred bread and bowls of flowing oil;
And when in flame the dying embers fall,
On thirsty ash they pour the streams of wine.
Good Corynaeus, in an urn of brass
The gathered relics hides; and three times round,
With blessed olive branch and sprinkling dew,
Purges the people with ablution cold,
In lustral rite; oft chanting, "Hail! Farewell!"
Faithful Aeneas for his comrade built
A mighty tomb, and dedicated there
Trophy of arms, with trumpet and with oar,
Beneath a windy hill, which now is called
"Misenus," — for all time the name to bear.
After these toils, they hasten to fulfil
What else the Sibyl said. Straightway they find
A cave profound, of entrance gaping wide,
O'erhung with rock, in gloom of sheltering grove,
Near the dark waters of a lake, whereby
No bird might ever pass with scathless wing,
So dire an exhalation is breathed out
From that dark deep of death to upper air : —
Hence, in the Grecian tongue, Aornos called.
Here first four youthful bulls of swarthy hide
Were led for sacrifice; on each broad brow
The priestess sprinkled wine; 'twixt the two horns
Outplucked the lifted hair, and cast it forth
Upon the holy flames, beginning so
Her offerings; then loudly sued the power
of Hecate, a Queen in heaven and hell.
Some struck with knives, and caught in shallow bowls
The smoking blood. Aeneas' lifted hand
Smote with a sword a sable-fleeced ewe
To Night, the mother of th' Eumenides,
And Earth, her sister dread; next unto thee,

O Proserpine, a curst and barren cow;
Then unto Pluto, Stygian King, he built
An altar dark, and piled upon the flames
The ponderous entrails of the bulls, and poured
Free o'er the burning flesh the goodly oil.
Then lo! at dawn's dim, earliest beam began
Beneath their feet a groaning of the ground :
The wooded hill-tops shook, and, as it seemed,
She-hounds of hell howled viewless through the shade ,
To hail their Queen. "Away, O souls profane!
Stand far away!" the priestess shrieked, "nor dare
Unto this grove come near! Aeneas, on!
Begin thy journey! Draw thy sheathed blade!
Now, all thy courage! now, th' unshaken soul!"
She spoke, and burst into the yawning cave
With frenzied step; he follows where she leads,
And strides with feet unfaltering at her side.
Ye gods! who rule the spirits of the dead!
Ye voiceless shades and silent lands of night!
O Phlegethon! O Chaos! let my song,
If it be lawful, in fit words declare
What I have heard; and by your help divine
Unfold what hidden things enshrouded lie
In that dark underworld of sightless gloom.
They walked exploring the unpeopled night,
Through Pluto's vacuous realms, and regions void,
As when one's path in dreary woodlands winds
Beneath a misty moon's deceiving ray,
When Jove has mantled all his heaven in shade,
And night seals up the beauty of the world.
In the first courts and entrances of Hell
Sorrows and vengeful Cares on couches lie :
There sad Old Age abides, Diseases pale,
And Fear, and Hunger, temptress to all crime;
Want, base and vile, and, two dread shapes to see,
Bondage and Death : then Sleep, Death's next of kin;
And dreams of guilty joy. Death-dealing War

Is ever at the doors, and hard thereby
The Furies' beds of steel, where wild-eyed Strife
Her snaky hair with blood-stained fillet binds.
There in the middle court a shadowy elm
Its ancient branches spreads, and in its leaves
Deluding visions ever haunt and cling.
Then come strange prodigies of bestial kind :
Centaur's are stabled there, and double shapes
Like Scylla, or the dragon Lerna bred,
With hideous scream; Briareus clutching far
His hundred hands, Chimaera girt with flame,
A crowd of Gorgons, Harpies of foul wing,
And giant Geryon's triple-monstered shade.
Aeneas, shuddering with sudden fear,
Drew sword and fronted them with naked steel;
And, save his sage conductress bade him know
These were but shapes and shadows sweeping by,
His stroke had cloven in vain the vacant air.
Hence the way leads to that Tartarean stream
Of Acheron, whose torrent fierce and foul
Disgorges in Cocytus all its sands.
A ferryman of gruesome guise keeps ward
Upon these waters, — Charon, foully garbed,
With unkempt, thick gray beard upon his chin,
And staring eyes of flame; a mantle coarse,
All stained and knotted, from his shoulder falls,
As with a pole he guides his craft, tends sail,
And in the black boat ferries o'er his dead; —
Old, but a god's old age looks fresh and strong.
To those dim shores the multitude streams on —
Husbands and wives, and pale, unbreathing forms
Of high-souled heroes, boys and virgins fair,
And strong youth at whose graves fond parents mourned.
As numberless the throng as leaves that fall
When autumn's early frost is on the grove;
Or like vast flocks of birds by winter's chill
Sent flying o'er wide seas to lands of flowers.

All stood beseeching to begin their voyage
Across that river, and reached out pale hands,
In passionate yearning for its distant shore.
But the grim boatman takes now these, now those,
Or thrusts unpitying from the stream away.
Aeneas, moved to wonder and deep awe,
Beheld the tumult; "Virgin seer!" he cried, .
"Why move the thronging ghosts toward yonder stream?
What seek they there? Or what election holds
That these unwilling linger, while their peers
Sweep forward yonder o'er the leaden waves?"
To him, in few, the aged Sibyl spoke :
"Son of Anchises, offspring of the gods,
Yon are Cocytus and the Stygian stream,
By whose dread power the gods themselves do fear
To take an oath in vain. Here far and wide
Thou seest the hapless throng that hath no grave.
That boatman Charon bears across the deep
Such as be sepulchred with holy care.
But over that loud flood and dreadful shore
No trav'ler may be borne, until in peace
His gathered ashes rest. A hundred years
Round this dark borderland some haunt and roam,
Then win late passage o'er the longed-for wave."
Aeneas lingered for a little space,
Revolving in his soul with pitying prayer
Fate's partial way. But presently he sees
Leucaspis and the Lycian navy's lord,
Orontes; both of melancholy brow,
Both hapless and unhonored after death,
Whom, while from Troy they crossed the wind-swept seas,
A whirling tempest wrecked with ship and crew.
There, too, the helmsman Palinurus strayed :
Who, as he whilom watched the Libyan stars,
Had fallen, plunging from his lofty seat
Into the billowy deep. Aeneas now
Discerned his sad face through the blinding gloom,

And hailed him thus : “O Palinurus, tell
What god was he who ravished thee away
From me and mine, beneath the o’crwhelming wave?
Speak on! for he who ne’er had spoke untrue,
Apollo’s self, did mock my listening mind,
And chanted me a faithful oracle
That thou shouldst ride the seas unharmed, and touch
Ausonian shores. Is this the pledge divine?”
Then he, “O chieftain of Anchises’ race,
Apollo’s tripod told thee not untrue.
No god did thrust me down beneath the wave,
For that strong rudder unto which I clung,
My charge and duty, and my ship’s sole guide,
Wrenched from its place, dropped with me as I fell.
Not for myself — by the rude seas I swear —
Did I have terror, but lest thy good ship,
Stripped of her gear, and her poor pilot lost,
Should fail and founder in that rising flood.
Three wintry nights across the boundless main
The south wind buffeted and bore me on;
At the fourth daybreak, lifted from the surge,
I looked at last on Italy, and swam
With weary stroke on stroke unto the land.
Safe was I then. Alas! but as I climbed
With garments wet and heavy, my clenched hand
Grasping the steep rock, came a cruel horde
Upon me with drawn blades, accounting me —
So blind they were! — a wrecker’s prize and spoil.
Now are the waves my tomb; and wandering winds
Toss me along the coast. O, I implore,
By heaven’s sweet light, by yonder upper air,
By thy lost father, by lulus dear,
Thy rising hope and joy, that from these woes,
Unconquered chieftain, thou wilt set me free!
Give me a grave where Velia’s haven lies,
For thou hast power! Or if some path there be,
If thy celestial mother guide thee here

(For not, I ween, without the grace of gods
Wilt cross yon rivers vast, you Stygian pool)
Reach me a hand! and bear with thee along!
Until (least gift!) death bring me peace and calm.”
Such words he spoke: the priestess thus replied:
“Why, Palinurus, these unblest desires?
Wouldst thou, unsepulchred, behold the wave
Of Styx, stern river of th’ Eumenides?
Wouldst thou, unbidden, tread its fearful strand?
Hope not by prayer to change the laws of Heaven!
But heed my words, and in thy memory
Cherish and keep, to cheer this evil time.
Lo, far and wide, led on by signs from Heaven,
Thy countrymen from many a templed town
Shall consecrate thy dust, and build thy tomb,
A tomb with annual feasts and votive flowers,
To Palinurus a perpetual fame!”
Thus was his anguish stayed, from his sad heart
Grief ebbd awhile, and even to this day,
Our land is glad such noble name to wear.
The twain continue now their destined way
Unto the river’s edge. The Ferryman,
Who watched them through still groves approach his shore,
Hailed them, at distance, from the Stygian wave,
And with reproachful summons thus began:
“Whoe’er thou art that in this warrior guise
Unto my river comest, — quickly tell
Thine errand! Stay thee where thou standest now!
This is ghosts’ land, for sleep and slumbrous dark.
That flesh and blood my Stygian ship should bear
Were lawless wrong. Unwillingly I took
Alcides, Theseus, and Pirithous,
Though sons of gods, too mighty to be quelled.
One bound in chains yon warder of Hell’s door,
And dragged him trembling from our monarch’s throne:
The others, impious, would steal away
Out of her bride-bed Pluto’s ravished Queen.”

Briefly th' Amphrysian priestess made reply:
"Not ours, such guile: Fear not! This warrior's arms
Are innocent. Let Cerberus from his cave
Bay ceaselessly, the bloodless shades to scare;
Let Proserpine immaculately keep
The house and honor of her kinsman King.
Trojan Aeneas, famed for faithful prayer
And victory in arms, descends to seek
His father in this gloomy deep of death.
If loyal goodness move not such as thee,
This branch at least" (she drew it from her breast)
"Thou knowest well."
Then cooled his wrathful heart;
With silent lips he looked and wondering eyes
Upon that fateful, venerable wand,
Seen only once an age. Shoreward he turned,
And pushed their way his boat of leaden hue.
The rows of crouching ghosts along the thwarts
He scattered, cleared a passage, and gave room
To great Aeneas. The light shallop groaned
Beneath his weight, and, straining at each seam,
Took in the foul flood with unstinted flow.
At last the hero and his priestess-guide
Came safe across the river, and were moored
'mid sea-green sedges in the formless mire.
Here Cerberus, with triple-throated roar,
Made all the region ring, as there he lay
At vast length in his cave. The Sibyl then,
Seeing the serpents writhe around his neck,
Threw down a loaf with honeyed herbs imbued
And drowsy essences: he, ravenous,
Gaped wide his three fierce mouths and snatched the bait,
Crouched with his large backs loose upon the ground,
And filled his cavern floor from end to end.
Aeneas through hell's portal moved, while sleep
Its warder buried; then he fled that shore
Of Stygian stream, whence travellers ne'er return.

Now hears he sobs, and piteous, lisping cries
Of souls of babes upon the threshold plaining;
Whom, ere they took their portion of sweet life,
Dark Fate from nursing bosoms tore, and plunged
In bitterness of death. Nor far from these,
The throng of dead by unjust judgment slain.
Not without judge or law these realms abide:
Wise Minos there the urn of justice moves,
And holds assembly of the silent shades,
Hearing the stories of their lives and deeds.
Close on this place those doleful ghosts abide,
Who, not for crime, but loathing life and light
With their own hands took death, and cast away
The vital essence. Willingly, alas!
They now would suffer need, or burdens bear,
If only life were given! But Fate forbids.
Around them winds the sad, unlovely wave
Of Styx: nine times it coils and interflows.
Not far from hence, on every side outspread,
The Fields of Sorrow lie, — such name they bear;
Here all whom ruthless love did waste away
Wander in paths unseen, or in the gloom
Of dark myrtle grove: not even in death
Have they forgot their griefs of long ago.
Here impious Phaedra and poor Procris bide;
Lorn Eriphyle bares the vengeful wounds
Her own son's dagger made; Evadne here,
And foul Pasiphaë are seen; hard by,
Laodamia, nobly fond and fair;
And Caeneus, not a boy, but maiden now,
By Fate remoulded to her native seeming.
Here Tyrian Dido, too, her wound unhealed,
Roamed through a mighty wood. The Trojan's eyes
Beheld her near him through the murky gloom,
As when, in her young month and crescent pale,
One sees th' o'er-clouded moon, or thinks he sees.
Down dropped his tears, and thus he fondly spoke:

“O suffering Dido! Were those tidings true
That thou didst fling thee on the fatal steel?
Thy death, ah me! I dealt it. But I swear
By stars above us, by the powers in Heaven,
Or whatsoever oath ye dead believe,
That not by choice I fled thy shores, O Queen!
Divine decrees compelled me, even as now
Among these ghosts I pass, and thread my way
Along this gulf of night and loathsome land.
How could I deem my cruel taking leave
Would bring thee at the last to all this woe?
O, stay! Why shun me? Wherefore haste away?
Our last farewell! Our doom! I speak it now!”
Thus, though she glared with fierce, relentless gaze,
Aeneas, with fond words and tearful plea,
Would soothe her angry soul. But on the ground
She fixed averted eyes. For all he spoke
Moved her no more than if her frowning brow
Were changeless flint or carved in Parian stone.
Then, after pause, away in wrath she fled,
And refuge took within the cool, dark grove,
Where her first spouse, Sichaeus, with her tears
Mingled his own in mutual love and true.
Aeneas, none the less, her guiltless woe
With anguish knew, watched with dimmed eyes her way,
And pitied from afar the fallen Queen.
But now his destined way he must be gone;
Now the last regions round the travellers lie,
Where famous warriors in the darkness dwell:
Here Tydeus comes in view, with far-renowned
Parthenopaeus and Adrastus pale;
Here mourned in upper air with many a moan,
In battle fallen, the Dardanidae,
Whose long defile Aeneas groans to see:
Glaucus and Medon and Thersilochus,
Antenor’s children three, and Ceres’ priest,
That Polypoetes, and Idaeus still.

Keeping the kingly chariot and spear.
Around him left and right the crowding shades
Not only once would see, but clutch and cling
Obstructive, asking on what quest he goes.
Soon as the princes of Argolic blood,
With line on line of Agamemnon's men,
Beheld the hero and his glittering arms
Flash through the dark, they trembled with amaze,
Or turned in flight, as if once more they fled
To shelter of the ships; some raised aloft
A feeble shout, or vainly opened wide
Their gaping lips in mockery of sound.
Here Priam's son, with body rent and torn,
Deiphobus is seen, — his mangled face,
His face and bloody hands, his wounded head
Of ears and nostrils infamously shorn.
Scarce could Aeneas know the shuddering shade
That strove to hide its face and shameful scar;
But, speaking first, he said, in their own tongue:
“Deiphobus, strong warrior, nobly born
Of Teucer's royal stem, what ruthless foe
Could wish to wreak on thee this dire revenge?
Who ventured, unopposed, so vast a wrong?
The rumor reached me how, that deadly night,
Wearied with slaying Greeks, thyself didst fall
Prone on a mingled heap of friends and foes.
Then my own hands did for thy honor build
An empty tomb upon the Trojan shore,
And thrice with echoing voice I called thy shade.
Thy name and arms are there. But, O my friend,
Thee could I nowhere find, but launched away,
Nor o'er thy bones their native earth could fling.”
To him the son of Priam thus replied:
“Nay, friend, no hallowed rite was left undone,
But every debt to death and pity due
The shades of thy Deiphobus received.
My fate it was, and Helen's murderous wrong,

Wrought me this woe; of her these tokens tell.
For how that last night in false hope we passed,
Thou knowest, — ah, too well we both recall!
When up the steep of Troy the fateful horse
Came climbing, pregnant with fierce men-at-arms,
‘t was she, accurst, who led the Phrygian dames
In choric dance and false bacchantic song,
And, waving from the midst a lofty brand,
Signalled the Greeks from Ilium’s central tower
In that same hour on my sad couch I lay,
Exhausted by long care and sunk in sleep,
That sweet, deep sleep, so close to tranquil death.
But my illustrious bride from all the house
Had stolen all arms; from ‘neath my pillowed head
She stealthily bore off my trusty sword;
Then loud on Menelaus did she call,
And with her own false hand unbarred the door;
Such gift to her fond lord she fain would send
To blot the memory of his ancient wrong!
Why tell the tale, how on my couch they broke,
While their accomplice, vile Aeolides,
Counselled to many a crime. O heavenly Powers!
Reward these Greeks their deeds of wickedness,
If with clean lips upon your wrath I call!
But, friend, what fortunes have thy life befallen?
Tell point by point. Did waves of wandering seas
Drive thee this way, or some divine command?
What chastisement of fortune thrusts thee on
Toward this forlorn abode of night and cloud?”
While thus they talked, the crimsoned car of Morn
Had wheeled beyond the midmost point of heaven,
On her ethereal road. The princely pair
Had wasted thus the whole brief gift of hours;
But Sibyl spoke the warning: “Night speeds by,
And we, Aeneas, lose it in lamenting.
Here comes the place where cleaves our way in twain.
Thy road, the right, toward Pluto’s dwelling goes,

And leads us to Elysium. But the left
Speeds sinful souls to doom, and is their path
To Tartarus th' accurst." Deiphobus
Cried out: "O priestess, be not wroth with us!
Back to the ranks with yonder ghosts I go.
O glory of my race, pass on! Thy lot
Be happier than mine!" He spoke, and fled.
Aeneas straightway by the leftward cliff
Beheld a spreading rampart, high begirt
With triple wall, and circling round it ran
A raging river of swift floods of flame,
Infernal Phlegethon, which whirls along
Loud-thundering rocks. A mighty gate is there
Columned in adamant; no human power,
Nor even the gods, against this gate prevail.
Tall tower of steel it has; and seated there
Tisiphone, in blood-flecked pall arrayed,
Sleepless forever, guards the entering way.
Hence groans are heard, fierce cracks of lash and scourge,
Loud-clanking iron links and trailing chains.
Aeneas motionless with horror stood
o'erwhelmed at such uproar. "O virgin, say
What shapes of guilt are these? What penal woe
Harries them thus? What wailing smites the air?"
To whom the Sibyl, "Far-famed prince of Troy,
The feet of innocence may never pass
Into this house of sin. But Hecate,
When o'er th' Avernian groves she gave me power,
Taught me what penalties the gods decree,
And showed me all. There Cretan Rhadamanth
His kingdom keeps, and from unpitying throne
Chastises and lays bare the secret sins
Of mortals who, exulting in vain guile,
Elude till death, their expiation due.
There, armed forever with her vengeful scourge,
Tisiphone, with menace and affront,
The guilty swarm pursues; in her left hand

She lifts her angered serpents, while she calls
A troop of sister-furies fierce as she.
Then, grating loud on hinge of sickening sound,
Hell's portals open wide. O, dost thou see
What sentinel upon that threshold sits,
What shapes of fear keep guard upon that gloom?
Far, far within the dragon Hydra broods
With half a hundred mouths, gaping and black;
And Tartarus slopes downward to the dark
Twice the whole space that in the realms of light
Th' Olympian heaven above our earth aspires. —
Here Earth's first offspring, the Titanic brood,
Roll lightning-blasted in the gulf profound;
The twin Aloïdae, colossal shades,
Came on my view; their hands made stroke at Heaven
And strove to thrust Jove from his seat on high.
I saw Salmoneus his dread stripes endure,
Who dared to counterfeit Olympian thunder
And Jove's own fire. In chariot of four steeds,
Brandishing torches, he triumphant rode
Through throngs of Greeks, o'er Elis' sacred way,
Demanding worship as a god. O fool!
To mock the storm's inimitable flash —
With crash of hoofs and roll of brazen wheel!
But mightiest Jove from rampart of thick cloud
Hurled his own shaft, no flickering, mortal flame,
And in vast whirl of tempest laid him low.
Next unto these, on Tityos I looked,
Child of old Earth, whose womb all creatures bears:
Stretched o'er nine roods he lies; a vulture huge
Tears with hooked beak at his immortal side,
Or deep in entrails ever rife with pain
Gropes for a feast, making his haunt and home
In the great Titan bosom; nor will give
To ever new-born flesh surcease of woe.
Why name Ixion and Pirithous,
The Lapithae, above whose impious brows

A crag of flint hangs quaking to its fall,
As if just toppling down, while couches proud,
Propped upon golden pillars, bid them feast
In royal glory: but beside them lies
The eldest of the Furies, whose dread hands
Thrust from the feast away, and wave aloft
A flashing firebrand, with shrieks of woe.
Here in a prison-house awaiting doom
Are men who hated, long as life endured,
Their brothers, or maltreated their gray sires,
Or tricked a humble friend; the men who grasped
At hoarded riches, with their kith and kin
Not sharing ever — an unnumbered throng;
Here slain adulterers be; and men who dared
To fight in unjust cause, and break all faith
With their own lawful lords. Seek not to know
What forms of woe they feel, what fateful shape
Of retribution hath o'erwhelmed them there.
Some roll huge boulders up; some hang on wheels,
Lashed to the whirling spokes; in his sad seat
Theseus is sitting, nevermore to rise;
Unhappy Phlegyas uplifts his voice
In warning through the darkness, calling loud,
'O, ere too late, learn justice and fear God!'
Yon traitor sold his country, and for gold
Enchained her to a tyrant, trafficking
In laws, for bribes enacted or made void;
Another did incestuously take
His daughter for a wife in lawless bonds.
All ventured some unclean, prodigious crime;
And what they dared, achieved. I could not tell,
Not with a hundred mouths, a hundred tongues,
Or iron voice, their divers shapes of sin,
Nor call by name the myriad pangs they bear."
So spake Apollo's aged prophetess.
"Now up and on!" she cried. "Thy task fulfil!
We must make speed. Behold yon arching doors

Yon walls in furnace of the Cyclops forged!
‘T is there we are commanded to lay down
Th’ appointed offering.” So, side by side,
Swift through the intervening dark they strode,
And, drawing near the portal-arch, made pause.
Aeneas, taking station at the door,
Pure, lustral waters o’er his body threw,
And hung for garland there the Golden Bough.
Now, every rite fulfilled, and tribute due
Paid to the sovereign power of Proserpine,
At last within a land delectable
Their journey lay, through pleasurable bowers
Of groves where all is joy, — a blest abode!
An ampler sky its roseate light bestows
On that bright land, which sees the cloudless beam
Of suns and planets to our earth unknown.
On smooth green lawns, contending limb with limb,
Immortal athletes play, and wrestle long
‘gainst mate or rival on the tawny sand;
With sounding footsteps and ecstatic song,
Some thread the dance divine: among them moves
The bard of Thrace, in flowing vesture clad,
Discoursing seven-noted melody,
Who sweeps the numbered strings with changeful hand,
Or smites with ivory point his golden lyre.
Here Trojans be of eldest, noblest race,
Great-hearted heroes, born in happier times,
Ilus, Assaracus, and Dardanus,
Illustrious builders of the Trojan town.
Their arms and shadowy chariots he views,
And lances fixed in earth, while through the fields
Their steeds without a bridle graze at will.
For if in life their darling passion ran
To chariots, arms, or glossy-coated steeds,
The self-same joy, though in their graves, they feel.
Lo! on the left and right at feast reclined
Are other blessed souls, whose chorus sings

Victorious paeans on the fragrant air
Of laurel groves; and hence to earth outpours
Eridanus, through forests rolling free.
Here dwell the brave who for their native land
Fell wounded on the field; here holy priests
Who kept them undefiled their mortal day;
And poets, of whom the true-inspired song
Deserved Apollo's name; and all who found
New arts, to make man's life more blest or fair;
Yea! here dwell all those dead whose deeds bequeath
Deserved and grateful memory to their kind.
And each bright brow a snow-white fillet wears.
Unto this host the Sibyl turned, and hailed
Musaeus, midmost of a numerous throng,
Who towered o'er his peers a shoulder higher:
"O spirits blest! O venerable bard!
Declare what dwelling or what region holds
Anchises, for whose sake we twain essayed
Yon passage over the wide streams of hell."
And briefly thus the hero made reply:
"No fixed abode is ours. In shadowy groves
We make our home, or meadows fresh and fair,
With streams whose flowery banks our couches be.
But you, if thitherward your wishes turn,
Climb yonder hill, where I your path may show."
So saying, he strode forth and led them on,
Till from that vantage they had prospect fair
Of a wide, shining land; thence wending down,
They left the height they trod; for far below
Father Anchises in a pleasant vale
Stood pondering, while his eyes and thought surveyed
A host of prisoned spirits, who there abode
Awaiting entrance to terrestrial air.
And musing he reviewed the legions bright
Of his own progeny and offspring proud —
Their fates and fortunes, virtues and great deeds.
Soon he discerned Aeneas drawing nigh

o'er the green slope, and, lifting both his hands
In eager welcome, spread them swiftly forth.
Tears from his eyelids rained, and thus he spoke:
"Art here at last? Hath thy well-proven love
Of me thy sire achieved yon arduous way?
Will Heaven, beloved son, once more allow
That eye to eye we look? and shall I hear
Thy kindred accent mingling with my own?
I cherished long this hope. My prophet-soul
Numbered the lapse of days, nor did my thought
Deceive. O, o'er what lands and seas wast driven
To this embrace! What perils manifold
Assailed thee, O my son, on every side!
How long I trembled, lest that Libyan throne
Should work thee woe!"

Aeneas thus replied:

"Thine image, sire, thy melancholy shade,
Came oft upon my vision, and impelled
My journey hitherward. Our fleet of ships
Lies safe at anchor in the Tuscan seas.
Come, clasp my hand! Come, father, I implore,
And heart to heart this fond embrace receive!"
So speaking, all his eyes suffused with tears;
Thrice would his arms in vain that shape enfold.
Thrice from the touch of hand the vision fled,
Like wafted winds or likest hovering dreams.
After these things Aeneas was aware
Of solemn groves in one deep, distant vale,
Where trees were whispering, and forever flowed
The river Lethe, through its land of calm.
Nations unnumbered roved and haunted there:
As when, upon a windless summer morn,
The bees afield among the rainbow flowers
Alight and sip, or round the lilies pure
Pour forth in busy swarm, while far diffused
Their murmured songs from all the meadows rise.
Aeneas in amaze the wonder views,

And fearfully inquires of whence and why;
What yonder rivers be; what people press,
Line after line, on those dim shores along.
Said Sire Anchises: "Yonder thronging souls
To reincarnate shape predestined move.
Here, at the river Lethe's wave, they quaff
Care-quelling floods, and long oblivion.
Of these I shall discourse, and to thy soul
Make visible the number and array
Of my posterity; so shall thy heart
In Italy, thy new-found home, rejoice."
"O father," said Aeneas, "must I deem
That from this region souls exalted rise
To upper air, and shall once more return
To cumbering flesh? O, wherefore do they feel,
Unhappy ones, such fatal lust to live?"
"I speak, my son, nor make thee longer doubt,"
Anchises said, and thus the truth set forth,
In ordered words from point to point unfolding:
"Know first that heaven and earth and ocean's plain,
The moon's bright orb, and stars of Titan birth
Are nourished by one Life; one primal Mind,
Immingled with the vast and general frame,
Fills every part and stirs the mighty whole.
Thence man and beast, thence creatures of the air,
And all the swarming monsters that be found
Beneath the level of the marbled sea;
A fiery virtue, a celestial power,
Their native seeds retain; but bodies vile,
With limbs of clay and members born to die,
Encumber and o'ercloud; whence also spring
Terrors and passions, suffering and joy;
For from deep darkness and captivity
All gaze but blindly on the radiant world.
Nor when to life's last beam they bid farewell
May sufferers cease from pain, nor quite be freed
From all their fleshly plagues; but by fixed law,

The strange, inveterate taint works deeply in.
For this, the chastisement of evils past
Is suffered here, and full requital paid.
Some hang on high, outstretched to viewless winds;
For some their sin's contagion must be purged
In vast ablution of deep-rolling seas,
Or burned away in fire. Each man receives
His ghostly portion in the world of dark;
But thence to realms Elysian we go free,
Where for a few these seats of bliss abide,
Till time's long lapse a perfect orb fulfils,
And takes all taint away, restoring so
The pure, ethereal soul's first virgin fire.
At last, when the millennial aeon strikes,
God calls them forth to yon Lethaeian stream,
In numerous host, that thence, oblivious all,
They may behold once more the vaulted sky,
And willingly to shapes of flesh return.”
So spoke Anchises; then led forth his son,
The Sibyl with him, to the assembled shades
(A voiceful throng), and on a lofty mound
His station took, whence plainly could be seen
The long procession, and each face descried.
“Hark now! for of the glories I will tell
That wait our Dardan blood; of our sons' sons
Begot upon the old Italian breed,
Who shall be mighty spirits, and prolong
Our names, their heritage. I will unfold
The story, and reveal the destined years.
Yon princeling, thou beholdest leaning there
Upon a royal lance, shall next emerge
Into the realms of day. He is the first
Of half-Italian strain, the last-born heir
To thine old age by fair Lavinia given,
Called Silvius, a royal Alban name
(Of sylvan birth and sylvan nurture he),
A king himself and sire of kings to come,

By whom our race in Alba Longa reign.
Next Procas stands, our Trojan people's boast;
Capys and Numitor, and, named like thee,
Aeneas Sylvius, like thee renowned
For faithful honor and for deeds of war,
When he ascends at last his Alban throne.
Behold what warrior youth they be! How strong
Their goodly limbs! Above their shaded brows
The civic oak they wear! For thee they build
Nomentum, and the walls of Gabii,
Fidena too, and on the mountains pile
Collatia's citadels, Pometii,
Bola and Cora, Castrum-Inui —
Such be the names the nameless lands shall bear.
See, in that line of sires the son of Mars,
Great Romulus, of Ilian mother born,
From far-descended line of Trojan kings!
See from his helm the double crest uprear,
While his celestial father in his mien
Shows forth his birth divine! Of him, my son,
Great Rome shall rise, and, favored of his star,
Have power world-wide, and men of godlike mind.
She clasps her seven hills in single wall,
Proud mother of the brave! So Cybele,
The Berecynthian goddess, castle-crowned,
On through the Phrygian kingdoms speeds her car,
Exulting in her hundred sons divine,
All numbered with the gods, all throned on high.
“Let now thy visionary glance look long
On this thy race, these Romans that be thine.
Here Caesar, of Iulus' glorious seed,
Behold ascending to the world of light!
Behold, at last, that man, for this is he,
So oft unto thy listening ears foretold,
Augustus Caesar, kindred unto Jove.
He brings a golden age; he shall restore
Old Saturn's sceptre to our Latin land,

And o'er remotest Garamant and Ind
His sway extend; the fair dominion
outruns th' horizon planets, yea, beyond
The sun's bright path, where Atlas' shoulder bears
Yon dome of heaven set thick with burning stars.
Against his coming the far Caspian shores
Break forth in oracles; the Maeotian land
Trembles, and all the seven-fold mouths of Nile.
Not o'er domain so wide Alcides passed,
Although the brazen-footed doe he slew
And stilled the groves of Erymanth, and bade
The beast of Lerna at his arrows quail.
Nor half so far triumphant Baeuchus drove,
With vine-entwisted reins, his frolic team
Of tigers from the tall-topped Indian hill.
"Still do we doubt if heroes' deeds can fill
A realm so wide? Shall craven fear constrain
Thee or thy people from Ausonia's shore?
Look, who is he I may discern from far
By olive-branch and holy emblems known?
His flowing locks and hoary beard, behold!
Fit for a Roman king! By hallowed laws
He shall found Rome anew — from mean estate
In lowly Cures led to mightier sway.
But after him arises one whose reign
Shall wake the land from slumber: Tullus then
Shall stir slack chiefs to battle, rallying
His hosts which had forgot what triumphs be.
Him boastful Ancus follows hard upon,
o'erflushed with his light people's windy praise.
Wilt thou see Tarquins now? And haughty hand
Of vengeful Brutus seize the signs of power?
He first the consul's name shall take; he first
Th' inexorable fasces sternly bear.
When his own sons in rash rebellion join,
The father and the judge shall sentence give
In beauteous freedom's cause — unhappy he!

Howe'er the age to come the story tell,
't will bless such love of honor and of Rome.
See Decius, sire and son, the Drusi, see!
Behold Torquatus with his axe! Look where
Camillus brings the Gallic standards home!
"But who are these in glorious armor clad
And equal power? In this dark world of cloud
Their souls in concord move; — but woe is me!
What duel 'twixt them breaks, when by and by
The light of life is theirs, and forth they call
Their long-embattled lines to carnage dire!
Allied by nuptial truce, the sire descends
From Alpine rampart and that castled cliff,
Monoecus by the sea; the son arrays
His hostile legions in the lands of morn.
Forbear, my children! School not your great souls
In such vast wars, nor turn your giant strength
Against the bowels of your native land!
But be thou first, O first in mercy! thou
Who art of birth Olympian! Fling away
Thy glorious sword, mine offspring and mine heir!
"Yonder is one whose chariot shall ascend
The laurelled Capitolian steep; he rides
In glory o'er Achaea's hosts laid low,
And Corinth overthrown. There, too, is he
Who shall uproot proud Argos and the towers
Of Agamemnon; vanquishing the heir
Even of Aeacus, the warrior seed
Of Peleus' son; such vengeance shall be wrought
For Troy's slain sires, and violated shrines!
"Or who could fail great Cato's name to tell?
Or, Cossus, thine? or in oblivion leave
The sons of Gracchus? or the Scipios,
Twin thunderbolts of war, and Libya's bane?
Or, more than kingly in his mean abode,
Fabricius? or Serranus at the plough?
Ye Fabii, how far would ye prolong

My weary praise? But see! 'T is Maximus,
Who by wise waiting saves his native land.
“Let others melt and mould the breathing bronze
To forms more fair, — aye! out of marble bring
Features that live; let them plead causes well;
Or trace with pointed wand the cycled heaven,
And hail the constellations as they rise;
But thou, O Roman, learn with sovereign sway
To rule the nations. Thy great art shall be
To keep the world in lasting peace, to spare
humbled foe, and crush to earth the proud.”
So did Anchises speak, then, after pause,
Thus to their wondering ears his word prolonged:
“Behold Marcellus, bright with glorious spoil,
In lifted triumph through his warriors move!
The Roman power in tumultuous days
He shall establish; he rides forth to quell
Afric and rebel Gaul; and to the shrine
Of Romulus the third-won trophy brings.”
Then spoke Aeneas, for he now could see
A beauteous youth in glittering dress of war,
Though of sad forehead and down-dropping eyes:
“Say, father, who attends the prince? a son?
Or of his greatness some remoter heir?
How his friends praise him, and how matchless he!
But mournful night Tests darkly o’er his brow.”
With brimming eyes Anchises answer gave:
“Ask not, O son, what heavy weight of woe
Thy race shall bear, when fate shall just reveal
This vision to the world, then yield no more.
O gods above, too glorious did ye deem
The seed of Rome, had this one gift been sure?
The lamentation of a multitude
Arises from the field of Mars, and strikes
The city’s heart. O Father Tiber, see
What pomp of sorrow near the new-made tomb
Beside thy fleeting stream! What Ilian youth

Shall e'er his Latin kindred so advance
In hope of glory? When shall the proud land
Of Romulus of such a nursling boast?
Ah, woe' is me! O loyal heart and true!
O brave, right arm invincible! What foe
Had 'scaped his onset in the shock of arms,
Whether on foot he strode, or if he spurred
The hot flanks of his war-horse flecked with foam?
O lost, lamented child! If thou evade
Thy evil star, Marcellus thou shalt be.
O bring me lilies! Bring with liberal hand!
Sad purple blossoms let me throw — the shade
Of my own kin to honor, heaping high
My gifts upon his grave! So let me pay
An unavailing vow!"

Then, far and wide
Through spacious fields of air, they wander free,
Witnessing all; Anchises guides his son
From point to point, and quickens in his mind
Hunger for future fame. Of wars he tells
Soon imminent; of fair Laurentum's tribes;
Of King Latinus' town; and shows what way
Each task and hardship to prevent, or bear.
Now Sleep has portals twain, whereof the one
Is horn, they say, and easy exit gives
To visions true; the other, gleaming white
With polished ivory, the dead employ
To people night with unsubstantial dreams.
Here now Anchises bids his son farewell;
And with Sibylla, his companion sage,
Up through that ivory portal lets him rise.
Back to his fleet and his dear comrades all
Aeneas hastes.

Then hold they their straight course
Into Caieta's bay. An anchor holds
Each lofty prow; the sterns stand firm on shore.

BOOK VII

One more immortal name thy death bequeathed,
Nurse of Aeneas, to Italian shores,
Caieta; there thy honor hath a home;
Thy bones a name: and on Hesperia's breast
Their proper glory. When Aeneas now
The tribute of sepulchral vows had paid
Beside the funeral mound, and o'er the seas
Stillness had fallen, he flung forth his sails,
And leaving port pursued his destined way.
Freshly the night-winds breathe; the cloudless moon
Outpours upon his path unstinted beam,
And with far-trembling glory smites the sea.
Close to the lands of Circe soon they fare,
Where the Sun's golden daughter in far groves
Sounds forth her ceaseless song; her lofty hall
Is fragrant every night with flaring brands
Of cedar, giving light the while she weaves
With shrill-voiced shuttle at her linens fine.
From hence are heard the loud lament and wrath
Of lions, rebels to their linked chains
And roaring all night long; great bristly boars
And herded bears, in pinfold closely kept,
Rage horribly, and monster-wolves make moan;
Whom the dread goddess with foul juices strong
From forms of men drove forth, and bade to wear
the mouths and maws of beasts in Circe's thrall.
But lest the sacred Trojans should endure
such prodigy of doom, or anchor there
on that destroying shore, kind Neptune filled
their sails with winds of power, and sped them on
in safety past the perils of that sea.
Now morning flushed the wave, and saffron-garbed
Aurora from her rose-red chariot beamed

in highest heaven; the sea-winds ceased to stir;
a sudden calm possessed the air, and tides
of marble smoothness met the laboring oar.
Then, gazing from the deep, Aeneas saw
a stretch of groves, whence Tiber's smiling stream,
its tumbling current rich with yellow sands,
burst seaward forth: around it and above
shore-haunting birds of varied voice and plume
flattered the sky with song, and, circling far
o'er river-bed and grove, took joyful wing.
Thither to landward now his ships he steered,
and sailed, high-hearted, up the shadowy stream.
Hail, Erato! while olden kings and thrones
and all their sequent story I unfold!
How Latium's honor stood, when alien ships
brought war to Italy, and from what cause
the primal conflict sprang, O goddess, breathe
upon thy bard in song. Dread wars I tell,
array of battle, and high-hearted kings
thrust forth to perish, when Etruria's host
and all Hesperia gathered to the fray.
Events of grander march impel my song,
and loftier task I try. Latinus, then
an aged king, held long-accepted sway
o'er tranquil vales and towns. He was the son
of Faunus, so the legend tells, who wed
the nymph Marica of Laurentian stem.
Picus was Faunus' father, whence the line
to Saturn's Iouis ascends. O heavenly sire,
from thee the stem began! But Fate had given
to King Latinus' body no heirs male:
for taken in the dawning of his day
his only son had been; and now his home
and spacious palace one sole daughter kept,
who was grown ripe to wed and of full age
to take a husband. Many suitors tried
from all Ausonia and Latium's bounds;

but comeliest in all their princely throng
came Turnus, of a line of mighty sires.
Him the queen mother chiefly loved, and yearned
to call him soon her son. But omens dire
and menaces from Heaven withstood her will.
A laurel-tree grew in the royal close,
of sacred leaf and venerated age,
which, when he builded there his wall and tower,
Father Latinus found, and hallowed it
to Phoebus' grace and power, wherefrom the name
Laurentian, which his realm and people bear.
Unto this tree-top, wonderful to tell,
came hosts of bees, with audible acclaim
voyaging the stream of air, and seized a place
on the proud, pointing crest, where the swift swarm,
with interlacement of close-clinging feet,
swung from the leafy bough. "Behold, there comes,"
the prophet cried, "a husband from afar!
To the same region by the self-same path
behold an arm'd host taking lordly sway
upon our city's crown!" Soon after this,
when, coming to the shrine with torches pure,
Lavinia kindled at her father's side
the sacrifice, swift seemed the flame to burn
along her flowing hair — O sight of woe!
Over her broidered snood it sparkling flew,
lighting her queenly tresses and her crown
of jewels rare: then, wrapt in flaming cloud,
from hall to hall the fire-god's gift she flung.
This omen dread and wonder terrible
was rumored far: for prophet-voices told
bright honors on the virgin's head to fall
by Fate's decree, but on her people, war.
The King, sore troubled by these portents, sought
oracular wisdom of his sacred sire,
Faunus, the fate-revealer, where the groves
stretch under high Albunea, and her stream

roars from its haunted well, exhaling through
vast, gloomful woods its pestilential air.
Here all Oenotria's tribes ask oracles
in dark and doubtful days: here, when the priest
has brought his gifts, and in the night so still,
couched on spread fleeces of the offered flock,
awaiting slumber lies, then wondrously
a host of flitting shapes he sees, and hears
voices that come and go: with gods he holds
high converse, or in deep Avernian gloom
parleys with Acheron. Thither drew near
Father Latinus, seeking truth divine.
Obedient to the olden rite, he slew
a hundred fleecy sheep, and pillowed lay
upon their outstretched skins. Straightway a voice
out of the lofty forest met his prayer.
"Seek not in wedlock with a Latin lord
to join thy daughter, O my son and seed!
Beware this purposed marriage! There shall come
sons from afar, whose blood shall bear our name
starward; the children of their mighty loins,
as far as eve and morn enfold the seas,
shall see a subject world beneath their feet
submissive lie." This admonition given
Latinus hid not. But on restless wing
rumor had spread it, when the men of Troy
along the river-bank of mounded green
their fleet made fast. Aeneas and his chiefs,
with fair Iulus, under spreading boughs
of one great tree made resting-place, and set
the banquet on. Thin loaves of altar-bread
along the sward to bear their meats were laid
(such was the will of Jove), and wilding fruits
rose heaping high, with Ceres' gift below.
Soon, all things else devoured, their hunger turned
to taste the scanty bread, which they attacked
with tooth and nail audacious, and consumed

both round and square of that predestined leaven.
“Look, how we eat our tables even!” cried
Iulus, in a jest. Such was the word
which bade their burdens fall. From his boy’s lip
the father caught this utterance of Fate,
silent with wonder at the ways of Heaven;
then swift he spoke: “Hail! O my destined shore,
protecting deities of Ilium, hail!
Here is our home, our country here! This day
I publish the mysterious prophecy
by Sire Anchises given: ‘My son,’ said he,
‘When hunger in strange lands shall bid devour
the tables of thy banquet gone, then hope
for home, though weary, and take thought to build
a dwelling and a battlement.’ Behold!
This was our fated hunger! This last proof
will end our evil days. Up, then! For now
by morning’s joyful beam we will explore
what men, what cities, in this region be,
and, leaving ship, our several errands ply.
Your gift to Jove outpour! Make thankful prayer
unto Anchises’ shade! To this our feast
bring back the flowing wine!” Thereat he bound
his forehead with green garland, calling loud
upon the Genius of that place, and Earth,
eldest of names divine; the Nymphs he called,
and river-gods unknown; his voice invoked
the night, the omen-stars through night that roll.
Jove, Ida’s child, and Phrygia’s fertile Queen:
he called his mother from Olympian skies,
and sire from Erebus. Lo, o’er his head
three times unclouded Jove omnipotent
in thunder spoke, and, with effulgent ray
from his ethereal tract outreaching far,
shook visibly the golden-gleaming air.
Swift, through the concourse of the Trojans, spread
news of the day at hand when they should build

their destined walls. So, with rejoicing heart
at such vast omen, they set forth a feast
with zealous emulation, ranging well
the wine-cups fair with many a garland crowned.
Soon as the morrow with the lamp of dawn
looked o'er the world, they took their separate ways,
exploring shore and towns; here spread the pools
and fountain of Numicius; here they see
the river Tiber, where bold Latins dwell.
Anchises' son chose out from his brave band
a hundred envoys, bidding them depart
to the King's sacred city, each enwreathed
with Pallas' silver leaf; and gifts they bear
to plead for peace and friendship at his throne.
While on this errand their swift steps are sped,
Aeneas, by a shallow moat and small,
his future city shows, breaks ground, and girds
with mound and breastwork like a camp of war
the Trojans' first abode. Soon, making way
to where the Latin citadel uprose,
the envoys scanned the battlements, and paused
beneath its wall. Outside the city gates
fair youths and striplings in life's early bloom
course with swift steeds, or steer through dusty cloud
the whirling chariot, or stretch stout bows,
or hurl the seasoned javelin, or strive
in boxing-bout and foot-race: one of these
made haste on horseback to the aged King,
with tidings of a stranger company
in foreign garb approaching. The good King
bade call them to his house, and took his seat
in mid-court on his high, ancestral throne.
Large and majestic the castle rose:
a hundred columns lifted it in air
upon the city's crown — the royal keep
of Picus of Laurentum; round it lay
deep, gloomy woods by olden worship blest.

Here kings took sceptre and the fasces proud
with omens fair; the selfsame sacred place
was senate-house and temple; here was found
a hall for hallowed feasting, where a ram
was offered up, and at long banquet-boards
the nation's fathers sat in due array.
Here ranged ancestral statues roughly hewn
of ancient cedar-wood: King Italus;
Father Sabinus, planter of the vine,
a curving sickle in his sculptured hand;
gray-bearded Saturn; and the double brow
of Janus' head; and other sires and kings
were wardens of the door, with many a chief
wounded in battle for his native land.
Trophies of arms in goodly order hung
along the columns: chariots of war
from foeman taken, axes of round blade,
plumed helmets, bolts and barriers of steel
from city-gates, shields, spears, and beaks of bronze
from captured galleys by the conqueror torn.
Here, wielding his Quirinal augur-staff,
girt in scant shift, and bearing on his left
the sacred oval shield, appeared enthroned
Picus, breaker of horses, whom his bride,
enamoured Circe, smote with golden wand,
and, raining o'er him potent poison-dew,
changed to a bird of pied and dappled wings.
In such a temple of his gods did Sire
Latinus, on hereditary throne,
welcome the Trojans to his halls, and thus
with brow serene gave greeting as they came:
"O sons of Dardanus, think not unknown
your lineage and city! Rumored far
your venturous voyage has been. What seek ye here?
What cause, what quest, has brought your barks and you
o'er the blue waters to Ausonia's hills?
What way uncharted, or wild stress of storm,

or what that sailors suffer in mid-sea,
unto this river bank and haven bore?
Doubt not our welcome! We of Latin land
are Saturn's sons, whose equitable minds,
not chained by statute or compulsion, keep
in freedom what the god's good custom gave.
Now I bethink me our Ausonian seers
have dark, dim lore that 't was this land gave birth
to Dardanus, who after took his way
through Phrygian Ida's towns and Samothrace.
Once out of Tuscan Corythus he fared;
but now in golden house among the stars
he has a throne, and by his altars blest
adds to the number of the gods we praise."
He spoke; Ilioneus this answer made:
"O King, great heir of Faunus! No dark storm
impelled us o'er the flood thy realm to find.
Nor star deceived, nor strange, bewildering shore
threw out of our true course; but we are come
by our free choice and with deliberate aim
to this thy town, though exiled forth of realms
once mightiest of all the sun-god sees
when moving from his utmost eastern bound.
From Jove our line began; the sons of Troy
boast Jove to be their sire, and our true King
is of Olympian seed. To thine abode
Trojan Aeneas sent us. How there burst
o'er Ida's vales from dread Mycenae's kings
a tempest vast, and by what stroke of doom
all Asia's world with Europe clashed in war,
that lone wight hears whom earth's remotest isle
has banished to the Ocean's rim, or he
whose dwelling is the ample zone that burns
betwixt the changeful sun-god's milder realms,
far severed from the world. We are the men
from war's destroying deluge safely borne
over the waters wide. We only ask

some low-roofed dwelling for our fathers' gods,
some friendly shore, and, what to all is free,
water and air. We bring no evil name
upon thy people; thy renown will be
but wider spread; nor of a deed so fair
can grateful memory die. Ye ne'er will rue
that to Ausonia's breast ye gathered Troy.
I swear thee by the favored destinies
of great Aeneas, by his strength of arm
in friendship or in war, that many a tribe
(O, scorn us not, that, bearing olive green,
with suppliant words we come), that many a throne
has sued us to be friends. But Fate's decree
to this thy realm did guide. Here Dardanus
was born; and with reiterate command
this way Apollo pointed to the stream
of Tiber and Numicius' haunted spring.
Lo, these poor tributes from his greatness gone
Aeneas sends, these relics snatched away
from Ilium burning: with this golden bowl
Anchises poured libation when he prayed;
and these were Priam's splendor, when he gave
laws to his gathered states; this sceptre his,
this diadem revered, and beauteous pall,
handwork of Asia's queens." So ceased to speak
Ilioneus. But King Latinus gazed
unanswering on the ground, all motionless
save for his musing eyes. The brodered pall
of purple, and the sceptre Priam bore,
moved little on his kingly heart, which now
pondered of giving to the bridal bed
his daughter dear. He argues in his mind
the oracle of Faunus: — might this be
that destined bridegroom from an alien land,
to share his throne, to get a progeny
of glorious valor, which by mighty deeds
should win the world for kingdom? So at last

with joyful brow he spoke: "Now let the gods
our purpose and their own fair promise bless!
Thou hast, O Trojan, thy desire. Thy gifts
I have not scorned; nor while Latinus reigns
shall ye lack riches in my plenteous land,
not less than Trojan store. But where is he,
Aeneas' self? If he our royal love
so much desire, and have such urgent mind
to be our guest and friend, let him draw near,
nor turn him from well-wishing looks away!
My offering and pledge of peace shall be
to clasp your monarch's hand. Bear back, I pray,
this answer to your King: my dwelling holds
a daughter, whom with husband of her blood
great signs in heaven and from my father's tomb
forbid to wed. A son from alien shores
they prophesy for Latium's heir, whose seed
shall lift our glory to the stars divine.
I am persuaded this is none but he,
that man of destiny; and if my heart
be no false prophet, I desire it so."
Thus having said, the sire took chosen steeds
from his full herd, whereof, well-groomed and fair,
three hundred stood within his ample pale.
Of these to every Teucrian guest he gave
a courser swift and strong, in purple clad
and brodered housings gay; on every breast
hung chains of gold; in golden robes arrayed,
they champ'd the red gold curb their teeth between.
For offering to Aeneas, he bade send
a chariot, with chargers twain of seed
ethereal, their nostrils breathing fire:
the famous kind which guileful Circe bred,
cheating her sire, and mixed the sun-god's team
with brood-mares earthly born. The sons of Troy,
such gifts and greetings from Latinus bearing,
rode back in pomp his words of peace to bring.

But lo! from Argos on her voyage of air
rides the dread spouse of Jove. She, sky-enthroned
above the far Sicilian promontory,
pachynus, sees Dardania's rescued fleet,
and all Aeneas' joy. The prospect shows
houses a-building, lands of safe abode,
and the abandoned ships. With bitter grief
she stands at gaze: then with storm-shaken brows,
thus from her heart lets loose the wrathful word:
"O hated race! O Phrygian destinies —
to mine forevermore (unhappy me!)
a scandal and offense! Did no one die
on Troy's embattled plain? Could captured slaves
not be enslaved again? Was Ilium's flame
no warrior's funeral pyre? Did they walk safe
through serried swords and congregated fires?
At last, methought, my godhead might repose,
and my full-fed revenge in slumber lie.
But nay! Though flung forth from their native land,
I o'er the waves, with enmity unstayed,
dared give them chase, and on that exiled few
hurled the whole sea. I smote the sons of Troy
with ocean's power and heaven's. But what availed
Syrtes, or Scylla, or Charybdis' waves?
The Trojans are in Tiber; and abide
within their prayed-for land delectable,
safe from the seas and me! Mars once had power
the monstrous Lapithae to slay; and Jove
to Dian's honor and revenge gave o'er
the land of Calydon. What crime so foul
was wrought by Lapithae or Calydon?
But I, Jove's wife and Queen, who in my woes
have ventured each bold stroke my power could find,
and every shift essayed, — behold me now
outdone by this Aeneas! If so weak
my own prerogative of godhead be,
let me seek strength in war, come whence it will!

If Heaven I may not move, on Hell I call.
To bar him from his Latin throne exceeds
my fated power. So be it! Fate has given
Lavinia for his bride. But long delays
I still can plot, and to the high event
deferment and obstruction. I can smite
the subjects of both kings. Let sire and son
buy with their people's blood this marriage-bond!
Let Teucrian and Rutulian slaughter be
thy virgin dower, and Bellona's blaze
light thee the bridal bed! Not only teemed
the womb of Hecuba with burning brand,
and brought forth nuptial fires; but Venus, too,
such offspring bore, a second Paris, who
to their new Troy shall fatal wedlock bring."
So saying, with aspect terrible she sped
earthward her way; and called from gloom of hell
Alecto, woeful power, from cloudy throne
among the Furies, where her heart is fed
with horrid wars, wrath, vengeance, treason foul,
and fatal feuds. Her father Pluto loathes
the creature he engendered, and with hate
her hell-born sister-fiends the monster view.
A host of shapes she wears, and many a front
of frowning black brows viper-garlanded.
Juno to her this goading speech addressed:
"O daughter of dark Night, arouse for me
thy wonted powers and our task begin!
Lest now my glory fail, my royal name
be vanquished, while Aeneas and his crew
cheat with a wedlock bond the Latin King
and seize Italia's fields. Thou canst thrust on
two loving brothers to draw sword and slay,
and ruin homes with hatred, calling in
the scourge of Furies and avenging fires.
A thousand names thou bearest, and thy ways
of ruin multiply a thousand-fold.

Arouse thy fertile breast! Go, rend in twain
this plighted peace! Breed calumnies and sow
causes of battle, till yon warrior hosts
cry out for swords and leap to gird them on.”
Straightway Alecto, through whose body flows
the Gorgon poison, took her viewless way
to Latium and the lofty walls and towers
of the Laurentian King. Crouching she sate
in silence on the threshold of the bower
where Queen Amata in her fevered soul
pondered, with all a woman’s wrath and fear,
upon the Trojans and the marriage-suit
of Turnus. From her Stygian hair the fiend
a single serpent flung, which stole its way
to the Queen’s very heart, that, frenzy-driven,
she might on her whole house confusion pour.
Betwixt her smooth breast and her robe it wound
unfelt, unseen, and in her wrathful mind
instilled its viper soul. Like golden chain
around her neck it twined, or stretched along
the fillets on her brow, or with her hair
enwrithing coiled; then on from limb to limb
slipped tortuous. Yet though the venom strong
thrilled with its first infection every vein,
and touched her bones with fire, she knew it not,
nor yielded all her soul, but made her plea
in gentle accents such as mothers use;
and many a tear she shed, about her child,
her darling, destined for a Phrygian’s bride:
“O father! can we give Lavinia’s hand
to Trojan fugitives? why wilt thou show
no mercy on thy daughter, nor thyself;
nor unto me, whom at the first fair wind
that wretch will leave deserted, bearing far
upon his pirate ship my stolen child?
Was it not thus that Phrygian shepherd came
to Lacedaemon, ravishing away

Helen, the child of Leda, whom he bore
to those false Trojan lands? Hast thou forgot
thy plighted word? Where now thy boasted love
of kith and kin, and many a troth-plight given
unto our kinsman Turnus? If we need
an alien son, and Father Faunus' words
irrevocably o'er thy spirit brood,
I tell thee every land not linked with ours
under one sceptre, but distinct and free,
is alien; and 't is thus the gods intend.
Indeed, if Turnus' ancient race be told,
it sprang of Inachus, Acrisius,
and out of mid-Mycenae." But she sees
her lord Latinus resolute, her words
an effort vain; and through her body spreads
the Fury's deeply venomed viper-sting.
Then, woe-begone, by dark dreams goaded on,
she wanders aimless, fevered and unstrung
along the public ways; as oft one sees
beneath the twisted whips a leaping top
sped in long spirals through a palace-close
by lads at play: obedient to the thong,
it weaves wide circles in the gaping view
of its small masters, who admiring see
the whirling boxwood made a living thing
under their lash. So fast and far she roved
from town to town among the clansmen wild.
Then to the wood she ran, feigning to feel
the madness Bacchus loves; for she essays
a fiercer crime, by fiercer frenzy moved.
Now in the leafy dark of mountain vales
she hides her daughter, ravished thus away
from Trojan bridegroom and the wedding-feast.
"Hail, Bacchus! Thou alone," she shrieked and raved,
"art worthy such a maid. For thee she bears
the thyrsus with soft ivy-clusters crowned,
and trips ecstatic in thy beauteous choir.

For thee alone my daughter shall unbind
the glory of her virgin hair." Swift runs
the rumor of her deed; and, frenzy-driven,
the wives of Latium to the forests fly,
enkindled with one rage. They leave behind
their desolated hearths, and let rude winds
o'er neck and tresses blow; their voices fill
the welkin with convulsive shriek and wail;
and, with fresh fawn-skins on their bodies bound,
they brandish vine-clad spears. The Queen herself
lifts high a blazing pine tree, while she sings
a wedding-song for Turnus and her child.
With bloodshot glance and anger wild, she cries:
"Ho! all ye Latin wives, if e'er ye knew
kindness for poor Amata, if ye care
for a wronged mother's woes, O, follow me!
Cast off the matron fillet from your brows,
and revel to our mad, voluptuous song."
Thus, through the woodland haunt of creatures wild,
Alecto urges on the raging Queen
with Bacchus' cruel goad. But when she deemed
the edge of wrath well whetted, and the house
of wise Latinus of all reason reft,
then soared the black-winged goddess to the walls
of the bold Rutule, to the city built
(So runs the tale) by beauteous Danae
and her Acrisian people, shipwrecked there
by south wind strong. Its name was Ardea
in language of our sires, and that proud name
of Ardea still it wears, though proud no more.
Here Turnus in the gloom of midnight lay
half-sleeping in his regal hall. For him
Alecto her grim fury-guise put by,
and wore an old crone's face, her baleful brow
delved deep with wrinkled age, her hoary hair
in sacred fillet bound, and garlanded
with leaf of olive: Calybe she seemed,

an aged servitress of Juno's shrine,
and in this seeming thus the prince addressed: —
“O Turnus, wilt thou tamely see thy toil
lavished in vain? and thy true throne consigned
to Trojan wanderers? The King repels
thy noble wooing and thy war-won dower.
He summons him a son of alien stem
to take his kingdom. Rouse thee now, and front,
scorned and without reward, these perilous days.
Tread down that Tuscan host! Protect the peace
of Latium from its foe! Such is the word
which, while in night and slumber thou wert laid,
Saturnia's godhead, visibly revealed,
bade me declare. Up, therefore, and array
thy warriors in arms! Swift sallying forth
from thy strong city-gates, on to the fray
exultant go! Assail the Phrygian chiefs
who tent them by thy beauteous river's marge,
and burn their painted galleys! 't is the will
of gods above that speaks. Yea, even the King
Latinus, if he will not heed thy plea,
or hear thy wooing, shall be taught too late
what Turnus is in panoply of war.”
In mocking answer to the prophetess
the warrior thus replied: “That stranger fleet
in Tiber moored, not, as thy folly prates,
of me unnoted lies. Vex me no more
with thy fantastic terror. Juno's power
is watchful of my cause. 'T is mere old age,
gone to decay and dotage, fills thy breast
with vain foreboding, and, while kings contend,
scares and deceives thy visionary eye.
Guard thou in yonder temple's holy shade
the images divine! Of peace and war
let men and warriors the burden bear!”
So kindled he Alecto's wrath to flame;
and even as he spoke a shudder thrilled

the warrior's body, and his eyeballs stood
stonily staring at the hydra hair
which hissed and writhed above the grisly head
of the large-looming fiend. With eyes of fire
horribly rolling, she repelled him far,
while he but faltered speechless. She upraised
two coiling snakes out of her tresses, cracked
the lashes of her scourge, and wrathfully,
with raving lips replied: "Look well on me,
gone to decay and dotage of old age!
And mocked with foolish fear while kings contend!
Wilt hearken now! Behold me, hither flown
from where my sister-furies dwell! My hands
bring bloody death and war." She spoke, and hurled
her firebrand at the hero, thrusting deep
beneath his heart her darkly smouldering flame.
Then horror broke his sleep, and fearful sweat
dripped from his every limb. He shrieked aloud
for arms; and seized the ready arms that lay
around his couch and hall. Then o'er his soul
the lust of battle and wild curse of war
broke forth in angry power, as when the flames
of faggots round the bubbling cauldron sing,
and up the waters leap; the close-kept flood
brims over, streaming, foaming, breaking bound,
and flings thick clouds in air. He, summoning
his chieftains, bade them on Latinus move,
break peace, take arms, and, over Italy
their shields extending, to thrust forth her foe:
himself for Teucrian with Latin joined
was more than match. He called upon the gods
in witness of his vows: while, nothing loth,
Rutulia's warriors rushed into array;
some by his youth and noble beauty moved,
some by his kingly sires and fame in arms.
While Turnus stirred Rutulia's valiant souls,
Alecto on her Stygian pinions sped

to where the Teucrians lay. She scanned the ground
with eager guile, where by the river's marge
fair-browed Iulus with his nets and snares
rode fiercely to the chase. Then o'er his hounds
that hell-born virgin breathed a sudden rage,
and filled each cunning nostril with the scent
of stags, till forth in wild pursuit they flew.
Here all the woe began, and here awoke
in rustic souls the swift-enkindling war.
For a fair stag, tall-antlered, stolen away
even from its mother's milk, had long been kept
by Tyrrhus and his sons — the shepherd he
of all the royal flocks, and forester
of a wide region round. With fondest care
their sister Silvia entwined its horns
with soft, fresh garlands, tamed it to run close,
and combed the creature, or would bring to bathe
at a clear, crystal spring. It knew the hands
of all its gentle masters, and would feed
from their own dish; or wandering through the wood,
come back unguided to their friendly door,
though deep the evening shade. Iulus' dogs
now roused this wanderer in their ravening chase,
as, drifted down-stream far from home it lay,
on a green bank a-cooling. From bent bow
Ascanius, eager for a hunter's praise,
let go his shaft; nor did Alecto fail
his aim to guide: but, whistling through the air,
the light-winged reed pierced deep in flank and side.
Swift to its cover fled the wounded thing,
and crept loud-moaning to its wonted stall,
where, like a blood-stained suppliant, it seemed
to fill that shepherd's house with plaintive prayer.
Then Silvia the sister, smiting oft
on breast and arm, made cry for help, and called
the sturdy rustics forth in gathering throng.
These now (for in the silent forest couched

the cruel Fury) swift to battle flew.
One brandished a charred stake, another swung
a knotted cudgel, as rude anger shapes
its weapon of whate'er the searching eye
first haps to fall on. Tyrrhus roused his clans,
just when by chance he split with blows of wedge
an oak in four; and, panting giant breath,
shouldered his woodman's axe. Alecto then,
prompt to the stroke of mischief, soared aloft
from where she spying sate, to the steep roof
of a tall byre, and from its peak of straw
blew a wild signal on a shepherd's horn,
outflinging her infernal note so far
that all the forest shuddered, and the grove
throbbed to its deepest glen. Cold Trivia's lake
from end to end gave ear, and every wave
of the white stream of Nar, the lonely pools
of still Velinus heard: while at the sound
pale mothers to their breasts their children drew.
Swift to the signal of the dreadful horn,
snatching their weapons rude, the freeborn swains
assembled for the fray; the Trojan bands
poured from their bivouac with instant aid
for young Ascanius. In array of war
both stand confronting. Not mere rustic brawl
with charred oak-staff and cudgel is the fight,
but with the two-edged steel; the naked swords
wave like dark-bladed harvest-field, while far
the brazen arms flash in the smiting sun,
and skyward fling their beam: so some wide sea,
at first but whitened in the rising wind,
swells its slow-rolling mass and ever higher
its billows rears, until the utmost deep
lifts in one surge to heaven. The first to fall
was Almo, eldest-born of Tyrrhus' sons,
whom, striding in the van, a loud-winged shaft
laid low in death; deep in his throat it clung,

and silenced with his blood the dying cry
of his frail life. Around him fell the forms
of many a brave and strong; among them died
gray-haired Galaesus pleading for a truce:
righteous he was, and of Ausonian fields
a prosperous master; five full flocks had he
of bleating sheep, and from his pastures came
five herds of cattle home; his busy churls
turned with a hundred ploughs his fruitful glebe.
While o'er the battle-field thus doubtful swung
the scales of war, the Fury (to her task
now equal proven) having dyed the day
a deep-ensanguined hue, and opened fight
with death and slaughter, made no tarrying
within Hesperia, but skyward soared,
and, loud in triumph, insolently thus
to Juno called: "See, at thy will, their strife
full-blown to war and woe! Could even thyself
command them now to truce and amity?
But I, that with Ausonia's blood befoul
their Trojan hands, yet more can do, if thou
shift not thy purpose. For with dire alarms
I will awake the bordering states to war
enkindling in their souls the frenzied lust
the war-god breathes; till from th' horizon round
the reinforcement pours — I scattering seeds
of carnage through the land." In answer spoke
Juno: "Enough of artifice and fear!
Thy provocation works. Now have they joined
in close and deadly combat, and warm blood
those sudden-leaping swords incarnadines,
which chance put in their hands. Such nuptial joys,
such feast of wedlock, let the famous son
of Venus with the King Latinus share!
But yon Olympian Sire and King no more
permits thee freely in our skies to roam.
Go, quit the field! Myself will take control

of hazards and of labors yet to be.”

Thus Saturn’s daughter spoke. Alecto then,
unfolding far her hissing, viperous wings,
turned toward her Stygian home, and took farewell
of upper air. Deep in Italia lies

a region mountain-girded, widely famed,
and known in olden songs from land to land:
the valley of Amsanctus; deep, dark shades
enclose it between forest-walls, whereby
through thunderous stony channel serpentine

a roaring fall. Here in a monstrous cave
are breathing-holes of hell, a vast abyss
where Acheron opes wide its noisome jaws:
in this Alecto plunged, concealing so
her execrable godhead, while the air
of earth and heaven felt the curse removed.

Forthwith the sovereign hands of Juno haste
to consummate the war. The shepherds bear
back from the field of battle to the town
the bodies of the slain: young Almo’s corse
and gray Galaesus’ bleeding head. They call
just gods in heaven to look upon their wrong,
and bid Latinus see it. Turnus comes,

and, while the angry mob surveys the slain,
adds fury to the hour. “Shall the land
have Trojan lords? Shall Phrygian marriages
debase our ancient, royal blood — and I
be spurned upon the threshold?” Then drew near
the men whose frenzied women-folk had held
bacchantic orgies in the pathless grove,
awed by Amata’s name: these, gathering,
sued loud for war. Yea, all defied the signs
and venerable omens; all withstood
divine decrees, and clamored for revenge,
prompted by evil powers. They besieged
the house of King Latinus, shouting-loud
with emulous rage. But like a sea-girt rock

unmoved he stood; like sea-girt rock when surge
of waters o'er it sweeps, or howling waves
surround; it keeps a ponderous front of power,
though foaming cliffs around it vainly roar;
from its firm base the broken sea-weeds fall.

But when authority no whit could change
their counsels blind, and each event fulfilled
dread Juno's will, then with complaining prayer
the aged sire cried loud upon his gods
and on th' unheeding air: "Alas," said he,
"My doom is shipwreck, and the tempest bears
my bark away! O wretches, your own blood
shall pay the forfeit for your impious crime.
O Turnus! O abominable deed!

Avenging woes pursue thee; to deaf gods
thy late and unavailing prayer shall rise.
Now was my time to rest. But as I come
close to my journey's end, thou spoilest me
of comfort in my death." With this the King
fled to his house and ceased his realm to guide.

A sacred custom the Hesperian land
of Latium knew, by all the Alban hills
honored unbroken, which wide-ruling Rome
keeps to this day, when to new stroke she stirs
the might of Mars; if on the Danube's wave
resolved to fling the mournful doom of war,
or on the Caspian folk or Arabs wild;
or chase the morning far as India's verge,
and from the Parthian despot wrest away
our banners lost. Twin Gates of War there be,
of fearful name, to Mars' fierce godhead vowed:
a hundred brass bars shut them, and the strength
of uncorrupting steel; in sleepless watch
Janus the threshold keeps. 'T is here, what time
the senate's voice is war, the consul grave
in Gabine cincture and Quirinal shift
himself the griding hinges backward moves,

and bids the Romans arm; obedient then
the legionary host makes loud acclaim,
and hoarse consent the brazen trumpets blow.
Thus King Latinus on the sons of Troy
was urged to open war, and backward roll
those gates of sorrow: but the aged king
recoiled, refused the loathsome task, and fled
to solitary shades. Then from the skies
the Queen of gods stooped down, and her sole hand
the lingering portal moved; Saturnia
swung on their hinges the barred gates of war.
ausonia from its old tranquillity
bursts forth in flame. Foot-soldiers through the field
run to and fro; and mounted on tall steeds
the cavaliers in clouds of dust whirl by.
All arm in haste. Some oil the glittering shield
or javelin bright, or on the whetstone wear
good axes to an edge, while joyful bands
uplift the standards or the trumpets blow.
Five mighty cities to their anvils bring
new-tempered arms: Atina — martial name —
proud Tibur, Ardea, Crustumium,
and river-walled Antemnae, crowned with towers
strong hollow helmets on their brows they draw
and weave them willow-shields; or melt and mould
corselets of brass or shining silver greaves;
none now for pruning-hook or sacred plough
have love or care: but old, ancestral swords
for harder tempering to the smith they bring.
Now peals the clarion; through the legions pass
the watchwords: the impatient yeoman takes
his helmet from the idle roof-tree hung;
while to his chariot the master yokes
the mettled war-horse, dons a shining shield
and golden mail, and buckles his good sword.
Virgins of Helicon, renew my song!
Instruct me what proud kings to battle flown

with following legions throng the serried plain.
Tell me what heroes and illustrious arms
Italia's bosom in her dawning day
benignant bore: for your celestial minds,
have memory of the past, but faint and low
steals glory's whisper on a mortal ear.
Foremost in fight, from shores Etrurian came
Mezentius, scornful rebel against Heaven,
his people all in arms; and at his side
Lausus his heir (no fairer youth than he,
save Turnus of Laurentum), Lausus, skilled
o break proud horses and wild beasts to quell;
who from Agylla's citadel in vain
led forth his thousand warriors: worthy he
to serve a nobler sire, and happier far
he had ne'er been born Mezentius' son.
Next after these, conspicuous o'er the plain,
with palm-crowned chariot and victorious steeds,
rode forth well-moulded Aventinus, sprung
from shapely Hercules; upon the shield
his blazon was a hundred snakes, and showed
his father's hydra-cincture serpentine;
him deep in Aventine's most secret grove
the priestess Rhea bore — a mortal maid
clasped in a god's embrace the wondrous day
when, flushed with conquest of huge Geryon,
the lord of Tiryns to Laurentum drove,
and washed in Tiber's wave th' Iberian kine.
His followers brandished pointed pikes and staves,
or smooth Sabellian bodkin tipped with steel;
but he, afoot, swung round him as he strode
a monstrous lion-skin, its bristling mane
and white teeth crowning his ferocious brow:
for garbed as Hercules he sought his King.
Then came twin brethren, leaving Tibur's keep
(named from Tiburtus, brother of them twain)
Catillus and impetuous Coras, youth

of Argive seed, who foremost in the van
pressed ever where the foemen densest throng:
as when two centaurs, children of the cloud,
from mountain-tops descend in swift career,
the snows of Homole and Othrys leaving,
while crashing thickets in their pathway fall.
Nor was Praeneste's founder absent there,
by Vulcan sired, among the herds and hinds,
and on a hearth-stone found (so runs the tale
each pious age repeats) King Caeculus
with rustic legions gathered from afar:
from steep Praeneste and the Gabian vale
to Juno dear, from Anio's cold stream,
from upland Hernic rocks and foaming rills,
from rich Anagnia's pastures, and the plain
whence Amasenus pours his worshipped wave.
Not all of armor boast, and seldom sound
the chariot and shield; but out of slings
they hurl blue balls of lead, or in one hand
a brace of javelins bear; pulled o'er their brows
are hoods of tawny wolf-skin; as they march
the left foot leaves a barefoot track behind,
a rawhide sandal on the right they wear.
Messapus came, steed-tamer, Neptune's son,
by sword and fire invincible: this day,
though mild his people and unschooled in war,
he calls them to embattled lines, and draws
no lingering sword. Fescennia musters there,
Aequi Falisci, and what clans possess
Soracte's heights, Flavinia's fruitful farms,
Ciminian lake and mountain, and the groves
about Capena. Rank on rank they move,
loud singing of their chieftain's praise: as when
a flock of snowy swans through clouded air
return from feeding, and make tuneful cry
from their long throats, while Asia's rivers hear,
and lone Cayster's startled moorland rings:

for hardly could the listening ear discern
the war-cry of a mail-clad host; the sound
was like shrill-calling birds, when home from sea
their soaring flock moves shoreward like a cloud.
Then, one of far-descended Sabine name,
Clausus advanced, the captain of a host,
and in himself an equal host he seemed;
from his proud loins the high-born Claudian stem
through Latium multiplies, since Roman power
with Sabine first was wed. A cohort came
from Amiternum and the olden wall
of Cures, called Quirites even then;
Eretum answered and Mutusca's hill
with olives clad, Velinus' flowery field,
nomentum's fortress, the grim precipice
of Tetrica, Severus' upland fair,
Casperia, Foruli, Himella's waves,
Tiber and Fabaris, and wintry streams
of Nursia; to the same proud muster sped
Tuscan with Latin tribes, and loyal towns
beside whose walls ill-omened Allia flows.
As numerous they moved as rolling waves
that stir smooth Libyan seas, when in cold floods
sinks grim Orion's star; or like the throng
of clustering wheat-tops in the summer sun,
near Hermus or on Lycia's yellowing plain:
shields clashed; their strong tramp smote the trembling ground.
Now Agamemnon's kinsman, cruel foe
to the mere name of Troy, Halaesus, yokes
the horses of his car and summons forth
a thousand savage clans at Turnus' call :
rude men whose mattocks to the Massic hills
bring Bacchus' bounty, or by graybeard sires
sent from Auruncan upland and the mead
of Sidicinum; out of Cales came
its simple folk; and dwellers by the stream
of many-shoaled Volturnus, close-allied

with bold Saticulan or Oscan swains.
Their arms are tapered javelins, which they wear
bound by a coiling thong; a shield conceals
the left side, and they fight with crooked swords.
Nor shalt thou, Oebalus, depart unsung,
whom minstrels say the nymph Sebethis bore
to Telon, who in Capri was a king
when old and gray; but that disdainful son
quitted so small a seat, and conquering sway
among Sarrastian folk and those wide plains
watered by Sarnus' wave, became a king
over Celenna, Rufræ, Batulum,
and where among her apple-orchards rise
Abella's walls. All these, as Teutons use,
hurl a light javelin; for helm they wear
stripped cork-tree bark; the crescent of their shields
is gleaming bronze, and gleaming bronze the sword.
Next Ufens, mountain-bred, from Nersæ came
to join the war; of goodly fame was he
for prosperous arms: his Aequian people show
no gentle mien, but scour the woods for prey,
or, ever-armed, across the stubborn glebe
compel the plough; though their chief pride and joy
are rapine, violence, and plundered store.
Next after these, his brows and helmet bound
with noble olive, from Marruvium came
a priest, brave Umbro, ordered to the field
by King Archippus: o'er the viper's brood,
and venom'd river-serpents he had power
to scatter slumber with wide-waving hands
and wizard-songs. His potent arts could soothe
their coiling rage and heal the mortal sting:
but 'gainst a Trojan sword no drug had he,
nor could his drowsy spells his flesh repair,
nor gathered simples from the Marsic hills.
Thee soon in wailing woods Anguitia mourned,
thee, Fucinus, the lake of crystal wave,

thee, many a mountain-tarn!
Next, Virbius in martial beauty rode,
son of Hippolytus, whose mother, proud
Aricia, sent him in his flower of fame
out of Egeria's hills and cloudy groves
where lies Diana's gracious, gifted fane.
For legend whispers that Hippolytus,
by step-dame's plot undone, his life-blood gave
to sate his vengeful father, and was rent
in sunder by wild horses; but the grave
to air of heaven and prospect of the stars
restored him; — for Diana's love and care
poured out upon him Paeon's healing balm.
But Jove, almighty Sire, brooked not to see
a mortal out of death and dark reclimb
to light of life, and with a thunderbolt
hurled to the Stygian river Phoebus' son,
who dared such good elixir to compound.
But pitying Trivia hid Hippolytus
in her most secret cave, and gave in ward
to the wise nymph Egeria in her grove;
where he lived on inglorious and alone,
ranging the woods of Italy, and bore
the name of Virbius. 'T is for this cause
the hallowed woods to Trivia's temple vowed
forbid loud-footed horses, such as spilled
stripling and chariot on the fatal shore,
scared by the monsters peering from the sea.
Yet did the son o'er that tumultuous plain
his battle-chariot guide and plunging team.
Lo, Turnus strides conspicuous in the van,
full armed, of mighty frame, his lordly head
high o'er his peers emerging! His tall helm
with flowing triple crest for ensign bears
Chimaera, whose terrific lips outpour
volcanic fires; where'er the menace moves
of her infernal flames and wrathful frown,

there wildest flows the purple flood of war.
On his smooth shield deep graven in the gold
is horned Io — wondrous the device! —
a shaggy heifer-shape the maiden shows;
Argus is watching her, while Inachus
pours forth his river from the pictured urn.
A storm of tramping troops, to Turnus sworn,
throngs all the widespread plain with serried shields:
warriors of Argos, and Auruncan bands,
Sicani, Rutuli, Sacranian hosts,
Labicum's painted shields; all who till
thy woodland vales, O Tiber! or the shore
Numicius hallows; all whose ploughs upturn
Rutulia's hills, or that Circaean range
where Jove of Anxur guards, and forests green
make fair Feronia glad; where lie the fens
of Satura, and Ufens' icy wave
through lowland valleys seeks his seaward way.
Last came Camilla, of the Volscians bred,
leading her mail-clad, radiant chivalry;
a warrior-virgin, of Minerva's craft
of web and distaff, fit for woman's toil,
no follower she; but bared her virgin breast
to meet the brunt of battle, and her speed
left even the winds behind; for she would skim
an untouched harvest ere the sickle fell,
nor graze the quivering wheat-tops as she ran;
or o'er the mid-sea billows' swollen surge
so swiftly race, she wet not in the wave
her flying feet. For sight of her the youth
from field and fortress sped, and matrons grave
stood wondering as she passed, well-pleased to see
her royal scarf in many a purple fold
float off her shining shoulder, her dark hair
in golden clasp caught fast, and how she bore
for arms a quiver of the Lycian mode,
and shepherd's shaft of myrtle tipped with steel.

BOOK VIII

When Turnus from Laurentum's bastion proud
published the war, and roused the dreadful note
of the harsh trumpet's song; when on swift steeds
the lash he laid and clashed his sounding arms;
then woke each warrior soul; all Latium stirred
with tumult and alarm; and martial rage
enkindled youth's hot blood. The chieftains proud,
Messapus, Ufens, and that foe of Heaven,
Mezentius, compel from far and wide
their loyal hosts, and strip the field and farm
of husbandmen. To seek auxiliar arms
they send to glorious Diomed's domain
the herald Venulus, and bid him cry:
"Troy is to Latium come; Aeneas' fleet
has come to land. He brings his vanquished gods,
and gives himself to be our destined King.
Cities not few accept him, and his name
through Latium waxes large. But what the foe
by such attempt intends, what victory
is his presumptuous hope, if Fortune smile,
Aetolia's lord will not less wisely fear
than royal Turnus or our Latin King."
Thus Latium's cause moved on. Meanwhile the heir
of great Laomedon, who knew full well
the whole wide land astir, was vexed and tossed
in troubled seas of care. This way and that
his swift thoughts flew, and scanned with like dismay
each partial peril or the general storm.
Thus the vexed waters at a fountain's brim,
smitten by sunshine or the silver sphere
of a reflected moon, send forth a beam
of flickering light that leaps from wall to wall,
or, skyward lifted in ethereal flight,
glances along some rich-wrought, vaulted dome.

Now night had fallen, and all weary things,
all shapes of beast or bird, the wide world o'er,
lay deep in slumber. So beneath the arch
of a cold sky Aeneas laid him down
upon the river-bank, his heart sore tried
by so much war and sorrow, and gave o'er
his body to its long-delayed repose.
There, 'twixt the poplars by the gentle stream,
the River-Father, genius of that place,
old Tiberinus visibly uprose;
a cloak of gray-green lawn he wore, his hair
o'erhung with wreath of reeds. In soothing words
thus, to console Aeneas' cares, he spoke:
"Seed of the gods! who bringest to my shore
thy Trojan city wrested from her foe,
a stronghold everlasting, Latium's plain
and fair Laurentum long have looked for thee.
Here truly is thy home. Turn not away.
Here the true guardians of thy hearth shall be.
Fear not the gathering war. The wrath of Heaven
has stilled its swollen wave. A sign I tell:
Lest thou shouldst deem this message of thy sleep
a vain, deluding dream, thou soon shalt find
in the oak-copses on my margent green,
a huge sow, with her newly-littered brood
of thirty young; along the ground she lies,
snow-white, and round her udders her white young.
There shall thy city stand, and there thy toil
shall find untroubled rest. After the lapse
of thrice ten rolling years, Ascanius
shall found a city there of noble name,
White-City, Alba; 't is no dream I sing!
But I instruct thee now by what wise way
th' impending wars may bring thee victory:
receive the counsel, though the words be few:
within this land are men of Arcady,
of Pallas' line, who, following in the train

of King Evander and his men-at-arms,
built them a city in the hills, and chose
(honoring Pallas, their Pelasgian sire),
the name of Pallanteum. They make war
incessant with the Latins. Therefore call
this people to thy side and bind them close
in federated power. My channel fair
and shaded shore shall guide thee where they dwell,
and thy strong oarsmen on my waters borne
shall mount my falling stream. Rise, goddess-born,
and ere the starlight fade give honor due
to Juno, and with supplicating vow
avert her wrath and frown. But unto me
make offering in thy victorious hour,
in time to come. I am the copious flood
which thou beholdest chafing at yon shores
and parting fruitful fields: cerulean stream
of Tiber, favored greatly of high Heaven.
here shall arise my house magnificent,
a city of all cities chief and crown.”

So spake the river-god, and sank from view
down to his deepest cave; then night and sleep
together from Aeneas fled away.

He rose, and to the orient beams of morn
his forehead gave; in both his hollowed palms
he held the sacred waters of the stream,
and called aloud: “O ye Laurentian nymphs,
whence flowing rills be born, and chiefly thou,
O Father Tiber, worshipped stream divine,
accept Aeneas, and from peril save!

If in some hallowed lake or haunted spring
thy power, pitying my woes, abides,
or wheresoe’er the blessed place be found
whence first thy beauty flows, there evermore
my hands shall bring thee gift and sacrifice.
O chief and sovereign of Hesperian streams,
O river-god that hold’st the plenteous horn,

protect us, and confirm thy words divine!"

He spoke; then chose twin biremes from the fleet,
gave them good gear and armed their loyal crews.
But, lo! a sudden wonder met his eyes:
white gleaming through the grove, with all her brood
white like herself, on the green bank the Sow
stretched prone. The good Aeneas slew her there,
Great Juno, for a sacrifice to thee,
himself the priest, and with the sucklings all
beside shine altar stood. So that whole night
the god of Tiber calmed his swollen wave,
ebbing or lingering in silent flow,
till like some gentle lake or sleeping pool
his even waters lay, and strove no more
against the oarsmen's toil. Upon their way
they speed with joyful sound; the well-oiled wood
slips through the watery floor; the wondering waves,
and all the virgin forests wondering,
behold the warriors in far-shining arms
their painted galleys up the current drive.
O'er the long reaches of the winding flood
their sturdy oars outweary the slow course
of night and day. Fair groves of changeful green
arch o'er their passage, and they seem to cleave
green forests in the tranquil wave below.
Now had the flaming sun attained his way
to the mid-sphere of heaven, when they discerned
walls and a citadel in distant view,
with houses few and far between; 't was there,
where sovran Rome to-day has rivalled Heaven,
Evander's realm its slender strength displayed:
swiftly they turned their prows and neared the town.
It chanced th' Arcadian King had come that day
to honor Hercules, Amphitryon's son,
and to the powers divine pay worship due
in groves outside the wall. Beside him stood
Pallas his son, his noblest men-at-arms,

and frugal senators, who at the shrines
burnt incense, while warm blood of victims flowed.
But when they saw the tall ships in the shade
of that dark forest plying noiseless oars,
the sudden sight alarmed, and all the throng
sprang to its feet and left the feast divine.
But dauntless Pallas bade them give not o'er
the sacred festival, and spear in hand
flew forward to a bit of rising ground,
and cried from far: "Hail, warriors! what cause
drives you to lands unknown, and whither bound?
Your kin, your country? Bring ye peace or war?"
Father Aeneas then held forth a bough
of peaceful olive from the lofty ship,
thus answering: "Men Trojan-born are we,
foes of the Latins, who have driven us forth
with insolent assault. We fain would see
Evander. Pray, deliver this, and say
that chosen princes of Dardania
sue for his help in arms." So wonder fell
on Pallas, awestruck at such mighty name.
O, come, whoe'er thou art," he said, "and speak
in presence of my father. Enter here,
guest of our hearth and altar." He put forth
his right hand in true welcome, and they stood
with lingering clasp; then hand in hand advanced
up the steep woodland, leaving Tiber's wave.
Aeneas to Evander speaking fair,
these words essayed: "O best of Grecian-born!
whom Fortune's power now bids me seek and sue,
lifting this olive-branch with fillets bound,
I have not feared thee, though I know thou art
a Greek, and an Arcadian king, allied
to the two sons of Atreus. For behold,
my conscious worth, great oracles from Heaven,
the kinship of our sires, thy own renown
spread through the world — all knit my cause with thine,

all make me glad my fates have so decreed.
The sire and builder of the Trojan town
was Dardanus; but he, Electra's child,
came over sea to Teucria; the sire
of fair Electra was great Atlas, he
whose shoulder carries the vast orb of heaven.
But thy progenitor was Mercury,
and him conceiving, Maia, that white maid,
on hoar Cyllene's frosty summit bore.
But Maia's sire, if aught of truth be told,
was Atlas also, Atlas who sustains
the weight of starry skies. Thus both our tribes
are one divided stem. Secure in this,
no envoys have I sent, nor tried thy mind
with artful first approaches, but myself,
risking my person and my life, have come
a suppliant here. For both on me and thee
the house of Daunus hurls insulting war.
If us they quell, they doubt not to obtain
lordship of all Hesperia, and subdue
alike the northern and the southern sea.
Accept good faith, and give! Behold, our hearts
quail not in battle; souls of fire are we,
and warriors proved in many an action brave.”
Aeneas ceased. The other long had scanned
the hero's face, his eyes, and wondering viewed
his form and mien divine; in answer now
he briefly spoke: “With hospitable heart,
O bravest warrior of all Trojan-born,
I know and welcome thee. I well recall
thy sire Anchises, how he looked and spake.
For I remember Priam, when he came
to greet his sister, Queen Hesione,
in Salamis, and thence pursued his way
to our cool uplands of Arcadia.
The bloom of tender boyhood then was mine,
and with a wide-eyed wonder I did view

those Teucrian lords, Laomedon's great heir,
and, towering highest in their goodly throng,
Anchises, whom my warm young heart desired
to speak with and to clasp his hand in mine.
So I approached, and joyful led him home
to Pheneus' olden wall. He gave me gifts
the day he bade adieu; a quiver rare
filled with good Lycian arrows, a rich cloak
inwove with thread of gold, and bridle reins
all golden, now to youthful Pallas given.
Therefore thy plea is granted, and my hand
here clasps in loyal amity with thine.
To-morrow at the sunrise thou shalt have
my tribute for the war, and go thy way
my glad ally. But now this festival,
whose solemn rite 't were impious to delay,
I pray thee celebrate, and bring with thee
well-omened looks and words. Allies we are!
Use this our sacred feast as if your own."
So saying, he bade his followers renew
th' abandoned feast and wine; and placed each guest
on turf-built couch of green, most honoring
Aeneas by a throne of maple fair
decked with a lion's pelt and flowing mane.
Then high-born pages, with the altar's priest,
bring on the roasted beeves and load the board
with baskets of fine bread; and wine they bring —
of Ceres and of Bacchus gift and toil.
While good Aeneas and his Trojans share
the long whole ox and meats of sacrifice.
When hunger and its eager edge were gone,
Evander spoke: "This votive holiday,
yon tables spread and altar so divine,
are not some superstition dark and vain,
that knows not the old gods, O Trojan King!
But as men saved from danger and great fear
this thankful sacrifice we pay. Behold,

yon huge rock, beetling from the mountain wall,
hung from the cliff above. How lone and bare
the hollowed mountain looks! How crag on crag
tumbled and tossed in huge confusion lie!
A cavern once it was, which ran deep down
into the darkness. There th' half-human shape
of Cacus made its hideous den, concealed
from sunlight and the day. The ground was wet
at all times with fresh gore; the portal grim
was hung about with heads of slaughtered men,
bloody and pale — a fearsome sight to see.
Vulcan begat this monster, which spewed forth
dark-fuming flames from his infernal throat,
and vast his stature seemed. But time and tide
brought to our prayers the advent of a god
to help us at our need. For Hercules,
divine avenger, came from laying low
three-bodied Geryon, whose spoils he wore
exultant, and with hands victorious drove
the herd of monster bulls, which pastured free
along our river-valley. Cacus gazed
in a brute frenzy, and left not untried
aught of bold crime or stratagem, but stole
four fine bulls as they fed, and heifers four,
all matchless; but, lest hoof-tracks point his way,
he dragged them cave-wards by the tails, confusing
the natural trail, and hid the stolen herd
in his dark den; and not a mark or sign
could guide the herdsmen to that cavern-door.
But after, when Amphytryon's famous son,
preparing to depart, would from the meads
goad forth the full-fed herd, his lingering bulls
roared loud, and by their lamentable cry
filled grove and hills with clamor of farewell:
one heifer from the mountain-cave lowed back
in answer, so from her close-guarded stall
foiling the monster's will. Then hadst thou seen

the wrath of Hercules in frenzy blaze
from his exasperate heart. His arms he seized,
his club of knotted oak, and climbed full-speed
the wind-swept hill. Now first our people saw
Cacus in fear, with panic in his eyes.
Swift to the black cave like a gale he flew,
his feet by terror winged. Scarce had he passed
the cavern door, and broken the big chains,
and dropped the huge rock which was pendent there
by Vulcan's well-wrought steel; scarce blocked and barred
the guarded gate: when there Tiryntius stood,
with heart aflame, surveying each approach,
rolling this way and that his wrathful eyes,
gnashing his teeth. Three times his ire surveyed
the slope of Aventine; three times he stormed
the rock-built gate in vain; and thrice withdrew
to rest him in the vale. But high above
a pointed peak arose, sheer face of rock
on every side, which towered into view
from the long ridge above the vaulted cave,
fit haunt for birds of evil-boding wing.
This peak, which leftward toward the river leaned,
he smote upon its right — his utmost blow —
breaking its bases loose; then suddenly
thrust at it: as he thrust, the thunder-sound
filled all the arching sky, the river's banks
asunder leaped, and Tiber in alarm
reversed his flowing wave. So Cacus' lair
lay shelterless, and naked to the day
the gloomy caverns of his vast abode
stood open, deeply yawning, just as if
the riven earth should crack, and open wide
th' infernal world and fearful kingdoms pale,
which gods abhor; and to the realms on high
the measureless abyss should be laid bare,
and pale ghosts shrink before the entering sun.
Now upon Cacus, startled by the glare,

caged in the rocks and howling horribly,
Alcides hurled his weapons, raining down
all sorts of deadly missiles — trunks of trees,
and monstrous boulders from the mountain torn.
But when the giant from his mortal strait
no refuge knew, he blew from his foul jaws
a storm of smoke — incredible to tell —
and with thick darkness blinding every eye,
concealed his cave, uprolling from below
one pitch-black night of mingled gloom and fire.
This would Alcides not endure, but leaped
headlong across the flames, where densest hung
the rolling smoke, and through the cavern surged
a drifting and impenetrable cloud.
With Cacus, who breathed unavailing flame,
he grappled in the dark, locked limb with limb,
and strangled him, till o'er the bloodless throat
the starting eyeballs stared. Then Hercules
burst wide the doorway of the sooty den,
and unto Heaven and all the people showed
the stolen cattle and the robber's crimes,
and dragged forth by the feet the shapeless corpse
of the foul monster slain. The people gazed
insatiate on the grewsome eyes, the breast
of bristling shag, the face both beast and man,
and that fire-blasted throat whence breathed no more
the extinguished flame. 'T is since that famous day
we celebrate this feast, and glad of heart
each generation keeps the holy time.
Potitius began the worship due,
and our Pinarian house is vowed to guard
the rites of Hercules. An altar fair
within this wood they raised; 't is called 'the Great,'
and Ara Maxima its name shall be.
Come now, my warriors, and bind your brows
with garlands worthy of the gift of Heaven.
Lift high the cup in every thankful hand,

and praise our people's god with plenteous wine." He spoke; and of the poplar's changeful sheen, sacred to Hercules, wove him a wreath to shade his silvered brow. The sacred cup he raised in his right hand, while all the rest called on the gods and pure libation poured. Soon from the travelling heavens the western star glowed nearer, and Potitius led forth the priest-procession, girt in ancient guise with skins of beasts and carrying burning brands. new feasts are spread, and altars heaped anew with gifts and laden chargers. Then with song the Salian choir surrounds the blazing shrine, their foreheads wreathed with poplar. Here the youth, the elders yonder, in proud anthem sing the glory and the deeds of Hercules: how first he strangled with strong infant hand two serpents, Juno's plague; what cities proud, Troy and Oechalia, his famous war in pieces broke; what labors numberless as King Eurystheus' bondman he endured, by cruel Juno's will. "Thou, unsubdued, didst strike the twy-formed, cloud-bred centaurs down, Pholus and tall Hylaeus. Thou hast slain the Cretan horror, and the lion huge beneath the Nemean crag. At sight of thee the Stygian region quailed, and Cerberus, crouching o'er half-picked bones in gory cave. Nothing could bid thee fear. Typhoeus towered in his colossal Titan-panoply o'er thee in vain; nor did thy cunning fail when Lema's wonder-serpent round thee drew its multitudinous head. Hail, Jove's true son! New glory to the gods above, come down, and these thine altars and thy people bless!" Such hymns they chanted, telling oft the tale of Cacus' cave and blasting breath of fire:

while hills and sacred grove the note prolong.
Such worship o'er, all take the homeward way
back to the town. The hospitable King,
though bowed with weight of years, kept at his side
Aeneas and his son, and as they fared,
with various discourse beguiled the way.
Aeneas scanned with quick-admiring eyes
the region wide, and lingered with delight
now here, now there, inquiring eagerly
of each proud monument of heroes gone.
Then King Evander, he who builded first
On Palatine, spoke thus: "These groves erewhile
their native nymphs and fauns enjoyed, with men
from trees engendered and stout heart of oak.
Nor laws nor arts they knew; nor how to tame
burls to the yoke, nor fill great barns with store
and hoard the gathered grain; but rudely fared
on wild fruits and such food as hunters find.
Then Saturn from Olympian realms came down,
in flight from Jove's dread arms, his sceptre lost,
and he an exiled King. That savage race
he gathered from the mountain slopes; and gave
wise laws and statutes; so that latent land
was Latium, 'hid land', where he hid so long.
The golden centuries by legends told
were under that good King, whose equal sway
untroubled peace to all his peoples gave.
But after slow decline arrived an age
degenerate and of a darker hue,
prone to insensate war and greed of gain.
Then came Sicanian and Ausonian tribes,
and oft the land of Saturn lost its name.
New chieftains rose, and Thybris, giant King
and violent, from whom th' Italians named
the flooding Tiber, which was called no more
the Albula, its true and ancient style.
Myself, in exile from my fatherland

sailing uncharted seas, was guided here
by all-disposing Chance and iron laws
of Destiny. With prophecy severe
Carmentis, my nymph-mother, thrust me on,
warned by Apollo's word." He scarce had said,
when near their path he showed an altar fair
and the Carmental gate, where Romans see
memorial of Carmentis, nymph divine,
the prophetess of fate, who first foretold
what honors on Aeneas' sons should fall
and lordly Pallanteum, where they dwell.
Next the vast grove was seen, where Romulus
ordained inviolable sanctuary;
then the Lupercal under its cold crag,
Wolf-hill, where old Arcadians revered
their wolf-god, the Lycaean Pan. Here too
the grove of Argiletum, sacred name,
where good Evander told the crime and death
of Argus, his false guest. From this they climbed
the steep Tarpeian hill, the Capitol,
all gold to-day, but then a tangled wild
of thorny woodland. Even then the place
woke in the rustics a religious awe,
and bade them fear and tremble at the view
of that dread rock and grove. "This leafy wood,
which crowns the hill-top, is the favored seat
of some great god," said he, "but of his name
we know not surely. The Arcadians say
Jove's dread right hand here visibly appears
to shake his aegis in the darkening storm,
the clouds compelling. Yonder rise in view
two strongholds with dismantled walls, which now
are but a memory of great heroes gone:
one father Janus built, and Saturn one;
their names, Saturnia and Janiculum."
'Mid such good parley to the house they came
of King Evander, unadorned and plain,

whence herds of browsing cattle could be seen
ranging the Forum, and loud-bellowing
in proud Carinae. As they entered there,
“Behold,” said he, “the threshold that received
Alcides in his triumph! This abode
he made his own. Dare, O illustrious guest,
to scorn the pomp of power. Shape thy soul
to be a god’s fit follower. Enter here,
and free from pride our frugal welcome share.”
So saying, ‘neath his roof-tree scant and low
he led the great Aeneas, offering him
a couch of leaves with Libyan bear-skin spread.
Now night drew near, enfolding the wide world
in shadowy wings. But Venus, sore disturbed,
vexed not unwisely her maternal breast,
fearing Laurentum’s menace and wild stir
of obstinate revolt, and made her plea
to Vulcan in their nuptial bower of gold,
outbreathing in the music of her words
celestial love: “When warring Argive kings
brought ruin on Troy’s sacred citadel
and ramparts soon to sink in hostile flames,
I asked not thee to help that hopeless woe,
nor craved thy craft and power. For, dearest lord,
I would not tax in vain shine arduous toil,
though much to Priam’s children I was bound,
and oft to see Aeneas burdened sore
I could but weep. But now by will of Jove
he has found foothold in Rutulian lands.
Therefore I come at last with lowly suit
before a godhead I adore, and pray
for gift of arms, — a mother for her son.
Thou wert not unrelenting to the tears
of Nereus’ daughter or Tithonus’ bride.
Behold what tribes conspire, what cities strong
behind barred gates now make the falchion keen
to ruin and blot out both me and mine!”

So spake the goddess, as her arms of snow
around her hesitating spouse she threw
in tender, close embrace. He suddenly
knew the familiar fire, and o'er his frame
its wonted ardor unresisted ran,
swift as the glittering shaft of thunder cleaves
the darkened air and on from cloud to cloud
the rift of lightning runs. She, joyful wife;
felt what her beauty and her guile could do;
as, thrall'd by love unquenchable, her spouse
thus answered fair: "Why wilt thou labor so
with far-fetched pleas? my goddess, hast thou lost
thy faith in me? Had such a prayer been shine,
I could have armed the Teucrians. Neither Jove
nor Destiny had grudged ten added years
of life to Troy and Priam. If to-day
thou hast a war in hand, and if thy heart
determine so, I willingly engage
to lend thee all my cunning; whatsoever
molten alloy or welded iron can,
whate'er my roaring forge and flames achieve,
I offer thee. No more in anxious prayer
distrust thy beauty's power." So saying, he gave
embrace of mutual desire, and found
deep, peaceful sleep, on her fond heart reclined.
Night's course half run, soon as the first repose
had banished sleep, — what time some careful wife
whose distaff and Minerva's humble toil
must earn her bread, rekindling her warm hearth,
adds a night-burden to her laboring day,
and by the torch-light cheers her maidens on
to their long tasks; that so her husband's bed
she may in honor keep, and train to power
her dear men-children — at such prime of morn,
with not less eager mind the Lord of Fire
fled his soft couch and to his forges tried.
An island near Aeolian Lipara

not far from a Sicilian headland lies,
where smoking rocks precipitously tower
above a vast vault, which the Cyclops' skill
outhollowed large as Aetna's thunderous caves.
There ring the smitten anvils, and the roof
re-echoes, roaring loud. Chalybian ores
hiss in the gloom, and from the furnace mouths
puff the hot-panting fires. 'T is Vulcan's seat,
and all that island is Vulcania.

Thither descended now the god of fire
from height of heaven. At their task were found
the Cyclops in vast cavern forging steel,
naked Pyracmon and gigantic-limbed
Brontes and Steropes; beneath their blows
a lightning-shaft, half-shaped, half-burnished lay,
such as the Thunderer is wont to fling
in numbers from the sky, but formless still.
Three strands of whirling storm they wove with three
of bursting cloud, and three did interfuse
of ruddy-gleaming fires and winged winds;
then fearful lightnings on the skilful forge
they welded with loud horror, and with flames
that bear swift wrath from Jove. Elsewhere a crew
toiled at the chariot and winged wheel
wherewith the war-god wakens from repose
heroes and peopled cities. Others wrought
the awful Aegis, herald of dismay,
by angry Pallas worn; they burnished bright
the golden serpent-scales and wreathing snakes,
till from the corselet of the goddess glared
the Gorgon's severed head and rolling eyes.
"Cyclops of Aetna," Vulcan cried, "have done!
Leave ev'ry task unfinished, and receive
my new command! Good armor must be forged
for warrior brave. For this I need to use
your utmost sinew and your swiftest hand,
with all your master skill. No lingering now!"

Swift the command, and swiftly they divide
to each his portion, and united urge
the common task. Forth flow the molten streams
of brass and gold, and, melted in fierce flame,
the deeply-wounding steel like liquid flows.
A mighty shield took shape, its single orb
sufficient to withstand the gathered shock
of all the Latin arms; for seven times
they welded ring with ring. Some deftly ply
the windy bellows, which receive and give
the roaring blasts; some plunge in cooling pond
the hissing metal, while the smithy floor
groans with the anvil's weight, as side by side
they lift their giant arms in numbered blows
and roll with gripe of tongs the ponderous bars.
While thus the Lemnian god his labor sped
in far Aeolian isle, the cheerful morn
with voice of swallows round his lowly eaves
summoned Evander. From his couch arose
the royal sire, and o'er his aged frame
a tunic threw, tying beneath his feet
the Tuscan sandals: an Arcadian sword,
girt at his left, was over one shoulder slung,
his cloak of panther trailing from behind.
A pair of watch-dogs from the lofty door
ran close, their lord attending, as he sought
his guest Aeneas; for his princely soul
remembered faithfully his former word,
and promised gift. Aeneas with like mind
was stirring early. King Evander's son
Pallas was at his side; Achates too
accompanied his friend. All these conjoin
in hand-clasp and good-morrow, taking seats
in midcourt of the house, and give the hour
to converse unrestrained. First spoke the King:
"Great leader of the Teucrians, while thy life
in safety stands, I call not Trojan power

vanquished or fallen. But to help thy war
my small means match not thy redoubled name.
Yon Tuscan river is my bound. That way
Rutulia thrusts us hard and chafes our wall
with loud, besieging arms. But I propose
to league with thee a numerous array
of kings and mighty tribes, which fortune strange
now brings to thy defence. Thou comest here
because the Fates intend. Not far from ours
a city on an ancient rock is seen,
Agylla, which a warlike Lydian clan
built on the Tuscan hills. It prospered well
for many a year, then under the proud yoke
of King Mezentius it came and bore
his cruel sway. Why tell the loathsome deeds
and crimes unspeakable the despot wrought?
May Heaven requite them on his impious head
and on his children! For he used to chain
dead men to living, hand on hand was laid
and face on face, — torment incredible!
Till, locked in blood-stained, horrible embrace,
a lingering death they found. But at the last
his people rose in furious despair,
and while he blasphemously raged, assailed
his life and throne, cut down his guards
and fired his regal dwellings; he, the while,
escaped immediate death and fled away
to the Rutulian land, to find defence
in Turnus hospitality. To-day
Etruria, to righteous anger stirred,
demands with urgent arms her guilty King.
To their large host, Aeneas, I will give
an added strength, thyself. For yonder shores
re-echo with the tumult and the cry
of ships in close array; their eager lords
are clamoring for battle. But the song
of the gray omen-giver thus declares

their destiny: 'O goodly princes born
of old Maeonian lineage! Ye that are
the bloom and glory of an ancient race,
whom just occasions now and noble rage
enflame against Mezentius your foe,
it is decreed that yonder nation proud
shall never submit to chiefs Italian-born.
Seek ye a king from far!' So in the field
inert and fearful lies Etruria's force,
disarmed by oracles. Their Tarchon sent
envoys who bore a sceptre and a crown
even to me, and prayed I should assume
the sacred emblems of Etruria's king,
and lead their host to war. But unto me
cold, sluggish age, now barren and outworn,
denies new kingdoms, and my slow-paced powers
run to brave deeds no more. Nor could I urge
my son, who by his Sabine mother's line
is half Italian-born. Thyself art he,
whose birth illustrious and manly prime
fate favors and celestial powers approve.
Therefore go forth, O bravest chief and King
of Troy and Italy! To thee I give
the hope and consolation of our throne,
pallas, my son, and bid him find in thee
a master and example, while he learns
the soldier's arduous toil. With thy brave deeds
let him familiar grow, and reverence thee
with youthful love and honor. In his train
two hundred horsemen of Arcadia,
our choicest men-at-arms, shall ride; and he
in his own name an equal band shall bring
to follow only thee." Such the discourse.
With meditative brows and downcast eyes
Aeneas and Achates, sad at heart,
mused on unnumbered perils yet to come.
But out of cloudless sky Cythera's Queen

gave sudden signal: from th' ethereal dome
a thunder-peal and flash of quivering fire
tumultuous broke, as if the world would fall,
and bellowing Tuscan trumpets shook the air.
All eyes look up. Again and yet again
crashed the terrible din, and where the sky
looked clearest hung a visionary cloud,
whence through the brightness blazed resounding arms.
All hearts stood still. But Troy's heroic son
knew that his mother in the skies redeemed
her pledge in sound of thunder: so he cried,
"Seek not, my friend, seek not thyself to read
the meaning of the omen. 'T is to me
Olympus calls. My goddess-mother gave
long since her promise of a heavenly sign
if war should burst; and that her power would bring
a panoply from Vulcan through the air,
to help us at our need. Alas, what deaths
over Laurentum's ill-starred host impend!
O Turnus, what a reckoning thou shalt pay
to me in arms! O Tiber, in thy wave
what helms and shields and mighty soldiers slain
shall in confusion roll! Yea, let them lead
their lines to battle, and our league abjure!"
He said: and from the lofty throne uprose.
Straightway he roused anew the slumbering fire
sacred to Hercules, and glad at heart
adored, as yesterday, the household gods
revered by good Evander, at whose side
the Trojan company made sacrifice
of chosen lambs, with fitting rites and true.
Then to his ships he tried him, and rejoined
his trusty followers, of whom he took
the best for valor known, to lend him aid
in deeds of war. Others he bade return
down stream in easy course, and tidings bear
to young Ascanius of the new event,

and of his father. Horses then were brought
for all the Teucrians to Etruria bound;
and for Aeneas one of rarest breed,
o'er whom a tawny robe descended low,
of lion-skin, with claws of gleaming gold.
Noised swiftly through the little town it flies
that to the precinct of the Tuscan King
armed horsemen speed. Pale mothers in great fear
unceasing pray; for panic closely runs
in danger's steps; the war-god drawing nigh
looms larger; and good sire Evander now
clings to the hand of his departing son
and, weeping without stay, makes sad farewell:
"O, that great Jove would give me once again
my vanished years! O, if such man I were,
as when beneath Praeneste's wall I slew
the front ranks of her sons, and burned for spoil
their gathered shields on my triumph day;
or when this right hand hurled king Erulus
to shades below, though — terrible to tell —
Feronia bore him with three lives, that thrice
he might arise from deadly strife o'erthrown,
and thrice be slain — yet all these lives took I,
and of his arms despoiled him o'er and o'er:
not now, sweet son (if such lost might were mine),
should I from thy beloved embrace be torn;
nor could Mezentius with insulting sword
do murder in my sight and make my land
depopulate and forlorn. O gods in Heaven,
and chiefly thou whom all the gods obey,
have pity, Jove, upon Arcadia's King,
and hear a father's prayer: if your intent
be for my Pallas a defence secure,
if it be writ that long as I shall live,
my eyes may see him, and my arms enfold,
I pray for life, and all its ills I bear.
But if some curse, too dark to tell, impend

from thee, O Fortune blind! I pray thee break
my thread of miserable life to-day;
to-day, while fear still doubts and hope still smiles
on the unknown to-morrow, as I hold
thee to my bosom, dearest child, who art
my last and only joy; to-day, before
th' intolerable tidings smite my ears."

Such grief the royal father's heart outpoured
at this last parting; the strong arms of slaves
lifted him, fallen in swoon, and bore him home.
Now forth beneath the wide-swung city-gates
the mounted squadron poured; Aeneas rode,
companioned of Achates, in the van;
then other lords of Troy. There Pallas shone
conspicuous in the midmost line, with cloak
and blazoned arms, as when the Morning-star
(To Venus dearest of all orbs that burn),
out of his lucent bath in ocean wave
lifts to the skies his countenance divine,
and melts the shadows of the night away.

Upon the ramparts trembling matrons stand
and follow with dimmed eyes the dusty cloud
whence gleam the brazen arms. The warriors ride
straight on through brake and fell, the nearest way;
loud ring the war-cries, and in martial line
the pounding hoof-beats shake the crumbling ground.

By Caere's cold flood lies an ample grove
revered from age to age. The hollowing hills
enclasp it in wide circles of dark fir,
and the Pelasgians, so the legends tell,
primaeval settlers of the Latin plains,
called it the haunt of Silvan, kindly god
of flocks and fields, and honoring the grove
gave it a festal day. Hard by this spot
had Tarchon with the Tuscans fortified
his bivouac, and from the heights afar
his legions could be seen in wide array

outstretching through the plain. To meet them there
Aeneas and his veteran chivalry
made sure advance, and found repose at eve
for warrior travel-worn and fainting steed.
But now athwart the darkening air of heaven
came Venus gleaming bright, to bring her son
the gifts divine. In deep, sequestered vale
she found him by a cooling rill retired,
and hailed him thus: "Behold the promised gift,
by craft and power of my Olympian spouse
made perfect, that my son need never fear
Laurentum's haughty host, nor to provoke
fierce Turnus to the fray." Cythera's Queen
so saying, embraced her son, and hung the arms,
all glittering, on an oak that stood thereby.
The hero, with exultant heart and proud,
gazing unwearied at his mother's gift,
surveys them close, and poises in his hands
the helmet's dreadful crest and glancing flame,
the sword death-dealing, and the corselet strong,
impenetrable brass, blood-red and large,
like some dark-lowering, purple cloud that gleams
beneath the smiting sun and flashes far
its answering ray; and burnished greaves were there,
fine gold and amber; then the spear and shield —
the shield — of which the blazonry divine
exceeds all power to tell. Thereon were seen
Italia's story and triumphant Rome,
wrought by the Lord of Fire, who was not blind
to lore inspired and prophesying song,
fore-reading things to come. He pictured there
Iulus' destined line of glorious sons
marshalled for many a war. In cavern green,
haunt of the war-god, lay the mother-wolf;
the twin boy-sucklings at her udders played,
nor feared such nurse; with long neck backward thrown
she fondled each, and shaped with busy tongue

their bodies fair. Near these were pictured well
the walls of Rome and ravished Sabine wives
in the thronged theatre violently seized,
when the great games were done; then, sudden war
of Romulus against the Cures grim
and hoary Tatius; next, the end of strife
between the rival kings, who stood in arms
before Jove's sacred altar, cup in hand,
and swore a compact o'er the slaughtered swine.
Hard by, behold, the whirling chariots tore
Mettus asunder (would thou hadst been true,
false Alban, to thy vow!); and Tullus trailed
the traitor's mangled corse along the hills,
the wild thorn dripping gore. Porsenna, next,
sent to revolted Rome his proud command
to take her Tarquin back, and with strong siege
assailed the city's wall; while unsubdued
Aeneas' sons took arms in freedom's name.
there too the semblance of the frustrate King,
a semblance of his wrath and menace vain,
when Cocles broke the bridge, and Cloelia burst
her captive bonds and swam the Tiber's wave.
Lo, on the steep Tarpeian citadel
stood Manlius at the sacred doors of Jove,
holding the capitol, whereon was seen
the fresh-thatched house of Romulus the King.
There, too, all silver, through arcade of gold
fluttered the goose, whose monitory call
revealed the foeman at the gate: outside
besieging Gauls the thorny pathway climbed,
ambushed in shadow and the friendly dark
of night without a star; their flowing hair
was golden, and their every vesture gold;
their cloaks were glittering plaid; each milk-white neck
bore circlet of bright gold; in each man's hand
two Alpine javelins gleamed, and for defence
long shields the wild northern warriors bore.

There, graven cunningly, the Salian choir
went leaping, and in Lupercalian feast
the naked striplings ran; while others, crowned
with peaked cap, bore shields that fell from heaven;
and, bearing into Rome their emblems old,
chaste priestesses on soft-strewn litters passed.
But far from these th' artificer divine
had wrought a Tartarus, the dreadful doors
of Pluto, and the chastisements of sin;
swung o'er a threatening precipice, was seen
thy trembling form, O Catiline, in fear
of fury-faces nigh: and distant far
th' assemblies of the righteous, in whose midst
was Cato, giving judgment and decree.
Encircled by these pictures ran the waves
of vast, unrestful seas in flowing gold,
where seemed along the azure crests to fly
the hoary foam, and in a silver ring
the tails of swift, emerging dolphins lashed
the waters bright, and clove the tumbling brine.
For the shield's central glory could be seen
great fleets of brazen galleys, and the fight
at Actium; where, ablaze with war's array,
Leucate's peak glowed o'er the golden tide.
Caesar Augustus led Italia's sons
to battle: at his side concordant moved
Senate and Roman People, with their gods
of hearth and home, and all Olympian Powers.
Uplifted on his ship he stands; his brows
beneath a double glory smile, and bright
over his forehead beams the Julian star.
in neighboring region great Agrippa leads,
by favor of fair winds and friendly Heaven,
his squadron forth: upon his brows he wears
the peerless emblem of his rostral crown.
Opposing, in barbaric splendor shine
the arms of Antony: in victor's garb

from nations in the land of morn he rides,
and from the Red Sea, bringing in his train
Egypt and Syria, utmost Bactria's horde,
and last — O shameless! — his Egyptian spouse.
All to the fight make haste; the slanted oars
and triple beaks of brass uprear the waves
to angry foam, as to the deep they speed
like hills on hill-tops hurled, or Cyclades
drifting and clashing in the sea: so vast
that shock of castled ships and mighty men!
Swift, arrowy steel and balls of blazing tow
rain o'er the waters, till the sea-god's world
flows red with slaughter. In the midst, the Queen,
sounding her native timbrel, wildly calls
her minions to the fight, nor yet can see
two fatal asps behind. Her monster-gods,
barking Anubis, and his mongrel crew,
on Neptune, Venus, and Minerva fling
their impious arms; the face of angry Mars,
carved out of iron, in the centre frowns,
grim Furies fill the air; Discordia strides
in rent robe, mad with joy; and at her side,
bellona waves her sanguinary scourge.
There Actian Apollo watched the war,
and o'er it stretched his bow; which when they knew,
Egyptian, Arab, and swart Indian slave,
and all the sons of Saba fled away
in terror of his arm. The vanquished Queen
made prayer to all the winds, and more and more
flung out the swelling sail: on wind-swept wave
she fled through dead and dying; her white brow
the Lord of Fire had cunningly portrayed
blanched with approaching doom. Beyond her lay
the large-limbed picture of the mournful Nile,
who from his bosom spread his garments wide,
and offered refuge in his sheltering streams
and broad, blue breast, to all her fallen power.

But Caesar in his triple triumph passed
the gates of Rome, and gave Italia's gods,
for grateful offering and immortal praise,
three hundred temples; all the city streets
with game and revel and applauding song
rang loud; in all the temples altars burned
and Roman matrons prayed; the slaughtered herds
strewed well the sacred ground. The hero, throned
at snow-white marble threshold of the fane
to radiant Phoebus, views the gift and spoil
the nations bring, and on the portals proud
hangs a perpetual garland: in long file
the vanquished peoples pass, of alien tongues,
of arms and vesture strange. Here Vulcan showed
ungirdled Afric chiefs and Nomads bold,
Gelonian bowmen, men of Caria,
and Leleges. Euphrates seemed to flow
with humbler wave; the world's remotest men,
Morini came, with double-horned Rhine,
and Dahae, little wont to bend the knee,
and swift Araxes, for a bridge too proud.
Such was the blazoned shield his mother gave
from Vulcan's forge; which with astonished eyes
Aeneas viewed, and scanned with joyful mind
such shadows of an unknown age to be;
then on his shoulder for a burden bore
the destined mighty deeds of all his sons.

BOOK IX

While thus in distant region moves the war,
down to bold Turnus Saturn's daughter sends
celestial Iris. In a sacred vale,
the seat of worship at his grandsire's tomb,
Pylumus, Faunus' son, the hero mused.
And thus the wonder-child of Thaumias called
with lips of rose: "O Turnus, what no god
dared give for reward of thy fondest vow,
has come unbidden on its destined day.
Behold, Aeneas, who has left behind
the city with his fleet and followers,
is gone to kingly Palatine, the home
of good Evander. Yea, his march invades
the far Etrurian towns, where now he arms
the Lydian rustics. Wilt thou longer muse?
Call for thy chariot and steeds! Away!
Take yonder tents by terror and surprise!"
She spoke; and heavenward on poising wings
soared, cleaving as she fled from cloud to cloud
a vast, resplendent bow. The warrior saw,
and, lifting both his hands, pursued with prayer
the fading glory: "Beauteous Iris, hail!
Proud ornament of heaven! who sent thee here
across yon cloud to earth, and unto me?
Whence may this sudden brightness fall? I see
the middle welkin lift, and many a star,
far-wandering in the sky. Such solemn sign
I shall obey, and thee, O god unknown!"
So saying, he turned him to a sacred stream,
took water from its brim, and offered Heaven
much prayer, with many an importuning vow.
Soon o'er the spreading fields in proud array
the gathered legions poured; no lack was there
of steeds all fire, and broided pomp and gold.

Messapus led the van; in rearguard rode
the sons of Tyrrheus; kingly Turnus towered
from the mid-column eminent: the host
moved as great Ganges lifting silently
his seven peaceful streams, or when the flood
of fructifying Nile from many a field
back to his channel flows. A swift-blown cloud
of black, uprolling dust the Teucrians see
o’ershadowing the plain; Calcus calls
from lofty outpost: “O my countrymen,
I see a huge, black ball of rolling smoke.
Your swords and lances! Man the walls! To arms!
The foe is here! What ho!” With clamors loud
the Teucrians through the city-gates retire,
and muster on the walls. For, wise in war,
Aeneas, ere he went, had left command
they should not range in battle-line, nor dare,
whate’er might hap, to risk in open plain
the bold sortie, but keep them safe entrenched
in mounded walls. So now, though rage and shame
prick to a close fight, they defensive bar
each portal strong, and, patient of control,
from hollow towers expect th’ encircling foe.
Turnus, at full speed, had outridden far
his laggard host, and, leading in his train
a score of chosen knights, dashed into view
hard by the walls. A barb of Thracian breed
dappled with white he rode; a crimson plume
flamed over his golden helmet. “Who,” he cries,
“Is foremost at the foe? Who follows me?
Behold!” And, with the word, he hurled in air
a javelin, provoking instant war:
and, towering from his horse, charged o’er the field.
With answering shout his men-at-arms pursue,
and war-cries terrible. They laugh to scorn
“the craven hearts of Troy, that cannot give
fair, equal vantage, matching man to man,

but cuddle into camp." This way and that
Turnus careers, and stormily surveys
the frowning rampart, and where way is none
some entering breach would find: so prowls a wolf
nigh the full sheepfold, and through wind and rain
stands howling at the postern all night long;
beneath the ewes their bleating lambs lie safe;
but he, with undesisting fury, more
rages from far, made frantic for his prey
by hunger of long hours, his foaming jaws
athirst for blood: not less the envy burned
of the Rutulian, as he scanned in vain
the stronghold of his foe. Indignant scorn
thrilled all his iron frame. But how contrive
to storm the fortress or by force expel
the Trojans from the rampart, and disperse
along the plain? Straightway he spied the ships,
in hiding near the camp, defended well
by mounded river-bank and fleeting wave.
On these he fell; while his exultant crew
brought firebrands, and he with heart aflame
grasped with a vengeful hand the blazing pine.
To the wild work his followers sped; for who
could prove him craven under Turnus' eye?
The whole troop for the weapon of their rage
seized smoking coals, of many a hearth the spoil;
red glare of fuming torches burned abroad,
and Vulcan starward flung a sparkling cloud.
What god, O Muses, saved the Trojans then
from wrathful flame? Who shielded then the fleet,
I pray you tell, from bursting storm of fire?
From hoary eld the tale, but its renown
sings on forever. When Aeneas first
on Phrygian Ida hewed the sacred wood
for rib and spar, and soon would put to sea,
that mighty mother of the gods, they say,
the Berecynthian goddess, thus to Jove

addressed her plea: "Grant, O my son, a boon,
which thy dear mother asks, who aided thee
to quell Olympian war. A grove I have
of sacred pine, long-loved from year to year.
On lofty hill it grew, and thither came
my worshippers with gifts, in secret gloom
of pine-trees dark and shadowing maple-boughs.;
these on the Dardan warrior at his need
I, not unwilling, for his fleet bestowed.
But I have fears. O, let a parent's prayer
in this prevail, and bid my care begone!
Let not rude voyages nor the shock of storm
my ships subdue, but let their sacred birth
on my charmed hills their strength and safety be!"
Then spake her son, who guides the wheeling spheres:
"Wouldst thou, my mother, strive to overstay
the course of Fate? What means this prayer of thine?
Can it be granted ships of mortal mould
to wear immortal being? Wouldst thou see
Aeneas pass undoubting and secure
through doubtful strait and peril? On what god
was e'er such power bestowed? Yet will I grant
a different boon. Whatever ships shall find
a safe Ausonian haven, and convey
safe through the seas to yon Laurentian plain
the Dardan King, from such I will remove
their perishable shapes, and bid them be
sea-nymphs divine, like Nereus' daughters fair,
Doto and Galatea, whose white breasts
divide the foaming wave." He said, and swore
by his Tartarean brother's mournful stream,
the pitch-black floods and dark engulfing shore
of Styx; then great Jove bowed his head, and all
Olympus quaked at his consenting brow.
Now was the promised day at hand (for Fate
had woven the web so far) when Turnus' rage
stirred the divine progenitress to save

her sacred ships from fire. Then sudden shone
a strange effulgence in the eastern air;
and in a storm-cloud wafted o'er the sky
were Corybantic choirs, whose dreadful song
smote both on Teucrian and Rutulian ear:
"O Teucrians, fear not for the sure defence
of all the ships, nor arm your mortal hands.
Yon impious Turnus shall burn up the seas
before my pine-trees blest. Arise! Be free,
ye goddesses of ocean, and obey
your mother's mighty word." Then instant broke
the hawsers of the sterns; the beaked prows
went plunging like great dolphins from the shore
down to the deeps, and, wonderful to tell,
the forms of virgin goddesses uprose,
one for each ship, and seaward sped away.
The hearts of the Rutulian host stood still
in panic, and Messapus terrified
his trembling horses reined; the sacred stream
of Father Tiber, harshly murmuring,
held back his flood and checked his seaward way.
But Turnus' courage failed not; he alone
his followers roused, and with reproachful words
alone spoke forth: "These signs and prodigies
threaten the Trojan only. Jove himself
has stripped them of their wonted strength: no more
can they abide our deadly sword and fire.
The Trojan path to sea is shut. What hope
of flight is left them now? The half their cause
is fallen. The possession of this land
is ours already; thousands of sharp swords
Italia's nations bring. Small fear have I
of Phrygia's boasted omens. What to me
their oracles from heaven? The will of Fate
and Venus have achieved their uttermost
in casting on Ausonia's fruitful shore
yon sons of Troy. I too have destinies:

and mine, good match for theirs, with this true blade
will spill the blood of all the baneful brood,
in vengeance for my stolen wife. Such wrongs
move not on Atreus' sons alone, nor rouse
only Mycenae to a righteous war.

Say you, 'Troy falls but once?' One crime, say I,
should have contented them; and now their souls
should little less than loathe all womankind.

These are the sort of soldiers that be brave
behind entrenchment, where the moated walls
may stem the foe and make a little room
betwixt themselves and death. Did they not see
how Troy's vast bulwark built by Neptune's hand
crumbled in flame? Forward, my chosen brave!

Who follows me to cleave his deadly way
through yonder battlement, and leap like storm
upon its craven guard? I have no need
of arms from Vulcan's smithy; nor of ships
a thousand strong against our Teucrian foes,
though all Etruria's league enlarge their power.

Let them not fear dark nights, nor coward theft
of Pallas' shrine, nor murdered sentinels
on their acropolis. We shall not hide
in blinding belly of a horse. But I
in public eye and open day intend
to compass their weak wall with siege and fire.

I'll prove them we be no Pelasgic band,
no Danaan warriors, such as Hector's arm
ten years withstood. But look! this day hath spent
its better part. In what remains, rejoice
in noble deeds well done; let weary flesh
have rest and food. My warriors, husband well
your strength against to-morrow's hopeful war."

Meanwhile to block their gates with wakeful guard
is made Messapus' work, and to gird round
their camp with watchfires. Then a chosen band,
twice seven Rutulian chieftains, man the walls

with soldiery; each leads a hundred men
crested with crimson, armed with glittering gold.
Some post to separate sentries, and prepare
alternate vigil; others, couched on grass,
laugh round the wine and lift the brazen bowls.
The camp-fires cheerly burn; the jovial guard
spend the long, sleepless night in sport and game.
The Trojans peering from the lofty walls
survey the foe, and arm for sure defence
of every point exposed. They prove the gates
with fearful care, bind bridge with tower, and bring
good store of javelins. Serestus bold
and Mnestheus to their labors promptly fly,
whom Sire Aeneas bade in time of stress
to have authority and free command
over his warriors. Along the walls
the legions, by the cast of lots, divide
the pain and peril, giving each his due
of alternating vigil and repose.
Nisus kept sentry at the gate: a youth
of eager heart for noble deeds, the son
of Hyrtacus, whom in Aeneas' train
Ida the huntress sent; swift could he speed
the spear or light-winged arrow to its aim.
Beside him was Euryalus, his friend:
of all th' Aeneadae no youth more fair
wore Trojan arms; upon his cheek unshorn
the tender bloom of boyhood lingered still.
Their loving hearts were one, and oft in war
they battled side by side, as in that hour
a common sentry at the gate they shared.
Said Nisus: "Is it gods above that breathe
this fever in my soul, Euryalus?
or is the tyrant passion of each breast
the god it serves? Me now my urgent mind
to battles or some mighty deed impels,
and will not give me rest. Look yonder, where

the Rutuli in dull security
the siege maintain. Yet are their lights but few.
They are asleep or drunk, and in their line
is many a silent space. O, hear my thought,
and what my heart is pondering. To recall
Aeneas is the dearest wish to-night
of all, both high and low. They need true men
to find him and bring tidings. If our chiefs
but grant me leave to do the thing I ask
(Claiming no reward save what honor gives),
methinks I could search out by yonder hill
a path to Pallanteum." The amazed
Euryalus, flushed warm with eager love
for deeds of glory, instantly replied
to his high-hearted friend: "Dost thou refuse,
my Nisus, to go with me hand in hand
when mighty deeds are done? Could I behold
thee venturing alone on danger? Nay!
Not thus my sire Opheltes, schooled in war,
taught me his true child, 'mid the woes of Troy
and Argive terrors reared; not thus with thee
have I proved craven, since we twain were leal
to great Aeneas, sharing all his doom.
In this breast also is a heart which knows
contempt of life, and deems such deeds, such praise,
well worth a glorious death." Nisus to him:
"I have not doubted thee, nor e'er could have
one thought disloyal. May almighty Jove,
or whatsoe'er good power my purpose sees,
bring me triumphant to thy arms once more!
But if, as oft in doubtful deeds befalls,
some stroke of chance, or will divine, should turn
to adverse, 't is my fondest prayer that thou
shouldst live the longer of us twain. Thy years
suit better with more life. Oh! let there be
one mourner true to carry to its grave
my corpse, recaptured in the desperate fray,

or ransomed for a price. Or if this boon
should be— 't is Fortune's common way — refused,
then pay the debt of grief and loyal woe
unto my far-off dust, and garlands leave
upon an empty tomb. No grief I give
to any sorrowing mother; one alone,
of many Trojan mothers, had the heart
to follow thee, her child, and would not stay
in great Acestes' land." His friend replied:
"Thou weavest but a web of empty words
and reasons vain, nor dost thou shake at all
my heart's resolve. Come, let us haste away!"
He answered so, and summoned to the gate
a neighboring watch, who, bringing prompt relief,
the sentry-station took; then quitted he
his post assigned; at Nisus' side he strode,
and both impatient sped them to the King.
Now in all lands all creatures that have breath
lulled care in slumber, and each heart forgot
its load of toil and pain. But they who led
the Teucrian cause, with all their chosen brave,
took counsel in the kingdom's hour of need
what action to command or whom dispatch
with tidings to Aeneas. In mid-camp
on long spears leaning and with ready shield
to leftward slung, th' assembled warriors stood.
Thither in haste arrived the noble pair,
brave Nisus with Euryalus his friend,
and craved a hearing, for their suit, they said,
was urgent and well-worth a patient ear.
Iulus to the anxious striplings gave
a friendly welcome, bidding Nisus speak.
The son of Hyrtacus obeyed: "O, hear,
Princes of Teucria, with impartial mind,
nor judge by our unseasoned youth the worth
of what we bring. Yon Rutule watch is now
in drunken sleep, and all is silent there.

With our own eyes we picked out a good place
to steal a march, that cross-road by the gate
close-fronting on the bridge. Their lines of fire
are broken, and a murky, rolling smoke
fills all the region. If ye grant us leave
by this good luck to profit, we will find
Aeneas and the walls of Palatine,
and after mighty slaughter and huge spoil
ye soon shall see us back. Nor need ye fear
we wander from the way. Oft have we seen
that city's crest loom o'er the shadowy vales,
where we have hunted all day long and know
each winding of yon river." Then uprose
aged Aletes, crowned with wisdom's years:
"Gods of our fathers, who forevermore
watch over Troy, ye surely had no mind
to blot out Teucris's name, when ye bestowed
such courage on young hearts, and bade them be
so steadfast and so leal." Joyful he clasped
their hands in his, and on their shoulders leaned,
his aged cheek and visage wet with tears.
"What reward worthy of such actions fair,
dear heroes, could be given? Your brightest prize
will come from Heaven and your own hearts. The rest
Aeneas will right soon bestow; nor will
Ascanius, now in youth's unblemished prime,
ever forget your praise." Forthwith replied
Aeneas' son, "By all our household gods,
by great Assaracus, and every shrine
of venerable Vesta, I confide
my hopes, my fortunes, and all future weal
to your heroic hearts. O, bring me back
my father! Set him in these eyes once more!
That day will tears be dry; and I will give
two silver wine-cups graven and o'erlaid
with clear-cut figures, which my father chose
out of despoiled Arisbe; also two

full talents of pure gold, and tripods twain,
and ancient wine-bowl, Tyrian Dido's token.
But if indeed our destiny shall be
to vanquish Italy in prosperous war,
to seize the sceptre and divide the spoil, —
saw you that steed of Turnus and the arms
in which he rode, all golden? That same steed,
that glittering shield and haughty crimson crest
I will reserve thee, e'er the lots are cast,
and, Nisus, they are thine. Hereto my sire
will add twelve captive maids of beauty rare,
and slaves in armor; last, thou hast the fields
which now Latinus holds. But as for thee,
to whom my youth but binds me closer still,
thee, kingly boy, my whole heart makes my own,
and through all changeful fortune we shall be
inseparable peers: nor will I seek
renown and glory, or in peace or war,
forgetting thee: but trust thee from this day
in deed and word." To him in answer spoke
euryalus, "O, may no future show
this heart unworthy thy heroic call!
And may our fortune ever prosperous prove,
not adverse. But I now implore of thee
a single boon worth all beside. I have
a mother, from the venerated line
of Priam sprung, whom not the Trojan shore
nor King Acestes' city could detain,
alas! from following me. I leave her now
without farewell; nor is her love aware
of my supposed peril. For I swear
by darkness of this night and thy right hand,
that all my courage fails me if I see
a mother's tears. O, therefore, I implore,
be thou her sorrow's comfort and sustain
her solitary day. Such grace from thee
equip me for my war, and I shall face

with braver heart whatever fortune brings.”

With sudden sorrow thrilled, the veteran lords
of Teucria showed their tears. But most of all
such likeness of his own heart’s filial love
on fair Iulus moved, and thus he spoke:

“Promise thyself what fits thy generous deeds.
Thy mother shall be mine, Creusa’s name
alone not hers; nor is the womb unblest
that bore a child like thee. Whate’er success
may follow, I make oath immutable
by my own head, on which my father swore,
that all I promise thee of gift or praise
if home thou comest triumphing, shall be
the glory of thy mother and thy kin.”

Weeping he spoke, and from his shoulder drew
the golden sword, well-wrought and wonderful,
which once in Crete Lycaon’s cunning made
and sheathed in ivory. On Nisus then
Mnestheus bestowed a shaggy mantle torn
from a slain lion; good Aletes gave
exchange of crested helms. In such array
they hastened forth; and all the princely throng,
young men and old, ran with them to the gates,
praying all gods to bless. Iulus then,
a fair youth, but of grave, heroic soul
beyond his years, gave them in solemn charge
full many a message for his sire, but these
the hazard of wild winds soon scattered far,
and flung them fruitless on the darkening storm.
Forth through the moat they climb, and steal away
through midnight shades, to where their foemen lie
encamped in arms; of whom, before these fall,
a host shall die. Along the turf were seen,
laid low in heavy slumber and much wine,
a prostrate troop; the horseless chariots
stood tilted on the shore, ‘twixt rein and wheel
the drivers dozed, wine-cups and idle swords

strewn round them without heed. The first to speak
was Nisus. "Look, Euryalus," he cried,
"Now boldly strike. The hour to do the deed
is here, the path this way. Keep wide-eyed watch
that no man smite behind us. I myself
will mow the mighty field, and lead thee on
in a wide swath of slaughter." With this word
he shut his lips; and hurled him with his sword
on haughty Rhamnes, who lay propped at ease
on pillows huge, and from his heaving breast
poured slumber loud: of royal stem was he
and honored of King Turnus for his skill
in augury; yet could no augur's charm
that bloody stroke forefend. And Nisus slew
three slaves near by, that lay in reckless sleep
upon their spears; then him that bore the shield
of Remus, then the driver of his car
close to the horses caught; his sword cut through
their prostrate necks; then their great master's head
he lifted high, and left decapitate
the huge corpse spilling forth its crimson gore
o'er couch and ground. Like stroke on Lamus fell
and Lamyrus, with young Serranus, who
had gamed the midnight through and sleeping lay,
his fair young body to the wine-god given;
but happier now had that long-revelling night
been merry till the dawn! Thus round full folds
of sheep a famished lion fiercely prowls;
mad hunger moves him; he devours and rends
with bloody, roaring mouth, the feeble flock
that trembles and is dumb. Nor was the sword
of fair Euryalus less fatal found;
but fiercely raging on his path of death,
he pressed on through a base and nameless throng,
Rhoetus, Herbesus, Fadus, Abaris;
surprising all save Rhoetus, who awake
saw every stroke, and crouched in craven fear

behind a mighty wine-bowl; but not less
clean through his bare breast as he started forth
the youth thrust home his sword, then drew it back
death-dripping, while the bursting purple stream
of life outflowed, with mingling blood and wine.
Then, flushed with stealthy slaughter, he crept near
the followers of Messapus, where he saw
their camp-fire dying down, and tethered steeds
upon the meadow feeding. Nisus then
knew the hot lust of slaughter had swept on
too far, and cried, "Hold off! For, lo,
the monitory dawn is nigh. Revenge
has fed us to the full. We have achieved
clean passage through the foe." Full many a prize
was left untaken: princely suits of mail
enwrought with silver pure, huge drinking-bowls,
and broideries fair. Yet grasped Euryalus
the blazonry at Rhamnes' corselet hung,
and belt adorned with gold: which were a gift
to Remulus of Tibur from the store
of opulent Caedicus, who sued from far
to be a friend; and these in death he gave
to his son's son, who slain in battle fell,
and proud Rutulians seized them with the spoil.
Euryalus about his shoulder strong
this booty slung — unprofitable gain! —
and fitted on a gorgeous, crested helm
which once Messapus wore. So from the camp,
escaping danger, the two champions ran.
But horsemen from the Latin city sent
to join the serried legions of the plain
had come at Turnus' call, three hundred strong
all bearing shields, and under the command
of Volscens. Nigh the camp and walls they drew;
and soon they spied upon the leftward path
th' heroic pair, where in dim shades of night
the helmet of Euryalus betrayed

the heedless boy, and with a glancing beam
flashed on the foe. Nor was it seen in vain.
Loud from the line the voice of Volscens called:
“Stand, gentlemen! What business brings you here?
Whose your allegiance? Whither speed so fast?”
No answer gave they save to fly in haste
to cover of the forest and deep gloom
of the defensive night. The horsemen then
blocked every crossway known, and, scattering wide,
kept sentry at the entrance. The great wood
was all of tangled brush and blinding shade
of flex-boughs. Impenetrable thorns
had thickly overgrown, and seldom showed
a pathway through the maze. Euryalus,
by the black branches and his ponderous spoil
impeded, groped along in fearful doubt,
deceived and quite astray. Nisus his friend
had quit him, and incautiously had forced
a sally through the close-encircling foe,
into that region which should after bear
the name of Alba — a rude shelter then
for King Latinus’ herds. He stayed him there
and looked, but vainly, for the comrade gone.
“Euryalus, ill-fated boy!” he cried,
“Where have I lost thee in the pathless wild?
How find thee? How retrace the blinding maze
of yonder treacherous wood?” Yet ere he said,
on his own path he turns him back, and scans
his own light footprints through the tangled thorn,
so dark and still. But suddenly he hears
the tread of horses, with confusing din
and tumult of pursuit. Nor was it long
he tarried ere upon his anguished ear
smote a great cry: and, lo! Euryalus,
trapped by the dark night, the deceptive ground,
faced the whole onset, and fell back o’erwhelmed
by a loud mob of foes, while his sole sword

tried many a thrust in vain. O, what defence
may Nisus bring? With what audacious arms
his chosen comrade save? Shall he make bare
his dying breast to all their swords, and run
to honorable death that bloody way?
he swung his spear with lifted arm, then looked
to the still moon, in heaven, and thus implored:
“O goddess, aid me in my evil case.
O glory of the stars, Latona’s child!
O guardian of groves, if in my name
my father Hyrtacus made offerings
on burning altars, if my own right hand,
successful in the chase, ere hung its gift
beneath thy dome or on thy sacred wall,
grant me yon troop to scatter. Guide my spear
along its path in air.” He spoke, and hurled
with all his gathered strength the shaft of steel.
the swift spear clove the shades of night, and struck
full in the back of Sulmo, where it split,
but tore through to his very heart. The breast
poured forth life’s glowing stream, and he, o’erthrown
lay cold in death, while his huge, heaving sides
gave lingering throes. The men about him stared
this way and that. But Nisus, fiercer still,
poised level with his ear a second shaft,
and, while the foeman paused, the whizzing spear
straight through the brows of Tagus drove, and clung
deep in the cloven brain. In frenzy rose
Volscens, but nowhere could espy what hand
the shaft had hurled, nor whither his wild rage
could make reply. “But thou,” he cried, “shalt feed
with thy hot blood my honor and revenge
for both the slain.” Then with a sword unsheathed
upon Euryalus he fell. Loud shrieked
Nisus, of reason reft, who could not bear
such horror, nor in sheltering gloom of night
longer abide: “‘T is I, ‘t is I!” he said.

look on the man who slew them! Draw on me
your swords, Rutulians! The whole stratagem
was mine, mine only, and the lad ye slay
dared not, and could not. O, by Heaven above
and by the all-beholding stars I swear,
he did but love his hapless friend too well.”
But while he spoke, the furious-thrusting sword
had pierced the tender body, and run through
the bosom white as snow. Euryalus
sank prone in death; upon his goodly limbs
the life-blood ran unstopped, and low inclined
the drooping head; as when some purpled flower,
cut by the ploughshare, dies, or poppies proud
with stem forlorn their ruined beauty bow
before the pelting storm. Then Nisus flew
straight at his foes; but in their throng would find
Volscens alone, for none but Volscens stayed:
they gathered thickly round and grappled him
in shock of steel with steel. But on he plunged,
swinging in ceaseless circles round his head
his lightning-sword, and thrust it through the face
of shrieking Volscens, with his own last breath
striking his foeman down; then cast himself
upon his fallen comrade’s breast; and there,
stabbed through, found tranquil death and sure repose.
Heroic pair and blest! If aught I sing
have lasting music, no remotest age
shall blot your names from honor’s storied scroll:
not while the altars of Aeneas’ line
shall crown the Capitol’s unshaken hill,
nor while the Roman Father’s hand sustains
its empire o’er the world.
The Rutules seized the spoils of victory,
and slowly to their camp, with wail and cry,
bore Volscens’ corse; and in the camp they made
like wailing over Rhamnes lifeless found,
o’er Numa and Serranus, and a throng

of princes dead. The gazing people pressed
around the slain, the dying, where the earth
ran red with slaughter and full many a stream
of trickling gore; nor did they fail to know
Messapus' glittering helm, his baldrick fair,
recaptured now with lavish sweat and pain.
Now, from Tithonus' saffron couch set free,
Aurora over many a land outpoured
the rising morn; the sun's advancing beam
unveiled the world; and Turnus to his host
gave signal to stand forth, while he arrayed
himself in glorious arms. Then every chief
awoke his mail-clad company, and stirred
their slumbering wrath with tidings from the foe.
Tumultuously shouting, they impaled
on lifted spears — O pitiable sight! —
the heads of Nisus and Euryalus.
Th' undaunted Trojans stood in battle-line
along the wall to leftward (for the right
the river-front defended) keeping guard
on the broad moat; upon the ramparts high
sad-eyed they stood, and shuddered as they saw
the hero-faces thrust aloft; too well
their loyal grief the blood-stained features knew.
On restless pinions to the trembling town
had voiceful Rumor hied, and to the ears
of that lone mother of Euryalus
relentless flown. Through all her feeble frame
the chilling sorrow sped. From both her hands
dropped web and shuttle; she flew shrieking forth,
ill-fated mother! and with tresses torn,
to the wide ramparts and the battle-line
ran frantic, heeding naught of men-at-arms,
nor peril nor the rain of falling spears;
and thus with loud and lamentable cry
filled all the air: "Is it in yonder guise,
Euryalus, thou comest? Art thou he,

last comfort of my life? O cruel one!
Couldst thou desert me? When they thrust thee forth
to death and danger, did they dare refuse
a wretched mother's last embrace? But now —
O woe is me! — upon this alien shore
thou liest for a feast to Latin dogs
and carrion birds. Nor did thy mother lead
the mourners to thy grave, nor shut those eyes,
nor wash the dreadful wounds, nor cover thee
with the fair shroud, which many a night and day
I swiftly wove, and at my web and loom
forgot my years and sorrows. Whither now
to seek and follow thee? What spot of earth
holds the torn body and the mangled limbs?
Is all the gift thou bringest home, dear child,
this? O, was this the prize for which I came
o'er land and sea? O, stab me very deep,
if ye have any pity; hurl on me
your every spear, Rutulians; make of me
your swords' first work. Or, Father of the gods!
Show mercy, thou! and with thy lightning touch
this head accurst, and let it fall by thee
down to the dark. For else what power is mine
my tortured life to end?" Her agony
smote on their listening souls; a wail of woe
along the concourse ran. Stern men-at-arms
felt valor for a moment sleep, and all
their rage of battle fail. But while she stirred
the passion of her grief, Ilioneus
and young Iulus, weeping filial tears,
bade Actor and Idæus, lifting her
in both their reverent arms, to bear her home.
But now the brazen trumpet's fearsome song
blares loud, and startled shouts of soldiery
spread through the roaring sky. The Volscian band
press to the siege, and, locking shield with shield,
fill the great trenches, tear the palisades,

or seek approach by ladders up the walls,
where'er the line of the defenders thins, and light
through their black circle shines. The Trojans pour
promiscuous missiles down, and push out hard
with heavy poles — so well have they been schooled
to fight against long sieges. They fling down
a crushing weight of rocks, in hope to break
th' assailing line, where roofed in serried shields
the foe each charge repels. But not for long
the siegers stand; along their dense array
the crafty Teucrians down the rampart roll
a boulder like a hill-top, laying low
the Rutule troop and crashing through their shields.
Nor may the bold Rutulian longer hope
to keep in cover, but essays to storm
only with far-flung shafts the bastion strong.
Here grim Mezentius, terrible to see,
waved an Etrurian pine, and made his war
with smoking firebrands; there, in equal rage,
Messapus, the steed-tamer, Neptune's son,
ripped down the palisade, and at the breach
strung a steep path of ladders up the wall.
Aid, O Calliope, the martial song!
Tell me what carnage and how many deaths
the sword of Turnus wrought: what peer in arms
each hero to the world of ghosts sent down.
Unroll the war's great book before these eyes.
A tower was there, well-placed and looming large,
with many a lofty bridge, which desperately
th' Italians strove to storm, and strangely plied
besieging enginery to cast it down:
the Trojans hurled back stones, or, standing close,
flung through the loopholes a swift shower of spears.
But Turnus launched a firebrand, and pierced
the wooden wall with flame, which in the wind
leaped larger, and devoured from floor to floor,
burning each beam away. The trembling guards

sought flight in vain; and while they crowded close
into the side unkindled yet, the tower
bowed its whole weight and fell, with sudden crash
that thundered through the sky. Along the ground
half dead the warriors fell (the crushing mass
piled over them) by their own pointed spears
pierced to the heart, or wounded mortally
by cruel splinters of the wreck. Two men,
Helenor one, and Lyeus at his side,
alone get free. Helenor of the twain
was a mere youth; the slave Lycymnia
bore him in secret to the Lydian King,
and, arming him by stealth, had sent away
to serve the Trojan cause. One naked sword
for arms had he, and on his virgin shield
no blazon of renown; but when he saw
the hosts of Turnus front him, and the lines
this way and that of Latins closing round, —
as a fierce, forest-creature, brought to bay
in circling pack of huntsmen, shows its teeth
against the naked spears, and scorning death
leaps upward on the javelins, — even so,
not loth to die, the youthful soldier flew
straight at the centre of his foes, and where
the shining swords looked thickest, there he sprung.
But Lyeus, swifter-footed, forced his way
past the opposing spears and made escape
far as the ciity-wall, where he would fain
clutch at the coping and climb up to clasp
some friend above: but Turnus, spear in hand,
had hotly followed, and exulting loud
thus taunted him, “Hadst thou the hope, rash fool,
beyond this grasp to fly?” So, as he clung,
he tore him down; and with him broke and fell
a huge piece of the wall: not otherwise
a frail hare, or a swan of snow-white wing,
is clutched in eagle-talons, when the bird

of Jove soars skyward with his prey; or tender lamb
from bleating mother and the broken fold
is stolen by the wolf of Mars. Wild shouts
on every side resound. In closer siege
the foe press on, and heap the trenches full,
or hurl hot-flaming torches at the towers.
Ilioneus with mountain-mass of stone
struck down Lucetius, as he crept with fire
too near the city-gate. Emathion fell
by Liger's hand, and Corynteus' death
Asilas dealt: one threw the javelin well;
th' insidious arrow was Asilas' skill.
Ortygius was slain by Caeneus, then
victorious Geneus fell by Turnus' ire.
Then smote he Dioxippus, and laid low
Itys and Promolus and Sagaris
and Clonius, and from the lofty tower
shot Idas down. The shaft of Capys pierced
Privernus, whom Themilla's javelin
but now had lightly grazed, and he, too bold,
casting his shield far from him, had outspread
his left hand on the wound: then sudden flew
the feathered arrow, and the hand lay pinned
against his left side, while the fatal barb
was buried in his breathing life. The son
of Arcens now stood forth in glittering arms.
His brodered cloak was red Iberian stain,
and beautiful was he. Arcens his sire
had sent him to the war; but he was bred
in a Sicilian forest by a stream
to his nymph-mother dear, where rose the shrine
of merciful Palicus, blest and fair.
But, lo! Mezentius his spear laid by,
and whirled three times about his head the thong
of his loud sling: the leaden bullet clove
the youth's mid-forehead, and his towering form
fell prostrate its full length along the ground.

'T was then Ascanius first shot forth in war
the arrow swift from which all creatures wild
were wont to fly in fear: and he struck down
with artful aim Numanus, sturdy foe,
called Remulus, who lately was espoused
to Turnus' younger sister. He had stalked
before the van, and made vociferous noise
of truths and falsehoods foul and base, his heart
puffed up with new-found greatness. Up and down
he strode, and swelled his folly with loud words:
"No shame have ye this second time to stay
cooped close within a rampart's craven siege,
O Phrygians twice-vanquished? Is a wall
your sole defence from death? Are such the men
who ask our maids in marriage? Say what god,
what doting madness, rather, drove ye here
to Italy? This way ye will not find
the sons of Atreus nor the trickster tongue
of voluble Ulysses. Sturdy stock
are we; our softest new-born babes we dip
in chilling rivers, till they bear right well
the current's bitter cold. Our slender lads
hunt night and day and rove the woods at large,
or for their merriment break stubborn steeds,
or bend the horn-tipped bow. Our manly prime
in willing labor lives, and is inured
to poverty and scantness; we subdue
our lands with rake and mattock, or in war
bid strong-walled cities tremble. Our whole life
is spent in use of iron; and we goad
the flanks of bullocks with a javelin's end.
Nor doth old age, arriving late, impair
our brawny vigor, nor corrupt the soul
to frail decay. But over silvered brows
we bind the helmet. Our unfailing joy
is rapine, and to pile the plunder high.
But ye! your gowns-are saffron needlework

or Tyrian purple; ye love shameful ease,
or dancing revelry. Your tunics flow
long-sleeved, and ye have soft caps ribbon-bound.
Aye, Phrygian girls are ye, not Phrygian men!
Hence to your hill of Dindymus! Go hear
the twy-mouthed piping ye have loved so long.
The timbrel, hark! the Berecynthian flute
calls you away, and Ida's goddess calls.
Leave arms to men, true men! and quit the sword!"

Of such loud insolence and words of shame
Ascanius brooked no more, but laid a shaft
athwart his bowstring, and with arms stretched wide
took aim, first offering suppliant vow to Jove:
"Almighty Jupiter, thy favor show
to my bold deed! So to thy shrine I bear
gifts year by year, and to thine altars lead
a bull with gilded brows, snow-white, and tall
as his own dam, what time his youth begins
to lower his horns and fling the sand in air."

The Father heard, and from a cloudless sky
thundered to leftward, while the deadly bow
resounded and the arrow's fearful song
hissed from the string; it struck unswervingly
the head of Remulus and clove its way
deep in the hollows of his brow. "Begone!
Proud mocker at the brave! Lo, this reply
twice-vanquished Phrygians to Rutulia send."

Ascanius said no more. The Teucrians
with deep-voiced shout of joy applaud, and lift
their exultation starward. Then from heaven
the flowing-haired Apollo bent his gaze
upon Ausonia's host, and cloud-enthroned
looked downward o'er the city, speaking thus
to fair Iulus in his victory:
"Hail to thy maiden prowess, boy! This way
the starward path to dwelling-place divine.
O sired of gods and sire of gods to come,

all future storms of war by Fate ordained
shall into peace and lawful calm subside
beneath the offspring of Assaracus.
No Trojan destinies thy glory bound.”
So saying, from his far, ethereal seat
he hied him down, and, cleaving the quick winds
drew near Ascanius. He wore the guise
of aged Butes, who erewhile had borne
Anchises, armor and kept trusty guard
before his threshold, but attended now
Ascanius, by commandment of his sire.
Clad in this graybeard’s every aspect, moved
apollo forth, — his very voice and hue,
his hoary locks and grimly sounding shield, —
and to the flushed Iulus spoke this word:
“Child of Aeneas, be content that now
Numanus unavenged thine arrows feels.
Such dawn of glory great Apollo’s will
concedes, nor envies thee the fatal shaft
so like his own. But, tender youth, refrain
hereafter from this war!” So said divine
Apollo, who, while yet he spoke, put by
his mortal aspect, and before their eyes
melted to viewless air. The Teucrians knew
the vocal god with armament divine
of arrows; for his rattling quiver smote
their senses as he fled. Obedient
to Phoebus’ voice they held back from the fray
Iulus’ fury, and their eager souls
faced the fresh fight and danger’s darkest frown.
From tower to tower along the bastioned wall
their war-cry flew: they bend with busy hand
the cruel bow, or swing the whirling thong
of javelins. The earth on every side
is strewn with spent shafts, the reverberant shield
and hollow helmet ring with blows; the fight
more fiercely swells; not less the bursting storm

from watery Kid-stars in the western sky
lashes the plain, or multitudinous hail
beats upon shallow seas, when angry Jove
flings forth tempestuous and-boundless rain,
and splits the bellied clouds in darkened air.
The brothers Pandarus and Bitias,
of whom Alcanor was the famous sire,
on Ida born, and whom Iadera bred
in sacred wood of Jove, an oread she,
twin warriors, like their native hills and trees
of stature proud, now burst those portals wide
to them in ward consigned, and sword in hand
challenge the foe to enter. Side by side,
steel-clad, their tall heads in bright crested helms,
to left and right, like towers, the champions stand
as when to skyward, by the gliding waves
of gentle Athesis or Padus wide,
a pair of oaks uprise, and lift in air
their shaggy brows and nodding crests sublime.
In burst the Rutules where the onward way
seemed open wide; Quercens no tarrying knows,
nor proud Aquiculus in well-wrought arms;
Tmarus sweeps on impetuous, and the host
of Haemon, child of Mars. Some routed fly;
some lay their lives-down at the gate. Wild rage
o'erflows each martial breast, and gathered fast
the Trojans rally to one point, and dare
close conflict, or long sallies o'er the plain.
To Turnus, who upon a distant field
was storming with huge havoc, came the news
that now his foe, before a gate thrown wide,
was red with slaughter. His own fight he stays,
and speeds him, by enormous rage thrust on,
to those proud brethren at the Dardan wall.
There first Antiphates, who made his war
far in the van (a Theban captive's child
to great Sarpedon out of wedlock born),

he felled to earth with whirling javelin:
th' Italic shaft of cornel lightly flew
along the yielding air, and through his throat
pierced deep into the breast; a gaping wound
gushed blood; the hot shaft to his bosom clung.
Then Erymas and Merops his strong hand
laid low: Aphidnus next, then came the turn
of Bitias, fiery-hearted, furious-eyed:
but not by javelin, — such cannot fall
by flying javelin, — the ponderous beam
of a phalaric spear, with mighty roar,
like thunderbolt upon him fell; such shock
neither the bull's-hides of his double shield
nor twofold corselet's golden scales could stay
but all his towering frame in ruin fell.
Earth groaned, and o'er him rang his ample shield.
so crashes down from Baiae's storied shore
a rock-built mole, whose mighty masonry,
piled up with care, men cast into the sea;
it trails its wreckage far, and fathoms down
lies broken in the shallows, while the waves
whirl every way, and showers of black sand
are scattered on the air: with thunder-sound
steep Prochyta is shaken, and that bed
of cruel stone, Inarime, which lies
heaped o'er Typhoeus by revenge of Jove.
Now to the Latins Mars, the lord of war,
gave might and valor, and to their wild hearts
his spur applied, but on the Teucrians breathed
dark fear and flight. From every quarter came
auxiliar hosts, where'er the conflict called,
and in each bosom pulsed the god of war.
When Pandarus now saw his brother's corse
low Iying, and which way the chance and tide
of battle ran, he violently moved
the swinging hinges of the gate, and strained
with both his shoulders broad. He shut outside

not few of his own people, left exposed
in fiercest fight but others with himself
he barred inside and saved them as they fled;
nor noted, madman, how the Rutule King
had burst in midmost of the line, and now
stood prisoned in their wall, as if he were
some monstrous tiger among helpless kine.
His eyeballs strangely glared; his armor rang
terrific, his tall crest shook o'er his brows
blood-red, and lightnings glittered from his shield
familiar loomed that countenance abhorred
and frame gigantic on the shrinking eyes
of the Aeneadae. Then Pandarus
sprang towering forth, all fever to revenge
his brother's slaughter. "Not this way," he cried
"Amata's marriage-gift! No Ardea here
mews Turnus in his fathers' halls. Behold
thy foeman's castle! Thou art not allowed
to take thy leave." But Turnus looked his way,
and smiled with heart unmoved. "Begin! if thou
hast manhood in thee, and meet steel with steel!
Go tell dead Priam thou discoverest here
Achilles!" For reply, the champion tall
hurled with his might and main along the air
his spear of knotted wood and bark untrimmed.
But all it wounded was the passing wind,
for Saturn's daughter turned its course awry,
and deep in the great gate the spear-point drove.
"Now from the stroke this right arm means for thee
thou shalt not fly. Not such the sender of
this weapon and this wound." He said, and towered
aloft to his full height; the lifted sword
clove temples, brows, and beardless cheeks clean through
with loudly ringing blow; the ground beneath
shook with the giant's ponderous fall, and, lo,
with nerveless limbs, and brains spilt o'er his shield,
dead on the earth he lay! in equal halves

the sundered head from either shoulder swung.
In horror and amaze the Trojans all
dispersed and fled; had but the conqueror thought
to break the barriers of the gates and call
his followers through, that fatal day had seen
an ending of the Teucrians and their war.
But frenzied joy of slaughter urged him on,
infuriate, to smite the scattering foe.
First Phaleris he caught; then cut the knees
of Gyges; both their spears he snatched away
and hurled them at the rout; 't was Juno roused
his utmost might of rage. Now Halys fell,
and Phegeus, whom he pierced right through the shield:
next, at the walls and urging reckless war,
Alcander, Halius, and Noemon gave
their lives, and Prytanis went down. In vain
Lynceus made stand and called his comrades brave:
for Turnus from the right with waving sword
caught at him and lopped off with one swift blow
the head, which with its helmet rolled away.
Next Amycus, destroyer of wild beasts,
who knew full well to smear a crafty barb
with venom'd oil; young Clytius he slew,
son of the wind-god; then on Cretheus fell,
a follower of the muses and their friend:
Cretheus, whose every joy it was to sing,
and fit his numbers to the chorded Iyre;
steeds, wars, armed men were his perpetual song.
At last the Teucrian chiefs had heard the tale
of so much slaughter; and in council met
are Mnestheus and Serestus bold, who see
their comrades routed and the conquering foe
within the gates. Cries Mnestheus, "Whither fly?
What open way is yonder or what wall?
Beyond these ramparts lost what stronger lie?
Shall one lone man here in your walls confined,
make havoc unavenged and feed the grave

with your best warriors? O cowards vile!
For your sad country and her ancient gods
and for renowned Aeneas, can ye feel
no pity and no shame?" Enflamed to fight
by words like these, they close the line, and stand
in strong array. So Turnus for a space
out of the battle step by step withdrew
to make the river-bank his rearguard strong;
whereat the Teucrians, shouting loud, swept on
the fiercer, and in solid mass pressed round.
as when a troop of hunters with keen spears
encircle a wild lion, who in fear,
but glaring grim and furious, backward falls,
valor and rage constrain him ne'er to cease
fronting the foe; yet not for all his ire
can he against such serried steel make way:
so Turnus backward with a lingering step
unwilling drew, and wrath his heart oterflowed.
for twice already had he cloven a path
into the foe's mid-press, and twice had driven
their flying lines in panic through the town.
But now the whole throng from the camp he sees
massed to the onset. Nor will Juno now
dare give him vigor to withstand, for Jove
had sent aerial Iris out of heaven
with stern commandment to his sister-queen
that Turnus from the Teucrian walls retire.
Therefore the warrior's shield avails no more,
nor his strong arm; but he is overthrown
by general assault. Around his brows
his smitten helmet rings; the ponderous mail
cracks under falling stones; the haughty plumes
are scattered from his head, nor can the boss
of his stout shield endure; the Trojans hurl
redoubled rain of spears; and with them speeds
Mnestheus like thunderbolt. The hero's flesh
dissolves in sweat; no room to breathe has he;

his limbs are spent and weary; his whole frame
shakes with his gasping breath: then bounding fort
with all his harness on, headlong he plunged
into the flowing stream; its yellow tide
embraced him as he fell, and gentle waves
restored him smiling to his friends in arms,
with all the gore and carnage washed away.

BOOK X

Meanwhile Olympus, seat of sovereign sway,
threw wide its portals, and in conclave fair
the Sire of gods and King of all mankind
summoned th' immortals to his starry court,
whence, high-enthroned, the spreading earth he views —
and Teucris's camp and Latium's fierce array.

Beneath the double-gated dome the gods
were sitting; Jove himself the silence broke:

"O people of Olympus, wherefore change
your purpose and decree, with partial minds
in mighty strife contending? I refused
such clash of war 'twixt Italy and Troy.

Whence this forbidden feud? What fears
seduced to battles and injurious arms
either this folk or that? Th' appointed hour
for war shall be hereafter — speed it not! —

When cruel Carthage to the towers of Rome
shall bring vast ruin, streaming fiercely down
the opened Alp. Then hate with hate shall vie,
and havoc have no bound. Till then, give o'er,
and smile upon the concord I decree!"

Thus briefly, Jove. But golden Venus made
less brief reply. "O Father, who dost hold
o'er Man and all things an immortal sway!

Of what high throne may gods the aid implore
save thine? Behold of yonder Rutuli
th' insulting scorn! Among them Turnus moves
in chariot proud, and boasts triumphant war
in mighty words. Nor do their walls defend
my Teucris now. But in their very gates,
and on their mounded ramparts, in close fight
they breast their foes and fill the moats with blood.
Aeneas knows not, and is far away.

Will ne'er the siege have done? A second time

above Troy's rising walls the foe impends;
another host is gathered, and once more
from his Aetolian Arpi wrathful speeds
a Diomed. I doubt not that for me
wounds are preparing. Yea, thy daughter dear
awaits a mortal sword! If by thy will
unblest and unapproved the Trojans came
to Italy, for such rebellious crime
give them their due, nor lend them succor, thou,
with thy strong hand! But if they have obeyed
unnumbered oracles from gods above
and sacred shades below, who now has power
to thwart thy bidding, or to weave anew
the web of Fate? Why speak of ships consumed
along my hallowed Erycinian shore?
Or of the Lord of Storms, whose furious blasts
were summoned from Aeolia? Why tell
of Iris sped from heaven? Now she moves
the region of the shades (one kingdom yet
from her attempt secure) and thence lets loose
Alecto on the world above, who strides
in frenzied wrath along th' Italian hills.
No more my heart now cherishes its hope
of domination, though in happier days
such was thy promise. Let the victory fall
to victors of thy choice! If nowhere lies
the land thy cruel Queen would deign accord
unto the Teucrian people, — O my sire,
I pray thee by yon smouldering wreck of Troy
to let Ascanius from the clash of arms
escape unscathed. Let my own offspring live!
Yea, let Aeneas, tossed on seas unknown,
find some chance way; let my right hand avail
to shelter him and from this fatal war
in safety bring. For Amathus is mine,
mine are Cythera and the Paphian hills
and temples in Idalium. Let him drop

the sword, and there live out inglorious days.
By thy decree let Carthage overwhelm
Ausonia's power; nor let defence be found
to stay the Tyrian arms! What profits it
that he escaped the wasting plague of war
and fled Argolic fires? or that he knew
so many perils of wide wilderness
and waters rude? The Teucrians seek in vain
new-born Troy in Latium. Better far
crouched on their country's ashes to abide,
and keep that spot of earth where once was Troy!
Give back, O Father, I implore thee, give
Xanthus and Simois back! Let Teucer's sons
unfold once more the tale of Ilium's woe!"

Then sovereign Juno, flushed with solemn scorn,
made answer. "Dost thou bid me here profane
the silence of my heart, and gossip forth
of secret griefs? What will of god or man
impelled Aeneas on his path of war,
or made him foeman of the Latin King?
Fate brought him to Italia? Be it so!
Cassandra's frenzy he obeyed. What voice —
say, was it mine? — urged him to quit his camp,
risk life in storms, or trust his war, his walls,
to a boy-captain, or stir up to strife
Etruria's faithful, unoffending sons?
What god, what pitiless behest of mine,
impelled him to such harm? Who traces here
the hand of Juno, or of Iris sped
from heaven? Is it an ignoble stroke
that Italy around the new-born Troy
makes circling fire, and Turnus plants his heel
on his hereditary earth, the son
of old Pilumnus and the nymph divine,
Venilia? For what offence would Troy
bring sword and fire on Latium, or enslave
lands of an alien name, and bear away

plunder and spoil? Why seek they marriages,
and snatch from arms of love the plighted maids?
An olive-branch is in their hands; their ships
make menace of grim steel. Thy power one day
ravished Aeneas from his Argive foes,
and gave them shape of cloud and fleeting air
to strike at for a man. Thou hast transformed
his ships to daughters of the sea. What wrong
if I, not less, have lent the Rutuli
something of strength in war? Aeneas, then,
is far away and knows not! Far away
let him remain, not knowing! If thou sway'st
Cythera, Paphos, and Idalium,
why rouse a city pregnant with loud wars,
and fiery hearts provoke? That fading power
of Phrygia, do I, forsooth, essay
to ruin utterly? O, was it I
exposed ill-fated Troy to Argive foe?
For what offence in vast array of arms
did Europe rise and Asia, for a rape
their peace dissolving? Was it at my word
th' adulterous Dardan shepherd came to storm
the Spartan city? Did my hand supply
his armament, or instigate a war
for Cupid's sake? Then was thy decent hour
to tremble for thy children; now too late
the folly of thy long lament to Heaven,
and objurgation vain." Such Juno's plea;
the throng of gods with voices loud or low
gave various reply: as gathering winds
sing through the tree-tops in dark syllables,
and fling faint murmur on the far-off sea,
to tell some pilot of to-morrow's storm.
Then Jupiter omnipotent, whose hands
have governance supreme, began reply;
deep silence at his word Olympus knew,
Earth's utmost cavern shook; the realms of light

were silent; the mild zephyrs breathed no more,
and perfect calm o'erspread the levelled sea.
“Give ear, ye gods, and in your hearts record
my mandate and decree. Fate yet allows
no peace ‘twixt Troy and Italy, nor bids
your quarrel end. Therefore, what Chance this day
to either foe shall bring, whatever hope
either may cherish, — the Rutulian cause
and Trojan have like favor in my eyes.
The destinies of Italy constrain
the siege; which for the fault of Troy fulfills
an oracle of woe. Yon Rutule host
I scatter not. But of his own attempt
let each the triumph and the burden bear;
for Jove is over all an equal King.
The Fates will find the way.” The god confirmed
his sentence by his Stygian brother's wave,
the shadowy flood and black, abysmal shore.
He nodded; at the bending of his brow
Olympus shook. It is the council's end.
Now from the golden throne uprises Jove;
the train of gods attend him to the doors.
Meanwhile at every gate the Rutule foe
urges the slaughter on, and closes round
the battlements with ring of flame. The host
of Trojans, prisoned in the palisades,
lies in strict siege and has no hope to fly.
In wretched plight they man the turrets tall,
to no avail, and with scant garrison
the ramparts crown. In foremost line of guard
are Asius Imbrasides, the twin
Assaraci, and Hicetaon's son
Thymoetes, and with Castor at his side
the veteran Thymbris; then the brothers both
of slain Sarpedon, and from Lycian steep
Clarus and Themon. With full-straining thews
lifting a rock, which was of some huge hill

no fragment small, Lyrnesian Acmon stood;
nor less than Clyti^{us} his sire he seemed,
nor Mnestheus his great brother. Some defend
the wall with javelins; some hurl down stones
or firebrands, or to the sounding string
fit arrows keen. But lo! amid the throng,
well worth to Venus her protecting care,
the Dardan boy, whose princely head shone forth
without a helm, like radiant jewel set
in burnished gold for necklace or for crown;
or like immaculate ivory inclosed
in boxwood or Orician terebinth;
his tresses o'er his white neck rippled down,
confined in circlet of soft twisted gold.
Thee, too, the warrior nations gaze upon,
high-nurtured Ismarus, inflicting wounds
with shafts of venom^{ed} reed: Maeonia's vale
thy cradle was, where o'er the fruitful fields
well-tilled and rich, Pactolus pours his gold.
Mnestheus was there, who, for his late repulse
of Turnus from the rampart, towered forth
in glory eminent; there Capys stood,
whose name the Capuan citadel shall bear.
While these in many a shock of grievous war
hotly contend, Aeneas cleaves his way
at midnight through the waters. He had fared
from old Evander to th' Etruscan folk,
addressed their King, and to him told the tale
of his own race and name, his suit, his powers;
of what allies Mezentius had embraced,
and Turnus' lawless rage. He bids him know
how mutable is man, and warning gives,
with supplication joined. Without delay
Tarchon made amity and sacred league,
uniting with his cause. The Lydian tribe,
now destined from its tyrant to be free,
embarked, obedient to the gods, and gave

allegiance to the foreign King. The ship
Aeneas rode moved foremost in the line:
its beak a pair of Phrygian lions bore;
above them Ida rose, an emblem dear
to exiled Trojans. On his lofty seat
was great Aeneas, pondering the events
of changeful war; and clinging to his side
the youthful Pallas fain would learn the lore
of stars, the highway of dark night, and asks
the story of his toils on land and sea.
Now open Helicon and move my song,
ye goddesses, to tell what host in arms
followed Aeneas from the Tuscan shore,
and manned his ships and traveled o'er the sea!
First Massicus his brazen Tigress rode,
cleaving the brine; a thousand warriors
were with him out of Clusium's walls, or from
the citadel of Coste, who for arms
had arrows, quivers from the shoulder slung,
and deadly bows. Grim Abas near him sailed;
his whole band wore well-blazoned mail; his ship
displayed the form of Phoebus, all of gold:
to him had Populonia consigned
(His mother-city, she) six hundred youth
well-proven in war; three hundred Elba gave,
an island rich in unexhausted ores
of iron, like the Chalybes. Next came
Asilas, who betwixt the gods and men
interprets messages and reads clear signs
in victims' entrails, or the stars of heaven,
or bird-talk, or the monitory flames
of lightning: he commands a thousand men
close lined, with bristling spears, of Pisa all,
that Tuscan city of Alpheus sprung.
Then Astur followed, a bold horseman he,
Astur in gorgeous arms, himself most fair:
three hundred are his men, one martial mind

uniting all: in Caere they were bred
and Minio's plain, and by the ancient towers
of Pyrgo or Gravisca's storm-swept hill.
Nor thy renown may I forget, brave chief
of the Ligurians, Cinyrus; nor thine,
Cupavo, with few followers, thy crest
the tall swan-wings, of love unblest the sign
and of a father fair: for legends tell
that Cynus, for his Phaethon so dear
lamenting loud beneath the poplar shade
of the changed sisters, made a mournful song
to soothe his grief and passion: but erewhile,
in his old age, there clothed him as he sang
soft snow-white plumes, and spurning earth he soared
on high, and sped in music through the stars.
His son with bands of youthful peers urged on
a galley with a Centaur for its prow,
which loomed high o'er the waves, and seemed to hurl
a huge stone at the water, as the keel
ploughed through the deep. Next Ocnus summoned forth
a war-host from his native shores, the son
of Tiber, Tuscan river, and the nymph
Manto, a prophetess: he gave good walls,
O Mantua, and his mother's name, to thee, —
to Mantua so rich in noble sires,
but of a blood diverse, a triple breed,
four stems in each; and over all enthroned
she rules her tribes: her strength is Tuscan born.
Hate of Mezentius armed against his name
five hundred men: upon their hostile prow
was Mincius in a cloak of silvery sedge, —
Lake Benacus the river's source and sire.
Last good Aulestes smites the depths below,
with forest of a hundred oars: the flood
like flowing marble foams; his Triton prow
threatens the blue waves with a trumpet-shell;
far as the hairy flanks its form is man,

but ends in fish below — the parting waves
beneath the half-brute bosom break in foam.
Such chosen chiefs in thirty galleys ploughed
the salt-wave, bringing help to Trojan arms.
Day now had left the sky. The moon benign
had driven her night-wandering chariot
to the mid-arch of heaven. Aeneas sate,
for thought and care allowed him no repose,
holding the helm and tending his own sails.
but, as he sped, behold, the beauteous train,
lately his own, of nymphs, anon transformed
by kind Cybebe to sea-ruling powers.
In even ranks they swam the cloven wave, —
nymphs now, but once as brazen galleys moored
along the sandy shore. With joy they knew
their King from far, and with attending train
around him drew. Cymodocea then,
best skilled in mortal speech, sped close behind,
with her right hand upon the stern, uprose
breast-high, and with her left hand deeply plied
the silent stream, as to the wondering King
she called: “So late on watch, O son of Heaven,
Aeneas? Slack thy sail, but still watch on!
We were the pine-trees on the holy top
of Ida’s mountain. Sea-nymphs now are we,
and thine own fleet. When, as we fled, the flames
rained o’er us from the false Rutulian’s hand
‘t was all unwillingly we cast away
thy serviceable chains: and now once more
we follow thee across the sea. These forms
our pitying mother bade us take, with power
to haunt immortally the moving sea.
Lo, thy Ascanius lies close besieged
in moated walls, assailed by threatening arms
and Latium’s front of war. Arcadia,
her horsemen with the bold Etruscan joined,
stands at the place appointed. Turnus means,

with troop opposing, their advance to bar
and hold them from the camp. Arouse thee, then,
and with the rising beams of dawn call forth
thy captains and their followers. Take that shield
victorious, which for thee the Lord of Fire
forged for a gift and rimmed about with gold.
To-morrow's light — deem not my words be vain! —
shall shine on huge heaps of Rutulia's dead.”
So saying, she pushed with her right hand the stern
with skilful thrust, and vanished. The ship sped
swift as a spear, or as an arrow flies
no whit behind the wind: and all the fleet
quicken'd its course. Anchises' princely son,
dumb and bewildered stood, but took good heart
at such an omen fair. Then in few words
with eyes upturned to heaven he made his prayer:
“Mother of gods, O Ida's Queen benign,
who Iovest Dindymus and towns with towers,
and lion-yokes obedient to thy rein,
be thou my guide in battle, and fulfil
thine augury divine. In Phrygia's cause
be present evermore with favoring power!”
He spoke no more. For now the wheels of day
had sped full circle into perfect light,
the dark expelling. Then, for his first care,
he bade his captains heed the signal given,
equip their souls for war, and wait in arms
the coming fray. Now holds he full in view
his Trojans and their fortress, as he stands
upon his towering ship. With his left hand
he lifts his radiant shield; then from the wall
the Dardan warriors send a battle-cry
that echoes to the stars, as kindling hope
their rage renews. A flight of spears they hurl:
‘t was like the cranes of Strymon, through dark clouds
each other calling, when they cleave the skies
vociferous, outwinging as they fly

the swift south winds — loud music them pursues.
Amazement on Ausonia's captains fell
and Turnus, as they gazed. But soon they saw
ships pointing shoreward and the watery plain
all stirring with a fleet. Aeneas' helm
uplifted its bright peak, — like streaming flame
the crimson crest; his shield of orbed gold
poured forth prodigious fire: it seemed as when
in cloudless night a comet's blood-red beam
makes mournful splendor, or the Dog-star glows,
which rises to bring drought and pestilence
to hapless men, and with ill-omened ray
saddens the sky. But Turnus, undismayed,
trusted not less to hurl th' invaders back
and hold the shore against them. "Look!" he cried,
your prayer is come to pass, — that sword in hand
ye now may shatter them. The might of Mars
is in a true man's blow. Remember well
each man his home and wife! Now call to mind
the glory and great deeds of all your sires!
Charge to yon river-bank, while yet they take
with weak and fearful steps their shoreward way!
Fortune will help the brave." With words like these,
he chose, well-weighing, who should lead the charge,
who at the leaguered walls the fight sustain.
Aeneas straightway from his lofty ships
lets down his troop by bridges. Some await
the ebbing of slack seas, and boldly leap
into the shallows; others ply the oar.
Tarchon a beach discovers, where the sands
sing not, nor waves with broken murmur fall,
but full and silent swells the gentle sea.
Steering in haste that way, he called his crews:
"Now bend to your stout oars, my chosen brave.
Lift each ship forward, till her beak shall cleave
yon hostile shore; and let her keel's full weight
the furrow drive. I care not if we break

our ship's side in so sure an anchorage,
if once we land." While Tarchon urged them thus,
the crews bent all together to their blades
and sped their foaming barks to Latium's plain,
till each beak gripped the sand and every keel
lay on dry land unscathed: — all save thine own,
O Tarchon! dashed upon a sand-bar, she!
Long poised upon the cruel ridge she hung,
tilted this way or that and beat the waves,
then split, and emptied forth upon the tide
her warriors; and now the drifting wreck
of shattered oars and thwarts entangles them,
or ebb of swirling waters sucks them down.
Turnus no lingering knows, but fiercely hurls
his whole line on the Teucrians, and makes stand
along the shore. Now peals the trumpet's call.
Aeneas in the van led on his troop
against the rustic foe, bright augury
for opening war, and laid the Latins low,
slaughtering Theron, a huge chief who dared
offer Aeneas battle; through the scales
of brazen mail and corselet stiff with gold
the sword drove deep, and gored the gaping side.
Then smote he Lichas, from his mother's womb
ripped in her dying hour, and unto thee,
O Phoebus, vowed, because his infant days
escaped the fatal steel. Hard by him fell
stout Cisseus and gigantic Gyas; these
to death were hurled, while with their knotted clubs
they slew opposing hosts; but naught availed
Herculean weapons, nor their mighty hands,
or that Melampus was their sire, a peer
of Hercules, what time in heavy toils
through earth he roved. See next how Pharon boasts!
But while he vainly raves, the whirling spear
smites full on his loud mouth. And also thou,
Cydon, wast by the Trojan stroke o'erthrown,

while following in ill-omened haste the steps
of Clytius, thy last joy, whose round cheek wore
its youthful golden down: soon hadst thou lain
in death, unheeding of thy fancies fond
which ever turned to youth; — but now arose
the troop of all thy brothers, Phorcus' sons,
a close array of seven, and seven spears
they hurled: some from Aeneas' helm or shield
glanced off in vain; some Venus' kindly power,
just as they touched his body, turned away.
Aeneas then to true Achates cried:
“Bring on my spears: not one shall fruitless fly
against yon Rutules, even as they pierced
the breasts of Greeks upon the Ilian plain.”
Then one great shaft he seized and threw; it sped
straight into Maeon's brazen shield, and clove
his mail-clad heart. Impetuous to his aid
brother Alcanor came, and lifted up
with strong right hand his brother as he fell:
but through his arm a second skilful shaft
made bloody way, and by the sinews held
the lifeless right hand from the shoulder swung.
Then from his brother's body Numitor
the weapon plucked and hurled it, furious,
upon Aeneas; but it could not strike
the hero's self, and grazed along the thigh
of great Achates. Next into the fight
Clausus of Cures came, in youthful bloom
exulting, and with far-thrown javelin
struck Dryops at the chin, and took away
from the gashed, shrieking throat both life and voice;
the warrior's fallen forehead smote the dust;
his lips poured forth thick blood. There also fell
three Thracians, odspring of the lordly stem
of Boreas, and three of Idas' sons
from Ismara, by various doom struck down.
Halaesus here his wild Auruncans brings;

and flying to the fight comes Neptune's son,
Messapus, famous horseman. On both sides
each charges on the foe. Ausonia's strand
is one wide strife. As when o'er leagues of air
the envious winds give battle to their peers,
well-matched in rage and power; and neither they
nor clouds above, nor plunging seas below
will end the doubtful war, but each withstands
the onset of the whole — in such wild way
the line of Trojans on the Latian line
hurls itself, limb on limb and man on man.
But at a distance where the river's flood
had scattered rolling boulders and torn trees
uprooted from the shore, young Pallas spied
th' Arcadian band, unused to fight on foot,
in full retreat, the Latins following close —
who also for the roughness of the ground
were all unmounted: he (the last resource
of men in straits) to wild entreaty turned
and taunts, enkindling their faint hearts anew:
“Whither, my men! O, by your own brave deeds,
O, by our lord Evander's happy wars,
the proud hopes I had to make my name
a rival glory, — think not ye can fly!
Your swords alone can carve ye the safe way
straight through your foes. Where yonder warrior-throng
is fiercest, thickest, there and only there
your Country's honor calls for men like you,
and for your captain Pallas. Nay, no gods
against us fight; we are but mortal men
pressed by a mortal foe. Not more than ours
the number of their lives or swords. Behold,
the barrier of yonder spreading sea
emprisons us, and for a craven flight
yon lands are all too small. Ha! Shall we steer
across the sea to Troy?” He said, and sprang
full in the centre of his gathered foes.

First in his path was Lagus, thither led
by evil stars; whom, as he tried to lift
a heavy stone, the shaft of Pallas pierced
where ribs and spine divide: backward he drew
the clinging spear; But Hisbo from above
surprised him not, though meaning it; for while
(In anger blind for friend unpitying slain)
at Pallas' face he flew: — he, standing firm,
plunged deep into that swelling breast the sword.
Then Sthenius he slew; and next Anchemolus
of Rhoetus' ancient line, who dared defile
his step-dame's bridal bed. And also ye,
fair Thymber and Larides, Daucus' twins,
fell on that Rutule field; so like were ye,
your own kin scarce discerned, and parents proud
smiled at the dear deceit; but now in death
cruel unlikeness Pallas wrought; thy head
fell, hapless Thymber, by Evander's sword;
and thy right hand, Larides, shorn away,
seemed feeling for its Iord; the fingers cold
clutched, trembling, at the sword. Now all the troop
of Arcady, their chief's great action seen,
and by his warning roused, made at their foes,
spurred on by grief and shame. Next Pallas pierced
the flying Rhoetus in his car; this gained
for Ilus respite and delay, for him
the stout spear aimed at; but its flight was stopped
by Rhoetus, as in swift retreat he rode,
by the two high-born brothers close pursued,
Teuthras and Tyres: from his car he rolled,
making deep furrows with his lifeless heels
along the Rutule plain. Oft when the winds
of summer, long awaited, rise and blow,
a shepherd fires the forest, and the blaze
devours the dense grove, while o'er the fields,
in that one moment, swift and sudden spread
grim Vulcan's serried flames; from some high seat

on distant hill, the shepherd peering down
sees, glad at heart, his own victorious fires:
so now fierce valor spreads, uniting all
in one confederate rage, 'neath Pallas' eyes.
But the fierce warrior Halaesus next
led on the charge, behind his skilful shield
close-crouching. Ladon and Demodocus
and Pheres he struck down; his glittering blade
cut Strymon's hand, which to his neck was raised,
sheer off; with one great stone he crushed the brows
of Thoas, scattering wide the broken skull,
bones, brains, and gore. Halaesus' prophet-sire,
foreseeing doom, had hid him in dark groves;
but when the old man's fading eyes declined
in death, the hand of Fate reached forth and doomed
the young life to Evander's sword; him now
Pallas assailed, first offering this prayer:
"O Father Tiber, give my poisoning shaft
through stout Halaesus' heart its lucky way!
The spoil and trophy of the hero slain
on thine own oak shall hang." The god received
the vow, and while Halaesus held his shield
over Imaon, his ill-fated breast
lay naked to th' Arcadian's hungry spear.
But Lausus, seeing such a hero slain,
bade his troop have no fear, for he himself
was no small strength in war; and first he slew
Abas, who fought hard, and had ever seemed
himself the sticking-point and tug of war.
Down went Arcadia's warriors, and slain
etruscans fell, with many a Trojan brave
the Greek had spared. Troop charges upon troop
well-matched in might, with chiefs of like renown;
the last rank crowds the first; — so fierce the press
scarce hand or sword can stir. Here Pallas stands,
and pushes back the foe; before him looms
Lausus, his youthful peer, conspicuous both

in beauty; but no star will them restore
to home and native land. Yet would the King
of high Olympus suffer not the pair
to close in battle, but each hero found
a later doom at hands of mightier foes.
Now Turnus' goddess-sister bids him haste
to Lausus' help. So he, in wheeling car,
cut through the lines; and when his friends he saw,
"Let the fight stop!" he cried, "for none but I
may strike at Pallas; unto me alone
the prize of Pallas falls. I would his sire
stood by to see." He spake: his troop withdrew
a fitting space. But as they made him room,
the young prince, wondering at the scornful words,
looked upon Turnus, glancing up and down
that giant frame, and with fierce-frowning brows
scanned him from far, hurling defiant words
in answer to the King's. "My honor now
shall have the royal trophy of this war,
or glorious death. For either fortune fair
my sire is ready. Threaten me no more!"
So saying, to the midmost space he strode,
and in Arcadian hearts the blood stood still.
Swift from his chariot Turnus leaped, and ran
to closer fight. As when some lion sees
from his far mountain-lair a raging bull
that sniffs the battle from the grassy field,
and down the steep he flies — such picture showed
grim Turnus as he came. But when he seemed
within a spear's cast, Pallas opened fight,
expecting Fortune's favor to the brave
in such unequal match; and thus he prayed:
"O, by my hospitable father's roof,
where thou didst enter as a stranger-guest,
hear me, Alcides, and give aid divine
to this great deed. Let Turnus see these hands
strip from his half-dead breast the bloody spoil!

and let his eyes in death endure to see
his conqueror!" Alcides heard the youth:
but prisoned in his heart a deep-drawn sigh,
and shed vain tears; for Jove, the King and Sire, .
spoke with benignant accents to his son:
"To each his day is given. Beyond recall
man's little time runs by: but to prolong
life's glory by great deeds is virtue's power.
Beneath the lofty walls of fallen Troy
fell many a son of Heaven. Yea, there was slain
Sarpedon, my own offspring. Turnus too
is summoned to his doom, and nears the bounds
of his appointed span." So speaking, Jove
turned from Rutulia's war his eyes away.
But Pallas hurled his lance with might and main,
and from its hollow scabbard flashed his sword.
The flying shaft touched where the plated steel
over the shoulders rose, and worked its way
through the shield's rim — then falling, glanced aside
from Turnus' giant body. Turnus then
poised, without haste, his iron-pointed spear,
and, launching it on Pallas, cried, "Look now
will not this shaft a good bit deeper drive?"
He said: and through the mid-boss of the shield,
steel scales and brass with bull's-hide folded round,
the quivering spear-point crashed resistlessly,
and through the corselet's broken barrier
pierced Pallas' heart. The youth plucked out in vain
the hot shaft from the wound; his life and blood
together ebbed away, as sinking prone
on his rent side he fell; above him rang
his armor; and from lips with blood defiled
he breathed his last upon his foeman's ground.
Over him Turnus stood: "Arcadians all,"
He cried, "take tidings of this feat of arms
to King Evander. With a warrior's wage
his Pallas I restore, and freely grant

what glory in a hero's tomb may lie,
or comfort in a grave. They dearly pay
who bid Aeneas welcome at their board.”
So saying, with his left foot he held down
the lifeless form, and raised the heavy weight
of graven belt, which pictured forth that crime
of youthful company by treason slain,
all on their wedding night, in bridal bowers
to horrid murder given, — which Clonus, son
of Eurytus, had wrought in lavish gold;
this Turnus in his triumph bore away,
exulting in the spoil. O heart of man,
not knowing doom, nor of events to be!
Nor, being lifted up, to keep thy bounds
in prosperous days! To Turnus comes the hour
when he would fain a prince's ransom give
had Pallas passed unscathed, and will bewail
such spoil of victory. With weeping now
and lamentations loud his comrades lay
young Pallas on his shield, and thronging close
carry him homeward with a mournful song:
alas! the sorrow and the glorious gain
thy sire shall have in thee. For one brief day
bore thee to battle and now bears away;
yet leavest thou full tale of foemen slain.
No doubtful rumor to Aeneas breaks
the direful news, but a sure messenger
tells him his followers' peril, and implores
prompt help for routed Troy. His ready sword
reaped down the nearest foes, and through their line
clove furious path and broad; the valiant blade
through oft-repeated bloodshed groped its way,
proud Turnus, unto thee! His heart beholds
Pallas and Sire Evander, their kind board
in welcome spread, their friendly league of peace
proffered and sealed with him, the stranger-guest.
So Sulmo's sons, four warriors, and four

of Ufens sprung, he took alive — to slay
as victims to the shades, and pour a stream
of captives' blood upon a flaming pyre.
Next from afar his hostile shaft he threw
at Mago, who with wary motion bowed
beneath the quivering weapon, as it sped
clean over him; then at Aeneas' knees
he crouched and clung with supplicating cry:
"O, by thy father's spirit, by thy hope
in young Iulus, I implore thee, spare
for son and father's sake this life of mine.
A lofty house have I, where safely hid
are stores of graven silver and good weight
of wrought and unwrought gold. The fate of war
hangs not on me; nor can one little life
thy victory decide." In answer spoke
Aeneas: "Hoard the silver and the gold
for thy own sons. Such bartering in war
finished with Turnus, when fair Pallas fell.
Thus bids Anchises' shade, Iulus — thus!"
He spoke: and, grasping with his mighty left
the helmet of the vainly suppliant foe,
bent back the throat and drove hilt-deep his sword.
A little space removed, Haemonides,
priest of Phoebus and pale Trivia, stood,
whose ribboned brows a sacred fillet bound:
in shining vesture he, and glittering arms.
Him too the Trojan met, repelled, and towered
above the fallen form, o'ermantling it
in mortal shade; Serestus bore away
those famous arms a trophy vowed to thee,
Gradivus, Iord of war! Soon to fresh fight
came Caeculus, a child of Vulcan's line,
and Umbro on the Marsic mountains bred:
these met the Trojan's wrath. His sword shore off
Anxur's left hand, and the whole orb'd shield
dropped earthward at the stroke: though Anxur's tongue

had boasted mighty things, as if great words
would make him strong, and lifting his proud heart
as high as heaven, had hoped perchance to see
gray hairs and length of days. Then Tarquitus
strode forth, exulting in his burnished arms
(Him Dryope, the nymph, to Faunus bore),
and dared oppose Aeneas' rage. But he
drew back his lance and, charging, crushed at once
corselet and ponderous shield; then off he struck
the supplicating head, which seemed in vain
preparing speech; while o'er the reeking corpse
the victor stood, and thrusting it away
spoke thus with wrathful soul: "Now lie thou there,
thou fearsome sight! No noble mother's hand
shall hide thee in the ground, or give those limbs
to their ancestral tomb. Thou shalt be left
to birds of ravin; or go drifting far
along yon river to engulfing seas,
where starving fishes on those wounds shall feed."
Antceus next and Lucas he pursues,
though all in Turnus' van; and Numa bold
and Camers tawny-tressed, the son and heir
of Volscens the stout-hearted, whose domain
surpassed the richest of Ausonia's lords,
when over hushed Amyclae he was king.
Like old Aegaeon of the hundred arms,
the hundred-handed, from whose mouths and breasts
blazed fifty fiery blasts, as he made war
with fifty sounding shields and fifty swords
against Jove's thunder; — so Aeneas raged
victorious o'er the field, when once his steel
warmed to its work. But lo, he turns him now
where come Niphaeus' bold-advancing wheels
and coursers four, who, when at furious speed
they faced his giant stride and dreadful cry,
upreared in panic, and reversing spilled
their captain to the ground, and bore away

the chariot to the river's distant shore.
Meanwhile, with two white coursers to their car,
the brothers Lucagus and Liger drove
into the heart of battle: Liger kept
with skilful hand the manage of the steeds;
bold Lucagus swung wide his naked sword.
Aeneas, by their wrathful brows defied,
brook'd not the sight, but to the onset flew,
huge-looming, with adverse and threatening spear.
Cried Liger, "Not Achilles' chariot, ours!
Nor team of Diomed on Phrygia's plain!
The last of life and strife shall be thy meed
upon this very ground." Such raving word
flowed loud from Liger's lip: not with a word
the Trojan hero answered him, but flung
his whirling spear; and even as Lucagus
leaned o'er the horses, goading them with steel,
and, left foot forward, gathered all his strength
to strike — the spear crashed through the under rim
of his resplendent shield and entered deep
in the left groin; then from the chariot fallen,
the youth rolled dying on the field, while thus
pious Aeneas paid him taunting words:
"O Lucagus, thy chariot did not yield
because of horses slow to fly, or scared
by shadows of a foe. It was thyself
leaped o'er the wheel and fled." So saying, he grasped
the horses by the rein. The brother then,
spilled also from the car, reached wildly forth
his helpless hands: "O, by thy sacred head,
and by the parents who such greatness gave,
good Trojan, let me live! Some pity show
to prostrate me!" But ere he longer sued,
Aeneas cried, "Not so thy language ran
a moment gone! Die thou! Nor let this day
brother from brother part!" Then where the life
hides in the bosom, he thrust deep his sword.

Thus o'er the field of war the Dardan King
moved on, death-dealing: like a breaking flood
or cloudy whirlwind seemed his wrath. Straightway
the boy Ascanius from the ramparts came,
his warriors with him; for the siege had failed.

Now Jupiter to Juno thus began:

"O ever-cherished spouse and sister dear,
surely 't is Venus — as thy mind misgave —
whose favor props — O, what discernment thine!
Yon Trojan power; not swift heroic hands,
or souls of fury facing perilous war!"

Juno made meek reply: "O noblest spouse!
Why vex one sick at heart, who humbly fears
thy stern command? If I could claim to-day
what once I had, my proper right and due,
love's induence, I should not plead in vain
to thee, omnipotent, to give me power
to lead off Turnus from the fight unscathed,
and save him at his father Daunus' prayer.
Aye, let him die! And with his loyal blood
the Teucrians' vengeance feed! Yet he derives
from our Saturnian stem, by fourth remove
sprung from Pilumnus. Oft his liberal hands
have heaped unstinted offering at thy shrine."

Thus in few words th' Olympian King replied:

"If for the fated youth thy prayer implores
delay and respite of impending doom,
if but so far thou bidst me interpose, —
go — favor Turnus' flight, and keep him safe
in this imperilled hour; I may concede
such boon. But if thy pleading words intend
some larger grace, and fain would touch or change
the issue of the war, then art thou fed
on expectation vain." With weeping eyes

Juno made answer: "Can it be thy mind
gives what thy words refuse, and Turnus' life,
if rescued, may endure? Yet afterward

some cruel close his guiltless day shall see —
or far from truth I stray! O, that I were
the dupe of empty fears! and O, that thou
wouldst but refashion to some happier end
the things by thee begun — for thou hast power!”
She ceased; and swiftly from the peak of heaven
moved earthward, trailing cloud-wrack through the air,
and girdled with the storm. She took her way
to where Troy’s warriors faced Laurentum’s line.
There of a hollow cloud the goddess framed
a shape of airy, unsubstantial shade,
Aeneas’ image, wonderful to see,
and decked it with a Dardan lance and shield,
a crested helmet on the godlike head;
and windy words she gave of soulless sound,
and motion like a stride — such shapes, they say,
the hovering phantoms of the dead put on,
or empty dreams which cheat our slumbering eyes.
Forth to the front of battle this vain shade
stalked insolent, and with its voice and spear
challenged the warrior. At it Turnus flew,
and hurled a hissing spear with distant aim;
the thing wheeled round and fled. The foe forthwith,
thinking Aeneas vanquished, with blind scorn
flattered his own false hope: “Where wilt thou fly,
Aeneas? Wilt thou break a bridegroom’s word?
This sword will give thee title to some land
thou hast sailed far to find!” So clamoring loud
he followed, flashing far his naked sword;
nor saw the light winds waft his dream away.
By chance in covert of a lofty crag
a ship stood fastened and at rest; her sides
showed ready bridge and stairway; she had brought
Osinius, king of Clusium. Thither came
Aeneas’ counterfeit of flight and fear,
and dropped to darkness. Turnus, nothing loth,
gave close chase, overleaping every bar,

and scaling the high bridge; but scarce he reached
the vessel's prow, when Juno cut her loose,
the cables breaking, and along swift waves
pushed her to sea. Yet in that very hour
Aeneas to the battle vainly called
the vanished foe, and round his hard-fought path
stretched many a hero dead. No longer now
the mocking shadow sought to hide, but soared
visibly upward and was lost in cloud,
while Turnus drifted o'er the waters wide
before the wind. Bewildered and amazed
he looked around him; little joy had he
in his own safety, but upraised his hands
in prayer to Heaven: "O Sire omnipotent!
Didst thou condemn me to a shame like this?
Such retribution dire? Whither now?
Whence came I here? What panic wafts away
this Turnus — if 't is he? Shall I behold
Laurentum's towers once more? But what of those
my heroes yonder, who took oath to me,
and whom — O sin and shame! — I have betrayed
to horrible destruction? Even now
I see them routed, and my ears receive
their dying groans. What is this thing I do?
Where will the yawning earth crack wide enough
beneath my feet? Ye tempests, pity me!
On rocks and reef— 't is Turnus' faithful prayer,
let this bark founder; fling it on the shoals
of wreckful isles, where no Rutulian eye
can follow me, or Rumor tell my shame."
With such wild words his soul tossed to and fro,
not knowing if to hide his infamy
with his own sword and madly drive its blade
home to his heart, or cast him in the sea,
and, swimming to the rounded shore, renew
his battle with the Trojan foe. Three times
each fatal course he tried; but Juno's power

three times restrained, and with a pitying hand
the warrior's purpose barred. So on he sped
o'er yielding waters and propitious tides,
far as his father Daunus' ancient town.
At Jove's command Mezentius, breathing rage,
now takes the field and leads a strong assault
against victorious Troy. The Tuscan ranks
meet round him, and press hard on him alone,
on him alone with vengeance multiplied
their host of swords they draw. As some tall cliff,
projecting to the sea, receives the rage
of winds and waters, and untrembling bears
vast, frowning enmity of seas and skies, —
so he. First Dolichaon's son he slew,
Hebrus; then Latagus and Palmus, though
they fled amain; he smote with mighty stone
torn from the mountain, full upon the face
of Latagus; and Palmus he let lie
hamstrung and rolling helpless; he bestowed
the arms on his son Lausus for a prize,
another proud crest in his helm to wear;
he laid the Phrygian Euanthus low;
and Mimas, Paris' comrade, just his age, —
born of Theano's womb to Amycus
his sire, that night when royal Hecuba,
teeming with firebrand, gave Paris birth:
one in the city of his fathers sleeps;
and one, inglorious, on Laurentian strand.
As when a wild boar, harried from the hills
by teeth of dogs (one who for many a year
was safe in pine-clad Vesulus, or roamed
the meres of Tiber, feeding in the reeds)
falls in the toils at last, and stands at bay,
raging and bristling, and no hunter dares
defy him or come near, but darts are hurled
from far away, with cries unperilous:
not otherwise, though righteous is their wrath

against Mezentius, not a man so bold
as face him with drawn sword, but at long range
they throw their shafts and with loud cries assail;
he, all unterrified, makes frequent stand,
gnashing his teeth, and shaking off their spears.
From ancient Corythus had Acron come,
a Greek, who left half-sung his wedding-song,
and was an exile; him Mezentius saw
among long lines of foes, with flaunting plumes
and purple garments from his plighted spouse.
Then as a starving lion when he prowls
about high pasture-lands, urged on his way
by maddening hunger (if perchance he see
a flying she-goat or tall-antlered stag)
lifts up his shaggy mane, and gaping wide
his monstrous jaws, springs at the creature's side,
feeding foul-lipped, insatiable of gore:
so through his gathered foes Mezentius
flew at his prey. He stretched along the ground
ill-fated Acron, who breathed life away,
beating the dark dust with his heels, and bathed
his broken weapons in his blood. Nor deigned
Mezentius to strike Orodes down
as he took flight, nor deal a wound unseen
with far-thrown spear; but ran before his face,
fronting him man to man, nor would he win
by sleight or trick, but by a mightier sword.
Soon on the fallen foe he set his heel,
and, pushing hard, with heel and spear, cried out:
“Look ye, my men, where huge Orodes lies,
himself a dangerous portion of this war!”
With loyal, loud acclaim his peers reply;
but thus the dying hero: “Victor mine,
whoe'er thou art, I fall not unavenged!
Thou shalt but triumph for a fleeting hour.
Like doom for thee is written. Speedily
thou shalt this dust inhabit, even as I!”

Mezentius answered him with wrathful smile:
“Now die! What comes on me concerns alone
the Sire of gods and Sovereign of mankind.”
So saying, from the wounded breast he plucked
his javelin: and on those eyes there fell
inexorable rest and iron slumber,
and in unending night their vision closed.
Then Caedicus cut down Alcathous,
Sacrator slew Hydaspes, Rapo smote
Parthenius and Orses stout and strong;
Messapus, good blade cut down Clonius
and Ericetes, fierce Lycaon’s child;
the one from an unbridled war-horse thrown,
the other slain dismounted. Then rode forth
Agis the Lycian, but bold Valerus,
true to his valiant breeding, hurled him down;
having slain Thronius, Salius was slain
by skilled Nealces, of illustrious name
for spear well cast and far-surprising bow.
Thus Mars relentless holds in equal scale
slaughters reciprocal and mutual woe;
the victors and the vanquished kill or fall
in equal measure; neither knows the way
to yield or fly. Th’ Olympians look down
out of Jove’s house, and pity as they see
the unavailing wrath of either foe,
and burdens measureless on mortals laid.
Lo! Venus here, Saturnian Juno yon,
in anxious watch; while pale Tisiphone
moves on infuriate through the battling lines.
On strode Mezentius o’er the gory plain,
and swollen with rage waved wide-his awful spear.
Like tall Orion when on foot he goes
trough the deep sea and lifts his shoulders high
above the waves; or when he takes his path
along the mountain-tops, and has for staff
an aged ash-tree, as he fixes firm

his feet in earth and hides his brows in cloud; —
so loomed Mezentius with his ponderous arms.
To match him now, Aeneas, looking down
the long array of war, came forth in arms
to challenge and defy. But quailing not,
a mass immovable, the other stood
waiting his noble foe, and with a glance
measured to cast his spear the space between.
“May this right hand”, he said, “and this swift spear
which here I poise, be favoring gods for me!
The spoils from yonder robber’s carcase stripped
I vow to hang on thee, my Lausus, thou
shalt stand for trophy of Aeneas slain.”
He said, and hurled from far the roaring spear,
which from the shield glanced off, and speeding still
smote famed Antores ‘twixt the loin and side —
antores, friend of Hercules, who came
from Argos, and had joined Evander’s cause,
abiding in Italia. Lo, a wound
meant for another pierced him, and he lay,
ill-fated! Looking upward to the light,
and dreaming of dear Argos as he died.
Then good Aeneas hurled his spear; it passed
through hollow orb of triple bronze, and through
layers of flax and triple-twisted hides;
then in the lower groin it lodged, but left
its work undone. Aeneas, not ill-pleased
to see the Tuscan wounded, swiftly drew
the falchion from his thigh, and hotly pressed
his startled foe. But Lausus at the sight
groaned loud, so much he loved his father dear,
and tears his cheek bedewed. O storied youth!
If olden worth may win believing ear,
let not my song now fail of thee to sing,
thy noble deeds, thy doom of death and pain!
Mezentius, now encumbered and undone,
fell backward, trailing from the broken shield

his foeman's spear. His son leaped wildly forth
to join the fray; and where Aeneas' hand
lifted to strike, he faced the thrusting sword
and gave the hero pause. His comrades raised
applauding cries, as shielded by his son
the father made retreat; their darts they hurl,
and vex with flying spears the distant foe:
Aeneas, wrathful, stands beneath his shield.
As when the storm-clouds break in pelting hail,
the swains and ploughmen from the furrows fly,
and every traveller cowers in sure defence
of river-bank or lofty shelving crag,
while far and wide it pours; and by and by,
each, when the sun returns, his task pursues:
so great Aeneas, by assault o'erwhelmed,
endured the cloud of battle, till its rage
thundered no more; then with a warning word
to Lausus with upbraiding voice he called:
"Why, O death-doomed, rush on to deeds too high
for strength like thine. Thou art betrayed, rash boy,
by thine own loyal heart!" But none the less
the youth made mad defence; while fiercer burned
the Trojan's anger; and of Lausus' days
the loom of Fate spun forth the last thin thread;
for now Aeneas thrust his potent blade
deep through the stripling's breast and out of sight;
through the light shield it passed — a frail defence
to threaten with! — and through the tunic fine
his mother's hand had wrought with softest gold:
blood filled his bosom, and on path of air
down to the shades the mournful soul withdrew,
its body quitting. As Anchises' son
beheld the agonizing lips and brow
so wondrous white in death, he groaned aloud
in pity, and reached o'er him his right hand,
touched to the heart such likeness to behold
of his own filial love. "Unhappy boy!

What reward worthy of heroic deeds
can I award thee now? Wear still those arms
so proudly worn! And I will send thee home
(Perhaps thou carest!) to the kindred shades
and ashes of thy sires. But let it be
some solace in thy pitiable doom
that none but great Aeneas wrought thy fall.”
Then to the stripling’s tardy followers
he sternly called, and lifted from the earth
with his own hand the fallen foe: dark blood
defiled those princely tresses braided fair.
Meanwhile Mezentius by the Tiber’s wave
with water staunched his wound, and propped his weight
against a tree; upon its limbs above
his brazen helmet hung, and on the sword
his ponderous arms lay resting. Round him watched
his chosen braves. He, gasping and in pain,
clutched at his neck and let his flowing beard
loose on his bosom fall; he questions oft
of Lausus, and sends many a messenger
to bid him back, and bear him the command
of his sore-grieving sire. But lo! his peers
bore the dead Lausus back upon his shield,
and wept to see so strong a hero quelled
by stroke so strong. From long way off the sire,
with soul prophetic of its woe, perceived
what meant their wail and cry. On his gray hairs
the dust he flung, and, stretching both his hands
to heaven, he cast himself the corpse along.
“O son,” he cried, “was life to me so sweet,
that I to save myself surrendered o’er
my own begotten to a foeman’s steel?
Saved by these gashes shall thy father be,
and living by thy death? O wretched me,
how foul an end have I! Now is my wound
deep! deep! ‘t was I, dear son, have stained
thy name with infamy — to exile driven

from sceptre and hereditary throne
by general curse. Would that myself had borne
my country's vengeance and my nation's hate!
Would my own guilty life my debt had paid —
yea, by a thousand deaths! But, see, I live!
Not yet from human kind and light of day
have I departed. But depart I will.”

So saying, he raised him on his crippled thigh,
and though by reason of the grievous wound
his forces ebbed, yet with unshaken mien
he bade them lead his war-horse forth, his pride,
his solace, which from every war
victorious bore him home. The master then
to the brave beast, which seemed to know his pain,
spoke thus: “My Rhoebus, we have passed our days
long time together, if long time there be
for mortal creatures. Either on this day
thou shalt his bloody spoils in triumph bear
and that Aeneas' head, — and so shalt be
avenger of my Lausus' woe; or else,
if I be vanquished, thou shalt sink and fall
beside me. For, my bravest, thou wouldst spurn
a stranger's will, and Teucrian lords to bear.”
He spoke and, mounting to his back, disposed
his limbs the wonted way and filled both hands
with pointed javelins; a helm of brass
with shaggy horse-hair crest gleamed o'er his brow.
Swift to the front he rode: a mingled flood
surged in his heart of sorrow, wrath, and shame;
and thrice with loud voice on his foe he called.
Aeneas heard and made exulting vow:
“Now may the Father of the gods on high,
and great Apollo hear! Begin the fray!”
He said, and moved forth with a threatening spear.
The other cried: “Hast robbed me of my son,
and now, implacable, wouldst fright me more?
That way, that only, was it in thy power

to cast me down. No fear of death I feel.
Nor from thy gods themselves would I refrain.
Give o'er! For fated and resolved to die
I come thy way: but; bring thee as I pass
these offerings." With this he whirled a spear
against his foe, and after it drove deep
another and another, riding swift
in wide gyration round him. But the shield,
the golden boss, broke not. Three times he rode
in leftward circles, hurling spear on spear
against th' unmoved Aeneas: and three times
the Trojan hero in his brazen shield
the sheaf of spears upbore. But such slow fight,
such plucking of spent shafts from out his shield,
the Trojan liked not, vexed and sorely tried
in duel so ill-matched. With wrathful soul
at length he strode forth, and between the brows
of the wild war-horse planted his long spear.
Up reared the creature, beating at the air
with quivering feet, then o'er his fallen lord
entangling dropped, and prone above him lay,
pinning with ponderous shoulder to the ground.
The Trojans and the Latins rouse the skies
with clamor loud. Aeneas hastening forth
unsheathes his sword, and looming o'er him cries:
"Where now is fierce Mezentius, and his soul's
wild pulse of rage?" The Tuscan in reply
with eyes uprolled, and gasping as he gave
long looks at heaven, recalled his fading mind:
"Why frown at me and fume, O bitterest foe?
Why threaten death? To slay me is no sin.
Not to take quarter came I to this war,
not truce with thee did my lost Lausus crave,
yet this one boon I pray, — if mercy be
for fallen foes: O, suffer me when dead
in covering earth to hide! Full well I know
what curses of my people ring me round.

Defend me from that rage! I pray to be
my son's companion in our common tomb."
He spoke: then offered with unshrinking eye
his veined throat to the sword. O'er the bright mail
his vital breath gushed forth in streaming gore.

BOOK XI

Up from the sea now soared the dawning day:
Aeneas, though his sorrow bids him haste
to burial of the slain, and his sad soul
is clouded with the sight of death, fulfils,
for reward to his gods, a conqueror's vow,
at morning's earliest beam. A mighty oak
shorn of its limbs he sets upon a hill
and clothes it o'er with glittering arms, the spoil
of King Mezentius, and a trophy proud
to thee, great lord of war. The hero's plumes
bedewed with blood are there, and splintered spears;
there hangs the corselet, by the thrusting steel
twelve times gored through; upon the left he binds
the brazen shield, and from the neck suspends
the ivory-hilted sword. Aeneas thus,
as crowding close his train of captains throng,
addressed his followers: "Ye warriors mine,
our largest work is done. Bid fear begone
of what is left to do. Behold the spoils!
Yon haughty King was firstfruits of our war.
See this Mezentius my hands have made!
Now to the Latin town and King we go.
Arm you in soul! With heart of perfect hope
prepare the war! So when the gods give sign
to open battle and lead forth our brave
out of this stronghold, no bewilderment,
nor tarrying, nor fearful, faltering mind
shall slack our march. Meanwhile in earth we lay
our comrades fallen; for no honor else
in Acheron have they. Go forth," said he,
"bring gifts of honor and of last farewell
to those high hearts by shedding of whose blood
our country lives. To sad Evander's town
bear Pallas first; who, though he did not fail

of virtue's crown, was seized by doom unblest,
and to the bitterness of death consigned.”
Weeping he spoke, and slowly backward drew
to the tent-door, where by the breathless clay
of Pallas stood Acoetes, aged man,
once bearer of Evander's arms, but now
under less happy omens set to guard
his darling child. Around him is a throng
of slaves, with all the Trojan multitude,
and Ilian women, who the wonted way
let sorrow's tresses loosely flow. When now
Aeneas to the lofty doors drew near,
all these from smitten bosoms raised to heaven
a mighty moaning, till the King's abode
was loud with anguish. There Aeneas viewed
the pillowed head of Pallas cold and pale,
the smooth young breast that bore the gaping wound
of that Ausonian spear, and weeping said:
“Did Fortune's envy, smiling though she came,
refuse me, hapless boy, that thou shouldst see
my throne established, and victorious ride
beside me to thy father's house? Not this
my parting promise to thy King and sire,
Evander, when with friendly, fond embrace
to win imperial power he bade me go;
yet warned me anxiously I must resist
bold warriors and a stubborn breed of foes.
And haply even now he cheats his heart
with expectation vain, and offers vows,
heaping with gifts the altars of his gods.
But we with unavailing honors bring
this lifeless youth, who owes the gods of heaven
no more of gift and vow. O ill-starred King!
Soon shalt thou see thy son's un pitying doom!
What a home-coming! This is glory's day
so long awaited; this the solemn pledge
I proudly gave. But fond Evander's eyes

will find no shameful wounding on the slain,
nor for a son in coward safety kept
wilt thou, the sire, crave death. But woe is me!
How strong a bulwark in Ausonia falls!
What loss is thine, Iulus!" Thus lamenting,
he bids them lift the body to the bier,
and sends a thousand heroes from his host
to render the last tributes, and to share
father's tears: — poor solace and too small
for grief so great, but due that mournful sire.
Some busy them to build of osiers fine
the simple litter, twining sapling oaks
with evergreen, till o'er death's lofty bed
the branching shade extends. Upon it lay,
as if on shepherd's couch, the youthful dead,
like fairest flower by virgin fingers culled,
frail violet or hyacinth forlorn,
of color still undimmed and leaf unmarred;
but from the breast of mother-earth no more
its life doth feed. Then good Aeneas brought
two brodered robes of scarlet and fine gold,
which with the gladsome labor of her hands
Sidonian Dido wrought him long ago,
the thin-spun gold inweaving. One of these
the sad prince o'er the youthful body threw
for parting gift; and with the other veiled
those tresses from the fire; he heaped on high
Laurentum's spoils of war, and bade to bring
much tribute forth: horses and arms he gave,
seized from the fallen enemy; with hands
fettered behind them filed a captive train
doomed to appease the shades, and with the flames
to mix their flowing blood. He bade his chiefs
set up the trunks of trees and clothe them well
with captured arms, inscribing on each one
some foeman's name. Then came Acoetes forth,
a wretched, worn old man, who beat his breast

with tight-clenched hands, and tore his wrinkled face
with ruthless fingers; oft he cast him down
full length along the ground. Then lead they forth
the blood-stained Rutule chariots of war;
Aethon, the war-horse, of his harness bare,
walks mournful by; big teardrops wet his cheek.
Some bear the lance and helm; for all the rest
victorious Turnus seized. Then filed along
a mournful Teucrian cohort; next the host
Etrurian and the men of Arcady
with trailing arms reversed. Aeneas now,
when the long company had passed him by,
spoke thus and groaned aloud: "Ourselves from hence
are summoned by the same dread doom of war
to other tears. Farewell forevermore!
Heroic Pallas! be forever blest!
I bid thee hail, farewell!" In silence then
back to the stronghold's lofty walls he moved.
Now envoys from the Latin citadel
came olive-crowned, to plead for clemency:
would he not yield those bodies of the dead
sword-scattered o'er the plain, and let them lie
beneath an earth-built tomb? Who wages war
upon the vanquished, the unbreathing slain?
To people once his hosts and kindred called,
would he not mercy show? To such a prayer,
deemed not unworthy, good Aeneas gave
the boon, and this benignant answer made:
"Ye Latins, what misfortune undeserved
has snared you in so vast a war, that now
you shun our friendship? Have you here implored
peace for your dead, by chance of battle fallen?
Pain would I grant it for the living too.
I sailed not hither save by Heaven's decree,
which called me to this land. I wage no war
with you, the people; 't was your King refused
our proffered bond of peace, and gave his cause

to Turnus' arms. More meet and just it were
had Turnus met this death that makes you mourn.
If he would end our quarrel sword in hand,
thrusting us Teucrians forth, 't was honor's way
to cross his blade with mine; that man to whom
the gods, or his own valor, had decreed
the longer life, had lived. But now depart!
Beneath your lost friends light the funeral fires!"

So spoke Aeneas; and with wonder mute
all stood at gaze, each turning to behold
his neighbor's face. Then Drances, full of years,
and ever armed with spite and slanderous word
against young Turnus, made this answering plea:
"O prince of mighty name, whose feats of arms
are even mightier! Trojan hero, how
shall my poor praise exalt thee to the skies?
Is it thy rectitude or strenuous war
most bids me wonder? We will bear thy word
right gladly to the city of our sires;
and there, if Fortune favor it, contrive
a compact with the Latin King. Henceforth
let Turnus find his own allies! Ourselves
will much rejoice to see thy destined walls,
and our own shoulders will be proud to bear
the stone for building Troy." Such speech he made,
and all the common voice consented loud.
So twelve days' truce they swore, and safe from harm
Latins and Teucrians unmolested roved
together o'er the wooded hills. Now rang
loud steel on ash-tree bole; enormous pines,
once thrusting starward, to the earth they threw;
and with industrious wedge asunder clove
stout oak and odorous cedar, piling high
harvest of ash-trees on the creaking wain.
Now Rumor, herald of prodigious woe,
to King Evander hied, Evander's house
and city filling, where, but late, her word

had told in Latium Pallas' victory.
th' Arcadians thronging to the city-gates
bear funeral torches, the accustomed way;
in lines of flame the long street flashes far,
lighting the fields beyond. To meet them moves
a Phrygian company, to join with theirs
its lamentation loud. The Latin wives,
soon as they saw them entering, aroused
the whole sad city with shrill songs of woe.
No hand could stay Evander. Forth he flew
into the midmost tumult, and fell prone
on his dead Pallas, on the resting bier;
he clung to the pale corse with tears, with groans,
till anguish for a space his lips unsealed:
"Not this thy promise, Pallas, to thy sire,
to walk not rashly in the war-god's way.
I knew too well how honor's morning-star,
and sweet, foretasted glory tempt and woo
in a first battle. O first-fruit forlorn
of youth so fair! O prelude pitiless
of war approaching! O my vows and prayers,
which not one god would hear! My blessed wife,
how happy was the death that spared thee not
to taste this bitterness! But I, the while,
by living longer lived to meet my doom, —
a father sole-surviving. Would I myself
had perished by the Rutule's cruel spear,
the Trojan's cause espousing! This breath of life
how gladly had I given! And O, that now
yon black solemnity were bearing home
myself, not Pallas, dead! Yet blame I not,
O Teucrians, the hallowed pact we made,
nor hospitable bond and clasp of hands.
This doom ye bring me was writ long ago,
for my old age. And though my child is fallen
untimely, I take comfort that he fell
where thousands of the Volscians slaughtered lie,

and into Latium led the Teucrian arms.
What brighter glory could I crave in death
for thee, my Pallas, than Aeneas brings,
and Phrygian princes, and Etrurian lords
with all Etruria's legions? Lo, they bear
yon glittering spoils of victims of thy sword!
Thou, Turnus, too, wert now an effigy
in giant armor clad, if but his years
and strength full ripe had been fair match for thine!
But now my woes detain the Trojan host
from battle. I beseech ye haste away,
and bear this faithful message to your King:
since I but linger out a life I loathe,
without my Pallas, nothing but thy sword
can bid me live. Then let thy sword repay
its debt to sire and son by Turnus slain!
Such deed alone may with thy honor fit,
and happier fortunes. But my life to me
has no joy left to pray for, save to bring
my son that solace in the shadowy land.”
Meanwhile o'er sorrowing mortals the bright morn
had lifted her mild beam, renewing so
the burden of man's toil. Aeneas now
built funeral pyres along the winding shore,
King Tarchon at his side. Each thither brought
the bodies of his kin, observing well
all ancient ritual. The fuming fires
burned from beneath, till highest heaven was hid
in blackest, overmantling cloud. Three times
the warriors, sheathed in proud, resplendent steel,
paced round the kindling pyres; and three times
fair companies of horsemen circled slow,
with loud lamenting, round the doleful flame.
The wail of warriors and the trumpets' blare
the very welkin rend. Cast on the flames
are spoils of slaughtered Latins, — helmets and blades,
bridles and chariot-wheels. Yet others bring

gifts to the dead familiar, their own shields
and unavailing spears. Around them slain
great herds of kine give tribute unto death:
swine, bristly-backed, from many a field are borne,
and slaughtered sheep bleed o'er the sacred fire.
So on the shore the wailing multitude
behold their comrades burning, and keep guard
o'er the consuming pyres, nor turn away
till cooling night re-shifts the globe of heaven,
thick-strewn with numberless far-flaming stars.
Likewise the mournful Latins far away
have built their myriad pyres. Yet of the slain
not few in graves are laid, and borne with tears
to neighboring country-side or native town;
the rest — promiscuous mass of dead unknown —
to nameless and unhonored ashes burn;
with multitude of fires the far-spread fields
blaze forth unweariedly. But when from heaven
the third morn had dispelled the dark and cold,
the mournful bands raked forth the mingled bones
and plenteous ashes from the smouldering pyres,
then heaped with earth the one sepulchral mound.
Now from the hearth-stones of the opulent town
of old Latinus a vast wail burst forth,
for there was found the chief and bitterest share
of all the woe. For mothers in their tears,
lone brides, and stricken souls of sisters fond,
and boys left fatherless, fling curses loud
on Turnus' troth-plight and the direful war:
"Let him, let Turnus, with his single sword
decide the strife," — they cry, — "and who shall claim
Lordship of Italy and power supreme."
Fierce Drances whets their fury, urging all
that Turnus singly must the challenge hear,
and singly wage the war; but others plead
in Turnus' favor; the Queen's noble name
protects him, and his high renown in arms

defends his cause with well-won trophies fair.
Amid these tumults of the wrathful throng,
lo, the ambassadors to Diomed
arrive with cloudy forehead from their quest
in his illustrious town; for naught availed
their toilsome errand, nor the gifts and gold,
nor strong entreaty. Other help in war
the Latins now must find, or humbly sue
peace from the Trojan. At such tidings dire
even Latinus trembles: Heaven's decrees
and influence of gods too visible
sustain Aeneas; so the wrath divine
and new-filled sepulchres conspicuous
give warning clear. Therefore the King convenes
a general council of his captains brave
beneath the royal towers. They, gathering,
throng the approaches thither, where their Iord,
gray-haired Latinus, takes the central throne,
wearing authority with mournful brow.
He bids the envoys from Aetolia's King
sent back, to speak and tell the royal words
in order due. Forthwith on every tongue
fell silence, while the princely Venulus,
heeding his Iord's behest, began the parle:
"My countrymen," he said, "our eyes have seen
strongholds of Greeks and Diomed the King.
We braved all perils to our journey's end
and clasped that hand whereof the dreadful stroke
wrought Ilium's fall. The hero built a town,
Argyripa, hereditary name,
near mount Garganus in Apulian land:
passing that city's portal and the King's,
we found free audience, held forth thy gifts,
and told our names and fatherland. We showed
what conduct was enkindled, and what cause
brought us to Arpi's King. He, hearing all,
with brow benign made answer to our plea:

'O happy tribes in Saturn's kingdom born,
Ausonia's ancient stem! What fortune blind
tempts ye from peace away, and now ensnares
in wars unknown? Look how we men that dared
lay Ilium waste (I speak not of what woes
in battling neath her lofty walls we bore,
nor of dead warriors sunk in Simois' wave)
have paid the penalty in many a land
with chastisement accurst and changeful woe,
till Priam's self might pity. Let the star
of Pallas tell its tale of fatal storm,
off grim Caphereus and Eubcea's crags.
Driven asunder from one field of war,
Atrides unto farthest Egypt strayed,
and wise Ulysses saw from Aetna's caves
the Cyclops gathering. Why name the throne
of Pyrrhus, or the violated hearth
whence fled Idomeneus? Or Locri cast
on Libya's distant shore? For even he,
Lord of Mycenae by the Greeks obeyed,
fell murdered on his threshold by the hand
of that polluted wife, whose paramour
trapped Asia's conqueror. The envious gods
withheld me also from returning home
to see once more the hearth-stone of my sires,
the wife I yearn for, and my Calydon,
the beauteous land. For wonders horrible
pursue me still. My vanished followers
through upper air take wing, or haunt and rove
in forms of birds the island waters o'er:
ah me, what misery my people feel!
The tall rocks ring with their lament and cry.
Naught else had I to hope for from that day
when my infatuate sword on gods I drew,
and outraged with abominable wound
the hand of Venus. Urge me not, I pray,
to conflicts in this wise. No more for me

of war with Trojans after Ilium's fall!
I take no joy in evils past, nor wish
such memory to renew. Go, lay these gifts,
brought to my honor from your ancient land,
at great Aeneas' feet. We twain have stood
confronting close with swords implacable
in mortal fray. Believe me, I have known
the stature of him when he lifts his shield,
and swings the whirlwind of his spear. If Troy
two more such sons had bred, the Dardan horde
had stormed at Argos' gates, and Greece to-day
were for her fallen fortunes grieving sore.
Our lingering at Ilium's stubborn wall,
our sluggard conquest halting ten years long,
was his and Hector's work. Heroic pair!
Each one for valor notable, and each
famous in enterprise of arms, — but he
was first in piety. Enclasp with his
your hands in plighted peace as best ye may:
but shock of steel on steel ye well may shun.'
now hast thou heard, good King, a king's reply,
and how his wisdom sits in this vast war.”
Soon as the envoys ceased, an answering sound
of troubled voices through the council flowed
of various note, as when its rocky bed
impedes an arrowy stream, and murmurs break
from the strait-channelled flood; the fringing shores
repeat the tumult of the clamorous wave.
But when their hearts and troublous tongues were still,
the King, invoking first the gods in heaven,
thus from a lofty throne his sentence gave:
“Less evil were our case, if long ago
ye had provided for your country's weal,
O Latins, as I urged. It is no time
to hold dispute, while, compassing our walls,
the foeman waits. Ill-omened war is ours
against a race of gods, my countrymen,

invincible, unwearied in the fray,
and who, though lost and fallen, clutch the sword.
If hope ye cherished of Aetolia's power,
dismiss it! For what hope ye have is found
in your own bosoms only. But ye know
how slight it is and small. What ruin wide
has fallen, is now palpable and clear.
No blame I cast. What valor's uttermost
may do was done; our kingdom in this war
strained its last thews. Now therefore I will tell
such project as my doubtful mind may frame,
and briefly, if ye give good heed, unfold:
an ancient tract have I, close-bordering
the river Tiber; it runs westward far
beyond Sicania's bound, and filth it bears
to Rutule and Auruncan husbandmen,
who furrow its hard hills or feed their flocks
along the stonier slopes. Let this demesne,
together with its pine-clad mountain tall,
be given the Teucrian for our pledge of peace,
confirmed by free and equitable league,
and full alliance with our kingly power.
Let them abide there, if it please them so,
and build their city's wall. But if their hearts
for other land or people yearn, and fate
permits them hence to go, then let us build
twice ten good galleys of Italian oak,
or more, if they can man them. All the wood
lies yonder on the shore. Let them but say
how numerous and large the ships they crave,
and we will give the brass, the artisans,
and ship-supplies. Let us for envoys choose
a hundred of the Latins noblest born
to tell our message and arrange the peace,
bearing mild olive-boughs and weighty gifts
of ivory and gold, with chair of state
and purple robe, our emblems as a king.

But freely let this council speak; give aid
to our exhausted cause." Then Drances rose,
that foe inveterate, whom Turnus' fame
to stinging hate and envy double-tongued
ever pricked on. Of liberal wealth was he
and flowing speech, but slack of hand in war
at council board accounted no weak voice,
in quarrels stronger still; of lofty birth
in the maternal line, but by his sire's
uncertain and obscure. He, claiming place,
thus multiplies with words the people's ire:
"A course most clear, nor needing voice of mine,
thy council is, good King; for all men see
the way of public weal, but smother close
the telling of it. Turnus must concede
freedom to speak, and his own arrogance
diminish! Under his ill-boding star
and fatal conduct — yea, I speak it plain,
though with his naked steel my death he swear —
yon host of princes fell, and we behold
the whole land bowed with grief; while he assails
the Trojan camp (beating such bold retreats!)
and troubles Heaven with war. One gift the more,
among the many to the Trojans given,
one chiefly, best of kings, thy choice should be.
Let not wild violence thy will restrain
from granting, sire, thy virgin daughter's hand
to son-in-law illustrious, in a match
worthy of both, — and thus the lasting bond
of peace establish. But if verily
our hearts and souls be weak with craven fear,
let us on Turnus call, and grace implore
even of him. Let him no more oppose;
but to his country and his King concede
their natural right. Why wilt thou o'er and o'er
fling thy poor countrymen in danger's way,
O chief and fountain of all Latium's pain?

War will not save us. Not a voice but sues
for peace, O Turnus! and, not less than peace,
its one inviolable pledge. Behold,
I lead in this petition! even I
whom thou dost feign thy foe — (I waste no words
denying) — look! I supplicate of thee,
take pity on thy kindred; drop thy pride,
and get thee home defeated. We have seen
slaughter enough, enough of funeral flames,
and many a wide field waste and desolate.
If glory move thee, if thy martial breast
so swell with strength, and if a royal dower
be thy dear dream, go, pluck thy courage up,
and front thy own brave bosom to the foe.
for, lo, that Turnus on his wedding day
may win a princess, our cheap, common lives —
we the mere mob, unwept, unsepulchred —
must be spilled forth in battle! Thou, I say,
if there be mettle in thee and some drops
of thy undaunted sires, look yonder where
the Trojan chieftain waits thee in the field.”
By such discourse he stirred the burning blood
of Turnus, who groaned loud and from his heart
this utterance hurled: “O Drances, thou art rich
in large words, when the day of battle calls
for actions. If our senators convene
thou comest early. But the council hall
is not for swollen talk, such as thy tongue
in safety tosses forth; so long as walls
hold back thy foes, and ere the trenches flow
with blood of brave men slain. O, rattle on
in fluent thunder — thy habitual style!
Brand me a coward, Drances, when thy sword
has heaped up Trojan slain, and on the field
thy shining trophies rise. Now may we twain
our martial prowess prove. Our foe, forsooth,
is not so far to seek; around yon wall

he lies in siege: to front him let us fly!
Why art thou tarrying? Wilt thou linger here,
a soldier only in thy windy tongue,
and thy swift, coward heels? Defeated, I?
Foul wretch, what tongue that honors truth can tell
of my defeat, while Tiber overflows
with Trojan blood? while King Evander's house
in ruin dies, and his Arcadians lie
stripped naked on the field? O, not like thee
did Bitias or the giant Pandarus
misprize my honor; nor those men of Troy
whom this good sword to death and dark sent down,
a thousand in a day, — though I was penned
a prisoner in the ramparts of my foe.
War will not save us? Fling that prophecy
on the doomed Dardan's head, or on thy own,
thou madman! Aye, with thy vile, craven soul
disturb the general cause. Extol the power
of a twice-vanquished people, and decry
Latinus' rival arms. From this time forth
let all the Myrmidonian princes cower
before the might of Troy; let Diomed
and let Achilles tremble; let the stream
of Aufidus in panic backward flow
from Hadria's wave. But hear me when I say
that though his guilt and cunning feign to feel
fear of my vengeance, much embittering so
his taunts and insult — such a life as his
my sword disdains. O Drances, be at ease!
In thy vile bosom let thy breath abide!
But now of thy grave counsel and thy cause,
O royal sire, I speak. If from this hour
thou castest hope of armed success away,
if we be so unfriended that one rout
o'erwhelms us utterly, if Fortune's feet
never turn backward, let us, then, for peace
offer petition, lifting to the foe

our feeble, suppliant hands. Yet would I pray
some spark of manhood such as once we knew
were ours once more! I count him fortunate,
and of illustrious soul beyond us all,
who, rather than behold such things, has fallen
face forward, dead, his teeth upon the dust.
But if we still have power, and men-at-arms
unwasted and unscathed, if there survive
Italian tribes and towns for help in war,
aye! if the Trojans have but won success
at bloody cost, — for they dig graves, I ween,
storm-smitten not less than we, — O, wherefore now
stand faint and shameful on the battle's edge?
Why quake our knees before the trumpet call?
Time and the toil of shifting, changeful days
restore lost causes; ebbing tides of chance
deceive us oft, which after at their flood
do lift us safe to shore. If aid come not
from Diomed in Arpi, our allies
shall be Mezentius and Tolumnius,
auspicious name, and many a chieftain sent
from many a tribe; not all inglorious
are Latium's warriors from Laurentian land!
Hither the noble Volscian stem sends down
Camilla with her beauteous cavalry
in glittering brass arrayed. But if, forsooth,
the Trojans call me singly to the fight,
if this be what ye will, and I so much
the public weal impair — when from this sword
has victory seemed to fly away in scorn?
I should not hopeless tread in honor's way
whate'er the venture. Dauntless will I go
though equal match for great Achilles, he,
and though he clothe him in celestial arms
in Vulcan's smithy wrought. I, Turnus, now,
not less than equal with great warriors gone,
vow to Latinus, father of my bride,

and to ye all, each drop of blood I owe.
Me singly doth Aeneas call? I crave
that challenge. Drances is not called to pay
the debt of death, if wrath from Heaven impend;
nor his a brave man's name and fame to share.”
Thus in their doubtful cause the chieftains strove.
Meanwhile Aeneas his assaulting line
moved forward. The ill tidings wildly sped
from royal hall to hall, and filled the town
with rumors dark: for now the Trojan host
o'er the wide plains from Tiber's wave was spread
in close array of war. The people's soul
was vexed and shaken, and its martial rage
rose to the stern compulsion. Now for arms
their terror calls; the youthful soldiery
clamor for arms; the sires of riper days
weep or repress their tears. On every side
loud shouts and cries of dissonant acclaim
trouble the air, as when in lofty grove
legions of birds alight, or by the flood
of Padus' fishy stream the shrieking swans
far o'er the vocal marish fling their song.
Then, seizing the swift moment, Turnus cried:
“Once more, my countrymen, — ye sit in parle,
lazily praising peace, while yonder foe
speeds forth in arms our kingdom to obtain.”
He spoke no more, but hied him in hot haste,
and from the housetop called, “Volusus, go!
Equip the Volscian companies! Lead forth
my Rutules also! O'er the spreading plain,
ye brothers Coras and Messapus range
our host of cavalry! Let others guard
the city's gates and hold the walls and towers:
I and my followers elsewhere oppose
the shock of arms.” Now to and fro they run
to man the walls. Father Latinus quits —
the place of council and his large design,

vexed and bewildered by the hour's distress.
He blames his own heart that he did not ask
Trojan Aeneas for his daughter's lord,
and gain him for his kingdom's lasting friend.
They dig them trenches at the gates, or lift
burden of stakes and stones. The horn's harsh note
sounds forth its murderous signal for the war;
striplings and women, in a motley ring,
defend the ramparts; the decisive hour
lays tasks on all. Upon the citadel
a train of matrons, with the doleful Queen,
toward Pallas' temple moves, and in their hand
are gifts and offerings. See, at their side
the maid Lavinia, cause of all these tears,
drops down her lovely eyes! The incense rolls
in clouds above the altar; at the doors
with wailing voice the women make this prayer:
"Tritonian virgin, arbitress of war!
Break of thyself yon Phrygian robber's spear!
Hurl him down dying in the dust! Spill forth
his evil blood beneath our lofty towers!"
Fierce Turnus girds him, emulous to slay:
a crimson coat of mail he wears, with scales
of burnished bronze; beneath his knees are bound
the golden greaves; upon his naked brow
no helm he wears; but to his thigh is bound
a glittering sword. Down from the citadel
runs he, a golden glory, in his heart
boldly exulting, while impatient hope
fore-counts his fallen foes. He seemed as when,
from pinfold bursting, breaking his strong chain,
th' untrammelled stallion ranges the wide field,
or tries him to a herd of feeding mares,
or to some cooling river-bank he knows,
most fierce and mettlesome; the streaming mane
o'er neck and shoulder flies. Across his path
Camilla with her Volscian escort came,

and at the city-gate the royal maid
down from her charger leaped; while all her band
at her example glided to the ground,
their horses leaving. Thus the virgin spoke:
“Turnus, if confidence beseem the brave,
I have no fear; but of myself do vow
to meet yon squadrons of Aeneadae
alone, and front me to the gathered charge
of Tuscan cavalry. Let me alone
the war’s first venture-prove. Take station, thou,
here at the walls, this rampart to defend.”
With fixed eyes on the terror-striking maid,
Turnus replied, “O boast of Italy,
O virgin bold! What praise, what gratitude
can words or deeds repay? But since thy soul
so large of stature shows, I bid thee share
my burden and my war. Our spies bring news
that now Aeneas with pernicious mind
sends light-armed horse before him, to alarm
the plains below, while through the wilderness
he climbs the steep hills, and approaches so
our leaguered town. But I in sheltered grove
a stratagem prepare, and bid my men
in ambush at a mountain cross-road lie.
Meet thou the charge of Tuscan cavalry
with all thy banners. For auxiliar strength
take bold Messapus with his Latin troop
and King Tiburtus’ men: but the command
shall be thy task and care.” He spoke, and urged
with like instruction for the coming fray
Messapus and his captains; then advanced
to meet the foe. There is a winding vale
for armed deception and insidious war
well fashioned, and by interlacing leaves
screened darkly in; a small path thither leads,
through strait defile-a passage boding ill.
Above it, on a mountain’s lofty brow,

are points of outlook, level spaces fair,
and many a safe, invisible retreat
from whence on either hand to challenge war,
or, standing on the ridges, to roll down
huge mountain boulders. Thither Turnus fared,
and, ranging the familiar tract, chose out
his cunning ambush in the dangerous grove.
But now in dwellings of the gods on high,
Diana to fleet-footed Opis called,
a virgin from her consecrated train,
and thus in sorrow spoke: "O maiden mine!
Camilla now to cruel conflict flies;
with weapons like my own she girds her side,
in vain, though dearest of all nymphs to me.
Nor is it some new Iove that stirs to-day
with sudden sweetness in Diana's breast:
for long ago, when from his kingdom driven,
for insolent and envied power, her sire
King Metabus, from old Privernum's wall
was taking flight amidst opposing foes,
he bore a little daughter in his arms
to share his exile; and he called the child
(Changing Casmilla, her queen-mother's name)
Camilla. Bearing on his breast the babe,
he fled to solitary upland groves.
But hovering round him with keen lances, pressed
the Volscian soldiery. Across his path,
lo, Amasenus with full-foaming wave
o'erflowed its banks — so huge a rain had burst
but lately from the clouds. There would he fain
swim over, but the love of that sweet babe
restrained him, trembling for his burden dear.
In his perplexed heart suddenly arose
firm resolve. It chanced the warrior bore
huge spear in his brawny hand, strong shaft
of knotted, seasoned oak; to this he lashed
his little daughter with a withe of bark

pulled from a cork-tree, and with skilful bonds
fast bound her to the spear; then, poisoning it
high in his right hand, thus he called on Heaven:
'Latona's daughter, whose benignant grace
protects this grove, behold, her father now
gives thee this babe for handmaid! Lo, thy spear
her infant fingers hold, as from her foes
she flies a suppliant to thee! Receive,
O goddess, I implore, what now I cast
upon the perilous air.' — He spoke, and hurled
with lifted arm the whirling shaft. The waves
roared loud, as on the whistling javelin
hapless Camilla crossed th' impetuous flood.
But Metabus, his foes in hot pursuit,
dared plunge him in mid-stream, and, triumphing,
soon plucked from grass-grown river-bank the spear,
the child upon it, — now to Trivia vowed,
a virgin offering. Him nevermore
could cities hold, nor would his wild heart yield
its sylvan freedom, but his days were passed
with shepherds on the solitary hills.
His daughter too in tangled woods he bred:
a brood-mare from the milk of her fierce breast
suckled the child, and to its tender lips
.Her udders moved; and when the infant feet
their first firm steps had taken, the small palms
were armed with a keen javelin; her sire
a bow and quiver from her shoulder slung.
Instead of golden combs and flowing pall,
she wore, from her girl-forehead backward thrown,
the whole skin of a tigress; with soft hands
she made her plaything of a whirling spear,
or, swinging round her head the polished thong
of her good sling, she fetched from distant sky
Strymonian cranes or swans of spotless wing.
From Tuscan towns proud matrons oft in vain
sought her in marriage for their sons; but she

to Dian only turned her stainless heart,
her virgin freedom and her huntress' arms
with faithful passion serving. Would that now
this Iove of war had ne'er seduced her mind
the Teucrians to provoke! So might she be
one of our wood-nymphs still. But haste, I pray,
for bitter is her now impending doom.
Descend, dear nymph, from heaven, and explore
the country of the Latins, where the fight
with unpropitious omens now begins.
These weapons take, and from this quiver draw
a vengeful arrow, wherewith he who dares
to wound her sacred body, though he be
a Trojan or Italian, shall receive
bloody and swift reward at my command.
Then, in a cloud concealed, I will consign
her corpse, ill-fated but inviolate
unto the sepulchre, restoring so
the virgin to her native land." Thus spake
the goddess; but her handmaid, gliding down,
took her loud pathway on the moving winds,
and mantled in dark storm her shape divine.
Meanwhile the Teucrian legions to the wall
draw near, with Tuscan lords and cavalry
in numbered troops arrayed. Loud-footed steeds
prance o'er the field, to manage of the rein
rebellious, but turned deftly here or there.
The iron harvest of keen spears spreads far,
and all the plain burns bright with lifted steel.
Messapus and swift Latin cavalry,
Coras his brother, and th' attending train
of the fair maid Camilla, form their lines
in the opposing field. Their poised right hands
point the long lances forward, and light shafts
are brandished in the air; the warrior hosts
on steeds of fire come kindling as they ride.
One instant, at a spear-throw's space, each line

its motion stays; then with one sudden cry
they rush forth, spurring on each frenzied steed.
From-every side the multitudinous spears
pour down like snowflakes, mantling heaven in shade.
Now with contending spears and straining thews,
Tyrrenus, and Aconteus, champion bold,
ride forward; with the onset terrible
loudly their armor rings; their chargers twain
crash breast to breast, and like a thunderbolt
Aconteus drops, or like a ponderous stone
hurled from a catapult; full length he falls,
surrend'ring to the winds his fleeting soul.
Now all is panic: holding their light shields
behind their backs, the Latin horse wheel round,
retreating to the wall, the Trojan foe
in close pursuit. Asilas, chieftain proud,
led on th' assault. Hard by the city gates
the Latins wheeled once more and pressed the rein
strong on the yielding neck; the charging foe
took flight and hurried far with loose-flung rein.
'T was like the shock and onset of the sea
that landward hurls the alternating flood
and hides high cliffs in foam, — the tawny sands
upflinging as it rolls; then, suddenly
whirled backward on the reingulfing waves,
it quits the ledges, and with ebbing flow
far from the shore retires. The Tuscans twice
drive back the flying Rutules to the town;
and twice repulsed, with shields to rearward thrown,
glare back at the pursuer; but conjoined
in the third battle-charge, both armies merge
confusedly together in grim fight
of man to man; then follow dying groans,
armor blood-bathed and corpses, and strong steeds
inextricably with their masters slain,
so fierce the fray. Orsilochnus — afraid
to front the warrior's arms — launched forth a spear

at Remulus' horse, and left the fatal steel
clinging below its ear; the charger plunged
madly, and tossed its trembling hoofs in air,
sustaining not the wound; the rider fell,
flung headlong to the ground. Catillus slew
Iollas; and then struck Herminius down,
great-bodied and great-hearted, who could wield
a monster weapon, and whose yellow hair
from naked head to naked shoulder flowed.
By wounds unterrified he dared oppose
his huge bulk to the foe: the quivering spear
pierced to his broad back, and with throes of pain
bowed the man double and clean clove him through.
Wide o'er the field th' ensanguined horror flowed,
where fatal swords were crossed and cut their way
through many a wound to famous death and fair.
Swift through the midmost slaughter proudly strides
the quiver-girt Camilla, with one breast
thrust naked to the fight, like Amazon.
Oft from her hand her pliant shafts she rains,
or whirls with indefatigable arm
a doughty battle-axe; her shoulder bears
Diana's sounding arms and golden bow.
Sometimes retreating and to flight compelled,
the maiden with a rearward-pointing bow
shoots arrows as she flies. Around her move
her chosen peers, Larina, virgin brave,
Tarpeia, brandishing an axe of bronze,
and Tulla, virgins out of Italy
whom the divine Camilla chose to be
her glory, each a faithful servitress
in days of peace or war. The maids of Thrace
ride thus along Thermodon's frozen flood,
and fight with blazoned Amazonian arms
around Hippolyta; or when returns
Penthesilea in triumphal car
'mid acclamations shrill, and all her host

of women clash in air the moon-shaped shield.
What warrior first, whom last, did thy strong spear,
fierce virgin, earthward fling? Or what thy tale
of prostrate foes laid gasping on the ground?
Eunaeus first, the child of Clytius' Ioins,
whose bared breast, as he faced his foe, she pierced
with fir-tree javelin; from his lips outpoured
the blood-stream as he fell; and as he bit
the gory dust, he clutched his mortal wound.
Then Liris, and upon him Pagasus
she slew: the one clung closer to the reins
of his stabbed horse, and rolled off on the ground;
the other, flying to his fallen friend,
reached out a helpless hand; so both of these
fell on swift death together. Next in line
she smote Amastrus, son of Hippotas;
then, swift-pursuing, pierced with far-flung spear
Tereus, Harpalycus, Demophoon,
and Chromis; every shaft the virgin threw
laid low its Phrygian warrior. From afar
rode Ornytus on his Apulian steed,
bearing a hunter's uncouth arms; for cloak
he wore upon his shoulders broad a hide
from some wild bull stripped off; his helmet was
a wolf's great, gaping mouth, with either jaw
full of white teeth; the weapon in his hand,
a farmer's pole. He strode into the throng,
head taller than them all. But him she seized
and clove him through (his panic-stricken troop
gave her advantage), and with wrathful heart
she taunted thus the fallen: "Didst thou deem
this was a merry hunting in the wood
in chase of game? Behold, thy fatal day
befalls thee at a woman's hand, and thus
thy boasting answers. No small glory thou
unto the ghosts of thy dead sires wilt tell,
that 't was Camilla's javelin struck thee down."

The turn of Butes and Orsilochnus
came next, who were the Trojans, hugest twain:
yet Butes with her javelin-point she clove
from rearward, 'twixt the hauberk and the helm,
just where the horseman's neck showed white, and where
from shoulder leftward slung the light-weight shield.
From swift Orsilochnus she feigned to fly,
through a wide circle sweeping, craftily
taking the inside track, pursuing so
her own pursuer; then she raised herself
to her full height, and through the warrior's helm
drove to his very skull with doubling blows
of her strong battle-axe, — while he implored
her mercy with loud prayers: his cloven brain
spilt o'er his face. Next in her pathway came —
but shrank in startled fear — the warrior son
of Aunus, haunter of the Apennine,
not least of the Ligurians ere his doom
cut short a life of lies. He, knowing well
no flight could save him from the shock of arms
nor turn the royal maid's attack, began
with words of cunning and insidious guile:
"What glory is it if a girl be bold,
on sturdy steed depending? Fly me not!
But, venturing with me on this equal ground,
gird thee to fight on foot. Soon shalt thou see
which one of us by windy boast achieves
a false renown." He spoke; but she, to pangs
of keenest fury stung, gave o'er her steed
in charge of a companion, and opposed
her foe at equal vantage, falchion drawn,
on foot, and, though her shield no blazon bore,
of fear incapable. But the warrior fled,
thinking his trick victorious, and rode off
full speed, with reins reversed, — his iron heel
goading his charger's flight. Camilla cried:
"Ligurian cheat! In vain thy boastful heart

puffs thee so large; in vain thou hast essayed
thy father's slippery ways; nor shall thy trick
bring thee to guileful Aunus safely home.”
Herewith on winged feet that virgin bold
flew past the war-horse, seized the streaming rein,
and, fronting him, took vengeance on her foe
in bloody strokes: with not less ease a hawk,
dark bird of omen, from his mountain crag
pursues on pinions strong a soaring dove
to distant cloud, and, clutching with hooked claws,
holds tight and rips, — while through celestial air
the torn, ensanguined plumage floats along.
But now not blindly from Olympian throne
the Sire of gods and men observant saw
how sped the day. Then to the conflict dire
the god thrust Tarchon forth, the Tyrrhene King,
goading the warrior's rage. So Tarchon rode
through slaughter wide and legions in retreat,
and roused the ranks with many a wrathful cry:
he called each man by name, and toward the foe
drove back the routed lines. “What terrors now,
Tuscan cowards, dead to noble rage,
have seized ye? or what laggard sloth and vile
unmans your hearts, that now a woman's arm
pursues ye and this scattered host confounds?
Why dressed in steel, or to what purpose wear
your futile swords? Not slackly do ye join
the ranks of Venus in a midnight war;
or when fantastic pipes of Bacchus call
your dancing feet, right venturesome ye fly
to banquets and the flowing wine — what zeal,
what ardor then! Or if your flattering priest
begins the revel, and to lofty groves
fat flesh of victims bids ye haste away!”
So saying, his steed he spurred, and scorning death
dashed into the mid-fray, where, frenzy-driven,
he sought out Venulus, and, grappling him

with one hand, from the saddle snatched his foe,
and, clasping strongly to his giant breast,
exultant bore away. The shouting rose
to heaven, and all the Latins gazed his way,
as o'er the plain the fiery Tarchon flew
bearing the full-armed man; then, breaking off
the point of his own spear, he pried a way
through the seam'd armor for the mortal wound;
the other, struggling, thrust back from his throat
the gripping hand, full force to force opposing.
As when a golden eagle high in air
knits to a victim — snake his clinging feet
and deeply-thrusting claws; but, coiling back,
the wounded serpent roughens his stiff scales
and stretches high his hissing head; whereat
the eagle with hooked beak the more doth rend
her writhing foe, and with swift stroke of wing
lashes the air: so Tarchon, from the ranks
of Tibur's sons, triumphant snatched his prey.
The Tuscans rallied now, well pleased to view
their king's example and successful war.
Then Arruns, marked for doom, made circling line
around Camilla's path, his crafty spear
seeking its lucky chance. Where'er the maid
sped furious to the battle, Arruns there
in silence dogged her footsteps and pursued;
or where triumphant from her fallen foes
she backward drew, the warrior stealthily
turned his swift reins that way: from every side
he circled her, and scanned his vantage here
or vantage there, his skilful javelin
stubbornly shaking. But it soon befell
that Chloereus, once a priest of Cybele,
shone forth in far-resplendent Phrygian arms,
and urged a foaming steed, which wore a robe
o'erwrought with feathery scales of bronze and gold;
while he, in purples of fine foreign stain,

bore light Gortynian shafts and Lycian bow;
his bow was gold; a golden casque he wore
upon his priestly brow; the saffron cloak,
all folds of rustling cambric, was enclasped
in glittering gold; his skirts and tunics gay
were broidered, and the oriental garb
swathed his whole leg. Him when the maiden spied,
(Perchance she fain on temple walls would hang
the Trojan prize, or in such captured gold
her own fair shape array), she gave mad chase,
and reckless through the ranks her prey pursued,
desiring, woman-like, the splendid spoil.
Then from his ambush Arruns seized at last
the fatal moment and let speed his shaft,
thus uttering his vow to heavenly powers:
“Chief of the gods, Apollo, who dost guard
Soracte’s hallowed steep, whom we revere
first of thy worshippers, for thee is fed
the heap of burning pine; for thee we pass
through the mid-blaze in sacred zeal secure,
and deep in glowing embers plant our feet.
O Sire Omnipotent, may this my spear
our foul disgrace put by. I do not ask
for plunder, spoils, or trophies in my name,
when yonder virgin falls; let honor’s crown
be mine for other deeds. But if my stroke
that curse and plague destroy, may I unpraised
safe to the cities of my sires return.”
Apollo heard and granted half the prayer,
but half upon the passing breeze he threw:
granting his votary he should confound
Camilla by swift death; but ‘t was denied
the mountain-fatherland once more to see,
or safe return, — that prayer th’ impetuous winds
swept stormfully away. Soon as the spear
whizzed from his hand, straight-speeding on the air,
the Volscians all turned eager thought and eyes

toward their Queen. She only did not heed
that windy roar, nor weapon dropped from heaven,
till in her bare, protruded breast the spear
drank, deeply driven, of her virgin blood.
Her terror-struck companions swiftly throng
around her, and uplift their sinking Queen.
But Arruns, panic-stricken more than all,
makes off, half terror and half joy, nor dares
hazard his lance again, nor dares oppose
a virgin's arms. As creeps back to the hills
in pathless covert ere his foes pursue,
from shepherd slain or mighty bull laid low,
some wolf, who, now of his bold trespass ware,
curls close against his paunch a quivering tail
and to the forest tries: so Arruns speeds
from sight of men in terror, glad to fly,
and hides him in the crowd. But his keen spear
dying Camilla from her bosom drew,
though the fixed barb of deeply-wounding steel
clung to the rib. She sank to earth undone,
her cold eyes closed in death, and from her cheeks
the roses fled. With failing breath she called
on Acca — who of all her maiden peers
was chiefly dear and shared her heart's whole pain —
and thus she spoke: "O Acca, sister mine,
I have been strong till now. The cruel wound
consumes me, and my world is growing dark.
Haste thee to Turnus! Tell my dying words!
'T is he must bear the battle and hold back
the Trojan from our city wall. Farewell!"
So saying, her fingers from the bridle-rein
unclasped, and helpless to the earth she fell;
then, colder grown, she loosed her more and more
out of the body's coil; she gave to death
her neck, her drooping head, and ceased to heed
her war-array. So fled her spirit forth
with wrath and moaning to the world below.

Then clamor infinite uprose and smote
the golden stars, as round Camilla slain
the battle newly raged. To swifter charge
the gathered Trojans ran, with Tuscan lords
and King Evander's troops of Arcady.
Fair Opis, keeping guard for Trivia
in patient sentry on a lofty hill, beheld
unterrified the conflict's rage. Yet when,
amid the frenzied shouts of soldiery,
she saw from far Camilla pay the doom
of piteous death, with deep-drawn voice of sight
she thus complained: "O virgin, woe is me!
Too much, too much, this agony of thine,
to expiate that thou didst lift thy spear
for wounding Troy. It was no shield in war,
nor any vantage to have kept thy vow
to chaste Diana in the thorny wild.
Our maiden arrows at thy shoulder slung
availed thee not! Yet will our Queen divine
not leave unhonored this thy dying day,
nor shall thy people let thy death remain
a thing forgot, nor thy bright name appear
a glory unavenged. Whoe'er he be
that marred thy body with the mortal wound
shall die as he deserves." Beneath that hill
an earth-built mound uprose, the tomb
of King Dercennus, a Laurentine old,
by sombre ilex shaded: thither hied
the fair nymph at full speed, and from the mound
looked round for Arruns. When his shape she saw
in glittering armor vainly insolent,
"Whither so fast?" she cried. "This way, thy path!
This fatal way approach, and here receive
thy reward for Camilla! Thou shalt fall,
vile though thou art, by Dian's shaft divine."
She said; and one swift-coursing arrow took
from golden quiver, like a maid of Thrace,

and stretched it on her bow with hostile aim,
withdrawing far, till both the tips of horn
together bent, and, both hands poising well,
the left outreached to touch the barb of steel,
the right to her soft breast the bowstring drew:
the hissing of the shaft, the sounding air,
Arruns one moment heard, as to his flesh
the iron point clung fast. But his last groan
his comrades heeded not, and let him lie,
scorned and forgotten, on the dusty field,
while Opis soared to bright Olympian air.
Camilla's light-armed troop, its virgin chief
now fallen, were the first to fly; in flight
the panic-stricken Rutule host is seen
and Acer bold; his captains in dismay
with shattered legions from the peril fly,
and goad their horses to the city wall.
Not one sustains the Trojan charge, or stands
in arms against the swift approach of death.
Their bows unstrung from drooping shoulder fall,
and clatter of hoof-beats shakes the crumbling ground.
On to the city in a blinding cloud
the dust uprolls. From watch-towers looking forth,
the women smite their breasts and raise to heaven
shrill shouts of fear. Those fliers who first passed
the open gates were followed by the foe,
routed and overwhelmed. They could not fly
a miserable death, but were struck down
in their own ancient city, or expired
before the peaceful shrines of hearth and home.
Then some one barred the gates. They dared not now
give their own people entrance, and were deaf
to all entreaty. Woeful deaths ensued,
both of the armed defenders of the gate,
and of the foe in arms. The desperate band,
barred from the city in the face and eyes
of their own weeping parents, either dropped

with headlong and inevitable plunge
into the moat below; or, frantic, blind,
battered with beams against the stubborn door
and columns strong. Above in conflict wild
even the women (who for faithful love
of home and country schooled them to be brave
Camilla's way) rained weapons from the walls,
and used oak-staves and truncheons shaped in flame,
as if, well-armed in steel, each bosom bold
would fain in such defence be first to die.
Meanwhile th' unpitying messenger had flown
to Turnus in the wood; the warrior heard
from Acca of the wide confusion spread,
the Volscian troop destroyed, Camilla slain,
the furious foe increasing, and, with Mars
to help him, grasping all, till in that hour
far as the city-gates the panic reigned.
Then he in desperate rage (Jove's cruel power
decreed it) from the ambushed hills withdrew
and pathless wild. He scarce had passed beyond
to the bare plain, when forth Aeneas marched
along the wide ravine, climbed up the ridge,
and from the dark, deceiving grove stood clear.
Then swiftly each with following ranks of war
moved to the city-wall, nor wide the space
that measured 'twixt the twain. Aeneas saw
the plain with dust o'erclouded, and the lines
of the Laurentian host extending far;
Turnus, as clearly, saw the war array
of dread Aeneas, and his ear perceived
loud tramp of mail-clad men and snorting steeds.
Soon had they sped to dreadful shock of arms,
hazard of war to try; but Phoebus now,
glowing rose-red, had dipped his wearied wheel
deep in Iberian seas, and brought back night
above the fading day. So near the town
both pitch their camps and make their ramparts strong.

BOOK XII

When Turnus marks how much the Latins quail
in adverse war, how on himself they call
to keep his pledge, and with indignant eyes
gaze all his way, fierce rage implacable
swells his high heart. As when on Libyan plain
a lion, gashed along his tawny breast
by the huntsman's grievous thrust, awakens him
unto his last grim fight, and gloriously
shaking the great thews of his maned neck,
shrinks not, but crushes the despoiler's spear
with blood-sprent, roaring mouth, — not less than so
burns the wild soul of Turnus and his ire.
Thus to the King he spoke with stormful brow:
“The war lags not for Turnus' sake. No cause
constrains the Teucrian cowards and their King
to eat their words and what they pledged refuse.
On his own terms I come. Bring forward, sire,
the sacrifice, and seal the pact I swear:
either to deepest hell this hand shall fling
yon Trojan runaway — the Latins all
may sit at ease and see! — and my sole sword
efface the general shame; or let him claim
the conquest, and Lavinia be his bride.”
To him Latinus with unruffled mind
thus made reply: “O youth surpassing brave!
The more thy sanguinary valor burns
beyond its wont, the more with toilsome care
I ponder with just fear what chance may fall,
weighing it well. Thy father Daunus' throne,
and many a city by thy sword subdued,
are still thy own. Latinus also boasts
much golden treasure and a liberal hand.
Other unwedded maids of noble stem
in Latium and Laurentine land are found.

Permit me, then, to tell thee without guile
things hard to utter; let them deeply fill
thy listening soul. My sacred duty 'twas
to plight my daughter's hand to nonesoe'er
of all her earlier wooers — so declared
the gods and oracles; but overcome
by love of thee, by thy dear, kindred blood,
and by the sad eyes of my mournful Queen,
I shattered every bond; I snatched away
the plighted maiden from her destined lord,
and took up impious arms. What evil case
upon that deed ensued, what hapless wars,
thou knowest, since thyself dost chiefly bear
the cruel burden. In wide-ranging fight
twice-conquered, our own city scarce upholds
the hope of Italy. Yon Tiber's wave
still runs warm with my people's blood; the plains
far round us glisten with their bleaching bones.
Why tell it o'er and o'er? What maddening dream
perverts my mind? If after Turnus slain
I must for friendship of the Trojan sue,
were it not better to suspend the fray
while Turnus lives? For what will be the word
of thy Rutulian kindred — yea, of all
Italia, if to death I give thee o'er —
(Which Heaven avert!) because thou fain wouldst win
my daughter and be sworn my friend and son?
Bethink thee what a dubious work is war;
have pity on thy father's reverend years,
who even now thy absence daily mourns
in Ardea, his native land and thine.”
But to this pleading Turnus' frenzied soul
yields not at all, but rather blazes forth
more wildly, and his fever fiercer burns
beneath the healer's hand. In answer he,
soon as his passion gathered voice, began:
“This keen solicitude for love of me,

I pray, good sire, for love of me put by!
And let me traffic in the just exchange
of death for glory. This right hand, O King,
can scatter shafts not few, nor do I wield
untempered steel. Whene'er I make a wound
blood follows. For my foeman when we meet
will find no goddess-mother near, with hand
to hide him in her woman's skirt of cloud,
herself in dim, deluding shade concealed."
But now the Queen, whose whole heart shrank in fear
from these new terms of duel, wept aloud,
and like one dying clasped her fiery son:
"O Turnus, by these tears-if in thy heart
thou honorest Amata still — O thou
who art of our distressful, dark old age
the only hope and peace, the kingly name
and glory of Latinus rests in thee;
thou art the mighty prop whereon is stayed
our falling house. One favor I implore:
give o'er this fight with Trojans. In such strife
thy destined doom is destined to be mine
by the same fatal stroke. For in that hour
this hated life shall cease, nor will I look
with slave's eyes on Aeneas as my son."
Lavinia heard her mother's voice, and tears
o'erflowed her scarlet cheek, where blushes spread
like flame along her warm, young face and brow:
as when the Indian ivory must wear
ensanguined crimson stain, or lilies pale
mingled with roses seem to blush, such hues
her virgin features bore; and love's desire
disturbed his breast, as, gazing on the maid,
his martial passion fiercer flamed; whereon
in brief speech he addressed the Queen: "No tears!
No evil omen, mother, I implore!
Make me no sad farewells, as I depart
to the grim war-god's game! Can Turnus' hand

delay death's necessary coming? Go,
Idmon, my herald, to the Phrygian King,
and tell him this — a word not framed to please:
soon as Aurora from her crimson car
flushes to-morrow's sky, let him no more
against the Rutule lead the Teucrian line;
let Teucrian swords and Rutule take repose,
while with our own spilt blood we twain will make
an end of war; on yonder mortal field
let each man woo Lavinia for his bride.”
So saying, he hied him to his lordly halls,
summoned his steeds, and with pleased eye surveyed
their action proud: them Orithyia, bride
of Boreas, to Sire Pylumus gave,
which in their whiteness did surpass the snow
in speed the wind. The nimble charioteers
stood by and smote with hollowed hand and palm
the sounding chests, or combed the necks and manes.
But he upon his kingly shoulders clasped
his corselet, thick o'erlaid with blazoned gold
and silvery orichalc; he fitted him
with falchion, shield, and helm of purple plume,
that falchion which the Lord of Fire had made
for Daunus, tempering in the Stygian wave
when white it glowed; next grasped he the good spear
which leaned its weight against a column tall
in the mid-court, Auruncan Actor's spoil,
and waved it wide in air with mighty cry:
“O spear, that ne'er did fail me when I called,
the hour is come! Once mighty Actor's hand,
but now the hand of Turnus is thy lord.
Grant me to strike that carcase to the ground,
and with strong hand the corselet rip and rend
from off that Phrygian eunuch: let the dust
befoul those tresses, tricked to curl so fine
with singeing steel and sleeked with odorous oil.”
Such frenzy goads him: his impassioned brow

is all on flame, the wild eyes flash with fire.
Thus, bellowing loud before the fearful fray,
some huge bull proves the fury of his horns,
pushing against a tree-trunk; his swift thrusts
would tear the winds in pieces; while his hoofs
toss up the turf and sand, rehearsing war.
That self-same day with aspect terrible
Aeneas girt him in the wondrous arms
his mother gave; made sharp his martial steel,
and roused his heart to ire; though glad was he
to seal such truce and end the general war.
Then he spoke comfort to his friends; and soothed
Iulus' fear, unfolding Heaven's intent;
but on Latinus bade his heralds lay
unyielding terms and laws of peace impose.
Soon as the breaking dawn its glory threw
along the hills, and from the sea's profound
leaped forth the horses of the sun-god's car,
from lifted nostrils breathing light and fire,
then Teucrian and Rutulian measured out
a place for duel, underneath the walls
of the proud city. In the midst were set
altars of turf and hearth-stones burning bright
in honor of their common gods. Some brought
pure waters and the hallowed flame, their thighs
in priestly skirt arrayed, and reverend brows
with vervain bound. Th' Ausonians, spear in hand,
out from the city's crowded portals moved
in ordered column: next the Trojans all,
with Tuscan host in various martial guise,
equipped with arms of steel, as if they heard
stern summons to the fight. Their captains, too,
emerging from the multitude, in pride
of gold and purple, hurried to and fro:
Mnestheus of royal stem, Asilas brave;
and Neptune's offspring, tamer of the steed,
Messapus. Either host, at signal given,

to its own ground retiring, fixed in earth
the long shafts of the spears and stacked the shields.
Then eagerly to tower and rampart fly
the women, the infirm old men, the throng
of the unarmed, and sit them there at gaze,
or on the columned gates expectant stand.
But Juno, peering from that summit proud
which is to-day the Alban (though that time
nor name nor fame the hallowed mountain knew),
surveyed the plain below and fair array
of Trojan and Laurentine, by the walls
of King Latinus. Whereupon straightway
with Turnus' sister she began converse,
goddess with goddess; for that nymph divine
o'er Alba's calm lakes and loud rivers reigns;
Jove, the high monarch of th' ethereal sky,
gave her such glory when he stole away
her virgin zone. "O nymph", she said, "who art
the pride of flowing streams, and much beloved
of our own heart! thou knowest thou alone
hast been my favorite of those Latin maids
that to proud Jove's unthankful bed have climbed;
and willingly I found thee place and share
in our Olympian realm. So blame not me,
but hear, Juturna, what sore grief is thine:
while chance and destiny conceded aught
of strength to Latium's cause, I shielded well
both Turnus and thy city's wall; but now
I see our youthful champion make his war
with fates adverse. The Parcae's day of doom
implacably impends. My eyes refuse
to look upon such fight, such fatal league.
If for thy brother's life thou couldst be bold
to venture some swift blow, go, strike it now!
'T is fit and fair! Some issue fortunate
may tread on sorrow's heel." She scarce had said,
when rained the quick tears from Juturna's eyes.

Three times and yet again her desperate hand
smote on her comely breast. But Juno cried,
“No tears to-day! But haste thee, haste and find
what way, if way there be, from clutch of death
to tear thy brother free; arouse the war;
their plighted peace destroy. I grant thee leave
such boldness to essay.” With this command
she left the nymph dismayed and grieving sore.
Meanwhile the kings ride forth: Latinus first,
looming tall-statured from his four-horse car;
twelve rays of gold encircle his bright brow,
sign of the sun-god, his progenitor;
next Turnus, driving snow-white steeds, is seen, —
two bread-tipped javelins in his hand he bears;
Aeneas, of Rome’s blood the source and sire,
with star-bright shield and panoply divine,
far-shining comes; Ascanius by his side —
of Roman greatness the next hope is he.
To camp they rode, where, garbed in blameless white,
with youngling swine and two-year sheep unshorn,
the priest before the flaming altars drove
his flock and offering: to the rising sun
all eyes are lifted, as with careful hand
the salted meal is scattered, while with knives
they mark each victim’s brow, outpouring wine
from shallow bowls, the sacrifice to bless.
Then good Aeneas, his sword drawn, put forth
this votive prayer: “O Sun in heaven; and thou,
Italia, for whom such toils I bear,
be witness of my orison. On thee,
Father omnipotent, I call; on thee,
his Queen Saturnia, — now may she be
more gracious to my prayer! O glorious Mars,
beneath whose godhead and paternity
all wars begin and end, on thee I call;
hail, all ye river-gods and haunted springs;
hail, whatsoever gods have seat of awe

in yonder distant sky, and ye whose power
is in the keeping of the deep, blue sea:
if victory to Ausonian Turnus fall,
then let my vanquished people take its way
unto Evander's city! From these plains
Iulus shall retire — so stands the bond;
nor shall the Trojans with rebellious sword
bring after-trouble on this land and King.
But if on arms of ours success shall shine,
as I doubt not it shall (may gods on high
their will confirm!), I purpose not to chain
Italian captive unto Teucrian lord,
nor seek I kingly power. Let equal laws
unite in federation without end
the two unconquered nations; both shall share
my worshipped gods. Latinus, as my sire,
shall keep his sword, and as my sire receive
inviolable power. The Teucrians
shall build my stronghold, but our citadel
shall bear forevermore Lavinia's name.”
Aeneas thus: then with uplifted eyes
Latinus swore, his right hand raised to heaven:
“I too, Aeneas, take the sacred vow.
By earth and sea and stars in heaven I swear,
by fair Latona's radiant children twain,
and two-browed Janus; by the shadowy powers
of Hades and th' inexorable shrines
of the Infernal King; and may Jove hear,
who by his lightnings hallows what is sworn!
I touch these altars, and my lips invoke
the sacred altar-fires that 'twixt us burn:
we men of Italy will make this peace
inviolable, and its bond forever keep,
let come what will; there is no power can change
my purpose, not if ocean's waves o'erwhelm
the world in billowy deluge and obscure
the bounds of heaven and hell. We shall remain

immutable as my smooth sceptre is”
(By chance a sceptre in his hand he bore),
“which wears no more light leaf or branching shade;
for long since in the grove ‘t was plucked away
from parent stem, and yielded to sharp steel
its leaves and limbs; erewhile ‘t was but a tree,
till the wise craftsman with fair sheath of bronze
encircled it and laid it in the hands
of Latium’s royal sires.” With words like these
they swore the bond, in the beholding eyes
of gathered princes. Then they slit the throats
of hallowed victims o’er the altar’s blaze,
drew forth the quivering vitals, and with flesh
on loaded chargers heaped the sacrifice.
But to Rutulian eyes th’ approaching joust
seemed all ill-matched; and shifting hopes and fears
disturbed their hearts the closer they surveyed
th’ unequal risks: still worse it was to see
how Turnus, silent and with downcast eyes,
dejectedly drew near the place of prayer,
worn, pale, and wasted in his youthful bloom.
The nymph Juturna, with a sister’s fear,
noted the growing murmur, and perceived
how all the people’s will did shift and change;
she went from rank to rank, feigning the shape
of Camers, scion of illustrious line,
with heritage of valor, and himself
dauntless in war; unceasingly she ran
from rank to rank, spreading with skilful tongue
opinions manifold, and thus she spoke:
“Will ye not blush, Rutulians, so to stake
one life for many heroes? Are we not
their match in might and numbers? O, behold
those Trojan sons of Heaven making league
with exiled Arcady; see Tuscan hordes
storming at Turnus. Yet we scarce could find
one foe apiece, forsooth, if we should dare

fight them with half our warriors. Of a truth
your champion brave shall to those gods ascend
before whose altars his great heart he vows;
and lips of men while yet on earth he stays
will spread his glory far. Ourselves, instead,
must crouch to haughty masters, and resign
this fatherland upon whose fruitful fields
we dwell at ease.” So speaking, she inflamed
the warriors’ minds, and through the legions ran
increasing whisper; the Laurentine host
and even Latium wavered. Those who late
prayed but for rest and safety, clamored loud
for arms, desired annulment of the league,
and pitied Turnus’ miserable doom.
Whereon Juturna tried a mightier stroke,
a sign from heaven, which more than all beside
confused the Latins and deceived their hearts
with prodigy. For through the flaming skies
Jove’s golden eagle swooped, and scattered far
a clamorous tribe of river-haunting birds;
then, swiftly to the waters falling, seized
one noble swan, which with keen, curving claws
he ruthless bore away: th’ Italians all
watched eagerly, while the loud-screaming flock
wheeled upward (wondrous sight!), with host of wings
shadowed the sky, and in a legion-cloud
chased through the air the foe; till, overborne
by heavier odds, the eagle from his claws
flung back his victim to the waves, and fled
to the dim, distant heaven. The Rutules then
hailed the good omen with consenting cry,
and grasped the sword and shield. Tolumnius
the augur spake first: “Lo, the sign I sought
with many a prayer! I welcome and obey
the powers divine. Take me for captain, me!
And draw your swords, ye wretches, whom th’ assault
of yonder foreign scoundrel puts in fear

like feeble birds, and with his violence
lays waste your shore. He too shall fly away,
spreading his ships' wings on the distant seas.
Close up your ranks — one soul in all our breasts!
Defend in open war your stolen King.”
So saying, he hurled upon th' opposing foe
his javelin, running forward. The strong shaft
of corner whistled shrill, and clove the air
unerring. Instantly vast clamor rose,
and all th' onlookers at the spectacle
leaped up amazed, and every heart beat high.
The spear sped flying to the foeman's line,
where stood nine goodly brethren, pledges all
of one true Tuscan mother to her lord,
Gylippus of Arcadia; it struck full
on one of these at his gold-belted waist,
and where the clasp clung, pierced the rib clean through.
And stretched the fair youth in his glittering arms
full length and lifeless on the yellow sand.
His brothers then, bold band to wrath aroused
by sorrow, seize the sword or snatch the spear
and blindly charge. Opposing them, the host
Laurentine makes advance, and close-arrayed
the Trojans like a torrent pour, enforced
by Tuscans and the gay-accoutred clans
of Arcady. One passion moved in all
to try the judgment of the sword. They tore
the altars down: a very storm of spears
rose angrily to heaven, in iron rain
down-pouring: while the priests bore far away
the sacrificial bowls and sacred fires.
Even Latinus fled; his stricken gods
far from his violated oath he bore.
Some leaped to horse or chariot and rode
with naked swords in air. Messapus, wild
to break the truce, assailed the Tuscan King,
Aulestes, dressed in kingly blazon fair,

with fearful shock of steeds; the Tuscan dropped
helplessly backward, striking as he fell
his head and shoulders on the altar-stone
that lay behind him. But Messapus flew,
infuriate, a javelin in his hand,
and, towering o'er the suppliant, smote him strong
with the great beam-like spear, and loudly cried:
"Down with him! Ah! no common victim he
to give the mighty gods!" Italia's men
despoiled the dead man ere his limbs were cold.
Then Corynaeus snatched a burning brand
out of the altar, and as Ebysus
came toward him for to strike, he hurled the flame
full in his face: the big beard quickly blazed
with smell of singeing; while the warrior bold
strode over him, and seized with firm left hand
his quailing foe's long hair; then with one knee
he pushed and strained, compelled him to the ground —
and struck straight at his heart with naked steel.
The shepherd Alsus in the foremost line
came leaping through the spears; when o'er him towered
huge Podalirius with a flashing sword
in close pursuit; the mighty battle-axe
clove him with swinging stroke from brow to chin,
and spilt along his mail the streaming gore:
so stern repose and iron slumber fell
upon that shepherd's eyes, and sealed their gaze
in endless night. But good Aeneas now
stretched forth his unarmed hand, and all unhelmed
thus loudly to his people called: "What means
this frantic stir, this quarrel rashly bold?
Recall your martial rage! The pledge is given
and all its terms agreed. 'T is only I
do lawful battle here. So let me forth,
and tremble not. My own hand shall confirm
the solemn treaty. For these rites consign
Turnus to none but me." Yet while he spoke,

behold, a winged arrow, hissing loud,
the hero pierced; but what bold hand impelled
its whirling speed, none knew; nor if it were
chance or some power divine that brought this fame
upon Rutulia; for the glorious deed
was covered o'er with silence: none would boast
an arrow guilty of Aeneas' wound.

When Turnus saw Aeneas from the line
retreating, and the captains in dismay,
with sudden hope he burned: he called for steeds,
for arms, and, leaping to his chariot,
rode insolently forth, the reins in hand.

Many strong heroes he dispatched to die,
as on he flew, and many stretched half-dead,
or from his chariot striking, or from far
raining his javelins on the recreant foe.

As Mars, forth-speeding by the wintry stream
of Hebrus, smites his sanguinary shield
and whips the swift steeds to the front of war,
who, flying past the winds of eve and morn,
scour the wide champaign; the bounds of Thrace
beneath their hoof-beats thunder; the dark shapes
of Terror, Wrath, and Treachery move on
in escort of the god: in such grim guise
bold Turnus lashed into the fiercest fray
his streaming steeds, that pitiful to see
trod down the slaughtered foe; each flying hoof
scattered a bloody dew; their path was laid
in mingled blood and sand. To death he flung
Pholus and Sthenelus and Thamyris:

two smitten in close fight and one from far:
also from far he smote with fatal spear
Glaucus and Lades, the Imbrasidae,
whom Imbrasmus himself in Lycia bred,
and honored them with arms of equal skill
when grappling with a foe, or o'er the field
speeding a war-horse faster than the wind.

Elsewhere Eumedes through a throng of foes
to battle rode, the high-born Dolon's child,
famous in war, who bore his grandsire's name,
but seemed in might and courage like his sire:
that prince, who reconnoitring crept so near
the Argive camp, he dared to claim for spoil
the chariot of Achilles; but that day
great Diomed for such audacious deed
paid wages otherwise, — and he no more
dreamed to possess the steeds of Peleus' son.
When Turnus recognized in open field
this warrior, though far, he aimed and flung
his javelin through the spacious air; then stayed
his coursers twain, and, leaping from his car,
found the wretch helpless fallen; so planted he
his foot upon his neck, and from his hand
wrested the sword and thrust it glittering
deep in the throat, thus taunting as he slew:
“There's land for thee, thou Trojan! Measure there
th' Hesperian provinces thy sword would find.
Such reward will I give to all who dare
draw steel on me; such cities they shall build.”
To bear him company his spear laid low
Asbutes, Sybaris, Thersilochus,
Chloreus and Dares, and Thymoetes thrown
sheer off the shoulders of his balking steed.
As when from Thrace the north wind thunders down
the vast Aegean, flinging the swift flood
against the shore, and where his blasts assail
the cloudy cohorts vanish out of heaven:
so before Turnus, where his path he clove,
the lines fell back, the wheeling legions fled.
The warrior's own wild impulse swept him on,
and every wind that o'er his chariot blew
shook out his plume in air. But such advance
so bold, so furious, Phegeus could not brook,
but, fronting the swift chariot's path, he seized

the foam-flecked bridles of its coursers wild,
while from the yoke his body trailed and swung;
the broad lance found his naked side, and tore
his double corselet, pricking lightly through
the outer flesh; but he with lifted shield
still fought his foe and thrust with falchion bare;
but the fierce pace of whirling wheel and pole
flung him down prone, and stretched him on the plain.
Then Turnus, aiming with relentless sword
between the corselet's edge and helmet's rim
struck off his whole head, leaving on the sands
the mutilated corpse. While thus afield
victorious Turnus dealt out death and doom,
Mnestheus, Achates true, and by their side
Ascanius, have carried to the camp
Aeneas, gashed and bleeding, whose long lance
sustained his limping step. With fruitless rage
he struggled with the spear-head's splintered barb,
and bade them help him by the swiftest way
to carve the wound out with a sword, to rip
the clinging weapon forth, and send him back
to meet the battle. Quickly to his side
came Iapyx, dear favorite and friend
of Phoebus, upon whom the god bestowed
his own wise craft and power, love-impelled.
The gifts of augury were given, and song,
with arrows of swift wing: he when his sire
was carried forth to die, deferred the doom
for many a day, by herbs of virtue known
to leechcraft; and without reward or praise
his silent art he plied. Aeneas stood,
bitterly grieving, propped upon his spear;
a throng of warriors were near him, and
Iulus, sorrowing. The aged man
gathered his garments up as leeches do,
and with skilled hand and Phoebus' herbs of power
bustled in vain; in vain his surgery

pried at the shaft, and with a forceps strong
seized on the buried barb. But Fortune gave
no remedy, nor did Apollo aid
his votary. So more and more grim fear
stalks o'er the field of war, and nearer hies
the fatal hour; the very heavens are dust;
the horsemen charge, and in the midmost camp
a rain of javelins pours. The dismal cry
of men in fierce fight, and of men who fall
beneath relentless Mars, rends all the air.
Then Venus, by her offspring's guiltless woe
sore moved, did cull from Cretan Ida's crest
some dittany, with downy leaf and stem
and flowers of purple bloom — a simple known
to mountain goats, when to their haunches clings
an arrow gone astray. This Venus brought,
mantling her shape in cloud; and this she steeped
in bowls of glass, infusing secretly
ambrosia's healing essence and sweet drops
of fragrant panacea. Such a balm
aged Iapyx poured upon the wound,
though unaware; and sudden from the flesh
all pain departed and the blood was staunched,
while from the gash the arrow uncompelled
followed the hand and dropped: his wonted strength
flowed freshly through the hero's frame. "Make haste!
Bring forth his arms! Why tarry any more?"
Iapyx shouted, being first to fire
their courage 'gainst the foe. "This thing is done
not of man's knowledge, nor by sovereign skill;
nor has my hand, Aeneas, set thee free.
Some mighty god thy vigor gives again
for mighty deeds." Aeneas now put on,
all fever for the fight, his golden greaves,
and, brooking not delay, waved wide his spear.
Soon as the corselet and the shield were bound
on back and side, he clasped Ascanius

to his mailed breast, and through his helmet grim
tenderly kissed his son. "My boy", he cried,
"What valor is and patient, genuine toil
learn thou of me; let others guide thy feet
to prosperous fortune. Let this hand and sword
defend thee through the war and lead thee on
to high rewards. Thou also play the man!
And when thy riper vigor soon shall bloom,
forget not in thy heart to ponder well
the story of our line. Heed honor's call,
like Sire Aeneas and Hector thy close kin."
After such farewell word, he from the gates
in mighty stature strode, and swung on high
his giant spear. With him in serried line
Antheus and Mnestheus moved, and all the host
from the forsaken fortress poured. The plain
was darkened with their dust; the startled earth
shook where their footing fell. From distant hill
Turnus beheld them coming, and the eyes
of all Ausonia saw: a chill of fear
shot through each soldier's marrow; in their van
Juturna knew full well the dreadful sound,
and fled before it, shuddering. But he
hurried his murky cohorts o'er the plain.
As when a tempest from the riven sky
drives landward o'er mid-ocean, and from far
the hearts of husbandmen, foreboding woe,
quake ruefully, — for this will come and rend
their trees asunder, kill the harvests all,
and sow destruction broadcast; in its path
fly roaring winds, swift heralds of the storm:
such dire approach the Trojan chieftain showed
before his gathered foes. In close array
they wedge their ranks about him. With a sword
Thymbraeus cuts huge-limbed Osiris down;
Mnestheus, Arcetius; from Epulo
Achates shears the head; from Ufens, Gyas;

Tolumnius the augur falls, the same
who flung the first spear to the foeman's line.
Uprose to heaven the cries. In panic now
the Rutules in retreating clouds of dust
scattered across the plain. Aeneas scorned
either the recreant or resisting foe
to slaughter, or the men who shoot from far:
for through the war-cloud he but seeks the arms
of Turnus, and to single combat calls.
The warrior-maid Juturna, seeing this,
distraught with terror, strikes down from his place
Metiscus, Turnus' charioteer, who dropped
forward among the reins and off the pole.
Him leaving on the field, her own hand grasped
the loosely waving reins, while she took on
Metiscus' shape, his voice, and blazoned arms.
As when through some rich master's spacious halls
speeds the black swallow on her lightsome wing,
exploring the high roof, or harvesting
some scanty morsel for her twittering brood,
round empty corridors or garden-pools
noisily flitting: so Juturna roams
among the hostile ranks, and wings her way
behind the swift steeds of the whirling car.
At divers points she lets the people see
her brother's glory, but not yet allows
the final tug of war; her pathless flight
keeps far away. Aeneas too must take
a course circuitous, and follows close
his foeman's track; loud o'er the scattered lines
he shouts his challenge. But whene'er his eyes
discern the foe, and fain he would confront
the flying-footed steeds, Juturna veers
the chariot round and flies. What can he do?
Aeneas' wrath storms vainly to and fro,
and wavering purposes his heart divide.
Against him lightly leaped Messapus forth,

bearing two pliant javelins tipped with steel;
and, whirling one in air, he aimed it well,
with stroke unfailing. Great Aeneas paused
in cover of his shield and crouched low down
upon his haunches. But the driven spear
battered his helmet's peak and plucked away
the margin of his plume. Then burst his rage:
his cunning foes had forced him; so at last,
while steeds and chariot in the distance fly,
he plunged him in the fray, and called on Jove
the altars of that broken oath to see.

Now by the war-god's favor he began
grim, never-pitying slaughter, and flung free
the bridle of his rage.

What voice divine

such horror can make known? What song declare
the bloodshed manifold, the princes slain,
or flying o'er the field from Turnus' blade,
or from the Trojan King? Did Jove ordain
so vast a shock of arms should interpose
'twixt nations destined to perpetual bond?

Aeneas met the Rutule Sucro — thus
staying the Trojan charge — and with swift blow
struck at him sidewise, where the way of death
is quickest, cleaving ribs and rounded side
with reeking sword. Turnus met Amycus,
unhorsed him, though himself afoot, and slew
Diores, his fair brother (one was pierced
fronting the spear, the other felled to earth
by strike of sword), and both their severed heads
he hung all dripping to his chariot's rim.
But Talon, Tanais, and Cethegus brave,
three in one onset, unto death went down
at great Aeneas' hand; and he dispatched
ill-starred Onites of Echion's line,
fair Peridia's child. Then Turnus slew
two Lycian brothers unto Phoebus dear,

and young Menoetes, an Arcadian,
who hated war (though vainly) when he plied
his native fisher-craft in Lerna's streams,
where from his mean abode he ne'er went forth
to wait at great men's doors, but with his sire
reaped the scant harvest of a rented glebe.
as from two sides two conflagrations sweep
dry woodlands or full copse of crackling bay,
or as, swift-leaping from the mountain-vales,
two flooded, foaming rivers seaward roar,
each on its path of death, not less uproused,
speed Turnus and Aeneas o'er the field;
now storms their martial rage; now fiercely swells
either indomitable heart; and now
each hero's full strength to the slaughter moves.
Behold Murranus, boasting his high birth
from far-descended sires of storied name,
the line of Latium's kings! Aeneas now
with mountain-boulder lays him low in dust,
smitten with whirlwind of the monster stone;
and o'er him fallen under yoke and rein
roll his own chariot wheels, while with swift tread
the mad hoofs of his horses stamp him down,
not knowing him their lord. But Turnus found
proud Hyllus fronting him with frantic rage,
and at his golden helmet launched the shaft
that pierced it; in his cloven brain it clung.
Nor could thy sword, O Cretheus, save thee then
from Turnus, though of bravest Greeks the peer;
nor did Cupencus' gods their priest defend
against Aeneas, but his breast he gave
unto the hostile blade; his brazen shield
delayed no whit his miserable doom.
Thee also, Aeolus, Laurentum saw
spread thy huge body dying on the ground;
yea, dying, thou whom Greeks in serried arms
subdued not, nor Achilles' hand that hurled

the throne of Priam down: here didst thou touch
thy goal of death; one stately house was thine
on Ida's mountain, at Lyrnessus, one;
Laurentum's hallowed earth was but thy grave.
Now the whole host contends; all Latium meets
all Ilium; Mnestheus and Serestus bold;
Messapus, the steed-breaker, and high-soured
Asilas; Tuscans in a phalanx proud;
Arcadian riders of Evander's train:
each warrior lifts him to his height supreme
of might and skill; no sloth nor lingering now,
but in one far-spread conflict all contend.
His goddess-mother in Aeneas' mind
now stirred the purpose to make sudden way
against the city-wall, in swift advance
of all his line, confounding Latium so
with slaughter and surprise. His roving glance,
seeking for Turnus through the scattered lines
this way and that, beholds in distant view
the city yet unscathed and calmly free
from the wide-raging fight. Then on his soul
rushed the swift vision of a mightier war.
Mnestheus, Sergestus, and Serestus brave,
his chosen chiefs, he summons to his side,
and stands upon a hillock, whither throng
the Teucrian legions, each man holding fast
his shield and spear. He, towering high,
thus from the rampart to his people calls:
"Perform my bidding swiftly: Jove's own hand
sustains our power. Be ye not slack, because
the thing I do is sudden. For this day
I will pluck out th' offending root of war, —
yon city where Latinus reigns. Unless
it bear our yoke and heed a conqueror's will,
will lay low in dust its blazing towers.
Must I wait Turnus' pleasure, till he deign
to meet my stroke, and have a mind once more,

though vanquished, to show fight? My countrymen,
see yonder stronghold of their impious war!
Bring flames; avenge the broken oath with fire!”
Scarce had he said, when with consenting souls,
they speed them to the walls in dense array,
forming a wedge. Ladders now leap in air,
and sudden-blazing fires. In various war
some troops run charging at the city-gates,
and slay the guards; some fling the whirling spear
and darken heaven with arrows. In their van,
his right hand lifted to the wails and towers,
Aeneas, calling on the gods to hear,
loudly upbraids Latinus that once more
conflict is thrust upon him; that once more
Italians are his foes and violate
their second pledge of peace. So blazes forth
dissension ‘twixt the frightened citizens:
some would give o’er the city and fling wide
its portals to the Trojan, or drag forth
the King himself to parley; others fly
to arms, and at the rampart make a stand.
‘T is thus some shepherd from a caverned crag
stirs up the nested bees with plenteous fume
of bitter smoke; they, posting to and fro,
fly desperate round the waxen citadel,
and whet their buzzing fury; through their halls
the stench and blackness rolls; within the caves
noise and confusion ring; the fatal cloud
pours forth incessant on the vacant air.
But now a new adversity befell
the weary Latins, which with common woe
shook the whole city to its heart. The Queen,
when at her hearth she saw the close assault
of enemies, the walls beset, and fire
spreading from roof to roof, but no defence
from the Rutulian arms, nor front of war
with Turnus leading, — she, poor soul, believed

her youthful champion in the conflict slain;
and, mad with sudden sorrow, shrieked aloud
against herself, the guilty chief and cause
of all this ill; and, babbling her wild woe
in endless words, she rent her purple pall,
and with her own hand from the rafter swung
a noose for her foul death. The tidings dire
among the moaning wives of Latium spread,
and young Lavinia's frantic fingers tore
her rose-red cheek and hyacinthine hair.
Then all her company of women shrieked
in anguish, and the wailing echoed far
along the royal seat; from whence the tale
of sorrow through the peopled city flew;
hearts sank; Latinus rent his robes, appalled
to see his consort's doom, his falling throne;
and heaped foul dust upon his hoary hair.
Meanwhile the warrior Turnus far afield
pursued a scattered few; but less his speed,
for less and less his worn steeds worked his will;
and now wind-wafted to his straining ear
a nameless horror came, a dull, wild roar,
the city's tumult and distressful cry.
"Alack," he cried, "what stirs in yonder walls
such anguish? Or why rings from side to side
such wailing through the city?" Asking so,
he tightened frantic grasp upon the rein.
To him his sister, counterfeiting still
the charioteer Metiscus, while she swayed
rein, steeds, and chariot, this answer made:
"Hither, my Turnus, let our arms pursue
the sons of Troy. Here lies the nearest way
to speedy triumph. There be other swords
to keep yon city safe. Aeneas now
storms against Italy in active war;
we also on this Trojan host may hurl
grim havoc. Nor shalt thou the strife give o'er

in glory second, nor in tale of slain.”

Turnus replied, “O sister, long ago

I knew thee what thou wert, when guilefully

thou didst confound their treaty, and enlist

thy whole heart in this war. No longer now

thy craft divine deceives me. But what god

compelled thee, from Olympus fallen so far,

to bear these cruel burdens? Wouldst thou see

thy wretched brother slaughtered? For what else

is in my power? What flattering hazard still

holds forth deliverance? My own eyes have seen

Murranus (more than any now on earth

my chosen friend) who, calling on my name,

died like a hero by a hero’s sword.

Ill-fated Ufens fell, enduring not

to look upon my shame; the Teucrians

divide his arms for spoil and keep his bones.

Shall I stand tamely, till my hearth and home

are levelled with the ground? For this would be

the only blow not fallen. Shall my sword

not give the lie to Drances’ insolence?

Shall I take flight and let my country see

her Turnus renegade? Is death a thing

so much to weep for? O propitious dead,

O spirits of the dark, receive and bless

me whom yon gods of light have cast away!

Sacred and guiltless shall my soul descend

to join your company; I have not been

unworthy offspring of my kingly sires.”

Scarce had he said, when through the foeman’s line

Saces dashed forth upon a foaming steed,

his face gashed by an arrow. He cried loud

on Turnus’ name: “O Turnus, but in thee

our last hope lies. Have pity on the woe

of all thy friends and kin! Aeneas hurls

his thunderbolt of war, and menaces

to crush the strongholds of all Italy,

and lay them low; already where we dwell
his firebrands are raining. Unto thee
the Latins look, and for thy valor call.
The King sits dumb and helpless, even he,
in doubt which son-in-law, which cause to choose.
Yea, and the Queen, thy truest friend, is fallen
by her own hand; gone mad with grief and fear,
she fled the light of day. At yonder gates
Messapus only and Atinas bear
the brunt of battle; round us closely draw
the serried ranks; their naked blades of steel
are thick as ripening corn; wilt thou the while
speed in thy chariot o'er this empty plain?"
Dazed and bewildered by such host of ills,
Turnus stood dumb; in his pent bosom stirred
shame, frenzy, sorrow, a despairing love
goaded to fury, and a warrior's pride
of valor proven.
But when first the light
of reason to his blinded soul returned,
he strained his flaming eyeballs to behold
the distant wall, and from his chariot gazed
in wonder at the lordly citadel.
For, lo, a pointed peak of flame uprolled
from tier to tier, and surging skyward seized
a tower — the very tower his own proud hands
had built of firm-set beams and wheeled in place,
and slung its lofty bridges high in air.
"Fate is too strong, my sister! Seek no more
to stay the stroke. But let me hence pursue
that path where Heaven and cruel Fortune call.
Aeneas I must meet; and I must bear
the bitterness of death, whate'er it be.
O sister, thou shalt look upon my shame
no longer. But first grant a madman's will!"
He spoke; and leaping from his chariot, sped
through foes and foemen's spears, not seeing now

his sister's sorrow, as in swift career
he burst from line to line. Thus headlong falls
a mountain-boulder by a whirlwind flung
from lofty peak, or loosened by much rain,
or by insidious lapse of seasons gone;
the huge, resistless crag goes plunging down
by leaps and bounds, o'erwhelming as it flies
tall forests, Bocks and herds, and mortal men:
so through the scattered legions Turnus ran
straight to the city walls, where all the ground
was drenched with blood, and every passing air
shrieked with the noise of spears. His lifted hand
made sign of silence as he loudly called:
"Refrain, Rutulians! O ye Latins all,
your spears withhold! The issue of the fray
is all my own. I only can repair
our broken truce by judgment of the sword."
Back fell the hostile lines, and cleared the field.
But Sire Aeneas, hearing Turnus' name,
down the steep rampart from the citadel
unlingering tried, all lesser task laid by,
with joy exultant and dread-thundering arms.
Like Athos' crest he loomed, or soaring top
of Eryx, when the nodding oaks resound,
or sovereign Apennine that lifts in air
his forehead of triumphant snow. All eyes
of Troy, Rutulia, and Italy
were fixed his way; and all who kept a guard
on lofty rampart, or in siege below
were battering the foundations, now laid by
their implements and arms. Latinus too
stood awestruck to behold such champions, born
in lands far-sundered, met upon one field
for one decisive stroke of sword with sword.
Swift striding forth where spread the vacant plain,
they hurled their spears from far; then in close fight
the brazen shields rang. Beneath their tread

Earth groaned aloud, as with redoubling blows
their falchions fell; nor could a mortal eye
‘twixt chance and courage the dread work divide.
As o’er Taburnus’ top, or spacious hills
of Sila, in relentless shock of war,
two bulls rush brow to brow, while terror-pale
the herdsmen fly; the herd is hushed with fear;
the heifers dumbly marvel which shall be
true monarch of the grove, whom all the kine
obedient follow; but the rival twain,
commingling mightily wound after wound,
thrust with opposing horns, and bathe their necks
in streams of blood; the forest far and wide
repeats their bellowing rage: not otherwise
Trojan Aeneas and King Daunus’ son
clashed shield on shield, till all the vaulted sky
felt the tremendous sound. The hand of Jove
held scales in equipoise, and threw thereon
th’ unequal fortunes of the heroes twain:
one to vast labors doomed and one to die.
Soon Turnus, reckless of the risk, leaped forth,
upreached his whole height to his lifted sword,
and struck: the Trojans and the Latins pale
cried mightily, and all eyes turned one way
expectant. But the weak, perfidious sword
broke off, and as the blow descended, failed
its furious master, whose sole succor now
was flight; and swifter than the wind he flew.
But, lo! a hilt of form and fashion strange
lay in his helpless hand. For in his haste,
when to the battle-field his team he drove,
his father’s sword forgotten (such the tale),
he snatched Metiscus’ weapon. This endured
to strike at Trojan backs, as he pursued,
but when on Vulcan’s armory divine
its earthly metal smote, the brittle blade
broke off like ice, and o’er the yellow sands

in flashing fragments scattered. Turnus now
takes mad flight o'er the distant plain, and winds
in wavering gyration round and round;
for Troy's close ring confines him, and one way
a wide swamp lies, one way a frowning wall.
But lo! Aeneas — though the arrow's wound
still slackens him and oft his knees refuse
their wonted step — pursues infuriate
his quailing foe, and dogs him stride for stride.
As when a stag-hound drives the baffled roe
to torrent's edge (or where the flaunting snare
of crimson feathers fearfully confines)
and with incessant barking swift pursues;
while through the snared copse or embankment high
the frightened creature by a thousand ways
doubles and turns; but that keen Umbrian hound
with wide jaws, undesisting, grasps his prey,
or, thinking that he grasps it, snaps his teeth
cracking together, and deludes his rage,
devouring empty air: then peal on peal
the cry of hunters bursts; the lake and shore
reecho, and confusion fills the sky: —
such was the flight of Turnus, who reviled
the Rutules as he fled, and loudly sued
of each by name to fetch his own lost sword.
Aeneas vowed destruction and swift death
to all who dared come near, and terrified
their trembling souls with menace that his power
would raze their city to the ground. Straightway,
though wounded, he gave chase, and five times round
in circles ran; then winding left and right
coursed the swift circles o'er. For, lo! the prize
is no light laurel or a youthful game:
for Turnus' doom and death their race is run.
But haply in that place a sacred tree,
a bitter-leaved wild-olive, once had grown,
to Faunus dear, and venerated oft

by mariners safe-rescued from the waves,
who nailed their gifts thereon, or hung in air
their votive garments to Laurentum's god.
But, heeding not, the Teucrians had shorn
the stem away, to clear the field for war.
'T was here Aeneas' lance stuck fast; its speed
had driven it firmly inward, and it clave
to the hard, clinging root. Anchises' son
bent o'er it, and would wrench his weapon free,
and follow with a far-flung javelin
the swift out-speeding foe. But Turnus then,
bewildered and in terror, cried aloud:
"O Faunus, pity me and heed my prayer!
Hold fast his weapon, O benignant Earth!
If ere these hands have rendered offering due,
where yon polluting Teucrians fight and slay."
He spoke; invoking succor of the god,
with no lost prayer. For tugging valiantly
and laboring long against the stubborn stem,
Aeneas with his whole strength could but fail
to loose the clasping tree. While fiercely thus
he strove and strained, Juturna once again,
wearing the charioteer Metiscus' shape,
ran to her brother's aid, restoring him
his own true sword. But Venus, wroth to see
what license to the dauntless nymph was given,
herself came near, and plucked from that deep root
the javelin forth. So both with lofty mien
strode forth new-armed, new-hearted: one made bold
by his good sword, the other, spear in hand,
uptowered in wrath, and with confronting brows
they set them to the war-god's breathless game.
Meanwhile th' Olympian sovereign supreme
to Juno speaks, as from an amber cloud
the strife she views: "My Queen, what end shall be?
What yet remains? Thou seest Aeneas' name
numbered with tutelary gods of power;

and well thou know'st what station in the sky
his starward destiny intends. What scheme
vexes thy bosom still? What stubborn hope,
fostered in cloud and cold? O, was it well
to desecrate a god with mortal wound;
or well (what were a nymph unhelped by thee?)
to give back Turnus his lost sword, and lend
strength unavailing to the fallen brave?
Give o'er, and to our supplication yield;
let not such grief thy voiceless heart devour;
nor from thy sweet lips let thy mournful care
so oft assail my mind. For now is come
the last decisive day. Thy power availed
to vex the Trojans upon land and sea,
to wake abominable war, bring shame
upon a royal house, and mix the songs
of marriage and the grave: but further act
I thee refuse." Such was the word of Jove.
Thus Saturn's daughter answered, drooping low
her brows divine: "Because, great Jove, I knew
thy pleasure, I from yonder earth retired
and Turnus' cause, tho, with unwilling mind.
Else shouldst thou not behold me at this hour
Upon my solitary throne of air
enduring fair and foul; I should be found
flame-girded on the battle's deadly verge,
tempting the Teucrians to a hated war.
Yea, 't was my motion thrust Juturna forth
to help her hapless brother. I approved —
to save his life — that she should be too bold;
but bade no whirl of spear nor bending bow:
I swear it by th' inexorable fount
whence flow the Stygian rivers, the sole seat
where gods of light bow down in awful prayer.
I yield me now; heart-sick I quit the war.
But ask one boon, which in the book of fate
is not denied; for Latium's good I sue,

and high prerogatives of men that be
thy kith and kin: when happy wedlock vows
(aye, be it so!) shall join them by strong laws
of chartered peace, let not the Latins Iose
their ancient, native name. Bid them not pass
for Trojans, nor be hailed as Teucer's sons;
no alien speech, no alien garb impose.
Let it be Latium ever; let the lords
of Alba unto distant ages reign;
let the strong, master blood of Rome receive
the manhood and the might of Italy.
Troy perished: let its name and glory die!"

The Author of mankind and all that is,
smiling benignant, answered thus her plea:
"Jove's sister true, and Saturn's second child,
what seas of anger vex thy heart divine!
But come, relinquish thy rash, fruitless rage:
I give thee this desire, and yield to thee
free submission. The Ausonian tribes
shall keep the speech and customs of their sires;
the name remains as now; the Teucrian race,
abiding in the land, shall but infuse
the mixture of its blood. I will bestow
a league of worship, and to Latins give
one language only. From the mingled breed
a people shall come forth whom thou shalt see
surpass all mortal men and even outvie
the faithfulness of gods; for none that live
shall render to thy name an equal praise."

So Juno bowed consent, and let her will
be changed, as with much comfort in her breast
she left Olympus and her haunt of cloud.
After these things Jove gave his kingly mind
to further action, that he might forthwith
cut off Juturna from her brother's cause.
Two plagues there be, called Furies, which were spawned
at one birth from the womb of wrathful Night

with dread Megaera, phantom out of hell;
and of their mother's gift, each Fury wears
grim-coiling serpents and tempestuous wings.
These at Jove's throne attend, and watch the doors
of that stern King — to whet the edge of fear
for wretched mortals, when the King of gods
hurls pestilence and death, or terrifies
offending nations with the scourge of war.
‘T was one of these which Jove sent speeding down
from his ethereal seat, and bade her cross
the pathway of Juturna for a sign.
Her wings she spread, and earthward seemed to ride
upon a whirling storm. As when some shaft,
with Parthian poison tipped or Cretan gall,
a barb of death, shoots cloudward from the bow,
and hissing through the dark hastes forth unseen:
so earthward flew that daughter of the night.
Soon as she spied the Teucrians in array
and Turnus' lines, she shrivelled to the shape
of that small bird which on lone tombs and towers
sits perching through the midnight, and prolongs
in shadow and deep gloom her troubling cry.
In such disguise the Fury, screaming shrill,
flitted in Turnus' face, and with her wings
smote on his hollow shield. A strange affright
palsied his every limb; each several hair
lifted with horror, and his gasping voice
died on his lips. But when Juturna knew
from far the shrieking fiend's infernal wing,
she loosed her tresses, and their beauty tore,
to tell a sister's woe; with clenching hands
she marred her cheeks and beat her naked breast.
“What remedy or help, my Turnus, now
is in a sister's power? What way remains
for stubborn me? Or with what further guile
thy life prolong? What can my strength oppose
to this foul thing? I quit the strife at last.

Withdraw thy terror from my fearful eyes,
thou bird accurst! The tumult of thy wings
I know full well, and thy death-boding call.
The harsh decrees of that large-minded Jove
I plainly see. Is this the price he pays
for my lost maidenhood? Why flatter me
with immortality, and snatch away
my property of death? What boon it were
to end this grief this hour, and hie away
to be my brother's helpmeet in his grave!
I, an immortal? O, what dear delight
is mine, sweet brother, living without thee?
O, where will earth yawn deep enough and wide
to hide a goddess with the ghosts below?"

She spoke; and veiled in glistening mantle gray
her mournful brow; then in her stream divine
the nymph sank sighing to its utmost cave.

Aeneas now is near; and waving wide
a spear like some tall tree, he called aloud
with unrelenting heart: "What stays thee now?
Or wherefore, Turnus, backward fly? Our work
is not a foot-race, but the wrathful strife
of man with man. Aye, hasten to put on
tricks and disguises; gather all thou hast
of skill or courage; wish thou wert a bird
to fly to starry heaven, or hide thy head
safe in the hollow ground!" The other then
shook his head, saying: "It is not thy words,
not thy hot words, affright me, savage man!
Only the gods I fear, and hostile Jove."

Silent he stood, and glancing round him saw
a huge rock lying by, huge rock and old,
a landmark justly sundering field from field,
which scarce six strong men's shoulders might upraise,
such men as mother-Earth brings forth to-day:
this grasped he with impetuous hand and hurled,
stretched at full height and roused to all his speed,

against his foe. Yet scarcely could he feel
it was himself that ran, himself that moved
with lifted hand to fling the monster stone;
for his knees trembled, and his languid blood
ran shuddering cold; nor could the stone he threw,
tumbling in empty air, attain its goal
nor strike the destined blow. But as in dreams,
when helpless slumber binds the darkened eyes,
we seem with fond desire to tread in vain
along a lengthening road, yet faint and fall
when straining to the utmost, and the tongue
is palsied, and the body's wonted power
obeys not, and we have no speech or cry:
so unto Turnus, whatsoever way
his valiant spirit moved, the direful Fiend
stopped in the act his will. Swift-changing thoughts
rush o'er his soul; on the Rutulian host,
then at the town he glares, shrinks back in fear,
and trembles at th' impending lance; nor sees
what path to fly, what way confront the foe: —
no chariot now, nor sister-charioteer!
Above his faltering terror gleams in air
Aeneas' fatal spear; whose eye perceived
the moment of success, and all whose strength
struck forth: the vast and ponderous rock outflung
from engines which make breach in sieged walls
not louder roars nor breaks in thunder-sound
more terrible; like some black whirlwind flew
the death-delivering spear, and, rending wide
the corselet's edges and the heavy rim
of the last circles of the seven-fold shield,
pierced, hissing, through the thigh. Huge Turnus sinks
o'erwhelmed upon the ground with doubling knee.
Up spring the Rutules, groaning; the whole hill
roars answering round them, and from far and wide
the lofty groves give back an echoing cry.
Lowly, with suppliant eyes, and holding forth

his hand in prayer: "I have my meed," he cried,
"Nor ask for mercy. Use what Fate has given!
But if a father's grief upon thy heart
have power at all, — for Sire Anchises once
to thee was dear, — I pray thee to show grace
to Daunus in his desolate old age;
and me, or, if thou wilt, my lifeless clay,
to him and his restore. For, lo, thou art
my conqueror! Ausonia's eyes have seen
me suppliant, me fallen. Thou hast made
Lavinia thy bride. Why further urge
our enmity?" With swift and dreadful arms
Aeneas o'er him stood, with rolling eyes,
but his bare sword restraining; for such words
moved on him more and more: when suddenly,
over the mighty shoulder slung, he saw
that fatal baldric studded with bright gold
which youthful Pallas wore, what time he fell
vanquished by Turnus' stroke, whose shoulders now
carried such trophy of a foeman slain.
Aeneas' eyes took sure and slow survey
of spoils that were the proof and memory
of cruel sorrow; then with kindling rage
and terrifying look, he cried, "Wouldst thou,
clad in a prize stripped off my chosen friend,
escape this hand? In this thy mortal wound
't is Pallas has a victim; Pallas takes
the lawful forfeit of thy guilty blood!"
He said, and buried deep his furious blade
in the opposer's heart. The failing limbs
sank cold and helpless; and the vital breath
with moan of wrath to darkness fled away.

THE AENEID – Mackail’s Translation



In 1885 the Scottish socialist and translator, John William Mackail, published his prose translation of *The Aeneid*, attempting a more faithful rendering of Virgil’s text, unconstrained by verse.

Please note: to aid the reader, line numbers within square brackets are provided in relation to Virgil’s text.

MACKAIL'S AENEID

CONTENTS

PREFACE

BOOK FIRST

BOOK SECOND

BOOK THIRD

BOOK FOURTH

BOOK FIFTH

BOOK SIXTH

BOOK SEVENTH

BOOK EIGHTH

BOOK NINTH

BOOK TENTH

BOOK ELEVENTH

BOOK TWELFTH



'Virgil Reading the Aeneid to Augustus and Octavia' by Kauffman Angelica, 1798

THE
AENEID OF VIRGIL

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH PROSE

BY

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PREFACE

There is something grotesque in the idea of a prose translation of a poet, though the practice is become so common that it has ceased to provoke a smile or demand an apology. The language of poetry is language in fusion; that of prose is language fixed and crystallised; and an attempt to copy the one material in the other must always count on failure to convey what is, after all, one of the most essential things in poetry, — its poetical quality. And this is so with Virgil more, perhaps, than with any other poet; for more, perhaps, than any other poet Virgil depends on his poetical quality from first to last. Such a translation can only have the value of a copy of some great painting executed in mosaic, if indeed a copy in Berlin wool is not a closer analogy; and even at the best all it can have to say for itself will be in Virgil's own words, *Experiri sensus; nihil hic nisi carmina desunt*.

In this translation I have in the main followed the text of Conington and Nettleship. The more important deviations from this text are mentioned in the notes; but I have not thought it necessary to give a complete list of various readings, or to mention any change except where it might lead to misapprehension. Their notes have also been used by me throughout.

Beyond this I have made constant use of the mass of ancient commentary going under the name of Servius; the most valuable, perhaps, of all, as it is in many ways the nearest to the poet himself. The explanation given in it has sometimes been followed against those of the modern editors. To other commentaries only occasional reference has been made. The sense that Virgil is his own best interpreter becomes stronger as one studies him more.

My thanks are due to Mr. Evelyn Abbott, Fellow and Tutor of Balliol, and to the Rev. H. C. Beeching, for much valuable suggestion and criticism.

THE AENEID

BOOK FIRST

THE COMING OF AENEAS TO CARTHAGE

I sing of arms and the man who of old from the coasts of Troy came, an exile of fate, to Italy and the shore of Lavinium; hard driven on land and on the deep by the violence of heaven, for cruel Juno's unforgetful anger, and hard bestead in war also, ere he might found a city and carry his gods into Latium; from whom is the Latin race, the lords of Alba, and the stately city Rome.

Muse, tell me why, for what attainment of her deity, or in what vexation, did the Queen of heaven drive one so excellent in goodness to circle through so many afflictions, to face so many toils? Is anger so fierce in celestial spirits?

There was a city of ancient days that Tyrian settlers dwelt in, Carthage, over against Italy and the Tiber mouths afar; rich of store, and mighty in war's fierce pursuits; wherein, they say, alone beyond all other lands had Juno her seat, and held Samos itself less dear. Here was her armour, here her chariot; even now, if fate permit, the goddess strives to nurture it for queen of the nations. Nevertheless she had heard a race was issuing of the blood of Troy, which sometime should overthrow her Tyrian citadel; from it should come a people, lord of lands and tyrannous in war, the destroyer of Libya: so rolled the destinies. Fearful of that, the daughter of Saturn, the old war in her remembrance that she fought at Troy for her beloved Argos long ago, — nor had the springs of her anger nor the bitterness of her vexation yet gone out of mind: deep stored in her soul lies the judgment of Paris, the insult of her slighted beauty, the hated race and the dignities of ravished Ganymede; fired with this also, she tossed all over ocean the Trojan remnant left of the Greek host and merciless Achilles, and held them afar from Latium; and many a year were they wandering driven of fate around all the seas. Such work

was it to found the Roman people.

Hardly out of sight of the land of Sicily did they set their sails to sea, and merrily upturned the salt foam with brazen prow, when Juno, the undying wound still deep in her heart, thus broke out alone:

‘Am I then to abandon my baffled purpose, powerless to keep the Teucrian king from Italy? and because fate forbids me? Could Pallas lay the Argive fleet in ashes, and sink the Argives in the sea, for one man’s guilt, mad Oïlean Ajax? Her hand darted Jove’s flying fire from the clouds, scattered their ships, upturned the seas in tempest; him, his pierced breast yet breathing forth the flame, she caught in a whirlwind and impaled on a spike of rock. But I, who move queen among immortals, I sister and wife of Jove, wage warfare all these years with a single people; and is there any who still adores Juno’s divinity, or will kneel to lay sacrifice on her altars?’

Such thoughts inly revolving in her kindled bosom, the goddess reaches Aeolia, the home of storm-clouds, the land laden with furious southern gales. Here in a desolate cavern Aeolus keeps under royal dominion and yokes in dungeon fetters the struggling winds and loud storms. They with mighty moan rage indignant round their mountain barriers. In his lofty citadel Aeolus sits sceptred, assuages their temper and soothes their rage; else would they carry with them seas and lands, and the depth of heaven, and sweep them through space in their flying course. But, fearful of this, the lord omnipotent hath hidden them in cavered gloom, and laid a mountain mass high over them, and appointed them a ruler, who should know by certain law to strain and slacken the reins at command. To him now Juno spoke thus in suppliant accents:

‘Aeolus — for to thee hath the father of gods and king of men given the wind that lulls and that lifts the waves — a people mine enemy sails the Tyrrhene sea, carrying into Italy the conquered gods of their Ilian home. Rouse thy winds to fury, and overwhelm their sinking vessels, or drive them asunder and strew ocean with their bodies. Mine are twice seven nymphs of passing loveliness; her who of them all is most excellent in beauty, Deïopea, I will unite to thee in wedlock to be thine for ever; that for this thy service she may fulfil all her years at thy side, and make thee father of a beautiful race.’

Aeolus thus returned: ‘Thine, O queen, the task to search whereto

thou hast desire; for me it is right to do thy bidding. From thee have I this poor kingdom, from thee my sceptre and Jove's grace; thou dost grant me to take my seat at the feasts of the gods, and makest me sovereign over clouds and storms.'

Even with these words, turning his spear, he struck the side of the hollow hill, and the winds, as in banded array, pour where passage is given them, and cover earth with eddying blasts. East wind and west wind together, and the gusty south-wester, falling prone on the sea, stir it up from its lowest chambers, and roll vast billows to the shore. Behind rises shouting of men and whistling of cordage. In a moment clouds blot sky and daylight from the Teucrians' eyes; black night broods over the deep. Pole thunders to pole, and the air quivers with incessant flashes; all menaces them with instant death. Straightway Aeneas' frame grows unnerved and chill, and stretching either hand to heaven, he cries thus aloud: 'Ah, thrice and four times happy they who found their doom under high Troy town before their fathers' faces! Ah, son of Tydeus, bravest of the Grecian race, that I could not have fallen on the Ilian plains, and gasped out this my life beneath thine hand! where under the spear of Aeacides lies fierce Hector, lies mighty Sarpedon; where Simois so often bore beneath his whirling wave shields and helmets and brave bodies of men.'

As the cry leaves his lips, a gust of the shrill north strikes full on the sail and raises the waves up to heaven. The oars are snapped; the prow swings away and gives her side to the waves; down in a heap comes a broken mountain of water. These hang on the wave's ridge; to these the yawning billow shows ground amid the surge, where the sea churns with sand. Three ships the south wind catches and hurls on hidden rocks, rocks amid the waves which Italians call the Altars, a vast reef banking the sea. Three the east forces from the deep into shallows and quicksands, piteous to see, dashes on shoals and girdles with a sandbank. One, wherein loyal Orontes and his Lycians rode, before their lord's eyes a vast sea descending strikes astern. The helmsman is dashed away and rolled forward headlong; her as she lies the billow sends spinning thrice round with it, and engulfs in the swift whirl. Scattered swimmers appear in the vast eddy, armour of men, timbers and Trojan treasure amid the water. Ere now the stout ship of Ilioneus, ere now of brave Achates, and she wherein

[121-152]Abas rode, and she wherein aged Aletes, have yielded to the storm; through the shaken fastenings of their sides they all draw in the deadly water, and their opening seams give way.

Meanwhile Neptune discerned with astonishment the loud roaring of the vexed sea, the tempest let loose from prison, and the still water boiling up from its depths, and lifting his head calm above the waves, looked forth across the deep. He sees all ocean strewn with Aeneas' fleet, the Trojans overwhelmed by the waves and the ruining heaven. Juno's guile and wrath lay clear to her brother's eye; east wind and west he calls before him, and thereon speaks thus:

'Stand you then so sure in your confidence of birth? Careless, O winds, of my deity, dare you confound sky and earth, and raise so huge a coil? you whom I — But better to still the aroused waves; for a second sin you shall pay me another penalty. Speed your flight, and say this to your king: not to him but to me was allotted the stern trident of ocean empire. His fastness is on the monstrous rocks where thou and thine, east wind, dwell: there let Aeolus glory in his palace and reign over the barred prison of his winds.'

Thus he speaks, and ere the words are done he soothes the swollen seas, chases away the gathered clouds, and restores the sunlight. Cymothoë and Triton together push the ships strongly off the sharp reef; himself he eases them with his trident, channels the vast quicksands, and assuages the sea, gliding on light wheels along the water. Even as when oft in a throng of people strife hath risen, and the base multitude rage in their minds, and now brands and stones are flying; madness lends arms; then if perchance they catch sight of one reverend for goodness and service, they are silent and stand by with attentive ear; he with [153-190] speech sways their temper and soothes their breasts; even so hath fallen all the thunder of ocean, when riding forward beneath a cloudless sky the lord of the sea wheels his coursers and lets his gliding chariot fly with loosened rein.

The outworn Aeneadae hasten to run for the nearest shore, and turn to the coast of Libya. There lies a spot deep withdrawn; an island forms a harbour with outstretched sides, whereon all the waves break from the open sea and part into the hollows of the bay. On this side and that enormous cliffs rise threatening heaven, and twin crags beneath whose crest the sheltered water lies wide and calm; above

hangs a background of flickering forest, and the dark shade of rustling groves. Beneath the seaward brow is a rock-hung cavern, within it fresh springs and seats in the living stone, a haunt of nymphs; where tired ships need no fetters to hold nor anchor to fasten them with crooked bite. Here with seven sail gathered of all his company Aeneas enters; and disembarking on the land of their desire the Trojans gain the chosen beach, and set their feet dripping with brine upon the shore. At once Achates struck a spark from the flint and caught the fire on leaves, and laying dry fuel round kindled it into flame. Then, weary of fortune, they fetch out corn spoiled by the sea and weapons of corn-dressing, and begin to parch over the fire and bruise in stones the grain they had rescued.

Meanwhile Aeneas scales the crag, and seeks the whole view wide over ocean, if he may see aught of Antheus storm-tossed with his Phrygian galleys, aught of Capys or of Caïcus' armour high astern. Ship in sight is none; three stags he espies straying on the shore; behind whole herds follow, and graze in long train across the valley. Stopping short, he snatched up a bow and swift arrows, the arms trusty Achates was carrying; and first the leaders, their stately heads high with branching antlers, then the common [191-222] herd fall to his hand, as he drives them with his shafts in a broken crowd through the leafy woods. Nor stays he till seven great victims are stretched on the sod, fulfilling the number of his ships. Thence he seeks the harbour and parts them among all his company. The casks of wine that good Acestes had filled on the Trinacrian beach, the hero's gift at their departure, he thereafter shares, and calms with speech their sorrowing hearts:

‘O comrades, for not now nor aforetime are we ignorant of ill, O tried by heavier fortunes, unto this last likewise will God appoint an end. The fury of Scylla and the roaring recesses of her crags you have been anigh; the rocks of the Cyclops you have trodden. Recall your courage, put dull fear away. This too sometime we shall haply remember with delight. Through chequered fortunes, through many perilous ways, we steer for Latium, where destiny points us a quiet home. There the realm of Troy may rise again unforbidden. Keep heart, and endure till prosperous fortune come.’

Such words he utters, and sick with deep distress he feigns hope

on his face, and keeps his anguish hidden deep in his breast. The others set to the spoil they are to feast upon, tear chine from ribs and lay bare the flesh; some cut it into pieces and pierce it still quivering with spits; others plant cauldrons on the beach and feed them with flame. Then they repair their strength with food, and lying along the grass take their fill of old wine and fat venison. After hunger is driven from the banquet, and the board cleared, they talk with lingering regret of their lost companions, swaying between hope and fear, whether they may believe them yet alive, or now in their last agony and deaf to mortal call. Most does good Aeneas inly wail the loss now of valiant Orontes, now of Amycus, the cruel doom of Lycus, of brave Gyas, and brave Cloanthus. [223-254]And now they ceased; when from the height of air Jupiter looked down on the sail-winged sea and outspread lands, the shores and broad countries, and looking stood on the cope of heaven, and cast down his eyes on the realm of Libya. To him thus troubled at heart Venus, her bright eyes brimming with tears, sorrowfully speaks:

‘O thou who dost sway mortal and immortal things with eternal command and the terror of thy thunderbolt, how can my Aeneas have transgressed so grievously against thee? how his Trojans? on whom, after so many deaths outgone, all the world is barred for Italy’s sake. From them sometime in the rolling years the Romans were to arise indeed; from them were to be rulers who, renewing the blood of Teucer, should hold sea and land in universal lordship. This thou didst promise: why, O father, is thy decree reversed? This was my solace for the wretched ruin of sunken Troy, doom balanced against doom. Now so many woes are spent, and the same fortune still pursues them; Lord and King, what limit dost thou set to their agony? Antenor could elude the encircling Achaeans, could thread in safety the Illyrian bays and inmost realms of the Liburnians, could climb Timavus’ source, whence through nine mouths pours the bursting tide amid dreary moans of the mountain, and covers the fields with hoarse waters. Yet here did he set Patavium town, a dwelling-place for his Teucrians, gave his name to a nation and hung up the armour of Troy; now settled in peace, he rests and is in quiet. We, thy children, we whom thou beckonest to the heights of heaven, our fleet miserably cast away for a single enemy’s anger, are

betrayed and severed far from the Italian coasts. Is this the reward of goodness? Is it thus thou dost restore our throne?’

Smiling on her with that look which clears sky and [255-289] storms, the parent of men and gods lightly kissed his daughter’s lips; then answered thus:

‘Spare thy fear, Cytherean; thy people’s destiny abides unshaken. Thine eyes shall see the city Lavinium, their promised home; thou shalt exalt to the starry heaven thy noble Aeneas; nor is my decree reversed. He thou lovest (for I will speak, since this care keeps torturing thee, and will unroll further the secret records of fate) shall wage a great war in Italy, and crush warrior nations; he shall appoint his people a law and a city; till the third summer see him reigning in Latium, and three winters’ camps pass over the conquered Rutulians. But the boy Ascanius, whose surname is now Iūlus — Ilus he was while the Ilian state stood sovereign — thirty great circles of rolling months shall he fulfil in government; he shall carry the kingdom from its fastness in Lavinium, and make a strong fortress of Alba the Long. Here the full space of thrice an hundred years shall the kingdom endure under the race of Hector’s kin, till the royal priestess Ilia from Mars’ embrace shall give birth to a twin progeny. Thence shall Romulus, gay in the tawny hide of the she-wolf that nursed him, take up their line, and name them Romans after his own name. I appoint to these neither period nor boundary of empire: I have given them dominion without end. Nay, harsh Juno, who in her fear now troubles earth and sea and sky, shall change to better counsels, and with me shall cherish the lords of the world, the gowned race of Rome. Thus is it willed. A day will come in the lapse of cycles, when the house of Assaracus shall lay Phthia and famed Mycenae in bondage, and reign over conquered Argos. From the fair line of Troy a Caesar shall arise, who shall limit his empire with ocean, his glory with the firmament, Julius, inheritor of great Iūlus’ name. Him one day, thy care done, thou shalt welcome to heaven loaded [290-321] with Eastern spoils; to him too shall vows be addressed. Then shall war cease, and the iron ages soften. Hoar Faith and Vesta, Quirinus and Remus brothers again, shall deliver statutes. The dreadful steel-riveted gates of war shall be shut fast; on murderous weapons the inhuman Fury, his hands bound behind him with an hundred fetters

of brass, shall sit within, shrieking with terrible blood-stained lips.'

So speaking, he sends Maia's son down from above, that the land and towers of Carthage, the new town, may receive the Trojans with open welcome; lest Dido, ignorant of doom, might debar them her land. Flying through the depth of air on winged oarage, the fleet messenger alights on the Libyan coasts. At once he does his bidding; at once, for a god willed it, the Phoenicians allay their haughty temper; the queen above all takes to herself grace and compassion towards the Teucrians.

But good Aeneas, nightlong revolving many and many a thing, issues forth, so soon as bountiful light is given, to explore the strange country; to what coasts the wind has borne him, who are their habitants, men or wild beasts, for all he sees is wilderness; this he resolves to search, and bring back the certainty to his comrades. The fleet he hides close in embosoming groves beneath a caverned rock, amid shivering shadow of the woodland; himself, Achates alone following, he strides forward, clenching in his hand two broad-headed spears. And amid the forest his mother crossed his way, wearing the face and raiment of a maiden, the arms of a maiden of Sparta, or like Harpalyce of Thrace when she tires her coursers and outstrips the winged speed of Hebrus in her flight. For huntress fashion had she slung the ready bow from her shoulder, and left her blown tresses free, bared her knee, and knotted together her garments' flowing folds. 'Ha! my men,' she begins, 'shew me if [322-355] haply you have seen a sister of mine straying here girt with quiver and a lynx's dappled fell, or pressing with shouts on the track of a foaming boar.'

Thus Venus, and Venus' son answering thus began:

'Sound nor sight have I had of sister of thine, O maiden unnamed; for thy face is not mortal, nor thy voice of human tone; O goddess assuredly! sister of Phoebus perchance, or one of the nymphs' blood? Be thou gracious, whoso thou art, and lighten this toil of ours; deign to instruct us beneath what skies, on what coast of the world, we are thrown. Driven hither by wind and desolate waves, we wander in a strange land among unknown men. Many a sacrifice shall fall by our hand before thine altars.'

Then Venus: 'Nay, to no such offerings do I aspire. Tyrian

maidens are wont ever to wear the quiver, to tie the purple buskin high above their ankle. Punic is the realm thou seest, Tyrian the people, and the city of Agenor's kin; but their borders are Libyan, a race unassailable in war. Dido sways the sceptre, who flying her brother set sail from the Tyrian town. Long is the tale of crime, long and intricate; but I will briefly follow its argument. Her husband was Sychaeus, wealthiest in lands of the Phoenicians, and loved of her with ill-fated passion; to whom with virgin rites her father had given her maidenhood in wedlock. But the kingdom of Tyre was in her brother Pygmalion's hands, a monster of guilt unparalleled. Between these madness came; the unnatural brother, blind with lust of gold, and reckless of his sister's love, lays Sychaeus low before the altars with stealthy unsuspected weapon; and for long he hid the deed, and by many a crafty pretence cheated her love-sickness with hollow hope. But in slumber came the very ghost of her unburied husband; lifting up a face pale in wonderful wise, he exposed the merciless altars and [356-387] his breast stabbed through with steel, and unwove all the blind web of household guilt. Then he counsels hasty flight out of the country, and to aid her passage discloses treasures long hidden underground, an untold mass of silver and gold. Stirred thereby, Dido gathered a company for flight. All assemble in whom hatred of the tyrant was relentless or fear keen; they seize on ships that chanced to lie ready, and load them with the gold. Pygmalion's hoarded wealth is borne overseas; a woman leads the work. They came at last to the land where thou wilt descry a city now great, New Carthage, and her rising citadel, and bought ground, called thence Byrsa, as much as a bull's hide would encircle. But who, I pray, are you, or from what coasts come, or whither hold you your way?'

At her question he, sighing and drawing speech deep from his breast, thus replied:

'Ah goddess, should I go on retracing from the fountain head, were time free to hear the history of our woes, sooner would the evening star lay day asleep in the closed gates of heaven. Us, as from ancient Troy (if the name of Troy hath haply passed through your ears) we sailed over alien seas, the tempest at his own wild will hath driven on the Libyan coast. I am Aeneas the good, who carry in my fleet the household gods I rescued from the enemy; my fame is

known high in heaven. I seek Italy my country, my kin of Jove's supreme blood. With twenty sail did I climb the Phrygian sea; oracular tokens led me on; my goddess mother pointed the way; scarce seven survive the shattering of wave and wind. Myself unknown, destitute, driven from Europe and Asia, I wander over the Libyan wilderness.'

But staying longer complaint, Venus thus broke in on his half-told sorrows:

'Whoso thou art, not hated I think of the immortals [388-420] dost thou draw the breath of life, who hast reached the Tyrian city. Only go on, and betake thee hence to the courts of the queen. For I declare to thee thy comrades are restored, thy fleet driven back into safety by the shifted northern gales, except my parents were pretenders, and unavailing the augury they taught me. Behold these twelve swans in joyous line, whom, stooping from the tract of heaven, the bird of Jove fluttered over the open sky; now in long train they seem either to take the ground or already to look down on the ground they took. As they again disport with clapping wings, and utter their notes as they circle the sky in company, even so do these ships and crews of thine either lie fast in harbour or glide under full sail into the harbour mouth. Only go on, and turn thy steps where the pathway leads thee.'

Speaking she turned away, and her neck shone roseate, her immortal tresses breathed the fragrance of deity; her raiment fell flowing down to her feet, and the godhead was manifest in her tread. He knew her for his mother, and with this cry pursued her flight: 'Thou also merciless! Why mockest thou thy son so often in feigned likeness? Why is it forbidden to clasp hand in hand, to hear and utter true speech?' Thus reproaching her he bends his steps towards the city. But Venus girt them in their going with dull mist, and shed round them a deep divine clothing of cloud, that none might see them, none touch them, or work delay, or ask wherefore they came. Herself she speeds through the sky to Paphos, and joyfully revisits her habitation, where the temple and its hundred altars steam with Sabaeon incense, and are fresh with fragrance of chaplets in her worship.

They meantime have hasted along where the pathway points, and now were climbing the hill which hangs enormous over the city, and

looks down on its facing towers. [421-456]Aeneas marvels at the mass of building, pastoral huts once of old, marvels at the gateways and clatter of the pavements. The Tyrians are hot at work to trace the walls, to rear the citadel, and roll up great stones by hand, or to choose a spot for their dwelling and enclose it with a furrow. They ordain justice and magistrates, and the august senate. Here some are digging harbours, here others lay the deep foundations of their theatre, and hew out of the cliff vast columns, the lofty ornaments of the stage to be: even as bees when summer is fresh over the flowery country ply their task beneath the sun, when they lead forth their nation's grown brood, or when they press the liquid honey and strain their cells with nectarous sweets, or relieve the loaded incomers, or in banded array drive the idle herd of drones far from their folds; they swarm over their work, and the odorous honey smells sweet of thyme. 'Happy they whose city already rises!' cries Aeneas, looking on the town roofs below. Girt in the cloud he passes amid them, wonderful to tell, and mingling with the throng is descried of none.

In the heart of the town was a grove deep with luxuriant shade, wherein first the Phoenicians, buffeted by wave and whirlwind, dug up the token Queen Juno had appointed, the head of a war horse: thereby was their race to be through all ages illustrious in war and opulent in living. Here to Juno was Sidonian Dido founding a vast temple, rich with offerings and the sanctity of her godhead: brazen steps rose on the threshold, brass clamped the pilasters, doors of brass swung on grating hinges. First in this grove did a strange chance meet his steps and allay his fears; first here did Aeneas dare to hope for safety and have fairer trust in his shattered fortunes. For while he closely scans the temple that towers above him, while, awaiting the queen, he admires the fortunate city, the emulous hands and elaborate work of her craftsmen, he sees ranged in order the [457-491] battles of Ilium, that war whose fame was already rumoured through all the world, the sons of Atreus and Priam, and Achilles whom both found pitiless. He stopped and cried weeping, 'What land is left, Achates, what tract on earth that is not full of our agony? Behold Priam! Here too is the meed of honour, here mortal estate touches the soul to tears. Dismiss thy fears; the fame of this will somehow bring thee salvation.'

So speaks he, and fills his soul with the painted show, sighing often the while, and his face wet with a full river of tears. For he saw, how warring round the Trojan citadel here the Greeks fled, the men of Troy hard on their rear; here the Phrygians, plumed Achilles in his chariot pressing their flight. Not far away he knows the snowy canvas of Rhesus' tents, which, betrayed in their first sleep, the blood-stained son of Tydeus laid desolate in heaped slaughter, and turns the ruddy steeds away to the camp ere ever they tasted Trojan fodder or drunk of Xanthus. Elsewhere Troilus, his armour flung away in flight — luckless boy, no match for Achilles to meet! — is borne along by his horses, and thrown back entangled with his empty chariot, still clutching the reins; his neck and hair are dragged over the ground, and his reversed spear scores the dust. Meanwhile the Ilian women went with disordered tresses to unfriendly Pallas' temple, and bore the votive garment, sadly beating breast with palm: the goddess turning away held her eyes fast on the ground. Thrice had Achilles whirled Hector round the walls of Troy, and was selling the lifeless body for gold; then at last he heaves a loud and heart-deep groan, as the spoils, as the chariot, as the dear body met his gaze, and Priam outstretching unarmed hands. Himself too he knew joining battle with the foremost Achaeans, knew the Eastern ranks and swart Memnon's armour. Penthesilea leads her crescent-shielded Amazonian columns in furious heat with [492-524] thousands around her; clasping a golden belt under her naked breast, the warrior maiden clashes boldly with men.

While these marvels meet Dardanian Aeneas' eyes, while he dizzily hangs rapt in one long gaze, Dido the queen entered the precinct, beautiful exceedingly, a youthful train thronging round her. Even as on Eurotas' banks or along the Cynthian ridges Diana wheels the dance, while behind her a thousand mountain nymphs crowd to left and right; she carries quiver on shoulder, and as she moves outshines them all in deity; Latona's heart is thrilled with silent joy; such was Dido, so she joyously advanced amid the throng, urging on the business of her rising empire. Then in the gates of the goddess, beneath the central vault of the temple roof, she took her seat girt with arms and high enthroned. And now she gave justice and laws to her people, and adjusted or allotted their taskwork in due

portion; when suddenly Aeneas sees advancing with a great crowd about them Antheus and Sergestus and brave Cloanthus, and other of his Trojans, whom the black squall had sundered at sea and borne far away on the coast. Dizzy with the shock of joy and fear he and Achates together were on fire with eagerness to clasp their hands; but in confused uncertainty they keep hidden, and clothed in the sheltering cloud wait to espy what fortune befalls them, where they are leaving their fleet ashore, why they now come; for they advanced, chosen men from all the ships, praying for grace, and held on with loud cries towards the temple.

After they entered in, and free speech was granted, aged Ilioneus with placid mien thus began:

‘Queen, to whom Jupiter hath given to found this new city, and lay the yoke of justice upon haughty tribes, we beseech thee, we wretched Trojans storm-driven over all [525-559] the seas, stay the dreadful flames from our ships; spare a guiltless race, and bend a gracious regard on our fortunes. We are not come to deal slaughter through Libyan homes, or to drive plundered spoils to the coast. Such violence sits not in our mind, nor is a conquered people so insolent. There is a place Greeks name Hesperia, an ancient land, mighty in arms and foison of the clod; Oenotrian men dwelt therein; now rumour is that a younger race from their captain’s name have called it Italy. Thither lay our course . . . when Orion rising on us through the cloudrack with sudden surf bore us on blind shoals, and scattered us afar with his boisterous gales and whelming brine over waves and trackless reefs. To these your coasts we a scanty remnant floated up. What race of men, what land how barbarous soever, allows such a custom for its own? We are debarred the shelter of the beach; they rise in war, and forbid us to set foot on the brink of their land. If you slight human kinship and mortal arms, yet look for gods unforgetful of innocence and guilt. Aeneas was our king, foremost of men in righteousness, incomparable in goodness as in warlike arms; whom if fate still preserves, if he draws the breath of heaven and lies not yet low in dispiteous gloom, fear we have none; nor mayest thou repent of challenging the contest of service. In Sicilian territory too is tilth and town, and famed Acestes himself of Trojan blood. Grant us to draw ashore our storm-shattered fleet, to shape forest trees into

beams and strip them for oars; so, if to Italy we may steer with our king and comrades found, Italy and Latium shall we gladly seek; but if salvation is clean gone, if the Libyan gulf holds thee, dear lord of thy Trojans, and Iulus our hope survives no more, seek we then at least the straits of Sicily, the open homes whence we sailed hither, and Acestes for our king.' Thus Ilioneus, and all the Dardanian company [560-593] murmured assent. . . . Then Dido, with downcast face, briefly speaks:

'Cheer your anxious hearts, O Teucrians; put by your care. Hard fortune in a strange realm forces me to this task, to keep watch and ward on my wide frontiers. Who can be ignorant of the race of Aeneas' people, who of Troy town and her men and deeds, or of the great war's consuming fire? Not so dull are the hearts of our Punic wearing, not so far doth the sun yoke his steeds from our Tyrian town. Whether your choice be broad Hesperia, the fields of Saturn's dominion, or Eryx for your country and Acestes for your king, my escort shall speed you in safety, my arsenals supply your need. Or will you even find rest here with me and share my kingdom? The city I establish is yours; draw your ships ashore; Trojan and Tyrian shall be held by me in even balance. And would that he your king, that Aeneas were here, storm-driven to this same haven! But I will send messengers along the coast, and bid them trace Libya to its limits, if haply he strays shipwrecked in forest or town.'

Stirred by these words brave Achates and lord Aeneas both ere now burned to break through the cloud. Achates first accosts Aeneas: 'Goddess-born, what purpose now rises in thy spirit? Thou seest all is safe, our fleet and comrades are restored. One only is wanting, whom our eyes saw whelmed amid the waves; all else is answerable to thy mother's words.'

Scarce had he spoken when the encircling cloud suddenly parts and melts into clear air. Aeneas stood discovered in sheen of brilliant light, like a god in face and shoulders; for his mother's self had shed on her son the grace of clustered locks, the radiant light of youth, and the lustre of joyous eyes; as when ivory takes beauty under the artist's hand, or when silver or Parian stone is inlaid in gold. [594-625] Then breaking in on all with unexpected speech he thus addresses the queen:

‘I whom you seek am here before you, Aeneas of Troy, snatched from the Libyan waves. O thou who alone hast pitied Troy’s untold agonies, thou who with us the remnant of the Grecian foe, worn out ere now by every suffering land and sea can bring, with us in our utter want dost share thy city and home! to render meet recompense is not possible for us, O Dido, nor for all who scattered over the wide world are left of our Dardanian race. The gods grant thee worthy reward, if their deity turn any regard on goodness, if aught avails justice and conscious purity of soul. What happy ages bore thee? what mighty parents gave thy virtue birth? While rivers run into the sea, while the mountain shadows move across their slopes, while the stars have pasturage in heaven, ever shall thine honour, thy name and praises endure in the unknown lands that summon me.’ With these words he advances his right hand to dear Ilioneus, his left to Serestus; then to the rest, brave Gyas and brave Cloanthus.

Dido the Sidonian stood astonished, first at the sight of him, then at his strange fortunes; and these words left her lips:

‘What fate follows thee, goddess-born, through perilous ways? what violence lands thee on this monstrous coast? Art thou that Aeneas whom Venus the bountiful bore to Dardanian Anchises by the wave of Phrygian Simoïs? And well I remember how Teucer came to Sidon, when exiled from his native land he sought Belus’ aid to gain new realms; Belus my father even then ravaged rich Cyprus and held it under his conquering sway. From that time forth have I known the fall of the Trojan city, known thy name and the Pelasgian princes. Their very foe would extol the Teucrians with highest praises, and boasted himself a branch [626-661] of the ancient Teucrian stem. Come therefore, O men, and enter our house. Me too hath a like fortune driven through many a woe, and willed at last to find my rest in this land. Not ignorant of ill do I learn to succour the afflicted.’

With such speech she leads Aeneas into the royal house, and orders sacrifice in the gods’ temples. Therewith she sends his company on the shore twenty bulls, an hundred great bristly-backed swine, an hundred fat lambs and their mothers with them, gifts of the day’s gladness. . . . But the palace within is decked with splendour of royal state, and a banquet made ready amid the halls. The coverings

are curiously wrought in splendid purple; on the tables is massy silver and deeds of ancestral valour graven in gold, all the long course of history drawn through many a heroic name from the nation's primal antiquity.

Aeneas — for a father's affection denied his spirit rest — sends Achates speeding to his ships, to carry this news to Ascanius, and lead him to the town: in Ascanius is fixed all the parent's loving care. Presents likewise he bids him bring saved from the wreck of Ilium, a mantle stiff with gold embroidery, and a veil with woven border of yellow acanthus-flower, that once decked Helen of Argos, the marvel of her mother Leda's giving; Helen had borne them from Mycenae, when she sought Troy towers and a lawless bridal; the sceptre too that Ilione, Priam's eldest daughter, once had worn, a beaded necklace, and a double circlet of jewelled gold. Achates, hasting on his message, bent his way towards the ships.

But in the Cytherean's breast new arts, new schemes revolve; if Cupid, changed in form and feature, may come in sweet Ascanius' room, and his gifts kindle the queen to madness and set her inmost sense aflame. Verily she fears the uncertain house, the double-tongued race of Tyre; [662-698] cruel Juno frets her, and at nightfall her care floods back. Therefore to winged Love she speaks these words:

'Son, who art alone my strength and sovereignty, son, who scornest the mighty father's Typhoïan shafts, to thee I fly for succour, and sue humbly to thy deity. How Aeneas thy brother is driven about all the sea-coasts by bitter Juno's malignity, this thou knowest, and hast often grieved in our grief. Now Dido the Phoenician holds him stayed with soft words, and I tremble to think how the welcome of Juno's house may issue; she will not be idle in this supreme turn of fortune. Wherefore I counsel to prevent her wiles and circle the queen with flame, that, unalterable by any deity, she may be held fast to me by passionate love for Aeneas. Take now my thought how to do this. The boy prince, my chiefest care, makes ready at his dear father's summons to go to the Sidonian city, carrying gifts that survive the sea and the flames of Troy. Him will I hide deep asleep in my holy habitation, high on Cythera's hills or in Idalium, that he may not know nor cross our wiles. Do thou but for

one night feign his form, and, boy as thou art, put on the familiar face of a boy; so when in festal cheer, amid royal dainties and Bacchic juice, Dido shall take thee to her lap, shall fold thee in her clasp and kiss thee close and sweet, thou mayest imbreathe a hidden fire and unsuspected poison.'

Love obeys his dear mother's words, lays by his wings, and walks rejoicingly with Iulus' tread. But Venus pours gentle dew of slumber on Ascanius' limbs, and lifts him lulled in her lap to the tall Idalian groves of her deity, where soft amaracus folds him round with the shadowed sweetness of its odorous blossoms. And now, obedient to her words, Cupid went merrily in Achates' guiding, with the royal gifts for the Tyrians. Already at his coming the queen hath sate her down in the midmost on her golden [699-733] throne under the splendid tapestries; now lord Aeneas, now too the men of Troy gather, and all recline on the strewn purple. Servants pour water on their hands, serve corn from baskets, and bring napkins with close-cut pile. Fifty handmaids are within, whose task is in their course to keep unfailing store and kindle the household fire. An hundred others, and as many pages all of like age, load the board with food and array the wine cups. Therewithal the Tyrians are gathered full in the wide feasting chamber, and take their appointed places on the brodered cushions. They marvel at Aeneas' gifts, marvel at Iulus, at the god's face aflame and forged speech, at the mantle and veil wrought with yellow acanthus-flower. Above all the hapless Phoenician, victim to coming doom, cannot satiate her soul, but, stirred alike by the boy and the gifts, she gazes and takes fire. He, when hanging clasped on Aeneas' neck he had satisfied all the deluded parent's love, makes his way to the queen; the queen clings to him with her eyes and all her soul, and ever and anon fondles him in her lap, ah, poor Dido! witless how mighty a deity sinks into her breast; but he, mindful of his mother the Acidalian, begins touch by touch to efface Sychaeus, and sows the surprise of a living love in the long-since-unstirred spirit and disaccustomed heart. Soon as the noise of banquet ceased and the board was cleared, they set down great bowls and enwreath the wine. The house is filled with hum of voices eddying through the spacious chambers; lit lamps hang down by golden chainwork, and flaming tapers expel the night. Now the

queen called for a heavy cup of jewelled gold, and filled it with pure wine; therewith was the use of Belus and all of Belus' race: then the hall was silenced. 'Jupiter,' she cries, 'for thou art reputed lawgiver of hospitality, grant that this be a joyful day to the Tyrians and the voyagers from Troy, a day to live in our children's memory. [734-756]Bacchus, the giver of gladness, be with us, and Juno the bountiful; and you, O Tyrians, be favourable to our assembly.' She spoke, and poured liquid libation on the board, which done, she first herself touched it lightly with her lips, then handed it to Bitias and bade him speed; he valiantly drained the foaming cup, and flooded him with the brimming gold. The other princes followed. Long-haired Iopas on his gilded lyre fills the chamber with songs ancient Atlas taught; he sings of the wandering moon and the sun's travails; whence is the human race and the brute, whence water and fire; of Arcturus, the rainy Hyades, and the twin Oxen; why wintry suns make such haste to dip in ocean, or what delay makes the nights drag lingeringly. Tyrians and Trojans after them redouble applause. Therewithal Dido wore the night in changing talk, alas! and drank long draughts of love, asking many a thing of Priam, many a thing of Hector; now in what armour the son of the Morning came; now of what fashion were Diomedes' horses; now of mighty Achilles. 'Nay, come,' she cries, 'tell to us, O guest, from their first beginning the treachery of the Grecians, thy people's woes, and thine own wanderings; for this is now the seventh summer that bears thee a wanderer over all the earth and sea.'

BOOK SECOND

THE STORY OF THE SACK OF TROY

All were hushed, and sate with steadfast countenance; thereon, high from his cushioned seat, lord Aeneas thus began:

‘Dreadful, O Queen, is the woe thou bidst me recall, how the Grecians pitiably overthrew the wealth and lordship of Troy; and I myself saw these things in all their horror, and I bore great part in them. What Myrmidon or Dolopian, or soldier of stern Ulysses, could in such a tale restrain his tears! and now night falls dewy from the steep of heaven, and the setting stars counsel to slumber. Yet if thy desire be such to know our calamities, and briefly to hear Troy’s last agony, though my spirit shudders at the remembrance and recoils in pain, I will essay.

‘Broken in war and beaten back by fate, and so many years now slid away, the Grecian captains build by Pallas’ divine craft a horse of mountainous build, ribbed with sawn fir; they feign it vowed for their return, and this rumour goes about. Within the blind sides they stealthily imprison chosen men picked out one by one, and fill the vast cavern of its womb full with armed soldiery.

‘There lies in sight an island well known in fame, Tenedos, rich of store while the realm of Priam endured, now but a bay and roadstead treacherous to ships. Hither they launch forth, and hide on the solitary shore: we fancied they were gone, and had run down the wind for Mycenae. So all the Teucrian land put her long grief away. The gates are flung open; men go rejoicingly to see the Doric camp, the deserted stations and abandoned shore. Here the Dolopian troops were tented, here cruel Achilles; here their squadrons lay; here the lines were wont to meet in battle. Some gaze astonished at the deadly gift of Minerva the Virgin, and wonder at the horse’s bulk; and Thymoetes begins to advise that it be drawn within our walls and set in the citadel, whether in guile, or that the doom of Troy was even now setting thus. But Capys and they whose mind was of better counsel, bid us either hurl sheer into the sea the guileful and sinister gift of Greece, or heap flames beneath to consume it, or pierce and explore the hollow hiding-place of its womb. The wavering crowd is

torn apart in high dispute.

‘At that, foremost of all and with a great throng about him, Laocoön runs hotly down from the high citadel, and cries from far: “Ah, wretched citizens, what height of madness is this? Believe you the foe is gone? or think you any Grecian gift is free of treachery? is it thus we know Ulysses? Either Achaeans are hid in this cage of wood, or the engine is fashioned against our walls to overlook the houses and descend upon the city; some delusion lurks there: trust not the horse, O Trojans. Be it what it may, I fear the Grecians even when they offer gifts.” Thus speaking, he hurled his mighty spear with great strength at the creature’s side and the curved framework of the belly: the spear stood quivering, and the jarred cavern of the womb sounded hollow and uttered a groan. And had divine ordinance, had a soul not infatuate been with us, he had moved us to lay violent steel on the Argolic hiding place; and Troy would now stand, and you, tall towers of Priam, yet abide.

‘Lo, Dardanian shepherds meanwhile dragged clamorously before the King a man with hands tied behind his back, who to compass this very thing, to lay Troy open to the Achaeans, had gone to meet their ignorant approach, confident in spirit and doubly prepared to spin his snares or to meet assured death. From all sides, in eagerness to see, the people of Troy run streaming in, and vie in jeers at their prisoner. Know now the treachery of the Grecians, and from a single crime learn all. . . . For as he stood amid our gaze confounded, disarmed, and cast his eyes around the Phrygian columns, “Alas!” he cried, “what land now, what seas may receive me? or what is the last doom that yet awaits my misery? who have neither any place among the Grecians, and likewise the Dardanians clamour in wrath for the forfeit of my blood.” At that lament our spirit was changed, and all assault stayed: we encourage him to speak, and tell of what blood he is sprung, or what assurance he brings his captors.

“In all things assuredly,” says he, “O King, befall what may, I will confess to thee the truth; nor will I deny myself of Argolic birth — this first — nor, if Fortune hath made Sinon unhappy, shall her malice mould him to a cheat and a liar. Hath a tale of the name of Palamedes, son of Belus, haply reached thine ears, and of his glorious rumour and renown; whom under false evidence the

Pelasgians, because he forbade the war, sent innocent to death by wicked witness; now they bewail him when he hath left the light; — in his company, being near of blood, my father, poor as he was, sent me hither to arms from mine earliest years. While he stood unshaken in royalty and potent in the councils of the kings, we too wore a name and honour. When by subtle Ulysses' malice (no unknown tale do I tell) he left the upper regions, my shattered life crept on in darkness and grief, inly indignant at the fate of my innocent friend. Nor in my madness was I silent: and, should any chance offer, did I ever return a conqueror to my native Argos, I vowed myself his avenger, and with my words I stirred his bitter hatred. From this came the first taint of ill; from this did Ulysses ever threaten me with fresh charges, from this flung dark sayings among the crowd and sought confederate arms. Nay, nor did he rest, till by Calchas' service — but yet why do I vainly unroll the unavailing tale, or why hold you in delay, if all Achaeans are ranked together in your mind, and it is enough that I bear the name? Take the vengeance deferred; this the Ithacan would desire, and the sons of Atreus buy at a great ransom."

'Then indeed we press on to ask and inquire the cause, witless of wickedness so great and Pelasgian craft. Tremblingly the false-hearted one pursues his speech:

"Often would the Grecians have taken to flight, leaving Troy behind, and disbanded in weariness of the long war: and would God they had! as often the fierce sea-tempest barred their way, and the gale frightened them from going. Most of all when this horse already stood framed with beams of maple, storm clouds roared over all the sky. In perplexity we send Eurypylus to inquire of Phoebus' oracle; and he brings back from the sanctuary these words of terror: With blood of a slain maiden, O Grecians, you appeased the winds when first you came to the Ilian coasts; with blood must you seek your return, and an Argive life be the accepted sacrifice. When that utterance reached the ears of the crowd, their hearts stood still, and a cold shudder ran through their inmost sense: for whom is doom purposed? who is claimed of Apollo? At this the Ithacan with loud clamour drags Calchas the soothsayer forth amidst them, and demands of him what is this the gods signify. And now many an one

[125-158] foretold me the villain's craft and cruelty, and silently saw what was to come. Twice five days he is speechless in his tent, and will not have any one denounced by his lips, or given up to death. Scarcely at last, at the loud urgency of the Ithacan, he breaks into speech as was planned, and appoints me for the altar. All consented; and each one's particular fear was turned, ah me! to my single destruction. And now the dreadful day was at hand; the rites were being ordered for me, the salted corn, and the chaplets to wreath my temples. I broke away, I confess it, from death; I burst my bonds, and lurked all night darkling in the sedge of the marshy pool, till they might set their sails, if haply they should set them. Nor have I any hope more of seeing my old home nor my sweet children and the father whom I desire. Of them will they even haply claim vengeance for my flight, and wash away this crime in their wretched death. By the heavenly powers I beseech thee, the deities to whom truth is known, by all the faith yet unsullied that is anywhere left among mortals; pity woes so great; pity an undeserving sufferer."

'At these his tears we grant him life, and accord our pity. Priam himself at once commands his shackles and strait bonds to be undone, and thus speaks with kindly words: "Whoso thou art, now and henceforth dismiss and forget the Greeks: thou shalt be ours. And unfold the truth to this my question: wherefore have they reared this vast size of horse? who is their counsellor? or what their aim? what propitiation, or what engine of war is this?" He ended; the other, stored with the treacherous craft of Pelasgia, lifts to heaven his freed hands. "You, everlasting fires," he cries, "and your inviolable sanctity be my witness; you, O altars and accursed swords I fled, and chaplets of the gods I wore as victim! unblamed may I break the oath of Greek allegiance, unblamed hate them and bring all to light that they [159-191] conceal; nor am I bound by any laws of country. Do thou only keep by thy promise, O Troy, and preserve faith with thy preserver, as my news shall be true, as my recompense great.

"All the hope of Greece, and the confidence in which the war began, ever centred in Pallas' aid. But since the wicked son of Tydeus, and Ulysses, forger of crime, made bold to tear the fated Palladium from her sanctuary, and cut down the sentries on the towered height; since they grasped the holy image, and dared with

bloody hands to touch the maiden chaplets of the goddess; since then the hope of Greece ebbed and slid away backwards, their strength was broken, and the mind of the goddess estranged. Whereof the Tritonian gave token by no uncertain signs. Scarcely was the image set in the camp; flame shot sparkling from its lifted eyes, and salt sweat started over its body; thrice, wonderful to tell, it leapt from the ground with shield and spear quivering. Immediately Calchas prophesies that the seas must be explored in flight, nor may Troy towers be overthrown by Argive weapons, except they repeat their auspices at Argos, and bring back that divine presence they have borne away with them in the curved ships overseas. And now they have run down the wind for their native Mycenae, to gather arms and gods to attend them; they will remeasure ocean and be on you unawares. So Calchas expounds the omens. This image at his warning they reared in recompense for the Palladium and the injured deity, to expiate the horror of sacrilege. Yet Calchas bade them raise it to this vast size with oaken crossbeams, and build it up to heaven, that it may not find entry at the gates nor be drawn within the city, nor protect your people beneath the consecration of old. For if hand of yours should violate Minerva's offering, then utter destruction (the gods turn rather on himself his augury!) should be upon Priam's empire and [192-226] the Phrygian people. But if under your hands it climbed into your city, Asia should advance in mighty war to the walls of Pelops, and a like fate awaited our children's children."

'So by Sinon's wiles and craft and perjury the thing gained belief; and we were ensnared by treachery and forced tears, we whom neither the son of Tydeus nor Achilles of Larissa, whom not ten years nor a thousand ships brought down.

'Here another sight, greater, alas! and far more terrible meets us, and alarms our thoughtless senses. Laocoön, allotted priest of Neptune, was slaying a great bull at the accustomed altars. And lo! from Tenedos, over the placid depths (I shudder as I recall) two snakes in enormous coils press down the sea and advance together to the shore; their breasts rise through the surge, and their blood-red crests overtop the waves; the rest trails through the main behind and wreathes back in voluminous curves; the brine gurgles and foams. And now they gained the fields, while their bloodshot eyes blazed

with fire, and their tongues lapped and flickered in their hissing mouths. We scatter, pallid at the sight. They in unfaltering train make towards Laocoön. And first the serpents twine in their double embrace his two little children, and bite deep in their wretched limbs; then him likewise, as he comes up to help with arms in his hand, they seize and fasten in their enormous coils; and now twice clasping his waist, twice encircling his neck with their scaly bodies, they tower head and neck above him. He at once strains his hands to tear their knots apart, his fillets spattered with foul black venom; at once raises to heaven awful cries; as when, bellowing, a bull shakes the wavering axe from his neck and runs wounded from the altar. But the two snakes glide away to the high sanctuary and seek the fierce Tritonian's citadel, [227-261] and take shelter under the goddess' feet beneath the circle of her shield. Then indeed a strange terror thrills in all our amazed breasts; and Laocoön, men say, hath fulfilled his crime's desert, in piercing the consecrated wood and hurling his guilty spear into its body. All cry out that the image must be drawn to its home and supplication made to her deity. . . . We sunder the walls, and lay open the inner city. All set to the work; they fix rolling wheels under its feet, and tie hempen bands on its neck. The fated engine climbs our walls, big with arms. Around it boys and unwedded girls chant hymns and joyfully lay their hand on the rope. It moves up, and glides menacing into the middle of the town. O native land! O Ilium, house of gods, and Dardanian city renowned in war! four times in the very gateway did it come to a stand, and four times armour rang in its womb. Yet we urge it on, mindless and infatuate, and plant the ill-ominous thing in our hallowed citadel. Even then Cassandra opens her lips to the coming doom, lips at a god's bidding never believed by the Trojans. We, the wretched people, to whom that day was our last, hang the shrines of the gods with festal boughs throughout the city. Meanwhile the heavens wheel on, and night rises from the sea, wrapping in her vast shadow earth and sky and the wiles of the Myrmidons; about the town the Teucrians are stretched in silence; slumber laps their tired limbs.

‘And now the Argive squadron was sailing in order from Tenedos, and in the favouring stillness of the quiet moon sought the shores it knew; when the royal galley ran out a flame, and, protected by the

gods' malign decrees, Sinon stealthily lets loose the imprisoned Grecians from their barriers of pine; the horse opens and restores them to the air; and joyfully issuing from the hollow wood, Thessander and Sthenelus the captains, and terrible Ulysses, [262-295] slide down the dangling rope, with Acamas and Thoas and Neoptolemus son of Peleus, and Machaon first of all, and Menelaus, and Epeüs himself the artificer of the treachery. They sweep down the city buried in drunken sleep; the watchmen are cut down, and at the open gates they welcome all their comrades, and unite their confederate bands.

'It was the time when by the gift of God rest comes stealing first and sweetest on unhappy men. In slumber, lo! before mine eyes Hector seemed to stand by, deep in grief and shedding abundant tears; torn by the chariot, as once of old, and black with gory dust, his swoln feet pierced with the thongs. Ah me! in what guise was he! how changed from the Hector who returns from putting on Achilles' spoils, or launching the fires of Phrygia on the Grecian ships! with ragged beard and tresses clotted with blood, and all the many wounds upon him that he received around his ancestral walls. Myself too weeping I seemed to accost him ere he spoke, and utter forth mournful accents: "O light of Dardania, O surest hope of the Trojans, what long delay is this hath held thee? from what borders comest thou, Hector our desire? with what weary eyes we see thee, after many deaths of thy kin, after divers woes of people and city! What indignity hath marred thy serene visage? or why discern I these wounds?" He replies naught, nor regards my idle questioning; but heavily drawing a heart-deep groan, "Ah, fly, goddess-born," he says, "and rescue thyself from these flames. The foe holds our walls; from her high ridges Troy is toppling down. Thy country and Priam ask no more. If Troy towers might be defended by strength of hand, this hand too had been their defence. Troy commends to thee her holy things and household gods; take them to accompany thy fate; seek for them a city, which, after all the seas have known thy wanderings, thou shalt at last establish in [296-327] might." So speaks he, and carries forth in his hands from their inner shrine the chaplets and strength of Vesta, and the everlasting fire.

'Meanwhile the city is stirred with mingled agony; and more and

more, though my father Anchises' house lay deep withdrawn and screened by trees, the noises grow clearer and the clash of armour swells. I shake myself from sleep and mount over the sloping roof, and stand there with ears attent: even as when flame catches a corn-field while south winds are furious, or the racing torrent of a mountain stream sweeps the fields, sweeps the smiling crops and labours of the oxen, and hurls the forest with it headlong; the shepherd in witless amaze hears the roar from the cliff-top. Then indeed proof is clear, and the treachery of the Grecians opens out. Already the house of Deiphobus hath crashed down in wide ruin amid the overpowering flames; already our neighbour Ucalegon is ablaze: the broad Sigeon bay is lit with the fire. Cries of men and blare of trumpets rise up. Madly I seize my arms, nor is there so much purpose in arms; but my spirit is on fire to gather a band for fighting and charge for the citadel with my comrades. Fury and wrath drive me headlong, and I think how noble is death in arms.

'And lo! Panthus, eluding the Achaean weapons, Panthus son of Othrys, priest of Phoebus in the citadel, comes hurrying with the sacred vessels and conquered gods and his little grandchild in his hand, and runs distractedly towards my gates. "How stands the state, O Panthus? what stronghold are we to occupy?" Scarcely had I said so, when groaning he thus returns: "The crowning day is come, the irreversible time of the Dardanian land. No more are we a Trojan people; Ilium and the great glory of the Teucrians is no more. Angry Jupiter hath cast all into the scale of Argos. The Grecians are lords of the burning [328-362] town. The horse, standing high amid the city, pours forth armed men, and Sinon scatters fire, insolent in victory. Some are at the wide-flung gates, all the thousands that ever came from populous Mycenae. Others have beset the narrow streets with lowered weapons; edge and glittering point of steel stand drawn, ready for the slaughter; scarcely at the entry do the guards of the gates essay battle, and hold out in the blind fight."

'Heaven's will thus declared by the son of Othrys drives me amid flames and arms, where the baleful Fury calls, and tumult of shouting rises up. Rhipeus and Epytus, most mighty in arms, join company with me; Hypanis and Dymas meet us in the moonlight and attach themselves to our side, and young Coroebus son of Mygdon. In those

days it was he had come to Troy, fired with mad passion for Cassandra, and bore a son's aid to Priam and the Phrygians: hapless, that he listened not to his raving bride's counsels. . . . Seeing them close-ranked and daring for battle, I therewith began thus: "Men, hearts of supreme and useless bravery, if your desire be fixed to follow one who dares the utmost; you see what is the fortune of our state: all the gods by whom this empire was upheld have gone forth, abandoning shrine and altar; your aid comes to a burning city. Let us die, and rush on their encircling weapons. The conquered have one safety, to hope for none."

'So their spirit is heightened to fury. Then, like wolves ravening in a black fog, whom mad malice of hunger hath driven blindly forth, and their cubs left behind await with throats unslaked; through the weapons of the enemy we march to certain death, and hold our way straight into the town. Night's sheltering shadow flutters dark around us. Who may unfold in speech that night's horror and death-agony, or measure its woes in weeping? The [363-397] ancient city falls with her long years of sovereignty; corpses lie stretched stiff all about the streets and houses and awful courts of the gods. Nor do Teucrians alone pay forfeit of their blood; once and again valour returns even in conquered hearts, and the victorious Grecians fall. Everywhere is cruel agony, everywhere terror, and the sight of death at every turn.

'First, with a great troop of Grecians attending him, Androgeus meets us, taking us in ignorance for an allied band, and opens on us with friendly words: "Hasten, my men; why idly linger so late? others plunder and harry the burning citadel; are you but now on your march from the tall ships?" He spoke, and immediately (for no answer of any assurance was offered) knew he was fallen among the foe. In amazement, he checked foot and voice; even as one who struggling through rough briers hath trodden a snake on the ground unwarned, and suddenly shrinks fluttering back as it rises in anger and puffs its green throat out; even thus Androgeus drew away, startled at the sight. We rush in and encircle them with serried arms, and cut them down dispersedly in their ignorance of the ground and seizure of panic. Fortune speeds our first labour. And here Coroebus, flushed with success and spirit, cries: "O comrades, follow me where fortune points before us the path of safety, and shews her favour. Let

us exchange shields, and accoutre ourselves in Grecian suits; whether craft or courage, who will ask of an enemy? the foe shall arm our hands." Thus speaking, he next dons the plumed helmet and beautifully blazoned shield of Androgeus, and fits the Argive sword to his side. So does Rhipeus, so Dymas in like wise, and all our men in delight arm themselves one by one in the fresh spoils. We advance, mingling with the Grecians, under a protection not our own, and join many a battle [398-432] with those we meet amid the blind night; many a Greek we send down to hell. Some scatter to the ships and run for the safety of the shore; some in craven fear again climb the huge horse, and hide in the belly they knew. Alas that none may trust at all to estranged gods!

'Lo! Cassandra, maiden daughter of Priam, was being dragged with disordered tresses from the temple and sanctuary of Minerva, straining to heaven her blazing eyes in vain; her eyes, for fetters locked her delicate hands. At this sight Coroebus burst forth infuriate, and flung himself on death amid their columns. We all follow him up, and charge with massed arms. Here first from the high temple roof we are overwhelmed with our own people's weapons, and a most pitiful slaughter begins through the fashion of our armour and the mistaken Greek crests; then the Grecians, with angry cries at the maiden's rescue, gather from every side and fall on us; Ajax in all his valour, and the two sons of Atreus, and the whole Dolopian army: as oft when bursting in whirlwind West and South clash with adverse blasts, and the East wind exultant on the coursers of the Dawn; the forests cry, and fierce in foam Nereus with his trident stirs the seas from their lowest depth. Those too appear, whom our stratagem routed through the darkness of dim night and drove all about the town; at once they know the shields and lying weapons, and mark the alien tone on our lips. We go down, overwhelmed by numbers. First Coroebus is stretched by Peneleus' hand at the altar of the goddess armipotent; and Rhipeus falls, the one man who was most righteous and steadfast in justice among the Teucrians: the gods' ways are not as ours: Hypanis and Dymas perish, pierced by friendly hands; nor did all thy goodness, O Panthus, nor Apollo's fillet protect thy fall. O ashes of Ilium and death flames of my people! you I call to witness that in your ruin I

[433-465] shunned no Grecian weapon or encounter, and my hand earned my fall, had destiny been thus. We tear ourselves away, I and Iphitus and Pelias, Iphitus now stricken in age, Pelias halting too under the wound of Ulysses, called forward by the clamour to Priam's house.

'Here indeed the battle is fiercest, as if all the rest of the fighting were nowhere, and no slaughter but here throughout the city, so do we descry the war in full fury, the Grecians rushing on the building, and their shielded column driving up against the beleaguered threshold. Ladders cling to the walls; and hard by the doors and planted on the rungs they hold up their shields in the left hand to ward off our weapons, and with their right clutch the battlements. The Dardanians tear down turrets and the covering of the house roof against them; with these for weapons, since they see the end is come, they prepare to defend themselves even in death's extremity: and hurl down gilded beams, the stately decorations of their fathers of old. Others with drawn swords have beset the doorway below and keep it in crowded column. We renew our courage, to aid the royal dwelling, to support them with our succour, and swell the force of the conquered.

'There was a blind doorway giving passage through the range of Priam's halls by a solitary postern, whereby, while our realm endured, hapless Andromache would often and often glide unattended to her father-in-law's house, and carry the boy Astyanax to his grandsire. I issue out on the sloping height of the ridge, whence wretched Teucrian hands were hurling their ineffectual weapons. A tower stood on the sheer brink, its roof ascending high into heaven, whence was wont to be seen all Troy and the Grecian ships and Achaean camp: attacking it with iron round about, where the joints of the lofty flooring yielded, we wrench it from its deep foundations and shake it free; it gives way, and [466-498] suddenly falls thundering in ruin, crashing wide over the Grecian ranks. But others swarm up; nor meanwhile do stones nor any sort of missile slacken. . . . Right before the vestibule and in the front doorway Pyrrhus moves rejoicingly in the sparkle of arms and gleaming brass: like as when a snake fed on poisonous herbs, whom chill winter kept hid and swollen underground, now fresh from his weeds outworn and

shining in youth, wreathes his slippery body into the daylight, his upreared breast meets the sun, and his triple-cloven tongue flickers in his mouth. With him huge Periphas, and Automedon the armour-bearer, driver of Achilles' horses, with him all his Scyrian men climb the roof and hurl flames on the housetop. Himself among the foremost he grasps a poleaxe, bursts through the hard doorway, and wrenches the brazen-plated doors from the hinge; and now he hath cut out a plank from the solid oak and pierced a vast gaping hole. The house within is open to sight, and the long halls lie plain; open to sight are the secret chambers of Priam and the kings of old, and they see armed men standing in front of the doorway.

'But the inner house is stirred with shrieks and misery and confusion, and the court echoes deep with women's wailing; the golden stars are smitten with the din. Affrighted mothers stray about the vast house, and cling fast to the doors and print them with kisses. With his father's might Pyrrhus presses on; nor guards nor barriers can hold out. The gate totters under the hard driven ram, and the doors fall flat, rent from the hinge. Force makes way; the Greeks burst through the entrance and pour in, slaughtering the foremost, and filling the space with a wide stream of soldiers. Not so furiously when a foaming river bursts his banks and overflows, beating down the opposing dykes with whirling water, is he borne mounded over the fields, and sweeps herds and [499-529] pens all about the plains. Myself I saw in the gateway Neoptolemus mad in slaughter, and the two sons of Atreus, saw Hecuba and the hundred daughters of her house, and Priam polluting with his blood the altar fires of his own consecration. The fifty bridal chambers — so great was the hope of his children's children — their doors magnificent with spoils of barbaric gold, have sunk in ruin; where the fire fails the Greeks are in possession.

'Perchance too thou mayest inquire what was Priam's fate. When he saw the ruin of his captured city, the gates of his house burst open, and the enemy amid his innermost chambers, the old man idly fastens round his aged trembling shoulders his long disused armour, girds on the unavailing sword, and advances on his death among the thronging foe.

'Within the palace and under the bare cope of sky was a massive

altar, and hard on the altar an ancient bay tree leaned clasping the household gods in its shadow. Here Hecuba and her daughters crowded vainly about the altar-stones, like doves driven headlong by a black tempest, and crouched clasping the gods' images. And when she saw Priam her lord with the armour of youth on him, "What spirit of madness, my poor husband," she cries, "hath stirred thee to gird on these weapons? or whither dost thou run? Not such the succour nor these the defenders the time requires: no, were mine own Hector now beside us. Retire, I beseech thee, hither; this altar will protect us all, or thou wilt share our death." With these words on her lips she drew the aged man to her, and set him on the holy seat.

'And lo, escaped from slaughtering Pyrrhus through the weapons of the enemy, Polites, one of Priam's children, flies wounded down the long colonnades and circles the empty halls. Pyrrhus pursues him fiercely with aimed [530-563] wound, just catching at him, and follows hard on him with his spear. As at last he issued before his parents' eyes and faces, he fell, and shed his life in a pool of blood. At this Priam, although even now fast in the toils of death, yet withheld not nor spared a wrathful cry: "Ah, for thy crime, for this thy hardihood, may the gods, if there is goodness in heaven to care for aught such, pay thee in full thy worthy meed, and return thee the reward that is due! who hast made me look face to face on my child's murder, and polluted a father's countenance with death. Ah, not such to a foe was the Achilles whose parentage thou beliest; but he revered a suppliant's right and trust, restored to the tomb Hector's pallid corpse, and sent me back to my realm." Thus the old man spoke, and launched his weak and unwounding spear, which, recoiling straight from the jarring brass, hung idly from his shield above the boss. Thereat Pyrrhus: "Thou then shalt tell this, and go with the message to my sire the son of Peleus: remember to tell him of my baleful deeds, and the degeneracy of Neoptolemus. Now die." So saying, he drew him quivering to the very altar, slipping in the pool of his child's blood, and wound his left hand in his hair, while in his right the sword flashed out and plunged to the hilt in his side. This was the end of Priam's fortunes; thus did allotted fate find him, with burning Troy and her sunken towers before his eyes, once magnificent lord over so many peoples and lands of Asia. The great

corpse lies along the shore, a head severed from the shoulders and a body without a name.

‘But then an awful terror began to encircle me; I stood in amaze; there rose before me the likeness of my loved father, as I saw the king, old as he, sobbing out his life under the ghastly wound; there rose Creüsa forlorn, my plundered house, and little Iulus’ peril. I look back [564-596] and survey what force is around me. All, outwearied, have given up and leapt headlong to the ground, or flung themselves wretchedly into the fire:

[‘Yes, and now I only was left; when I espy the daughter of Tyndarus close in the courts of Vesta, crouching silently in the fane’s recesses; the bright glow of the fires lights my wandering, as my eyes stray all about. Fearing the Teucrians’ anger for the overthrown towers of Troy, and the Grecians’ vengeance and the wrath of the husband she had abandoned, she, the common Fury of Troy and her native country, had hidden herself and cowered unseen by the altars. My spirit kindles to fire, and rises in wrath to avenge my dying land and take repayment for her crimes. Shall she verily see Sparta and her native Mycenae unscathed, and depart a queen and triumphant? Shall she see her spousal and her home, her parents and children, attended by a crowd of Trojan women and Phrygians to serve her? and Priam have fallen under the sword? Troy blazed in fire? the shore of Dardania so often soaked with blood? Not so. For though there is no name or fame in a woman’s punishment, nor honour in the victory, yet shall I have praise in quenching a guilty life and exacting a just recompense; and it will be good to fill my soul with the flame of vengeance, and satisfy the ashes of my people. Thus broke I forth, and advanced infuriate;]

‘ ——— When my mother came visibly before me, clear to sight as never till then, and shone forth in pure radiance through the night, gracious, evident in godhead, in shape and stature such as she is wont to appear to the heavenly people; she caught me by the hand and stayed me, and pursued thus with roseate lips:

“‘Son, what overmastering pain thus wakes thy wrath? Why ravest thou? or whither is thy care for us fled? Wilt thou not first look to it, where thou hast left Anchises, [597-630] thine aged worn father; or if Creüsa thy wife and the child Ascanius survive? round

about whom all the Greek battalions range; and without my preventing care, the flames ere this had made them their portion, and the hostile sword drunk their blood. Not the hated face of the Laconian woman, Tyndarus' daughter; not Paris is to blame; the gods, the gods in anger overturn this magnificence, and make Troy topple down. Look, for all the cloud that now veils thy gaze and dulls mortal vision with damp encircling mist, I will rend from before thee. Fear thou no commands of thy mother, nor refuse to obey her counsels. Here, where thou seest sundered piles of masonry and rocks violently torn from rocks, and smoke eddying mixed with dust, Neptune with his great trident shakes wall and foundation out of their places, and upturns all the city from her base. Here Juno in all her terror holds the Scaean gates at the entry, and, girt with steel, calls her allied army furiously from their ships. . . . Even now on the citadel's height, look back! Tritonian Pallas is planted in glittering halo and Gorgonian terror. Their lord himself pours courage and prosperous strength on the Grecians, himself stirs the gods against the arms of Dardania. Haste away, O son, and put an end to the struggle. I will never desert thee; I will set thee safe in the courts of thy father's house."

'She ended, and plunged in the dense blackness of the night. Awful faces shine forth, and, set against Troy, divine majesties . . .

'Then indeed I saw all Ilium sinking in flame, and Neptunian Troy uprooted from her base: even as an ancient ash on the mountain heights, hacked all about with steel and fast-falling axes, when husbandmen emulously strain to cut it down: it hangs threateningly, with shaken top and quivering tresses asway; till gradually, overmastered with [631-662] wounds, it utters one last groan, and rending itself away, falls in ruin along the ridge. I descend, and under a god's guidance clear my way between foe and flame; weapons give ground before me, and flames retire.

'And now, when I have reached the courts of my ancestral dwelling, our home of old, my father, whom it was my first desire to carry high into the hills, and whom first I sought, declines, now Troy is rooted out, to prolong his life through the pains of exile.

"Ah, you," he cries, "whose blood is at the prime, whose strength stands firm in native vigour, do you take your flight. . . . Had the

lords of heaven willed to prolong life for me, they should have preserved this my home. Enough and more is the one desolation we have seen, survivors of a captured city. Thus, oh thus salute me and depart, as a body laid out for burial. Mine own hand shall find me death: the foe will be merciful and seek my spoils: light is the loss of a tomb. This long time hated of heaven, I uselessly delay the years, since the father of gods and king of men blasted me with wind of thunder and scathe of flame.”

‘Thus held he on in utterance, and remained obstinate. We press him, dissolved in tears, my wife Creüsa, Ascanius, all our household, that our father involve us not all in his ruin, and add his weight to the sinking scale of doom. He refuses, and keeps seated steadfast in his purpose. Again I rush to battle, and choose death in my misery. For what had counsel or chance yet to give? Thoughtest thou my feet, O father, could retire and abandon thee? and fell so unnatural words from a parent’s lips? “If heaven wills that naught be left of our mighty city, if this be thy planted purpose, thy pleasure to cast in thyself and thine to the doom of Troy; for this death indeed the gate is wide, and even now Pyrrhus will be here newly bathed in Priam’s [663-695] blood, Pyrrhus who slaughters the son before the father’s face, the father upon his altars. For this was it, bountiful mother, thou dost rescue me amid fire and sword, to see the foe in my inmost chambers, and Ascanius and my father, Creüsa by their side, hewn down in one another’s blood? My arms, men, bring my arms! the last day calls on the conquered. Return me to the Greeks; let me revisit and renew the fight. Never to-day shall we all perish unavenged.”

‘Thereat I again gird on my sword, and fitting my left arm into the clasps of the shield, strode forth of the palace. And lo! my wife clung round my feet on the threshold, and held little Iulus up to his father’s sight. “If thou goest to die, let us too hurry with thee to the end. But if thou knowest any hope to place in arms, be this household thy first defence. To what is little Iulus and thy father, to what am I left who once was called thy wife?”

‘So she shrieked, and filled all the house with her weeping; when a sign arises sudden and marvellous to tell. For, between the hands and before the faces of his sorrowing parents, lo! above Iulus’ head there seemed to stream a light luminous cone, and a flame whose

touch hurt not to flicker in his soft hair and play round his brows. We in a flutter of affright shook out the blazing hair and quenched the holy fires with spring water. But lord Anchises joyfully upraised his eyes; and stretching his hands to heaven: "Jupiter omnipotent," he cries, "if thou dost relent at any prayers, look on us this once alone; and if our goodness deserve it, give thine aid hereafter, O lord, and confirm this thine omen."

'Scarcely had the aged man spoken thus, when with sudden crash it thundered on the left, and a star gliding through the dusk shot from heaven drawing a bright trail of light. We watch it slide over the palace roof, leaving [696-730] the mark of its pathway, and bury its brilliance in the wood of Ida; the long drawn track shines, and the region all about fumes with sulphur. Then conquered indeed my father rises to address the gods and worship the holy star. "Now, now delay is done with: I follow, and where you lead, I come. Gods of my fathers, save my house, save my grandchild. Yours is this omen, and in your deity Troy stands. I yield, O my son, and refuse not to go in thy company."

'He ended; and now more loudly the fire roars along the city, and the burning tides roll nearer. "Up then, beloved father, and lean on my neck; these shoulders of mine will sustain thee, nor will so dear a burden weigh me down. Howsoever fortune fall, one and undivided shall be our peril, one the escape of us twain. Little Iulus shall go along with me, and my wife follow our steps afar. You of my household, give heed to what I say. As you leave the city there is a mound and ancient temple of Ceres lonely on it, and hard by an aged cypress, guarded many years in ancestral awe: to this resting-place let us gather from diverse quarters. Thou, O father, take the sacred things and the household gods of our ancestors in thine hand. For me, just parted from the desperate battle, with slaughter fresh upon me, to handle them were guilt, until I wash away in a living stream the soilure. . . ." So spoke I, and spread over my neck and broad shoulders a tawny lion-skin for covering, and stoop to my burden. Little Iulus, with his hand fast in mine, keeps uneven pace after his father. Behind my wife follows. We pass on in the shadows. And I, lately moved by no weapons launched against me, nor by the thronging bands of my Grecian foes, am now terrified at every

breath, startled by every noise, thrilling with fear alike for my companion and my burden.

‘And now I was nearing the gates, and thought I had [731-764] outsped all the way; when suddenly the crowded trampling of feet came to our ears, and my father, looking forth into the darkness, cries: “My son, my son, fly; they draw near. I espy the gleaming shields and the flicker of brass.” At this, in my flurry and confusion, some hostile god bereft me of my senses. For while I plunge down byways, and swerve from where the familiar streets ran, Creüsa, alas! whether, torn by fate from her unhappy husband, she stood still, or did she mistake the way, or sink down outwearied? I know not; and never again was she given back to our eyes; nor did I turn to look for my lost one, or cast back a thought, ere we were come to ancient Ceres’ mound and hallowed seat; here at last, when all gathered, one was missing, vanished from her child’s and her husband’s company. What man or god did I spare in frantic reproaches? or what crueller sight met me in our city’s overthrow? I charge my comrades with Ascanius and lord Anchises, and the gods of Teucria, hiding them in the winding vale. Myself I regain the city, girding on my shining armour; fixed to renew every danger, to retrace my way throughout Troy, and fling myself again on its perils. First of all I regain the walls and the dim gateway whence my steps had issued; I scan and follow back my footprints with searching gaze in the night. Everywhere my spirit shudders, dismayed at the very silence. Thence I pass on home, if haply her feet (if haply!) had led her thither. The Grecians had poured in, and filled the palace. The devouring fire goes rolling before the wind high as the roof; the flames tower over it, and the heat surges up into the air. I move on, and revisit the citadel and Priam’s dwelling; where now in the spacious porticoes of Juno’s sanctuary, Phoenix and accursed Ulysses, chosen sentries, were guarding the spoil. Hither from all quarters is flung in masses the treasure of Troy torn from burning shrines, [765-798] tables of the gods, bowls of solid gold, and raiment of the captives. Boys and cowering mothers in long file stand round. . . . Yes, and I dared to cry abroad through the darkness; I filled the streets with calling, and again and yet again with vain reiteration cried piteously on Creüsa. As I stormed and sought her endlessly among the houses of the town,

there rose before mine eyes a melancholy phantom, the ghost of very Creüsa, in likeness larger than her wont. I was motionless; my hair stood up, and the accents faltered on my tongue. Then she thus addressed me, and with this speech allayed my distresses: "What help is there in this mad passion of grief, sweet my husband? not without divine influence does this come to pass: nor may it be, nor does the high lord of Olympus allow, that thou shouldest carry Creüsa hence in thy company. Long shall be thine exile, and weary spaces of sea must thou furrow through; and thou shalt come to the land Hesperia, where Lydian Tiber flows with soft current through rich and populous fields. There prosperity awaits thee, and a kingdom, and a king's daughter for thy wife. Dispel these tears for thy beloved Creüsa. Never will I look on the proud homes of the Myrmidons or Dolopians, or go to be the slave of Greek matrons, I a daughter of Dardania, a daughter-in-law of Venus the goddess. . . . But the mighty mother of the gods keeps me in these her borders. And now farewell, and still love thy child and mine." This speech uttered, while I wept and would have said many a thing, she left me and retreated into thin air. Thrice there was I fain to lay mine arms round her neck; thrice the vision I vainly clasped fled out of my hands, even as the light breezes, or most like to fluttering sleep. So at last, when night is spent, I revisit my comrades.

‘And here I find a marvellous great company, newly flocked in, mothers and men, a people gathered for exile, [799-804] a pitiable crowd. From all quarters they are assembled, ready in heart and fortune, to whatsoever land I will conduct them overseas. And now the morning star rose over the high ridges of Ida, and led on the day; and the Grecians held the gateways in leaguer, nor was any hope of help given. I withdrew, and raising my father up, I sought the mountain.’

BOOK THIRD

THE STORY OF THE SEVEN YEARS' WANDERING

'After heaven's lords pleased to overthrow the state of Asia and Priam's guiltless people, and proud Ilium fell, and Neptunian Troy smokes all along the ground, we are driven by divine omens to seek distant places of exile in waste lands. Right under Antandros and the mountains of Phrygian Ida we build a fleet, uncertain whither the fates carry us or where a resting-place is given, and gather the people together. Scarcely had the first summer set in, when lord Anchises bids us spread our sails to fortune, and weeping I leave the shores and havens of my country, and the plains where once was Troy. I sail to sea an exile, with my comrades and son and the gods of household and state.

'A land of vast plains lies apart, the home of Mavors, in Thracian tillage, and sometime under warrior Lycurgus' reign; friendly of old to Troy, and their gods in alliance while our fortune lasted. Hither I pass, and on the winding shore I lay under thwarting fates the first foundations of a city, and from my own name fashion its name, Aeneadae.

'I was paying sacrifice to my mother, daughter of Dione, and to all the gods, so to favour the work begun, and slew a shining bull on the shore to the high lord of the heavenly people. Haply there lay a mound hard at hand, crowned with cornel thickets and bristling dense with shafts of myrtle. I drew near; and essaying to tear up the green wood from the soil, that I might cover the altar with leafy boughs, I see a portent ominous and wonderful to tell. For from the first tree whose roots are rent away and broken from the ground, drops of black blood trickle, and gore stains the earth. An icy shudder shakes my limbs, and my blood curdles chill with terror. Yet from another I go on again to tear away a tough shoot, fully to fathom its secret; yet from another black blood follows out of the bark. With many searchings of heart I prayed the woodland nymphs, and lord Gradivus, who rules in the Getic fields, to make the sight propitious as was meet and lighten the omen. But when I assail a third spearshaft with a stronger effort, pulling with knees pressed

against the sand; shall I speak or be silent? from beneath the mound is heard a pitiable moan, and a voice is uttered to my ears: "Woe's me, why rendest thou me, Aeneas? spare me at last in the tomb, spare pollution to thine innocent hands. Troy bore me; not alien to thee am I, nor this blood that oozes from the stem. Ah, fly the cruel land, fly the greedy shore! For I am Polydorus; here the iron harvest of weapons hath covered my pierced body, and shot up in sharp javelins." Then indeed, borne down with dubious terror, I was motionless, my hair stood up, and the accents faltered on my tongue.

'This Polydorus once with great weight of gold had hapless Priam sent in secret to the nurture of the Thracian king, when now he was losing trust in the arms of Dardania, and saw his city leaguered round about. The king, when the Teucrian power was broken and fortune withdrew, following Agamemnon's estate and triumphant arms, severs every bond of duty; murders Polydorus, and lays strong hands on the gold. O accursed hunger of gold, to what dost thou not compel human hearts! When the terror left my senses, I lay the divine tokens before the chosen princes of the people, with my father at their head, and demand their judgment. All are of one mind, to leave the guilty land, and abandoning a polluted home, to let the gales waft our fleets. So we bury Polydorus anew, and the earth is heaped high over his mound; altars are reared to his ghost, sad with dusky chaplets and black cypress; and around are the Ilian women with hair unbound in their fashion. We offer bubbling bowls of warm milk and cups of consecrated blood, and lay the spirit to rest in her tomb, and with loud voice utter the last call.

'Thereupon, so soon as ocean may be trusted, and the winds leave the seas in quiet, and the soft whispering south wind calls seaward, my comrades launch their ships and crowd the shores. We put out from harbour, and lands and towns sink away. There lies in mid sea a holy land, most dear to the mother of the Nereids and Neptune of Aegae, which strayed about coast and strand till the Archer god in his affection chained it fast from high Myconos and Gyaros, and made it lie immoveable and slight the winds. Hither I steer; and it welcomes my weary crew to the quiet shelter of a safe haven. We disembark and worship Apollo's town. Anius the king, king at once of the people and priest of Phoebus, his brows garlanded with fillets and

consecrated laurel, comes to meet us; he knows Anchises, his friend of old; we clasp hands in welcome, and enter his palace. I worshipped the god's temple, an ancient pile of stone. "Lord of Thymbra, give us an enduring dwelling-place; grant a house and family to thy weary servants, and a city to abide: keep Troy's second fortress, the remnant left of the Grecians and merciless Achilles. Whom follow we? or whither dost thou bid us go, where fix our seat? Grant an omen, O lord, and inspire our minds."

'Scarcely had I spoken thus; suddenly all seemed to shake, all the courts and laurels of the god, the whole hill to be stirred round about, and the cauldron to moan in the opening sanctuary. We sink low on the ground, and a voice is borne to our ears: "Stubborn race of Dardanus, the same land that bore you by parentage of old shall receive you again on her bountiful breast. Seek out your ancient mother; hence shall the house of Aeneas sway all regions, his children's children and they who shall be born of them." Thus Phoebus; and mingled outcries of great gladness uprose; all ask, what is that city? whither calls Phoebus our wandering, and bids us return? Then my father, unrolling the records of men of old, "Hear, O princes," says he, "and learn your hopes. In mid ocean lies Crete, the island of high Jove, wherein is mount Ida, the cradle of our race. An hundred great towns are inhabited in that opulent realm; from it our forefather Teucer of old, if I recall the tale aright, sailed to the Rhoetean coasts and chose a place for his kingdom. Not yet was Ilium nor the towers of Pergama reared; they dwelt in the valley bottoms. Hence came our Lady, haunter of Cybele, the Corybantic cymbals and the grove of Ida; hence the rites of inviolate secrecy, and the lions yoked under the chariot of their mistress. Up then, and let us follow where divine commandments lead; let us appease the winds, and seek the realm of Gnosus. Nor is it a far journey away. Only be Jupiter favourable, the third day shall bring our fleet to anchor on the Cretan coast." So spoke he, and slew fit sacrifice on the altars, a bull to Neptune, a bull to thee, fair Apollo, a black sheep to Tempest, a white to the prosperous West winds.

'Rumour flies that Idomeneus the captain is driven [122-154] forth of his father's realm, and the shores of Crete are abandoned, that the houses are void of foes and the dwellings lie empty to our

hand. We leave the harbour of Ortygia, and fly along the main, by the revel-trod ridges of Naxos, by green Donusa, Olearos and snow-white Paros, and the sea-strewn Cyclades, threading the racing channels among the crowded lands. The seamen's clamour rises in emulous dissonance; each cheers his comrade: Seek we Crete and our forefathers. A wind rising astern follows us forth on our way, and we glide at last to the ancient Curetean coast. So I set eagerly to work on the walls of my chosen town, and call it Pergamea, and exhort my people, joyful at the name, to cherish their homes and rear the castle buildings. And even now the ships were drawn up on the dry beach; the people were busy in marriages and among their new fields; I was giving statutes and homesteads; when suddenly from a tainted space of sky came, noisome on men's bodies and pitiable on trees and crops, pestilence and a year of death. They left their sweet lives or dragged themselves on in misery; Sirius scorched the fields into barrenness; the herbage grew dry, and the sickly harvest denied sustenance. My father counsels to remeasure the sea and go again to Phoebus in his Ortygian oracle, to pray for grace and ask what issue he ordains to our exhausted state; whence he bids us search for aid to our woes, whither bend our course.

‘Night fell, and sleep held all things living on the earth. The sacred images of the gods and the household deities of Phrygia, that I had borne with me from Troy out of the midst of the burning city, seemed to stand before mine eyes as I lay sleepless, clear in the broad light where the full moon poured through the latticed windows; then thus addressed me, and with this speech allayed my distresses: “What Apollo hath to tell thee when thou dost [155-188] reach Ortygia, he utters here, and sends us unsought to thy threshold. We who followed thee and thine arms when Dardania went down in fire; we who under thee have traversed on shipboard the swelling sea; we in like wise will exalt to heaven thy children to be, and give empire to their city. Do thou prepare a mighty town for a mighty people, nor draw back from the long wearisome chase. Thou must change thy dwelling. Not to these shores did the god at Delos counsel thee, or Apollo bid thee find rest in Crete. There is a region Greeks name Hesperia, an ancient land, mighty in arms and foison of the clod; Oenotrian men dwell therein; now rumour is that a younger

race have called it Italy after their captain's name. This is our true dwelling place; hence is Dardanus sprung, and lord Iasius, the first source of our race. Up, arise, and tell with good cheer to thine aged parent this plain tale, to seek Corythus and the lands of Ausonia. Jupiter denies thee the Dictaeon fields."

'Astonished at this vision and divine utterance (nor was that slumber; but openly I seemed to know their countenances, their veiled hair and gracious faces, and therewith a cold sweat broke out all over me) I spring from my bed and raise my voice and upturned hands skyward and pay pure offering on the hearth. The sacrifice done, I joyfully tell Anchises, and relate all in order. He recognises the double descent and twofold parentage, and the later wanderings that had deceived him among ancient lands. Then he speaks: "O son, hard wrought by the destinies of Ilium, Cassandra only foretold me this fortune. Now I recall how she prophesied this was fated to our race, and often cried of Hesperia, often of an Italian realm. But who was to believe that Teucrians should come to Hesperian shores? or whom might Cassandra then move by prophecy? Yield we to Phoebus, and follow the better [189-222] way he counsels." So says he, and we all rejoicingly obey his speech. This dwelling likewise we abandon; and leaving some few behind, spread our sails and run over the waste sea in our hollow wood.

'After our ships held the high seas, nor any land yet appears, the sky all round us and all round us the deep, a dusky shower drew up overhead carrying night and tempest, and the wave shuddered and gloomed. Straightway the winds upturn the main, and great seas rise; we are tossed asunder over the dreary gulf. Stormclouds enwrap the day, and rainy gloom blots out the sky; out of the clouds bursts fire fast upon fire. Driven from our course, we go wandering on the blind waves. Palinurus himself professes he cannot tell day from night on the sky, nor remember the way amid the waters. Three dubious days of blind darkness we wander on the deep, as many nights without a star. Not till the fourth day was land at last seen to rise, discovering distant hills and sending up wreaths of smoke. The sails drop; we swing back to the oars; without delay the sailors strongly toss up the foam, and sweep through the green water. The shores of the Strophades first receive me thus won from the waves, Strophades the

Greek name they bear, islands lying in the great Ionian sea, which boding Celaeno and the other Harpies inhabit since Phineus' house was shut on them, and they fled in terror from the board of old. Than these no deadlier portent nor any fiercer plague of divine wrath hath issued from the Stygian waters; winged things with maidens' countenance, bellies dropping filth, and clawed hands and faces ever wan with hunger. . . .

'When borne hitherward we enter the haven, lo! we see goodly herds of oxen scattered on the plains, and goats flocking untended over the grass. We attack them with the sword, and call the gods and Jove himself to share our [223-258] spoil. Then we build seats on the winding shore and banquet on the dainty food. But suddenly the Harpies are upon us, swooping awfully from the mountains, and shaking their wings with loud clangour, plunder the feast, and defile everything with unclean touch, spreading a foul smell, and uttering dreadful cries. Again, in a deep recess under a caverned rock, shut in with waving shadows of woodland, we array the board and renew the altar fires; again, from their blind ambush in diverse quarters of the sky, the noisy crowd flutter with clawed feet around their prey, defiling the feast with their lips. Then I bid my comrades take up arms, and proclaim war on the accursed race. Even as I bade they do, range their swords in cover among the grass, and hide their shields out of sight. So when they swooped clamorously down along the winding shore, Misenus from his watch-tower on high signals on the hollow brass; my comrades rush in and essay the strange battle, to set the stain of steel on the winged horrors of the sea. But they take no violence on their plumage, nor wounds on their bodies; and soaring into the firmament with rapid flight, leave their foul traces on the spoil they had half consumed. Celaeno alone, prophetess of ill, alights on a towering cliff, and thus breaks forth in deep accents:

"'War is it for your slaughtered oxen and steers cut down, O children of Laomedon, war is it you would declare, and drive the guiltless Harpies from their ancestral kingdom? Take then to heart and fix fast these words of mine; which the Lord omnipotent foretold to Phoebus, Phoebus Apollo to me, I eldest born of the Furies reveal to you. Italy is your goal; wooing the winds you shall go to Italy, and enter her harbours unhindered. Yet shall you not wall round your

ordained city, ere this murderous outrage on us compel you, in portentous hunger, to eat your tables with gnawing teeth.”

‘She spoke, and winged her way back to the shelter of [259-293] the wood. But my comrades’ blood froze chill with sudden affright; their spirits fell; and no longer with arms, nay with vows and prayers they bid me entreat favour, whether these be goddesses, or winged things ill-ominous and foul. And lord Anchises from the beach calls with outspread hands on the mighty gods, ordering fit sacrifices: “Gods, avert their menaces! Gods, turn this woe away, and graciously save the righteous!” Then he bids pluck the cable from the shore and shake loose the sheets. Southern winds stretch the sails; we scud over the foam-flecked waters, whither wind and pilot called our course. Now wooded Zacynthos appears amid the waves, and Dulichium and Same and Neritos’ sheer rocks. We fly past the cliffs of Ithaca, Laërtes’ realm, and curse the land, fostress of cruel Ulysses. Soon too Mount Leucata’s cloudy peaks are sighted, and Apollo dreaded of sailors. Hither we steer wearily, and stand in to the little town. The anchor is cast from the prow; the sterns are grounded on the beach.

‘So at last having attained to land beyond our hopes, we purify ourselves in Jove’s worship, and kindle altars of offering, and make the Actian shore gay with the games of Ilium. My comrades strip, and, slippery with oil, exercise their ancestral contests; glad to have got past so many Argive towns, and held on their flight through the encircling foe. Meanwhile the sun rounds the great circle of the year, and icy winter ruffles the waters with Northern gales. I fix against the doorway a hollow shield of brass, that tall Abas had borne, and mark the story with a verse: These arms Aeneas from the conquering Greeks. Then I bid leave the harbour and sit down at the thwarts; emulously my comrades strike the water, and sweep through the seas. Soon we see the cloud-capped Phaeacian towers sink away, skirt the shores of Epirus, and enter the Chaonian haven and approach high Buthrotum town.

[294-328]’ Here the rumour of a story beyond belief comes on our ears; Helenus son of Priam is reigning over Greek towns, master of the bride and sceptre of Pyrrhus the Aeacid; and Andromache hath

again fallen to a husband of her people. I stood amazed; and my heart kindled with marvellous desire to accost him and learn of so strange a fortune. I advance from the harbour, leaving the fleet ashore; just when haply Andromache, in a grove before the town, by the waters of a feigned Simoïs, was pouring libation to the dust, and calling Hector's ghost to a tomb with his name, on an empty turfed green with two altars that she had consecrated, a wellspring of tears. When she caught sight of me coming, and saw distractedly the encircling arms of Troy, terror-stricken at the vision marvellously shewn, her gaze fixed, and the heat left her frame. She swoons away, and hardly at last speaks after long interval: "Comest thou then a real face, a real messenger to me, goddess-born? livest thou? or if sweet light is fled, ah, where is Hector?" She spoke, and bursting into tears filled all the place with her crying. Just a few words I force up, and deeply moved gasp out in broken accents: "I live indeed, I live on through all extremities; doubt not, for real are the forms thou seest . . . Alas! after such an husband, what fate receives thy fall? or what worthier fortune revisits thee? Dost thou, Hector's Andromache, keep bonds of marriage with Pyrrhus?" She cast down her countenance, and spoke with lowered voice:

"O single in happy eminence that maiden daughter of Priam, sentenced to die under high Troy town at an enemy's grave, who never bore the shame of the lot, nor came a captive to her victorious master's bed! We, sailing over alien seas from our burning land, have endured the haughty youthful pride of Achilles' seed, and borne children in slavery: he thereafter, wooing Leda's Hermione and a Lacedaemonian [329-363] marriage, passed me over to Helenus' keeping, a bondwoman to a bondman. But him Orestes, aflame with passionate desire for his stolen bride, and driven by the furies of crime, catches unguarded and murders at his ancestral altars. At Neoptolemus' death a share of his realm fell to Helenus' hands, who named the plains Chaonian, and called all the land Chaonia after Chaon of Troy, and built withal a Pergama and this Ilian citadel on the hills. But to thee how did winds, how fates give passage? or whose divinity landed thee all unwitting on our coasts? what of the boy Ascanius? lives he yet, and draws breath, thy darling, whom Troy's . . . Yet hath the child affection for his lost mother? is he

roused to the valour of old and the spirit of manhood by his father Aeneas, by his uncle Hector?"

'Such words she poured forth weeping, and prolonged the vain wail; when the hero Helenus son of Priam approaches from the town with a great company, knows us for his kin, and leads us joyfully to his gates, shedding a many tears at every word. I advance and recognise a little Troy, and a copy of the great Pergama, and a dry brook with the name of Xanthus, and clasp a Scaean gateway. Therewithal my Teucrians make holiday in the friendly town. The king entertained them in his spacious colonnades; in the central hall they poured goblets of wine in libation, and held the cups while the feast was served on gold.

'And now a day and another day hath sped; the breezes woo our sails, and the canvas blows out to the swelling south. With these words I accost the prophet, and thus make request:

“Son of Troy, interpreter of the gods, whose sense is open to Phoebus’ influences, his tripods and laurels, to stars and tongues of birds and auguries of prosperous flight, tell me now, — for the voice of revelation was all favourable to my course, and all divine influence counselled me to [364-396] seek Italy and explore remote lands; only Celaeno the Harpy prophesies of strange portents, a horror to tell, and cries out of wrath and bale and foul hunger, — what perils are the first to shun? or in what guidance may I overcome these sore labours?"

'Hereat Helenus, first suing for divine favour with fit sacrifice of steers, and unbinding from his head the chaplets of consecration, leads me in his hand to thy courts, O Phoebus, thrilled with the fulness of the deity, and then utters these prophetic words from his augural lips:

“Goddess-born: since there is clear assurance that under high omens thou dost voyage through the deep; so the king of the gods allots destiny and unfolds change; this is the circle of ordinance; a few things out of many I will unfold to thee in speech, that so thou mayest more safely traverse the seas of thy sojourn, and find rest in the Ausonian haven; for Helenus is forbidden by the destinies to know, and by Juno daughter of Saturn to utter more: first of all, the Italy thou deemest now nigh, and close at hand, unwitting! the

harbours thou wouldst enter, far are they sundered by a long and trackless track through length of lands. First must the Trinacrian wave clog thine oar, and thy ships traverse the salt Ausonian plain, by the infernal pools and Aeaean Circe's isle, ere thou mayest build thy city in safety on a peaceful land. I will tell thee the token, and do thou keep it close in thine heart. When in thy perplexity, beside the wave of a sequestered river, a great sow shall be discovered lying under the oaks on the brink, with her newborn litter of thirty, couched white on the ground, her white brood about her teats; that shall be the place of the city, that the appointed rest from thy toils. Neither shrink thou at the gnawn tables that await thee; the fates will find a way, and Apollo aid thy call. These lands moreover, on this nearest border of the Italian shore [397-432] that our own sea's tide washes, flee thou: evil Greeks dwell in all their towns. Here the Locrians of Narycos have set their city, and here Lycian Idomeneus beset the Sallentine plains with soldiery; here is the town of the Meliboean captain, Philoctetes' little Petelia fenced by her wall. Nay, when thy fleets have crossed overseas and lie at anchor, when now thou rearest altars and payest vows on the beach, veil thine hair with a purple garment for covering, that no hostile face at thy divine worship may meet thee amid the holy fires and make void the omens. This fashion of sacrifice keep thou, thyself and thy comrades, and let thy children abide in this pure observance. But when at thy departure the wind hath borne thee to the Sicilian coast, and the barred straits of Pelorus open out, steer for the left-hand country and the long circuit of the seas on the left hand; shun the shore and water on thy right. These lands, they say, of old broke asunder, torn and upheaved by vast force, when either country was one and undivided; the ocean burst in between, cutting off with its waves the Hesperian from the Sicilian coast, and with narrow tide washes tilth and town along the severance of shore. On the right Scylla keeps guard, on the left unassuaged Charybdis, who thrice swallows the vast flood sheer down her swirling gulf, and ever again hurls it upward, lashing the sky with water. But Scylla lies prisoned in her cavern's blind recesses, thrusting forth her mouth and drawing ships upon the rocks. In front her face is human, and her breast fair as a maiden's to the waist down; behind she is a sea-dragon of monstrous frame, with

dolphins' tails joined on her wolf-girt belly. Better to track the goal of Trinacrian Pachynus, lingering and wheeling round through long spaces, than once catch sight of misshapen Scylla deep in her dreary cavern, and of the rocks that ring to her sea-coloured hounds. Moreover, if [433-466]Helenus hath aught of foresight or his prophecy of assurance, if Apollo fills his spirit with the truth, this one thing, goddess-born, one thing for all will I foretell thee, and again and again repeat my counsel: to great Juno's deity be thy first prayer and worship; to Juno utter thy willing vows, and overcome thy mighty mistress with gifts and supplications; so at last thou shalt leave Trinacria behind, and be sped in triumph to the Italian borders. When borne hither thou drawest nigh the Cymaeon city, the haunted lakes and rustling woods of Avernus, thou shalt behold the raving prophetess who deep in the rock chants of fate, and marks down her words on leaves. What verses she writes down on them, the maiden sorts into order and shuts behind her in the cave; they stay in their places unstirred and quit not their rank. But when at the turn of the hinge the light wind from the doorway stirs them, and disarranges the delicate foliage, never after does she trouble to capture them as they flutter about the hollow rock, nor restore their places or join the verses; men depart without counsel, and hate the Sibyl's dwelling. Here let no waste in delay be of such account to thee (though thy company chide, and the passage call thy sails strongly to the deep, and thou mayest fill out their folds to thy desire) that thou do not approach the prophetess, and plead with prayers that she herself utter her oracles and deign to loose the accents from her lips. The nations of Italy and the wars to come, and the fashion whereby every toil may be avoided or endured, she shall unfold to thee, and grant her worshipper prosperous passage. Thus far is our voice allowed to counsel thee: go thy way, and exalt Troy to heaven by thy deeds."

'This the seer uttered with friendly lips; then orders gifts to be carried to my ships, of heavy gold and sawn ivory, and loads the hulls with massy silver and cauldrons [467-502] of Dodona, a mail coat triple-woven with hooks of gold, and a helmet splendid with spike and tressed plumes, the armour of Neoptolemus. My father too hath his gifts. Horses besides he brings, and grooms . . . fills up the tale of our oarsmen, and equips my crews with arms.

‘Meanwhile Anchises bade the fleet set their sails, that the fair wind might meet no delay. Him Phoebus’ interpreter accosts with high courtesy: “Anchises, honoured with the splendour of Venus’ espousal, the gods’ charge, twice rescued from the fallen towers of Troy, lo! the land of Ausonia is before thee: sail thou and seize it. And yet needs must thou float past it on the sea; far away lies the quarter of Ausonia that is revealed of Apollo. Go,” he continues, “happy in thy son’s affection: why do I run on further, and delay the rising winds in talk?” Andromache too, sad at this last parting, brings figured raiment with woof of gold, and a Phrygian scarf for Ascanius, and wearies not in courtesy, loading him with gifts from the loom. “Take these too,” so says she, “my child, to be memorials to thee of my hands, and testify long hence the love of Andromache wife of Hector. Take these last gifts of thy kinsfolk, O sole surviving likeness to me of my own Astyanax! Such was he, in eyes and hands and features; and now his equal age were growing into manhood like thine.”

‘To them as I departed I spoke with starting tears: “Live happily, as they do whose fortunes are perfected! We are summoned ever from fate to fate. For you there is rest in store, and no ocean floor to furrow, no ever-retreating Ausonian fields to pursue. You see a pictured Xanthus, and a Troy your own hands have built; with better omens, I pray, and to be less open to the Greeks. If ever I enter Tiber and Tiber’s bordering fields, and see a city granted to my nation, then of these kindred towns [503-537] and allied peoples in Epirus and Hesperia, which have the same Dardanus for founder, and whose story is one, of both will our hearts make a single Troy. Let that charge await our posterity.”

‘We put out to sea, keeping the Ceraunian mountains close at hand, whence is the shortest passage and seaway to Italy. The sun sets meanwhile, and the dusky hills grow dim. We choose a place, and fling ourselves on the lap of earth at the water’s edge, and, allotting the oars, spread ourselves on the dry beach for refreshment: the dew of slumber falls on our weary limbs. Not yet had Night driven of the Hours climbed her mid arch; Palinurus rises lightly from his couch, explores all the winds, and listens to catch a breeze; he marks the constellations gliding together through the silent sky,

Arcturus, the rainy Hyades and the twin Oxen, and scans Orion in his armour of gold. When he sees the clear sky quite unbroken, he gives from the stern his shrill signal; we disencamp and explore the way, and spread the wings of our sails. And now reddening Dawn had chased away the stars, when we descry afar dim hills and the low line of Italy. Achates first raises the cry of Italy; and with joyous shouts my comrades salute Italy. Then lord Anchises enwreathed a great bowl and filled it up with wine; and called on the gods, standing high astern . . . “Gods sovereign over sea and land and weather! bring wind to ease our way, and breathe favourably.” The breezes freshen at his prayer, and now the harbour opens out nearer at hand, and a temple appears on the Fort of Minerva. My comrades furl the sails and swing the prows to shore. The harbour is scooped into an arch by the Eastern flood; reefs run out and foam with the salt spray; itself it lies concealed; turreted walls of rock let down their arms on either hand, and the temple retreats from the beach. Here, an inaugural sight, four horses of snowy [538-570] whiteness are grazing abroad on the grassy plain. And lord Anchises: “War dost thou carry, land of our sojourn; horses are armed in war, and menace of war is in this herd. But yet these same beasts are wont in time to enter harness, and carry yoke and bit in concord; there is hope of peace too,” says he. Then we pray to the holy deity, Pallas of the clangorous arms, the first to welcome our cheers. And before the altars we veil our heads in Phrygian garments, and duly, after the counsel Helenus had urged deepest on us, pay the bidden burnt-sacrifice to Juno of Argos.

‘Without delay, once our vows are fully paid, we round to the arms of our sailyards and leave the dwellings and menacing fields of the Grecian people. Next is descried the bay of Tarentum, town, if rumour is true, of Hercules. Over against it the goddess of Lacinium rears her head, with the towers of Caulon, and Scylaceum wrecker of ships. Then Trinacrian Aetna is descried in the distance rising from the waves, and we hear from afar a great roaring of the sea on beaten rocks, and broken noises by the shore: the channels boil up, and the surge churns with sand. And lord Anchises: “Of a surety this is that Charybdis; of these cliffs, these awful rocks did Helenus prophesy. Out, O comrades, and rise together to the oars.” Even as bidden they do; and first Palinurus swung the gurgling prow leftward through the

water; to the left all our squadron bent with oar and wind. We are lifted skyward on the crescent wave, and again sunk deep into the nether world as the water is sucked away. Thrice amid their rocky caverns the cliffs uttered a cry; thrice we see the foam flung out, and the stars through a dripping veil. Meanwhile the wind falls with sundown; and weary and ignorant of the way we glide on to the Cyclopes' coast.

'There lies a harbour large and unstirred by the winds' [571-604] entrance; but nigh it Aetna thunders awfully in wrack, and ever and again hurls a black cloud into the sky, smoking with boiling pitch and embers white hot, and heaves balls of flame flickering up to the stars: ever and again vomits out on high crags from the torn entrails of the mountain, tosses up masses of molten rock with a groan, and boils forth from the bottom. Rumour is that this mass weighs down the body of Enceladus, half-consumed by the thunderbolt, and mighty Aetna laid over him suspires the flame that bursts from her furnaces; and so often as he changes his weary side, all Trinacria shudders and moans, veiling the sky in smoke. That night we spend in cover of the forest among portentous horrors, and see not from what source the noise comes. For neither did the stars show their fires, nor was the vault of constellated sky clear; but vapours blotted heaven, and the moon was held in a storm-cloud through dead of night.

'And now the morrow was rising in the early east, and the dewy darkness rolled away from the sky by Dawn, when sudden out of the forest advances a human shape strange and unknown, worn with uttermost hunger and pitiously attired, and stretches entreating hands towards the shore. We look back. Filthy and wretched, with shaggy beard and a coat pinned together with thorns, he was yet a Greek, and had been sent of old to Troy in his father's arms. And he, when he saw afar the Dardanian habits and armour of Troy, hung back a little in terror at the sight, and stayed his steps; then ran headlong to the shore with weeping and prayers: "By the heavens I beseech you, by the heavenly powers and this luminous sky that gives us breath, take me up, O Trojans, carry me away to any land soever, and it will be enough. I know I am one out of the Grecian fleets, I confess I warred against the household gods of Ilium; for that, if our wrong and guilt

is so great, throw [605-639] me piecemeal on the flood or plunge me in the waste sea. If I do perish, gladly will I perish at human hands.” He ended; and clung clasping our knees and grovelling at them. We encourage him to tell who he is and of what blood born, and reveal how Fortune pursues him since then. Lord Anchises after little delay gives him his hand, and strengthens his courage by visible pledge. At last, laying aside his terror, he speaks thus:

“I am from an Ithacan home, Achemenides by name, set out for Troy in luckless Ulysses’ company; poor was my father Adamastus, and would God fortune had stayed thus! Here my comrades abandoned me in the Cyclops’ vast cave, mindless of me while they hurry away from the barbarous gates. It is a house of gore and blood-stained feasts, dim and huge within. Himself he is great of stature and knocks at the lofty sky (gods, take away a curse like this from earth!) to none gracious in aspect or courteous of speech. He feeds on the flesh and dark blood of wretched men. I myself saw, when he caught the bodies of two of us with his great hand, and lying back in the middle of the cave crushed them on the rock, and the courts splashed and swam with gore; I saw when he champed the flesh adrip with dark clots of blood, and the warm limbs quivered under his teeth. Yet not unavenged. Ulysses brooked not this, nor even in such straits did the Ithacan forget himself. For so soon as he, gorged with his feast and buried in wine, lay with bent neck sprawling huge over the cave, in his sleep vomiting gore and gobbets mixed with wine and blood, we, praying to the great gods and with parts allotted, pour at once all round him, and pierce with a sharp weapon the huge eye that lay sunk single under his savage brow, in fashion of an Argolic shield or the lamp of the moon; and at last we exultingly avenge the ghosts of our comrades. But fly, O wretched men, fly [640-674] and pluck the cable from the beach. . . . For even in the shape and stature of Polyphemus, when he shuts his fleeced flocks and drains their udders in the cave’s covert, an hundred other horrible Cyclopes dwell all about this shore and stray on the mountain heights. Thrice now does the horned moon fill out her light, while I linger in life among desolate lairs and haunts of wild beasts in the woodland, and from a rock survey the giant Cyclopes and shudder at their cries and echoing feet. The boughs yield a miserable sustenance, berries and stony

sloes, and plants torn up by the root feed me. Sweeping all the view, I at last espied this fleet standing in to shore. On it, whatsoever it were, I cast myself; it is enough to have escaped the accursed tribe. Do you rather, by any death you will, destroy this life of mine.”

‘Scarcely had he spoken thus, when on the mountain top we see shepherding his flocks a vast moving mass, Polyphemus himself seeking the shores he knew, a horror ominous, shapeless, huge, bereft of sight. A pine lopped by his hand guides and steadies his footsteps. His fleeced sheep attend him, this his single delight and solace in ill. . . . After he hath touched the deep flood and come to the sea, he washes in it the blood that oozes from his eye-socket, grinding his teeth with groans; and now he strides through the sea up to his middle, nor yet does the wave wet his towering sides. We hurry far away in precipitate flight, with the suppliant who had so well merited rescue; and silently cut the cable, and bending forward sweep the sea with emulous oars. He heard, and turned his steps towards the echoing sound. But when he may in no wise lay hands on us, nor can fathom the Ionian waves in pursuit, he raises a vast cry, at which the sea and all his waves shuddered, and the deep land of Italy was startled, and Aetna’s vaulted caverns moaned. But the tribe of the [675-709]Cyclopes, roused from the high wooded hills, run to the harbour and fill the shore. We descry the Aetnean brotherhood standing impotent with scowling eye, their stately heads up to heaven, a dreadful consistory; even as on a mountain summit stand oaks high in air or coned cypresses, a high forest of Jove or covert of Diana. Sharp fear urges us to shake out the sheets in reckless haste, and spread our sails to the favouring wind. Yet Helenus’ commands counsel that our course keep not the way between Scylla and Charybdis, the very edge of death on either hand. We are resolved to turn our canvas back. And lo! from the narrow fastness of Pelorus the North wind comes down and reaches us. I sail past Pantagias’ mouth with its living stone, the Megarian bay, and low-lying Thapsus. Such names did Achemenides, of luckless Ulysses’ company, point out as he retraced his wanderings along the returning shores.

‘Stretched in front of a bay of Sicily lies an islet over against wavebeat Plemyrion; they of old called it Ortygia. Hither Alpheus

the river of Elis, so rumour runs, hath cloven a secret passage beneath the sea, and now through thy well-head, Arethusa, mingles with the Sicilian waves. We adore as bidden the great deities of the ground; and thence I cross the fertile soil of Helorus in the marsh. Next we graze the high reefs and jutting rocks of Pachynus; and far off appears Camarina, forbidden for ever by oracles to move, and the Geloan plains, and vast Gela named after its river. Then Acragas on the steep, once the breeder of noble horses, displays its massive walls in the distance; and with granted breeze I leave thee behind, palm-girt Selinus, and thread the difficult shoals and blind reefs of Lilybaeum. Thereon Drepanum receives me in its haven and joyless border. Here, so many tempestuous seas outgone, alas! my father, the solace of every care and chance, Anchises is [710-718] lost to me. Here thou, dear lord, abandonest me in weariness, alas! rescued in vain from peril and doom. Not Helenus the prophet, though he counselled of many a terror, not boding Celaeno foretold me of this grief. This was the last agony, this the goal of the long ways; thence it was I had departed when God landed me on your coasts.'

Thus lord Aeneas with all attent retold alone the divine doom and the history of his goings. At last he was hushed, and here in silence made an end.

BOOK FOURTH

THE LOVE OF DIDO, AND HER END

But the Queen, long ere now pierced with sore distress, feeds the wound with her life-blood, and catches the fire unseen. Again and again his own valiance and his line's renown flood back upon her spirit; look and accent cling fast in her bosom, and the pain allows not rest or calm to her limbs. The morrow's dawn bore the torch of Phoebus across the earth, and had rolled away the dewy darkness from the sky, when, scarce herself, she thus opens her confidence to her sister:

‘Anna, my sister, such dreams of terror thrill me through! What guest unknown is this who hath entered our dwelling? How high his mien! how brave in heart as in arms! I believe it well, with no vain assurance, his blood is divine. Fear proves the vulgar spirit. Alas, by what destinies is he driven! what wars outgone he chronicled! Were my mind not planted, fixed and immoveable, to ally myself to none in wedlock since my love of old was false to me in the treachery of death; were I not sick to the heart of bridal torch and chamber, to this temptation alone I might haply yield. Anna, I will confess it; since Sychaeus mine husband met his piteous doom, and our household was shattered by a brother's murder, he only hath touched mine heart and stirred the balance of my soul. I know the prints of the ancient flame. But rather, I pray, may earth first yawn deep for me, or the Lord omnipotent hurl me with his thunderbolt into gloom, the pallid gloom and profound night of Erebus, ere I soil thee, mine honour, or unloose thy laws. He took my love away who made me one with him long ago; he shall keep it with him, and guard it in the tomb.’ She spoke, and welling tears filled the bosom of her gown.

Anna replies: ‘O dearer than the daylight to thy sister, wilt thou waste, sad and alone, all thy length of youth, and know not the sweetness of motherhood, nor love's bounty? Deemest thou the ashes care for that, or the ghost within the tomb? Be it so: in days gone by no wooers bent thy sorrow, not in Libya, not ere then in Tyre; Iarbas was slighted, and other princes nurtured by the triumphal land of Africa; wilt thou contend so with a love to thy liking? nor does it

cross thy mind whose are these fields about thy dwelling? On this side are the Gaetulian towns, a race unconquerable in war; the reinless Numidian riders and the grim Syrtis hem thee in; on this lies a thirsty tract of desert, swept by the raiders of Barca. Why speak of the war gathering from Tyre, and thy brother's menaces? . . . With gods' auspices to my thinking, and with Juno's favour, hath the Ilian fleet held on hither before the gale. What a city wilt thou discern here, O sister! what a realm will rise on such a union! the arms of Troy ranged with ours, what glory will exalt the Punic state! Do thou only, asking divine favour with peace-offerings, be bounteous in welcome and draw out reasons for delay, while the storm rages at sea and Orion is wet, and his ships are shattered and the sky unvoyageable.' With these words she made the fire of love flame up in her spirit, put hope in her wavering soul, and let honour slip away.

First they visit the shrines, and desire grace from altar to altar; they sacrifice sheep fitly chosen to Ceres the Lawgiver, to Phoebus and lord Lyaeus, to Juno before all, guardian of the marriage bond. Dido herself, excellent in beauty, holds the cup in her hand, and pours libation between the horns of a milk-white cow, or moves in state to the rich altars before the gods' presences, day by day renewing her gifts, and gazing athirst into the breasts of cattle laid open to take counsel from the throbbing entrails. Ah, witless souls of soothsayers! how may vows or shrines help her madness? all the while the subtle flame consumes her inly, and deep in her breast the wound is silent and alive. Stung to misery, Dido wanders in frenzy all down the city, even as an arrow-stricken deer, whom, far and heedless amid the Cretan woodland, a shepherd archer hath pierced and left the flying steel in her unaware; she ranges in flight the Dictaeon forest lawns; fast in her side clings the deadly reed. Now she leads Aeneas with her through the town, and displays her Sidonian treasure and ordered city; she essays to speak, and breaks off half-way in utterance. Now, as day wanes, she seeks the repeated banquet, and again madly pleads to hear the agonies of Ilium, and again hangs on the teller's lips. Thereafter, when all are gone their ways, and the dim moon in turn quenches her light, and the setting stars counsel to sleep, alone in the empty house she mourns, and

flings herself on the couch he left: distant she hears and sees him in the distance; or enthralled by the look he has of his father, she holds Ascanius on her lap, if so she may steal the love she may not utter. No more do the unfinished towers rise, no more do the people exercise in arms, nor work for safety in war on harbour or bastion; the works hang broken off, vast looming walls and engines towering into the sky.

So soon as she perceives her thus fast in the toils, and madly careless of her name, Jove's beloved wife, daughter of Saturn, accosts Venus thus:

‘Noble indeed is the fame and splendid the spoils you win, thou and that boy of thine, and mighty the renown of deity, if two gods have vanquished one woman by treachery. Nor am I so blind to thy terror of our town, thine old suspicion of the high house of Carthage. But what shall be the end? or why all this contest now? Nay, rather let us work an enduring peace and a bridal compact. Thou hast what all thy soul desired; Dido is on fire with love, and hath caught the madness through and through. Then rule we this people jointly in equal lordship; allow her to be a Phrygian husband's slave, and to lay her Tyrians for dowry in thine hand.’

To her — for she knew the dissembled purpose of her words, to turn the Teucrian kingdom away to the coasts of Libya — Venus thus began in answer: ‘Who so mad as to reject these terms, or choose rather to try the fortune of war with thee? if only when done, as thou sayest, fortune follow. But I move in uncertainty of Jove's ordinance, whether he will that Tyrians and wanderers from Troy be one city, or approve the mingling of peoples and the treaty of union. Thou art his wife, and thy prayers may essay his soul. Go on; I will follow.’

Then Queen Juno thus rejoined: ‘That task shall be mine. Now, by what means the present need may be fulfilled, attend and I will explain in brief. Aeneas and Dido (alas and woe for her!) are to go hunting together in the woodland when to-morrow's rising sun goes forth and his rays unveil the world. On them, while the beaters run up and down, and the lawns are girt with toils, will I pour down a blackening rain-cloud mingled with hail, and startle all the sky in thunder. Their company will scatter for shelter in the dim darkness;

Dido and the Trojan captain [125-159] shall take refuge in the same cavern. I will be there, and if thy goodwill is assured me, I will unite them in wedlock, and make her wholly his; here shall Hymen be present.' The Cytherean gave ready assent to her request, and laughed at the wily invention.

Meanwhile Dawn rises forth of ocean. A chosen company issue from the gates while the morning star is high; they pour forth with meshed nets, toils, broad-headed hunting spears, Massylian horsemen and sinewy sleuth-hounds. At her doorway the chief of Carthage await their queen, who yet lingers in her chamber, and her horse stands splendid in gold and purple with clattering feet and jaws champing on the foamy bit. At last she comes forth amid a great thronging train, girt in a Sidonian mantle, brodered with needlework; her quiver is of gold, her tresses knotted into gold, a golden buckle clasps up her crimson gown. Therewithal the Phrygian train advances with joyous Iulus. Himself first and foremost of all, Aeneas joins her company and unites his party to hers: even as Apollo, when he leaves wintry Lycia and the streams of Xanthus to visit his mother's Delos, and renews the dance, while Cretans and Dryopes and painted Agathyrrians mingle clamorous about his altars: himself he treads the Cynthian ridges, and plaits his flowing hair with soft heavy sprays and entwines it with gold; the arrows rattle on his shoulder: as lightly as he went Aeneas; such glow and beauty is on his princely face. When they are come to the mountain heights and pathless coverts, lo, wild goats driven from the cliff-tops run down the ridge; in another quarter stags speed over the open plain and gather their flying column in a cloud of dust as they leave the hills. But the boy Ascanius is in the valleys, exultant on his fiery horse, and gallops past one and another, praying that among the unwarlike herds a foaming boar may issue or a tawny lion descend the hill.

[160-194]Meanwhile the sky begins to thicken and roar aloud. A rain-cloud comes down mingled with hail; the Tyrian train and the men of Troy, and the Dardanian boy of Venus' son scatter in fear, and seek shelter far over the fields. Streams pour from the hills. Dido and the Trojan captain take refuge in the same cavern. Primeval Earth and Juno the bridesmaid give the sign; fires flash out high in

air, witnessing the union, and Nymphs cry aloud on the mountain-top. That day opened the gate of death and the springs of ill. For now Dido recks not of eye or tongue, nor sets her heart on love in secret: she calls it marriage, and with this name veils her fall.

Straightway Rumour runs through the great cities of Libya, — Rumour, than whom none other is more swift to mischief; she thrives on restlessness and gains strength by going: at first small and timorous; soon she lifts herself on high and paces the ground with head hidden among the clouds. Her, one saith, Mother Earth, when stung by wrath against the gods, bore last sister to Coeus and Enceladus, fleet-footed and swift of wing, ominous, awful, vast; for every feather on her body is a waking eye beneath, wonderful to tell, and a tongue, and as many loud lips and straining ears. By night she flits between sky and land, shrilling through the dusk, and droops not her lids in sweet slumber; in daylight she sits on guard upon tall towers or the ridge of the house-roof, and makes great cities afraid; obstinate in perverseness and forgery no less than messenger of truth. She then exultingly filled the countries with manifold talk, and blazoned alike what was done and undone: one Aeneas is come, born of Trojan blood; on him beautiful Dido thinks no shame to fling herself; now they hold their winter, long-drawn through mutual caresses, regardless of their realms and enthralled by passionate dishonour. This the pestilent goddess [195-227] spreads abroad in the mouths of men, and bends her course right on to King Iarbas, and with her words fires his spirit and swells his wrath.

He, the seed of Ammon by a ravished Garamantian Nymph, had built to Jove in his wide realms an hundred great temples, an hundred altars, and consecrated the wakeful fire that keeps watch by night before the gods perpetually, where the soil is fat with blood of beasts and the courts blossom with pied garlands. And he, distracted and on fire at the bitter tidings, before his altars, amid the divine presences, often, it is said, bowed in prayer to Jove with uplifted hands:

‘Jupiter omnipotent, to whom from the brodered cushions of their banqueting halls the Maurusian people now pour Lenaeon offering, lookest thou on this? or do we shudder vainly when our father hurls the thunderbolt, and do blind fires in the clouds and idle rumblings appal our soul? The woman who, wandering in our coasts, planted a

small town on purchased ground, to whom we gave fields by the shore and laws of settlement, she hath spurned our alliance and taken Aeneas for lord of her realm. And now that Paris, with his effeminate crew, his chin and oozy hair swathed in the turban of Maeonia, takes and keeps her; since to thy temples we bear oblation, and hallow an empty name.'

In such words he pleaded, clasping the altars; the Lord omnipotent heard, and cast his eye on the royal city and the lovers forgetful of their fairer fame. Then he addresses this charge to Mercury:

'Up and away, O son! call the breezes and slide down them on thy wings: accost the Dardanian captain who now loiters in Tyrian Carthage and casts not a look on destined cities; carry down my words through the fleet air. Not such an one did his mother most beautiful vouch him to [228-264] us, nor for this twice rescue him from Grecian arms; but he was to rule an Italy teeming with empire and loud with war, to transmit the line of Teucer's royal blood, and lay all the world beneath his law. If such glories kindle him in nowise, and he take no trouble for his own honour, does a father grudge his Ascanius the towers of Rome? with what device or in what hope loiters he among a hostile race, and casts not a glance on his Ausonian children and the fields of Lavinium? Let him set sail: this is the sum: thereof be thou our messenger.'

He ended: his son made ready to obey his high command. And first he laces to his feet the shoes of gold that bear him high winging over seas or land as fleet as the gale; then takes the rod wherewith he calls wan souls forth of Orcus, or sends them again to the sad depth of hell, gives sleep and takes it away and unseals dead eyes; in whose strength he courses the winds and swims across the tossing clouds. And now in flight he descries the peak and steep sides of toiling Atlas, whose crest sustains the sky; Atlas, whose pine-clad head is girt alway with black clouds and beaten by wind and rain; snow is shed over his shoulders for covering; rivers tumble over his aged chin; and his rough beard is stiff with ice. Here the Cyllenian, poised evenly on his wings, made a first stay; hence he shot himself sheer to the water. Like a bird that flies low, skirting the sea about the craggy shores of its fishery, even thus the brood of Cyllene left his mother's father, and flew, cutting the winds between sky and land, along the

sandy Libyan shore. So soon as his winged feet reached the settlement, he espies Aeneas founding towers and ordering new dwellings; his sword twinkled with yellow jasper, and a cloak hung from his shoulders ablaze with Tyrian sea-purple, a gift that Dido had made costly and shot the warp with thin gold. Straightway [265-299] he breaks in: 'Layest thou now the foundations of tall Carthage, and buildest up a fair city in dalliance? ah, forgetful of thine own kingdom and state! From bright Olympus I descend to thee at express command of heaven's sovereign, whose deity sways sky and earth; expressly he bids me carry this charge through the fleet air: with what device or in what hope dost thou loiter idly on Libyan lands? if such glories kindle thee in nowise, yet cast an eye on growing Ascanius, on Iulus thine hope and heir, to whom the kingdom of Italy and the Roman land are due.' As these words left his lips the Cyllenian, yet speaking, quitted mortal sight and vanished into thin air away out of his eyes.

But Aeneas in truth gazed in dumb amazement, his hair thrilled up, and the accents faltered on his tongue. He burns to flee away and leave the pleasant land, aghast at the high warning and divine ordinance. Alas, what shall he do? how venture to smooth the tale to the frenzied queen? what prologue shall he find? and this way and that he rapidly throws his mind, and turns it on all hands in swift change of thought. In his perplexity this seemed the better counsel; he calls Mnesteus and Sergestus, and brave Serestus, and bids them silently equip the fleet, gather their crews on shore, and order their armament, keeping the cause of the commotion hid; himself meanwhile, since Dido the gracious knows not nor looks for severance to so strong a love, will essay to approach her when she may be told most gently, and the way for it be fair. All at once gladly do as bidden, and obey his command.

But the Queen — who may delude a lover? — foreknew his devices, and at once caught the presaging stir. Safety's self was fear; to her likewise had evil Rumour borne the maddening news that they equip the fleet and prepare [300-334] for passage. Helpless at heart, she reels aflame with rage throughout the city, even as the startled Thyiad in her frenzied triennial orgies, when the holy vessels move forth and the cry of Bacchus re-echoes, and Cithaeron calls her with

nightlong din. Thus at last she opens out upon Aeneas:

‘And thou didst hope, traitor, to mask the crime, and slip away in silence from my land? Our love holds thee not, nor the hand thou once gavest, nor the bitter death that is left for Dido’s portion? Nay, under the wintry star thou labourest on thy fleet, and hastenest to launch into the deep amid northern gales; ah, cruel! Why, were thy quest not of alien fields and unknown dwellings, did thine ancient Troy remain, should Troy be sought in voyages over tossing seas? Fliest thou from me? me who by these tears and thine own hand beseech thee, since naught else, alas! have I kept mine own — by our union and the marriage rites preparing; if I have done thee any grace, or aught of mine hath once been sweet in thy sight, — pity our sinking house, and if there yet be room for prayers, put off this purpose of thine. For thy sake Libyan tribes and Nomad kings are hostile; my Tyrians are estranged; for thy sake, thine, is mine honour perished, and the former fame, my one title to the skies. How leavest thou me to die, O my guest? since to this the name of husband is dwindled down. For what do I wait? till Pygmalion overthrow his sister’s city, or Gaetulian Iarbas lead me to captivity? At least if before thy flight a child of thine had been clasped in my arms, — if a tiny Aeneas were playing in my hall, whose face might yet image thine, — I would not think myself ensnared and deserted utterly.’

She ended; he by counsel of Jove held his gaze unstirred, and kept his distress hard down in his heart. At last he briefly answers:

‘Never, O Queen, will I deny that thy goodness hath [335-368] gone high as thy words can swell the reckoning; nor will my memory of Elissa be ungracious while I remember myself, and breath sways this body. Little will I say in this. I never hoped to slip away in stealthy flight; fancy not that; nor did I ever hold out the marriage torch or enter thus into alliance. Did fate allow me to guide my life by mine own government, and calm my sorrows as I would, my first duty were to the Trojan city and the dear remnant of my kindred; the high house of Priam should abide, and my hand had set up Troy towers anew for a conquered people. But now for broad Italy hath Apollo of Grynus bidden me steer, for Italy the oracles of Lycia. Here is my desire; this is my native country. If thy Phoenician eyes are stayed on Carthage towers and thy Libyan city, what wrong is it,

I pray, that we Trojans find our rest on Ausonian land? We too may seek a foreign realm unforbidden. In my sleep, often as the dank shades of night veil the earth, often as the stars lift their fires, the troubled phantom of my father Anchises comes in warning and dread; my boy Ascanius, how I wrong one so dear in cheating him of an Hesperian kingdom and destined fields. Now even the gods' interpreter, sent straight from Jove — I call both to witness — hath borne down his commands through the fleet air. Myself in broad daylight I saw the deity passing within the walls, and these ears drank his utterance. Cease to madden me and thyself alike with complaints. Not of my will do I follow Italy. . . .'

Long ere he ended she gazes on him askance, turning her eyes from side to side and perusing him with silent glances; then thus wrathfully speaks:

'No goddess was thy mother, nor Dardanus founder of thy line, traitor! but rough Caucasus bore thee on his iron crags, and Hyrcanian tigresses gave thee suck. For why do I conceal it? For what further outrage do I wait? [369-400]Hath our weeping cost him a sigh, or a lowered glance? Hath he broken into tears, or had pity on his lover? Where, where shall I begin? Now neither doth Queen Juno nor our Saturnian lord regard us with righteous eyes. Nowhere is trust safe. Cast ashore and destitute I welcomed him, and madly gave him place and portion in my kingdom; I found him his lost fleet and drew his crews from death. Alas, the fire of madness speeds me on. Now prophetic Apollo, now oracles of Lycia, now the very gods' interpreter sent straight from Jove through the air carries these rude commands! Truly that is work for the gods, that a care to vex their peace! I detain thee not, nor gainsay thy words: go, follow thine Italy down the wind; seek thy realm overseas. Yet midway my hope is, if righteous gods can do aught at all, thou wilt drain the cup of vengeance on the rocks, and re-echo calls on Dido's name. In murky fires I will follow far away, and when chill death hath severed body from soul, my ghost will haunt thee in every region. Wretch, thou shalt repay! I will hear; and the rumour of it shall reach me deep in the under world.'

Even on these words she breaks off her speech unfinished, and, sick at heart, escapes out of the air and sweeps round and away out of

sight, leaving him in fear and much hesitance, and with much on his mind to say. Her women catch her in their arms, and carry her swooning to her marble chamber and lay her on her bed.

But good Aeneas, though he would fain soothe and comfort her grief, and talk away her distress, with many a sigh, and melted in soul by his great love, yet fulfils the divine commands and returns to his fleet. Then indeed the Teucrians set to work, and haul down their tall ships all along the shore. The hulls are oiled and afloat; they carry from the woodland green boughs for oars and massy logs unhewn, in hot haste to go. . . . One might descry them shifting [401-433] their quarters and pouring out of all the town: even as ants, mindful of winter, plunder a great heap of wheat and store it in their house; a black column advances on the plain as they carry home their spoil on a narrow track through the grass. Some shove and strain with their shoulders at big grains, some marshal the ranks and chastise delay; all the path is aswarm with work. What then were thy thoughts, O Dido, as thou sawest it? What sighs didst thou utter, viewing from the fortress roof the broad beach aswarm, and seeing before thine eyes the whole sea stirred with their noisy din? Injurious Love, to what dost thou not compel mortal hearts! Again, she must needs break into tears, again essay entreaty, and bow her spirit down to love, not to leave aught untried and go to death in vain.

‘Anna, thou seest the bustle that fills the shore. They have gathered round from every quarter; already their canvas woos the breezes, and the merry sailors have garlanded the sterns. This great pain, my sister, I shall have strength to bear, as I have had strength to foresee. Yet this one thing, Anna, for love and pity’s sake — for of thee alone was the traitor fain, to thee even his secret thoughts were confided, alone thou knewest his moods and tender fits — go, my sister, and humbly accost the haughty stranger: I did not take the Grecian oath in Aulis to root out the race of Troy; I sent no fleet against her fortresses; neither have I disentombed his father Anchises’ ashes and ghost, that he should refuse my words entrance to his stubborn ears. Whither does he run? let him grant this grace — alas, the last! — to his lover, and await fair winds and an easy passage. No more do I pray for the old delusive marriage, nor that he

give up fair Latium and abandon a kingdom. A breathing-space I ask, to give my madness rest and room, till my very [434-469] fortune teach my grief submission. This last favour I implore: sister, be pitiful; grant this to me, and I will restore it in full measure when I die.'

So she pleaded, and so her sister carries and recarries the piteous tale of weeping. But by no weeping is he stirred, inflexible to all the words he hears. Fate withstands, and lays divine bars on unmoved mortal ears. Even as when the eddying blasts of northern Alpine winds are emulous to uproot the secular strength of a mighty oak, it wails on, and the trunk quivers and the high foliage strews the ground; the tree clings fast on the rocks, and high as her top soars into heaven, so deep strike her roots to hell; even thus is the hero buffeted with changeful perpetual accents, and distress thrills his mighty breast, while his purpose stays unstirred, and tears fall in vain.

Then indeed, hapless and dismayed by doom, Dido prays for death, and is weary of gazing on the arch of heaven. The more to make her fulfil her purpose and quit the light, she saw, when she laid her gifts on the altars alight with incense, awful to tell, the holy streams blacken, and the wine turn as it poured into ghastly blood. Of this sight she spoke to none — no, not to her sister. Likewise there was within the house a marble temple of her ancient lord, kept of her in marvellous honour, and fastened with snowy fleeces and festal boughs. Forth of it she seemed to hear her husband's voice crying and calling when night was dim upon earth, and alone on the house-tops the screech-owl often made moan with funeral note and long-drawn sobbing cry. Therewithal many a warning of wizards of old terrifies her with appalling presage. In her sleep fierce Aeneas drives her wildly, and ever she seems being left by herself alone, ever going unaccompanied on a weary way, and seeking her Tyrians in a solitary land: even as frantic Pentheus sees the [470-503] arrayed Furies and a double sun, and Thebes shows herself twofold to his eyes: or Agamemnonian Orestes, renowned in tragedy, when his mother pursues him armed with torches and dark serpents, and the Fatal Sisters crouch avenging in the doorway.

So when, overcome by her pangs, she caught the madness and

resolved to die, she works out secretly the time and fashion, and accosts her sorrowing sister with mien hiding her design and hope calm on her brow.

‘I have found a way, mine own — wish me joy, sisterlike — to restore him to me or release me of my love for him. Hard by the ocean limit and the set of sun is the extreme Aethiopian land, where ancient Atlas turns on his shoulders the starred burning axletree of heaven. Out of it hath been shown to me a priestess of Massylian race, warder of the temple of the Hesperides, even she who gave the dragon his food, and kept the holy boughs on the tree, sprinkling clammy honey and slumberous poppy-seed. She professes with her spells to relax the purposes of whom she will, but on others to bring passion and pain; to stay the river-waters and turn the stars backward: she calls up ghosts by night; thou shalt see earth moaning under foot and mountain-ashes descending from the hills. I take heaven, sweet, to witness, and thee, mine own darling sister, I do not willingly arm myself with the arts of magic. Do thou secretly raise a pyre in the inner court, and let them lay on it the arms that the accursed one left hanging in our chamber, and all the dress he wore, and the bridal bed where I fell. It is good to wipe out all the wretch’s traces, and the priestess orders thus.’ So speaks she, and is silent, while pallor overruns her face. Yet Anna deems not her sister veils death behind these strange rites, and grasps not her wild purpose, nor fears aught deeper than at Sychaeus’ death. So she makes ready as bidden. . . .

[504-538]But the Queen, the pyre being built up of piled faggots and sawn ilex in the inmost of her dwelling, hangs the room with chaplets and garlands it with funeral boughs: on the pillow she lays the dress he wore, the sword he left, and an image of him, knowing what was to come. Altars are reared around, and the priestess, with hair undone, thrice peals from her lips the hundred gods of Erebus and Chaos, and the triform Hecate, the triple-faced maidenhood of Diana. Likewise she had sprinkled pretended waters of Avernus’ spring, and rank herbs are sought mown by moonlight with brazen sickles, dark with milky venom, and sought is the talisman torn from a horse’s forehead at birth ere the dam could snatch it. . . . Herself, the holy cake in her pure hands, hard by the altars, with one foot

unshod and garments flowing loose, she invokes the gods ere she die, and the stars that know of doom; then prays to whatsoever deity looks in righteousness and remembrance on lovers ill allied.

Night fell; weary creatures took quiet slumber all over earth, and woodland and wild waters had sunk to rest; now the stars wheel midway on their gliding path, now all the country is silent, and beasts and gay birds that haunt liquid levels of lake or thorny rustic thicket lay couched asleep under the still night. But not so the distressed Phoenician, nor does she ever sink asleep or take the night upon eyes or breast; her pain redoubles, and her love swells to renewed madness, as she tosses on the strong tide of wrath. Even so she begins, and thus revolves with her heart alone:

‘See, what do I? Shall I again make trial of mine old wooers that will scorn me? and stoop to sue for a Numidian marriage among those whom already over and over I have disdained for husbands? Then shall I follow the Ilian fleets and the uttermost bidding of the Teucrians? because it is good to think they were once raised up by my [539-570] succour, or the grace of mine old kindness is fresh in their remembrance? And how should they let me, if I would? or take the odious woman on their haughty ships? art thou ignorant, ah me, even in ruin, and knowest not yet the forsworn race of Laomedon? And then? shall I accompany the triumphant sailors, a lonely fugitive? or plunge forth girt with all my Tyrian train? so hardly severed from Sidon city, shall I again drive them seaward, and bid them spread their sails to the tempest? Nay die thou, as thou deservest, and let the steel end thy pain. With thee it began; overborne by my tears, thou, O my sister, dost load me with this madness and agony, and layest me open to the enemy. I could not spend a wild life without stain, far from a bridal chamber, and free from touch of distress like this! O faith ill kept, that was plighted to Sychaeus’ ashes!’ Thus her heart broke in long lamentation.

Now Aeneas was fixed to go, and now, with all set duly in order, was taking hasty sleep on his high stern. To him as he slept the god appeared once again in the same fashion of countenance, and thus seemed to renew his warning, in all points like to Mercury, voice and hue and golden hair and limbs gracious in youth. ‘Goddess-born, canst thou sleep on in such danger? and seest not the coming perils

that hem thee in, madman! nor hearest the breezes blowing fair? She, fixed on death, is revolving craft and crime grimly in her bosom, and swells the changing surge of wrath. Fliest thou not hence headlong, while headlong flight is yet possible? Even now wilt thou see ocean weltering with broken timbers, see the fierce glare of torches and the beach in a riot of flame, if dawn break on thee yet dallying in this land. Up ho! linger no more! Woman is ever a fickle and changing thing.' So spoke he, and melted in the black night.

[571-603]Then indeed Aeneas, startled by the sudden phantom, leaps out of slumber and bestirs his crew. 'Haste and awake, O men, and sit down to the thwarts; shake out sail speedily. A god sent from high heaven, lo! again spurs us to speed our flight and cut the twisted cables. We follow thee, holy one of heaven, whoso thou art, and again joyfully obey thy command. O be favourable; give gracious aid and bring fair sky and weather.' He spoke, and snatching his sword like lightning from the sheath, strikes at the hawser with the drawn steel. The same zeal catches all at once; rushing and tearing they quit the shore; the sea is hidden under their fleets; strongly they toss up the foam and sweep the blue water.

And now Dawn broke, and, leaving the saffron bed of Tithonus, shed her radiance anew over the world; when the Queen saw from her watch-tower the first light whitening, and the fleet standing out under squared sail, and discerned shore and haven empty of all their oarsmen. Thrice and four times she struck her hand on her lovely breast and rent her yellow hair: 'God!' she cries, 'shall he go? shall an alien make mock of our realm? Will they not issue in armed pursuit from all the city, and some launch ships from the dockyards? Go; bring fire in haste, serve weapons, swing out the oars! What do I talk? or where am I? what mad change is on my purpose? Alas, Dido! now thou dost feel thy wickedness; that had graced thee once, when thou gavest away thy crown. Behold the faith and hand of him! who, they say, carries his household's ancestral gods about with him! who stooped his shoulders to a father outworn with age! Could I not have riven his body in sunder and strewn it on the waves? and slain with the sword his comrades and his dear Ascanius, and served him for the banquet at his father's table? But the chance of battle had

been dubious. If it had! whom did I fear [604-635] with my death upon me? I should have borne firebrands into his camp and filled his decks with flame, blotted out father and son and race together, and flung myself atop of all. Sun, whose fires lighten all the works of the world, and thou, Juno, mediatrix and witness of these my distresses, and Hecate, cried on by night in crossways of cities, and you, fatal avenging sisters and gods of dying Elissa, hear me now; bend your just deity to my woes, and listen to our prayers. If it must needs be that the accursed one touch his haven and float up to land, if thus Jove's decrees demand, and this is the appointed term, — yet, distressed in war by an armed and gallant nation, driven homeless from his borders, rent from Iulus' embrace, let him sue for succour and see death on death untimely on his people; nor when he hath yielded him to the terms of a harsh peace, may he have joy of his kingdom or the pleasant light; but let him fall before his day and without burial on a waste of sand. This I pray; this and my blood with it I pour for the last utterance. And you, O Tyrians, hunt his seed with your hatred for all ages to come; send this guerdon to our ashes. Let no kindness nor truce be between the nations. Arise out of our dust, O unnamed avenger, to pursue the Dardanian settlement with firebrand and steel. Now, then, whensoever strength shall be given, I invoke the enmity of shore to shore, wave to water, sword to sword; let their battles go down to their children's children.'

So speaks she as she kept turning her mind round about, seeking how soonest to break away from the hateful light. Thereon she speaks briefly to Barce, nurse of Sychaeus; for a heap of dusky ashes held her own, in her country of long ago:

'Sweet nurse, bring Anna my sister hither to me. Bid her haste and sprinkle river water over her body, and bring [636-667] with her the beasts ordained for expiation: so let her come: and thou likewise veil thy brows with a pure chaplet. I would fulfil the rites of Stygian Jove that I have fitly ordered and begun, so to set the limit to my distresses and give over to the flames the funeral pyre of the Dardanian.'

So speaks she; the old woman went eagerly with quickened pace. But Dido, fluttered and fierce in her awful purpose, with bloodshot restless gaze, and spots on her quivering cheeks burning through the

pallor of imminent death, bursts into the inner courts of the house, and mounts in madness the high funeral pyre, and unsheathes the sword of Dardania, a gift asked for no use like this. Then after her eyes fell on the Ilian raiment and the bed she knew, dallying a little with her purpose through her tears, she sank on the pillow and spoke the last words of all:

‘Dress he wore, sweet while doom and deity allowed! receive my spirit now, and release me from my distresses. I have lived and fulfilled Fortune’s allotted course; and now shall I go a queenly phantom under the earth. I have built a renowned city; I have seen my ramparts rise; by my brother’s punishment I have avenged my husband of his enemy; happy, ah me! and over happy, had but the keels of Dardania never touched our shores!’ She spoke; and burying her face in the pillow, ‘Death it will be,’ she cries, ‘and unavenged; but death be it. Thus, thus is it good to pass into the dark. Let the pitiless Dardanian’s gaze drink in this fire out at sea, and my death be the omen he carries on his way.’

She ceased; and even as she spoke her people see her sunk on the steel, and blood reeking on the sword and spattered on her hands. A cry rises in the high halls; Rumour riots down the quaking city. The house resounds with lamentation and sobbing and bitter crying of women; [668-700] heaven echoes their loud wails; even as though all Carthage or ancient Tyre went down as the foe poured in, and the flames rolled furious over the roofs of house and temple. Swooning at the sound, her sister runs in a flutter of dismay, with torn face and smitten bosom, and darts through them all, and calls the dying woman by her name. ‘Was it this, mine own? Was my summons a snare? Was it this thy pyre, ah me, this thine altar fires meant? How shall I begin my desolate moan? Didst thou disdain a sister’s company in death? Thou shouldst have called me to share thy doom; in the self-same hour, the self-same pang of steel had been our portion. Did these very hands build it, did my voice call on our father’s gods, that with thee lying thus I should be away as one without pity? Thou hast destroyed thyself and me together, O my sister, and the Sidonian lords and people, and this thy city. Give her wounds water: I will bathe them and catch on my lips the last breath that haply yet lingers.’ So speaking she had climbed the high steps,

and, wailing, clasped and caressed her half-lifeless sister in her bosom, and stanchd the dark streams of blood with her gown. She, essaying to lift her heavy eyes, swoons back; the deep-driven wound gurgles in her breast. Thrice she rose, and strained to lift herself on her elbow; thrice she rolled back on the pillow, and with wandering eyes sought the light of high heaven, and moaned as she found it.

Then Juno omnipotent, pitying her long pain and difficult decease, sent Iris down from heaven to unloose the struggling life from the body where it clung. For since neither by fate did she perish, nor as one who had earned her death, but woefully before her day, and fired by sudden madness, not yet had Proserpine taken her lock from the golden head, nor sentenced her to the Stygian under world. So Iris on dewy saffron pinions flits down through the sky [701-705] athwart the sun in a trail of a thousand changing dyes, and stopping over her head: 'This hair, sacred to Dis, I take as bidden, and release thee from that body of thine.' So speaks she, and cuts it with her hand. And therewith all the warmth ebbed forth from her, and the life passed away upon the winds.

BOOK FIFTH

THE GAMES OF THE FLEET

Meanwhile Aeneas and his fleet in unwavering track now held mid passage, and cleft the waves that blackened under the North, looking back on the city that even now gleams with hapless Elissa's funeral flame. Why the broad blaze is lit lies unknown; but the bitter pain of a great love trampled, and the knowledge of what woman can do in madness, draw the Teucrians' hearts to gloomy guesses.

When their ships held the deep, nor any land farther appears, the seas all round, and all round the sky, a dusky shower drew up overhead, carrying night and storm, and the wave shuddered and gloomed. Palinurus, master of the fleet, cries from the high stern: 'Alas, why have these heavy storm-clouds girt the sky? lord Neptune, what wilt thou?' Then he bids clear the rigging and bend strongly to the oars, and brings the sails across the wind, saying thus:

'Noble Aeneas, not did Jupiter give word and warrant would I hope to reach Italy under such a sky. The shifting winds roar athwart our course, and blow stronger out of the black west, and the air thickens into mist: nor are we fit to force our way on and across. Fortune is the stronger; let us follow her, and turn our course whither she calls. Not far away, I think, are the faithful shores of thy brother Eryx, and the Sicilian haven, if only my memory retraces rightly the stars I watched before.'

Then good Aeneas: 'Even I ere now discern the winds will have it so, and thou urgest against them in vain. Turn thou the course of our sailing. Could any land be welcomer to me, or where I would sooner choose to put in my weary ships, than this that hath Dardanian Acestes to greet me, and laps in its embrace lord Anchises' dust?' This said, they steer for harbour, while the following west wind stretches their sails; the fleet runs fast down the flood, and at last they land joyfully on the familiar beach. But Acestes high on a hill-top, amazed at the friendly squadron approaching from afar, hastens towards them, weaponed and clad in the shaggy skin of a Libyan she-bear. Him a Trojan mother conceived and bore to Crimisis river; not forgetful of his parentage, he wishes them joy of their return, and

gladly entertains them on his rustic treasure and comforts their weariness with his friendly store. So soon as the morrow's clear daylight had chased the stars out of the east, Aeneas calls his comrades along the beach together, and from a mounded hillock speaks:

‘Great people of Dardanus, born of the high blood of gods, the yearly circle of the months is measured out to fulfilment since we laid the dust in earth, all that was left of my divine father, and sadly consecrated our altars. And now the day is at hand (this, O gods, was your will), which I will ever keep in grief, ever in honour. Did I spend it an exile on Gaetolian quicksands, did it surprise me on the Argolic sea or in Mycenae town, yet would I fulfil the yearly vows and annual ordinance of festival, and pile the altars with their due gifts. Now we are led hither, to the very dust and ashes of our father, not as I deem without divine purpose and influence, and borne home into the friendly haven. Up then and let us all gather joyfully to the sacrifice: pray we for winds, and may he deign that I pay these rites to him year by year in an established city and consecrated temple. Two head of oxen Acestes, the seed of Troy, gives to each of your ships by tale: invite to the feast your own ancestral gods of the household, and those whom our host Acestes worships. Further, so the ninth Dawn uplift the gracious day upon men, and her shafts unveil the world, I will ordain contests for my Trojans; first for swift ships; then whoso excels in the foot-race, and whoso, confident in strength and skill, comes to shoot light arrows, or adventures to join battle with gloves of raw hide; let all be here, and let merit look for the prize and palm. Now all be hushed, and twine your temples with boughs.’

So speaks he, and shrouds his brows with his mother's myrtle. So Helymus does, so Aletes ripe of years, so the boy Ascanius, and the rest of the people follow. He advances from the assembly to the tomb among a throng of many thousands that crowd about him; here he pours on the ground in fit libation two goblets of pure wine, two of new milk, two of consecrated blood, and flings bright blossoms, saying thus: ‘Hail, holy father, once again; hail, ashes of him I saved in vain, and soul and shade of my sire! Thou wert not to share the search for Italian borders and destined fields, nor the dim Ausonian

Tiber.' Thus had he spoken; when from beneath the sanctuary a snake slid out in seven vast coils and sevenfold slippery spires, quietly circling the grave and gliding from altar to altar, his green chequered body and the spotted lustre of his scales ablaze with gold, as the bow in the cloud darts a thousand changing dyes athwart the sun: Aeneas stood amazed at the sight. At last he wound his long train among the vessels and polished cups, and tasted the feast, and again leaving the altars where he had fed, crept harmlessly back beneath the tomb. Doubtful if he shall think it the Genius of the ground or his father's ministrant, he slays, as is fit, two sheep of two years old, as many swine and dark-backed steers, pouring the while cups of wine, and calling on the soul of great Anchises and the ghost rearisen from Acheron. Therewithal his comrades, as each hath store, bring gifts to heap joyfully on the altars, and slay steers in sacrifice: others set cauldrons arow, and, lying along the grass, heap live embers under spits and roast the flesh.

The desired day came, and now the ninth Dawn rode up clear and bright behind Phaëthon's coursers; and the name and renown of illustrious Acestes had stirred up all the bordering people; their holiday throng filled the shore, to see Aeneas' men, and some ready to join in contest. First of all the prizes are laid out to view in the middle of the racecourse; tripods of sacrifice, green garlands and palms, the reward of the conquerors, armour and garments dipped in purple, talents of silver and gold: and from a hillock in the midst the trumpet sounds the games begun. First is the contest of rowing, and four ships matched in weight enter, the choice of all the fleet. Mnesteus' keen oarsmen drive the swift Dragon, Mnesteus the Italian to be, from whose name is the Memmian family; Gyas the huge bulk of the huge Chimaera, a floating town, whom her triple-tiered Dardanian crew urge on with oars rising in threefold rank; Sergestus, from whom the Sergian house holds her name, sails in the tall Centaur; and in the sea-coloured Scylla Cloanthus, whence is thy family, Cluentius of Rome.

Apart in the sea and over against the foaming beach, lies a rock that the swoln waves beat and drown what time the [127-159] north-western gales of winter blot out the stars; in calm it rises silent out of the placid water, flat-topped, and a haunt where cormorants love best

to take the sun. Here lord Aeneas set up a goal of leafy ilex, a mark for the sailors to know whence to return, where to wheel their long course round. Then they choose stations by lot, and on the sterns their captains glitter afar, beautiful in gold and purple; the rest of the crews are crowned with poplar sprays, and their naked shoulders glisten wet with oil. They sit down at the thwarts, and their arms are tense on the oars; at full strain they wait the signal, while throbbing fear and heightened ambition drain their riotous blood. Then, when the clear trumpet-note rang, all in a moment leap forward from their line; the shouts of the sailors strike up to heaven, and the channels are swept into foam by the arms as they swing backward. They cleave their furrows together, and all the sea is torn asunder by oars and triple-pointed prows. Not with speed so headlong do racing pairs whirl the chariots over the plain, as they rush streaming from the barriers; not so do their charioteers shake the wavy reins loose over their team, and hang forward on the whip. All the woodland rings with clapping and shouts of men that cheer their favourites, and the sheltered beach eddies back their cries; the noise buffets and re-echoes from the hills. Gyas shoots out in front of the noisy crowd, and glides foremost along the water; whom Cloanthus follows next, rowing better, but held back by his dragging weight of pine. After them, at equal distance, the Dragon and the Centaur strive to win the foremost room; and now the Dragon has it, now the vast Centaur outstrips and passes her; now they dart on both together, their stems in a line, and their keels driving long furrows through the salt waterways. And now they drew nigh the rock, and were hard [160-193] on the goal; when Gyas as he led, winner over half the flood, cries aloud to Menoetes, the ship's steersman: 'Whither away so far to the right? This way direct her path; kiss the shore, and let the oarblade graze the leftward reefs. Others may keep to deep water.' He spoke; but Menoetes, fearing blind rocks, turns the bow away towards the open sea. 'Whither wanderest thou away? to the rocks, Menoetes!' again shouts Gyas to bring him back; and lo! glancing round he sees Cloanthus passing up behind and keeping nearer. Between Gyas' ship and the echoing crags he scrapes through inside on his left, flashes past his leader, and leaving the goal behind is in safe water. Then indeed grief burned fierce through his strong frame, and tears

sprung out on his cheeks; heedless of his own dignity and his crew's safety, he flings the too cautious Menoetes sheer into the sea from the high stern, himself succeeds as guide and master of the helm, and cheers on his men, and turns his tiller in to shore. But Menoetes, when at last he rose struggling from the bottom, heavy with advancing years and wet in his dripping clothes, makes for the top of the crag, and sits down on a dry rock. The Teucrians laughed out as he fell and as he swam, and laugh to see him spitting the salt water from his chest. At this a joyful hope kindled in the two behind, Sergestus and Mnestheus, of catching up Gyas' wavering course. Sergestus slips forward as he nears the rock, yet not all in front, nor leading with his length of keel; part is in front, part pressed by the Dragon's jealous prow. But striding amidships between his comrades, Mnestheus cheers them on: 'Now, now swing back, oarsmen who were Hector's comrades, whom I chose to follow me in Troy's extremity; now put forth the might and courage you showed in Gaetolian quicksands, amid Ionian seas and Malea's chasing waves. Not the first [194-227] place do I now seek for Mnestheus, nor strive for victory; though ah! — yet let them win, O Neptune, to whom thou givest it. But the shame of coming in last! Win but this, fellow-citizens, and avert that disaster!' His men bend forward, straining every muscle; the brasswork of the ship quivers to their mighty strokes, and the ground runs from under her; limbs and parched lips shake with their rapid panting, and sweat flows in streams all over them. Mere chance brought the crew the glory they desired. For while Sergestus drives his prow furiously in towards the rocks and comes up with too scanty room, alas! he caught on a rock that ran out; the reef ground, the oars struck and shivered on the jagged teeth, and the bows crashed and hung. The sailors leap up and hold her with loud cries, and get out iron-shod poles and sharp-pointed boathooks, and pick up their broken oars out of the eddies. But Mnestheus, rejoicing and flushed by his triumph, with oars fast-dipping and winds at his call, issues into the shelving water and runs down the open sea. As a pigeon whose house and sweet nestlings are in the rock's recesses, if suddenly startled from her cavern, wings her flight over the fields and rushes frightened from her house with loud clapping pinions; then gliding noiselessly through the air, slides on

her liquid way and moves not her rapid wings; so Mnesteus, so the Dragon under him swiftly cleaves the last space of sea, so her own speed carries her flying on. And first Sergestus is left behind, struggling on the steep rock and shoal water, and shouting in vain for help and learning to race with broken oars. Next he catches up Gyas and the vast bulk of the Chimaera; she gives way, without her steersman. And now on the very goal Cloanthus alone is left; him he pursues and presses hard, straining all his strength. Then indeed the shouts redouble, as all together eagerly cheer on the pursuer, and [228-264] the sky echoes their din. These scorn to lose the honour that is their own, the glory in their grasp, and would sell life for renown; to these success lends life; power comes with belief in it. And haply they had carried the prize with prows abreast, had not Cloanthus, stretching both his open hands over the sea, poured forth prayers and called the gods to hear his vows: 'Gods who are sovereign on the sea, over whose waters I run, to your altars on this beach will I bring a snow-white bull, my vow's glad penalty, and will cast his entrails into the salt flood and pour liquid wine.' He spoke, and far beneath the flood maiden Panopea heard him, with all Phorcus' choir of Nereids, and lord Portunus with his own mighty hand pushed him on his way. The ship flies to land swifter than the wind or an arrow's flight, and shoots into the deep harbour. Then the seed of Anchises, summoning all in order, declares Cloanthus conqueror by herald's outcry, and dresses his brows in green bay, and gives gifts to each crew, three bullocks of their choice, and wine, and a large talent of silver to take away. For their captains he adds special honours; to the winner a scarf wrought with gold, encircled by a double border of deep Meliboean purple; woven in it is the kingly boy on leafy Ida, chasing swift stags with javelin and racing feet, keen and as one panting; him Jove's swooping armour-bearer hath caught up from Ida in his talons; his aged guardians stretch their hands vainly upwards, and the barking of hounds rings fierce into the air. But to him who, next in merit, held the second place, he gives to wear a corslet triple-woven with hooks of polished gold, stripped by his own conquering hand from Demoleos under tall Troy by the swift Simois, an ornament and safeguard among arms. Scarce could the straining shoulders of his servants Phegeus and Sagaris carry its

heavy folds; yet with it on, Demoleos at [265-302] full speed would chase the scattered Trojans. The third prize he makes twin cauldrons of brass, and bowls wrought in silver and rough with tracery. And now all moved away in the pride and wealth of their prizes, their brows bound with scarlet ribbons; when, hardly torn loose by all his art from the cruel rock, his oars lost, rowing feebly with a single tier, Sergestus brought in his ship jeered at and unhonoured. Even as often a serpent caught on a highway, if a brazen wheel hath gone aslant over him or a wayfarer left him half dead and mangled with the blow of a heavy stone, wreathes himself slowly in vain effort to escape, in part undaunted, his eyes ablaze and his hissing throat lifted high; in part the disabling wound keeps him coiling in knots and twisting back on his own body; so the ship kept rowing slowly on, yet hoists sail and under full sail glides into the harbour mouth. Glad that the ship is saved and the crew brought back, Aeneas presents Sergestus with his promised reward. A slave woman is given him not unskilled in Minerva's labours, Pholoë the Cretan, with twin boys at her breast.

This contest sped, good Aeneas moved to a grassy plain girt all about with winding wooded hills, and amid the valley an amphitheatre, whither, with a concourse of many thousands, the hero advanced and took his seat on a mound. Here he allures with rewards and offer of prizes those who will try their hap in the fleet foot-race. Trojans and Sicilians gather mingling from all sides, Nisus and Euryalus foremost . . . Euryalus in the flower of youth and famed for beauty, Nisus for pure love of the boy. Next follows renowned Diores, of Priam's royal line; after him Salius and Patron together, the one Acarnanian, the other Tegean by family and of Arcadian blood; next two men of Sicily, Helymus and Panopes, foresters and attendants on old Acestes; many besides whose fame is hid in [303-338] obscurity. Then among them all Aeneas spoke thus: 'Hearken to this, and attend in good cheer. None out of this number will I let go without a gift. To each will I give two glittering Gnosian spearheads of polished steel, and an axe chased with silver to bear away; one and all shall be honoured thus. The three foremost shall receive prizes, and have pale olive bound about their head. The first shall have a caparisoned horse as conqueror; the second an

Amazonian quiver filled with arrows of Thrace, girt about by a broad belt of gold, and on the link of the clasp a polished gem; let the third depart with this Argolic helmet for recompense.' This said, they take their place, and the signal once heard, dart over the course and leave the line, pouring forth like a storm-cloud while they mark the goal. Nisus gets away first, and shoots out far in front of the throng, fleetier than the winds or the winged thunderbolt. Next to him, but next by a long gap, Salius follows; then, left a space behind him, Euryalus third . . . and Helymus comes after Euryalus; and close behind him, lo! Diores goes flying, just grazing foot with foot, hard on his shoulder; and if a longer space were left, he would creep out past him and win the tie. And now almost in the last space, they began to come up breathless to the goal, when unfortunate Nisus trips on the slippery blood of the slain steers, where haply it had spilled over the ground and wetted the green grass. Here, just in the flush of victory, he lost his feet; they slid away on the ground they pressed, and he fell forward right among the ordure and blood of the sacrifice. Yet forgot he not his darling Euryalus; for rising, he flung himself over the slippery ground in front of Salius, and he rolled over and lay all along on the hard sand. Euryalus shoots by, wins and holds the first place his friend gave, and flies on amid prosperous clapping and cheers. Behind Helymus comes [339-373] up, and Diores, now third for the palm. At this Salius fills with loud clamour the whole concourse of the vast theatre, and the lords who looked on in front, demanding restoration of his defrauded prize. Euryalus is strong in favour, and beauty in tears, and the merit that gains grace from so fair a form. Diores supports him, who succeeded to the palm, so he loudly cries, and bore off the last prize in vain, if the highest honours be restored to Salius. Then lord Aeneas speaks: 'For you, O boys, your rewards remain assured, and none alters the prizes' order: let me be allowed to pity a friend's innocent mischance.' So speaking, he gives to Salius a vast Gaetolian lion-skin, with shaggy masses of hair and claws of gold. 'If this,' cries Nisus, 'is the reward of defeat, and thy pity is stirred for the fallen, what fit recompense wilt thou give to Nisus? to my excellence the first crown was due, had not I, like Salius, met Fortune's hostility.' And with the words he displayed his face and limbs foul with the wet dung. His lord laughed kindly on

him, and bade a shield be brought forth, the workmanship of Didymaon, torn by him from the hallowed gates of Neptune's Grecian temple; with this special prize he rewards his excellence.

Thereafter, when the races are finished and the gifts fulfilled: 'Now,' he cries, 'come, whoso hath in him valour and ready heart, and lift up his arms with gauntleted hands.' So speaks he, and sets forth a double prize of battle; for the conqueror a bullock gilt and garlanded; a sword and beautiful helmet to console the conquered. Straightway without pause Dares issues to view in his vast strength, rising amid loud murmurs of the people; he who alone was wont to meet Paris in combat; he who, at the mound where princely Hector lies, struck down as he came the vast bulk upborne by conquering Butes, of Amycus' Bebrycian line, and stretched him in [374-410] death on the yellow sand. Such was Dares; at once he raises his head high for battle, displays his broad shoulders, and stretches and swings his arms right and left, lashing the air with blows. For him another is required; but none out of all the train durst approach or put the gloves on his hands. So he takes his stand exultant before Aeneas' feet, deeming he excelled all in victories; and thereon without more delay grasps the bull's horn with his left hand, and speaks thus: 'Goddess-born, if no man dare trust himself to battle, to what conclusion shall I stand? how long is it seemly to keep me? bid me carry off thy gifts.' Therewith all the Dardanians murmured assent, and bade yield him the promised prize. At this aged Acestes spoke sharply to Entellus, as he sate next him on the green cushion of grass: 'Entellus, bravest of heroes once of old in vain, wilt thou thus idly let a gift so great be borne away uncontested? Where now prithee is divine Eryx, thy master of fruitless fame? where thy renown over all Sicily, and those spoils hanging in thine house?' Thereat he: 'Desire of glory is not gone, nor ambition checked by fear; but torpid age dulls my chilly blood, and my strength of limb is numb and outworn. If I had what once was mine, if I had now that prime of years, yonder braggart's boast and confidence, it had taken no prize of goodly bullock to allure me; nor heed I these gifts.' So he spoke, and on that flung down a pair of gloves of giant weight, with whose hard hide bound about his wrists valiant Eryx was wont to come to battle. They stood amazed; so stiff and grim lay the vast

sevenfold oxhide sewed in with lead and iron. Dares most of all shrinks far back in horror, and the noble son of Anchises turns round this way and that their vast weight and voluminous folds. Then the old man spoke thus in deep accents: 'How, had they seen the gloves [411-444] that were Hercules' own armour, and the fatal fight on this very beach? These arms thy brother Eryx once wore; thou seest them yet stained with blood and spattered brains. In them he stood to face great Alcides; to them was I used while fuller blood supplied me strength, and envious old age had not yet strewn her snows on either temple. But if Dares of Troy will have none of these our arms, and good Aeneas is resolved on it, and my patron Acestes approves, let us make the battle even. See, I give up the gauntlets of Eryx; dismiss thy fears; and do thou put off thy Trojan gloves.' So spoke he, and throwing back the fold of his raiment from his shoulders, he bares the massive joints and limbs, the great bones and muscles, and stands up huge in the middle of the ground. Then Anchises' lordly seed brought out equal gloves and bound the hands of both in matched arms. Straightway each took his stand on tiptoe, and undauntedly raised his arms high in air. They lift their heads right back and away out of reach of blows, and make hand play through hand, inviting attack; the one nimbler of foot and confident in his youth, the other mighty in mass of limb, but his knees totter tremulous and slow, and sick panting shakes his vast frame. Many a mutual blow they deliver in vain, many an one they redouble on chest and side, sounding hollow and loud: hands play fast about ear and temple, and jawbones clash under the hard strokes. Old Entellus stands immoveable and astrain, only parrying hits with body and watchful eye. The other, as one who casts mounts against some high city or blockades a hill-fort in arms, tries this and that entrance, and ranges cunningly over all the ground, and presses many an attack in vain. Entellus rose and struck clean out with his right downwards; his quick opponent saw the descending blow before it came, [445-481] and slid his body rapidly out of its way. Entellus hurled his strength into the air, and all his heavy mass, overreaching, fell heavily to the earth; as sometime on Erymanthus or mighty Ida a hollow pine falls torn out by the roots. Teucrians and men of Sicily rise eagerly; a cry goes up, and Acestes himself runs forward, and pityingly lifts his friend and birthmate

from the ground. But the hero, not dulled nor dismayed by his mishap, returns the keener to battle, and grows violent in wrath, while shame and resolved valour kindle his strength. All afire, he hunts Dares headlong over the lists, and redoubles his blows now with right hand, now with left; no breath nor pause; heavy as hailstones rattle on the roof from a storm-cloud, so thickly shower the blows from both his hands as he buffets Dares to and fro. Then lord Aeneas allowed not wrath to swell higher or Entellus to rage out his bitterness, but stopped the fight and rescued the exhausted Dares, saying thus in soothing words: 'Unhappy! what height of madness hath seized thy mind? Knowest thou not the strength is another's and the gods are changed? Yield thou to Heaven.' And with the words he proclaimed the battle over. But him his faithful mates lead to the ships dragging his knees feebly, swaying his head from side to side, and spitting from his mouth clotted blood mingled with teeth. At summons they bear away the helmet and shield, and leave palm and bull to Entellus. At this the conqueror, swelling in pride over the bull, cries: 'Goddess-born, and you, O Trojans! learn thus what my strength of body was in its prime, and from what a death Dares is saved by your recall.' He spoke, and stood right opposite in face of the bullock as it stood by, the prize of battle; then drew back his hand, and swinging the hard gauntlet sheer down between the horns, smashed the bones in upon the shattered brain. The ox rolls over, and quivering and [482-516] lifeless lies along the ground. Above it he utters these deep accents: 'This life, Eryx, I give to thee, a better payment than Dares' death; here I lay down my gloves and unconquered skill.'

Forthwith Aeneas invites all that will to the contest of the swift arrow, and proclaims the prizes. With his strong hand he uprears the mast of Serestus' ship, and on a cord crossing it hangs from the masthead a fluttering pigeon as mark for their steel. They gather, and a helmet of brass takes the lots as they throw them in. First in rank, and before them all, amid prosperous cheers, comes out Hippocoön son of Hyrtacus; and Mnestheus follows on him, but now conqueror in the ship race, Mnestheus with his chaplet of green olive. Third is Eurytion, thy brother, O Pandarus, great in renown, thou who of old, when prompted to shatter the truce, didst hurl the first shaft amid the

Achaeans. Last of all, and at the bottom of the helmet, sank Acestes, he too venturing to set hand to the task of youth. Then each and all they strongly bend their bows into a curve and pull shafts from their quivers. And first the arrow of the son of Hyrtacus, flying through heaven from the sounding string, whistles through the fleet breezes, and reaches and sticks fast full in the mast's wood: the mast quivered, and the bird fluttered her feathers in affright, and the whole ground rang with loud clapping. Next valiant Mnestheus took his stand with bow bent, aiming high with levelled eye and arrow; yet could not, unfortunate! hit the bird herself with his steel, but cut the knotted hempen bands that tied her foot as she hung from the masthead; she winged her flight into the dark windy clouds. Then Eurytion, who ere now held the arrow ready on his bended bow, swiftly called in prayer to his brother, marked the pigeon as she now went down the empty sky exultant on clapping wings; and as she passed under a dark cloud, [517-553] struck her: she fell breathless, and, leaving her life in the aery firmament, slid down carrying the arrow that pierced her. Acestes alone was over, and the prize lost; yet he sped his arrow up into the air, to display his lordly skill and resounding bow. At this a sudden sign meets their eyes, mighty in augural presage, as the high event taught thereafter, and in late days boding seers prophesied of the omen. For the flying reed blazed out amid the swimming clouds, traced its path in flame, and burned away on the light winds; even as often stars shooting from their sphere draw a train athwart the sky. Trinacrians and Trojans hung in astonishment, praying to the heavenly powers; neither did great Aeneas reject the omen, but embraces glad Acestes and loads him with lavish gifts, speaking thus: 'Take, my lord: for the high King of heaven by these signs hath willed thee to draw the lot of peculiar honour. This gift shalt thou have as from aged Anchises' own hand, a bowl embossed with figures, that once Cisseus of Thrace gave my father Anchises to bear, in high token and guerdon of affection.' So speaking, he twines green bay about his brows, and proclaims Acestes conqueror first before them all. Nor did gentle Eurytion, though he alone struck the bird down from the lofty sky, grudge him to be preferred in honour. Next comes for his prize he who cut the cord; he last, who pierced the mast with his winged reed.

But lord Aeneas, ere yet the contest is sped, calls to him Epytides, guardian and attendant of ungrown Iulus, and thus speaks into his faithful ear: 'Up and away, and tell Ascanius, if he now holds his band of boys ready, and their horses arrayed for the charge, to defile his squadrons to his grandsire's honour in bravery of arms.' So says he, and himself bids all the crowding throng withdraw from the long racecourse and leave the lists free. The boys move in before their parents' faces, glittering in rank on their [554-590] bitted horses; as they go all the people of Troy and Trinacria murmur and admire. On the hair of them all rests a garland fitly trimmed; each carries two cornel spear-shafts tipped with steel; some have polished quivers on their shoulders; above their breast and round their neck goes a flexible circlet of twisted gold. Three in number are the troops of riders, and three captains gallop up and down; following each in equal command rides a glittering division of twelve boys. One youthful line goes rejoicingly behind little Priam, renewer of his grandsire's name, thy renowned seed, O Polites, and destined to people Italy; he rides a Thracian horse dappled with spots of white, showing white on his pacing pasterns and white on his high forehead. Second is Atys, from whom the Latin Atii draw their line, little Atys, boy beloved of the boy Iulus. Last and excellent in beauty before them all, Iulus rode in on a Sidonian horse that Dido the bright had given him for token and pledge of love. The rest of them are mounted on old Acestes' Sicilian horses. . . . The Dardanians greet their shy entrance with applause, and rejoice at the view, and recognise the features of their parents of old. When they have ridden merrily round all the concourse of their gazing friends, Epytides shouts from afar the signal they await, and sounds his whip. They gallop apart in equal numbers, and open their files three and three in deploying bands, and again at the call wheel about and bear down with levelled arms. Next they start on other charges and other retreats in corresponsive spaces, and interlink circle with circle, and wage the armed phantom of battle. And now they bare their backs in flight, now turn their lances to the charge, now plight peace and ride on side by side. As once of old, they say, the labyrinth in high Crete had a tangled path between blind walls, and a thousand ways of doubling treachery, where tokens to follow failed in the [591-625] maze

unmastered and irrecoverable: even in such a track do the children of Troy entangle their footsteps and weave the game of flight and battle; like dolphins who, swimming through the wet seas, cut Carpathian or Libyan. . . .

This fashion of riding, these games Ascanius first revived, when he girt Alba the Long about with walls, and taught their celebration to the Old Latins in the way of his own boyhood, with the youth of Troy about him. The Albans taught it their children; on from them mighty Rome received it and kept the ancestral observance; and now it is called Troy, and the boys the Trojan troop.

Thus far sped the sacred contests to their holy lord. Just at this Fortune broke faith and grew estranged. While they pay the due rites to the tomb with diverse games, Juno, daughter of Saturn, sends Iris down the sky to the Ilian fleet, and breathes a gale to speed her on, revolving many a thought, and not yet satiate of the ancient pain. She, speeding her way along the thousand-coloured bow, runs swiftly, seen of none, down her maiden path. She discerns the vast concourse, and traverses the shore, and sees the haven abandoned and the fleet left alone. But far withdrawn by the solitary verge of the sea the Trojan women wept their lost Anchises, and as they wept gazed all together on the fathomless flood. 'Alas! after all those weary waterways, that so wide a sea is yet to come!' such is the single cry of all. They pray for a city, sick of the burden of their sea-sorrow. So she darts among them, not witless to harm, and lays by face and raiment of a goddess: she becomes Beroë, the aged wife of Tmarian Doryclus, who had once had birth and name and children, and in this guise goes among the Dardanian matrons. 'Ah, wretched we,' she cries, 'whom hostile Achaean hands did not drag to death beneath our native city! ah hapless race, for what destruction does Fortune hold thee back? The [626-660] seventh summer now declines since Troy's overthrow, while we pass measuring out by so many stars the harbourless rocks over every water and land, pursuing all the while over the vast sea an Italy that flies us, and tossing on the waves. Here are our brother Eryx' borders, and Acestes' welcome: who denies us to cast up walls and give our citizens a city? O country, O household gods vainly rescued from the foe! shall there never be a Trojan town to tell of? shall I nowhere see a Xanthus and

a Simoïs, the rivers of Hector? Nay, up and join me in burning with fire these ill-ominous ships. For in sleep the phantom of Cassandra the soothsayer seemed to give me blazing brands: Here seek your Troy, she said; here is your home. Now is the time to do it; nor do these high portents allow delay. Behold four altars to Neptune; the god himself lends the firebrand and the nerve.' Speaking thus, at once she strongly seizes the fiery weapon, and with straining hand whirls it far upreared, and flings: the souls of the Ilian women are startled and their wits amazed. At this one of their multitude, and she the eldest, Pyrgo, nurse in the palace to all Priam's many children: 'This is not Beroë, I tell you, O mothers; this is not the wife of Doryclus of Rhoeteum. Mark the lineaments of divine grace and the gleaming eyes, what a breath is hers, what a countenance, and the sound of her voice and the steps of her going. I, I time ago left Beroë apart, sick and fretting that she alone must have no part in this our service, nor pay Anchises his due sacrifice.' So spoke she. . . . But the matrons at first, dubious and wavering, gazed on the ships with malignant eyes, between the wretched longing for the land they trod and the fated realm that summoned them: when the goddess rose through the sky on poised wings, and in her flight drew a vast bow beneath the clouds. Then indeed, amazed at the tokens and driven by madness, they raise a cry and snatch fire from the [661-694] hearths within; others plunder the altars, and cast on brushwood boughs and brands. The Fire-god rages with loose rein over thwarts and oars and hulls of painted fir. Eumelus carries the news of the burning ships to the grave of Anchises and the ranges of the theatre; and looking back, their own eyes see the floating cloud of dark ashes. And in a moment Ascanius, as he rode gaily before his cavalry, spurred his horse to the disordered camp; nor can his breathless guardians hold him back. 'What strange madness is this?' he cries; 'whither now hasten you, whither, alas and woe! O citizens? not on the foe nor on some hostile Argive camp; it is your own hopes you burn. Behold me, your Ascanius!' and he flung before his feet the empty helmet, put on when he roused the mimicry of war. Aeneas and the Trojan train together hurry to the spot. But the women scatter apart in fear all over the beach, and stealthily seek the woods and the hollow rocks they find: they loathe their deed and the daylight, and with

changed eyes know their people, and Juno is startled out of their breast. But not thereby do the flames of the burning lay down their unconquered strength; under the wet oak the seams are alive, spouting slow coils of smoke; the creeping heat devours the hulls, and the destroyer takes deep hold of all: nor does the heroes' strength avail nor the floods they pour in. Then good Aeneas rent away the raiment from his shoulders and called the gods to aid, stretching forth his hands: 'Jupiter omnipotent, if thou hatest not Troy yet wholly to her last man, if thine ancient pity looks at all on human woes, now, O Lord, grant our fleet to escape the flame, and rescue from doom the slender Teucrian estate. Or do thou plunge to death this remnant, if I deserve it, with levelled thunderbolt, and here with thine own hand smite us down.' Scarce had he uttered this, when a black tempest rages in streaming showers; earth trembles [695-726] to the thunder on plain and steep; the water-flood rushes in torrents from the whole heaven amid black darkness and volleying blasts of the South. The ships are filled from overhead, the half-burnt timbers are soaking; till all the heat is quenched, and all the hulls, but four that are lost, are rescued from destruction.

But lord Aeneas, dismayed by the bitter mischance, revolved at heart this way and that his shifting weight of care, whether, forgetting fate, he should rest in Sicilian fields, or reach forth to the borders of Italy. Then old Nautes, whom Tritonian Pallas taught like none other, and made famous in eminence of art — she granted him to reply what the gods' heavy anger menaced or what the order of fate claimed — he then in accents of comfort thus speaks to Aeneas:

'Goddess-born, follow we fate's ebb and flow, whatsoever it shall be; fortune must be borne to be overcome. Acestes is of thine own divine Dardanian race; take him, for he is willing, to join thee in common counsel; deliver to him those who are over, now these ships are lost, and those who are quite weary of thy fortunes and the great quest. Choose out the old men stricken in years, and the matrons sick of the sea, and all that is weak and fearful of peril in thy company. Let this land give a city to the weary; they shall be allowed to call their town Acesta by name.'

Then, indeed, kindled by these words of his aged friend, his spirit is distracted among all his cares. And now black Night rose chariot-

borne, and held the sky; when the likeness of his father Anchises seemed to descend from heaven and suddenly utter thus:

‘O son, more dear to me than life once of old while life was yet mine; O son, hard wrought by the destinies of Ilium! I come hither by Jove’s command, who drove the [727-760] fire from thy fleets, and at last had pity out of high heaven. Obey thou the fair counsel aged Nautes now gives. Carry through to Italy thy chosen men and bravest souls; in Latium must thou war down a people hard and rough in living. Yet ere then draw thou nigh the nether chambers of Dis, and in the deep tract of hell come, O son, to meet me. For I am not held in cruel Tartarus among wailing ghosts, but inhabit Elysium and the sweet societies of the good. Hither with much blood of dark cattle shall the holy Sibyl lead thee. Then shalt thou learn of all thy line, and what city is given thee. And now farewell; dank Night wheels her mid-career, and even now I feel the stern breath of the panting horses of the East.’ He ended, and retreated like a vapour into thin air. ‘Ah, whither hurriest thou?’ cries Aeneas; ‘whither so fast away? From whom fliest thou? or who withholds thee from our embrace?’ So speaking, he kindles the sleeping embers of the fire, and with holy meal and laden censer does sacrifice to the tutelary of Pergama and hoar Vesta’s secret shrine.

Straightway he summons his crews and Acestes first of all, and instructs them of Jove’s command and his beloved father’s precepts, and what is now his fixed mind and purpose. They linger not in counsel, nor does Acestes decline his bidden duty: they enrol the matrons in their town, and plant a people there, souls that will have none of glory. The rest repair the thwarts and replace the ships’ timbers that the flames had gnawed upon, and fit up oars and rigging, little in number, but alive and valiant for war. Meanwhile Aeneas traces the town with the plough and allots the homesteads; this he bids be Ilium, and these lands Troy. Trojan Acestes, rejoicing in his kingdom, appoints a court and gathers his senators to give them statutes. Next, where the crest of Eryx is neighbour to the stars, a dwelling is founded to Venus the Idalian; [761-793] and a priest and breadth of holy wood is attached to Anchises’ grave.

And now for nine days all the people hath feasted, and offering been paid at the altars; quiet breezes have smoothed the ocean floor,

and the gathering south wind blows, calling them again to sea. A mighty weeping arises along the winding shore; a night and a day they linger in mutual embraces. The very mothers now, the very men to whom once the sight of the sea seemed cruel and the name intolerable, would go on and endure the journey's travail to the end. These Aeneas comforts with kindly words, and commends with tears to his kinsman Acestes' care. Then he bids slay three steers to Eryx and a she-lamb to the Tempests, and loose the hawser as is due. Himself, his head bound with stripped leaves of olive, he stands apart on the prow holding the cup, and casts the entrails into the salt flood and pours liquid wine. A wind rising astern follows them forth on their way. Emulously the crews strike the water, and sweep through the seas.

But Venus meanwhile, wrought upon with distress, accosts Neptune, and thus pours forth her heart's complaint: 'Juno's bitter wrath and heart insatiable compel me, O Neptune, to sink to the uttermost of entreaty: neither length of days nor any goodness softens her, nor doth Jove's command and fate itself break her to desistence. It is not enough that her accursed hatred hath devoured the Phrygian city from among the people, and exhausted on it the stores of vengeance; still she pursues this remnant, the bones and ashes of murdered Troy. I pray she know why her passion is so fierce. Thyself art my witness what a sudden stir she raised of late on the Libyan waters, flinging all the seas to heaven in vain reliance on Aeolus' blasts; this she dared in thy realm. . . . Lo too, driving the Trojan matrons into guilt, she hath foully [794-826] burned their ships, and forced them, their fleet lost, to leave the crews to an unknown land. Let the remnant, I beseech thee, give their sails to thy safe keeping across the seas; let them reach Laurentine Tiber; if I ask what is permitted, if fate grants them a city there.'

Then the son of Saturn, compeller of the ocean deep, uttered thus: 'It is wholly right, O Cytherean, that thy trust should be in my realm, whence thou drawest birth; and I have deserved it: often have I allayed the rage and full fury of sky and sea. Nor less on land, I call Xanthus and Simoïs to witness, hath been my care of thine Aeneas. When Achilles pursued the Trojan armies and hurled them breathless on their walls, and sent many thousands to death, — when the

choked rivers groaned and Xanthus could not find passage or roll out to sea, — then I snatched Aeneas away in sheltering mist as he met the brave son of Peleus outmatched in strength and gods, eager as I was to overthrow the walls of perjured Troy that mine own hands had built. Now too my mind rests the same; dismiss thy fear. In safety, as thou desirest, shall he reach the haven of Avernus. One will there be alone whom on the flood thou shalt lose and require; one life shall be given for many. . . .’

With these words the goddess’ bosom is soothed to joy. Then their lord yokes his wild horses with gold and fastens the foaming bits, and letting all the reins run slack in his hand, flies lightly in his sea-coloured chariot over the ocean surface. The waves sink to rest, and the swoln water-ways smooth out under the thundering axle; the storm-clouds scatter from the vast sky. Diverse shapes attend him, monstrous whales, and Glaucus’ aged choir, and Palaemon, son of Ino, the swift Tritons, and Phorcus with all his army. Thetis and Melite keep the left, and maiden Panopea, Nesaea and Spio, Thalia and Cymodoce.

[827-860]At this lord Aeneas’ soul is thrilled with soft counterchange of delight. He bids all the masts be upreared with speed, and the sails stretched on the yards. Together all set their sheets, and all at once slacken their canvas to left and again to right; together they brace and unbrace the yard-arms aloft; prosperous gales waft the fleet along. First, in front of all, Palinurus steered the close column; the rest under orders ply their course by his. And now dewy Night had just reached heaven’s mid-cone; the sailors, stretched on their hard benches under the oars, relaxed their limbs in quiet rest: when Sleep, sliding lightly down from the starry sky, parted the shadowy air and cleft the dark, seeking thee, O Palinurus, carrying dreams of bale to thee who dreamt not of harm, and lit on the high stern, a god in Phorbas’ likeness, dropping this speech from his lips: ‘Palinurus son of Iasus, the very seas bear our fleet along; the breezes breathe steadily; for an hour rest is given. Lay down thine head, and steal thy worn eyes from their toil. I myself for a little will take thy duty in thy stead.’ To whom Palinurus, scarcely lifting his eyes, returns: ‘Wouldst thou have me ignorant what the calm face of the

brine means, and the waves at rest? Shall I have faith in this perilous thing? How shall I trust Aeneas to deceitful breezes, and the placid treachery of sky that hath so often deceived me?' Such words he uttered, and, clinging fast to the tiller, slackened hold no whit, and looked up steadily on the stars. Lo! the god shakes over either temple a bough dripping with Lethean dew and made slumberous with the might of Styx, and makes his swimming eyes relax their struggles. Scarcely had sleep begun to slacken his limbs unaware, when bending down, he flung him sheer into the clear water, tearing rudder and half the stern away with him, and many a time crying vainly on his comrades: himself [861-871] he rose on flying wings into the thin air. None the less does the fleet run safe on its sea path, and glides on unalarmed in lord Neptune's assurance. Yes, and now they were sailing in to the cliffs of the Sirens, dangerous once of old and white with the bones of many a man; and the hoarse rocks echoed afar in the ceaseless surf; when her lord felt the ship rocking astray for loss of her helmsman, and himself steered her on over the darkling water, sighing often the while, and heavy at heart for his friend's mischance. 'Ah too trustful in sky's and sea's serenity, thou shalt lie, O Palinurus, naked on an alien sand!'

BOOK SIXTH

THE VISION OF THE UNDER WORLD

So speaks he weeping, and gives his fleet the rein, and at last glides in to Euboïc Cumae's coast. They turn the prows seaward; the ships grounded fast on their anchors' teeth, and the curving ships line the beach. The warrior band leaps forth eagerly on the Hesperian shore; some seek the seeds of flame hidden in veins of flint, some scour the woods, the thick coverts of wild beasts, and find and shew the streams. But good Aeneas seeks the fortress where Apollo sits high enthroned, and the lone mystery of the awful Sibyl's cavern depth, over whose mind and soul the prophetic Delian breathes high inspiration and reveals futurity.

Now they draw nigh the groves of Trivia and the roof of gold. Daedalus, as the story runs, when in flight from Minos' realm he dared to spread his fleet wings to the sky, glided on his unwonted way towards the icy northern star, and at length lit gently on the Chalcidian fastness. Here, on the first land he retrod, he dedicated his winged oarage to thee, O Phoebus, in the vast temple he built. On the doors is Androgeus' death; thereby the children of Cecrops, bidden, ah me! to pay for yearly ransom seven souls of their sons; the urn stands there, and the lots are drawn. Right opposite the land of Gnosus rises from the sea; on it is the cruel love of the bull, the disguised stealth of Pasiphaë, and the mingled breed and double issue of the Minotaur, record of a shameful passion; on it the famous dwelling's laborious inextricable maze; but Daedalus, pitying the great love of the princess, himself unlocked the tangled treachery of the palace, guiding with the clue her lover's blind footsteps. Thou too hadst no slight part in the work he wrought, O Icarus, did grief allow. Twice had he essayed to portray thy fate in gold; twice the father's hands dropped down. Nay, their eyes would scan all the story in order, were not Achates already returned from his errand, and with him the priestess of Phoebus and Trivia, Deïphobe daughter of Glaucus, who thus accosts the king: 'Other than this are the sights the time demands: now were it well to sacrifice seven unbroken bullocks of the herd, as many fitly chosen sheep of two years old.'

Thus speaks she to Aeneas; nor do they delay to do her sacred bidding; and the priestess calls the Teucrians into the lofty shrine.

A vast cavern is scooped in the side of the Euboïc cliff, whither lead an hundred wide passages by an hundred gates, whence peal forth as manifold the responses of the Sibyl. They had reached the threshold, when the maiden cries: It is time to enquire thy fate: the god, lo! the god! And even as she spoke thus in the gateway, suddenly countenance nor colour nor ranged tresses stayed the same; her wild heart heaves madly in her panting bosom; and she expands to sight, and her voice is more than mortal, now the god breathes on her in nearer deity. 'Lingerest thou to vow and pray,' she cries, 'Aeneas of Troy? lingerest thou? for not till then will the vast portals of the spellbound house swing open.' So spoke she, and sank to silence. A cold shiver ran through the Teucrians' iron frames, and the king pours heart-deep supplication:

'Phoebus, who hast ever pitied the sore travail of Troy, who didst guide the Dardanian shaft from Paris' hand full on the son of Aeacus, in thy leading have I pierced all these seas that skirt mighty lands, the Massylian nations far withdrawn, and the fields the Syrtes fringe; thus far let the fortune of Troy follow us. You too may now unforbidden spare the nation of Pergama, gods and goddesses to whomsoever Ilium and the great glory of Dardania did wrong. And thou, O prophetess most holy, foreknower of the future, grant (for no unearned realm does my destiny claim) a resting-place in Latium to the Teucrians, to their wandering gods and the storm-tossed deities of Troy. Then will I ordain to Phoebus and Trivia a temple of solid marble, and festal days in Phoebus' name. Thee likewise a mighty sanctuary awaits in our realm. For here will I place thine oracles and the secrets of destiny uttered to my people, and consecrate chosen men, O gracious one. Only commit not thou thy verses to leaves, lest they fly disordered, the sport of rushing winds; thyself utter them, I beseech thee.' His lips made an end of utterance.

But the prophetess, not yet tame to Phoebus' hand, rages fiercely in the cavern, so she may shake the mighty godhead from her breast; so much the more does he tire her maddened mouth and subdue her wild breast and shape her to his pressure. And now the hundred

mighty portals of the house open of their own accord, and bring through the air the answer of the soothsayer:

‘O past at length with the great perils of the sea! though heavier yet by land await thee, the Dardanians shall come to the realm of Lavinium; relieve thy heart of this care; but not so shall they have joy of their coming. Wars, grim wars I discern, and Tiber afoam with streams of blood. A Simoïs shall not fail thee, a Xanthus, a Dorian camp; another Achilles is already found for Latium, he too goddess-born; nor shall Juno’s presence ever leave the Teucrians; while thou in thy need, to what nations or what towns of Italy shalt thou not sue! Again is an alien bride the source of all that Teucrian woe, again a foreign marriage-chamber. . . . Yield not thou to distresses, but all the bolder go forth to meet them, as thy fortune shall allow thee way. The path of rescue, little as thou deemest it, shall first open from a Grecian town.’

In such words the Sibyl of Cumae chants from the shrine her perplexing terrors, echoing through the cavern truth wrapped in obscurity: so does Apollo clash the reins and ply the goad in her maddened breast. So soon as the spasm ceased and the raving lips sank to silence, Aeneas the hero begins: ‘No shape of toil, O maiden, rises strange or sudden on my sight; all this ere now have I guessed and inly rehearsed in spirit. One thing I pray; since here is the gate named of the infernal king, and the darkling marsh of Acheron’s overflow, be it given me to go to my beloved father, to see him face to face; teach thou the way, and open the consecrated portals. Him on these shoulders I rescued from encircling flames and a thousand pursuing weapons, and brought him safe from amid the enemy; he accompanied my way over all the seas, and bore with me all the threats of ocean and sky, in weakness, beyond his age’s strength and due. Nay, he it was who besought and enjoined me to seek thy grace and draw nigh thy courts. Have pity, I beseech thee, on son and father, O gracious one! for thou art all-powerful, nor in vain hath Hecate given thee rule in the groves of Avernus. If Orpheus could call up his wife’s ghost in the strength of his Thracian lyre and the music of the strings, — if Pollux redeemed his brother by exchange of death, and passes and repasses so often, — why make mention of great Theseus, why of Alcides? I too am of Jove’s sovereign race.’

[124-157]In such words he pleaded and clasped the altars; when the soothsayer thus began to speak:

‘O sprung of gods’ blood, child of Anchises of Troy, easy is the descent into hell; all night and day the gate of dark Dis stands open; but to recall thy steps and issue to upper air, this is the task and burden. Some few of gods’ lineage have availed, such as Jupiter’s gracious favour or virtue’s ardour hath upborne to heaven. Midway all is muffled in forest, and the black coils of Cocytus circle it round. Yet if thy soul is so passionate and so desirous twice to float across the Stygian lake, twice to see dark Tartarus, and thy pleasure is to plunge into the mad task, learn what must first be accomplished. Hidden in a shady tree is a bough with leafage and pliant shoot all of gold, consecrate to nether Juno, wrapped in the depth of woodland and shut in by dim dusky vales. But to him only who first hath plucked the golden-tressed fruitage from the tree is it given to enter the hidden places of the earth. This hath beautiful Proserpine ordained to be borne to her for her proper gift. The first torn away, a second fills the place in gold, and the spray burgeons with even such ore again. So let thine eyes trace it home, and thine hand pluck it duly when found; for lightly and unreluctant will it follow if thine is fate’s summons; else will no strength of thine avail to conquer it nor hard steel to cut it away. Yet again, a friend of thine lies a lifeless corpse, alas! thou knowest it not, and defiles all the fleet with death, while thou seekest our counsel and lingerest in our courts. First lay him in his resting-place and hide him in the tomb; lead thither black cattle; be this first thine expiation; so at last shalt thou behold the Stygian groves and the realm untrodden of the living.’ She spoke, and her lips shut to silence.

Aeneas goes forth, and leaves the cavern with fixed eyes and sad countenance, his soul revolving inly the unseen [158-194] issues. By his side goes faithful Achates, and plants his footsteps in equal perplexity. Long they ran on in mutual change of talk; of what lifeless comrade spoke the soothsayer, of what body for burial? And even as they came, they see on the dry beach Misenus cut off by untimely death, Misenus the Aeolid, excelled of none other in stirring men with brazen breath and kindling battle with his trumpet-

note. He had been attendant on mighty Hector; in Hector's train he waged battle, renowned alike for bugle and spear: after victorious Achilles robbed him of life the valiant hero had joined Dardanian Aeneas' company, and followed no meaner leader. But now, while he makes his hollow shell echo over the seas, ah fool! and calls the gods to rival his blast, jealous Triton, if belief is due, had caught him among the rocks and sunk him in the foaming waves. So all surrounded him with loud murmur and cries, good Aeneas the foremost. Then weeping they quickly hasten on the Sibyl's orders, and work hard to pile trees for the altar of burial, and heap it up into the sky. They move into the ancient forest, the deep coverts of game; pitch-pines fall flat, ilex rings to the stroke of axes, and ashen beams and oak are split in clefts with wedges; they roll in huge mountain-ashes from the hills. Aeneas likewise is first in the work, and cheers on his crew and arms himself with their weapons. And alone with his sad heart he ponders it all, gazing on the endless forest, and utters this prayer: 'If but now that bough of gold would shew itself to us on the tree in this depth of woodland! since all the soothsayer's tale of thee, Misenus, was, alas! too truly spoken.' Scarcely had he said thus, when twin doves haply came flying down the sky, and lit on the green sod right under his eyes. Then the kingly hero knows them for his mother's birds, and joyfully prays: 'Ah, be my guides, if way there be, and direct your aëry passage into the groves [195-230] where the rich bough overshadows the fertile ground! and thou, O goddess mother, fail not our wavering fortune.' So spoke he and stayed his steps, marking what they signify, whither they urge their way. Feeding and flying they advance at such distance as following eyes could keep them in view; then, when they came to Avernus' pestilent gorge, they tower swiftly, and sliding down through the liquid air, choose their seat and light side by side on a tree, through whose boughs shone out the contrasting flicker of gold. As in chill mid-winter the woodland is wont to blossom with the strange leafage of the mistletoe, sown on an alien tree and wreathing the smooth stems with burgeoning saffron; so on the shadowy ilex seemed that leafy gold, so the foil tinkled in the light breeze. Immediately Aeneas seizes it and eagerly breaks off its resistance, and carries it beneath the Sibyl's roof.

And therewithal the Teucrians on the beach wept Misenus, and bore the last rites to the thankless ashes. First they build up a vast pyre of resinous billets and sawn oak, whose sides they entwine with dark leaves and plant funereal cypresses in front, and adorn it above with his shining armour. Some prepare warm water in cauldrons bubbling over the flames, and wash and anoint the chill body, and make their moan; then, their weeping done, lay his limbs on the pillow, and spread over it crimson raiment, the accustomed pall. Some uplift the heavy bier, a melancholy service, and with averted faces in their ancestral fashion hold and thrust in the torch. Gifts of frankincense, food, and bowls of olive oil, are poured and piled upon the fire. After the embers sank in and the flame died away, they soaked with wine the remnant of thirsty ashes, and Corynaeus gathered the bones and shut them in an urn of brass; and he too thrice encircled his comrades with fresh water, and cleansed them with light spray sprinkled from a [231-267] bough of fruitful olive, and spoke the last words of all. But good Aeneas heaps a mighty mounded tomb over him, with his own armour and his oar and trumpet, beneath a skyey mountain that now is called Misenus after him, and keeps his name immortal from age to age.

This done, he hastens to fulfil the Sibyl's ordinance. A deep cave yawned dreary and vast, shingle-strewn, sheltered by the black lake and the gloom of the forests; over it no flying things could wing their way unharmed, such a vapour streamed from the dark gorge and rose into the overarching sky. Here the priestess first arrays four black-bodied bullocks and pours wine upon their forehead; and plucking the topmost hairs from between the horns, lays them on the sacred fire for first-offering, calling aloud on Hecate, mistress of heaven and hell. Others lay knives beneath, and catch the warm blood in cups. Aeneas himself smites with the sword a black-fleeced she-lamb to the mother of the Eumenides and her mighty sister, and a barren heifer, Proserpine, to thee. Then he uprears darkling altars to the Stygian king, and lays whole carcases of bulls upon the flames, pouring fat oil over the blazing entrails. And lo! about the first rays of sunrise the ground moaned underfoot, and the woodland ridges began to stir, and dogs seemed to howl through the dusk as the goddess came. 'Apart, ah keep apart, O ye unsanctified!' cries the

soothsayer; 'retire from all the grove; and thou, stride on and unsheath thy steel; now is need of courage, O Aeneas, now of strong resolve.' So much she spoke, and plunged madly into the cavern's opening; he with unflinching steps keeps pace with his advancing guide.

Gods who are sovereign over souls! silent ghosts, and Chaos and Phlegethon, the wide dumb realm of night! as I have heard, so let me tell, and according to your will unfold things sunken deep under earth in gloom.

[268-303]They went darkling through the dusk beneath the solitary night, through the empty dwellings and bodiless realm of Dis; even as one walks in the forest beneath the jealous light of a doubtful moon, when Jupiter shrouds the sky in shadow and black night blots out the world. Right in front of the doorway and in the entry of the jaws of hell Grief and avenging Cares have made their bed; there dwell wan Sicknesses and gloomy Eld, and Fear, and ill-counselling Hunger, and loathly Want, shapes terrible to see; and Death and Travail, and thereby Sleep, Death's kinsman, and the Soul's guilty Joys, and death-dealing War full in the gateway, and the Furies in their iron cells, and mad Discord with bloodstained fillets enwreathing her serpent locks.

Midway an elm, shadowy and high, spreads her boughs and secular arms, where, one saith, idle Dreams dwell clustering, and cling under every leaf. And monstrous creatures besides, many and diverse, keep covert at the gates, Centaurs and twy-shaped Scyllas, and the hundredfold Briareus, and the beast of Lerna hissing horribly, and the Chimaera armed with flame, Gorgons and Harpies, and the body of the triform shade. Here Aeneas snatches at his sword in a sudden flutter of terror, and turns the naked edge on them as they come; and did not his wise fellow-passenger remind him that these lives flit thin and unessential in the hollow mask of body, he would rush on and vainly lash through phantoms with his steel.

Hence a road leads to Tartarus and Acheron's wave. Here the dreary pool swirls thick in muddy eddies and disgorges into Cocytus with its load of sand. Charon, the dread ferryman, guards these flowing streams, ragged and awful, his chin covered with untrimmed

masses of hoary hair, and his glassy eyes aflame; his soiled raiment hangs knotted from his shoulders. Himself he plies the pole and trims the sails of his vessel, the steel-blue galley with freight [304-336] of dead; stricken now in years, but a god's old age is lusty and green. Hither all crowded, and rushed streaming to the bank, matrons and men and high-hearted heroes dead and done with life, boys and unwedded girls, and children laid young on the bier before their parents' eyes, multitudinous as leaves fall dropping in the forests at autumn's earliest frost, or birds swarm landward from the deep gulf, when the chill of the year routs them overseas and drives them to sunny lands. They stood pleading for the first passage across, and stretched forth passionate hands to the farther shore. But the grim sailor admits now one and now another, while some he pushes back far apart on the strand. Moved with marvel at the confused throng: 'Say, O maiden,' cries Aeneas, 'what means this flocking to the river? of what are the souls so fain? or what difference makes these retire from the banks, those go with sweeping oars over the leaden waterways?'

To him the long-lived priestess thus briefly returned: 'Seed of Anchises, most sure progeny of gods, thou seest the deep pools of Cocytus and the Stygian marsh, by whose divinity the gods fear to swear falsely. All this crowd thou discernest is helpless and unseparated; Charon is the ferryman; they who ride on the wave found a tomb. Nor is it given to cross the awful banks and hoarse streams ere the dust hath found a resting-place. An hundred years they wander here flitting about the shore; then at last they gain entrance, and revisit the pools so sorely desired.'

Anchises' son stood still, and ponderingly stayed his footsteps, pitying at heart their cruel lot. There he discerns, mournful and unhonoured dead, Leucaspis and Orontes, captains of the Lycian squadron, whom, as they sailed together from Troy over gusty seas, the south wind overwhelmed and wrapped the waters round ship and men.

[337-369]Lo, there went by Palinurus the steersman, who of late, while he watched the stars on their Libyan passage, had slipped from the stern and fallen amid the waves. To him, when he first knew the

melancholy form in that depth of shade, he thus opens speech: 'What god, O Palinurus, reft thee from us and sank thee amid the seas? forth and tell. For in this single answer Apollo deceived me, never found false before, when he prophesied thee safety on ocean and arrival on the Ausonian coasts. See, is this his promise-keeping?'

And he: 'Neither did Phoebus on his oracular seat delude thee, O prince, Anchises' son, nor did any god drown me in the sea. For while I clung to my appointed charge and governed our course, I pulled the tiller with me in my fall, and the shock as I slipped wrenched it away. By the rough seas I swear, fear for myself never wrung me so sore as for thy ship, lest, the rudder lost and the pilot struck away, those gathering waves might master it. Three wintry nights in the water the blustering south drove me over the endless sea; scarcely on the fourth dawn I descried Italy as I rose on the climbing wave. Little by little I swam shoreward; already I clung safe; but while, encumbered with my dripping raiment, I caught with crooked fingers at the jagged needles of mountain rock, the barbarous people attacked me in arms and ignorantly deemed me a prize. Now the wave holds me, and the winds toss me on the shore. By heaven's pleasant light and breezes I beseech thee, by thy father, by Iulus thy rising hope, rescue me from these distresses, O unconquered one! Either do thou, for thou canst, cast earth over me and again seek the haven of Velia; or do thou, if in any wise that may be, if in any wise the goddess who bore thee shews a way, — for not without divine will do I deem thou wilt float across these vast rivers and the Stygian pool, — lend me a pitying [370-403] hand, and bear me over the waves in thy company, that at least in death I may find a quiet resting-place.'

Thus he ended, and the soothsayer thus began: 'Whence, O Palinurus, this fierce longing of thine? Shalt thou without burial behold the Stygian waters and the awful river of the Furies? Cease to hope prayers may bend the decrees of heaven. But take my words to thy memory, for comfort in thy woeful case: far and wide shall the bordering cities be driven by celestial portents to appease thy dust; they shall rear a tomb, and pay the tomb a yearly offering, and for evermore shall the place keep Palinurus' name.' The words soothed away his distress, and for a while drove grief away from his

sorrowing heart; he is glad in the land of his name.

So they complete their journey's beginning, and draw nigh the river. Just then the waterman descried them from the Stygian wave advancing through the silent woodland and turning their feet towards the bank, and opens on them in these words of challenge: 'Whoso thou art who marchest in arms towards our river, forth and say, there as thou art, why thou comest, and stay thine advance. This is the land of Shadows, of Sleep, and slumberous Night; no living body may the Stygian hull convey. Nor truly had I joy of taking Alcides on the lake for passenger, nor Theseus and Pirithoüs, born of gods though they were and unconquered in might. He laid fettering hand on the warder of Tartarus, and dragged him cowering from the throne of my lord the King; they essayed to ravish our mistress from the bridal chamber of Dis.' Thereto the Amphrysian soothsayer made brief reply: 'No such plot is here; be not moved; nor do our weapons offer violence; the huge gatekeeper may bark on for ever in his cavern and affright the bloodless ghosts; Proserpine may keep her honour within her uncle's gates. Aeneas of Troy, renowned [404-437] in goodness as in arms, goes down to meet his father in the deep shades of Erebus. If the sight of such affection stirs thee in nowise, yet this bough' (she discovers the bough hidden in her raiment) 'thou must know.' Then his heaving breast allays its anger, and he says no more; but marvelling at the awful gift, the fated rod so long unseen, he steers in his dusky vessel and draws to shore. Next he routs out the souls that sate on the long benches, and clears the thwarts, while he takes mighty Aeneas on board. The galley groaned under the weight in all her seams, and the marsh-water leaked fast in. At length prophetess and prince are landed unscathed on the ugly ooze and livid sedge.

This realm rings with the triple-throated baying of vast Cerberus, couched huge in the cavern opposite; to whom the prophetess, seeing the serpents already bristling up on his neck, throws a cake made slumberous with honey and drugged grain. He, with threefold jaws gaping in ravenous hunger, catches it when thrown, and sinks to earth with monstrous body outstretched, and sprawling huge over all his den. The warder overwhelmed, Aeneas makes entrance, and quickly issues from the bank of the irremeable wave.

Immediately wailing voices are loud in their ears, the souls of babies crying on the doorway sill, whom, torn from the breast and portionless in life's sweetness, a dark day cut off and drowned in bitter death. Hard by them are those condemned to death on false accusation. Neither indeed are these dwellings assigned without lot and judgment; Minos presides and shakes the urn; he summons a council of the silent people, and inquires of their lives and charges. Next in order have these mourners their place whose own innocent hands dealt them death, who flung away their souls in hatred of the day. How fain were they now in upper air to endure their poverty and [438-472] sore travail! It may not be; the unlovely pool locks them in her gloomy wave, and Styx pours her ninefold barrier between. And not far from here are shewn stretching on every side the Wailing Fields; so they call them by name. Here they whom pitiless love hath wasted in cruel decay hide among untrodden ways, shrouded in embosoming myrtle thickets; not death itself ends their distresses. In this region he discerns Phaëdra and Procris and woeful Eriphyle, shewing on her the wounds of her merciless son, and Evadne and Pasiphaë; Laodamia goes in their company, and she who was once Caeneus and a man, now woman, and again returned by fate into her shape of old. Among whom Dido the Phoenician, fresh from her death-wound, wandered in the vast forest; by her the Trojan hero stood, and knew the dim form through the darkness, even as the moon at the month's beginning to him who sees or thinks he sees her rising through the vapours; he let tears fall, and spoke to her lovingly and sweet:

‘Alas, Dido! so the news was true that reached me; thou didst perish, and the sword sealed thy doom! Ah me, was I cause of thy death? By the stars I swear, by the heavenly powers and all that is sacred beneath the earth, unwillingly, O queen, I left thy shore. But the gods, at whose orders now I pass through this shadowy place, this land of mouldering overgrowth and deep night, the gods’ commands drove me forth; nor could I deem my departure would bring thee pain so great as this. Stay thy footstep, and withdraw not from our gaze. From whom fliest thou? the last speech of thee fate ordains me is this.’

In such words and with starting tears Aeneas soothed the burning

and fierce-eyed soul. She turned away with looks fixed fast on the ground, stirred no more in countenance by the speech he essays than if she stood in iron flint or Marpesian stone. At length she started, and fled wrathfully [473-508] into the shadowy woodland, where Sychaeus, her ancient husband, responds to her distresses and equals her affection. Yet Aeneas, dismayed by her cruel doom, follows her far on her way with pitying tears.

Thence he pursues his appointed path. And now they trod those utmost fields where the renowned in war have their haunt apart. Here Tydeus meets him; here Parthenopaeus, glorious in arms, and the pallid phantom of Adrastus; here the Dardanians long wept on earth and fallen in the war; sighing he discerns all their long array, Glaucus and Medon and Thersilochus, the three children of Antenor, and Polyphoetes, Ceres' priest, and Idaeus yet charioted, yet grasping his arms. The souls throng round him to right and left; nor is one look enough; lingering delighted, they pace by his side and enquire wherefore he is come. But the princes of the Grecians and Agamemnon's armies, when they see him glittering in arms through the gloom, hurry terror-stricken away; some turn backward, as when of old they fled to the ships; some raise their voice faintly, and gasp out a broken ineffectual cry.

And here he saw Deïphobus son of Priam, with face cruelly torn, face and both hands, and ears lopped from his mangled temples, and nostrils maimed by a shameful wound. Barely he knew the cowering form that hid its dreadful punishment; then he springs to accost it in familiar speech:

‘Deïphobus mighty in arms, seed of Teucer's royal blood, whose wantonness of vengeance was so cruel? who was allowed to use thee thus? Rumour reached me that on that last night, outwearied with endless slaughter, thou hadst sunk on the heap of mingled carnage. Then mine own hand reared an empty tomb on the Rhoetean shore, mine own voice thrice called aloud upon thy ghost. Thy name and armour keep the spot; thee, O my friend, I could not see nor lay in the native earth I left.’

[509-541]Whereto the son of Priam: ‘In nothing, O my friend, wert thou wanting; thou hast paid the full to Deïphobus and the dead

man's shade. But me my fate and the Laconian woman's murderous guilt thus dragged down to doom; these are the records of her leaving. For how we spent that last night in delusive gladness thou knowest, and must needs remember too well. When the fated horse leapt down on the steep towers of Troy, bearing armed infantry for the burden of its womb, she, in feigned procession, led round our Phrygian women with Bacchic cries; herself she upreared a mighty flame amid them, and called the Grecians out of the fortress height. Then was I fast in mine ill-fated bridal chamber, deep asleep and outworn with my charge, and lay overwhelmed in slumber sweet and profound and most like to easeful death. Meanwhile that crown of wives removes all the arms from my dwelling, and slips out the faithful sword from beneath my head: she calls Menelaus into the house and flings wide the gateway: be sure she hoped her lover would magnify the gift, and so she might quench the fame of her ill deeds of old. Why do I linger? They burst into the chamber, they and the Aeolid, counsellor of crime, in their company. Gods, recompense the Greeks even thus, if with righteous lips I call for vengeance! But come, tell in turn what hap hath brought thee hither yet alive. Comest thou driven on ocean wanderings, or by promptings from heaven? or what fortune keeps thee from rest, that thou shouldst draw nigh these sad sunless dwellings, this disordered land?

In this change of talk Dawn had already crossed heaven's mid axle on her rose-charioted way; and haply had they thus drawn out all the allotted time; but the Sibyl made brief warning speech to her companion: 'Night falls, Aeneas; we waste the hours in weeping. Here is the place where the road disparts; by this that runs to the right [542-574] under great Dis' city is our path to Elysium; but the leftward wreaks vengeance on the wicked and sends them to unrelenting hell.' But Deïphobus: 'Be not angered, mighty priestess; I will depart, I will refill my place and return into darkness. Go, glory of our people, go, enjoy a fairer fate than mine.' Thus much he spoke, and on the word turned away his footsteps.

Aeneas looks swiftly back, and sees beneath the cliff on the left hand a wide city, girt with a triple wall and encircled by a racing river of boiling flame, Tartarean Phlegethon, that echoes over its rolling rocks. In front is the gate, huge and pillared with solid

adamant, that no warring force of men nor the very habitants of heaven may avail to overthrow; it stands up a tower of iron, and Tisiphone sitting girt in bloodstained pall keeps sleepless watch at the entry by night and day. Hence moans are heard and fierce lashes resound, with the clank of iron and dragging chains. Aeneas stopped and hung dismayed at the tumult. 'What shapes of crime are here? declare, O maiden; or what the punishment that pursues them, and all this upsurging wail?' Then the soothsayer thus began to speak: 'Illustrious chief of Troy, no pure foot may tread these guilty courts; but to me Hecate herself, when she gave me rule over the groves of Avernus, taught how the gods punish, and guided me through all her realm. Gnosian Rhadamanthus here holds unrelaxing sway, chastises secret crime revealed, and exacts confession, wheresoever in the upper world one vainly exultant in stolen guilt hath till the dusk of death kept clear from the evil he wrought. Straightway avenging Tisiphone, girt with her scourge, tramples down the shivering sinners, menaces them with the grim snakes in her left hand, and summons forth her sisters in merciless train. Then at last the sacred gates are flung open and grate on the jarring hinge. Markest thou what sentry is seated in [575-609] the doorway? what shape guards the threshold? More grim within sits the monstrous Hydra with her fifty black yawning throats: and Tartarus' self gapes sheer and strikes into the gloom through twice the space that one looks upward to Olympus and the skyey heaven. Here Earth's ancient children, the Titans' brood, hurled down by the thunderbolt, lie wallowing in the abyss. Here likewise I saw the twin Aloïds, enormous of frame, who essayed with violent hands to pluck down high heaven and thrust Jove from his upper realm. Likewise I saw Salmoneus in the cruel payment he gives for mocking Jove's flame and Olympus' thunders. Borne by four horses and brandishing a torch, he rode in triumph midway through the populous city of Grecian Elis, and claimed for himself the worship of deity; madman! who would mimic the storm-cloud and the inimitable bolt with brass that rang under his trampling horse-hoofs. But the Lord omnipotent hurled his shaft through thickening clouds (no firebrand his nor smoky glare of torches) and dashed him headlong in the fury of the whirlwind. Therewithal Tityos might be seen, fosterling of Earth the mother of all, whose

body stretches over nine full acres, and a monstrous vulture with crooked beak eats away the imperishable liver and the entrails that breed in suffering, and plunges deep into the breast that gives it food and dwelling; nor is any rest given to the fibres that ever grow anew. Why tell of the Lapithae, of Ixion and Pirithoüs? over whom a stone hangs just slipping and just as though it fell; or the high banqueting couches gleam golden-pillared, and the feast is spread in royal luxury before their faces; couched hard by, the eldest of the Furies wards the tables from their touch and rises with torch upreared and thunderous lips. Here are they who hated their brethren while life endured, or struck a parent or entangled a client in wrong, or who brooded [610-643] alone over found treasure and shared it not with their fellows, this the greatest multitude of all; and they who were slain for adultery, and who followed unrighteous arms, and feared not to betray their masters' pledged hand. Imprisoned they await their doom. Seek not to be told that doom, that fashion of fortune wherein they are sunk. Some roll a vast stone, or hang outstretched on the spokes of wheels; hapless Theseus sits and shall sit for ever, and Phlegyas in his misery gives counsel to all and witnesses aloud through the gloom, Learn by this warning to do justly and not to slight the gods. This man sold his country for gold, and laid her under a tyrant's sway; he set up and pulled down laws at a price; this other forced his daughter's bridal chamber and a forbidden marriage; all dared some monstrous wickedness, and had success in what they dared. Not had I an hundred tongues, an hundred mouths, and a voice of iron, could I sum up all the shapes of crime or name over all their punishments.'

Thus spoke Phoebus' long-lived priestess; then 'But come now,' she cries; 'haste on the way and perfect the service begun; let us go faster; I descry the ramparts cast in Cyclopean furnaces, and in front the arched gateway where they bid us lay the gifts foreordained.' She ended, and advancing side by side along the shadowy ways, they pass over and draw nigh the gates. Aeneas makes entrance, and sprinkling his body with fresh water, plants the bough full in the gateway.

Now at length, this fully done, and the service of the goddess perfected, they came to the happy place, the green pleasancess and

blissful seats of the Fortunate Woodlands. Here an ampler air clothes the meadows in lustrous sheen, and they know their own sun and a starlight of their own. Some exercise their limbs in tournament on the greensward, contend in games, and wrestle on the yellow sand. Some [644-676] dance with beating footfall and lips that sing; with them is the Thracian priest in sweeping robe, and makes music to their measures with the notes' sevenfold interval, the notes struck now with his fingers, now with his ivory rod. Here is Teucer's ancient brood, a generation excellent in beauty, high-hearted heroes born in happier years, Ilus and Assaracus, and Dardanus, founder of Troy. Afar he marvels at the armour and chariots empty of their lords: their spears stand fixed in the ground, and their unyoked horses pasture at large over the plain: their life's delight in chariot and armour, their care in pasturing their sleek horses, follows them in like wise low under earth. Others, lo! he beholds feasting on the sward to right and left, and singing in chorus the glad Paean-cry, within a scented laurel-grove whence Eridanus river surges upward full-volumed through the wood. Here is the band of them who bore wounds in fighting for their country, and they who were pure in priesthood while life endured, and the good poets whose speech abased not Apollo; and they who made life beautiful by the arts of their invention, and who won by service a memory among men, the brows of all girt with the snow-white fillet. To their encircling throng the Sibyl spoke thus, and to Musaeus before them all; for he is midmost of all the multitude, and stands out head and shoulders among their upward gaze:

'Tell, O blissful souls, and thou, poet most gracious, what region, what place hath Anchises for his own? For his sake are we come, and have sailed across the wide rivers of Erebus.'

And to her the hero thus made brief reply: 'None hath a fixed dwelling; we live in the shady woodlands; soft-swelling banks and meadows fresh with streams are our habitation. But you, if this be your heart's desire, scale this ridge, and I will even now set you on an easy [677-708] pathway.' He spoke, and paced on before them, and from above shews the shining plains; thereafter they leave the mountain heights.

But lord Anchises, deep in the green valley, was musing in earnest

survey over the imprisoned souls destined to the daylight above, and haply reviewing his beloved children and all the tale of his people, them and their fates and fortunes, their works and ways. And he, when he saw Aeneas advancing to meet him over the greensward, stretched forth both hands eagerly, while tears rolled over his cheeks, and his lips parted in a cry: 'Art thou come at last, and hath thy love, O child of my desire, conquered the difficult road? Is it granted, O my son, to gaze on thy face and hear and answer in familiar tones? Thus indeed I forecast in spirit, counting the days between; nor hath my care misled me. What lands, what space of seas hast thou traversed to reach me, through what surge of perils, O my son! How I dreaded the realm of Libya might work thee harm!'

And he: 'Thy melancholy phantom, thine, O my father, came before me often and often, and drove me to steer to these portals. My fleet is anchored on the Tyrrhenian brine. Give thine hand to clasp, O my father, give it, and withdraw not from our embrace.'

So spoke he, his face wet with abundant weeping. Thrice there did he essay to fling his arms about his neck; thrice the phantom vainly grasped fled out of his hands even as light wind, and most like to fluttering sleep.

Meanwhile Aeneas sees deep withdrawn in the covert of the vale a woodland and rustling forest thickets, and the river of Lethe that floats past their peaceful dwellings. Around it flitted nations and peoples innumerable; even as in the meadows when in clear summer weather bees settle on the variegated flowers and stream round the snow-white [709-742] lilies, all the plain is murmurous with their humming. Aeneas starts at the sudden view, and asks the reason he knows not; what are those spreading streams, or who are they whose vast train fills the banks? Then lord Anchises: 'Souls, for whom second bodies are destined and due, drink at the wave of the Lethean stream the heedless water of long forgetfulness. These of a truth have I long desired to tell and shew thee face to face, and number all the generation of thy children, that so thou mayest the more rejoice with me in finding Italy.'— 'O father, must we think that any souls travel hence into upper air, and return again to bodily fetters? why this their strange sad longing for the light?' 'I will tell,' rejoins Anchises, 'nor will I hold thee in suspense, my son.' And he unfolds all things in

order one by one.

‘First of all, heaven and earth and the liquid fields, the shining orb of the moon and the Titanian star, doth a spirit sustain inly, and a soul shed abroad in them sways all their members and mingles in the mighty frame. Thence is the generation of man and beast, the life of winged things, and the monstrous forms that ocean breeds under his glittering floor. Those seeds have fiery force and divine birth, so far as they are not clogged by taint of the body and dulled by earthy frames and limbs ready to die. Hence is it they fear and desire, sorrow and rejoice; nor can they pierce the air while barred in the blind darkness of their prison-house. Nay, and when the last ray of life is gone, not yet, alas! does all their woe, nor do all the plagues of the body wholly leave them free; and needs must be that many a long ingrained evil should take root marvellously deep. Therefore they are schooled in punishment, and pay all the forfeit of a lifelong ill; some are hung stretched to the viewless winds; some have the taint of guilt washed out beneath the dreary deep, or burned away in fire. We [743-777] suffer, each a several ghost; thereafter we are sent to the broad spaces of Elysium, some few of us to possess the happy fields; till length of days completing time’s circle takes out the ingrained soilure and leaves untainted the ethereal sense and pure spiritual flame. All these before thee, when the wheel of a thousand years hath come fully round, a God summons in vast train to the river of Lethe, that so they may regain in forgetfulness the slopes of upper earth, and begin to desire to return again into the body.’

Anchises ceased, and leads his son and the Sibyl likewise amid the assembled murmurous throng, and mounts a hillock whence he might scan all the long ranks and learn their countenances as they came.

‘Now come, the glory hereafter to follow our Dardanian progeny, the posterity to abide in our Italian people, illustrious souls and inheritors of our name to be, these will I rehearse, and instruct thee of thy destinies. He yonder, seest thou? the warrior leaning on his pointless spear, holds the nearest place allotted in our groves, and shall rise first into the air of heaven from the mingling blood of Italy, Silvius of Alban name, the child of thine age, whom late in thy length of days thy wife Lavinia shall nurture in the woodland, king

and father of kings; from him in Alba the Long shall our house have dominion. He next him is Procas, glory of the Trojan race; and Capys and Numitor; and he who shall renew thy name, Silvius Aeneas, eminent alike in goodness or in arms, if ever he shall receive his kingdom in Alba. Men of men! see what strength they display, and wear the civic oak shading their brows. They shall establish Nomentum and Gabii and Fidena city, they the Collatine hill-fortress, Pometii and the Fort of Inuus, Bola and Cora: these shall be names that are now nameless lands. Nay, Romulus likewise, seed of Mavors, shall join [778-810] his grandsire's company, from his mother Ilia's nurture and Assaracus' blood. Seest thou how the twin plumes straighten on his crest, and his father's own emblazonment already marks him for upper air? Behold, O son! by his augury shall Rome the renowned fill earth with her empire and heaven with her pride, and gird about seven fortresses with her single wall, prosperous mother of men; even as our lady of Berecynthus rides in her chariot turret-crowned through the Phrygian cities, glad in the gods she hath borne, clasping an hundred of her children's children, all habitants of heaven, all dwellers on the upper heights. Hither now bend thy twin-eyed gaze; behold this people, the Romans that are thine. Here is Caesar and all Iulus' posterity that shall arise under the mighty cope of heaven. Here is he, he of whose promise once and again thou hearest, Caesar Augustus, a god's son, who shall again establish the ages of gold in Latium over the fields that once were Saturn's realm, and carry his empire afar to Garamant and Indian, to the land that lies beyond our stars, beyond the sun's yearlong ways, where Atlas the sky-bearer wheels on his shoulder the glittering star-spangled pole. Before his coming even now the kingdoms of the Caspian shudder at oracular answers, and the Maeotic land and the mouths of sevenfold Nile flutter in alarm. Nor indeed did Alcides traverse such spaces of earth, though he pierced the brazen-footed deer, or though he stilled the Erymanthian woodlands and made Lerna tremble at his bow: nor he who sways his team with reins of vine, Liber the conqueror, when he drives his tigers from Nysa's lofty crest. And do we yet hesitate to give valour scope in deeds, or shrink in fear from setting foot on Ausonian land? Ah, and who is he apart, marked out with sprays of olive, offering sacrifice? I know the

locks and hoary chin of the king of Rome who shall establish the infant city in his [811-843] laws, sent from little Cures' sterile land to the majesty of empire. To him Tullus shall next succeed, who shall break the peace of his country and stir to arms men rusted from war and armies now disused to triumphs; and hard on him over-vaunting Ancus follows, even now too elate in popular breath. Wilt thou see also the Tarquin kings, and the haughty soul of Brutus the Avenger, and the fasces regained? He shall first receive a consul's power and the merciless axes, and when his children would stir fresh war, the father, for fair freedom's sake, shall summon them to doom. Unhappy! yet howsoever posterity shall take the deed, love of country and limitless passion for honour shall prevail. Nay, behold apart the Decii and the Drusi, Torquatus with his cruel axe, and Camillus returning with the standards. Yonder souls likewise, whom thou discernest gleaming in equal arms, at one now, while shut in Night, ah me! what mutual war, what battle-lines and bloodshed shall they arouse, so they attain the light of the living! father-in-law descending from the Alpine barriers and the fortress of the Dweller Alone, son-in-law facing him with the embattled East. Nay, O my children, harden not your hearts to such warfare, neither turn upon her own heart the mastering might of your country; and thou, be thou first to forgive, who drawest thy descent from heaven; cast down the weapons from thy hand, O blood of mine. . . . He shall drive his conquering chariot to the Capitoline height triumphant over Corinth, glorious in Achaean slaughter. He shall uproot Argos and Agamemnonian Mycenae, and the Aeacid's own heir, the seed of Achilles mighty in arms, avenging his ancestors in Troy and Minerva's polluted temple. Who might leave thee, lordly Cato, or thee, Cossus, to silence? who the Gracchan family, or these two sons of the Scipios, a double thunderbolt of war, Libya's bale? and Fabricius potent in poverty, or [844-875] thee, Serranus, sowing in the furrow? Whither whirl you me all breathless, O Fabii? thou art he, the most mighty, the one man whose lingering retrieves our State. Others shall beat out the breathing bronze to softer lines, I believe it well; shall draw living lineaments from the marble; the cause shall be more eloquent on their lips; their pencil shall portray the pathways of heaven, and tell the stars in their arising: be thy charge, O Roman, to

rule the nations in thine empire; this shall be thine art, to lay down the law of peace, to be merciful to the conquered and beat the haughty down.'

Thus lord Anchises, and as they marvel, he so pursues: 'Look how Marcellus the conqueror marches glorious in the splendid spoils, towering high above them all! He shall stay the Roman State, reeling beneath the invading shock, shall ride down Carthaginian and insurgent Gaul, and a third time hang up the captured armour before lord Quirinus.'

And at this Aeneas, for he saw going by his side one excellent in beauty and glittering in arms, but his brow had little cheer, and his eyes looked down:

'Who, O my father, is he who thus attends him on his way? son, or other of his children's princely race? How his comrades murmur around him! how goodly of presence he is! but dark Night flutters round his head with melancholy shade.'

Then lord Anchises with welling tears began: 'O my son, ask not of the great sorrow of thy people. Him shall fate but shew to earth, and suffer not to stay further. Too mighty, lords of heaven, did you deem the brood of Rome, had this your gift been abiding. What moaning of men shall arise from the Field of Mavors by the imperial city! what a funeral train shalt thou see, O Tiber, as thou flowest by the new-made grave! Neither shall the boyhood of any [876-901] of Ilian race raise his Latin forefathers' hope so high; nor shall the land of Romulus ever boast of any fosterling like this. Alas his goodness, alas his antique honour, and right hand invincible in war! none had faced him unscathed in armed shock, whether he met the foe on foot, or ran his spurs into the flanks of his foaming horse. Ah me, the pity of thee, O boy! if in any wise thou breakest the grim bar of fate, thou shalt be Marcellus. Give me lilies in full hands; let me strew bright blossoms, and these gifts at least let me lavish on my descendant's soul, and do the unavailing service.'

Thus they wander up and down over the whole region of broad vaporous plains, and scan all the scene. And when Anchises had led his son over it, each point by each, and kindled his spirit with passion for the glories on their way, he tells him thereafter of the war he next must wage, and instructs him of the Laurentine peoples and the city

of Latinus, and in what wise each task may be turned aside or borne.

There are twin portals of Sleep, whereof the one is fabled of horn, and by it real shadows are given easy outlet; the other shining white of polished ivory, but false visions issue upward from the ghostly world. With these words then Anchises follows forth his son and the Sibyl together there, and dismisses them by the ivory gate. He pursues his way to the ships and revisits his comrades; then bears on to Caieta's haven straight along the shore. The anchor is cast from the prow; the sterns are grounded on the beach.

BOOK SEVENTH

THE LANDING IN LATIUM, AND THE ROLL OF THE ARMIES OF ITALY

Thou also, Caieta, nurse of Aeneas, gavest our shores an everlasting renown in death; and still thine honour haunts thy resting-place, and a name in broad Hesperia, if that be glory, marks thy dust. But when the last rites are duly paid, and the mound smoothed over the grave, good Aeneas, now the high seas are hushed, bears on under sail and leaves his haven. Breezes blow into the night, and the white moonshine speeds them on; the sea glitters in her quivering radiance. Soon they skirt the shores of Circe's land, where the rich daughter of the Sun makes her untrodden groves echo with ceaseless song; and her stately house glows nightlong with burning odorous cedarwood, as she runs over her delicate web with the ringing comb. Hence are heard afar angry cries of lions chafing at their fetters and roaring in the deep night; bears and bristly swine rage in their pens, and vast shapes of wolves howl; whom with her potent herbs the deadly divine Circe had disfigured, face and body, into wild beasts from the likeness of men. But lest the good Trojans might suffer so dread a change, might enter her haven or draw nigh the ominous shores, Neptune filled their sails with favourable winds, and gave them escape, and bore them past the seething shallows.

And now the sea reddened with shafts of light, and high in heaven the yellow dawn shone rose-charioted; when the winds fell, and every breath sank suddenly, and the oar-blades toil through the heavy ocean-floor. And on this Aeneas descries from sea a mighty forest. Midway in it the pleasant Tiber stream breaks to sea in swirling eddies, laden with yellow sand. Around and above fowl many in sort, that haunt his banks and river-channel, solaced heaven with song and flew about the forest. He orders his crew to bend their course and turn their prows to land, and glides joyfully into the shady river.

Forth now, Erato! and I will unfold who were the kings, what the tides of circumstance, how it was with ancient Latium when first that foreign army drew their fleet ashore on Ausonia's coast; I will recall the preluding of battle. Thou, divine one, inspire thou thy poet. I will

tell of grim wars, tell of embattled lines, of kings whom honour drove on death, of the Tyrrhenian forces, and all Hesperia enrolled in arms. A greater history opens before me, a greater work I essay.

Latinus the King, now growing old, ruled in a long peace over quiet tilth and town. He, men say, was sprung of Faunus and the nymph Marica of Laurentum. Faunus' father was Picus; and he boasts himself, Saturn, thy son; thou art the first source of their blood. Son of his, by divine ordinance, and male descent was none, cut off in the early spring of youth. One alone kept the household and its august home, a daughter now ripe for a husband and of full years for marriage. Many wooed her from wide Latium and all Ausonia. Fairest and foremost of all is Turnus, of long and lordly ancestry; but boding signs from heaven, many and terrible, bar the way. Within the palace, in the lofty inner courts, was a laurel of sacred foliage, guarded in awe through many years, which lord Latinus, it was said, himself found and dedicated to Phoebus when first he would build his citadel; and from it gave his settlers their name, Laurentines. High atop of it, wonderful to tell, bees borne with loud humming across the liquid air girt it thickly about, and with interlinked feet hung in a sudden swarm from the leafy bough. Straightway the prophet cries: 'I see a foreigner draw nigh, an army from the same quarter seek the same quarter, and reign high in our fortress.' Furthermore, while maiden Lavinia stands beside her father feeding the altars with holy fuel, she was seen, oh, horror! to catch fire in her long tresses, and burn with flickering flame in all her array, her queenly hair lit up, lit up her jewelled circlet; till, enwreathed in smoke and lurid light, she scattered fire over all the palace. That sight was rumoured wonderful and terrible. Herself, they prophesied, she should be glorious in fame and fortune; but a great war was foreshadowed for her people. But the King, troubled by the omen, visits the oracle of his father Faunus the soothsayer, and the groves deep under Albunea, where, queen of the woods, she echoes from her holy well, and breathes forth a dim and deadly vapour. Hence do the tribes of Italy and all the Oenotrian land seek answers in perplexity; hither the priest bears his gifts, and when he hath lain down and sought slumber under the silent night on the spread fleeces of slaughtered sheep, sees many flitting phantoms of wonderful wise,

hears manifold voices, and attains converse of the gods, and hath speech with Acheron and the deep tract of hell. Here then, likewise seeking an answer, lord Latinus paid fit sacrifice of an hundred woolly ewes, and lay couched on the strewn fleeces they had worn. Out of the lofty grove a sudden voice was uttered: 'Seek not, O my child, to unite thy daughter in Latin espousals, nor trust her to the bridal chambers ready to thine hand; foreigners shall come to be thy sons, whose blood shall raise our name to heaven, and the children of whose race shall see, where the circling sun looks on either ocean, all the rolling world swayed beneath their feet.' This his father Faunus' answer and counsel given in the silent night Latinus restrains not in his lips; but wide-flitting Rumour had already borne it round among the Ausonian cities, when the children of Laomedon moored their fleet to the grassy slope of the river bank.

Aeneas, with the foremost of his captains and fair Iulus, lay them down under the boughs of a high tree and array the feast. They spread wheaten cakes along the sward under their meats — so Jove on high prompted — and crown the platter of corn with wilding fruits. Here haply when the rest was spent, and scantness of food set them to eat their thin bread, and with hand and venturous teeth do violence to the round cakes fraught with fate and spare not the flattened squares: Ha! Are we eating our tables too? cries Iulus jesting, and stops. At once that accent heard set their toils a limit; and at once as he spoke his father caught it from his lips and hushed him, in amazement at the omen. Straightway 'Hail, O land!' he cries, 'my destined inheritance! and hail, O household gods, faithful to your Troy! here is home; this is our native country. For my father Anchises, now I remember it, bequeathed me this secret of fate: "When hunger shall drive thee, O son, to consume thy tables where the feast fails, on the unknown shores whither thou shalt sail; then, though outwearied, hope for home, and there at last let thine hand remember to set thy house's foundations and bulwarks." This was [128-162] the hunger, this the last that awaited us, to set the promised end to our desolations . . . Up then, and, glad with the first sunbeam, let us explore and search all abroad from our harbour, what is the country, who its habitants, where is the town of the nation. Now pour your cups to Jove, and call in prayer on Anchises our

father, setting the wine again upon the board.' So speaks he, and binding his brows with a leafy bough, he makes supplication to the Genius of the ground, and Earth first of deities, and the Nymphs, and the Rivers yet unknown; then calls on Night and Night's rising signs, and next on Jove of Ida, and our lady of Phrygia, and on his twain parents, in heaven and in the under world. At this the Lord omnipotent thrice thundered sharp from high heaven, and with his own hand shook out for a sign in the sky a cloud ablaze with luminous shafts of gold. A sudden rumour spreads among the Trojan array, that the day is come to found their destined city. Emulously they renew the feast, and, glad at the high omen, array the flagons and engarland the wine.

Soon as the morrow bathed the lands in its dawning light, they part to search out the town, and the borders and shores of the nation: these are the pools and spring of Numicus; this is the Tiber river; here dwell the brave Latins. Then the seed of Anchises commands an hundred envoys chosen of every degree to go to the stately royal city, all with the wreathed boughs of Pallas, to bear him gifts and desire grace for the Teucrians. Without delay they hasten on their message, and advance with swift step. Himself he traces the city walls with a shallow trench, and builds on it; and in fashion of a camp girdles this first settlement on the shore with mound and battlements. And now his men had traversed their way; they espied the towers and steep roofs of the Latins, and drew near the wall. Before the city boys and men in their early [163-196] bloom exercise on horseback, and break in their teams on the dusty ground, or draw ringing bows, or hurl tough javelins from the shoulder, and contend in running and boxing: when a messenger riding forward brings news to the ears of the aged King that mighty men are come thither in unknown raiment. He gives orders to call them within his house, and takes his seat in the midst on his ancestral throne. His house, stately and vast, crowned the city, upreared on an hundred columns, once the palace of Laurentian Picus, amid awful groves of ancestral sanctity. Here their kings receive the inaugural sceptre, and have the fasces first raised before them; this temple was their senate-house; this their sacred banqueting-hall; here, after sacrifice of rams, the elders were wont to sit down at long tables. Further, there stood arow in the entry images

of the forefathers of old in ancient cedar, Italus, and lord Sabinus, planter of the vine, still holding in show the curved pruning-hook, and gray Saturn, and the likeness of Janus the double-facing, and the rest of their primal kings, and they who had borne wounds of war in fighting for their country. Armour besides hangs thickly on the sacred doors, captured chariots and curved axes, helmet-crests and massy gateway-bars, lances and shields, and beaks torn from warships. He too sat there, with the divining-rod of Quirinus, girt in the short augural gown, and carrying on his left arm the sacred shield, Picus the tamer of horses; he whom Circe, desperate with amorous desire, smote with her golden rod and turned by her poisons into a bird with patches of colour on his wings. Of such wise was the temple of the gods wherein Latinus, sitting on his father's seat, summoned the Teucrians to his house and presence; and when they entered in, he thus opened with placid mien:

‘Tell, O Dardanians, for we are not ignorant of your city and race, nor unheard of do you bend your course [197-228] overseas, what seek you? what the cause or whereof the need that hath borne you over all these blue waterways to the Ausonian shore? Whether wandering in your course, or tempest-driven (such perils manifold on the high seas do sailors suffer), you have entered the river banks and lie in harbour; shun not our welcome, and be not ignorant that the Latins are Saturn's people, whom no laws fetter to justice, upright of their own free will and the custom of the god of old. And now I remember, though the story is dimmed with years, thus Auruncan elders told, how Dardanus, born in this our country, made his way to the towns of Phrygian Ida and to the Thracian Samos that is now called Samothrace. Here was the home he left, Tyrrhenian Corythus; now the palace of heaven, glittering with golden stars, enthrones and adds him to the ranged altars of the gods.’

He ended; and Ilioneus pursued his speech with these words:

‘King, Faunus’ illustrious progeny, neither hath black tempest driven us with stress of waves to shelter in your lands, nor hath star or shore misled us on the way we went. Of set purpose and willing mind do we draw nigh this thy city, outcasts from a realm once the greatest that the sun looked on as he came from Olympus’ utmost border. From Jove hath our race beginning; in Jove the men of

Dardania rejoice as ancestor; our King himself of Jove's supreme race, Aeneas of Troy, hath sent us to thy courts. How terrible the tempest that burst from fierce Mycenae over the plains of Ida, driven by what fate Europe and Asia met in the shock of two worlds, even he hath heard who is sundered in the utmost land where the ocean surge recoils, and he whom stretching midmost of the four zones the zone of the intolerable sun holds in severance. Borne by that flood over many desolate seas, we crave a scant dwelling [229-261] for our country's gods, an unmolested landing-place, and the air and water that are free to all. We shall not disgrace the kingdom; nor will the rumour of your renown be lightly gone or the grace of all you have done fade away; nor will Ausonia be sorry to have taken Troy to her breast. By the fortunes of Aeneas I swear, by that right hand mighty, whether tried in friendship or in warlike arms, many and many a people and nation — scorn us not because we advance with hands proffering chaplets and words of supplication — hath sought us for itself and desired our alliance; but yours is the land that heaven's high ordinance drove us forth to find. Hence sprung Dardanus: hither Apollo recalls us, and pushes us on with imperious orders to Tyrrhenian Tiber and the holy pools of Numicus' spring. Further, he presents to thee these small guerdons of our past estate, relics saved from burning Troy. From this gold did lord Anchises pour libation at the altars; this was Priam's array when he delivered statutes to the nations assembled in order; the sceptre, the sacred mitre, the raiment wrought by the women of Ilium. . . .'

At these words of Ilioneus Latinus holds his countenance in a steady gaze, and stays motionless on the floor, casting his intent eyes around. Nor does the embroidered purple so move the King, nor the sceptre of Priam, as his daughter's marriage and the bridal chamber absorb him, and the oracle of ancient Faunus stirs deep in his heart. This is he, the wanderer from a foreign home, foreshewn of fate for his son, and called to a realm of equal dominion, whose race should be excellent in valour and their might overbear all the world. At last he speaks with good cheer:

'The gods prosper our undertaking and their own augury! What thou desirest, Trojan, shall be given; nor do I spurn your gifts. While Latinus reigns you shall not [262-294] lack foison of rich land nor

Troy's own riches. Only let Aeneas himself come hither, if desire of us be so strong, if he be in haste to join our friendship and be called our ally. Let him not shrink in terror from a friendly face. A term of the peace for me shall be to touch your monarch's hand. Do you now convey in answer my message to your King. I have a daughter whom the oracles of my father's shrine and many a celestial token alike forbid me to unite to one of our own nation; sons shall come, they prophesy, from foreign coasts, such is the destiny of Latium, whose blood shall exalt our name to heaven. He it is on whom fate calls; this I think, this I choose, if there be any truth in my soul's foreshadowing.'

Thus he speaks, and chooses horses for all the company. Three hundred stood sleek in their high stalls; for all the Teucrians in order he straightway commands them to be led forth, fleet-footed, covered with embroidered purple: golden chains hang drooping over their chests, golden their housings, and they champ on bits of ruddy gold: for the absent Aeneas a chariot and pair of chariot horses of celestial breed, with nostrils breathing flame; of the race of those which subtle Circe bred by sleight on her father, the bastard issue of a stolen union. With these gifts and words the Aeneadae ride back from Latinus carrying peace.

And lo! the fierce wife of Jove was returning from Inachian Argos, and held her way along the air, when out of the distant sky, far as from Sicilian Pachynus, she espied the rejoicing of Aeneas and the Dardanian fleet. She sees them already house-building, already trusting in the land, their ships left empty. She stops, shot with sharp pain; then shaking her head, she pours forth these words:

'Ah, hated brood, and doom of the Phrygians that thwarts our doom! Could they perish on the Sigeon [295-326] plains? Could they be ensnared when taken? Did the fires of Troy consume her people? Through the midst of armies and through the midst of flames they have found their way. But, I think, my deity lies at last outwearied, or my hatred sleeps and is satisfied? Nay, it is I who have been fierce to follow them over the waves when hurled from their country, and on all the seas have crossed their flight. Against the Teucrians the forces of sky and sea are spent. What hath availed me Syrtes or Scylla, what desolate Charybdis? they find shelter in their desired

Tiber-bed, careless of ocean and of me. Mars availed to destroy the giant race of the Lapithae; the very father of the gods gave over ancient Calydon to Diana's wrath: for forfeit of what crime in the Lapithae, what in Calydon? But I, Jove's imperial consort, who have borne, ah me! to leave naught undared, who have shifted to every device, I am vanquished by Aeneas. If my deity is not great enough, I will not assuredly falter to seek succour where it may be; if the powers of heaven are inflexible, I will stir up Acheron. It may not be to debar him of a Latin realm; well; and Lavinia is destined his bride unalterably. But it may be yet to defer, to make all this action linger; but it may be yet to waste away the nation of either king; at such forfeit of their people may son-in-law and father-in-law enter into union. Blood of Troy and Rutulia shall be thy dower, O maiden, and Bellona is the bridesmaid who awaits thee. Nor did Cisseus' daughter alone conceive a firebrand and travail of bridal flames. Nay, even such a birth hath Venus of her own, a second Paris, another balefire for Troy towers reborn.'

These words uttered, she descends to earth in all her terrors, and calls dolorous Allecto from the home of the Fatal Sisters in nether gloom, whose delight is in woeful wars, in wrath and treachery and evil feuds: hateful to [327-360] lord Pluto himself, hateful and horrible to her hell-born sisters; into so many faces does she turn, so savage the guise of each, so thick and black bristles she with vipers. And her Juno spurs on with words, saying thus:

'Grant me, virgin born of Night, this thy proper task and service, that the rumour of our renown may not crumble away, nor the Aeneadae have power to win Latinus by marriage or beset the borders of Italy. Thou canst set brothers once united in armed conflict, and overturn families with hatreds; thou canst launch into houses thy whips and deadly brands; thine are a thousand names, a thousand devices of injury. Stir up thy teeming breast, sunder the peace they have joined, and sow seeds of quarrel; let all at once desire and demand and seize on arms.'

Thereon Allecto, steeped in Gorgonian venom, first seeks Latium and the high house of the Laurentine monarch, and silently sits down before Amata's doors, whom a woman's distress and anger heated to

frenzy over the Teucrians' coming and the marriage of Turnus. At her the goddess flings a snake out of her dusky tresses, and slips it into her bosom to her very inmost heart, that she may embroil all her house under its maddening magic. Sliding between her raiment and smooth breasts, it coils without touch, and instils its viperous breath unseen; the great serpent turns into the twisted gold about her neck, turns into the long ribbon of her chaplet, inweaves her hair, and winds slippery over her body. And while the gliding infection of the clammy poison begins to penetrate her sense and run in fire through her frame, nor as yet hath all her breast caught fire, softly she spoke and in mothers' wonted wise, with many a tear over her daughter and the Phrygian bridal:

‘Is it to exiles, to Teucrians, that Lavinia is proffered in marriage, O father? and hast thou no compassion on [361-392] thy daughter and on thyself? no compassion on her mother, whom with the first northern wind the treacherous rover will abandon, steering to sea with his maiden prize? Is it not thus the Phrygian herdsman wound his way to Lacedaemon, and carried Leda's Helen to the Trojan towns? Where is thy plighted faith? Where thine ancient care for thy people, and the hand Turnus thy kinsman hath so often clasped? If one of alien race from the Latins is sought for our son, if this stands fixed, and thy father Faunus' commands are heavy upon thee, all the land whose freedom severs it from our sway is to my mind alien, and of this is the divine word. And Turnus, if one retrace the earliest source of his line, is born of Inachus and Acrisius, and of the midmost of Mycenae.’

When in this vain essay of words she sees Latinus fixed against her, and the serpent's maddening poison is sunk deep in her vitals and runs through and through her, then indeed, stung by infinite horrors, hapless and frenzied, she rages wildly through the endless city. As whilome a top flying under the twisted whipcord, which boys busy at their play drive circling wide round an empty hall, runs before the lash and spins in wide gyrations; the witless ungrown band hang wondering over it and admire the whirling boxwood; the strokes lend it life: with pace no slacker is she borne midway through towns and valiant nations. Nay, she flies into the woodland under feigned Bacchic influence, assumes a greater guilt, arouses a greater

frenzy, and hides her daughter in the mountain coverts to rob the Teucrians of their bridal and stay the marriage torches. 'Hail, Bacchus!' she shrieks and clamours; 'thou only art worthy of the maiden; for to thee she takes up the lissom wands, thee she circles in the dance, to thee she trains and consecrates her tresses.' Rumour flies abroad; and the matrons, their breasts kindled by the furies, run all at once [393-426] with a single ardour to seek out strange dwellings. They have left their homes empty, they throw neck and hair free to the winds; while others fill the air with ringing cries, girt about with fawnskins, and carrying spears of vine. Amid them the infuriate queen holds her blazing pine-torch on high, and chants the wedding of Turnus and her daughter; and rolling her bloodshot gaze, cries sudden and harsh: 'Hear, O mothers of Latium, wheresoever you be; if unhappy Amata hath yet any favour in your affection, if care for a mother's right pierces you, untie the chaplets from your hair, begin the orgies with me.' Thus, amid woods and wild beasts' solitary places, does Allecto goad the queen with the encircling Bacchic madness.

When their frenzy seemed heightened and her first task complete, the purpose and all the house of Latinus turned upside down, the dolorous goddess flies on thence, soaring on dusky wing, to the walls of the gallant Rutulian, the city which Danaë, they say, borne down on the boisterous south wind, built and planted with Acrision's people. The place was called Ardea once of old; and still Ardea remains a mighty name; but its fortune is no more. Here in his high house Turnus now took rest in the black midnight. Allecto puts off her grim feature and the body of a Fury; she transforms her face to an aged woman's, and furrows her brow with ugly wrinkles; she puts on white tresses chaplet-bound, and entwines them with an olive spray; she becomes aged Calybe, priestess of Juno's temple, and presents herself before his eyes, uttering thus:

'Turnus, wilt thou brook all these toils poured out in vain, and the conveyance of thy crown to Dardanian settlers? The King denies thee thy bride and the dower thy blood had earned; and a foreigner is sought for heir to the kingdom. Forth now, dupe, and face thankless perils; forth, cut down the Tyrrhenian lines; give the [427-458] Latins peace in thy protection. This Saturn's omnipotent daughter in very

presence commanded me to pronounce to thee, as thou wert lying in the still night. Wherefore arise, and make ready with good cheer to arm thy people and march through thy gates to battle; consume those Phrygian captains that lie with their painted hulls in the beautiful river. All the force of heaven orders thee on. Let King Latinus himself know of it, unless he consents to give thee thy bridal, and abide by his words, when he shall at last make proof of Turnus' arms.'

But he, deriding her inspiration, with the words of his mouth thus answers her again:

'The fleets ride on the Tiber wave; that news hath not, as thou deemest, escaped mine ears. Frame not such terrors before me. Neither is Queen Juno forgetful of us. . . . But thee, O mother, overworn old age, exhausted and untrue, frets with vain distress, and amid embattled kings mocks thy presage with false dismay. Thy charge it is to keep the divine image and temple; war and peace shall be in the hands of men and warriors.'

At such words Allecto's wrath blazed out. But amid his utterance a quick shudder overruns his limbs; his eyes are fixed in horror; so thickly hiss the snakes of the Fury, so vast her form expands. Then rolling her fiery eyes, she thrust him back as he would stammer out more, raised two serpents in her hair, and, sounding her whip, resumed with furious tone:

'Behold me the overworn! me whom old age, exhausted and untrue, mocks with false dismay amid embattled kings! Look on this! I am come from the home of the Dread Sisters: war and death are in my hand. . . .'

So speaking, she hurled her torch at him, and pierced his breast with the lurid smoking brand. He breaks from sleep in overpowering fear, his limbs and body bathed in [459-494] sweat that breaks out all over him; he shrieks madly for arms, searches for arms on his bed and in his palace. The passion of the sword rages high, the accursed fury of war, and wrath over all: even as when flaming sticks are heaped roaring loud under the sides of a seething cauldron, and the boiling water leaps up; the river of water within smokes furiously and swells high in overflowing foam, and now the wave contains itself no longer; the dark steam flies aloft. So, for the stain of the

broken peace, he orders his chief warriors to march on King Latinus, and bids prepare for battle, to defend Italy and drive the foe from their borders; himself will suffice for Trojans and Latins together. When he uttered these words and called the gods to hear his vows, the Rutulians stir one another up to arms. One is moved by the splendour of his youthful beauty, one by his royal ancestry, another by the noble deeds of his hand.

While Turnus fills the Rutulian minds with valour, Allecto on Stygian wing hastens towards the Trojans. With fresh wiles she marked the spot where beautiful Iulus was trapping and coursing game on the bank; here the infernal maiden suddenly crosses his hounds with the maddening touch of a familiar scent, and drives them hotly on the stag-hunt. This was the source and spring of ill, and kindled the country-folk to war. The stag, beautiful and high-antlered, was stolen from his mother's udder and bred by Tyrrheus' boys and their father Tyrrheus, master of the royal herds, and ranger of the plain. Their sister Silvia tamed him to her rule, and lavished her care on his adornment, twining his antlers with delicate garlands, and combed his wild coat and washed him in the clear spring. Tame to her hand, and familiar to his master's table, he would wander the woods, and, however late the night, return home to the door he knew. Far astray, he floated idly down the stream, and allayed his heat on the green bank, when Iulus' [495-528] mad hounds started him in their hunting; and Ascanius himself, kindled with desire of the chief honour, aimed a shaft from his bended bow. A present deity suffered not his hand to stray, and the loud whistling reed came driven through his belly and flanks. But the wounded beast fled within the familiar roof and crept moaning to the courtyard, dabbled with blood, and filling all the house with moans as of one beseeching. Sister Silvia, smiting her arms with open hands, begins to call for aid, and gathers the hardy rustics with her cries. They, for a fell destroyer is hidden in the silent woodland, are there before her expectation, one armed with a stake hardened in the fire, one with a heavy knotted trunk; what each one searches and finds, wrath turns into a weapon. Tyrrheus cheers on his array, panting hard, with his axe caught up in his hand, as he was haply splitting an oaken log in four clefts with cross-driven wedges.

But the grim goddess, seizing from her watch-tower the moment of mischief, seeks the steep farm-roof and sounds the pastoral war-note from the ridge, straining the infernal cry on her twisted horn; it spread shuddering over all the woodland, and echoed through the deep forests: the lake of Trivia heard it afar; Nar river heard it with white sulphurous water, and the springs of Velinus; and fluttered mothers clasped their children to their breast. Then, hurrying to the voice of the terrible trumpet-note, on all sides the wild rustics snatch their arms and stream in: therewithal the men of Troy pour out from their camp's open gates to succour Ascanius. The lines are ranged; not now in rustic strife do they fight with hard trunks or burned stakes; the two-edged steel sways the fight, the broad cornfields bristle dark with drawn swords, and brass flashes smitten by the sunlight, and casts a gleam high into the cloudy air: as when the wind begins to blow and the flood [529-560] to whiten, gradually the sea lifts his waves higher and yet higher, then rises from the bottom right into the air. Here in the front rank young Almo, once Tyrrheus' eldest son, is struck down by a whistling arrow; for the wound, staying in his throat, cut off in blood the moist voice's passage and the thin life. Around many a one lies dead, aged Galaesus among them, slain as he throws himself between them for a peacemaker, once incomparable in justice and wealth of Ausonian fields; for him five flocks bleated, a five-fold herd returned from pasture, and an hundred ploughs upturned the soil.

But while thus in even battle they fight on the broad plain, the goddess, her promise fulfilled, when she hath dyed the war in blood, and mingled death in the first encounter, quits Hesperia, and, glancing through the sky, addresses Juno in exultant tone:

'Lo, discord is ripened at thy desire into baleful war: tell them now to mix in amity and join alliance. Insomuch as I have imbued the Trojans in Ausonian blood, this likewise will I add, if I have assurance of thy will. With my rumours I will sweep the bordering towns into war, and kindle their spirit with furious desire for battle, that from all quarters help may come; I will sow the land with arms.'

Then Juno answering: 'Terror and harm is wrought abundantly. The springs of war are afflow: they fight with arms in their grasp, the

arms that chance first supplied, that fresh blood stains. Let this be the union, this the bridal that Venus' illustrious progeny and Latinus the King shall celebrate. Our Lord who reigns on Olympus' summit would not have thee stray too freely in heaven's upper air. Withdraw thy presence. Whatsoever future remains in the struggle, that I myself will sway.'

Such accents uttered the daughter of Saturn; and the [561-594] other raises her rustling snaky wings and darts away from the high upper air to Cocytus her home. There is a place midmost of Italy, deep in the hills, notable and famed of rumour in many a country, the Vale of Amsanctus; on either hand a wooded ridge, dark with thick foliage, hems it in, and midway a torrent in swirling eddies shivers and echoes over the rocks. Here is shewn a ghastly pool, a breathing-hole of the grim lord of hell, and a vast chasm breaking into Acheron yawns with pestilential throat. In it the Fury sank, and relieved earth and heaven of her hateful influence.

But therewithal the queenly daughter of Saturn puts the last touch to war. The shepherds pour in full tale from the battlefield into the town, bearing back their slain, the boy Almo and Galaesus' disfigured face, and cry on the gods and call on Latinus. Turnus is there, and amid the heat and outcry at the slaughter redoubles his terrors, crying that Teucrians are bidden to the kingdom, that a Phrygian race is mingling its taint with theirs, and he is thrust out of their gates. They too, the matrons of whose kin, struck by Bacchus, trample in choirs down the pathless woods — nor is Amata's name a little thing — they too gather together from all sides and weary themselves with the battle-cry. Omens and oracles of gods go down before them, and all under malign influence clamour for awful war. Emulously they surround Latinus' royal house. He withstands, even as a rock in ocean unremoved, as a rock in ocean when the great crash comes down, firm in its own mass among many waves slapping all about: in vain the crags and boulders hiss round it in foam, and the seaweed on its side is flung up and sucked away. But when he may in nowise overbear their blind counsel, and all goes at fierce Juno's beck, with many an appeal to gods and void sky, 'Alas!' he cries, 'we are broken of fate and driven helpless in the [595-626] storm. With your very blood will you pay the price of this, O

wretched men! Thee, O Turnus, thy crime, thee thine awful punishment shall await; too late wilt thou address to heaven thy prayers and supplication. For my rest was won, and my haven full at hand; I am robbed but of a happy death.' And without further speech he shut himself in the palace, and dropped the reins of state.

There was a use in Hesperian Latium, which the Alban towns kept in holy observance, now Rome keeps, the mistress of the world, when they stir the War-God to enter battle; whether their hands prepare to carry war and weeping among Getae or Hyrcanians or Arabs, or to reach to India and pursue the Dawn, and reclaim their standards from the Parthian. There are twain gates of War, so runs their name, consecrate in grim Mars' sanctity and terror. An hundred bolts of brass and masses of everlasting iron shut them fast, and Janus the guardian never sets foot from their threshold. There, when the sentence of the Fathers stands fixed for battle, the Consul, arrayed in the robe of Quirinus and the Gabine cincture, with his own hand unbars the grating doors, with his own lips calls battles forth; then all the rest follow on, and the brazen trumpets blare harsh with consenting breath. With this use then likewise they bade Latinus proclaim war on the Aeneadae, and uncloset the baleful gates. He withheld his hand, and shrank away averse from the abhorred service, and hid himself blindly in the dark. Then the Saturnian queen of heaven glided from the sky, with her own hand thrust open the lingering gates, and swung sharply back on their hinges the iron-bound doors of war. Ausonia is ablaze, till then unstirred and immovable. Some make ready to march afoot over the plains; some, mounted on tall horses, ride amain in clouds of dust. All seek out arms; and now they rub their shields smooth and make their spearheads glitter with [627-659] fat lard, and grind their axes on the whetstone: rejoicingly they advance under their standards and hear the trumpet note. Five great cities set up the anvil and sharpen the sword, strong Atina and proud Tibur, Ardea and Crustumeri, and turreted Antemnae. They hollow out head-gear to guard them, and plait wickerwork round shield-bosses; others forge breastplates of brass or smooth greaves of flexible silver. To this is come the honour of share and pruning-hook, to this all the love of the plough: they re-temper their fathers' swords in the furnace. And now the trumpets

blare; the watchword for war passes along. One snatches a helmet hurriedly from his house, another backs his neighing horses into the yoke; and arrays himself in shield and mail-coat triple-linked with gold, and girds on his trusty sword.

Open now the gates of Helicon, goddesses, and stir the song of the kings that rose for war, the array that followed each and filled the plains, the men that even then blossomed, the arms that blazed in Italy the bountiful land: for you remember, divine ones, and you can recall; to us but a breath of rumour, scant and slight, is wafted down.

First from the Tyrrhene coast savage Mezentius, scorner of the gods, opens the war and arrays his columns. By him is Lausus, his son, unexcelled in bodily beauty by any save Laurentine Turnus, Lausus tamer of horses and destroyer of wild beasts; he leads a thousand men who followed him in vain from Agylla town; worthy to be happier in ancestral rule, and to have other than Mezentius for father.

After them beautiful Aventinus, born of beautiful Hercules, displays on the sward his palm-crowned chariot and victorious horses, and carries on his shield his father's device, the hundred snakes of the Hydra's serpent-wreath. Him, in the wood of the hill Aventine, Rhea the priestess [660-693] bore by stealth into the borders of light, a woman mingled with a god, after the Tirynthian Conqueror had slain Geryon and set foot on the fields of Laurentum, and bathed his Iberian oxen in the Tuscan river. These carry for war javelins and grim stabbing weapons, and fight with the round shaft and sharp point of the Sabellian pike. Himself he went on foot swathed in a vast lion skin, shaggy with bristling terrors, whose white teeth encircled his head; in such wild dress, the garb of Hercules clasped over his shoulders, he entered the royal house.

Next twin brothers leave Tibur town, and the people called by their brother Tiburtus' name, Catillus and valiant Coras, the Argives, and advance in the forefront of battle among the throng of spears: as when two cloud-born Centaurs descend from a lofty mountain peak, leaving Homole or snowy Othrys in rapid race; the mighty forest yields before them as they go, and the crashing thickets give them way.

Nor was the founder of Praeneste city absent, the king who, as

every age hath believed, was born of Vulcan among the pasturing herds, and found beside the hearth, Caeculus. On him a rustic battalion attends in loose order, they who dwell in steep Praeneste and the fields of Juno of Gabii, on the cool Anio and the Hernican rocks dewy with streams; they whom rich Anagnia, and whom thou, lord Amasenus, pasturest. Not all of them have armour, nor shields and clattering chariots. The most part shower bullets of dull lead; some wield in their hand two darts, and have for head-covering caps of tawny wolfskin; their left foot is bare wherewith to plant their steps; the other is covered with a boot of raw hide.

But Messapus, tamer of horses, the seed of Neptune, whom none might ever strike down with steel or fire, calls quickly to arms his long unstirred peoples and bands [694-727] disused to war, and again handles the sword. These are of the Fescennine ranks and of Aequi Falisci, these of Soracte's fortresses and the fields of Flavina, and Ciminus' lake and hill, and the groves of Capena. They marched in even time, singing their King; as whilome snowy swans among the thin clouds, when they return from pasturage, and utter resonant notes through their long necks; far off echoes the river and the smitten Asian fen. . . . Nor would one think these vast streaming masses were ranks clad in brass; rather that, high in air, a cloud of hoarse birds from the deep gulf was pressing to the shore.

Lo, Clausus of the ancient Sabine blood, leading a great host, a great host himself; from whom now the Claudian tribe and family is spread abroad since Rome was shared with the Sabines. Alongside is the broad battalion of Amiternum, and the Old Latins, and all the force of Eretum and the Mutuscan oliveyards; they who dwell in Nomentum town, and the Rosean country by Velinus, who keep the crags of rough Tetrica and Mount Severus, Casperia and Foruli, and the river of Himella; they who drink of Tiber and Fabaris, they whom cold Nursia hath sent, and the squadrons of Horta and the tribes of Latinium; and they whom Allia, the ill-ominous name, severs with its current; as many as the waves that roll on the Libyan sea-floor when fierce Orion sets in the wintry surge; as thick as the ears that ripen in the morning sunlight on the plain of the Hermus or the yellowing Lycian tilth. Their shields clatter, and earth is amazed under the trampling of their feet.

Here Agamemnonian Halaesus, foe of the Trojan name, yokes his chariot horses, and draws a thousand warlike peoples to Turnus; those who turn with spades the Massic soil that is glad with wine; whom the elders of Aurunca sent from their high hills, and the Sidicine low country [728-761] hard by; and those who leave Cales, and the dweller by the shallows of Volturnus river, and side by side the rough Saticulan and the Oscan bands. Polished maces are their weapons, and these it is their wont to fit with a tough thong; a target covers their left side, and for close fighting they have crooked swords.

Nor shalt thou, Oebalus, depart untold of in our verses, who wast borne, men say, by the nymph Sebethis to Telon, when he grew old in rule over Capreae the Teleboic realm: but not so content with his ancestral fields, his son even then held down in wide sway the Sarrastian peoples and the meadows watered by Sarnus, and the dwellers in Rufrae and Batulum, and the fields of Celemnæ, and they on whom from her apple orchards Abella city looks down. Their wont was to hurl lances in Teutonic fashion; their head covering was stripped bark of the cork tree, their shield-plates glittering brass, glittering brass their sword.

Thee too, Ufens, mountainous Nersæ sent forth to battle, of noble fame and prosperous arms, whose race on the stiff Aequiculan clods is rough beyond all other, and bred to continual hunting in the woodland; they till the soil in arms, and it is ever their delight to drive in fresh spoils and live on plunder.

Furthermore there came, sent by King Archippus, the priest of the Marruvian people, dressed with prosperous olive leaves over his helmet, Umbro excellent in valour, who was wont with charm and touch to sprinkle slumberous dew on the viper's brood and water-snakes of noisome breath. Yet he availed not to heal the stroke of the Dardanian spear-point, nor was the wound of him helped by his sleepy charms and herbs culled on the Massic hills. Thee the woodland of Angitia, thee Fucinus' glassy wave, thee the clear pools wept. . . .

Likewise the seed of Hippolytus marched to war, Virbius [762-796] most excellent in beauty, sent by his mother Aricia. The groves of Egeria nursed him round the spongy shore where Diana's

altar stands rich and gracious. For they say in story that Hippolytus, after he fell by his stepmother's treachery, torn asunder by his frightened horses to fulfil a father's revenge, came again to the daylight and heaven's upper air, recalled by Diana's love and the drugs of the Healer. Then the Lord omnipotent, indignant that any mortal should rise from the nether shades to the light of life, launched his thunder and hurled down to the Stygian water the Phoebus-born, the discoverer of such craft and cure. But Trivia the bountiful hides Hippolytus in a secret habitation, and sends him away to the nymph Egeria and the woodland's keeping, where, solitary in Italian forests, he should spend an inglorious life, and have Virbius for his altered name. Whence also hooped horses are kept away from Trivia's temple and consecrated groves, because, affrighted at the portents of the sea, they overset the chariot and flung him out upon the shore. Notwithstanding did his son train his ruddy steeds on the level plain, and sped charioted to war.

Himself too among the foremost, splendid in beauty of body, Turnus moves armed and towers a whole head over all. His lofty helmet, triple-tressed with horse-hair, holds high a Chimaera breathing from her throat Aetnean fires, raging the more and exasperate with baleful flames, as the battle and bloodshed grow fiercer. But on his polished shield was emblazoned in gold Io with uplifted horns, already a heifer and overgrown with hair, a lofty design, and Argus the maiden's warder, and lord Inachus pouring his stream from his embossed urn. Behind comes a cloud of infantry, and shielded columns thicken over all the plains; the Argive men and Auruncan forces, the Rutulians and old Sicanians, the Sacranian ranks and Labicians with [797-817] painted shields; they who till thy dells, O Tiber, and Numicus' sacred shore, and whose ploughshare goes up and down on the Rutulian hills and the Circaean headland, over whose fields Jupiter of Anxur watches, and Feronia glad in her greenwood: and where the marsh of Satura lies black, and cold Ufens winds his way along the valley-bottoms and sinks into the sea.

Therewithal came Camilla the Volscian, leading a train of cavalry, squadrons splendid with brass: a warrior maiden who had never used her woman's hands to Minerva's distaff or wool-baskets, but hardened to endure the battle shock and outstrip the winds with

racing feet. She might have flown across the topmost blades of unmown corn and left the tender ears unhurt as she ran; or sped her way over mid sea upborne by the swelling flood, nor dipt her swift feet in the water. All the people pour from house and field, and mothers crowd to wonder and gaze at her as she goes, in rapturous astonishment at the royal lustre of purple that drapes her smooth shoulders, at the clasp of gold that intertwines her tresses, at the Lycian quiver she carries, and the pastoral myrtle shaft topped with steel.

BOOK EIGHTH

THE EMBASSAGE TO EVANDER

When Turnus ran up the flag of war on the towers of Laurentum, and the trumpets blared with harsh music, when he spurred his fiery steeds and clashed his armour, straightway men's hearts are in tumult; all Latium at once flutters in banded uprisal, and her warriors rage furiously. Their chiefs, Messapus, and Ufens, and Mezentius, scorner of the gods, begin to enrol forces on all sides, and dispeople the wide fields of husbandmen. Venulus too is sent to the town of mighty Diomede to seek succour, to instruct him that Teucrians set foot in Latium; that Aeneas in his fleet invades them with the vanquished gods of his home, and proclaims himself the King summoned of fate; that many tribes join the Dardanian, and his name swells high in Latium. What he will rear on these foundations, what issue of battle he desires, if Fortune attend him, lies clearer to his own sight than to King Turnus or King Latinus.

Thus was it in Latium. And the hero of Laomedon's blood, seeing it all, tosses on a heavy surge of care, and throws his mind rapidly this way and that, and turns it on all hands in swift change of thought: even as when the quivering light of water brimming in brass, struck back from the sunlight or the moon's glittering reflection, flickers abroad over all the room, and now mounts aloft and strikes the high panelled roof. Night fell, and over all lands weary creatures were fast in deep slumber, the race of fowl and of cattle; when lord Aeneas, sick at heart of the dismal warfare, stretched him on the river bank under the cope of the cold sky, and let sleep, though late, overspread his limbs. To him the very god of the ground, the pleasant Tiber stream, seemed to raise his aged form among the poplar boughs; thin lawn veiled him with its gray covering, and shadowy reeds hid his hair. Thereon he addressed him thus, and with these words allayed his distresses:

‘O born of the family of the gods, thou who bearest back our Trojan city from hostile hands, and keepest Troy towers in eternal life; O long looked for on Laurentine ground and Latin fields! here is thine assured home, thine home's assured gods. Draw not thou back,

nor be alarmed by menace of war. All the anger and wrath of the gods is passed away . . . And even now for thine assurance, that thou think not this the idle fashioning of sleep, a great sow shall be found lying under the oaks on the shore, with her new-born litter of thirty head: white she couches on the ground, and the brood about her teats is white. By this token in thirty revolving years shall Ascanius found a city, Alba of bright name. My prophecy is sure. Now hearken, and I will briefly instruct thee how thou mayest unravel and overcome thy present task. An Arcadian people sprung of Pallas, following in their king Evander's company beneath his banners, have chosen a place in these coasts, and set a city on the hills, called Pallanteum after Pallas their forefather. These wage perpetual war with the Latin race; these do thou take to thy camp's alliance, and join with them in league. Myself I will lead thee by my banks and straight along my stream, that thou mayest oar thy way upward against the river. Up and arise, goddess-born, and even with the setting stars address thy prayers to Juno as is meet, and vanquish her wrath and menaces with humble vows. To me thou shalt pay a conqueror's sacrifice. I am he whom thou seest washing the banks with full flood and severing the rich tilth, glassy Tiber, best beloved by heaven of rivers. Here is my stately home; my fountain-head is among high cities.'

Thus spoke the River, and sank in the depth of the pool: night and sleep left Aeneas. He arises, and, looking towards the radiant sky of the sunrising, holds up water from the river in fitly-hollowed palms, and pours to heaven these accents:

'Nymphs, Laurentine Nymphs, from whom is the generation of rivers, and thou, O father Tiber, with thine holy flood, receive Aeneas and deign to save him out of danger. What pool soever holds thy source, who pitiest our discomforts, from whatsoever soil thou dost spring excellent in beauty, ever shall my worship, ever my gifts frequent thee, the hornèd river lord of Hesperian waters. Ah, be thou only by me, and graciously confirm thy will.' So speaks he, and chooses two galleys from his fleet, and mans them with rowers, and withal equips a crew with arms.

And lo! suddenly, ominous and wonderful to tell, the milk-white sow, of one colour with her white brood, is espied through the forest couched on the green brink; whom to thee, yes to thee, queenly Juno,

good Aeneas offers in sacrifice, and sets with her offspring before thine altar. All that night long Tiber assuaged his swelling stream, and silently stayed his reflux wave, smoothing the surface of his waters to the fashion of still pool and quiet mere, to spare labour to the oar. So they set out and speed on their way with prosperous cries; the painted fir slides along the waterway; the waves and unwonted woods marvel at their far-gleaming shields, and the gay hulls afloat on the river. They outwear a night and a day in rowing, ascend the long reaches, and pass under the chequered shadows of the trees, and cut through the green woodland in the calm water. The fiery sun had climbed midway in the circle of the sky when they see afar fortress walls and scattered house roofs, where now the might of Rome hath risen high as heaven; then Evander held a slender state. Quickly they turn their prows to land and draw near the town.

It chanced on that day the Arcadian king paid his accustomed sacrifice to the great son of Amphitryon and all the gods in a grove before the city. With him his son Pallas, with him all the chief of his people and his poor senate were offering incense, and the blood steamed warm at their altars. When they saw the high ships, saw them glide up between the shady woodlands and rest on their silent oars, the sudden sight appals them, and all at once they rise and stop the banquet. Pallas courageously forbids them to break off the rites; snatching up a spear, he flies forward, and from a hillock cries afar: 'O men, what cause hath driven you to explore these unknown ways? or whither do you steer? What is your kin, whence your habitation? Is it peace or arms you carry hither?' Then from the lofty stern lord Aeneas thus speaks, stretching forth in his hand an olive bough of peace-bearing:

'Thou seest men born of Troy and arms hostile to the Latins, who have driven us to flight in insolent warfare. We seek Evander; carry this message, and tell him that chosen men of the Dardanian captains are come pleading for an armed alliance.'

Pallas stood amazed at the august name. 'Descend,' [122-154] he cries, 'whoso thou art, and speak with my father face to face, and enter our home and hospitality.' And giving him the grasp of welcome, he caught and clung to his hand. Advancing, they enter the grove and leave the river. Then Aeneas in courteous words addresses

the King:

‘Best of the Grecian race, thou whom fortune hath willed that I supplicate, holding before me boughs dressed in fillets, no fear stayed me because thou wert a Grecian chief and an Arcadian, or allied by descent to the twin sons of Atreus. Nay, mine own prowess and the sanctity of divine oracles, our ancestral kinship, and the fame of thee that is spread abroad over the earth, have allied me to thee and led me willingly on the path of fate. Dardanus, who sailed to the Teucrian land, the first father and founder of the Ilian city, was born, as Greeks relate, of Electra the Atlantid; Electra’s sire is ancient Atlas, whose shoulder sustains the heavenly spheres. Your father is Mercury, whom white Maia conceived and bore on the cold summit of Cyllene; but Maia, if we give any credence to report, is daughter of Atlas, that same Atlas who bears up the starry heavens; so both our families branch from a single blood. In this confidence I sent no embassy, I framed no crafty overtures; myself I have presented mine own person, and come a suppliant to thy courts. The same Daunian race pursues us and thee in merciless warfare; we once expelled, they trust nothing will withhold them from laying all Hesperia wholly beneath their yoke, and holding the seas that wash it above and below. Accept and return our friendship. We can give brave hearts in war, high souls and men approved in deeds.’

Aeneas ended. The other ere now scanned in a long gaze the face and eyes and all the form of the speaker; then thus briefly returns:

‘How gladly, bravest of the Teucrians, do I hail and [155-188] own thee! how I recall thy father’s words and the very tone and glance of great Anchises! For I remember how Priam son of Laomedon, when he sought Salamis on his way to the realm of his sister Hesione, went on to visit the cold borders of Arcadia. Then early youth clad my cheeks with bloom. I admired the Teucrian captains, admired their lord, the son of Laomedon; but Anchises moved high above them all. My heart burned with youthful passion to accost him and clasp hand in hand; I made my way to him, and led him eagerly to Pheneus’ high town. Departing he gave me an adorned quiver and Lycian arrows, a scarf inwoven with gold, and a pair of golden bits that now my Pallas possesses. Therefore my hand is already joined in the alliance you seek, and soon as to-morrow’s

dawn rises again over earth, I will send you away rejoicing in mine aid, and supply you from my store. Meanwhile, since you are come hither in friendship, solemnise with us these yearly rites which we may not defer, and even now learn to be familiar at your comrades' board.'

This said, he commands the feast and the wine-cups to be replaced whence they were taken, and with his own hand ranges them on the grassy seat, and welcomes Aeneas to the place of honour, with a lion's shaggy fell for cushion and a hospitable chair of maple. Then chosen men with the priest of the altar in emulous haste bring roasted flesh of bulls, and pile baskets with the gift of ground corn, and serve the wine. Aeneas and the men of Troy with him feed on the long chins of oxen and the entrails of the sacrifice.

After hunger is driven away and the desire of food stayed, King Evander speaks: 'No idle superstition that knows not the gods of old hath ordered these our solemn rites, this customary feast, this altar of august sanctity; saved from bitter perils, O Trojan guest, do we worship, and [189-225] most due are the rites we inaugurate. Look now first on this overhanging cliff of stone, where shattered masses lie strewn, and the mountain dwelling stands desolate, and rocks are rent away in vast ruin. Here was a cavern, awful and deep-withdrawn, impenetrable to the sunbeams, where the monstrous half-human shape of Cacus had his hold: the ground was ever wet with fresh slaughter, and pallid faces of men, ghastly with gore, hung nailed on the haughty doors. This monster was the son of Vulcan, and spouted his black fires from his mouth as he moved in giant bulk. To us also in our desire time bore a god's aid and arrival. For princely Alcides the avenger came glorious in the spoils of triple Geryon slain; this way the Conqueror drove the huge bulls, and his oxen filled the river valley. But savage Cacus, infatuate to leave nothing undared or unhandled in craft or crime, drives four bulls of choice shape away from their pasturage, and as many heifers of excellent beauty. And these, that there should be no straightforward footprints, he dragged by the tail into his cavern, the track of their compelled path reversed, and hid them behind the screen of rock. No marks were there to lead a seeker to the cavern. Meanwhile the son of Amphitryon, his herds filled with food, was now breaking up his

pasturage and making ready to go. The oxen low as they depart; all the woodland is filled with their complaint as they clamorously quit the hills. One heifer returned the cry, and, lowing from the depth of the dreary cave, baffled the hope of Cacus from her imprisonment. At this the grief and choler of Alcides blazed forth dark and infuriate. Seizing in his hand his club of heavy knotted oak, he seeks with swift pace the aery mountain steep. Then, as never before, did we see Cacus afraid and his countenance troubled; he goes flying swifter than the wind and seeks his cavern; fear wings his feet. As he shut himself in, and, bursting the [226-260] chains, dropped the vast rock slung in iron by his father's craft, and blocked the doorway with its pressure, lo! the Tirynthian came in furious wrath, and, scanning all the entry, turned his face this way and that and ground his teeth. Thrice, hot with rage, he circles all Mount Aventine; thrice he assails the rocky portals in vain; thrice he sinks down outwearied in the valley. There stood a sharp rock of flint with sides cut sheer away, rising over the cavern's ridge a vast height to see, fit haunt for foul birds to build on. This — for, sloping from the ridge, it leaned on the left towards the river — he loosened, urging it from the right till he tore it loose from its deep foundations; then suddenly shook it free; with the shock the vast sky thunders, the banks leap apart, and the amazed river recoils. But the den, Cacus' huge palace, lay open and revealed, and the depths of gloomy cavern were made manifest; even as though some force tearing earth apart should unlock the infernal house, and disclose the pallid realms abhorred of heaven, and deep down the monstrous gulf be descried where the ghosts flutter in the streaming daylight. On him then, surprised in unexpected light, shut in the rock's recesses and howling in strange fashion, Alcides from above hurls missiles and calls all his arms to aid, and presses hard on him with boughs and enormous millstones. And he, for none other escape from peril is left, vomits from his throat vast jets of smoke, wonderful to tell, and enwreathes his dwelling in blind gloom, blotting view from the eyes, while in the cave's depth night thickens with smoke-bursts in a darkness shot with fire. Alcides broke forth in anger, and with a bound hurled himself sheer amid the flames, where the smoke rolls billowing and voluminous, and the cloud surges black through the enormous den. Here, as Cacus in the darkness

spouts forth his idle fires, he grasps and twines tight round him, till his eyes start out and his throat [261-295] is drained of blood under the strangling pressure. Straightway the doors are torn open and the dark house laid plain; the stolen oxen and forsworn plunder are shewn forth to heaven, and the misshapen carcass dragged forward by the feet. Men cannot satisfy their soul with gazing on the terrible eyes, the monstrous face and shaggy bristling chest, and the throat with its quenched fires. Thenceforth this sacrifice is solemnised, and a younger race have gladly kept the day; Potitius the inaugurator, and the Pinarian family, guardians of the rites of Hercules, have set in the grove this altar, which shall ever be called of us Most Mighty, and shall be our mightiest evermore. Wherefore arise, O men, and enwreath your hair with leafy sprays, and stretch forth the cups in your hands; call on our common god and pour the glad wine.' He ended; when the twy-coloured poplar of Hercules hid his shaded hair with pendulous plaited leaf, and the sacred goblet filled his hand. Speedily all pour glad libation on the board, and supplicate the gods.

Meanwhile the evening star draws nigher down the slope of heaven, and now the priests went forth, Potitius at their head, girt with skins after their fashion, and bore torches aflame. They renew the banquet, and bring the grateful gift of a second repast, and heap the altars with loaded platters. Then the Salii stand round the lit altars to sing, their brows bound with poplar boughs, one chorus of young men, one of elders, and extol in song the praises and deeds of Hercules; how first he strangled in his gripe the twin terrors, the snakes of his stepmother; how he likewise shattered in war famous cities, Troy and Oechalia; how under Eurystheus the King he bore the toil of a thousand labours by Juno's malign decrees. Thine hand, unconquered, slays the cloud-born double-bodied race, Hylaeus and Pholus, the Cretan monster, and the huge lion in the hollow Nemean rock. Before thee the Stygian pools [296-329] shook for fear, before thee the warder of hell, couched on half-gnawn bones in his blood-stained cavern; to thee not any form was terrible, not Typhoeus' self towering in arms; thou wast not bereft of counsel when the snake of Lerna encompassed thee with thronging heads. Hail, true seed of Jove, deified glory! graciously visit us and these thy rites with favourable feet. Such are their songs of praise; they crown all with

the cavern of Cacus and its fire-breathing lord. All the woodland echoes with their clamour, and the hills resound.

Thence all at once, the sacred rites accomplished, retrace their way to the city. The age-worn King walked holding Aeneas and his son by his side for companions on his way, and lightened the road with changing talk. Aeneas admires and turns his eyes lightly round about, pleased with the country; and gladly on spot after spot inquires and hears of the memorials of earlier men. Then King Evander, founder of the fortress of Rome:

‘In these woodlands dwelt Fauns and Nymphs sprung of the soil, and a tribe of men born of stocks and hard oak; who had neither law nor grace of life, nor did they know to yoke bulls or lay up stores or save their gains, but were nurtured by the forest boughs and the hard living of the huntsman. Long ago Saturn came from heaven on high in flight before Jove’s arms, an exile from his lost realm. He gathered together the unruly race scattered on the mountain heights, and gave them statutes, and chose Latium to be their name, since in these borders he had found a safe hiding-place. Beneath his reign were the ages named of gold; thus, in peace and quietness, did he rule the nations; till gradually there crept in a sunken and stained time, the rage of war, and the lust of possession. Then came the Ausonian clan and the tribes of Sicania, and many a time the land of Saturn put away her name. Then were kings, [330-364] and fierce Thybris with his giant bulk, from whose name we of Italy afterwards called the Tiber river, when it lost the true name of old, Albula. Me, cast out from my country and following the utmost limits of the sea, Fortune the omnipotent and irreversible doom settled in this region; and my mother the Nymph Carmentis’ awful warnings and Apollo’s divine counsel drove me hither.’

Scarce was this said; next advancing he points out the altar and the Carmental Gate, which the Romans call anciently by that name in honour of the Nymph Carmentis, seer and soothsayer, who sang of old the coming greatness of the Aeneadae and the glory of Pallanteum. Next he points out the wide grove where valiant Romulus set his sanctuary, and the Lupercal in the cool hollow of the rock, dedicate to Lycean Pan after the manner of Parrhasia. Therewithal he shows the holy wood of Argiletum, and calls the spot

to witness as he tells the slaying of his guest Argus. Hence he leads him to the Tarpeian house, and the Capitol golden now, of old rough with forest thickets. Even then men trembled before the wood and rock. 'This grove,' he cries, 'this hill with its leafy crown, is a god's dwelling, though whose we know not; the Arcadians believe Jove himself hath been visible, when often he shook the darkening aegis in his hand and gathered the storm-clouds. Thou seest these two towns likewise with walls overthrown, relics and memorials of men of old. This fortress lord Janus built, this Saturn; the name of this was once Janiculum, of that Saturnia.'

With such mutual words they drew nigh the house of poor Evander, and saw scattered herds lowing on the Roman Forum and down the gay Carinae. When they reached his dwelling, 'This threshold,' he cries, 'Alcides the Conqueror stooped to cross; in this palace he rested. Dare thou, my guest, to despise riches; mould thyself to [365-396] like dignity of godhead, and come not exacting to our poverty.' He spoke, and led tall Aeneas under the low roof of his narrow dwelling, and laid him on a couch of stuffed leaves and the skin of a Libyan she-bear. Night falls and clasps the earth in her dusky wings.

But Venus, stirred in spirit by no vain mother's alarms, and moved by the threats and stern uprisal of the Laurentines, addresses herself to Vulcan, and in her golden bridal chamber begins thus, breathing divine passion in her speech:

'While Argolic kings wasted in war the doomed towers of Troy, the fortress fated to fall in hostile fires, no succour did I require for her wretched people, no weapons of thine art and aid: nor would I task, dear my lord, thee or thy toils for naught, though I owed many and many a debt to the children of Priam, and had often wept the sore labour of Aeneas. Now by Jove's commands he hath set foot in the Rutulian borders; I now therefore come with entreaty, and ask armour of the god I worship. For the son she bore, the tears of Nereus' daughter, of Tithonus' consort, could melt thine heart. Look what nations are gathering, what cities bar their gates and sharpen the sword against me for the desolation of my children.'

The goddess ended, and, as he hesitates, clasps him round in the soft embrace of her snowy arms. He suddenly caught the wonted

flame, and the heat known of old pierced him to the heart and overran his melting frame: even as when, bursting from the thunder peal, a sparkling cleft of fire shoots through the storm-clouds with dazzling light. His consort knew, rejoiced in her wiles, and felt her beauty. Then her lord speaks, enchained by Love the immortal:

‘Why these far-fetched pleas? Whither, O goddess, is thy trust in me gone? Had like distress been thine, [397-431] even then we might unblamed have armed thy Trojans, nor did doom nor the Lord omnipotent forbid Troy to stand, and Priam to survive yet ten other years. And now, if thou purposest war, and this is thy counsel, whatever charge I can undertake in my craft, in aught that may be made of iron or molten electrum, whatever fire and air can do, cease thou to entreat as doubtful of thy strength.’ These words spoken, he clasped his wife in the desired embrace, and, sinking in her lap, wooed quiet slumber to overspread his limbs.

Thereon, so soon as sleep, now in mid-career of waning night, had given rest and gone; soon as a woman, whose task is to sustain life with her distaff and the slender labours of the loom, kindles the ashes of her slumbering fire, her toil encroaching on the night, and sets a long task of fire-lit spinning to her maidens, that so she may keep her husband’s bed unsullied and nourish her little children, — even so the Lord of Fire, nor slacker in his hours than she, rises from his soft couch to the work of his smithy. An island rises by the side of Sicily and Aeolian Lipare, steep with smoking cliffs, whereunder the vaulted and thunderous Aetnean caverns are hollowed out for Cyclopean forges, the strong strokes on the anvils echo in groans, ore of steel hisses in the vaults, and the fire pants in the furnaces: the house of Vulcan, and Vulcania the land’s name. Hither now the Lord of Fire descends from heaven’s height. In the vast cavern the Cyclopes were forging iron, Brontes and Steropes and Pyracmon with bared limbs. Shaped in their hands was a thunderbolt, in part already polished, such as the Father of Heaven hurls down on earth in multitudes, part yet unfinished. Three coils of frozen rain, three of watery mist they had enwrought in it, three of ruddy fire and winged south wind; now they were mingling in their work the awful splendours, the sound and terror, and the [432-469] angry pursuing flames. Elsewhere they hurried on a chariot for Mars with flying

wheels, wherewith he stirs up men and cities; and burnished the golden serpent-scales of the awful aegis, the armour of wrathful Pallas, and the entwined snakes on the breast of the goddess, the Gorgon head with severed neck and rolling eyes. 'Away with all!' he cries: 'stop your tasks unfinished, Cyclopes of Aetna, and attend to this; a warrior's armour must be made. Now must strength, now quickness of hand be tried, now all our art lend her guidance. Fling off delay.' He spoke no more; but they all bent rapidly to the work, allotting their labours equally. Brass and ore of gold flow in streams, and wounding steel is molten in the vast furnace. They shape a mighty shield, to receive singly all the weapons of the Latins, and weld it sevenfold, circle on circle. Some fill and empty the windy bellows of their blast, some dip the hissing brass in the trough. They raise their arms mightily in responsive time, and turn the mass of metal about in the grasp of their tongs.

While the lord of Lemnos is busied thus in the borders of Aeolia, Evander is roused from his low dwelling by the gracious daylight and the matin songs of birds from the eaves. The old man arises, and draws on his body raiment, and ties the Tyrrhene shoe latches about his feet; then buckles to his side and shoulder his Tegeaeon sword, and swathes himself in a panther skin that droops upon his left. Therewithal two watch-dogs go before him from the high threshold, and accompany their master's steps. The hero sought his guest Aeneas in the privacy of his dwelling, mindful of their talk and his promised bounty. Nor did Aeneas fail to be astir with the dawn. With the one went his son Pallas, with the other Achates. They meet and clasp hands, and, sitting down within the house, at length enjoy unchecked converse. The King begins thus: . . .

[470-505]'Princely chief of the Teucrians, in whose lifetime I will never allow the state or realm of Troy vanquished, our strength is scant to succour in war for so great a name. On this side the Tuscan river shuts us in; on that the Rutulian drives us hard, and thunders in arms about our walls. But I purpose to unite to thee mighty peoples and the camp of a wealthy realm; an unforeseen chance offers this for thy salvation. Fate summons thy approach. Not far from here stands fast Agylla city, an ancient pile of stone, where of old the Lydian

race, eminent in war, settled on the Etruscan ridges. For many years it flourished, till King Mezentius ruled it with insolent sway and armed terror. Why should I relate the horrible murders, the savage deeds of the monarch? May the gods keep them in store for himself and his line! Nay, he would even link dead bodies to living, fitting hand to hand and face to face (the torture!), and in the oozy foulness and corruption of the dreadful embrace so slay them by a lingering death. But at last his citizens, outwearied by his mad excesses, surround him and his house in arms, cut down his comrades, and hurl fire on his roof. Amid the massacre he escaped to the refuge of Rutulian land and the armed defence of Turnus' friendship. So all Etruria hath risen in righteous fury, and in immediate battle claim their king for punishment. Over these thousands will I make thee chief, O Aeneas; for their noisy ships crowd all the shore, and they bid the standards advance, while the aged diviner stays them with prophecies: "O chosen men of Maeonia, flower and strength of them, of old time, whom righteous anger urges on the enemy, and Mezentius inflames with deserved wrath, to no Italian is it permitted to hold this great nation in control: choose foreigners to lead you." At that, terrified by the divine warning, the Etruscan lines have encamped on the plain; Tarchon himself hath sent ambassadors to me with the crown [506-539] and sceptre of the kingdom, and offers the royal attire will I but enter their camp and take the Tyrrhene realm. But old age, frozen to dulness, and exhausted with length of life, denies me the load of empire, and my prowess is past its day. I would urge it on my son, did not the mixture of blood by his Sabellian mother make this half his native land. Thou, to whose years and race alike the fates extend their favour, on whom fortune calls, enter thou in, a leader supreme in bravery over Teucrians and Italians. Mine own Pallas likewise, our hope and comfort, I will send with thee; let him grow used to endure warfare and the stern work of battle under thy teaching, to regard thine actions, and from his earliest years look up to thee. To him will I give two hundred Arcadian cavalry, the choice of our warlike strength, and Pallas as many more to thee in his own name.'

Scarce had he ended; Aeneas, son of Anchises, and trusty Achates gazed with steadfast face, and, sad at heart, were revolving inly many

a labour, had not the Cytherean sent a sign from the clear sky. For suddenly a flash and peal comes quivering from heaven, and all seemed in a moment to totter, and the Tyrrhene trumpet-blast to roar along the sky. They look up; again and yet again the heavy crash re-echoes. They see in the serene space of sky armour gleam red through a cloud in the clear air, and ring clashing out. The others stood in amaze; but the Trojan hero knew the sound for the promise of his goddess mother; then he speaks: 'Ask not, O friend, ask not in any wise what fortune this presage announces; it is I who am summoned of heaven. This sign the goddess who bore me foretold she would send if war assailed, and would bring through the air to my succour armour from Vulcan's hands. . . . Ah, what slaughter awaits the wretched Laurentines! what a price, O Turnus, wilt thou pay me! how many shields and helmets and brave bodies of men shalt thou, [540-573]Lord Tiber, roll under thy waves! Let them call for armed array and break the league!'

These words uttered, he rises from the high seat, and first wakes with fresh fire the slumbering altars of Hercules, and gladly draws nigh his tutelar god of yesternight and the small deities of the household. Alike Evander, and alike the men of Troy, offer up, as is right, choice sheep of two years old. Thereafter he goes to the ships and revisits his crew, of whose company he chooses the foremost in valour to attend him to war; the rest glide down the water and float idly with the descending stream, to come with news to Ascanius of his father's state. They give horses to the Teucrians who seek the fields of Tyrrhenia; a chosen one is brought for Aeneas, housed in a tawny lion skin that glitters with claws of gold. Rumour flies suddenly, spreading over the little town, that they ride in haste to the courts of the Tyrrhene king. Mothers redouble their prayers in terror, as fear treads closer on peril and the likeness of the War God looms larger in sight. Then Evander, clasping the hand of his departing son, clings to him weeping inconsolably, and speaks thus:

'Oh, if Jupiter would restore me the years that are past, as I was when, close under Praeneste, I cut down their foremost ranks and burned the piled shields of the conquered! Then this right hand sent King Erulus down to hell, though to him at his birth his mother Feronia (awful to tell) had given three lives and triple arms to wield;

thrice must he be laid low in death; yet then this hand took all his lives and as often stripped him of his arms. Never should I now, O son, be severed from thy dear embrace; never had the insolent sword of Mezentius on my borders dealt so many cruel deaths, widowed the city of so many citizens. But you, O heavenly powers, and thou, Jupiter, Lord and Governor of Heaven, have compassion, I pray, on [574-609] the Arcadian king, and hear a father's prayers. If your deity and decrees keep my Pallas safe for me, if I live that I may see him and meet him yet, I pray for life; any toil soever I have patience to endure. But if, O Fortune, thou threatenest some dread calamity, now, ah now, may I break off a cruel life, while anxiety still wavers and expectation is in doubt, while thou, dear boy, my one last delight, art yet clasped in my embrace; let no bitterer message wound mine ear.' These words the father poured forth at the final parting; his servants bore him swooning within.

And now the cavalry had issued from the open gates, Aeneas and trusty Achates among the foremost, then other of the Trojan princes, Pallas conspicuous amid the column in scarf and inlaid armour; like the Morning Star, when, newly washed in the ocean wave, he shews his holy face in heaven, and melts the darkness away. Fearful mothers stand on the walls and follow with their eyes the cloud of dust and the squadrons gleaming in brass. They, where the goal of their way lies nearest, bear through the brushwood in armed array. Forming in column, they advance noisily, and the horse hoof shakes the crumbling plain with four-footed trampling. There is a high grove by the cold river of Caere, widely revered in ancestral awe; sheltering hills shut it in all about and girdle the woodland with their dark firs. Rumour is that the old Pelasgians, who once long ago held the Latin borders, consecrated the grove and its festal day to Silvanus, god of the tilth and flock. Not far from it Tarchon and his Tyrrhenians were encamped in a protected place; and now from the hill-top the tents of all their army might be seen outspread on the fields. Lord Aeneas and his chosen warriors draw hither and refresh their weary horses and limbs.

But Venus the white goddess drew nigh, bearing her gifts through the clouds of heaven; and when she saw her [610-646] son withdrawn far apart in the valley's recess by the cold river, cast

herself in his way, and addressed him thus: 'Behold perfected the presents of my husband's promised craftsmanship: so shalt thou not shun, O my child, soon to challenge the haughty Laurentines or fiery Turnus to battle.' The Cytherean spoke, and sought her son's embrace, and laid the armour glittering under an oak over against him. He, rejoicing in the magnificence of the goddess' gift, cannot have his fill of turning his eyes over it piece by piece, and admires and handles between his arms the helmet, dread with plumes and spouting flame, as when a blue cloud takes fire in the sunbeams and gleams afar; then the smooth greaves of electrum and refined gold, the spear, and the shield's ineffable design. There the Lord of Fire had fashioned the story of Italy and the triumphs of the Romans, not witless of prophecy or ignorant of the age to be; there all the race of Ascanius' future seed, and their wars fought one by one. Likewise had he fashioned the she-wolf couched after the birth in the green cave of Mars; round her teats the twin boys hung playing, and fearlessly mouthed their foster-mother; she, with round neck bent back, stroked them by turns and shaped their bodies with her tongue. Thereto not far from this he had set Rome and the lawless rape of the Sabines in the concourse of the theatre when the great Circensian games were celebrated, and a fresh war suddenly arising between the people of Romulus and aged Tatius and austere Cures. Next these same kings laid down their mutual strife and stood armed before Jove's altar with cup in hand, and joined treaty over a slain sow. Not far from there four-horse chariots driven apart had torn Mettus asunder (but thou, O Alban, shouldst have kept by thy words!), and Tullus tore the flesh of the liar through the forest, his splashed blood dripping from the briars. Therewithal Porsena commanded [647-681] to admit the exiled Tarquin, and held the city in the grasp of a strong blockade; the Aeneadae rushed on the sword for liberty. Him thou couldst espy like one who chafes and like one who threatens, because Cocles dared to tear down the bridge, and Cloelia broke her bonds and swam the river. Highest of all Manlius, warder of the Tarpeian fortress, stood with the temple behind him and held the high Capitoline; and the thatch of Romulus' palace stood rough and fresh. And here the silver goose, fluttering in the gilded colonnades, cried that the Gauls were there on the threshold. The Gauls were there

among the brushwood, hard on the fortress, secure in the darkness and the dower of shadowy night. Their clustering locks are of gold, and of gold their attire; their striped cloaks glitter, and their milk-white necks are entwined with gold. Two Alpine pikes sparkle in the hand of each, and long shields guard their bodies. Here he had embossed the dancing Salii and the naked Luperci, the crests wreathed in wool, and the sacred shields that fell from heaven; in cushioned cars the virtuous matrons led on their rites through the city. Far hence he adds the habitations of hell also, the high gates of Dis and the dooms of guilt; and thee, O Catiline, clinging on the beetling rock, and shuddering at the faces of the Furies; and far apart the good, and Cato delivering them statutes. Amidst it all flows wide the likeness of the swelling sea, wrought in gold, though the foam surged gray upon blue water; and round about dolphins, in shining silver, swept the seas with their tails in circle as they cleft the tide. In the centre were visible the brazen war-fleets of Actium; thou mightest see all Leucate swarm in embattled array, and the waves gleam with gold. Here Caesar Augustus, leading Italy to battle with Fathers and People, with gods of household and of state, stands on the lofty stern; prosperous flames jet round his brow, and his [682-715] ancestral star dawns overhead. Elsewhere Agrippa, with favouring winds and gods, proudly leads on his column; on his brows glitters the prow-girt naval crown, the haughty emblazonment of the war. Here Antonius with barbarian aid and motley arms, from the conquered nations of the Dawn and the shore of the southern sea, carries with him Egypt and the Eastern forces of utmost Bactra, and the shameful Egyptian woman goes as his consort. All at once rush on, and the whole ocean is torn into foam by straining oars and triple-pointed prows. They steer to sea; one might think that the Cyclades were upturned and floated on the main, or that lofty mountains clashed with mountains, so mightily do their crews urge on the turreted ships. Flaming tow and the winged steel of darts shower thickly from their hands; the fields of ocean redden with fresh slaughter. Midmost the Queen calls on her squadron with the timbrel of her country, nor yet casts back a glance on the twin snakes behind her. Howling Anubis, and gods monstrous and multitudinous, level their arms against Neptune and Venus and against Minerva; Mars

rages amid the havoc, graven in iron, and the Fatal Sisters hang aloft, and Discord strides rejoicing with garment rent, and Bellona attends her with blood-stained scourge. Looking thereon, Actian Apollo above drew his bow; with the terror of it all Egypt and India, every Arab and Sabaeon, turned back in flight. The Queen herself seemed to call the winds and spread her sails, and even now let her sheets run slack. Her the Lord of Fire had fashioned amid the carnage, wan with the shadow of death, borne along by the waves and the north-west wind; and over against her the vast bulk of mourning Nile, opening out his folds and calling with all his raiment the conquered people into his blue lap and the coverture of his streams. But Caesar rode into the city of Rome in triple triumph, and dedicated his vowed [716-731] offering to the gods to stand for ever, three hundred stately shrines all about the city. The streets were loud with gladness and games and shouting. In all the temples was a band of matrons, in all were altars, and before the altars slain steers strewed the ground. Himself he sits on the snowy threshold of Phoebus the bright, reviews the gifts of the nations and ranges them on the haughty doors. The conquered tribes move in long line, diverse as in tongue, so in fashion of dress and armour. Here Mulciber had designed the Nomad race and the ungirt Africans, here the Leleges and Carians and archer Gelonians. Euphrates went by now with smoother waves, and the Morini utmost of men, and the hornèd Rhine, the untamed Dahae, and Araxes chafing under his bridge.

These things he admires on the shield of Vulcan, his mother's gift, and rejoicing in the portraiture of unknown history, lifts on his shoulder the destined glories of his children.

BOOK NINTH

THE SIEGE OF THE TROJAN CAMP

And while thus things pass far in the distance, Juno daughter of Saturn sent Iris down the sky to gallant Turnus, then haply seated in his forefather Pylum's holy forest dell. To him the child of Thaumastus spoke thus with roseate lips:

‘Turnus, what no god had dared promise to thy prayer, behold, is brought unasked by the circling day. Aeneas hath quitted town and comrades and fleet to seek Evander's throne and Palatine dwelling-place. Nor is it enough; he hath pierced to Corythus' utmost cities, and is mustering in arms a troop of Lydian rustics. Why hesitate? now, now is the time to call for chariot and horses. Break through all hindrance and seize the bewildered camp.’

She spoke, and rose into the sky on poised wings, and flashed under the clouds in a long flying bow. He knew her, and lifting either hand to heaven, with this cry pursued her flight: ‘Iris, grace of the sky, who hath driven thee down the clouds to me and borne thee to earth? Whence is this sudden sheen of weather? I see the sky parting asunder, and the wandering stars in the firmament. I follow the high omen, whoso thou art that callest me to arms.’ And with these words he drew nigh the wave, and caught up water from its brimming eddy, making many prayers to the gods and burdening the air with vows.

And now all the army was advancing on the open plain, rich in horses, rich in raiment of brodered gold. Messapus rules the foremost ranks, the sons of Tyrrheus the rear. Turnus commands the centre: even as Ganges rising high in silence when his seven streams are still, or the rich flood of Nile when he ebbs from the plains, and is now sunk into his channel. On this the Teucrians descry a sudden cloud of dark dust gathering, and the blackness rising on the plain. Caicus raises a cry from the mound in front: ‘What mass of misty gloom, O citizens, is rolling hitherward? to arms in haste! serve out weapons, climb the walls. The enemy approaches, ho!’ With mighty clamour the Teucrians pour in through all the gates and fill the works. For so at his departure Aeneas the great captain had enjoined;

were aught to chance meanwhile, they should not venture to range their line or trust the plain, but keep their camp and the safety of the entrenched walls. So, though shame and wrath beckon them on to battle, they yet bar the gates and do his bidding, and await the foe armed and in shelter of the towers. Turnus, who had flown forward in advance of his tardy column, comes up suddenly to the town with a train of twenty chosen cavalry, borne on a Thracian horse dappled with white, and covered by a golden helmet with scarlet plume. 'Who will be with me, my men, to be first on the foe? See!' he cries; and sends a javelin spinning into the air to open battle, and advances towering on the plain. His comrades take up the cry, and follow with dreadful din, wondering at the Teucrians' coward hearts, that they issue not on even field nor face them in arms, but keep in shelter of the camp. Hither and thither he rides furiously, tracing the walls, and seeking entrance where way is none. And as a wolf prowling about some crowded sheepfold, when, beaten sore of winds and rains, he howls at the pens by midnight; safe beneath their mothers the lambs keep bleating on; he, savage and insatiate, rages in anger against the flock he cannot reach, tired by the long-gathering madness for food, and the throat unslaked with blood: even so the Rutulian, as he gazes on the walled camp, kindles in anger, and indignation is hot in his iron frame. By what means may he essay entrance? by what passage hurl the imprisoned Trojans from the rampart and fling them on the plain? Close under the flanking camp lay the fleet, fenced about with mounds and the waters of the river; it he attacks, and calls for fire to his exultant comrades, and eagerly catches a blazing pine-torch in his hand. Then indeed they press on, quickened by Turnus' presence, and all the band arm them with black faggots. The hearth-fires are plundered; the smoky brand trails a resinous glare, and the Fire-god sends clouds of glowing ashes upward.

What god, O Muses, guarded the Trojans from the rage of the fire? who repelled the fierce flame from their ships? Tell it; ancient is the assurance thereof, but the fame everlasting. What time Aeneas began to shape his fleet on Phrygian Ida, and prepared to seek the high seas, the Berecynthian, they say, the very Mother of gods, spoke to high Jove in these words: 'Grant, O son, to my prayer, what her dearness claims who bore thee and laid Olympus under thy feet. My

pine forest beloved of me these many years, my grove was on the mountain's crown, whither men bore my holy things, dim with dusky pine and pillared maples. These, when he required a fleet, I gave gladly to the Dardanian; now fear wrings me with sharp distress. Relieve my terrors, and grant a mother's prayers such power that they may yield to no stress of voyaging or of stormy gust: be birth on our hills their avail.'

Thus her son in answer, who wheels the starry worlds: 'O mother, whither callest thou fate? or what dost thou seek for these of thine? May hulls have the right of immortality that were fashioned by mortal hand? and may Aeneas traverse perils secure in insecurity? To what god is power so great given? Nay, but when, their duty done, they shall lie at last in their Ausonian haven, from all that have outgone the waves and borne their Dardanian captain to the fields of Laurentum, will I take their mortal body, and bid them be goddesses of the mighty deep, even as Doto the Nereïd and Galatea, when they cut the sea that falls away from their breasts in foam.' He ended; and by his brother's Stygian streams, by the banks of the pitchy black-boiling chasm he nodded confirmation, and shook all Olympus with his nod.

So the promised day was come, and the destinies had fulfilled their due time, when Turnus' injury stirred the Mother to ward the brands from her holy ships. First then a strange light flashed on all eyes, and a great glory from the Dawn seemed to dart over the sky, with the choirs of Ida; then an awful voice fell through air, filling the Trojan and Rutulian ranks: 'Disquiet not yourselves, O Teucrians, to guard ships of mine, neither arm your hands: sooner shall Turnus burn the seas than these holy pines. You, go free; go, goddesses of the sea; the Mother bids it.' And immediately each ship breaks the bond that held it, as with dipping prows they plunge like dolphins deep into the water: from it again (O wonderful and strange!) they rise with maidens' faces in like number, and bear out to sea.

The Rutulians stood dumb: Messapus himself is terror-stricken among his disordered cavalry; even the stream of Tiber pauses with hoarse murmur, and recoils from sea. But bold Turnus fails not a whit in confidence; nay, he [127-158] raises their courage with

words, nay, he chides them: 'On the Trojans are these portents aimed; Jupiter himself hath bereft them of their wonted succour; nor do they abide Rutulian sword and fire. So are the seas pathless for the Teucrians, nor is there any hope in flight; they have lost half their world. And we hold the land: in all their thousands the nations of Italy are under arms. In no wise am I dismayed by those divine oracles of doom the Phrygians insolently advance. Fate and Venus are satisfied, in that the Trojans have touched our fruitful Ausonian fields. I too have my fate in reply to theirs, to put utterly to the sword the guilty nation who have robbed me of my bride; not the sons of Atreus alone are touched by that pain, nor may Mycenae only rise in arms. But to have perished once is enough! To have sinned once should have been enough, in all but utter hatred of the whole of womankind. Trust in the sundering rampart, and the hindrance of their trenches, so little between them and death, gives these their courage: yet have they not seen Troy town, the work of Neptune's hand, sink into fire? But you, my chosen, who of you makes ready to breach their palisade at the sword's point, and join my attack on their fluttered camp? I have no need of Vulcanian arms, of a thousand ships, to meet the Teucrians. All Etruria may join on with them in alliance: nor let them fear the darkness, and the cowardly theft of their Palladium, and the guards cut down on the fortress height. Nor will we hide ourselves unseen in a horse's belly; in daylight and unconcealed are we resolved to girdle their walls with flame. Not with Grecians will I make them think they have to do, nor a Pelasgic force kept off till the tenth year by Hector. Now, since the better part of day is spent, for what remains refresh your bodies, glad that we have done so well, and expect the order of battle.'

[159-192]Meanwhile charge is given to Messapus to blockade the gates with pickets of sentries, and encircle the works with watchfires. Twice seven are chosen to guard the walls with Rutulian soldiery; but each leads an hundred men, crimson-plumed and sparkling in gold. They spread themselves about and keep alternate watch, and, lying along the grass, drink deep and set brazen bowls atilt. The fires glow, and the sentinels spend the night awake in games. . . .

Down on this the Trojans look forth from the rampart, as they

hold the height in arms; withal in fearful haste they try the gates and lay gangways from bastion to bastion, and bring up missiles. Mnestheus and valiant Serestus speed the work, whom lord Aeneas appointed, should misfortune call, to be rulers of the people and governors of the state. All their battalions, sharing the lot of peril, keep watch along the walls, and take alternate charge of all that requires defence.

On guard at the gate was Nisus son of Hyrtacus, most valiant in arms, whom Ida the huntress had sent in Aeneas' company with fleet javelin and light arrows; and by his side Euryalus, fairest of all the Aeneadae and the wearers of Trojan arms, showing on his unshaven boy's face the first bloom of youth. These two were one in affection, and charged in battle together; now likewise their common guard kept the gate. Nisus cries: 'Lend the gods this fervour to the soul, Euryalus? or does fatal passion become a proper god to each? Long ere now my soul is restless to begin some great deed of arms, and quiet peace delights it not. Thou seest how confident in fortune the Rutulians stand. Their lights glimmer far apart; buried in drunken sleep they have sunk to rest; silence stretches all about. Learn then what doubt, what purpose, now rises in my spirit. People and senate, they all cry that Aeneas [193-226] be summoned, and men be sent to carry him tidings. If they promise what I ask in thy name — for to me the glory of the deed is enough — methinks I can find beneath yonder hillock a path to the walls of Pallanteum town.'

Euryalus stood fixed, struck through with high ambition, and therewith speaks thus to his fervid friend: 'Dost thou shun me then, Nisus, to share thy company in highest deeds? shall I send thee alone into so great perils? Not thus did my warrior father Opheltus rear and nurture me amid the Argive terror and the agony of Troy, nor thus have I borne myself by thy side while following noble Aeneas to his utmost fate. Here is a spirit, yes here, that scorns the light of day, that deems lightly bought at a life's price that honour to which thou dost aspire.'

To this Nisus: 'Assuredly I had no such fear of thee; no, nor could I; so may great Jupiter, or whoso looks on earth with equal eyes, restore me to thee triumphant. But if haply — as thou seest often and often in so forlorn a hope — if haply chance or deity sweep me to

adverse doom, I would have thee survive; thine age is worthier to live. Be there one to commit me duly to earth, rescued or ransomed from the battlefield: or, if fortune deny that, to pay me far away the rites of funeral and the grace of a tomb. Neither would I bring such pain on thy poor mother, she who singly of many matrons hath dared to follow her boy to the end, and slights great Acestes' city.'

And he: 'In vain dost thou string idle reasons; nor does my purpose yield or change its place so soon. Let us make haste.' He speaks, and rouses the watch; they come up, and relieve the guard; quitting their post, he and Nisus stride on to seek the prince.

The rest of living things over all lands were soothing their cares in sleep, and their hearts forgot their pain; the foremost Trojan captains, a chosen band, held council [227-261] of state upon the kingdom; what should they do, or who would now be their messenger to Aeneas? They stand, leaning on their long spears and grasping their shields, in mid level of the camp. Then Nisus and Euryalus together pray with quick urgency to be given audience; their matter is weighty and will be worth the delay. Iulus at once heard their hurried plea, and bade Nisus speak. Thereon the son of Hyrtacus: 'Hear, O people of Aeneas, with favourable mind, nor regard our years in what we offer. Sunk in sleep and wine, the Rutulians are silent; we have stealthily spied the open ground that lies in the path through the gate next the sea. The line of fires is broken, and their smoke rises darkly upwards. If you allow us to use the chance towards seeking Aeneas in Pallanteum town, you will soon descry us here at hand with the spoils of the great slaughter we have dealt. Nor shall we miss the way we go; up the dim valleys we have seen the skirts of the town, and learned all the river in continual hunting.'

Thereon aged Aletes, sage in counsel: 'Gods of our fathers, under whose deity Troy ever stands, not wholly yet do you purpose to blot out the Trojan race, when you have brought us young honour and hearts so sure as this.' So speaking, he caught both by shoulder and hand, with tears showering down over face and feature. 'What guerdon shall I deem may be given you, O men, what recompense for these noble deeds? First and fairest shall be your reward from the gods and your own conduct; and Aeneas the good shall speedily repay the rest, and Ascanius' fresh youth never forget so great a

service.’— ‘Nay,’ breaks in Ascanius, ‘I whose sole safety is in my father’s return, I adjure thee and him, O Nisus, by our great household gods, by the tutelar spirit of Assaracus and hoar Vesta’s sanctuary — on your knees I lay all my fortune and trust — recall my father; [262-296] give him back to sight; all sorrow disappears in his recovery. I will give a pair of cups my father took in vanquished Arisba, wrought in silver and rough with tracery, twin tripods, and two large talents of gold, and an ancient bowl of Sidonian Dido’s giving. If it be indeed our lot to possess Italy and grasp a conquering sceptre, and to assign the spoil; thou sawest the horse and armour of Turnus as he went all in gold; that same horse, the shield and the ruddy plume, will I reserve from partition, thy reward, O Nisus, even from now. My father will give besides twelve mothers of the choicest beauty, and men captives, all in their due array; above these, the space of meadow-land that is now King Latinus’ own domain. Thee, O noble boy, whom mine age follows at a nearer interval, even now I welcome to all my heart, and embrace as my companion in every fortune. No glory shall be sought for my state without thee; whether peace or war be in conduct, my chiefest trust for deed and word shall be in thee.’

Answering whom Euryalus speaks thus: ‘Let but the day never come to prove me degenerate from this daring valour; fortune may fall prosperous or adverse. But above all thy gifts, one thing I ask of thee. My poor mother of Priam’s ancient race, whom neither the Ilian land nor King Acestes’ city kept from following me forth, her I now leave in ignorance of this danger, such as it is, and without a farewell, because — night and thine hand be witness! — I cannot bear a parent’s tears. But thou, I pray, support her want and relieve her loneliness. Let me take with me this hope in thee, I shall go more daringly to every fortune.’ Deeply stirred at heart, the Dardanians shed tears, fair Iulus before them all, as the likeness of his own father’s love wrung his soul. Then he speaks thus: . . . ‘Assure thyself all that is due to thy mighty enterprise; [297-330] for she shall be a mother to me, and only in name fail to be Creüsa; nor slight is the honour reserved for the mother of such a son. What chance soever follow this deed, I swear by this head whereby my father was wont to swear, what I promise to thee on thy prosperous return shall

abide the same for thy mother and kindred.' So speaks he weeping, and ungirds from his shoulder the sword inlaid with gold, fashioned with marvellous skill by Lycaon of Gnosus and fitly set in a sheath of ivory. Mnestheus gives Nisus the shaggy spoils of a lion's hide; faithful Aletes exchanges his helmet. They advance onward in arms, and as they go all the company of captains, young and old, speed them to the gates with vows. Likewise fair Iulus, with a man's thought and a spirit beyond his years, gave many messages to be carried to his father. But the breezes shred all asunder and give them unaccomplished to the clouds.

They issue and cross the trenches, and through the shadow of night seek the fatal camp, themselves first to be the death of many a man. All about they see bodies strewn along the grass in drunken sleep, chariots atilt on the shore, the men lying among their traces and wheels, with their armour by them, and their wine. The son of Hyrtacus began thus: 'Euryalus, now for daring hands; all invites them; here lies our way; see thou that none raise a hand from behind against us, and keep far-sighted watch. Here will I deal desolation, and make a broad path for thee to follow.' So speaks he and checks his voice; therewith he drives his sword at lordly Rhamnes, who haply on carpets heaped high was drawing the full breath of sleep; a king himself, and King Turnus' best-beloved augur, but not all his augury could avert his doom. Three of his household beside him, lying carelessly among their arms, and the armour-bearer and charioteer of Remus go [331-364] down before him, caught at the horses' feet. Their drooping necks he severs with the sword, then beheads their lord likewise and leaves the trunk spouting blood; the dark warm gore soaks ground and cushions. Therewithal Lamyrus and Lamus, and beautiful young Serranus, who that night had played long and late, and lay with the conquering god heavy on every limb; happy, had he played out the night, and carried his game to day! Even thus an unfed lion riots through full sheepfolds, for the madness of hunger urges him, and champs and rends the fleecy flock that are dumb with fear, and roars with blood-stained mouth. Nor less is the slaughter of Euryalus; he too rages all aflame; an unnamed multitude go down before his path, and Fadus and Herbesus and Rhoetus and Abaris, unaware; Rhoetus awake and seeing all, but he

hid in fear behind a great bowl; right in whose breast, as he rose close by, he plunged the sword all its length, and drew it back heavy with death. He vomits forth the crimson life-blood, and throws up wine mixed with blood in the death agony. The other presses hotly on his stealthy errand, and now bent his way towards Messapus' comrades, where he saw the last flicker of the fires go down, and the horses tethered in order cropping the grass; when Nisus briefly speaks thus, for he saw him carried away by excess of murderous desire; 'Let us stop; for unfriendly daylight draws nigh. Vengeance is sated to the full; a path is cut through the enemy.' Much they leave behind, men's armour wrought in solid silver, and bowls therewith, and beautiful carpets. Euryalus tears away the decorations of Rhamnes and his sword-belt embossed with gold, a gift which Caedicus, wealthiest of men of old, sends to Remulus of Tibur when plighting friendship far away; he on his death-bed gives them to his grandson for his own; after his death the Rutulians captured them as spoil of war; these he fits on the shoulders valiant [365-396] in vain, then puts on Messapus' light helmet with its graceful plumes. They issue from the camp and make for safety.

Meanwhile an advanced guard of cavalry were on their way from the Latin city, while the rest of their marshalled battalions linger on the plains, and bore a reply to King Turnus; three hundred men all under shield, in Volscens' leading. And now they approached the camp and drew near the wall, when they descry the two turning away by the pathway to the left; and in the glimmering darkness of night the forgotten helmet betrayed Euryalus, glittering as it met the light. It seemed no thing of chance. Volscens cries aloud from his column: 'Stand, men! why on the march, or how are you in arms? or whither hold you your way?' They offer nothing in reply, but quicken their flight into the forest, and throw themselves on the night. On this side and that the horsemen bar the familiar crossways, and encircle every outlet with sentinels. The forest spread wide in tangled thickets and dark ilex; thick growth of briars choked it all about, and the muffled pathway glimmered in a broken track. Hampered by the shadowy boughs and his cumbrous spoil, Euryalus in his fright misses the line of way. Nisus gets clear; and now unthinkingly he had passed the enemy, and the place afterwards called Albani from Alba's name;

then the deep coverts were of King Latinus' domain; when he stopped, and looked back in vain for his lost friend. 'Euryalus, unhappy! on what ground have I left thee? or where shall I follow, again unwinding all the entanglement of the treacherous woodland way?' Therewith he marks and retraces his footsteps, and wanders down the silent thickets. He hears the horses, hears the clatter and signal-notes of the pursuers. Nor had he long to wait, when shouts reach his ears, and he sees Euryalus, whom even now, in the perplexity of ground and [397-431] darkness, the whole squadron have borne down in a sudden rush, and seize in spite of all his vain struggles. What shall he do? with what force, what arms dare his rescue? or shall he rush on his doom amid their swords, and find in their wounds a speedy and glorious death? Quickly he draws back his arm with poised spear, and looking up to the moon on high, utters this prayer: 'Do thou give present aid to our enterprise, O Latonian goddess, glory of the stars and guardian of the woodlands: by all the gifts my father Hyrtacus ever bore for my sake to thine altars, by all mine own hand hath added from my hunting, or hung in thy dome, or fixed on thy holy roof, grant me to confound these masses, and guide my javelin through the air.' He ended, and with all the force of his body hurls the steel. The flying spear whistles through the darkness of the night, and comes full on the shield of Sulmo, and there snaps, and the broken shaft passes on through his heart. Spouting a warm tide from his breast he rolls over chill in death, and his sides throb with long-drawn gasps. Hither and thither they gaze round. Lo, he all the fiercer was poising another weapon high by his ear; while they hesitate, the spear went whizzing through both Tagus' temples, and pierced and stuck fast in the warm brain. Volscens is mad with rage, and nowhere espies the sender of the weapon, nor where to direct his fury. 'Yet meanwhile thy warm blood shalt pay me vengeance for both,' he cries; and unsheathing his sword, he made at Euryalus. Then indeed frantic with terror Nisus shrieks out; no longer could he shroud himself in darkness or endure such agony. 'On me, on me, I am here, I did it, on me turn your steel, O Rutulians! Mine is all the guilt; he dared not, no, nor could not; to this heaven I appeal and the stars that know; he only loved his hapless friend too well.' Such words he was uttering; but the sword driven hard home is gone

[432-464] clean through his ribs and pierces the white breast. Euryalus rolls over in death, and the blood runs over his lovely limbs, and his neck sinks and settles on his shoulder; even as when a lustrous flower cut away by the plough droops in death, or weary-necked poppies bow down their head if overweighted with a random shower. But Nisus rushes amidst them, and alone among them all makes at Volscens, keeps to Volscens alone: round him the foe cluster, and on this side and that hurl him back: none the less he presses on, and whirls his sword like lightning, till he plunges it full in the face of the shrieking Rutulian, and slays his enemy as he dies. Then, stabbed through and through, he flung himself above his lifeless friend, and there at last found the quiet sleep of death.

Happy pair! if my verse is aught of avail, no length of days shall ever blot you from the memory of time, while the house of Aeneas shall dwell by the Capitoline's stedfast stone, and the lord of Rome hold sovereignty.

The victorious Rutulians, with their spoils and the plunder regained, bore dead Volscens weeping to the camp. Nor in the camp was the wailing less, when Rhamnes was found a bloodless corpse, and Serranus and Numa and all their princes destroyed in a single slaughter. Crowds throng towards the corpses and the men wounded to death, the ground fresh with warm slaughter and the swoln runlets of frothing blood. They mutually recognise the spoils, Messapus' shining helmet and the decorations that cost such sweat to win back.

And now Dawn, leaving the saffron bed of Tithonus, scattered over earth her fresh shafts of early light; now the sunlight streams in, now daylight unveils the world. Turnus, himself fully armed, awakes his men to arms, and each leader marshals to battle his brazen lines and whets their ardour with varying rumours. Nay, pitiable sight! they [465-499] fix on spear-points and uprear and follow with loud shouts the heads of Euryalus and Nisus. . . . The Aeneadae stubbornly face them, lining the left hand wall (for their right is girdled by the river), hold the deep trenches and stand gloomily on the high towers, stirred withal by the faces they know, alas, too well, in their dark dripping gore. Meanwhile Rumour on fluttering wings rushes with the news through the alarmed town and glides to the ears of Euryalus' mother. But instantly the warmth leaves her woeful

body, the shuttle starts from her hand and the threads unroll. She darts forth in agony, and with woman's wailing and torn hair runs distractedly towards the walls and the foremost columns, recking naught of men, naught of peril or weapons; thereon she fills the air with her complaint: 'Is it thus I behold thee, O Euryalus? Couldst thou, the latest solace of mine age, leave me alone so cruelly? nor when sent into such danger was one last word of thee allowed thine unhappy mother? Alas, thou liest in a strange land, given for a prey to the dogs and fowls of Latium! nor was I, thy mother, there for chief mourner, to lay thee out or close thine eyes or wash thy wounds, and cover thee with the garment I hastened on for thee whole nights and days, an anxious old woman taking comfort from the loom. Whither shall I follow? or what land now holds thy mangled corpse, thy body torn limb from limb? Is this all of what thou wert that returns to me, O my son? is it this I have followed by land and sea? Strike me through of your pity, on me cast all your weapons, Rutulians; make me the first sacrifice of your steel. Or do thou, mighty lord of heaven, be merciful, and with thine own weapon hurl this hateful life to the nether deep, since in no wise else may I break away from life's cruelty.' At this weeping cry their courage falters, and a sigh of sorrow passes all along; their strength is benumbed and broken for battle. Her, while [500-535] her grief kindled, at Ilioneus' and weeping Iulus' bidding Idaeus and Actor catch up and carry home in their arms.

But the terrible trumpet-note afar rang on the shrill brass; a shout follows, and is echoed from the sky. The Volscians hasten up in even line under their advancing roof of shields, and set to fill up the trenches and tear down the palisades. Some seek entrance by scaling the walls with ladders, where the defenders' battle-line is thin, and light shows through gaps in the ring of men. The Teucrians in return shower weapons of every sort, and push them down with stiff poles, practised by long warfare in their ramparts' defence: and fiercely hurl heavy stones, so be they may break the shielded line; while they, crowded under their shell, lightly bear all the downpour. But now they fail; for where the vast mass presses close, the Teucrians roll a huge block tumbling down that makes a wide gap in the Rutulians and crashes through their armour-plating. Nor do the bold Rutulians

care longer to continue the blind fight, but strive to clear the rampart with missiles. . . . Elsewhere in dreadful guise Mezentius brandishes his Etruscan pine and hurls smoking brands; but Messapus, tamer of horses, seed of Neptune, tears away the palisading and calls for ladders to the ramparts.

Thy sisterhood, O Calliope, I pray inspire me while I sing the destruction spread then and there by Turnus' sword, the deaths dealt from his hand, and whom each warrior sent down to the under world; and unroll with me the broad borders of war.

A tower loomed vast with lofty gangways at a point of vantage; this all the Italians strove with main strength to storm, and set all their might and device to overthrow it; the Trojans in return defended it with stones and hurled showers of darts through the loopholes. Turnus, leading the attack, threw a blazing torch that caught flaming on the [536-570] side wall; swoln by the wind, the flame seized the planking and clung devouring to the standards. Those within, in hurry and confusion, desire retreat from their distress; in vain; while they cluster together and fall back to the side free from the destroyer, the tower sinks prone under the sudden weight with a crash that thunders through all the sky. Pierced by their own weapons, and impaled on hard splinters of wood, they come half slain to the ground with the vast mass behind them. Scarcely do Helenor alone and Lycus struggle out; Helenor in his early prime, whom a slave woman of Licymnos bore in secret to the Maeonian king, and sent to Troy in forbidden weapons, lightly armed with sheathless sword and white unemblazoned shield. And he, when he saw himself among Turnus' encircling thousands, ranks on this side and ranks on this of Latins, as a wild beast which, girt with a crowded ring of hunters, dashes at their weapons, hurls herself unblinded on death, and comes with a bound upon the spears; even so he rushes to his death amid the enemy, and presses on where he sees their weapons thickest. But Lycus, far fleeter of foot, holds by the walls in flight midway among foes and arms, and strives to catch the coping in his grasp and reach the hands of his comrades. And Turnus pursuing and aiming as he ran, thus upbraids him in triumph: 'Didst thou hope, madman, thou mightest escape our hands?' and catches him as he clings, and tears him and a great piece of the wall away: as when, with a hare or

snowy-bodied swan in his crooked talons, Jove's armour-bearer soars aloft, or the wolf of Mars snatches from the folds some lamb sought of his mother with incessant bleating. On all sides a shout goes up. They advance and fill the trenches with heaps of earth; some toss glowing brands on the roofs. Ilioneus strikes down Lucetius with a great fragment of mountain rock as, carrying fire, he draws [571-606] nigh the gate. Liger slays Emathion, Asylas Corinaeus, the one skilled with the javelin, the other with the stealthy arrow from afar. Caeneus slays Ortygius; Turnus victorious Caeneus; Turnus Itys and Clonius, Dioxippus, and Promolus, and Sagaris, and Idas where he stood in front of the turret top; Capys Privernus: him Themillas' spear had first grazed lightly; the madman threw down his shield to carry his hand to the wound; so the arrow winged her way, and pinning his hand to his left side, broke into the lungs with deadly wound. The son of Arcens stood splendid in arms, and scarf embroidered with needlework and bright with Iberian blue, the beautiful boy sent by his father Arcens from nurture in the grove of our Lady about the streams of Symaethus, where Palicus' altar is rich and gracious. Laying down his spear, Mezentius whirled thrice round his head the tightened cord of his whistling sling, pierced him full between the temples with the molten bullet, and stretched him all his length upon the sand.

Then, it is said, Ascanius first aimed his flying shaft in war, wont before to frighten beasts of the chase, and struck down a brave Numanian, Remulus by name, but lately allied in bridal to Turnus' younger sister. He advancing before his ranks clamoured things fit and unfit to tell, and strode along lofty and voluble, his heart lifted up with his fresh royalty.

'Take you not shame to be again held leaguered in your ramparts, O Phrygians twice taken, and to make walls your fence from death? Behold them who demand in war our wives for theirs! What god, what madness, hath driven you to Italy? Here are no sons of Atreus nor glozing Ulysses. A race of hardy breed, we carry our newborn children to the streams and harden them in the bitter icy water; as boys they spend wakeful nights over the chase, and tire out the woodland; but in manhood, [607-639] unwearied by toil and trained to poverty, they subdue the soil with their mattocks, or shake towns

in war. Every age wears iron, and we goad the flanks of our oxen with reversed spear; nor does creeping old age weaken our strength of spirit or abate our force. White hairs bear the weight of the helmet; and it is ever our delight to drive in fresh spoil and live on our plunder. Yours is embroidered raiment of saffron and shining sea-purple. Indolence is your pleasure, your delight the luxurious dance; you wear sleeved tunics and ribboned turbans. O right Phrygian women, not even Phrygian men! traverse the heights of Dindymus, where the double-mouthed flute breathes familiar music. The drums call you, and the Berecynthian boxwood of the mother of Ida; leave arms to men, and lay down the sword.'

As he flung forth such words of ill-ominous strain, Ascanius brooked it not, and aimed an arrow on him from the stretched horse sinew; and as he drew his arms asunder, first stayed to supplicate Jove in lowly vows: 'Jupiter omnipotent, deign to favour this daring deed. My hands shall bear yearly gifts to thee in thy temple, and bring to stand before thine altars a steer with gilded forehead, snow-white, carrying his head high as his mother's, already pushing with his horn and making the sand fly up under his feet.' The Father heard and from a clear space of sky thundered on the left; at once the fated bow rings, the grim-whistling arrow flies from the tense string, and goes through the head of Remulus, the steel piercing through from temple to temple. 'Go, mock valour with insolence of speech! Phrygians twice taken return this answer to Rutulians.' Thus and no further Ascanius; the Teucrians respond in cheers, and shout for joy in rising height of courage. Then haply in the tract of heaven tressed Apollo sate looking down from his cloud on the [640-673]Ausonian ranks and town, and thus addresses triumphant Iulus: 'Good speed to thy young valour, O boy! this is the way to heaven, child of gods and parent of gods to be! Rightly shall all wars fated to come sink to peace beneath the line of Assaracus; nor art thou bounded in a Troy.' So speaking, he darts from heaven's height, and cleaving the breezy air, seeks Ascanius. Then he changes the fashion of his countenance, and becomes aged Butes, armour-bearer of old to Dardanian Anchises, and the faithful porter of his threshold; thereafter his lord gave him for Ascanius' attendant. In all points like the old man Apollo came, voice and colour, white hair, and grimly clashing arms,

and speaks these words to eager Iulus:

‘Be it enough, son of Aeneas, that the Numanian hath fallen unavenged beneath thine arrows; this first honour great Apollo allows thee, nor envies the arms that match his own. Further, O boy, let war alone.’ Thus Apollo began, and yet speaking retreated from mortal view, vanishing into thin air away out of their eyes. The Dardanian princes knew the god and the arms of deity, and heard the clash of his quiver as he went. So they restrain Ascanius’ keenness for battle by the words of Phoebus’ will; themselves they again close in conflict, and cast their lives into the perilous breach. Shouts run all along the battlemented walls; ringing bows are drawn and javelin thongs twisted: all the ground is strewn with missiles. Shields and hollow helmets ring to blows; the battle swells fierce; heavy as the shower lashes the ground that sets in when the Kids are rainy in the West; thick as hail pours down from storm-clouds on the shallows, when the rough lord of the winds congeals his watery deluge and breaks up the hollow vapours in the sky.

Pandarus and Bitias, sprung of Alcanor of Ida, whom woodland Iæra bore in the grove of Jupiter, grown now [674-709] tall as their ancestral pines and hills, fling open the gates barred by their captain’s order, and confident in arms, wilfully invite the enemy within the walls. Themselves within they stand to right and left in front of the towers, sheathed in iron, the plumes flickering over their stately heads: even as high in air around the gliding streams, whether on Padus’ banks or by pleasant Athesis, twin oaks rise lifting their unshorn heads into the sky with high tops asway. The Rutulians pour in when they see the entrance open. Straightway Quercens and Aquicolus beautiful in arms, and desperate Tmarus, and Haemon, seed of Mars, either gave back in rout with all their columns, or in the very gateway laid down their life. Then the spirits of the combatants swell in rising wrath, and now the Trojans gather swarming to the spot, and dare to close hand to hand and to sally farther out.

News is brought to Turnus the captain, as he rages afar among the routed foe, that the enemy surges forth into fresh slaughter and flings wide his gates. He breaks off unfinished, and, fired with immense anger, rushes towards the haughty brethren at the Dardanian gate.

And on Antiphates first, for first he came, the bastard son of mighty Sarpedon by a Theban mother, he hurls his javelin and strikes him down; the Italian cornel flies through the yielding air, and, piercing the gullet, runs deep into his breast; a frothing tide pours from the dark yawning wound, and the steel grows warm where it pierces the lung. Then Meropes and Erymas, then Aphidnus goes down before his hand; then Bitias, fiery-eyed and exultant, not with a javelin; for not to a javelin had he given his life; but the loud-whistling pike came hurled with a thunderbolt's force; neither twofold bull's hide kept it back, nor the trusty corslet's double scales of gold: his vast limbs sink in a heap; earth utters a groan, and the great shield clashes [710-745] over him: even as once and again on the Euboic shore of Baiae falls a mass of stone, built up of great blocks and so cast into the sea; thus does it tumble prone, crashes into the shoal water and sinks deep to rest; the seas are stirred, and the dark sand eddies up; therewith the depth of Prochyta quivers at the sound, and the couchant rocks of Inarime, piled above Typhoeus by Jove's commands.

On this Mars armipotent raised the spirit and strength of the Latins, and goaded their hearts to rage, and sent Flight and dark Fear among the Teucrians. From all quarters they gather, since battle is freely offered; and the warrior god inspires. . . . Pandarus, at his brother's fall, sees how fortune stands, what hap rules the day; and swinging the gate round on its hinge with all his force, pushes it to with his broad shoulders, leaving many of his own people shut outside the walls in the desperate conflict, but shutting others in with him as they pour back in retreat. Madman! who saw not the Rutulian prince burst in amid their columns, and fairly shut him into the town, like a monstrous tiger among the silly flocks. At once strange light flashed from his eyes, and his armour rang terribly; the blood-red plumes flicker on his head, and lightnings shoot sparkling from his shield. In sudden dismay the Aeneadae know the hated form and giant limbs. Then tall Pandarus leaps forward, in burning rage at his brother's death: 'This is not the palace of Amata's dower,' he cries, 'nor does Ardea enclose Turnus in her native walls. Thou seest a hostile camp; escape hence is hopeless.' To him Turnus, smiling and cool: 'Begin with all thy valiance, and close hand to hand; here too

shalt thou tell that a Priam found his Achilles.' He ended; the other, putting out all his strength, hurls his rough spear, knotty and unpeeled. The breezes caught it; Juno, daughter of Saturn, [746-780] made the wound glance off as it came, and the spear sticks fast in the gate. 'But this weapon that my strong hand whirls, this thou shalt not escape; for not such is he who sends weapon and wound.' So speaks he, and rises high on his uplifted sword; the steel severs the forehead midway right between the temples, and divides the beardless cheeks with ghastly wound. He crashes down; earth shakes under the vast weight; dying limbs and brain-spattered armour tumble in a heap to the ground, and the head, evenly severed, dangles this way and that from either shoulder. The Trojans scatter and turn in hasty terror; and had the conqueror forthwith taken thought to burst the bars and let in his comrades at the gate, that had been the last day of the war and of the nation. But rage and mad thirst of slaughter drive him like fire on the foe. . . . First he catches up Phalaris; then Gyges, and hamstringing him; he plucks away their spears, and hurls them on the backs of the flying crowd; Juno lends strength and courage. Halys he sends to join them, and Phegeus, pierced right through the shield; then, as they ignorantly raised their war-cry on the walls, Alcander and Halius, Noëmon and Prytanis. Lynceus advanced to meet him, calling up his comrades; from the rampart the glittering sword sweeps to the left and catches him; struck off by the one downright blow, head and helmet lay far away. Next Amycus fell, the deadly huntsman, incomparable in skill of hand to anoint his arrows and arm their steel with venom; and Clytius the Aeolid, and Cretheus beloved of the Muses, Cretheus of the Muses' company, whose delight was ever in songs and harps and stringing of verses; ever he sang of steeds and armed men and battles.

At last, hearing of the slaughter of their men, the Teucrian captains, Mnestheus and gallant Serestus, come up, and see their comrades in disordered flight and the foe [781-814] let in. And Mnestheus: 'Whither next, whither press you in flight? what other walls, what farther city have you yet? Shall one man, and he girt in on all sides, fellow-citizens, by your entrenchments, thus unchecked deal devastation throughout our city, and send all our best warriors to the under world? Have you no pity, no shame, cowards, for your

unhappy country, for your ancient gods, for great Aeneas?’

Kindled by such words, they take heart and rally in dense array. Little by little Turnus drew away from the fight towards the river, and the side encircled by the stream: the more bravely the Teucrians press on him with loud shouts and thickening masses, even as a band that fall on a wrathful lion with levelled weapons, but he, frightened back, retires surly and grim-glaring; and neither does wrath nor courage let him turn his back, nor can he make head, for all that he desires it, against the surrounding arms and men. Even thus Turnus draws lingeringly backward, with unhastened steps, and soul boiling in anger. Nay, twice even then did he charge amid the enemy, twice drove them in flying rout along the walls. But all the force of the camp gathers hastily up; nor does Juno, daughter of Saturn, dare to supply him strength to countervail; for Jupiter sent Iris down through the aery sky, bearing stern orders to his sister that Turnus shall withdraw from the high Trojan town. Therefore neither with shield nor hand can he keep his ground, so overpoweringly from all sides comes upon him the storm of weapons. About the hollows of his temples the helmet rings with incessant clash, and the solid brass is riven beneath the stones; the horsehair crest is rent away; the shield-boss avails not under the blows; Mnestheus thunders on with his Trojans, and pours in a storm of spears. All over him the sweat trickles and pours in swart stream, and no breathing space is given; sick gasps shake [815-818] his exhausted limbs. Then at last, with a headlong bound, he leapt fully armed into the river; the river’s yellow eddies opened for him as he came, and the buoyant water brought him up, and, washing away the slaughter, returned him triumphant to his comrades.

BOOK TENTH

THE BATTLE ON THE BEACH

Meanwhile the heavenly house omnipotent unfolds her doors, and the father of gods and king of men calls a council in the starry dwelling; whence he looks sheer down on the whole earth, the Dardanian camp, and the peoples of Latium. They sit down within from doorway to doorway: their lord begins:

‘Lords of heaven, wherefore is your decree turned back, and your minds thus jealously at strife? I forbade Italy to join battle with the Teucrians; why this quarrel in face of my injunction? What terror hath bidden one or another run after arms and tempt the sword? The due time of battle will arrive, call it not forth, when furious Carthage shall one day sunder the Alps to hurl ruin full on the towers of Rome. Then hatred may grapple with hatred, then hostilities be opened; now let them be, and cheerfully join in the treaty we ordain.’

Thus Jupiter in brief; but not briefly golden Venus returns in answer: . . .

‘O Lord, O everlasting Governor of men and things — for what else may we yet supplicate? — beholdest thou how the Rutulians brave it, and Turnus, borne charioted through the ranks, proudly sweeps down the tide of battle? Bar and bulwark no longer shelter the Trojans; nay, within the gates and even on the mounded walls they clash in battle and make the trenches swim with blood. Aeneas is away and ignorant. Wilt thou never then let our leaguer be raised? Again a foe overhangs the walls of infant Troy; and another army, and a second son of Tydeus rises from Aetolian Arpi against the Trojans. Truly I think my wounds are yet to come, and I thy child am keeping some mortal weapons idle. If the Trojans steered for Italy without thy leave and defiant of thy deity, let them expiate their sin; aid not such with thy succour. But if so many oracles guided them, given by god and ghost, why may aught now reverse thine ordinance or write destiny anew? Why should I recall the fleets burned on the coast of Eryx? why the king of storms, and the raging winds roused from Aeolia, or Iris driven down the clouds? Now hell too is stirred (this share of the world was yet untried) and Allecto suddenly let

loose above to riot through the Italian towns. In no wise am I moved for empire; that was our hope while Fortune stood; let those conquer whom thou wilt. If thy cruel wife leave no region free to Teucrians, by the smoking ruins of desolated Troy, O father, I beseech thee, grant Ascanius unhurt retreat from arms, grant me my child's life. Aeneas may well be tossed over unknown seas and follow what path soever fortune open to him; him let me avail to shelter and withdraw from the turmoil of battle. Amathus is mine, high Paphos and Cythera, and my house of Idalia; here, far from arms, let him spend an inglorious life. Bid Carthage in high lordship rule Ausonia; there will be nothing there to check the Tyrian cities. What help was it for the Trojans to escape war's doom and thread their flight through Argive fires, to have exhausted all those perils of sea and desolate lands, while they seek Latium and the towers of a Troy rebuilt? Were it not better to have clung to the last ashes of their country, and the ground where once was Troy? Give back, I pray, Xanthus and Simoïs to a wretched people, and let the Teucrians again, O Lord, circle through the fates of Ilium.'

Then Queen Juno, swift and passionate:

'Why forcest thou me to break long silence and proclaim my hidden pain? Hath any man or god constrained Aeneas to court war or make armed attack on King Latinus? In oracular guidance he steered for Italy: be it so: he whom raving Cassandra sent on his way! Did we urge him to quit the camp or entrust his life to the winds? to give the issue of war and the charge of his ramparts to a child? to stir the loyalty of Tyrrhenia or throw peaceful nations into tumult? What god, what potent cruelty of ours, hath driven him on his hurt? Where is Juno in this, or Iris sped down the clouds? It shocks thee that Italians should enring an infant Troy with flame, and Turnus set foot on his own ancestral soil — he, grandchild of Pylumus, son of Venilia the goddess: how, that the dark brands of Troy assail the Latins? that Trojans subjugate and plunder fields not their own? how, that they choose their brides and tear plighted bosom from bosom? that their gestures plead for peace, and their ships are lined with arms? Thou canst steal thine Aeneas from Grecian hands, and spread before them a human semblance of mist and empty air; thou canst turn his fleet into nymphs of like number:

is it dreadful if we retaliate with any aid to the Rutulians? Aeneas is away and ignorant; away and ignorant let him be. Paphos is thine and Idalium, thine high Cythera; why meddlest thou with fierce spirits and a city big with war? Is it we who would overthrow the tottering state of Phrygia? we? or he who brought the Achaeans down on the hapless Trojans? who made Europe and Asia bristle up in arms, and whose theft shattered the alliance? Was it in my guidance the adulterous Dardanian broke into Sparta? or did I send the shafts of passion that kindled war? Then terror for thy children had graced thee; too late now dost thou rise with unjust complaints, and reproaches leave thy lips in vain.'

Thus Juno pleaded; and all the heavenly people murmured in diverse consent; even as rising gusts murmur when caught in the forests, and eddy in blind moanings, betraying to sailors the gale's approach. Then the Lord omnipotent and primal power of the world begins; as he speaks the high house of the gods and trembling floor of earth sink to silence; silent is the deep sky, and the breezes are stilled; ocean hushes his waters into calm.

'Take then to heart and lay deep these words of mine. Since it may not be that Ausonians and Teucrians join alliance, and your quarrel finds no term, to-day, what fortune each wins, what hope each follows, be he Trojan or Rutulian, I will hold in even poise; whether it be Italy's fate or Trojan blundering and ill advice that holds the camp in leaguer. Nor do I acquit the Rutulians. Each as he hath begun shall work out his destiny. Jupiter is one and king over all; the fates will find their way.' By his brother's infernal streams, by the banks of the pitchy black-boiling chasm he signed assent, and made all Olympus quiver at his nod. Here speaking ended: thereon Jupiter rises from his golden throne, and the heavenly people surround and escort him to the doorway.

Meanwhile the Rutulians press round all the gates, dealing grim slaughter and girdling the walls with flame. But the army of the Aeneadae are held leaguered within their trenches, with no hope of retreat. They stand helpless and disconsolate on their high towers, and their thin ring girdles the walls, — Asius, son of Imbrasus, and Thymoetes, son of Hicetaon, and the two Assaraci, and Castor, and old Thymbris together in the front rank: by them Clarus and

[126-160]Themon, both full brothers to Sarpedon, out of high Lycia. Acmon of Lyrnesus, great as his father Clytius, or his brother Mnestheus, carries a stone, straining all his vast frame to the huge mountain fragment. Emulously they keep their guard, these with javelins, those with stones, and wield fire and fit arrows on the string. Amid them he, Venus' fittest care, lo! the Dardanian boy, his graceful head uncovered, shines even as a gem set in red gold on ornament of throat or head, or even as gleaming ivory cunningly inlaid in boxwood or Orician terebinth; his tresses lie spread over his milk-white neck, bound by a flexible circlet of gold. Thee, too, Ismarus, proud nations saw aiming wounds and arming thy shafts with poison, — thee, of house illustrious in Maeonia, where the rich tilth is wrought by men's hands, and Pactolus waters it with gold. There too was Mnestheus, exalted in fame as he who erewhile had driven Turnus from the ramparts; and Capys, from whom is drawn the name of the Campanian city.

They had closed in grim war's mutual conflict; Aeneas, while night was yet deep, clove the seas. For when, leaving Evander for the Etruscan camp, he hath audience of the king, and tells the king of his name and race, and what he asks or offers, instructs him of the arms Mezentius is winning to his side, and of Turnus' overbearing spirit, reminds him what is all the certainty of human things, and mingles all with entreaties; delaying not, Tarchon joins forces and strikes alliance. Then, freed from the oracle, the Lydian people man their fleet, laid by divine ordinance in the foreign captain's hand. Aeneas' galley keeps in front, with the lions of Phrygia fastened on her prow, above them overhanging Ida, sight most welcome to the Trojan exiles. Here great Aeneas sits revolving the changing issues of war; and Pallas, clinging on his left side, asks now [161-195] of the stars and their pathway through the dark night, now of his fortunes by land and sea.

Open now the gates of Helicon, goddesses, and stir the song of the band that come the while with Aeneas from the Tuscan borders, and sail in armed ships overseas.

First in the brazen-plated Tiger Massicus cuts the flood; beneath him are ranked a thousand men who have left Clusium town and the city of Cosae; their weapons are arrows, and light quivers on the

shoulder, and their deadly bow. With him goes grim Abas, all his train in shining armour, and a gilded Apollo glittering astern. To him Populonia had given six hundred of her children, tried in war, but Ilva three hundred, the island rich in unexhausted mines of steel. Third Asilas, interpreter between men and gods, master of the entrails of beasts and the stars in heaven, of speech of birds and ominous lightning flashes, draws a thousand men after him in serried lines bristling with spears, bidden to his command from Pisa city, of Alphean birth on Etruscan soil. Astyr follows, excellent in beauty, Astyr, confident in his horse and glancing arms. Three hundred more — all have one heart to follow — come from the householders of Caere and the fields of Minio, and ancient Pyrgi, and fever-stricken Graviscae.

Let me not pass thee by, O Cinyras, bravest in war of Ligurian captains, and thee, Cupavo, with thy scant company, from whose crest rise the swan plumes, fault, O Love, of thee and thine, and blazonment of his father's form. For they tell that Cycnus, in grief for his beloved Phaëthon, while he sings and soothes his woeful love with music amid the shady sisterhood of poplar boughs, drew over him the soft plumage of white old age, and left earth and passed crying through the sky. His son, followed on shipboard with a band of like age, sweeps the huge Centaur forward with his oars; he leans over the water, and [196-227] threatens the waves with a vast rock he holds on high, and furrows the deep seas with his length of keel.

He too calls a train from his native coasts, Ocnus, son of prophetic Manto and the river of Tuscany, who gave thee, O Mantua, ramparts and his mother's name; Mantua, rich in ancestry, yet not all of one blood, a threefold race, and under each race four cantons; herself she is the cantons' head, and her strength is of Tuscan blood. From her likewise hath Mezentius five hundred in arms against him, whom Mincius, child of Benacus, draped in gray reeds, led to battle in his advancing pine. Aulestes moves on heavily, smiting the waves with the swinging forest of an hundred oars; the channels foam as they sweep the sea-floor. He sails in the vast Triton, who amazes the blue waterways with his shell, and swims on with shaggy front, in human show from the flank upward; his belly ends in a dragon; beneath the monster's breast the wave gurgles into foam. So many were the

chosen princes who went in thirty ships to aid Troy, and cut the salt plains with brazen prow.

And now day had faded from the sky, and gracious Phoebe trod mid-heaven in the chariot of her nightly wandering: Aeneas, for his charge allows not rest to his limbs, himself sits guiding the tiller and managing the sails. And lo, in middle course a band of his own fellow-voyagers meets him, the nymphs whom bountiful Cybele had bidden be gods of the sea, and turn to nymphs from ships; they swam on in even order, and cleft the flood, as many as erewhile, brazen-plated prows, had anchored on the beach. From far they know their king, and wheel their bands about him, and Cymodocea, their readiest in speech, comes up behind, catching the stern with her right hand: her back rises out, and her left hand oars her passage through the silent water. Then she thus [228-261] accosts her amazed lord: 'Wakest thou, seed of gods, Aeneas? wake, and loosen the sheets of thy sails. We are thy fleet, Idaean pines from the holy hill, now nymphs of the sea. When the treacherous Rutulian urged us headlong with sword and fire, unwillingly we broke thy bonds, and we search for thee over ocean. This new guise our Lady made for us in pity, and granted us to be goddesses and spend our life under the waves. But thy boy Ascanius is held within wall and trench among the Latin weapons and the rough edge of war. Already the Arcadian cavalry and the brave Etruscan together hold the appointed ground. Turnus' plan is fixed to bar their way with his squadrons, that they may not reach the camp. Up and arise, and ere the coming of the Dawn bid thy crews be called to arms; and take thou the shield which the Lord of Fire forged for victory and rimmed about with gold. To-morrow's daylight, if thou deem not my words vain, shall see Rutulians heaped high in slaughter.' She ended, and, as she went, pushed the tall ship on with her hand wisely and well; the ship shoots through the water fleeter than javelin or windswift arrow. Thereat the rest quicken their speed. The son of Anchises of Troy is himself deep in bewilderment; yet the omen cheers his courage. Then looking on the heavenly vault, he briefly prays: 'O gracious upon Ida, mother of gods, whose delight is in Dindymus and turreted cities and lions coupled to thy rein, do thou lead me in battle, do thou meetly prosper thine augury, and draw nigh thy Phrygians, goddess, with favourable feet.' Thus

much he spoke; and meanwhile the broad light of returning day now began to pour in, and chased away the night. First he commands his comrades to follow his signals, brace their courage to arms and prepare for battle. And now his Trojans and his camp are in his sight as he stands high astern, when next he lifts the [262-296] blazing shield on his left arm. The Dardanians on the walls raise a shout to the sky. Hope comes to kindle wrath; they hurl their missiles strongly; even as under black clouds cranes from the Strymon utter their signal notes and sail clamouring across the sky, and noisily stream down the gale. But this seemed marvellous to the Rutulian king and the captains of Ausonia, till looking back they see the ships steering for the beach, and all the sea as a single fleet sailing in. His helmet-spike blazes, flame pours from the cresting plumes, and the golden shield-boss spouts floods of fire; even as when in transparent night comets glow blood-red and drear, or the splendour of Sirius, that brings drought and sicknesses on wretched men, rises and saddens the sky with malignant beams.

Yet gallant Turnus in unflinching confidence will prevent them on the shore and repel their approach to land. 'What your prayers have sought is given, the sweep of the sword-arm. The god of battles is in the hands of men. Now remember each his wife and home: now recall the high deeds of our fathers' honour. Let us challenge meeting at the water's edge, while they waver and their feet yet slip as they disembark. Fortune aids daring. . . .' So speaks he, and counsels inly whom he shall lead to meet them, whom leave in charge of the leaguered walls.

Meanwhile Aeneas lands his allies by gangways from the high ships. Many watch the retreat and slack of the sea, and leap boldly into the shoal water; others slide down the oars. Tarchon, marking the shore where the shallows do not seethe and splash with broken water, but the sea glides up and spreads its tide unbroken, suddenly turns his bows to land and implores his comrades: 'Now, O chosen crew, bend strongly to your oars; lift your ships, make them go; let the prows cleave this hostile land and the keel plough [297-330] herself a furrow. I will let my vessel break up on such harbourage if once she takes the land.' When Tarchon had spoken in such wise, his comrades rise on their oar-blades and carry their ships in foam

towards the Latin fields, till the prows are fast on dry land and all the keels are aground unhurt. But not thy galley, Tarchon; for she dashes on a shoal, and swings long swaying on the cruel bank, pitching and slapping the flood, then breaks up, and lands her crew among the waves. Broken oars and floating thwarts entangle them, and the ebbing wave sucks their feet away.

Nor does Turnus keep idly dallying, but swiftly hurries his whole array against the Trojans and ranges it to face the beach. The trumpets blow. At once Aeneas charges and confounds the rustic squadrons of the Latins, and slays Theron for omen of battle. The giant advances to challenge Aeneas; but through sewed plates of brass and tunic rough with gold the sword plunges in his open side. Next he strikes Lichas, cut from his mother already dead, and consecrated, Phoebus, to thee, since his infancy was granted escape from the perilous steel. Near thereby he struck dead brawny Cisseus and vast Gyas, whose clubs were mowing down whole files: naught availed them the arms of Hercules and their strength of hand, nor Melampus their father, ever of Alcides' company while earth yielded him sore travail. Lo! while Pharus utters weak vaunts the hurled javelin strikes on his shouting mouth. Thou too, while thou followest thy new delight, Clytius, whose cheeks are golden with youthful down — thou, luckless Cydon, struck down by the Dardanian hand, wert lying past thought, ah pitiable! of the young loves that were ever thine, did not the close array of thy brethren interpose, the children of Phorcus, seven in number, and send a sevenfold shower of darts. Some glance ineffectual from helmet and shield; [331-365] some Venus the bountiful turned aside as they grazed his body. Aeneas calls to trusty Achates: 'Give me store of weapons; none that hath been planted in Grecian body on the plains of Ilium shall my hand hurl at Rutulian in vain.' Then he catches and throws his great spear; the spear flies grinding through the brass of Maeon's shield, and breaks through corslet and through breast. His brother Alcanor runs up and sustains with his right arm his sinking brother; through his arm the spear passes speeding straight on its message, and holds its bloody way, and the hand dangles by the sinews lifeless from the shoulder. Then Numitor, seizing his dead brother's javelin, aims at Aeneas, but might not fairly pierce him, and grazed tall Achates on

the thigh. Here Clausus of Cures comes confident in his pride of strength, and with a long reach strikes Dryops under the chin, and, urging the stiff spear-shaft home, stops the accents of his speech and his life together, piercing the throat; but he strikes the earth with his forehead, and vomits clots of blood. Three Thracians likewise of Boreas' sovereign race, and three sent by their father Idas from their native Ismarus, fall in divers wise before him. Halesus and his Auruncan troops hasten thither; Messapus too, seed of Neptune, comes up charioted. This side and that strive to hurl back the enemy, and fight hard on the very edge of Ausonia. As when in the depth of air adverse winds rise in battle with equal spirit and strength; not they, not clouds nor sea, yield one to another; long the battle is doubtful; all stands locked in counterpoise: even thus clash the ranks of Troy and ranks of Latium, foot fast on foot, and man crowded up on man.

But in another quarter, where a torrent had driven a wide path of rolling stones and bushes torn away from the banks, Pallas saw his Arcadians, unaccustomed to move as infantry, giving back before the Latin pursuit, when the [366-400] roughness of the ground bade them dismount. This only was left in his strait, to kindle them to valour, now by entreaties, now by taunts: 'Whither flee you, comrades? by your deeds of bravery, by your leader Evander's name, by your triumphant campaigns, and my hope that now rises to rival my father's honour, trust not to flight. Our swords must hew a way through the enemy. Where yonder mass of men presses thickest, there your proud country calls you with Pallas at your head. No gods are they who bear us down; mortals, we feel the pressure of a mortal foe; we have as many lives and hands as he. Lo, the deep shuts us in with vast sea barrier; even now land fails our flight; shall we make ocean or Troy our goal?'

So speaks he, and bursts amid the serried foe. First Lagus meets him, drawn thither by malign destiny; him, as he tugs at a ponderous stone, hurling his spear where the spine ran dissevering the ribs, he pierces and wrenches out the spear where it stuck fast in the bone. Nor does Hisbo catch him stooping, for all that he hoped it; for Pallas, as he rushes unguarded on, furious at his comrade's cruel death, receives him on his sword and buries it in his distended lungs.

Next he attacks Sthenius, and Anchemolus of Rhoetus' ancient family, who dared to violate the bridal chamber of his stepmother. You, too, the twins Larides and Thymber, fell on the Rutulian fields, children of Daucus, indistinguishable for likeness and a sweet perplexity to your parents. But now Pallas made cruel difference between you; for thy head, Thymber, is swept off by Evander's sword; thy right hand, Larides, severed, seeks its master, and the dying fingers jerk and clutch at the sword. Fired by his encouragement, and beholding his noble deeds, the Arcadians advance in wrath and shame to meet the enemy in arms. Then Pallas pierces Rhoeteus as he flies past in his chariot. This space, this [401-435] much of respite was given to Ilus; for at Ilus he had aimed the strong spear from afar, and Rhoeteus intercepts its passage, in flight from thee, noble Teuthras and Tyres thy brother; he rolls from the chariot in death, and his heels strike the Rutulian fields. And as the shepherd, when summer winds have risen to his desire, kindles the woods dispersedly; on a sudden the mid spaces catch, and a single flickering line of fire spreads wide over the plain; he sits looking down on his conquest and the revel of the flames; even so, Pallas, do thy brave comrades gather close to sustain thee. But warrior Halesus advances full on them, gathering himself behind his armour; he slays Ladon, Pheres, Demodocus; his gleaming sword shears off Strymonius' hand as it rises to his throat; he strikes Thoas on the face with a stone, and drives the bones asunder in a shattered mass of blood and brains. Halesus had his father the soothsayer kept hidden in the woodland: when the old man's glazing eyes sank to death, the Fates laid hand on him and devoted him to the arms of Evander. Pallas aims at him, first praying thus: 'Grant now, lord Tiber, to the steel I poise and hurl, a prosperous way through brawny Halesus' breast; thine oak shall bear these arms and the dress he wore.' The god heard it; while Halesus covers Imaon, he leaves, alas! his breast unarmed to the Arcadian's weapon. Yet at his grievous death Lausus, himself a great arm of the war, lets not his columns be dismayed; at once he meets and cuts down Abas, the check and stay of their battle. The men of Arcadia go down before him; down go the Etruscans, and you, O Teucrians, invincible by Greece. The armies close, matched in strength and in captains; the rear ranks crowd in;

weapons and hands are locked in the press. Here Pallas strains and pushes on, here Lausus opposite, nearly matched in age, excellent in beauty; but fortune [436-467] had denied both return to their own land. Yet that they should meet face to face the sovereign of high Olympus allowed not; an early fate awaits them beneath a mightier foe.

Meanwhile Turnus' gracious sister bids him take Lausus' room, and his fleet chariot parts the ranks. When he saw his comrades, 'It is time,' he cried, 'to stay from battle. I alone must assail Pallas; to me and none other Pallas is due; I would his father himself were here to see.' So speaks he, and his Rutulians draw back from a level space at his bidding. But then as they withdrew, he, wondering at the haughty command, stands in amaze at Turnus, his eyes scanning the vast frame, and his fierce glance perusing him from afar. And with these words he returns the words of the monarch: 'For me, my praise shall even now be in the lordly spoils I win, or in illustrious death: my father will bear calmly either lot: away with menaces.' He speaks, and advances into the level ring. The Arcadians' blood gathers chill about their hearts. Turnus leaps from his chariot and prepares to close with him. And as a lion sees from some lofty outlook a bull stand far off on the plain revolving battle, and flies at him, even such to see is Turnus' coming. When Pallas deemed him within reach of a spear-throw, he advances, if so chance may assist the daring of his overmatched strength, and thus cries into the depth of sky: 'By my father's hospitality and the board whereto thou camest a wanderer, on thee I call, Alcides; be favourable to my high emprise; let Turnus even in death discern me stripping his blood-stained armour, and his swooning eyes endure the sight of his conqueror.' Alcides heard him, and deep in his heart he stifled a heavy sigh, and let idle tears fall. Then with kindly words the father accosts his son: 'Each hath his own appointed day; short and irrecoverable [468-502] is the span of life for all: but to spread renown by deeds is the task of valour. Under high Troy town many and many a god's son fell; nay, mine own child Sarpedon likewise perished. Turnus too his own fate summons, and his allotted period hath reached the goal.' So speaks he, and turns his eyes away from the Rutulian fields. But Pallas hurls his spear with all his strength, and pulls his sword flashing out of the

hollow scabbard. The flying spear lights where the armour rises high above the shoulder, and, forcing a way through the shield's rim, ceased not till it drew blood from mighty Turnus. At this Turnus long poises the spear-shaft with its sharp steel head, and hurls it on Pallas with these words: See thou if our weapon have not a keener point. He ended; but for all the shield's plating of iron and brass, for all the bull-hide that covers it round about, the quivering spear-head smashes it fair through and through, passes the guard of the corslet, and pierces the breast with a gaping hole. He tears the warm weapon from the wound; in vain; together and at once life-blood and sense follow it. He falls heavily on the ground, his armour clashes over him, and his bloodstained face sinks in death on the hostile soil. And Turnus standing over him . . . : 'Arcadians,' he cries, 'remember these my words, and bear them to Evander. I send him back his Pallas as was due. All the meed of the tomb, all the solace of sepulture, I give freely. Dearly must he pay his welcome to Aeneas.' And with these words, planting his left foot on the dead, he tore away the broad heavy sword-belt engraven with a tale of crime, the array of grooms foully slain together on their bridal night, and the nuptial chambers dabbled with blood, which Clonus, son of Eurytus, had wrought richly in gold. Now Turnus exults in spoiling him of it, and rejoices at his prize. Ah spirit of man, ignorant of fate and the allotted future, or to keep bounds when elate with prosperity! — the day will [503-535] come when Turnus shall desire to have bought Pallas' safety at a great ransom, and curse the spoils of this fatal day. But with many moans and tears Pallas' comrades lay him on his shield and bear him away amid their ranks. O grief and glory and grace of the father to whom thou shalt return! This one day sent thee first to war, this one day takes thee away, while yet thou leavest heaped high thy Rutulian dead.

And now no rumour of the dreadful loss, but a surer messenger flies to Aeneas, telling him his troops are on the thin edge of doom; it is time to succour the routed Teucrians. He mows down all that meets him, and hews a broad path through their columns with furious sword, as he seeks thee, O Turnus, in thy fresh pride of slaughter. Pallas, Evander, all flash before his eyes; the board whereto but then he had first come a wanderer, and the clasped hands. Here four of

Sulmo's children, as many more of Ufens' nurture, are taken by him alive to slaughter in sacrifice to the shade below, and slake the flames of the pyre with captive blood. Next he levelled his spear full on Magus from far. He stoops cunningly; the spear flies quivering over him; and, clasping his knees, he speaks thus beseechingly: 'By thy father's ghost, by Iulus thy growing hope, I entreat thee, save this life for a child and a parent. My house is stately; deep in it lies buried wealth of engraven silver; I have masses of wrought and unwrought gold. The victory of Troy does not turn on this, nor will a single life make so great a difference.' He ended; to him Aeneas thus returns answer: 'All the wealth of silver and gold thou tellest of, spare thou for thy children. Turnus hath broken off this thy trafficking in war, even then when Pallas fell. Thus judges the ghost of my father Anchises, thus Iulus.' So speaking, he grasps his helmet with his left hand, and, bending back his neck, drives his [536-572] sword up to the hilt in the suppliant. Hard by is Haemonides, priest of Phoebus and Trivia, his temples wound with the holy ribboned chaplet, all glittering in white-robed array. Him he meets and chases down the plain, and, standing over his fallen foe, slaughters him and wraps him in great darkness; Serestus gathers the armour and carries it away on his shoulders, a trophy, King Gradivus, to thee. Caeculus, born of Vulcan's race, and Umbro, who comes from the Marsian hills, fill up the line. The Dardanian rushes full on them. His sword had hewn off Anxur's left arm, with all the circle of the shield — he had uttered brave words and deemed his prowess would second his vaunts, and perchance with spirit lifted up had promised himself hoar age and length of years — when Tarquitus in the pride of his glittering arms met his fiery course, whom the nymph Dryope had borne to Faunus, haunter of the woodland. Drawing back his spear, he pins the ponderous shield to the corslet; then, as he vainly pleaded and would say many a thing, strikes his head to the ground, and, rolling away the warm body, cries thus over his enemy: 'Lie there now, terrible one! no mother's love shall lay thee in the sod, or place thy limbs beneath thine heavy ancestral tomb. To birds of prey shalt thou be left, or borne down sunk in the eddying water, where hungry fish shall suck thy wounds.' Next he sweeps on Antaeus and Lucas, the first of Turnus' train, and brave Numa and tawny-haired Camers,

born of noble Volscens, who was wealthiest in land of the Ausonians, and reigned in silent Amyclae. Even as Aegaeon, who, men say, had an hundred arms, an hundred hands, fifty mouths and breasts ablaze with fire, and arrayed against Jove's thunders as many clashing shields and drawn swords: so Aeneas, when once his sword's point grew warm, rages victorious over all the field. Nay, lo! he darts full in face on Niphaeus' four-horse chariot; before his long strides [573-608] and dreadful cry they turned in terror and dashed back, throwing out their driver and tearing the chariot down the beach. Meanwhile the brothers Lucagus and Liger drive up with their pair of white horses. Lucagus valiantly waves his drawn sword, while his brother wheels his horses with the rein. Aeneas, wrathful at their mad onslaught, rushes on them, towering high with levelled spear. To him Liger . . . 'Not Diomedes' horses dost thou discern, nor Achilles' chariot, nor the plains of Phrygia: now on this soil of ours the war and thy life shall end together.' Thus fly mad Liger's random words. But not in words does the Trojan hero frame his reply: for he hurls his javelin at the foe. As Lucagus spurred on his horses, bending forward over the whip, with left foot advanced ready for battle, the spear passes through the lower rim of his shining shield and pierces his left groin, knocks him out of the chariot, and stretches him in death on the fields. To him good Aeneas speaks in bitter words: 'Lucagus, no slackness in thy coursers' flight hath betrayed thee, or vain shadow of the foe turned them back; thyself thou leapest off the harnessed wheels.' In such wise he spoke, and caught the horses. His brother, slipping down from the chariot, pitiably outstretched helpless hands: 'Ah, by the parents who gave thee birth, great Trojan, spare this life and pity my prayer.' More he was pleading; but Aeneas: 'Not such were the words thou wert uttering. Die, and be brother undivided from brother.' With that his sword's point pierces the breast where the life lies hid. Thus the Dardanian captain dealt death over the plain, like some raging torrent stream or black whirlwind. At last the boy Ascanius and his troops burst through the ineffectual leaguer and issue from the camp.

Meanwhile Jupiter breaks silence to accost Juno: 'O sister and wife best beloved, it is Venus, as thou deemedst, [609-639] nor is thy judgment astray, who sustains the forces of Troy; not their own

valour of hand in war, and untamable spirit and endurance in peril.’
To whom Juno beseechingly:

‘Why, fair my lord, vexest thou one sick at heart and trembling at thy bitter words? If that force were in my love that once was, and that was well, never had thine omnipotence denied me leave to withdraw Turnus from battle and preserve him for his father Daunus in safety. Now let him perish, and pay forfeit to the Trojans of his innocent blood. Yet he traces his birth from our name, and Pilumnus was his father in the fourth generation, and oft and again his bountiful hand hath heaped thy courts with gifts.’

To her the king of high heaven thus briefly spoke: ‘If thy prayer for him is delay of present death and respite from his fall, and thou dost understand that I ordain it thus, remove thy Turnus in flight, and snatch him from the fate that is upon him. For so much indulgence there is room. But if any ampler grace mask itself in these thy prayers, and thou dreamest of change in the whole movement of the war, idle is the hope thou nursest.’

And Juno, weeping: ‘Ah yet, if thy mind were gracious where thy lips are stern, and this gift of life might remain confirmed to Turnus! Now his portion is bitter and guiltless death, or I wander idly from the truth. Yet, oh that I rather deluded myself with false alarms, and thou who canst wouldst bend thy course to better counsels.’

These words uttered, she darted through the air straight from high heaven, cloud-girt in driving tempest, and sought the Ilian ranks and camp of Laurentum. Then the goddess, strange and ominous to see, fashions into the likeness of Aeneas a thin and pithless shade of hollow mist, decks it with Dardanian weapons, and gives it the mimicry of shield and divine helmet plume, gives unsubstantial [640-673] words and senseless utterance, and the mould and motion of his tread: like shapes rumoured to flit when death is past, or dreams that delude the slumbering senses. But in front of the battle-ranks the phantom dances rejoicingly, and with arms and mocking accents provokes the foe. Turnus hastens up and sends his spear whistling from far on it; it gives back and turns its footsteps. Then indeed Turnus, when he believed Aeneas turned and fled from him, and his spirit madly drank in the illusive hope: ‘Whither fliest thou, Aeneas? forsake not thy plighted bridal chamber. This hand shall

give thee the land thou hast sought overseas.' So clamouring he pursues, and brandishes his drawn sword, and sees not that his rejoicing is drifting with the winds. The ship lay haply moored to a high ledge of rock, with ladders run out and gangway ready, wherein king Osinius sailed from the coasts of Clusium. Here the fluttering phantom of flying Aeneas darts and hides itself. Nor is Turnus slack to follow; he overleaps the barriers and springs across the high gangways. Scarcely had he lighted on the prow; the daughter of Saturn snaps the hawser, and the ship, parted from her cable, runs out on the ebbing tide. And him Aeneas seeks for battle and finds not, and sends many a man that meets him to death. Then the light phantom seeks not yet any further hiding-place, but, flitting aloft, melts in a dark cloud; and a blast comes down meanwhile and sweeps Turnus through the seas. He looks back, witless of his case and thankless for his salvation, and, wailing, stretches both hands to heaven: 'Father omnipotent, was I so guilty in thine eyes, and is this the punishment thou hast ordained? Whither am I borne? whence came I? what flight is this, or in what guise do I return? Shall I look again on the camp or walls of Laurentum? What of that array of men who followed me to arms? whom — oh horrible! — I have abandoned all amid [674-707] a dreadful death; and now I see the stragglers and catch the groans of those who fall. What do I? or how may earth ever yawn for me deep enough? Do you rather, O winds, be pitiful, carry my bark on rock or reef; it is I, Turnus, who desire and implore you; or drive me on the cruel shoals of the Syrtis, where no Rutulian may follow nor rumour know my name.' Thus speaking, he wavers in mind this way and that: maddened by the shame, shall he plunge on his sword's harsh point and drive it through his side, or fling himself among the waves, and seek by swimming to gain the winding shore, again to return on the Trojan arms? Thrice he essayed either way; thrice queenly Juno checked and restrained him in pity of heart. Cleaving the deep, he floats with the tide down the flood, and is borne on to his father Daunus' ancient city.

But meanwhile at Jove's prompting fiery Mezentius takes his place in the battle and assails the triumphant Teucrians. The Tyrrhene ranks gather round him, and all at once in unison shower their darts down on the hated foe. As a cliff that juts into the waste of

waves, meeting the raging winds and breasting the deep, endures all the threatening force of sky and sea, itself fixed immovable, so he dashes to earth Hebrus son of Dolichaon, and with him Latagus, and Palmus as he fled; catching Latagus full front in the face with a vast fragment of mountain rock, while Palmus he hamstring, and leaves him rolling helpless; his armour he gives Lausus to wear on his shoulders, and the plumes to fix on his crest. With them fall Evanthes the Phrygian, and Mimas, fellow and birthmate of Paris; for on one night Theano bore him to his father Amycus, and the queen, Cisseus' daughter, was delivered of Paris the firebrand; he sleeps in his fathers' city; Mimas lies a stranger on the Laurentian coast. And as the boar driven by snapping hounds from the mountain heights, [708-744] many a year hidden by Vesulus in his pines, many an one fed in the Laurentian marsh among the reedy forest, once come among the nets, halts and snorts savagely, with shoulders bristling up, and none of them dare be wrathful or draw closer, but they shower from a safe distance their darts and cries; even thus none of those whose anger is righteous against Mezentius have courage to meet him with drawn weapon: far off they provoke him with missiles and huge clamour, and he turns slow and fearless round about, grinding his teeth as he shakes the spears off his shield. From the bounds of ancient Corythus Acron the Greek had come, leaving for exile a bride half won. Seeing him afar dealing confusion amid the ranks, in crimson plumes and his plighted wife's purple, — as an unpastured lion often ranging the deep coverts, for madness of hunger urges him, if he haply catches sight of a timorous roe or high-antlered stag, he gapes hugely for joy, and, with mane on end, clings crouching over its flesh, his cruel mouth bathed in reeking gore. . . . so Mezentius darts lightly among the thick of the enemy. Hapless Acron goes down, and, spurning the dark ground, gasps out his life, and covers the broken javelin with his blood. But the victor deigned not to bring down Orodes with the blind wound of his flying lance as he fled; full face to face he meets him, and engages man with man, conqueror not by stealth but armed valour. Then, as with planted foot, he thrust him off the spear: 'O men,' he cries, 'Orodes lies low, no slight arm of the war.' His comrades shout after him the glad battle chant. And the dying man: 'Not unavenged nor long, whoso

thou art, shalt thou be glad in victory: thee too an equal fate marks down, and in these fields thou shalt soon lie.' And smiling on him half wrathfully, Mezentius: 'Now die thou. But of me let the father of gods and king of men take counsel.' So saying, he drew the weapon out of his body. [745-780]Grim rest and iron slumber seal his eyes; his lids close on everlasting night. Caedicus slays Alcatöus, Sacrator Hydaspes, Rapo Parthenius and the grim strength of Orses, Messapus Clonius and Erichaetes son of Lycaon, the one when his reinless horse stumbling had flung him to the ground, the other as they met on foot. And Agis the Lycian advanced only to be struck from horseback by Valerus, brave as his ancestry; and Thronius by Salius, and Salius by Nealces with treacherous arrow-shot that stole from far.

Now the heavy hand of war dealt equal woe and counterchange of death; in even balance conquerors and conquered slew and fell; nor one nor other knows of retreat. The gods in Jove's house pity the vain rage of either and all the agonising of mortals. From one side Venus, from one opposite Juno, daughter of Saturn, looks on; pale Tisiphone rages among the many thousand men. But now, brandishing his huge spear, Mezentius strides glooming over the plain, vast as Orion when, with planted foot, he cleaves his way through the vast pools of mid-ocean and his shoulder overtops the waves, or carrying an ancient mountain-ash from the hilltops, paces the ground and hides his head among the clouds: so moves Mezentius, huge in arms. Aeneas, espying him in the deep columns, makes on to meet him. He remains, unterrified, awaiting his noble foe, steady in his own bulk, and measures with his eye the fair range for a spear. 'This right hand's divinity, and the weapon I poise and hurl, now be favourable! thee, Lausus, I vow for the live trophy of Aeneas, dressed in the spoils stripped from the pirate's body.' He ends, and throws the spear whistling from far; it flies on, glancing from the shield, and pierces illustrious Antores hard by him sidelong in the flank; Antores, companion of Hercules, who, sent thither from Argos, had stayed by Evander, and [781-814] settled in an Italian town. Hapless he goes down with a wound not his own, and in death gazes on the sky, and Argos is sweet in his remembrance. Then good Aeneas throws his spear; through the sheltering circle of threefold

brass, through the canvas lining and fabric of triple-sewn bull-hide it went, and sank deep in his groin; yet carried not its strength home. Quickly Aeneas, joyful at the sight of the Tyrrhenian's blood, snatches his sword from his thigh and presses hotly on his struggling enemy. Lausus saw, and groaned deeply for love of his dear father, and tears rolled over his face. Here will I not keep silence of thy hard death-doom and thine excellent deeds (if in any wise things wrought in the old time may win belief), nor of thyself, O fitly remembered! He, helpless and trammelled, withdrew backward, the deadly spear-shaft trailing from his shield. The youth broke forward and plunged into the fight; and even as Aeneas' hand rose to bring down the blow, he caught up his point and held him in delay. His comrades follow up with loud cries, so the father may withdraw in shelter of his son's shield, while they shower their darts and bear back the enemy with missiles from a distance. Aeneas wrathfully keeps covered. And as when storm-clouds pour down in streaming hail, all the ploughmen and country-folk scatter off the fields, and the wayfarer cowers safe in his fortress, a stream's bank or deep arch of rock, while the rain falls, that they may do their day's labour when sunlight reappears; thus under the circling storm of weapons Aeneas sustains the cloud of war till it thunders itself all away, and calls on Lausus, on Lausus, with chiding and menace: 'Whither runnest thou on thy death, with daring beyond thy strength? thine affection betrays thee into rashness.' But none the less he leaps madly on; and now wrath rises higher and fiercer in the Dardanian captain, and the Fates pass Lausus' last [815-849] threads through their hand; for Aeneas drives the sword strongly right through him up all its length: the point pierced the light shield that armed his assailant, and the tunic sewn by his mother with flexible gold: blood filled his breast, and the life left the body and passed mourning through the air to the under world. But when Anchises' son saw the look on the dying face, the face pale in wonderful wise, he sighed deeply in pity, and reached forth his hand, as the likeness of his own filial affection flashed across his soul. 'What now shall good Aeneas give thee, what, O poor boy, for this thy praise, for guerdon of a nature so noble? Keep for thine own the armour thou didst delight in; and I restore thee, if that matters aught at all, to the ghosts and ashes of thy parents. Yet thou shalt

have this sad comfort in thy piteous death, thou fallest by great Aeneas' hand.' Then, chiding his hesitating comrades, he lifts him from the ground, dabbling the comely-ranged tresses with blood.

Meanwhile his father, by the wave of the Tiber river, stanchd his wound with water, and rested his body against a tree-trunk. Hard by his brazen helmet hangs from the boughs, and the heavy armour lies quietly on the meadow. Chosen men stand round; he, sick and panting, leans his neck and lets his beard spread down over his chest. Many a time he asks for Lausus, and sends many an one to call him back and carry a parent's sad commands. But Lausus his weeping comrades were bearing lifeless on his armour, mighty and mightily wounded to death. Afar the soul prophetic of ill knew their lamentation: he soils his gray hairs plenteously with dust, and stretches both hands on high, and clings on the dead. 'Was life's hold on me so sweet, O my son, that I let him I bore receive the hostile stroke in my room? Am I, thy father, saved by these wounds of thine, and living by thy death? Alas and woe! [850-885] now at last exile is bitter! now the wound is driven deep! And I, even I, O my son, stained thy name with crime, driven in hatred from the throne and sceptre of my fathers. I owed vengeance to my country and my people's resentment; might mine own guilty life but have paid it by every form of death! Now I live, and leave not yet man and day; but I will.' As he speaks thus he raises himself painfully on his thigh, and though the violence of the deep wound cripples him, yet unbroken he bids his horse be brought, his beauty, his comfort, that ever had carried him victorious out of war, and says these words to the grieving beast: 'Rhoebus, we have lived long, if aught at all lasts long with mortals. This day wilt thou either bring back in triumph the gory head and spoils of Aeneas, and we will avenge Lausus' agonies; or if no force opens a way, thou wilt die with me: for I deem not, bravest, thou wilt deign to bear an alien rule and a Teucrian lord.' He spoke, and took his welcome seat on the back he knew, loading both hands with keen javelins, his head sheathed in glittering brass and shaggy horse-hair plumes. Thus he galloped in. Through his heart sweep together the vast tides of shame and mingling madness and grief. And with that he thrice loudly calls Aeneas. Aeneas knew the call, and makes glad invocation: 'So the father of gods speed me, so

Apollo on high: do thou essay to close hand to hand. . . .’ Thus much he utters, and moves up to meet him with levelled spear. And he: ‘Why seek to frighten me, fierce man, now my son is gone? this was thy one road to my ruin. We shrink not from death, nor relent before any of thy gods. Cease; for I come to my death, first carrying these gifts for thee.’ He spoke, and hurled a weapon at his enemy; then plants another and yet another as he darts round in a wide circle; but they are stayed on the boss of gold. Thrice he rode wheeling close round him by the [886-908] left, and sent his weapons strongly in; thrice the Trojan hero turns round, taking the grim forest on his brazen guard. Then, weary of lingering in delay on delay, and plucking out spear-head after spear-head, and hard pressed in the uneven match of battle, with much counselling of spirit now at last he bursts forth, and sends his spear at the war-horse between the hollows of the temples. The creature raises itself erect, beating the air with its feet, throws its rider, and coming down after him in an entangled mass, slips its shoulder as it tumbles forward. The cries of Trojans and Latins kindle the sky. Aeneas rushes up, drawing his sword from the scabbard, and thus above him: ‘Where now is gallant Mezentius and all his fierce spirit?’ Thereto the Tyrrhenian, as he came to himself and gazing up drank the air of heaven: ‘Bitter foe, why these taunts and menaces of death? Naught forbids my slaughter; neither on such terms came I to battle, nor did my Lausus make treaty for this between me and thee. This one thing I beseech thee, by whatsoever grace a vanquished enemy may claim: allow my body sepulture. I know I am girt by the bitter hatred of my people. Stay, I implore, their fury, and grant me and my son union in the tomb.’ So speaks he, and takes the sword in his throat unfalteringly, and the lifeblood spreads in a wave over his armour.

BOOK ELEVENTH

THE COUNCIL OF THE LATINS, AND THE LIFE AND DEATH OF CAMILLA

Meanwhile Dawn arose forth of Ocean. Aeneas, though the charge presses to give a space for burial of his comrades, and his mind is in the tumult of death, began to pay the gods his vows of victory with the breaking of the East. He plants on a mound a mighty oak with boughs lopped away on every hand, and arrays it in the gleaming arms stripped from Mezentius the captain, a trophy to thee, mighty Lord of War; he fixes on it the plumes dripping with blood, the broken spears, and the corslet struck and pierced in twelve places; he ties the shield of brass on his left hand, and hangs from his neck the ivory sword. Then among his joyous comrades (for all the throng of his captains girt him close about) he begins in these words of cheer:

‘The greatest deed is done, O men; be all fear gone for what remains. These are the spoils of a haughty king, the first-fruits won from him; my hands have set Mezentius here. Now our way lies to the walls of the Latin king. Prepare your arms in courage, and let your hopes anticipate the war; let no ignorant delay hinder or tardy thoughts of fear keep us back, so soon as heaven grant us to pluck up the standards and lead our army from the camp. Meanwhile let us commit to earth the unburied bodies of our comrades, since deep in Acheron this honour is left alone. Go,’ says he, ‘grace with the last gifts those noble souls whose blood won us this land for ours; and first let Pallas be sent to Evander’s mourning city, he whose valour failed not when the day of darkness took him, and the bitter wave of death.’

So speaks he weeping, and retraces his steps to the door, where aged Acoetes watched Pallas’ lifeless body laid out for burial; once armour-bearer to Evander in Parrhasia, but now gone forth with darker omens, appointed attendant to his darling foster-child. Around is the whole train of servants, with a crowd of Trojans, and the Ilian women with hair unbound in mourning after their fashion. When Aeneas entered at the high doorway they beat their breasts and raise a loud wail aloft, and the palace moans to their grievous lamentation.

Himself, when he saw the pillowed head and fair face of Pallas, and on his smooth breast the gaping wound of the Ausonian spear-head, speaks thus with welling tears:

‘Did Fortune in her joyous coming,’ he cries, ‘O luckless boy, grudge thee the sight of our realm, and a triumphal entry to thy father’s dwelling? Not this promise of thee had I given to Evander thy sire at my departure, when he embraced me as I went and bade me speed to a wide empire, and yet warned me in fear that the men were valiant, the people obstinate in battle. And now he, fast ensnared by empty hope, perchance offers vows and heaps gifts on his altars; we, a mourning train, go in hollow honour by his corpse, who now owes no more to aught in heaven. Unhappy! thou wilt see thy son cruelly slain; is this our triumphal return awaited? is this my strong assurance? Ah me, what a shield is lost, mine Iulus, to Ausonia and to thee!’

This lament done, he bids raise the piteous body, and sends a thousand men chosen from all his army for the last honour of escort, to mingle in the father’s tears; a small comfort in a great sorrow, yet the unhappy parent’s due. Others quickly plait a soft wicker bier of arbutus rods and oak shoots, and shadow the heaped pillows with a leafy covering. Here they lay him, high on their rustic strewing; even as some tender violet or drooping hyacinth-blossom plucked by a maiden’s finger, whose sheen and whose grace is not yet departed, but no more does Earth the mother feed it or lend it strength. Then Aeneas bore forth two purple garments stiff with gold, that Sidonian Dido’s own hands, happy over their work, had once wrought for him, and shot the warp with delicate gold. One of these he sadly folds round him, a last honour, and veils in its covering the tresses destined to the fire; and heaps up besides many a Laurentine battle-prize, and bids his spoils pass forth in long train; with them the horses and arms whereof he had stripped the enemy, and those, with hands tied behind their back, whom he would send as nether offering to his ghost, and sprinkle the blood of their slaying on the flame. Also he bids his captains carry stems dressed in the armour of the foe, and fix on them the hostile names. Unhappy Acoetes is led along, outworn with age, he smites his breast and rends his face, and flings himself

forward all along the ground. Likewise they lead forth the chariot bathed in Rutulian blood; behind goes weeping Aethon the war-horse, his trappings laid away, and big drops wet his face. Others bear his spear and helmet, for all else is Turnus' prize. Then follow in mourning array the Teucrians and all the Tyrrhenians, and the Arcadians with arms reversed. When the whole long escorting file had taken its way, Aeneas stopped, and sighing deep, pursued thus: 'Once again war's dreadful destiny calls us hence to other tears: hail thou for evermore, O princely Pallas, and for evermore farewell.' And without more words he bent his way to the high walls and advanced towards his camp.

And now envoys were there from the Latin city with wreathed boughs of olive, praying him of his grace to restore the dead that lay strewn by the sword over the plain, and let them go to their earthy grave: no war lasts with men conquered and bereft of breath; let this indulgence be given to men once called friends and fathers of their brides. To them Aeneas grants leave in kind and courteous wise, spurning not their prayer, and goes on in these words: 'What spite of fortune, O Latins, hath entangled you in the toils of war, and made you fly our friendship? Plead you for peace to the lifeless bodies that the battle-lot hath slain? I would fain grant it even to the living. Neither have I come but because destiny had given me this place to dwell in; nor wage I war with your people; your king it is who hath broken our covenant and preferred to trust himself to Turnus' arms. Fitter it were Turnus had faced death to-day. If he will fight out the war and expel the Teucrians, it had been well to meet me here in arms; so had he lived to whom life were granted of heaven or his own right hand. Now go, and kindle the fire beneath your hapless countrymen.' Aeneas ended: they stood dumb in silence, with faces bent steadfastly in mutual gaze. Then aged Drances, ever young Turnus' assailant in hatred and accusation, with the words of his mouth thus answers him again:

'O Trojan, great in renown, yet greater in arms, with what praises may I extol thy divine goodness? Shall thy righteousness first wake my wonder, or thy toils in war? We indeed will gratefully carry these words to our fathers' city, and, if fortune grant a way, will make thee at one with King Latinus. Let Turnus seek his own alliances. Nay,

[130-163] it will be our delight to rear the massy walls of destiny and stoop our shoulders under the stones of Troy.'

He ended thus, and all with one voice murmured assent. Twelve days' truce is struck, and in mediation of the peace Teucrians and Latins stray mingling unharmed on the forest heights. The tall ash echoes to the axe's strokes; they overturn pines that soar into the sky, and busily cleave oaken logs and scented cedar with wedges, and drag mountain-ashes on their groaning waggons.

And now flying Rumour, harbinger of the heavy woe, fills Evander and Evander's house and city with the same voice that but now told of Pallas victorious over Latium. The Arcadians stream to the gates, snatching funeral torches after their ancient use; the road gleams with the long line of flame, and parts the fields with a broad pathway of light; the arriving crowd of Phrygians meets them and mingles in mourning array. When the matrons saw all the train approach their dwellings they kindle the town with loud wailing. But no force may withhold Evander; he comes amid them; the bier is set down; he flings himself on Pallas, and clasps him with tears and sighs, and scarcely at last does grief leave his voice's utterance free. 'Other than this, O Pallas! was thy promise to thy father, that thou wouldst not plunge recklessly into the fury of battle. I knew well how strong was the fresh pride of arms and the sweetness of honour in a first battle. Ah, unhappy first-fruits of his youth and bitter prelude of the war upon our borders! ah, vows and prayers of mine that no god heard! and thou, pure crown of wifehood, happy that thou art dead and not spared for this sorrow! But I have outgone my destiny in living, to stay here the survivor of my child. Would I had followed the allied arms of Troy, to be overwhelmed by Rutulian weapons! Would my life had been given, and I and not my Pallas were borne home in this [164-198] procession! I would not blame you, O Teucrians, nor our treaty and the friendly hands we clasped: our old age had that appointed debt to pay. Yet if untimely death awaited my son, it will be good to think he fell leading the Teucrians into Latium, and slew his Volscian thousands before he fell. Nay, no other funeral than this would I deem thy due, my Pallas, than good Aeneas does, than the mighty Phrygians, than the Tyrrhene captains and all the army of Tyrrhenia. Great are the trophies they bring on

whom thine hand deals death; thou also, Turnus, wert standing now a great trunk dressed in arms, had his age and his strength of years equalled thine. But why, unhappy, do I delay the Trojan arms? Go, and forget not to carry this message to your king: Thine hand it is that keeps me lingering in a life that is hateful since Pallas fell, and Turnus is the debt thou seest son and father claim: for thy virtue and thy fortune this scope alone is left. I ask not joy in life; I may not; but to carry this to my son deep in the under world.'

Meanwhile Dawn had raised her gracious light on weary men, bringing back task and toil: now lord Aeneas, how Tarchon, have built the pyres on the winding shore. Hither in ancestral fashion hath each borne the bodies of his kin; the dark fire is lit beneath, and the vapour hides high heaven in gloom. Thrice, girt in glittering arms, they have marched about the blazing piles, thrice compassed on horseback the sad fire of death, and uttered their wail. Tears fall fast upon earth and armour; cries of men and blare of trumpets roll skyward. Then some fling on the fire Latin spoils stripped from the slain, helmets and shapely swords, bridles and glowing chariot wheels; others familiar gifts, the very shields and luckless weapons of the dead. Around are slain in sacrifice oxen many in number, and bristly swine and cattle gathered out of all the country [199-234] are slaughtered over the flames. Then, crowding the shore, they gaze on their burning comrades, and guard the embers of the pyres, and cannot tear themselves away till dewy Night wheels on the star-spangled glittering sky.

Therewithal the unhappy Latins far apart build countless pyres and bury many bodies of men in the ground; and many more they lift and bear away to the neighbouring country, or send them back to the city; the rest, a vast heap of undistinguishable slaughter, they burn uncounted and unhonoured; on all sides the broad fields gleam with crowded rivalry of fires. The third Dawn had rolled away the chill shadow from the sky; mournfully they piled high the ashes and mingled bones from the embers, and heaped a load of warm earth above them. Now in the dwellings of rich Latinus' city the noise is loudest and most the long wail. Here mothers and their sons' unhappy brides, here beloved sisters sad-hearted and orphaned boys curse the disastrous war and Turnus' bridal, and bid him his own self

arm and decide the issue with the sword, since he claims for himself the first rank and the lordship of Italy. Drances fiercely embitters their cry, and vouches that Turnus alone is called, alone is claimed for battle. Yet therewith many a diverse-worded counsel is for Turnus, and the great name of the queen overshadows him, and he rises high in renown of trophies fitly won.

Among their stir, and while confusion is fiercest, lo! to crown all, the envoys from great Diomede's city bring their gloomy message: nothing is come of all the toil and labour spent; gifts and gold and strong entreaties have been of no avail; Latium must seek other arms, or sue for peace to the Trojan king. For heavy grief King Latinus himself swoons away. The wrath of heaven and the fresh graves before his eyes warn him that Aeneas is borne on by fate's evident will. So he sends imperial summons to [235-269] his high council, the foremost of his people, and gathers them within his lofty courts. They assemble, and stream up the crowded streets to the royal dwelling. Latinus, eldest in years and first in royalty, sits amid them with cheerless brow, and bids the envoys sent back from the Aetolian city tell the news they bring, and demands a full and ordered reply. Then tongues are hushed; and Venulus, obeying his word, thus begins to speak:

'We have seen, O citizens, Diomede in his Argive camp, and outsped our way and passed all its dangers, and touched the hand whereunder the land of Ilium fell. He was founding a town, named Argyripa after his ancestral people, on the conquered fields of Iapygian Garganus. After we entered in, and licence of open speech was given, we lay forth our gifts, we instruct him of our name and country, who are its invaders, and why we are drawn to Arpi. He heard us, and replied thus with face unstirred:

“O fortunate races, realm of Saturn, Ausonians of old, how doth fortune vex your quiet and woo you to tempt wars you know not? We that have drawn sword on the fields of Ilium — I forbear to tell the drains of war beneath her high walls, the men sunken in yonder Simoïs — have all over the world paid to the full our punishment and the reward of guilt, a crew Priam's self might pity; as Minerva's baleful star knows, and the Euboïc reefs and Caphereus' revenge. From that warfaring driven to alien shores, Menelaus son of Atreus is

in exile far as Proteus' Pillars, Ulysses hath seen the Cyclopes of Aetna. Shall I make mention of the realm of Neoptolemus, and Idomeneus' household gods overthrown? or of the Locrians who dwell on the Libyan beach? Even the lord of Mycenae, the mighty Achaeans' general, sank on his own threshold edge under his accursed wife's hand, where the adulterer crouched over conquered Asia. Aye, or that the gods grudged it me to return to [270-301] my ancestral altars, to see the bride of my desire, and lovely Calydon! Now likewise sights of appalling presage pursue me; my comrades, lost to me, have soared winging into the sky, and flit birds about the rivers — ah me, dread punishment of my people! — and fill the cliffs with their melancholy cries. This it was I had to look for even from the time when I madly assailed celestial limbs with steel, and sullied the hand of Venus with a wound. Do not, ah, do not urge me to such battles. Neither have I any war with Troy since her towers are overthrown, nor do I remember with delight the woes of old. Turn to Aeneas with the gifts you bear to me from your ancestral borders. We have stood to face his grim weapons, and met him hand to hand; believe one who hath proved it, how mightily he rises over his shield, in what a whirlwind he hurls his spear. Had the land of Ida borne two more like him, Dardanus had marched to attack the towns of Inachus, and Greece were mourning fate's reverse. In all our delay before that obstinate Trojan city, it was Hector and Aeneas whose hand stayed the Grecian victory and bore back its advance to the tenth year. Both were splendid in courage, both eminent in arms; Aeneas was first in duty. Let your hands join in treaty as they may; but beware that your weapons close not with his."

'Thou hast heard, most gracious king, at once what is the king's answer, and what his counsel for our great struggle.'

Scarcely thus the envoys, when a diverse murmur ran through the troubled lips of the Ausonians; even as, when rocks delay some running river, it plashes in the barred pool, and the banks murmur nigh to the babbling wave. So soon as their minds were quieted, and their hurrying lips hushed, the king, first calling on the gods, begins from his lofty throne:

[302-336]'Ere now could I wish, O Latins, we had determined our

course of state, and it had been better thus; not to meet in council at such a time as now, with the enemy seated before our walls. We wage an ill-timed war, fellow-citizens, with a divine race, invincible, unbroken in battle, who brook not even when conquered to drop the sword. If you had hope in appeal to Aetolian arms, abandon it; though each man's hope is his own, you discern how narrow a path it is. Beyond that you see with your eyes and handle with your hands the total ruin of our fortunes. I blame no one; what valour's utmost could do is done; we have fought with our whole kingdom's strength. Now I will unfold what I doubtfully advise and purpose, and with your attention instruct you of it in brief. There is an ancient land of mine bordering the Tuscan river, stretching far westward beyond the Sicanian borders. Auruncans and Rutulians sow on it, work the stiff hills with the ploughshare, and pasture them where they are roughest. Let all this tract, with a pine-clad belt of mountain height, pass to the Teucrians in friendship; let us name fair terms of treaty, and invite them as allies to our realm; let them settle, if they desire it so, and found a city. But if they have a mind to try other coasts and another people, and can abide to leave our soil, let us build twice ten ships of Italian oak, or as many more as they can man; timber lies at the water's edge for all; let them assign the number and fashion of the vessels, and we will supply brass, labour, dockyards. Further, it is our will that an hundred ambassadors of the highest rank in Latium shall go to bear our words and ratify the treaty, holding forth in their hands the boughs of peace, and carrying for gifts weight of gold and ivory, and the chair and striped robe, our royal array. Give counsel openly, and succour our exhausted state.'

Then Drances again, he whose jealous ill-will was [337-370] wrought to anger and stung with bitterness by Turnus' fame, lavish of wealth and quick of tongue though his hand was cold in war, held no empty counsellor and potent in faction — his mother's rank ennobled a lineage whose paternal source was obscure — rises, and with these words heaps and heightens their passion:

'Dark to no man and needing no voice of ours, O gracious king, is that whereon thou takest counsel. All confess they know how our nation's fortune sways; but their words are choked. Let him grant freedom of speech and abate his breath, he by whose disastrous

government and perverse way (I will speak out, though he menace me with arms and death) we see so many stars of battle gone down and all our city sunk in mourning; while he, confident in flight, assails the Trojan camp and makes heaven quail before his arms. Add yet one to those gifts of thine, to all the riches thou bidst us send or promise to the Dardanians, most gracious of kings, but one; let no man's passion overbear thee from giving thine own daughter to an illustrious son and a worthy marriage, and binding this peace by perpetual treaty. Yet if we are thus terror-stricken heart and soul, let us implore him in person, in person plead him of his grace to give way, to restore king and country their proper right. Why again and again hurlest thou these unhappy citizens on peril so evident, O source and spring of Latium's woes? In war is no safety; peace we all implore of thee, O Turnus, and the one pledge that makes peace inviolable. I the first, I whom thou picturest thine enemy, as I care not if I am, see, I bow at thy feet. Pity thine allies; relent, and retire before thy conqueror. Enough have we seen of rout and death, and desolation over our broad lands. Or if glory stir thee, if such strength kindle in thy breast, and if a palace so delight thee for thy dower, be bold, and advance stout-hearted upon the foe. We verily, that Turnus [371-406] may have his royal bride, must lie scattered on the plains, worthless lives, a crowd unburied and unwept. Do thou also, if thou hast aught of might, if the War-god be in thee as in thy fathers, look him in the face who challenges. . . .'

At these words Turnus' passion blazed out. He utters a groan, and breaks forth thus in deep accents:

'Copious indeed, Drances, and fluent is ever thy speech at the moment war calls for action; and when the fathers are summoned thou art there the first. But we need no words to fill our senate-house, safely as thou wingest them while the mounded walls keep off the enemy, and the trenches swim not yet with blood. Thunder on in rhetoric, thy wonted way: accuse thou me of fear, Drances, since thine hand hath heaped so many Teucrians in slaughter, and thy glorious trophies dot the fields. Trial is open of what live valour can do; nor indeed is our foe far to seek; on all sides they surround our walls. Are we going to meet them? Why linger? Will thy bravery ever be in that windy tongue and those timorous feet of thine? . . .

My conqueror? Shall any justly flout me as conquered, who sees Tiber swoln fuller with Ilian blood, and all the house and people of Evander laid low, and the Arcadians stripped of their armour? Not such did Bitias and huge Pandarus prove me, and the thousand men whom on one day my conquering hand sent down to hell, shut as I was in their walls and closed in the enemy's ramparts. In war is no safety. Fool! be thy boding on the Dardanian's head and thine own fortunes. Go on; cease not to throw all into confusion with thy terrors, to exalt the strength of a twice vanquished race, and abase the arms of Latinus before it. Now the princes of the Myrmidons tremble before Phrygian arms, now Tydeus' son and Achilles of Larissa, and Aufidus river recoils from the Adriatic wave. Or when the scheming villain [407-443] pretends to shrink at my abuse, and sharpens calumny by terror! never shall this hand — keep quiet! — rob thee of such a soul; with thee let it abide, and dwell in that breast of thine. Now I return to thee, my lord, and thy weighty resolves. If thou dost repose no further hope in our arms, if all hath indeed left us, and one repulse been our utter ruin, and our fortune is beyond recovery, let us plead for peace and stretch forth unarmed hands. Yet ah! had we aught of our wonted manhood, his toil beyond all other is blessed and his spirit eminent, who rather than see it thus, hath fallen prone in death and once bitten the ground. But if we have yet resources and an army still unbroken, and cities and peoples of Italy remain for our aid; but if even the Trojans have won their glory at great cost of blood (they too have their deaths, and the storm fell equally on all), why do we shamefully faint even on the threshold? Why does a shudder seize our limbs before the trumpet sound? Often do the Days and the varying change of toiling Time restore prosperity; often Fortune in broken visits makes man her sport and again establishes him. The Aetolian of Arpi will not help us; but Messapus will, and Tolumnius the fortunate, and the captains sent by many a nation; nor will fame be scant to follow the flower of Latium and the Laurentine land. Camilla the Volscian too is with us, leading her train of cavalry, squadrons splendid in brass. But if I only am claimed by the Teucrians for combat, if that is your pleasure, and I am the barrier to the public good, Victory does not so hate and shun my hands that I should renounce any enterprise for so great a hope. I shall meet him

in courage, did he outmatch great Achilles and wear arms like his forged by Vulcan's hands. To you and to my father Latinus I Turnus, unexcelled in bravery by any of old, consecrate my life. Aeneas calls on him alone: let him, I implore: let not Drances rather appease with his [444-480] life this wrath of heaven, if such it be, or win the renown of valour.'

Thus they one with another strove together in uncertainty; Aeneas moved from his camp to battle. Lo, a messenger rushes spreading confusion through the royal house, and fills the town with great alarms: the Teucrians, ranged in battle-line with the Tyrrhene forces, are marching down by the Tiber river and filling the plain. Immediately spirits are stirred and hearts shaken and wrath roused in fierce excitement among the crowd. Hurrying hands grasp at arms; for arms their young men clamour; the fathers shed tears and mutter gloomily. With that a great noise rises aloft in diverse contention, even as when flocks of birds haply settle on a lofty grove, or swans utter their hoarse cry among the vocal pools on the fish-filled river of Padusa. 'Yes, citizens!' cries Turnus, seizing his time: 'gather in council and sit praising peace, while they rush on dominion in arms!' Without more words he sprung up and issued swiftly from the high halls. 'Thou, Volusus,' he cries, 'bid the Volscian battalions arm, and lead out the Rutulians. Messapus, and Coras with thy brother, spread your armed cavalry widely over the plain. Let a division entrench the city gates and man the towers: the rest of our array attack with me where I command.' The whole town goes rushing to the walls; lord Latinus himself, dismayed by the woeful emergency, quits the council and puts off his high designs, and chides himself sorely for not having given Aeneas unasked welcome, and made him son and bulwark of the city. Some entrench the gates, or bring up supply of stones and poles. The hoarse clarion utters the ensanguined note of war. A motley ring of boys and matrons girdle the walls. Therewithal the queen with a crowd of mothers ascends bearing gifts to Pallas' towered temple, and by her side goes maiden Lavinia, source of all that woe, [481-514] her beautiful eyes cast down. The mothers enter in, and while the temple steams with their incense, pour from the high doorway their mournful cry: 'Maiden armipotent, Tritonian, sovereign of war, break with thine hand the spear of the Phrygian

plunderer, hurl him prone to earth and dash him down beneath our lofty gates.' Turnus arrays himself in hot haste for battle, and even now hath done on his sparkling breastplate with its flickering scales of brass, and clasped his golden greaves, his brows yet bare and his sword buckled to his side; he runs down from the fortress height glittering in gold, and exultantly anticipates the foe. Thus when a horse snaps his tether, and, free at last, rushes from the stalls and gains the open plain, he either darts towards the pastures of the herded mares, or bathing, as is his wont, in the familiar river waters, dashes out and neighs with neck stretched high, glorying, and his mane tosses over collar and shoulder. Camilla with her Volscian array meets him face to face in the gateway; the princess leaps from her horse, and all her squadron at her example slide from horseback to the ground. Then she speaks thus:

'Turnus, if bravery hath any just self-confidence, I dare and promise to engage Aeneas' cavalry, and advance to meet the Tyrrhene horse. Permit my hand to try war's first perils: do thou on foot keep by the walls and guard the city.'

To this Turnus, with eyes fixed on the terrible maiden: 'O maiden flower of Italy, how may I essay to express, how to prove my gratitude? But now, since that spirit of thine excels all praise, share thou the toil with me. Aeneas, as the report of the scouts I sent assures, hath sent on his light-armed horse to annoy us and scour the plains; himself he marches on the city across the lonely ridge of the mountain steep. I am arranging a stratagem of [515-550] war in his pathway on the wooded slope, to block a gorge on the highroad with armed troops. Do thou receive and join battle with the Tyrrhene cavalry; with thee shall be gallant Messapus, the Latin squadrons, and Tiburtus' division: do thou likewise assume a captain's charge.'

So speaks he, and with like words heartens Messapus and the allied captains to battle, and advances towards the enemy. There is a sweeping curve of glen, made for ambushes and devices of arms. Dark thick foliage hems it in on either hand, and into it a bare footpath leads by a narrow gorge and difficult entrance. Right above it on the watch-towers of the hill-top lies an unexpected level, hidden away in shelter, whether one would charge from right and left or stand on the ridge and roll down heavy stones. Hither he passes by a

line of way he knew, and, seizing his ground, occupies the treacherous woods.

Meanwhile in the heavenly dwellings Latona's daughter addressed fleet Opis, one of her maiden fellowship and sacred band, and sadly uttered these accents: 'Camilla moves to fierce war, O maiden, and vainly girds on our arms, dear as she is beyond others to me. For her love of Diana is not newly born, nor her spirit stirred by sudden affection. Driven from his kingdom through jealousy of his haughty power, Metabus left ancient Privernum town, and bore his infant with him in his flight through war and battle, the companion of his exile, and called her by her mother Casmilla's name, with a little change, Camilla. Carrying her before him on his breast, he sought a long ridge of lonely woodland; on all sides angry weapons pressed on him, and Volscian soldiery spread hurrying round about. Lo, in mid flight swoln Amasenus ran foaming with banks abrim, so heavily had the clouds burst in rain. He would swim it; but love of the infant holds him back in alarm for so dear a burden. Inly revolving [551-586] all, he settled reluctantly on a sudden resolve: the great spear that the warrior haply carried in his stout hand, of hard-knotted and seasoned oak, to it he ties his daughter swathed in cork-tree bark of the woodland, and binds her balanced round the middle of the spear; poising it in his great right hand he thus cries aloft: "Gracious one, haunter of the woodland, maiden daughter of Latona, a father devotes this babe to thy service; thine is this weapon she holds, thine infant suppliant, flying through the air from her enemies. Accept her, I implore, O goddess, for thine own, whom now I entrust to the chance of air." He spoke, and drawing back his arm, darts the spinning spear-shaft: the waters roar: over the racing river poor Camilla shoots on the whistling weapon. But Metabus, as a strong band now presses nigher, plunges into the river, and triumphantly pulls spear and girl, his gift to Trivia, from the grassy turf. No cities ever received him within house or rampart, nor had his savagery submitted to it; he led his life on the lonely pastoral hills. Here he nursed his daughter in the underwood among tangled coverts, on the milk of a wild brood-mare's teats, squeezing the udder into her tender lips. And so soon as the baby stood and went straight on her feet, he armed her hands with a sharp javelin, and

hung quiver and bow from her little shoulders. Instead of gold to clasp her tresses, instead of the long skirted gown, a tiger's spoils hang down her back. Even then her tender hand hurled childish darts, and whirled about her head the twisted thong of her sling, and struck down the crane from Strymon or the milk-white swan. Many a mother among Tyrrhenian towns destined her for their sons in vain; content with Diana alone, she keeps unsoiled for ever the love of her darts and maidenhood. Would she had not plunged thus into warfare and provoked the Trojans by attack! so were she now dear to me and one of my [587-620] company. But since bitter doom is upon her, up, glide from heaven, O Nymph, and seek the Latin borders, where under evil omen they join in baleful battle. Take these, and draw from the quiver an avenging shaft; by it shall he pay me forfeit of his blood, whoso, Trojan or Italian alike, shall sully her sacred body with a wound. Thereafter will I in a sheltering cloud bear body and armour of the hapless girl unspoiled to the tomb, and lay them in her native land.' She spoke; but the other sped lightly down the aery sky, girt about with dark whirlwind on her echoing way.

But meanwhile the Trojan force nears the walls, with the Etruscan captains and their whole cavalry arrayed in ordered squadrons. Their horses' trampling hoofs thunder on all the field, as, swerving this way and that, they chafe at the reins' pressure; the iron field bristles wide with spears, and the plain is aflame with uplifted arms. Likewise Messapus and the Latin horse, and Coras and his brother, and maiden Camilla's squadron, come forth against them on the plain, and draw back their hands and level the flickering points of their long lances, in a fire of neighing horses and advancing men. And now each had drawn within javelin-cast of each, and drew up; with a sudden shout they dart forth, and urge on their furious horses; from all sides at once weapons shower thick like snow, and veil the sky with their shadow. In a moment Tyrrhenus and fiery Aconteus charge violently with crossing spears, and are the first to fall; they go down with a heavy crash, and their beasts break and shatter chest upon chest. Aconteus, hurled off like a thunderbolt or some mass slung from an engine, is dashed away, and scatters his life in air. Immediately the lines waver, and the Latins wheeling about throw their shields behind them and turn their horses towards the town. The

Trojans pursue; Asilas heads and leads on [621-653] their squadrons. And now they drew nigh the gates, and again the Latins raise a shout and wheel their supple necks about; the pursuers fly, and gallop right back with loosened rein: as when the sea, running up in ebb and flow, now rushes shoreward and strikes over the cliffs in a wave of foam, drenching the edge of the sand in its curving sweep; now runs swirling back, and the surge sucks the rolling stones away. Twice the Tuscans turn and drive the Rutulians towards the town; twice they are repelled, and look back behind them from cover of their shields. But when now meeting in a third encounter, the lines are locked together all their length, and man singles out his man; then indeed, amid groans of the dying, deep in blood roll armour and bodies, and horses half slain mixed up with slaughtered men. The battle swells fierce. Orsilochus hurled his spear at the horse of Remulus, whom himself he shrank to meet, and left the steel in it under the ear; at the stroke the charger rears madly, and, mastered by the wound, lifts his chest and flings up his legs: the rider is thrown and rolls over on the ground. Catillus strikes down Iollas, and Herminius mighty in courage, mighty in limbs and arms, bareheaded, tawny-haired, bare-shouldered; undismayed by wounds, he leaves his vast body open against arms. Through his broad shoulders the quivering spear runs piercing him through, and doubles him up with pain. Everywhere the dark blood flows; they deal death with the sword in battle, and seek a noble death by wounds.

But amid the slaughter Camilla rages, a quivered Amazon, with one side stripped for battle, and now sends tough javelins showering from her hand, now snatches the strong battle-axe in her unwearying grasp; the golden bow, the armour of Diana, clashes on her shoulders; and even when forced backward in retreat, she turns in flight and [654-691] aims darts from her bow. But around her are her chosen comrades, maiden Larina, Tulla, Tarpeia brandishing an axe inlaid with bronze, girls of Italy, whom Camilla the bright chose for her own escort, good at service in peace and war: even as Thracian Amazons when the streams of Thermodon clash beneath them as they go to war in painted arms, whether around Hippolyte, or while martial Penthesilea returns in her chariot, and the crescent-shielded columns of women dance with loud confused cry. Whom first, whom

last, fierce maiden, does thy dart strike down? First Euneus, son of Clytius; for as he meets her the long fir shaft crashes through his open breast. He falls spouting streams of blood, and bites the gory ground, and dying writhes himself upon his wound. Then Liris and Pagasus above him; who fall headlong and together, the one thrown as he reins up his horse stabbed under him, the other while he runs forward and stretches his unarmed hand to stay his fall. To these she joins Amastrus, son of Hippotas, and follows from far with her spear Tereus and Harpalycus and Demophoön and Chromis: and as many darts as the maiden sends whirling from her hand, so many Phrygians fall. Ornytus the hunter rides near in strange arms on his Iapygian horse, his broad warrior's shoulders swathed in the hide stripped from a bullock, his head covered by a wolf's wide-grinning mouth and white-tusked jaws; a rustic pike arms his hand; himself he moves amid the squadrons a full head over all. Catching him up (for that was easy amid the rout), she runs him through, and thus cries above her enemy: 'Thou wert hunting wild beasts in the forest, thoughtest thou, Tyrrhenian? the day is come for a woman's arms to refute thy words. Yet no light fame shalt thou carry to thy fathers' ghosts, to have fallen under the weapon of Camilla.' Next Orsilochnus and Butes, the two mightiest of mould among the Teucrians; Butes she pierces in the [692-725] back with her spear-point between corslet and helmet, where the neck shews as he sits, and the shield hangs from his left shoulder; Orsilochnus she flies, and darting in a wide circle, slips into the inner ring and pursues her pursuer; then rising her full height, she drives the strong axe deep through armour and bone, as he pleads and makes much entreaty; warm brain from the wound splashes his face. One met her thus and hung startled by the sudden sight, the warrior son of Aunus haunter of the Apennine, not the meanest in Liguria while fate allowed him to deceive. And he, when he discerns that no fleetness of foot may now save him from battle or turn the princess from pursuit, essays to wind a subtle device of treachery, and thus begins: 'How hast thou glory, if a woman trust in her horse's strength? Debar retreat; trust thyself to level ground at close quarters with me, and prepare to fight on foot. Soon wilt thou know how windy boasting brings one to harm.' He spoke; but she, furious and stung with fiery indignation, hands her

horse to an attendant, and takes her stand in equal arms on foot and undismayed, with naked sword and shield unemblazoned. But he, thinking his craft had won the day, himself flies off on the instant, and turning his rein, darts off in flight, pricking his beast to speed with iron-armed heel. 'False Ligurian, in vain elated in thy pride! for naught hast thou attempted thy slippery native arts, nor will thy craft bring thee home unhurt to treacherous Aunus.' So speaks the maiden, and with running feet swift as fire crosses his horse, and catching the bridle, meets him in front and takes her vengeance in her enemy's blood: as lightly as the falcon, bird of bale, swoops down from aloft on a pigeon high in a cloud, and pounces on and holds her, and disembowels her with taloned feet, while blood and torn feathers flutter down the sky.

But the creator of men and gods sits high on Olympus' [726-759] summit watching this, not with eyes unseeing: he kindles Tyrrhenian Tarchon to the fierce battle, and sharply goads him on to wrath. So Tarchon gallops amid the slaughter where his squadrons retreat, and urges his troops in changing tones, calling man on man by name, and rallies the fliers to fight. 'What terror, what utter cowardice hath fallen on your spirits, O never to be stung to shame, O slack alway? a woman drives you in disorder and routs our ranks! Why wear we steel? for what are these idle weapons in our hands? Yet not slack in Venus' service and wars by night, or, when the curving flute proclaims Bacchus' revels, to look forward to the feast and the cups on the loaded board (this your passion, this your desire!) till the soothsayer pronounce the offering favourable, and the fatted victim invite you to the deep groves.' So speaking, he spurs his horse into the midmost, ready himself to die, and bears violently down full on Venulus; and tearing him from horseback, grasps his enemy and carries him away with him on the saddle-bow by main force. A cry rises up, and all the Latins turn their eyes. Tarchon flies like fire over the plain, carrying the armed man, and breaks off the steel head from his own spear and searches the uncovered places, trying where he may deal the mortal blow; the other struggling against him keeps his hand off his throat, and strongly parries his attack. And, as when a golden eagle snatches and soars with a serpent in his clutch, and his feet are fast in it, and his talons cling; but the wounded snake writhes

in coiling spires, and its scales rise and roughen, and its mouth hisses as it towers upward; the bird none the less attacks his struggling prize with crooked beak, while his vans beat the air: even so Tarchon carries Tiburtus out of the ranks, triumphant in his prize. Following their captain's example and issue the men of Maeonia charge in. Then Arruns, due to his [760-796] doom, circles in advance of fleet Camilla with artful javelin, and tries how fortune may be easiest. Where the maiden darts furious amid the ranks, there Arruns slips up and silently tracks her footsteps; where she returns victorious and retires from amid the enemy, there he stealthily bends his rapid reins. Here he approaches, and here again he approaches, and strays all round and about, and untiringly shakes his certain spear. Haply Chloreus, sacred to Cybele and once her priest, glittered afar, splendid in Phrygian armour; a skin feathered with brazen scales and clasped with gold clothed the horse that foamed under his spur; himself he shone in foreign blue and scarlet, with fleet Gortynian shafts and a Lycian horn; a golden bow was on his shoulder, and the soothsayer's helmet was of gold; red gold knotted up his yellow scarf with its rustling lawny folds; his tunics and barbarian trousers were wrought in needlework. Him, whether that she might nail armour of Troy on her temples, or herself move in captive gold, the maiden pursued in blind chase alone of all the battle conflict, and down the whole line, reckless and fired by a woman's passion for spoils and plunder: when at last out of his ambush Arruns chooses his time and darts his javelin, praying thus aloud to heaven: 'Apollo, most high of gods, holy Soracte's warder, to whom we beyond all do worship, for whom the blaze of the pinewood heap is fed, where we thy worshippers in pious faith print our steps amid the deep embers of the fire, grant, O Lord omnipotent, that our arms wipe off this disgrace. I seek not the dress the maiden wore, nor trophy or any spoil of victory; other deeds shall bring me praise; let but this dread scourge fall stricken beneath my wound, I will return inglorious to my native towns.' Phoebus heard, and inly granted half his vow to prosper, half he shred into the flying breezes. To surprise and strike down Camilla in sudden death, this he [797-831] yielded to his prayer; that his high home might see his return he gave not, and a gust swept off his accents on the gale. So, when the spear sped from

his hand hurtled through the air, all the Volscians marked it well and turned their eyes on the queen; and she alone knew not wind or sound of the weapon on its aery path, till the spear passed home and sank where her breast met it, and, driven deep, drank her maiden blood. Her companions run hastily up and catch their sinking mistress. Arruns takes to flight more alarmed than all, in mingled fear and exultation, and no longer dares to trust his spear or face the maiden's weapons. And as the wolf, some shepherd or great bullock slain, plunges at once among the trackless mountain heights ere hostile darts are in pursuit, and knows how reckless he hath been, and drooping his tail lays it quivering under his belly, and seeks the woods; even so does Arruns withdraw from sight in dismay, and, satisfied to escape, mingles in the throng of arms. The dying woman pulls at the weapon with her hand; but the iron head is fixed deep in the wound up between the rib-bones. She swoons away with loss of blood; chilling in death her eyes swoon away; the once lustrous colour leaves her face. Then gasping, she thus accosts Acca, one of her birthmates, who alone before all was true to Camilla, with whom her cares were divided; and even so she speaks: 'Thus far, Acca my sister, have I availed; now the bitter wound overmasters me, and all about me darkens in haze. Haste away, and carry to Turnus my last message; to take my place in battle, and repel the Trojans from the town. And now goodbye.' Even with the words she dropped the reins and slid to ground unconscious. Then the unnerving chill overspread her, her neck slackened, her head sank overpowered by death, and her arms fell, and with a moan the life fled indignant into the dark. Then indeed an [832-867] infinite cry rises and smites the golden stars; the battle grows bloodier now Camilla is down; at once in serried ranks all the Teucrian forces pour in, with the Tyrrhene captains and Evander's Arcadian squadrons.

But Opis, Trivia's sentinel, long ere now sits high on the hill-tops, gazing on the battle undismayed. And when afar amid the din of angry men she espied Camilla done woefully to death, she sighed and uttered forth a deep cry: 'Ah too, too cruel, O maiden, the forfeit thou hast paid for daring armed attack on the Teucrians! and nothing hath availed thee thy lonely following of Diana in the woodlands, nor wearing our quiver on thy shoulder. Yet thy Queen hath not left thee

unhonoured now thy latter end is come; nor will this thy death be unnamed among the nations, nor shalt thou bear the fame of one unavenged; for whosoever hath sullied thy body with a wound shall pay death for due.' Under the mountain height was a great earthen mound, tomb of Dercennus, a Laurentine king of old, shrouded in shadowy ilex. Hither the goddess most beautiful first swoops down, and marks Arruns from the mounded height. As she saw him glittering in arms and idly exultant: 'Why,' she cries, 'wanderest thou away? hitherward direct thy steps; come hither to thy doom, to receive thy fit reward for Camilla. Shalt thou die, and by Diana's weapons?' The Thracian spoke, and slid out a fleet arrow from her gilded quiver, and stretched it level on the bow, and drew it far, till the curving tips met one another, and now her hands touched in counterpoise, the left the steel edge, the string in the right her breast. At once and in a moment Arruns heard the whistle of the dart and the resounding air, as the steel sank in his body. His comrades leave him forgotten on the unknown dust of the plain, moaning his last and gasping his life away; Opis wings her flight to the skyey heaven.

[868-901]At once the light squadron of Camilla retreat now they have lost their mistress; the Rutulians retreat in confusion, brave Atinas retreats. Scattered captains and thinned companies make for safety, and turn their horses backward to the town. Nor does any avail to make stand against the swarming death-dealing Teucrians, or bear their shock in arms; but their unstrung bows droop on their shoulders, and the four-footed galloping horse-hoof shakes the crumbling plain. The eddying dust rolls up thick and black towards the walls, and on the watch-towers mothers beat their breasts and the cries of women rise up to heaven. On such as first in the rout broke in at the open gates the mingling hostile throng follows hard; nor do they escape death, alas! but in the very gateway, within their native city and amid their sheltering homes, they are pierced through and gasp out their life. Some shut the gates, and dare not open to their pleading comrades nor receive them in the town; and a most pitiful slaughter begins between armed men who guard the entry and others who rush upon their arms. Barred out before their weeping parents' eyes and faces, some, swept on by the rout, roll headlong into the

trenches; some, blindly rushing with loosened rein, batter at the gates and stiffly-bolted doorway. The very mothers from the walls in eager heat (true love of country points the way, when they see Camilla) dart weapons with shaking hand, and eagerly make hard stocks of wood and fire-hardened poles serve for steel, and burn to die among the foremost for their city's sake.

Meanwhile among the forests the terrible news pours in on Turnus, and Acca brings him news of the mighty invasion; the Volscian lines are destroyed; Camilla is fallen; the enemy thicken and press on, and have swept all before them down the tide of battle. Raging he leaves the hills he had beset — Jove's stern will ordains it [902-915] so — and quits the rough woodland. Scarcely had he marched out of sight and gained the plain when lord Aeneas enters the open defiles, surmounts the ridge, and issues from the dim forest. So both advance swiftly to the town with all their columns, no long march apart, and at once Aeneas descried afar the plains all smoking with dust, and saw the Laurentine columns, and Turnus knew Aeneas terrible in arms, and heard the advancing feet and the neighing of the horses. And straightway would they join battle and essay the conflict, but that ruddy Phoebus even now dips his weary coursers in the Iberian flood, and night draws on over the fading day. They encamp before the city, and draw their trenches round the walls.

BOOK TWELFTH

THE SLAYING OF TURNUS

When Turnus sees the Latins broken and fainting in the thwart issue of war, his promise claimed for fulfilment, and men's eyes pointed on him, his own spirit rises in unappeasable flame. As the lion in Phoenician fields, his breast heavily wounded by the huntsmen, at last starts into arms, and shakes out the shaggy masses from his exultant neck, and undismayed snaps the brigand's planted weapon, roaring with blood-stained mouth; even so Turnus kindles and swells in passion. Then he thus addresses the king, and so furiously begins:

'Turnus stops not the way; there is no excuse for the coward Aeneadae to take back their words or renounce their compact. I join battle; bring the holy things, my lord, and swear the treaty. Either this hand shall hurl to hell the Dardanian who skulks from Asia, and the Latins sit and see my single sword wipe out the nation's reproach; or let him rule his conquest, and Lavinia pass to his espousal.'

To him Latinus calmly replied: 'O excellent young man! the more thy hot valour abounds, the more intently must I counsel, and weigh fearfully what may befall. Thou hast thy father Daunus' realm, hast many towns taken by thine hand, nor is Latinus lacking in gold and goodwill. There are other maidens unwedded in Latium and Laurentine fields, and of no mean birth. Let me unfold this hard saying in all sincerity: and do thou drink it into thy soul. I might not ally my daughter to any of her old wooers; such was the universal oracle of gods and men. Overborne by love for thee, overborne by kinship of blood and my weeping wife's complaint, I broke all fetters, I severed the maiden from her promised husband, I took up unrighteous arms. Since then, Turnus, thou seest what calamities, what wars pursue me, what woes thyself before all dost suffer. Twice vanquished in pitched battle, we scarce guard in our city walls the hopes of Italy: the streams of Tiber yet run warm with our blood, and our bones whiten the boundless plain. Why fall I away again and again? what madness bends my purpose? if I am ready to take them into alliance after Turnus' destruction, why do I not rather bar the

strife while he lives? What will thy Rutulian kinsmen, will all Italy say, if thy death — Fortune make void the word! — comes by my betrayal, while thou suest for our daughter in marriage? Cast a glance on war's changing fortune; pity thine aged father, who now far away sits sad in his native Ardea.'

In nowise do the words bend Turnus' passion: he rages the more fiercely, and sickens of the cure. So soon as he found speech he thus made utterance:

'The care thou hast for me, most gracious lord, for me lay down, I implore thee, and let me purchase honour with death. Our hand too rains weapons, our steel is strong; and our wounds too draw blood. The goddess his mother will be far from him to cover his flight, woman-like, in a cloud and an empty phantom's hiding.'

But the queen, dismayed by the new terms of battle, wept, and clung to her fiery son as one ready to die: 'Turnus, by these tears, by Amata's regard, if that touches thee at all — thou art now the one hope, the repose of mine unhappy age; in thine hand is Latinus' honour and empire, on thee is the weight of all our sinking house — one thing I beseech thee; forbear to join battle with the Teucrians. What fate soever awaits thee in the strife thou seekest, it awaits me, Turnus, too: with thee will I leave the hateful light, nor shall my captive eyes see Aeneas my daughter's lord.' Lavinia tearfully heard her mother's words with cheeks all aflame, as deep blushes set her face on fire and ran hotly over it. Even as Indian ivory, if one stain it with sanguine dye, or where white lilies are red with many a rose amid: such colour came on the maiden's face. Love throws him into tumult, and stays his countenance on the girl: he burns fiercer for arms, and briefly answers Amata:

'Do not, I pray thee, do not weep for me, neither pursue me thus ominously as I go to the stern shock of war. Turnus is not free to dally with death. Thou, Idmon, bear my message to the Phrygian monarch in this harsh wording: So soon as to-morrow's Dawn rises in the sky blushing on her crimson wheels, let him not loose Teucrian or Rutulian: let Teucrian and Rutulian arms have rest, and our blood decide the war; on that field let Lavinia be sought in marriage.'

These words uttered, withdrawing swiftly homeward, he orders

out his horses, and rejoicingly beholds them snorting before his face: those that Orithyia's self gave to grace Pylumus, such as would excel the snows in whiteness and the gales in speed. The eager charioteers stand round and pat their chests with clapping hollowed hands, and comb their tressed manes. Himself next he girds on his shoulders the corslet stiff with gold and pale mountain-bronze, and buckles on the sword and shield and scarlet-plumed helmet-spikes: that sword the divine Lord of Fire had himself forged for his father Daunus and dipped glowing in the Stygian wave. Next, where it stood amid his dwelling leaning on a massy pillar, he strongly seizes his stout spear, the spoil of Actor the Auruncan, and brandishes it quivering, and cries aloud: 'Now, O spear that never hast failed at my call, now the time is come; thee princely Actor once, thee Turnus now wields in his grasp. Grant this strong hand to strike down the effeminate Phrygian, to rend and shatter the corslet, and defile in dust the locks curled with hot iron and wet with myrrh.' Thus madly he runs on: sparkles leap out from all his blazing face, and his keen eyes flash fire: even as the bull when before his first fight he bellows awfully, and drives against a tree's trunk to make trial of his angry horns, and buffets the air with blows or scatters the sand in prelude of battle.

And therewithal Aeneas, terrible in his mother's armour, kindles for warfare and awakes into wrath, rejoicing that offer of treaty stays the war. Comforting his comrades and sorrowing Iulus' fear, he instructs them of destiny, and bids bear answer of assurance to King Latinus, and name the laws of peace.

Scarcely did the morrow shed on the mountain-tops the beams of risen day, as the horses of the sun begin to rise from the deep flood and breathe light from their lifted nostrils; Rutulian and Teucrian men measured out and made ready a field of battle under the great city's ramparts, and midway in it hearth-fires and grassy altars to the gods of both peoples; while others bore spring water and fire, draped in priestly dress and their brows bound with grass of the field. The Ausonian army issue forth, and crowd through the gates in streaming serried columns. On this side all the Trojan and Tyrrhenian host pour in diverse armament, girt with iron even as though the harsh battle-strife [125-158] called them forth. Therewith amid their thousands

the captains dart up and down, splendid in gold and purple, Mnesteus, seed of Assaracus, and brave Asilas, and Messapus, tamer of horses, brood of Neptune: then each on signal given retired to his own ground; they plant their spears in the earth and lean their shields against them. Mothers in eager abandonment, and the unarmed crowd and feeble elders beset towers and house-roofs, or stand at the lofty gates.

But Juno, on the summit that is now called the Alban — then the mountain had neither name nor fame or honour — looked forth from the hill and surveyed the plain and double lines of Laurentine and Trojan, and Latinus' town. Straightway spoke she thus to Turnus' sister, goddess to goddess, lady of pools and noisy rivers: such worship did Jupiter the high king of air consecrate to her for her stolen virginity:

‘Nymph, grace of rivers, best beloved of our soul, thou knowest how out of all the Latin women that ever rose to high-hearted Jove's thankless bed, thee only have I preferred and gladly given part and place in heaven. Learn thy woe, that thou blame not me for it, Juturna. Where fortune seemed to allow and the Destinies granted Latinus' estate to prosper, I shielded Turnus and thy city. Now I see him joining battle with unequal fates, and the day of doom and deadly force draws nigh. Mine eyes cannot look on this battle and treaty: thou, if thou darest aught of more present help for the brother of thy blood, go on; it befits thee. Haply relief shall follow misery.’

Scarcely thus: when Juturna's eyes overbrimmed with tears, and thrice and again she smote her hand on her gracious breast. ‘This is not time for tears,’ cries Juno, daughter of Saturn: ‘hasten and snatch thy brother, if it may be, from his death; or do thou waken war, and make [159-191] the treaty abortive. I encourage thee to dare.’ With such urgency she left her, doubting and dismayed, and grievously wounded in soul.

Meanwhile the kings go forth; Latinus in mighty pomp rides in his four-horse chariot; twelve gilded rays go glittering round his brows, symbol of the Sun his ancestor; Turnus moves behind a white pair, clenching in his hand two broad-headed spears. On this side lord Aeneas, fount of the Roman race, ablaze in starlike shield and celestial arms, and close by Ascanius, second hope of mighty Rome,

issue from the camp; and the priest, in spotless raiment, hath brought the young of a bristly sow and an unshorn sheep of two years old, and set his beasts by the blazing altars. They, turning their eyes towards the sunrising, scatter salted corn from their hands and clip the beasts with steel over the temples, and pour cups on the altars. Then Aeneas the good, with sword drawn, thus makes invocation:

‘Be the Sun now witness, and this Earth to my call, for whose sake I have borne to suffer so sore travail, and the Lord omnipotent, and thou his wife, at last, divine daughter of Saturn, at last I pray more favourable; and thou, mighty Mavors, who wieldest all warfare in lordship beneath thy sway; and on the Springs and Rivers I call, and the Dread of high heaven, and the divinities of the blue seas: if haply victory fall to Turnus the Ausonian, the vanquished make covenant to withdraw to Evander’s city; Iulus shall quit the soil; nor ever hereafter shall the Aeneadae return in arms to renew warfare, or attack this realm with the sword. But if Victory grant battle to us and ours (as I think the rather, and so the rather may the gods seal their will), I will not bid Italy obey my Teucrians, nor do I claim the realm for mine; let both nations, unconquered, join treaty for ever under equal law. Gods [192-225] and worship shall be of my giving: my father Latinus shall bear the sword, and have a father’s prescribed command. For me my Teucrians shall establish a city, and Lavinia give the town her name.’

Thus Aeneas first: thereon Latinus thus follows:

‘By these same I swear, O Aeneas, by Earth, Sea, Sky, and the twin brood of Latona and Janus the double-facing, and the might of nether gods and grim Pluto’s shrine; this let our Father hear, who seals treaties with his thunderbolt. I touch the altars, I take to witness the fires and the gods between us; no time shall break this peace and truce in Italy, howsoever fortune fall; nor shall any force turn my will aside, not if it dissolve land into water in turmoil of deluge, or melt heaven in hell: so surely as this sceptre’ (for haply he bore a sceptre in his hand) ‘shall never burgeon into thin leafage and shady shoot, since once in the forest cut down right to the stem it lost its mother, and the steel lopped away its tressed arms: a tree of old: now the craftsman’s hand hath bound it in adornment of brass and given it to our Latin fathers’ bearing.’

With such words they sealed mutual treaty midway in sight of the princes. Then they duly slay the consecrated beasts over the flames, and tear out their live entrails, and pile the altars with laden chargers.

But long ere this the Rutulians deemed the battle unequal, and their hearts are stirred in changeful motion; and now the more, as they discern nigher that in ill-matched strength heightened by Turnus, as advancing with noiseless pace he humbly worships at the altar with downcast eye, by his wasted cheeks and the pallor on his youthful frame. Soon as Juturna his sister saw this talk spread, and the people's mind waver in uncertainty, into the mid ranks, in feigned form of Camertus — his family was high in long ancestry, and his father's name [226-260] for valour renowned, and himself most valiant in arms — into the mid ranks she glides, not ignorant of her task, and scatters diverse rumours, saying thus: 'Shame, O Rutulians! shall we set one life in the breach for so many such as these? are we unequal in numbers or bravery? See, Troy and Arcadia is all they bring, and those fate-bound bands that Etruria hurls on Turnus. Scarce is there an enemy to meet every other man of ours. He indeed will ascend to the gods for whose altars he devotes himself, and move living in the lips of men: we, our country lost, shall bow to the haughty rigour of our lords, if we now sit slackly on the field.'

By such words the soldiers' counsel was kindled yet higher and higher, and a murmur crept through their columns; the very Laurentines, the very Latins are changed; and they who but now hoped for rest from battle and rescue of fortune now desire arms and pray the treaty were undone, and pity Turnus' cruel lot. To this Juturna adds a yet stronger impulse, and high in heaven shews a sign more potent than any to confuse Italian souls with delusive augury. For on the crimsoned sky Jove's tawny bird flew chasing, in a screaming crowd, fowl of the shore that winged their column; then suddenly stooping to the water, pounces on a noble swan with merciless crooked talons. The startled Italians watch, while all the birds together clamorously wheel round from flight, wonderful to see, and dim the sky with their pinions, and in thickening cloud urge their foe through air, till, conquered by their attack and his heavy prey, he yielded and dropped it from his talons into the river, and

winged his way deep into the clouds. Then indeed the Rutulians clamorously greet the omen, and their hands flash out. And Tolumnius the augur cries before them all: 'This it was, this, that my vows often have sought; I welcome and know a deity; [261-294] follow me, follow, snatch up the sword, O hapless people whom the greedy alien frightens with his arms like silly birds, and with strong hand ravages your shores. He too will take to flight, and spread his sails afar over ocean. Do you with one heart close up your squadrons, and defend in battle your lost king.' He spoke, and darting forward, hurled a weapon full on the enemy; the whistling cornel-shaft sings, and unerringly cleaves the air. At once and with it a vast shout goes up, and all their rows are amazed, and their hearts hotly stirred. The spear flies on; where haply stood opposite in ninefold brotherhood all the beautiful sons of one faithful Tyrrhene wife, borne of her to Gylippus the Arcadian, one of them, midway where the sewn belt rubs on the flank and the clasp bites the fastenings of the side, one of them, excellent in beauty and glittering in arms, it pierces clean through the ribs and stretches on the yellow sand. But of his banded brethren, their courage fired by grief, some grasp and draw their swords, some snatch weapons to throw, and rush blindly forward. The Laurentine columns rush forth against them; again from the other side Trojans and Agyllines and Arcadians in painted armour flood thickly in: so hath one passion seized all to make decision by the sword. They pull the altars to pieces; through all the air goes a thick storm of weapons, and faster falls the iron rain. Bowls and hearth-fires are carried off; Latinus himself retreats, bearing the outraged gods of the broken treaty. The others harness their chariots, or vault upon their horses and come up with swords drawn. Messapus, eager to shatter the treaty, rides menacingly down on Aulestes the Tyrrhenian, a king in a king's array. Retreating hastily, and tripped on the altars that meet him behind, the hapless man goes down on his head and shoulders. But Messapus flies up with wrathful spear, and strikes him, as he pleads sore, a deep downward [295-330] blow from horseback with his beam-like spear, saying thus: That for him: the high gods take this better victim. The Italians crowd in and strip his warm limbs. Corynaeus seizes a charred brand from the altar, and meeting Ebysus as he advances to strike, darts the flame in

his face; his heavy beard flamed up, and gave out a scorched smell. Following up his enemy's confusion, the other seizes him with his left hand by the hair, and bears him to earth with a thrust of his planted knee, and there drives the unyielding sword into his side. Podalirius pursues and overhangs with naked sword the shepherd Alsus as he rushes amid the foremost line of weapons; Alsus swings back his axe, and severs brow and chin full in front, wetting his armour all over with spattered blood. Grim rest and iron slumber seal his eyes; his lids close on everlasting night.

But good Aeneas, his head bared, kept stretching his unarmed hand and calling loudly to his men: 'Whither run you? What is this strife that so spreads and swells? Ah, restrain your wrath! truce is already stricken, and all its laws ordained; mine alone is the right of battle. Leave me alone, and my hand shall confirm the treaty; these rites already make Turnus mine.' Amid these accents, amid words like these, lo! a whistling arrow winged its way to him, sped from what hand or driven by what god, none knows, or what chance or deity brought such honour to the Rutulians; the renown of the high deed was buried, nor did any boast to have dealt Aeneas' wound. Turnus, when he saw Aeneas retreating from the ranks and his captains in dismay, burns hot with sudden hope. At once he calls for his horses and armour, and with a bound leaps proudly into his chariot and handles the reins. He darts on, dealing many a brave man's body to death; many an one he rolls half-slain, or crushes whole files under his chariot, or seizes and showers spears on the fugitives. As [331-364] when by the streams of icy Hebrus Mavors kindles to bloodshed and clashes on his shield, and stirs war and speeds his furious coursers; they outwing south winds and west on the open plain; utmost Thrace groans under their hoof-beats; and around in the god's train rush the faces of dark Terror, and Wraths and Ambushes; even so amid the battle Turnus briskly lashes on his reeking horses, trampling on the foes that lie piteously slain; the galloping hoof scatters bloody dew, and spurns mingled gore and sand. And now hath he dealt Sthenelus to death, and Thamyras and Pholus, him and him at close quarters, the other from afar; from afar both the sons of Imbrasmus, Glaucus and Lades, whom Imbrasmus himself had nurtured in Lycia and equipped in equal arms, whether

to meet hand to hand or to outstrip the winds on horseback. Elsewhere Eumedes advances amid the fray, ancient Dolon's brood, illustrious in war, renewing his grandfather's name, his father's courage and strength of hand, who of old dared to claim Pelides' chariot as his price if he went to spy out the Grecian camp; to him the son of Tydeus told out another price for his venture, and he dreams no more of Achilles' horses. Him Turnus descried far on the open plain, and first following him with light javelin through long space of air, stops his double-harnessed horses and leaps from the chariot, and descends on his fallen half-lifeless foe, and, planting his foot on his neck, wrests the blade out of his hand and dyes its glitter deep in his throat, adding these words withal: 'Behold, thou liest, Trojan, meting out those Hesperian fields thou didst seek in war. Such guerdon is theirs who dare to tempt my sword; thus do they found their city.' Then with a spear-cast he sends Asbutus to follow him, and Chloreus and Sybaris, Dares and Thersilochus, and Thymoetes fallen flung over his horse's neck. And as when [365-398] the Edonian North wind's wrath roars on the deep Aegean, and the wave follows it shoreward; where the blast comes down, the clouds race over the sky; so, wheresoever Turnus cleaves his way, columns retreat and lines turn and run; his own speed bears him on, and his flying plume tosses as his chariot meets the breeze. Phegeus brooked not his proud approach; he faced the chariot, and caught and twisted away in his right hand the mouths of his horses, spurred into speed and foaming on the bit. Dragged along and hanging by the yoke he is left uncovered; the broad lance-head reaches him, pins and pierces the double-woven breastplate, and lightly wounds the surface of his body. Yet turning, he advanced on the enemy behind his shield, and sought succour in the naked point; when the wheel running forward on its swift axle struck him headlong and flung him to ground, and Turnus' sword following it smote off his head between the helmet-rim and the upper border of the breastplate, and left the body on the sand.

And while Turnus thus victoriously deals death over the plains, Mnestheus meantime and faithful Achates, and Ascanius by their side, set down Aeneas in the camp, dabbled with blood and leaning every other step on his long spear. He storms, and tries hard to pull

out the dart where the reed had broken, and calls for the nearest way of remedy, to cut open the wound with broad blade, and tear apart the weapon's lurking-place, and so send him back to battle. And now Iapix son of Iasus came, beloved beyond others of Phoebus, to whom once of old, smitten with sharp desire, Apollo gladly offered his own arts and gifts, augury and the lyre and swift arrows: he, to lengthen out the destiny of a parent given over to die, chose rather to know the potency of herbs and the practice of healing, and deal in a silent art unrenowned. Aeneas stood chafing bitterly, propped on his vast spear, mourning [399-435]Iūlus and a great crowd of men around, unstirred by their tears. The aged man, with garment drawn back and girt about him in Paeonian fashion, makes many a hurried effort with healing hand and the potent herbs of Phoebus, all in vain; in vain his hand solicits the arrow-head, and his pincers' grasp pulls at the steel. Fortune leads him forward in nowise; Apollo aids not with counsel; and more and more the fierce clash swells over the plains, and the havoc draws nigher on. Already they see the sky a mass of dust, the cavalry approaching, and shafts falling thickly amid the camp; the dismal cry uprises of warriors fighting and falling under the War-god's heavy hand. At this, stirred deep by her son's cruel pain, Venus his mother plucked from Cretan Ida a stalk of dittamy with downy leaves and bright-tressed flowers, the plant not unknown to wild goats when winged arrows are fast in their body. This Venus bore down, her shape girt in a dim halo; this she steeps with secret healing in the river-water poured out and sparkling abrim, and sprinkles life-giving juice of ambrosia and scented balm. With that water aged Iapix washed the wound, unwitting; and suddenly, lo! all the pain left his body, all the blood in the deep wound was stanchd. And now following his hand the arrow fell out with no force, and strength returned afresh as of old. 'Hasten! arms for him quickly! why stand you?' cries Iapix aloud, and begins to kindle their courage against the enemy; 'this comes not by human resource or schooling of art, nor does my hand save thee, Aeneas: a higher god is at work, and sends thee back to higher deeds.' He, eager for battle, had already clasped on the greaves of gold right and left, and scorning delay, brandishes his spear. When the shield is adjusted by his side and the corslet on his back, he clasps Ascanius in his armed embrace, and lightly

kissing him through the helmet, cries: 'Learn of me, O boy, valour [436-470] and toil indeed, fortune of others. Now mine hand shall give thee defence in war, and lead thee to great reward: do thou, when hereafter thine age ripens to fulness, keep this in remembrance, and as thou recallest the pattern of thy kindred, let thy spirit rise to thy father Aeneas, thine uncle Hector.'

These words uttered, he issued towering from the gates, brandishing his mighty spear: with him in serried column rush Antheus and Mnestheus, and all the throng streams forth of the camp. The field drifts with blinding dust, and the startled earth trembles under the tramp of feet. From his earthworks opposite Turnus saw and the Ausonians saw them come, and an icy shudder ran deep through their frame; first and before all the Latins Juturna heard and knew the sound, and in terror fled away. He flies on, and hurries his dark column over the open plain. As when in fierce weather a storm-cloud moves over mid sea to land, with presaging heart, ah me, the hapless husbandmen shudder from afar; it will deal havoc to their trees and destruction to their crops, and make a broad path of ruin; the winds fly before it, and bear its roar to the beach; so the Rhoetean captain drives his army full on the foe; one and all they close up in wedges, and mass their serried ranks. Thymbraeus smites massive Osiris with the sword, Mnestheus slays Arcetius, Achates Epulo, Gyas Ufens: Tolumnius the augur himself goes down, he who had hurled the first weapon against the foe. Their cry rises to heaven, and in turn the routed Rutulians give backward in flight over the dusty fields. Himself he deigns not to cut down the fugitives, nor pursue such as meet him fair on foot or approach in arms: Turnus alone he tracks and searches in the thick haze, alone calls him to conflict. Then panic-stricken the warrior maiden flings Turnus' charioteer out over his reins, and leaving him far where he slips from the [471-504] chariot-pole, herself succeeds and turns the wavy reins, tones and limbs and armour all of Metiscus' wearing. As when a black swallow flits through some rich lord's spacious house, and circles in flight the lofty halls, gathering her tiny food for sustenance to her twittering nestlings, and now swoops down the spacious colonnades, now round the wet ponds; in like wise dart Juturna's horses amid the enemy, and her fleet chariot passes flying over all the

field. And now here and now here she displays her triumphant brother, nor yet allows him to close, but flies far and away. None the less does Aeneas thread the circling maze to meet him, and tracks his man, and with loud cry cries on him through the scattered ranks. Often as he cast eyes on his enemy and essayed to outrun the speed of the flying-footed horses, so often Juturna wheeled her team away. Alas, what can he do? Vainly he tosses on the ebb and flow, and in his spirit diverse cares make conflicting call; when Messapus, who haply bore in his left hand two tough spear-shafts topped with steel, runs lightly up and aims and hurls one of them upon him with unerring stroke. Aeneas stood still, and gathered himself behind his armour, sinking on bended knee; yet the rushing spear bore off his helmet-spike, and dashed the helmet-plume from the crest. Then indeed his wrath swells; and forced to it by their treachery, while chariot and horses disappear, he calls Jove oft and again to witness, and the altars of the violated treaty, and now at last plunges amid their lines. Sweeping terrible down the tide of battle he wakens fierce indiscriminate carnage, and flings loose all the reins of wrath.

What god may now unfold for me in verse so many woes, so many diverse slaughters and death of captains whom now Turnus, now again the Trojan hero, drives over all the field? Was it well, O God, that nations destined to everlasting peace should clash in so vast a shock? Aeneas [505-540] meets Sucro the Rutulian; the combat stayed the first rush of the Teucrians, but delayed them not long; he catches him on the side, and, when fate comes quickest, drives the harsh sword clean through the ribs where they fence the breast. Turnus brings down Amycus from horseback with his brother Diores, and meets them on foot; him he strikes with his long spear as he comes, him with his sword-point, and hangs both severed heads on his chariot and carries them off dripping with blood. The one sends to death Talos and Tanaïs and brave Cethegus, three at one meeting, and gloomy Onites, of Echionian name, and Peridia the mother that bore him; the other those brethren sent from Lycia and Apollo's fields, and Menoetes the Arcadian, him who loathed warfare in vain; who once had his art and humble home about the river-fisheries of Lerna, and knew not the courts of the great, but his father was tenant of the land he tilled. And as fires kindled

dispersedly in a dry forest and rustling laurel-thickets, or foaming rivers where they leap swift and loud from high hills, and speed to sea each in his own path of havoc; as fiercely the two, Aeneas and Turnus, dash amid the battle; now, now wrath surges within them, and unconquerable hearts are torn; now in all their might they rush upon wounds. The one dashes Murranus down and stretches him on the soil with a vast whirling mass of rock, as he cries the names of his fathers and forefathers of old, a whole line drawn through Latin kings; under traces and yoke the wheels spurned him, and the fast-beating hoofs of his rushing horses trample down their forgotten lord. The other meets Hyllus rushing on in gigantic pride, and hurls his weapon at his gold-bound temples; the spear pierced through the helmet and stood fast in the brain. Neither did thy right hand save thee from Turnus, O Cretheus, bravest of the Greeks; nor did his gods shield Cupencus when Aeneas came; he gave his [541-575] breast full to the steel, nor, alas! was the brazen shield's delay aught of avail. Thee likewise, Aeolus, the Laurentine plains saw sink backward and cover a wide space of earth; thou fallest, whom Argive battalions could not lay low, nor Achilles the destroyer of Priam's realm. Here was thy goal of death; thine high house was under Ida, at Lyrnesus thine high house, on Laurentine soil thy tomb. The whole battle-lines gather up, all Latium and all Dardania, Mnestheus and valiant Serestus, with Messapus, tamer of horses, and brave Asilas, the Tuscan battalion and Evander's Arcadian squadrons; man by man they struggle with all their might; no rest nor pause in the vast strain of conflict.

At this Aeneas' mother most beautiful inspired him to advance on the walls, directing his columns on the town and dismaying the Latins with sudden and swift disaster. As in search for Turnus he bent his glance this way and that round the separate ranks, he descries the city free from all this warfare, unpunished and unstirred. Straightway he kindles at the view of a greater battle; he summons Mnestheus and Sergestus and brave Serestus his captains, and mounts a hillock; there the rest of the Teucrian army gathers thickly, still grasping shield and spear. Standing on the high mound amid them, he speaks: 'Be there no delay to my words; Jupiter is with us; neither let any be slower to move that the design is sudden. This city

to-day, the source of war, the royal seat of Latinus, unless they yield them to receive our yoke and obey their conquerors, will I raze to ground, and lay her smoking roofs level with the dust. Must I wait forsooth till Turnus please to stoop to combat, and choose again to face his conqueror? This, O citizens, is the fountain-head and crown of the accursed war. Bring brands speedily, and reclaim the treaty in fire.' He ended; all with spirit alike emulous form a wedge and advance in serried masses to the walls. Ladders are run [576-611] up, and fire leaps sudden to sight. Some rush to the separate gates, and cut down the guards of the entry, others hurl their steel and darken the sky with weapons. Aeneas himself among the foremost, upstretching his hand to the city walls, loudly reproaches Latinus, and takes the gods to witness that he is again forced into battle, that twice now do the Italians choose warfare and break a second treaty. Discord rises among the alarmed citizens: some bid unbar the town and fling wide their gates to the Dardanians, and pull the king himself towards the ramparts; others bring arms and hasten to defend the walls: as when a shepherd tracks bees to their retreat in a recessed rock, and fills it with stinging smoke, they within run uneasily up and down their waxen fortress, and hum louder in rising wrath; the smell rolls in darkness along their dwelling, and a blind murmur echoes within the rock as the smoke issues to the empty air.

This fortune likewise befell the despairing Latins, this woe shook the whole city to her base. The queen espies from her roof the enemy's approach, the walls scaled and firebrands flying on the houses; and nowhere Rutulian ranks, none of Turnus' columns to meet them; alas! she deems him destroyed in the shock of battle, and, distracted by sudden anguish, shrieks that she is the source of guilt, the spring of ill, and with many a mad utterance of frenzied grief rends her purple attire with dying hand, and ties from a lofty beam the ghastly noose of death. And when the unhappy Latin women knew this calamity, first her daughter Lavinia tears her flower-like tresses and roseate cheeks, and all the train around her madden in her suit; the wide palace echoes to their wailing, and from it the sorrowful rumour spreads abroad throughout the town. All hearts sink; Latinus goes with torn raiment, in dismay at his wife's doom and his city's downfall, defiling his hoary hair with soilure of

sprinkled dust.

[614-648]Meanwhile on the skirts of the field Turnus chases scattered stragglers, ever slacker to battle, ever less and less exultant in his coursers' victorious speed. The confused cry came to him borne in blind terror down the breeze, and his startled ears caught the echoing tumult and disastrous murmur of the town. 'Ah me! what agony shakes the city? or what is this cry that fleets so loud from the distant town?' So speaks he, and distractedly checks the reins. And to him his sister, as changed into his charioteer Metiscus' likeness she swayed horses and chariot-reins, thus rejoined: 'This way, Turnus, let us pursue the brood of Troy, where victory opens her nearest way; there are others whose hands can protect their dwellings. Aeneas falls fiercer on the Italians, and closes in conflict; let our hand too deal pitiless death on his Teucrians. Neither in tale of dead nor in glory of battle shalt thou retire outdone.' Thereat Turnus: . . .

'Ah my sister, long ere now I knew thee, when first thine arts shattered the treaty, and thou didst mingle in the strife; and now thy godhead conceals itself in vain. But who hath bidden thee descend from heaven to bear this sore travail? was it that thou mightest see thy hapless brother cruelly slain? for what do I, or what fortune yet gives promise of safety? Before my very eyes, calling aloud on me, I saw Murranus, than whom none other is left me more dear, sink huge to earth, borne down by as huge a wound. Hapless Ufens is fallen, not to see our shame; corpse and armour are in Teucrian hands. The destruction of their households, this was the one thing yet lacking; shall I suffer it? Shall my hand not refute Drances' jeers? shall I turn my back, and this land see Turnus a fugitive? Is Death all so bitter? Do you, O Shades, be gracious to me, since the powers of heaven are estranged; to you shall I go down, a pure spirit and [649-681] ignorant of your blame, never once unworthy of my mighty fathers of old.'

Scarce had he spoken thus; lo! Saces, borne flying on his foaming horse through the thickest of the foe, an arrow-wound right in his face, darts, beseeching Turnus by his name. 'Turnus, in thee is our last safety; pity thy people. Aeneas thunders in arms, and threatens to

overthrow and hurl to destruction the high Italian fortress; and already firebrands are flying on our roofs. On thee, on thee the Latins turn their gazing eyes; King Latinus himself mutters in doubt, whom he is to call his sons, to whom he shall incline in union. Moreover the queen, thy surest stay, hath fallen by her own hand and in dismay fled the light. Alone in front of the gates Messapus and valiant Atinas sustain the battle-line. Round about them to right and left the armies stand locked and the iron field shivers with naked points; thou wheellest thy chariot on the sward alone.' At the distracting picture of his fortune Turnus froze in horror and stood in dumb gaze; together in his heart sweep the vast mingling tides of shame and maddened grief, and love stung to frenzy and resolved valour. So soon as the darkness cleared and light returned to his soul, he fiercely turned his blazing eyeballs towards the ramparts, and gazed back from his wheels on the great city. And lo! a spire of flame wreathing through the floors wavered up skyward and held a turret fast, a turret that he himself had reared of mortised planks and set on rollers and laid with high gangways. 'Now, O my sister, now fate prevails: cease to hinder; let us follow where deity and stern fortune call. I am resolved to face Aeneas, resolved to bear what bitterness there is in death; nor shalt thou longer see me shamed, sister of mine. Let me be mad, I pray thee, with this madness before the end.' He spoke, and leapt swiftly from his chariot to the field, and darting through weapons [682-718] and through enemies, leaves his sorrowing sister, and bursts in rapid course amid their columns. And as when a rock rushes headlong from some mountain peak, torn away by the blast, or if the rushing rain washes it away, or the stealing years loosen its ancient hold; the reckless mountain mass goes sheer and impetuous, and leaps along the ground, hurling with it forests and herds and men; thus through the scattering columns Turnus rushes to the city walls, where the earth is wettest with bloodshed and the air sings with spears; and beckons with his hand, and thus begins aloud: 'Forbear now, O Rutulians, and you, Latins, stay your weapons. Whatsoever fortune is left is mine: I singly must expiate the treaty for you all, and make decision with the sword.' All drew aside and left him room.

But lord Aeneas, hearing Turnus' name, abandons the walls, abandons the fortress height, and in exultant joy flings aside all

hindrance, breaks off all work, and clashes his armour terribly, vast as Athos, or as Eryx, or as the lord of Apennine when he roars with his tossing ilex woods and rears his snowy crest rejoicing into air. Now indeed Rutulians and Trojans and all Italy turned in emulous gaze, and they who held the high city, and they whose ram was battering the foundations of the wall, and unarmed their shoulders. Latinus himself stands in amaze at the mighty men, born in distant quarters of the world, met and making decision with the sword. And they, in the empty level field that cleared for them, darted swiftly forward, and hurling their spears from far, close in battle shock with clangour of brazen shields. Earth utters a moan; the sword-strokes fall thick and fast, chance and valour joining in one. And as in broad Sila or high on Taburnus, when two bulls rush to deadly battle forehead to forehead, the herdsman retire in terror, all the herd stands dumb in dismay, and the heifers murmur in doubt which shall be [719-752] lord in the woodland, which all the cattle must follow; they violently deal many a mutual wound, and gore with their stubborn horns, bathing their necks and shoulders in abundant blood; all the woodland moans back their bellowing: even thus Aeneas of Troy and the Daunian hero rush together shield to shield; the mighty crash fills the sky. Jupiter himself holds up the two scales in even balance, and lays in them the different fates of both, trying which shall pay forfeit of the strife, whose weight shall sink in death. Turnus darts out, thinking it secure, and rises with his whole reach of body on his uplifted sword; then strikes; Trojans and Latins cry out in excitement, and both armies strain their gaze. But the treacherous sword shivers, and in mid stroke deserts its eager lord. If flight aid him not now! He flies swifter than the wind, when once he descries a strange hilt in his weaponless hand. Rumour is that in his headlong hurry, when mounting behind his yoked horses to begin the battle, he left his father's sword behind and caught up his charioteer Metiscus' weapon; and that served him long, while Teucrian stragglers turned their backs; when it met the divine Vulcanian armour, the mortal blade like brittle ice snapped in the stroke; the shards lie glittering upon the yellow sand. So in distracted flight Turnus darts afar over the plain, and now this way and now that crosses in wavering circles; for on all hands the Teucrians locked him in crowded ring, and the

dreary marsh on this side, on this the steep city ramparts hem him in.

Therewith Aeneas pursues, though ever and anon his knees, disabled by the arrow, hinder and stay his speed; and foot hard on foot presses hotly on his hurrying enemy: as when a hunter courses with a fleet barking hound some stag caught in a river-loop or girt by the crimson-feathered toils, and he, in terror of the snares and the high river-bank, [753-786] darts back and forward in a thousand ways; but the keen Umbrian clings agape, and just catches at him, and as though he caught him snaps his jaws while the baffled teeth close on vacancy. Then indeed a cry goes up, and banks and pools answer round about, and all the sky echoes the din. He, even as he flies, chides all his Rutulians, calling each by name, and shrieks for the sword he knew. But Aeneas denounces death and instant doom if one of them draw nigh, and doubles their terror with threats of their city's destruction, and though wounded presses on. Five circles they cover at full speed, and unwind as many this way and that; for not light nor slight is the prize they seek, but Turnus' very lifeblood is at issue. Here there haply had stood a bitter-leaved wild olive, sacred to Faunus, a tree worshipped by mariners of old; on it, when rescued from the waves, they were wont to fix their gifts to the god of Laurentum and hang their votive raiment; but the Teucrians, unregarding, had cleared away the sacred stem, that they might meet on unimpeded lists. Here stood Aeneas' spear; hither borne by its own speed it was held fast stuck in the tough root. The Dardanian stooped over it, and would wrench away the steel, to follow with the weapon him whom he could not catch in running. Then indeed Turnus cries in frantic terror: 'Faunus, have pity, I beseech thee! and thou, most gracious Earth, keep thy hold on the steel, as I ever have kept your worship, and the Aeneadae again have polluted it in war.' He spoke, and called the god to aid in vows that fell not fruitless. For all Aeneas' strength, his long struggling and delay over the tough stem availed not to unclothe the hard grip of the wood. While he strains and pulls hard, the Daunian goddess, changing once more into the charioteer Metiscus' likeness, runs forward and passes her brother his sword. But Venus, indignant that the [787-818]Nymph might be so bold, drew nigh and wrenched away the spear where it stuck deep in the root. Erect in fresh courage and arms, he with his

faithful sword, he towering fierce over his spear, they face one another panting in the battle shock.

Meanwhile the King of Heaven's omnipotence accosts Juno as she gazes on the battle from a sunlit cloud. 'What yet shall be the end, O wife? what remains at the last? Heaven claims Aeneas as his country's god, thou thyself knowest and avowest to know, and fate lifts him to the stars. With what device or in what hope hankest thou chill in cloudland? Was it well that a deity should be sullied by a mortal's wound? or that the lost sword — for what without thee could Juturna avail? — should be restored to Turnus and swell the force of the vanquished? Forbear now, I pray, and bend to our entreaties; let not the pain thus devour thee in silence, and distress so often flood back on me from thy sweet lips. The end is come. Thou hast had power to hunt the Trojans over land or wave, to kindle accursed war, to put the house in mourning, and plunge the bridal in grief: further attempt I forbid thee.' Thus Jupiter began: thus the goddess, daughter of Saturn, returned with looks cast down:

'Even because this thy will, great Jupiter, is known to me for thine, have I left, though loth, Turnus alone on earth; nor else wouldst thou see me now, alone on this skyey seat, enduring good and bad; but girt in flame I were standing by their very lines, and dragging the Teucrians into the deadly battle. I counselled Juturna, I confess it, to succour her hapless brother, and for his life's sake favoured a greater daring; yet not the arrow-shot, not the bending of the bow, I swear by the merciless well-head of the Stygian spring, the single ordained dread of the gods in heaven. And now I retire, and leave the battle in loathing. [819-854] This thing I beseech thee, that is bound by no fatal law, for Latium and for the majesty of thy kindred. When now they shall plight peace with prosperous marriages (be it so!), when now they shall join in laws and treaties, bid thou not the native Latins change their name of old, nor become Trojans and take the Teucrian name, or change their language, or alter their attire: let Latium be, let Alban kings endure through ages, let Italian valour be potent in the race of Rome. Troy is fallen; let her and her name lie where they fell.'

To her smilingly the designer of men and things:

'Jove's own sister thou art, and second seed of Saturn, such surge

of wrath tosses within thy breast! But come, allay this madness so vainly stirred. I give thee thy will, and yield thee ungrudged victory. Ausonia shall keep her native speech and usage, and as her name is, it shall be. The Trojans shall sink mingling into their blood; I will add their sacred law and ritual, and make all Latins and of a single speech. Hence shall spring a race of tempered Ausonian blood, whom thou shalt see outdo men and gods in duty; nor shall any nation so observe thy worship.' To this Juno assented, and in gladness withdrew her purpose; meanwhile she quits her cloud, and retires out of the sky.

This done, the Father revolves inly another counsel, and prepares to separate Juturna from her brother's arms. Twin monsters there are, called the Dirae by their name, whom with infernal Megaera the dead of night bore at one single birth, and wreathed them in like serpent coils, and clothed them in windy wings. They appear at Jove's throne and in the courts of the grim king, and quicken the terrors of wretched men whensoever the lord of heaven deals sicknesses and dreadful death, or sends terror of war upon guilty cities. One of these Jupiter sent swiftly down from heaven's height, and bade her meet Juturna for a [855-888] sign. She wings her way, and darts in a whirlwind to earth. Even as an arrow through a cloud, darting from the string when Parthian hath poisoned it with bitter gall, Parthian or Cydonian, and sped the immedicable shaft, leaps through the swift shadow whistling and unknown; so sprung and swept to earth the daughter of Night. When she espies the Ilian ranks and Turnus' columns, suddenly shrinking to the shape of a small bird that often sits late by night on tombs or ruinous roofs, and vexes the darkness with her cry, in such change of likeness the monster shrilly passes and repasses before Turnus' face, and her wings beat restlessly on his shield. A strange numbing terror unnerves his limbs, his hair thrills up, and the accents falter on his tongue. But when his hapless sister knew afar the whistling wings of the Fury, Juturna unbinds and tears her tresses, with rent face and smitten bosom. 'How, O Turnus, can thine own sister help thee now? or what more is there if I break not under this? What art of mine can lengthen out thy day? can I contend with this ominous thing? Now, now I quit the field. Dismay not my terrors, disastrous birds; I know these beating wings, and the sound

of death, nor do I miss high-hearted Jove's haughty ordinance. Is this his repayment for my maidenhood? what good is his gift of life for ever? why have I forfeited a mortal's lot? Now assuredly could I make all this pain cease, and go with my unhappy brother side by side into the dark. Alas mine immortality! will aught of mine be sweet to me without thee, my brother? Ah, how may Earth yawn deep enough for me, and plunge my godhead in the under world!'

So spoke she, and wrapping her head in her gray vesture, the goddess moaning sore sank in the river depth.

But Aeneas presses on, brandishing his vast tree-like spear, and fiercely speaks thus: 'What more delay is there [889-924] now? or why, Turnus, dost thou yet shrink away? Not in speed of foot, in grim arms, hand to hand, must be the conflict. Transform thyself as thou wilt, and collect what strength of courage or skill is thine; pray that thou mayest wing thy flight to the stars on high, or that sheltering earth may shut thee in.' The other, shaking his head: 'Thy fierce words dismay me not, insolent! the gods dismay me, and Jupiter's enmity.' And no more said, his eyes light on a vast stone, a stone ancient and vast that haply lay upon the plain, set for a landmark to divide contested fields: scarcely might twelve chosen men lift it on their shoulders, of such frame as now earth brings to birth: then the hero caught it up with trembling hand and whirled it at the foe, rising higher and quickening his speed. But he knows not his own self running nor going nor lifting his hands or moving the mighty stone; his knees totter, his blood freezes cold; the very stone he hurls, spinning through the empty void, neither wholly reached its distance nor carried its blow home. And as in sleep, when nightly rest weighs down our languorous eyes, we seem vainly to will to run eagerly on, and sink faint amidst our struggles; the tongue is powerless, the familiar strength fails the body, nor will words or utterance follow: so the disastrous goddess brings to naught all Turnus' valour as he presses on. His heart wavers in shifting emotion; he gazes on his Rutulians and on the city, and falters in terror, and shudders at the imminent spear; neither sees he whither he may escape nor how rush violently on the enemy, and nowhere his chariot or his sister at the reins. As he wavers Aeneas poises the deadly weapon, and, marking his chance, hurls it in from afar with all

his strength of body. Never with such a roar are stones hurled from some engine on ramparts, nor does the thunder burst in so loud a peal. Carrying grim death with it, the spear flies in fashion of some dark whirlwind, and [925-952] opens the rim of the corslet and the utmost circles of the sevenfold shield. Right through the thigh it passes hurtling on; under the blow Turnus falls huge to earth with his leg doubled under him. The Rutulians start up with a groan, and all the hill echoes round about, and the width of high woodland returns their cry. Lifting up beseechingly his humbled eyes and suppliant hand: 'I have deserved it,' he says, 'nor do I ask for mercy; use thy fortune. If an unhappy parent's distress may at all touch thee, this I pray; even such a father was Anchises to thee; pity Daunus' old age, and restore to my kindred which thou wilt, me or my body bereft of day. Thou art conqueror, and Ausonia hath seen me stretch conquered hands. Lavinia is thine in marriage; press not thy hatred farther.'

Aeneas stood wrathful in arms, with rolling eyes, and lowered his hand; and now and now yet more the speech began to bend him to waver: when high on his shoulder appeared the sword-belt with the shining bosses that he knew, the luckless belt of the boy Pallas, whom Turnus had struck down with mastering wound, and wore on his shoulders the fatal ornament. The other, as his eyes drank in the plundered record of his fierce grief, kindles to fury, and cries terrible in anger: 'Mayest thou, thou clad in the spoils of my dearest, escape mine hands? Pallas it is, Pallas who now strikes the sacrifice, and exacts vengeance in thy guilty blood.' So saying, he fiercely plunges the steel full in his breast. But his limbs grow slack and chill, and the life with a moan flies indignantly into the dark.

THE END

THE AENEID – Taylor’s Translation



This 1907 translation was rendered into English verse by Edward Fairfax Taylor.

THE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL BY E. FAIRFAX TAYLOR

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

BOOK ONE

BOOK TWO

BOOK THREE

BOOK FOUR

BOOK FIVE

BOOK SIX

BOOK SEVEN

BOOK EIGHT

BOOK NINE

BOOK TEN

BOOK ELEVEN

BOOK TWELVE

INTRODUCTION

Virgil — Publius Vergilius Maro — was born at Andes near Mantua, in the year 70 B.C. His life was uneventful, though he lived in stirring times, and he passed by far the greater part of it in reading his books and writing his poems, undisturbed by the fierce civil strife which continued to rage throughout the Roman Empire, until Octavian, who afterwards became the Emperor Augustus, defeated Antony at the battle of Actium. Though his father was a man of humble origin, Virgil received an excellent education, first at Cremona and Milan, and afterwards at Rome. He was intimate with all the distinguished men of his time, and a personal friend of the Emperor. After the publication of his second work, the *Georgics*, he was recognized as being the greatest poet of his age, and the most striking figure in the brilliant circle of literary men, which was centred at the Court. He died at Brindisi in the spring of 19 B.C. whilst returning from a journey to Greece, leaving his greatest work, the *Aeneid*, written but unrevised. It was published by his executors, and immediately took its place as the great national Epic of the Roman people. Virgil seems to have been a man of simple, pure, and loveable character, and the references to him in the works of Horace clearly show the affection with which he was regarded by his friends.

Like every cultivated Roman of that age, Virgil was a close student of the literature and philosophy of the Greeks, and his poems bear eloquent testimony to the profound impression made upon him by his reading of the Greek poets. His first important work, the *Eclogues*, was directly inspired by the pastoral poems of Theocritus, from whom he borrowed not only much of his imagery but even whole lines; in the *Georgics* he took as his model the *Works and Days* of Hesiod, and though in the former case it must be confessed that he suffers from the weakness inherent in all imitative poetry, in the latter he far surpasses the slow and simple verses of the Boeotian. But here we must guard ourselves against a misapprehension. We moderns look askance at the writer who borrows without acknowledgment the thoughts and phrases of his forerunners, but the Roman critics of the Augustan Age looked at the matter from a

different point of view. They regarded the Greeks as having set the standard of the highest possible achievement in literature, and believed that it should be the aim of every writer to be faithful, not only to the spirit, but even to the letter of their great exemplars. Hence it was only natural that when Virgil essayed the task of writing the national Epic of his country, he should be studious to embody in his work all that was best in Greek Epic poetry.

It is difficult in criticizing Virgil to avoid comparing him to some extent with Homer. But though Virgil copied Homer freely, any comparison between them is apt to be misleading. A primitive epic, like the *Iliad* or the *Nibelungenlied*, produced by an imaginative people at an early stage in its development, telling its stories simply for the sake of story telling, cannot be judged by the same canons of criticism as a literary epic like the *Aeneid* or *Paradise Lost*, which is the work of a great poet in an age of advanced culture, and sets forth a great idea in a narrative form. The Greek writer to whom Virgil owes most perhaps, is Apollonius of Rhodes, from whose *Argonautica* he borrowed the love interest of the *Aeneid*. And though the Roman is a far greater poet, in this instance the advantage is by no means on his side, for, as Professor Gilbert Murray has so well said, 'the Medea and Jason of the *Argonautica* are at once more interesting and more natural than their copies, the Dido and Aeneas of the *Aeneid*. The wild love of the witch-maiden sits curiously on the queen and organizer of industrial Carthage; and the two qualities which form an essential part of Jason — the weakness which makes him a traitor, and the deliberate gentleness which contrasts him with Medea — seem incongruous in the father of Rome.' But though Virgil turned to the Greek epics for the general framework and many of the details of his poem, he always remains master of his materials, and stamps them with the impress of his own genius. The spirit which inspires the *Aeneid* is wholly Roman, and the deep faith in the National Destiny, and stern sense of duty to which it gives expression, its profoundly religious character and stately and melodious verse, have always caused it to be recognized as the loftiest expression of the dignity and greatness of Rome at her best. But the sympathetic reader will be conscious of a deeper and more abiding charm in the poetry of Virgil. Even in his most splendid

passages his verses thrill us with a strange pathos, and his sensitiveness to unseen things — things beautiful and sad — has caused a great writer, himself a master of English prose, to speak of ‘his single words and phrases, his pathetic half lines, giving utterance as the voice of Nature herself to that pain and weariness, yet hope of better things, which is the experience of her children in every age.’

The task of translating such a writer at all adequately may well seem to be an almost impossible one; and how far any of the numerous attempts to do so have succeeded, is a difficult question. For not only does the stated ideal at which the translator should aim, vary with each generation, but perhaps no two lovers of Virgil would agree at any period as to what this ideal should be. Two general principles stand out from the mass of conflicting views on this point. The translation should read as though it were an original poem, and it should produce on the modern reader as far as possible the same effect as the original produced on Virgil’s contemporaries. And here we reach the real difficulty, for the scholar who can alone judge what that effect may have been, is too intimate with the original to see clearly the merits of a translation, and the man who can only read the translation can form no opinion. However, it seems clear that a prose translation can never really satisfy us, because it must always be wanting in the musical quality of continuous verse. And our critical experience bears this out, since even Professor Mackail with all his literary skill and insight has failed to make his version of the Aeneid more than a very valuable aid to the student of the original. The meaning of the poet is fully expressed, but his music has been lost. That oft-quoted line —

‘Sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt’

haunts us like Tennyson’s

‘When unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square,’

and no prose rendering can hope to convey the poignancy and pathos of the original. The ideal translation, then, must be in verse,

and perhaps the best way for us to determine which style and metre are most suited to convey to the modern reader an impression of the charm of Virgil, will be to take a brief glance at some of the best-known of the verse translations which have appeared.

The first translation of the Aeneid into English verse was that of Gawin Douglas, bishop of Dunkeld in Scotland, which was published in 1553. It is a spirited translation, marked by considerable native force and verisimilitude, and it was certainly unsurpassed until that of Dryden appeared. In the best passages it renders the tone and feeling of the original with extreme felicity — indeed, all but perfectly. Take for instance this passage from the Sixth Book —

‘Thai walking furth fa dyrk, oneth thai wyst
Quhidder thai went, amyd dym schaddowys thar,
Quhar evir is nycht, and nevir lyght dois repar,
Throwout the waist dongion of Pluto Kyng,
Thai voyd boundis, and that gowsty ryng:
Siklyke as quha wold throw thik woddis wend
In obscure licht, quhen moyn may nocht be kened;
As Jupiter the kyng etheryall,
With erdis skug hydys the hevynns all
And the myrk nycht, with her vissage gray,
From every thing hes reft the hew away.’

But in spite of its merits, its dialect wearies the modern reader, and gives it an air of grotesqueness which is very alien to the spirit of the Latin. One other sixteenth-century translation deserves notice, as it was written by one who was himself a distinguished poet; namely, the version of the second and fourth books of the Aeneid written by Henry, Earl of Surrey. It gained the commendation of that stern critic Ascham, who praises Surrey for avoiding rhyme, but considers that he failed to ‘fully hit perfect and true versifying’; which is hardly a matter for wonder since English blank verse was then in its infancy. But it has some fine passages — notably the one which relates the death of Dido —

‘As she had said, her damsell might perceue

Her with these wordes fal pearced on a sword
The blade embrued and hands besprent with gore.
The clamor rang unto the pallace toppes,
The brute ranne throughout al thastained towne,
With wailing great, and women's shrill yelling,
The roofs gan roare, the aire resound with plaint,
As though Cartage, or thauncient town of Tyre
With prease of entred enemies swarmed full,
Or when the rage of furious flame doth take
The temples toppes, and mansions eke of men.'

Of the translations into modern English, that of Dryden may still be said to stand first, in spite of its lack of fidelity. It owes its place to its sustained vigour, and the fact that the heroic couplet is in the hands of a master. In its way nothing could be better than —

'Just in the gate, and in the jaws of hell,
Revengeful cares, and sullen sorrows dwell,
And pale diseases, and repining age —
Want, fear, and famine's unresisted rage,
Here toils and death, and death's half-brother sleep,
Forms terrible to view, their sentry keep.
With anxious pleasures of a guilty mind,
Deep frauds, before, and open force behind;
The Furies' iron beds, and strife that shakes
Her hissing tresses, and unfolds her snakes.'

But though the heroic couplet may have conveyed to Dryden's age something of the effect of the Virgilian hexameter, it does nothing of the kind to us. Probably we are prejudiced in the matter by Pope's Homer.

Professor Conington's translation certainly has spirit and energy, but he was decidedly unfortunate in his choice of metre. To attempt to render 'the stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man' by fluent octosyllabics was bound to result in incongruity, as in the following passage, where the sombre warning of the Sibyl to Aeneas becomes merely a sprightly reminder that —

‘The journey down to the abyss
Is prosperous and light,
The palace gates of gloomy Dis
Stand open day and night;
But upward to retrace the way
And pass into the light of day,
There comes the stress of labour; this
May task a hero’s might.’

The various attempts that have been made to translate the poem in the metre of the original have all been sad failures. And from Richard Stanyhurst, whom Thomas Nash described as treading ‘a foul, lumbering, boistrous, wallowing measure, in his translation of Virgil,’ down to our own time, no one has succeeded in avoiding faults of monotony and lack of poetical quality. A short extract from Dr. Crane’s translation will illustrate this very clearly —

‘No species of hardships,
Longer, O maiden, arises before me as strange and unlooked for:
All things have I foreknown, and in soul have already endured
them.

One special thing I crave, since here, it is said, that the gateway
Stands of the monarch infernal, and reflux Acheron’s dark pool:
Let it be mine to go down to the sight and face of my cherished
Father, and teach me the way, and the sacred avenues open.’

Nor is William Morris’ attempt to devise a new metre anything but disappointing. It is surprising that so delightfully endowed a poet should have so often missed the music of Virgil’s verse as he has done in his translation, and the archaisms with which his work abounds, though they might be suitable in a translation of Homer, are only a source of irritation in the case of Virgil.

For the best metre to use we must look in a different direction. Virgil made use of the dactylic hexameter because it was the literary tradition of his day that epics should be written in that metre. In the same way it might be argued, the English tradition points to blank

verse as the correct medium. This may be so, but its use demands that the translator should be as great a poet as Virgil. Had Tennyson ever translated the Aeneid, it would doubtless have been as nearly faultless as any translation could be, as is shown by the version of Sir Theodore Martin, which owes so much of its stately charm to its close adherence to the manner of Tennyson. A typical passage is the description of Dido's love for Aeneas —

‘Soothsayers, ah! how little do they know!
Of what avail are temples, vows, and prayers,
To quell a raging passion? All the while
A subtle flame is smouldering in her veins,
And in her heart a silent aching wound.

* * * * *

Now Dido leads
Aeneas round the ramparts, to him shows
The wealth of Sidon, all the town laid out,
Begins to speak, then stops, she knows not why.
Now, as day wanes, the feast of yesterday
She gives again, again with fevered lips
Begs for the tale of Troy and all its woes,
And hangs upon his lips, who tells the tale.
Then, when the guests are gone and in her turn
The wan moon pales her light, and waning stars
Persuade to sleep, she in her empty halls
Mourns all alone, and throws herself along
The couch where he had lain: though he be gone
Far from her side, she hears and sees him still.’

Of the merits of the present translation the reader will judge for himself; but it may perhaps be said of the usual objections urged against the Spenserian stanza — that it is cumbrous and monotonous, and presents difficulties of construction — that the two former criticisms will be just or the reverse, according to the skill of the writer, while it is quite possible that the last is really an advantage,

for the intricate machinery imposes a restraint on careless or hasty composition. And finally we must turn a deaf ear, even to so high an authority as Matthew Arnold, when he says that it is not suited to the grand manner. When he said this he cannot have remembered either the lament of Florimell in the *Faerie Queene* or the conclusion of *Childe Harold*.

J. P. MAINE.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Edward Fairfax Taylor, whose translation of the *Aeneid* is now published, was descended from the Taylors of Norwich, a family well known for their culture and intellectual gifts. He was the only son of John Edward Taylor, himself an accomplished German and Italian scholar, and the first translator of the *Pentamerone* into English, who lived at Weybridge near his aunt, Mrs. Sarah Austin. Brought up among books, young Taylor early showed an intense love for classical literature, and soon after going to Marlborough he began the present translation as a boy of sixteen. His admiration for Spenser led him to adopt the Spenserian stanza, and in the preface to his translation of the first two books he gives detailed reasons for considering it peculiarly well adapted for the *Aeneid*. He was a favourite pupil of the late Dr. Bradley, Dean of Westminster, at that time headmaster of Marlborough, and who much wished that he should follow in the footsteps of 'that brilliant band of Marlborough men,' as they have been called, who at that time, year after year, gained the Balliol scholarship. But circumstances made him decide otherwise, and in 1865 he passed the necessary examination for a clerkship in the House of Lords. The long vacations gave him time to continue this labour of love, and in the intervals of much other literary work, and in spite of ill health, he completed the translation of the twelve books of the *Aeneid*. He looked forward to re-editing it and bringing it out when he should have retired from his work in the House of Lords, but this day never came, and he died from heart disease in January 1902. His was a singularly charming disposition, and he was beloved by all who knew him; while the courage and patience with which he bore ever-increasing suffering, and the stoicism he showed in fulfilling his duties in the House of Lords, have left a deep impression on all his friends.

L. M.

THE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL

BOOK ONE

ARGUMENT

Fate sends Æneas to Latium to found Rome, but Juno's hostility long delays his success (1-45). Descrying him and his Trojans in sight of Italy, she bribes Æolus to raise a storm for their destruction (46-99). The tempest (100-116). The despair of Æneas (117-126). One Trojan ship is already lost, when Neptune learns the plot and lays the storm (127-189). Æneas escapes, lands in Libya, and heartens his men (190-261). Venus appeals to Jupiter, who comforts her with assurance that Æneas shall yet be great in Italy. His son shall found Alba and his son's sons Rome. Juno shall eventually relent, and Rome under Augustus shall be empress of the world (262-351). Mercury is sent to secure from Dido, Queen of Libya, a welcome for Æneas. Æneas and Achates, while reconnoitring, meet Venus in the forest disguised as a nymph. She tells them Dido's story. Æneas in reply bewails his own troubles, but is interrupted with promises of success. Let him but persist, all will be well (352-478). Venus changes before their eyes from nymph to goddess, and vanishes before Æneas can utter his reproaches. Hidden in a magic mist, the pair approach Carthage, which they find still building. They reach the citadel unobserved, and are encouraged on seeing pictures of scenes from the Trojan war (479-576). Dido appears and takes her state. To her enter, as suppliants, Trojan leaders, whom Æneas had imagined dead. Ilioneus, their spokesman, tells the story of the storm and asks help. "If only Æneas were here!" (577-661). Dido speaks him fair and echoes his words, "If Æneas were here!" The mist scatters. Æneas appears; thanks Dido, and greets Ilioneus (662-723). Dido welcomes Æneas to Carthage and prepares a festival in his honour. Æneas sends Achates to summon his son and bring gifts for Dido (724-774). Cupid, persuaded by Venus to personate Ascanius and inspire Dido with love for Æneas, comes with the gifts to Dido's

palace, while Ascanius is carried away to Idalia. The night is passed in feasting. After the feast Iopas sings the wonders of the firmament, and Dido, bewitched by Cupid, begs Æneas to tell the whole story of his adventures (775-891).

I . Of arms I sing, and of the man, whom Fate
First drove from Troy to the Lavinian shore.
Full many an evil, through the mindful hate
Of cruel Juno, from the gods he bore,
Much tost on earth and ocean, yea, and more
In war enduring, ere he built a home,
And his loved household-deities brought o'er
To Latium, whence the Latin people come, 1
Whence rose the Alban sires, and walls of lofty Rome.

II . O Muse, assist me and inspire my song,
The various causes and the crimes relate,
For what affronted majesty, what wrong
To injured Godhead, what offence so great
Heaven's Queen resenting, with remorseless hate,
Could one renowned for piety compel
To brave such troubles, and endure the weight
Of toils so many and so huge. O tell 10
How can in heavenly minds such fierce resentment dwell?

III . There stood a city, fronting far away
The mouths of Tiber and Italia's shore,
A Tyrian settlement of olden day,
Rich in all wealth, and trained to war's rough lore,
Carthage the name, by Juno loved before
All places, even Samos. Here were shown
Her arms, and here her chariot; evermore
E'en then this land she cherished as her own, 19
And here, should Fate permit, had planned a world-wide throne.

IV . But she had heard, how men of Trojan seed
Those Tyrian towers should level, how again

From these in time a nation should proceed,
Wide-ruling, tyrannous in war, the bane
(So Fate was working) of the Libyan reign.
This feared she, mindful of the war beside
Waged for her Argives on the Trojan plain;
Nor even yet had from her memory died 28
The causes of her wrath, the pangs of wounded pride, —

V . The choice of Paris, and her charms disdained,
The hateful race, the lawless honours ta'en
By ravished Ganymede — these wrongs remained.
So fired with rage, the Trojans' scanty train
By fierce Achilles and the Greeks unslain
She barred from Latium, and in evil strait
For many a year, on many a distant main
They wandered, homeless outcasts, tost by Fate; 37
So huge, so hard the task to found the Roman state.

VI . Scarce out of sight of Sicily, they set
Their sails to sea, and merrily ploughed the main,
With brazen beaks, when Juno, harbouring yet
Within her breast the ever-rankling pain,
Mused thus: "Must I then from the work refrain,
Nor keep this Trojan from the Latin throne,
Baffled, forsooth, because the Fates constrain?
Could Pallas burn the Grecian fleet, and drown 46
Their crews, for one man's crime, Oileus' frenzied son?

VII . "She, hurling Jove's winged lightning, stirred the deep
And strewed the ships. Him, from his riven breast
The flames outgassing, with a whirlwind's sweep
She caught and fixed upon a rock's sharp crest.
But I, who walk the Queen of Heaven confessed,
Jove's sister-spouse, shall I forevermore
With one poor tribe keep warring without rest?
Who then henceforth shall Juno's power adore? 55
Who then her fanes frequent, her deity implore?"

VIII . Such thoughts revolving in her fiery mind,
Straightway the Goddess to Æolia passed,
The storm-clouds' birthplace, big with blustering wind.
Here Æolus within a dungeon vast
The sounding tempest and the struggling blast
Bends to his sway and bridles them with chains.
They, in the rock reverberant held fast,
Moan at the doors. Here, throned aloft, he reigns; 64
His sceptre calms their rage, their violence restrains:

IX . Else earth and sea and all the firmament
The winds together through the void would sweep.
But, fearing this, the Sire omnipotent
Hath buried them in caverns dark and deep,
And o'er them piled huge mountains in a heap,
And set withal a monarch, there to reign,
By compact taught at his command to keep
Strict watch, and tighten or relax the rein. 73
Him now Saturnia sought, and thus in lowly strain:

X . "O Æolus, for Jove, of human kind
And Gods the sovran Sire, hath given to thee
To lull the waves and lift them with the wind,
A hateful people, enemies to me,
Their ships are steering o'er the Tuscan sea,
Bearing their Troy and vanquished gods away
To Italy. Go, set the storm-winds free,
And sink their ships or scatter them astray, 82
And strew their corpses forth, to weltering waves a prey.

XI . "Twice seven nymphs have I, beautiful to see;
One, Deiopeia, fairest of the fair,
In lasting wedlock will I link to thee,
Thy life-long years for such deserts to share,
And make thee parent of an offspring fair." —
"Speak, Queen," he answered, "to obey is mine.

To thee I owe this sceptre and whate'er
Of realm is here; thou makest Jove benign, 91
Thou giv'st to rule the storms and sit at feasts divine."

XII . So spake the God and with her hest complied,
And turned the massive sceptre in his hand
And pushed the hollow mountain on its side.
Out rushed the winds, like soldiers in a band,
In wedged array, and, whirling, scour the land.
East, West and squally South-west, with a roar,
Swoop down on Ocean, and the surf and sand
Mix in dark eddies, and the watery floor 100
Heave from its depths, and roll huge billows to the shore.

XIII . Then come the creak of cables and the cries
Of seamen. Clouds the darkened heavens have drowned,
And snatched the daylight from the Trojans' eyes.
Black night broods on the waters; all around
From pole to pole the rattling peals resound
And frequent flashes light the lurid air.
All nature, big with instant ruin, frowned
Destruction. Then Æneas' limbs with fear 109
Were loosened, and he groaned and stretched his hands in prayer:

XIV . "Thrice, four times blest, who, in their fathers' face
Fell by the walls of Ilion far away!
O son of Tydeus, bravest of the race,
Why could not I have perished, too, that day
Beneath thine arm, and breathed this soul away
Far on the plains of Troy, where Hector brave
Lay, pierced by fierce Æacides, where lay
Giant Sarpedon, and swift Simois' wave 118
Rolls heroes, helms and shields, whelmed in one watery grave?"

XV . E'en as he cried, the hurricane from the North
Struck with a roar against the sail. Up leap
The waves to heaven; the shattered oars start forth;

Round swings the prow, and lets the waters sweep
The broadside. Onward comes a mountain heap
Of billows, gaunt, abrupt. These, horsed astride
A surge's crest, rock pendent o'er the deep;
To those the wave's huge hollow, yawning wide, 127
Lays bare the ground below; dark swells the sandy tide.

XVI . Three ships the South-wind catching hurls away
On hidden rocks, which (Latins from of yore
Have called them "Altars") in mid ocean lay,
A huge ridge level with the tide. Three more
Fierce Eurys from the deep sea dashed ashore
On quicks and shallows, pitiful to view,
And round them heaped the sandbanks. One, that bore
The brave Orontes and his Lycian crew, 136
Full in Æneas' sight a toppling wave o'erthrew.

XVII . Dashed from the tiller, down the pilot rolled.
Thrice round the billow whirled her, as she lay,
Then whelmed below. Strewn here and there behold
Arms, planks, lone swimmers in the surges grey,
And treasures snatched from Trojan homes away.
Now fail the ships wherein Achates ride
And Abas; old Aletes' bark gives way,
And brave Ilioneus'. Each loosened side 145
Through many a gaping seam lets in the baleful tide.

XVIII . Meanwhile great Neptune, sore amazed, perceived
The storm let loose, the turmoil of the sky,
And ocean from its lowest depths upheaved.
With calm brow lifted o'er the sea, his eye
Beholds Troy's navy scattered far and nigh,
And by the waves and ruining heaven oppressed
The Trojan crews. Nor failed he to espy
His sister's wiles and hatred. East and West 154
He summoned to his throne, and thus his wrath expressed.

XIX . “What pride of birth possessed you, Earth and air
Without my leave to mingle in affray,
And raise such hubbub in my realm? Beware —
Yet first ‘twere best these billows to allay.
Far other coin hereafter ye shall pay
For crimes like these. Presumptuous winds, begone,
And take your king this message, that the sway
Of Ocean and the sceptre and the throne 163
Fate gave to me, not him; the trident is my own.

XX . “He holds huge rocks; these, Eurus, are for thee,
There let him glory in his hall and reign,
But keep his winds close prisoners.” Thus he,
And, ere his speech was ended, smoothed the main,
And chased the clouds and brought the sun again.
Triton, Cymothoe from the rock’s sharp brow
Push off the vessels. Neptune plies amain
His trident-lever, lays the sandbanks low, 172
On light wheels shaves the deep, and calms the billowy flow.

XXI . As when in mighty multitudes bursts out
Sedition, and the wrathful rabble rave;
Rage finds them arms; stones, firebrands fly about,
Then if some statesman reverend and grave,
Stand forth conspicuous, and the tumult brave
All, hushed, attend; his guiding words restrain
Their angry wills; so sank the furious wave,
When through the clear sky looking o’er the main, 181
The sea-king lashed his steeds and slacked the favouring rein.

XXII . Tired out, the Trojans seek the nearest land
And turn to Libya. — In a far retreat
There lies a haven; towards the deep doth stand
An island, on whose jutting headlands beat
The broken billows, shivered into sleet.
Two towering crags, twin giants, guard the cove,
And threat the skies. The waters at their feet

Sleep hushed, and, like a curtain, frowns above, 190
Mixt with the glancing green, the darkness of the grove.

XXIII . Beneath a precipice, that fronts the wave,
With limpid springs inside, and many a seat
Of living marble, lies a sheltered cave,
Home of the Sea-Nymphs. In this haven sweet
Cable nor biting anchor moors the fleet.
Here with seven ships, the remnant of his band,
Æneas enters. Glad at length to greet
The welcome earth, the Trojans leap to land, 199
And lay their weary limbs still dripping on the sand.

XXIV . First from a flint a spark Achates drew,
And lit the leaves and dry wood heaped with care
And set the fuel flaming, as he blew.
Then, tired of toiling, from the ships they bear
The sea-spoiled corn, and Ceres' tools prepare,
And 'twixt the millstones grind the rescued grain
And roast the pounded morsels for their fare:
While up the crag Æneas climbs, to gain 208
Full prospect far and wide, and scan the distant main.

XXV . If aught of Phrygian biremes he discern
Antheus or Capys, tost upon the seas,
Or arms of brave Caicus high astern.
No sail, but wandering on the shore he sees
Three stags, and, grazing up the vale at ease,
The whole herd troops behind them in a row.
He stops, and from Achates hastes to seize
His chance-brought arms, the arrows and the bow, 217
The branching antlers smites, and lays the leader low.

XXVI . Next fall the herd; and through the leafy glade
In mingled rout he drives the scattered train,
Plying his shafts, nor stays his conquering raid
Till seven huge bodies on the ground lie slain,

The number of his vessels; then again
He seeks the crews, and gives a deer to each,
Then opes the casks, which good Acestes, fain
At parting, filled on the Trinacrian beach, 226
And shares the wine, and soothes their drooping hearts with speech.

XXVII . “Comrades! of ills not ignorant; far more
Than these ye suffered, and to these as well
Will Jove give ending, as he gave before.
Ye know mad Scylla, and her monsters’ yell,
And the dark caverns where the Cyclops dwell.
Fear not; take heart; hereafter, it may be
These too will yield a pleasant tale to tell.
Through shifting hazards, by the Fates’ decree, 235
To Latin shores we steer, our promised land to see.

XXVIII . “There quiet settlements the Fates display,
There Troy her ruined fortunes shall repair.
Bear up; reserve you for a happier day.”
He spake, and heart-sick with a load of care,
Suppressed his grief, and feigned a cheerful air.
All straightway gird them to the feast. These flay
The ribs and thighs, and lay the entrails bare.
Those slice the flesh, and split the quivering prey, 244
And tend the fires and set the cauldrons in array.

XXIX . So wine and venison, to their hearts’ desire,
Refreshed their strength. And when the feast was sped,
Their missing friends in converse they require,
Doubtful to deem them, betwixt hope and dread,
Alive or out of hearing with the dead.
All mourned, but good Æneas mourned the most,
And bitter tears for Amycus he shed,
Gyas, Cloanthus, bravest of his host, 253
Lycus, Orontes bold, all counted with the lost.

XXX . Now came an end of mourning and of woe,

When Jove, surveying from his prospect high
Shore, sail-winged sea, and peopled earth below,
Stood, musing, on the summit of the sky,
And on the Libyan kingdom fixed his eye,
To him, such cares revolving in his breast,
Her shining eyes suffused with tears, came nigh
Fair Venus, for her darling son distrest, 262
And thus in sorrowing tones the Sire of heaven addressed;

XXXI . “O Thou, whose nod and awful bolts attest
O’er Gods and men thine everlasting reign,
Wherein hath my Æneas so transgressed,
Wherein his Trojans, thus to mourn their slain,
Barred from the world, lest Italy they gain?
Surely from them the rolling years should see
New sons of ancient Teucer rise again,
The Romans, rulers of the land and sea. 271
So swar’st thou; Father, say, why changed is thy decree?

XXXII . “That word consoled me, weighing fate with fate,
For Troy’s sad fall. Now Fortune, as before,
Pursues the woe-worn victims of her hate.
O when, great Monarch, shall their toil be o’er?
Safe could Antenor pass th’ Illyrian shore
Through Danaan hosts, and realms Liburnian gain,
And climb Timavus and her springs explore,
Where through nine mouths, with roaring surge, the main 280
Bursts from the sounding rocks and deluges the plain.

XXXIII . “Yet there he built Patavium, yea, and named
The nation, and the Trojan arms laid down,
And now rests happy in the town he framed.
But we, thy progeny, to whom alone
Thy nod hath promised a celestial throne,
Our vessels lost, from Italy are barred,
O shame! and ruined for the wrath of one.
Thus, thus dost thou thy plighted word regard, 289

Our sceptred realms restore, our piety reward?"

XXXIV . Then Jove, soft-smiling with the look that clears
The storms, and gently kissing her, replies;
"Firm are thy fates, sweet daughter; spare thy fears.
Thou yet shalt see Lavinium's walls arise,
And bear thy brave Æneas to the skies.
My purpose shifts not. Now, to ease thy woes,
Since sorrow for his sake hath dimmed thine eyes,
More will I tell, and hidden fates disclose. 298
He in Italia long shall battle with his foes,

XXXV . "And crush fierce tribes, and milder ways ordain,
And cities build and wield the Latin sway,
Till the third summer shall have seen him reign,
And three long winter-seasons passed away
Since fierce Rutulia did his arms obey.
Then, too, the boy Ascanius, named of late
Iulus — Ilus was he in the day
When firm by royalty stood Ilium's state — 307
Shall rule till thirty years complete the destined date.

XXXVI . "He from Lavinium shall remove his seat,
And gird Long Alba for defence; and there
'Neath Hector's kin three hundred years complete
The kingdom shall endure, till Ilia fair,
Queen-priestess, twins by Mars' embrace shall bear.
Then Romulus the nation's charge shall claim,
Wolf-nursed and proud her tawny hide to wear,
And build a city of Mavortian fame, 316
And make the Roman race remembered by his name.

XXXVII . "To these no period nor appointed date,
Nor bounds to their dominion I assign;
An endless empire shall the race await.
Nay, Juno, too, who now, in mood malign,
Earth, sea and sky is harrying, shall incline

To better counsels, and unite with me
To cherish and uphold the imperial line,
The Romans, rulers of the land and sea, 325
Lords of the flowing gown. So standeth my decree.

XXXVIII . “In rolling ages there shall come the day
When heirs of old Assaracus shall tame
Phthia and proud Mycene to obey,
And terms of peace to conquered Greeks proclaim.
Cæsar, a Trojan, — Julius his name,
Drawn from the great Iulus — shall arise,
And compass earth with conquest, heaven with fame,
Him, crowned with vows and many an Eastern prize, 334
Thou, freed at length from care, shalt welcome to the skies.

XXXIX . “Then wars shall cease and savage times grow mild,
And Remus and Quirinus, brethren twain,
With hoary Faith and Vesta undefiled,
Shall give the law. With iron bolt and chain
Firm-closed the gates of Janus shall remain.
Within, the Fiend of Discord, high reclined
On horrid arms, unheeded in the fane,
Bound with a hundred brazen knots behind, 343
And grim with gory jaws, his grisly teeth shall grind.”

XL . So saying, the son of Maia down he sent,
To open Carthage and the Libyan state,
Lest Dido, weetless of the Fates’ intent,
Should drive the Trojan wanderers from her gate.
With feathered oars he cleaves the skies, and straight
On Libya’s shores alighting, speeds his hest.
The Tyrians, yielding to the god, abate
Their fierceness. Dido, more than all the rest, 352
Warms to her Phrygian friends, and wears a kindly breast.

XLI . But good Æneas, pondering through the night
Distracting thoughts and many an anxious care,

Resolved, when daybreak brought the gladsome light,
To search the coast, and back sure tidings bear,
What land was this, what habitants were there,
If man or beast, for, far as the eye could rove,
A wilderness the region seemed, and bare.
His ships he hides within a sheltering cove, 361
Screened by the caverned rock, and shadowed by the grove,

XLII . Then wielding in his hand two broad-tip spears,
Alone with brave Achates forth he strayed,
When lo, before him in the wood appears
His mother, in a virgin's arms arrayed,
In form and habit of a Spartan maid,
Or like Harpalyce, the pride of Thrace,
Who tires swift steeds, and scours the woodland glade,
And outstrips rapid Hebrus in the race. 370
So fair the goddess seemed, apparelled for the chase.

XLIII . Bare were her knees, and from her shoulders hung
The wonted bow, kept handy for the prey
Her flowing raiment in a knot she strung,
And loosed her tresses with the winds to play.
“Ho, Sirs!” she hails them, “saw ye here astray
Ought of my sisters, girt in huntress wise
With quiver and a spotted lynx-skin gay,
Or following on the foaming boar with cries?” 379
Thus Venus spake, and thus fair Venus' son replies;

XLIV . “Nought of thy sisters have I heard or seen.
What name, O maiden, shall I give to thee,
For mortal never had thy voice or mien?
O Goddess surely, whether Nymph I see,
Or Phoebus' sister; whosoe'er thou be,
Be kind, for strangers and in evil case
We roam, tost hither by the stormy sea.
Say, who the people, what the clime and place, 388
And many a victim's blood thy hallowed shrine shall grace.”

XLV . “Nay, nay, to no such honour I aspire.”
Said Venus, “But a simple maid am I,
And ’tis the manner of the maids of Tyre
To wear, like me, the quiver, and to tie
The purple buskin round the ankles high.
The realm thou see’st is Punic; Tyrians are
The folk, the town Agenor’s. Round them lie
The Libyan plains, a people rough in war. 397
Queen Dido rules the land, who came from Tyre afar,

XLVI . “Flying her brother. Dark the tale of crime,
And long, but briefly be the sum supplied.
Sychæus was her lord, in happier time
The richest of Phoenicians far and wide
In land, and worshipped by his hapless bride.
Her, in the bloom of maidenhood, her sire
Had given him, and with virgin rites allied.
But soon her brother filled the throne of Tyre, 406
Pygmalion, sworn with sin; ‘twixt whom a feud took fire.

XLVII . “He, reckless of a sister’s love, and blind
With lust of gold, Sychæus unaware
Slew by the altar, and with impious mind
Long hid the deed, and flattering hopes and fair
Devised, to cheat the lover of her care.
But, lifting features marvellously pale,
The ghost unburied in her dreams laid bare
His breast, and showed the altar and the bale 415
Wrought by the ruthless steel, and solved the crime’s dark tale.

XLVIII . “Then bade her fly the country, and revealed,
To aid her flight, an old and unknown weight
Of gold and silver, in the ground concealed.
Thus roused, her friends she gathers. All await
Her summons, who the tyrant fear or hate.
Some ships at hand, chance-anchored in the bay,

They seize and load them with the costly freight,
And far off o'er the deep is borne away 424
Pygmalion's hoarded pelf. A woman leads the way.

XLIX . "Hither, where now the walls and fortress high,
Of Carthage, and her rising homes are found,
They came, and there full cheaply did they buy,
Such space — called Byrsa from the deed — of ground
As one bull's-hide could compass and surround.
But who are ye, pray answer? on what quest
Come ye? and whence and whither are ye bound?"
Her then Æneas, from his inmost breast 433
Heaving a deep-drawn sigh, with labouring speech addressed:

L . "O Goddess, should I from the first unfold,
Or could'st thou hear, the annals of our woe,
Eve's star were shining, ere the tale were told.
From ancient Troy — if thou the name dost know —
A chance-met storm hath driven us to and fro,
And tost us on the Libyan shores. My name
Is good Æneas; from the flames and foe
I bear Troy's rescued deities. My fame 442
Outsoars the stars of heaven; a Jove-born race, we claim

LI . "A home in fair Italia far away.
With twice ten ships I climbed the Phrygian main,
My goddess-mother pointing out the way,
As Fate commanded. Now scarce seven remain,
Wave-worn and shattered by the tempest's strain.
Myself, a stranger, friendless and unknown,
From Europe driven and Asia, roam in vain
The wilds of Libya" — Then his plaintive tone 451
No more could Venus bear, but interrupts her son;

LII . "Stranger," she answered, "whosoe'er thou be;
Not unbeloved of heavenly powers, I ween,
Thou breath'st the vital air, whom Fate's decree

Permits a Tyrian city to have seen.
But hence, and seek the palace of the queen.
Glad news I bear thee, of thy comrades brought,
The North-wind shifted and the skies serene;
Thy ships have gained the harbour which they sought, 460
Else vain my parents' lore the augury they taught.

LIII . "See yon twelve swans, in jubilant array,
Whom late Jove's eagle scattered through the sky;
Now these alight, now those the pitch survey.
As they, returning, sport with joyous cry,
And flap their wings and circle in the sky,
E'en so thy vessels and each late-lost crew
Safe now and scatheless in the harbour lie,
Or, crowding canvas, hold the port in view. 469
But hence, where leads the path, thy forward steps pursue."

LIV . So saying, she turned, and all refulgent showed
Her roseate neck, and heavenly fragrance sweet
Was breathed from her ambrosial hair. Down flowed
Her loosened raiment, streaming to her feet,
And by her walk the Goddess shone complete.
"Ah, mother mine!" he chides her, as she flies,
"Art thou, then, also cruel? Wherefore cheat
Thy son so oft with images and lies? 478
Why may I not clasp hands, and talk without disguise?"

LV . Thus he, reproaching. Towards the town they fare
In haste. But Venus round them on the way
Wrapt a thick mist, a mantle of dark air,
That none should see them, none should touch nor stay,
Nor, urging idle questions, breed delay.
Then back, rejoicing, through the liquid air
To Paphos and her home she flies away,
Where, steaming with Sabæan incense rare, 487
An hundred altars breathe with garlands fresh and fair.

LVI . They by the path their forward steps pursued,
And climbed a hill, whose fronting summit frowned
Steep o'er the town. Amazed, Æneas viewed
Tall structures rise, where whilom huts were found,
The streets, the gates, the bustle and the sound.
Hotly the Tyrians are at work. These draw
The bastions' lines, roll stones and trench the ground;
Or build the citadel; those clothe with awe 496
The Senate; there they choose the judges for the law.

LVII . These delve the port; the broad foundations there
They lay for theatres of ample space,
And columns, hewn from marble rocks, prepare,
Tall ornaments, the future stage to grace.
As bees in early summer swarm apace
Through flowery fields, when forth from dale and dell
They lead the full-grown offspring of the race,
Or with the liquid honey store each cell, 505
And make the teeming hive with nectarous sweets to swell.

LVIII . These ease the comers of their loads, those drive
The drones afar. The busy work each plies,
And sweet with thyme and honey smells the hive.
"O happy ye, whose walls already rise!"
Exclaimed Æneas, and with envious eyes
Looked up where pinnacles and roof-tops showed
The new-born city; then in wondrous wise,
Clothed in the covering of the friendly cloud, 514
Passed through the midst unseen, and mingled with the crowd.

LIX . A grove stood in the city, rich in shade,
Where storm-tost Tyrians, past the perilous brine,
Dug from the ground, by royal Juno's aid,
A war-steed's head, to far-off days a sign
That wealth and prowess should adorn the line.
Here, by the goddess and her gifts renowned,
Sidonian Dido built a stately shrine.

All brazen rose the threshold; brass was round 523
The door-posts; brazen doors on grating hinges sound.

LX . Here a new sight Æneas' hopes upraised,
And fear was softened, and his heart was mann'd.
For while, the queen awaiting, round he gazed,
And marvelled at the happy town, and scanned
The rival labours of each craftsman's hand,
Behold, Troy's battles on the walls appear,
The war, since noised through many a distant land,
There Priam and th' Atridæ twain, and here 532
Achilles, fierce to both, still ruthless and severe.

LXI . Pensive he stood, and with a rising tear,
"What lands, Achates, on the earth, but know
Our labours? See our Priam! Even here
Worth wins her due, and there are tears to flow,
And human hearts to feel for human woe.
Fear not," he cries, "Troy's glory yet shall gain
Some safety." Thus upon the empty show
He feeds his soul, while ever and again 541
Deeply he sighs, and tears run down his cheeks like rain.

LXII . He sees, how, fighting round the Trojan wall,
Here fled the Greeks, the Trojan youth pursue,
Here fled the Phrygians, and, with helmet tall,
Achilles in his chariot stormed and slew.
Not far, with tears, the snowy tents he knew
Of Rhesus, where Tydides, bathed in blood,
Broke in at midnight with his murderous crew,
And drove the hot steeds campward, ere the food 550
Of Trojan plains they browsed, or drank the Xanthian flood.

LXIII . There, reft of arms, poor Troilus, rash to dare
Achilles, by his horses dragged amain,
Hangs from his empty chariot. Neck and hair
Trail on the ground; his hand still grasps the rein;

The spear inverted scores the dusty plain.
Meanwhile, with beaten breasts and streaming hair,
The Trojan dames, a sad and suppliant train,
The veil to partial Pallas' temple bear. 559
Stern, with averted eyes the Goddess spurns their prayer.

LXIV . Thrice had Achilles round the Trojan wall
Dragged Hector; there the slayer sells the slain.
Sighing he sees him, chariot, arms and all,
And Priam, spreading helpless hands in vain.
Himself he knows among the Greeks again,
Black Memnon's arms, and all his Eastern clan,
Penthesilea's Amazonian train
With moony shields. Bare-breasted, in the van, 568
Girt with a golden zone, the maiden fights with man.

LXV . Thus while Æneas, with set gaze and long,
Hangs, mute with wonder, on the wildering scene,
Lo! to the temple, with a numerous throng
Of youthful followers, moves the beauteous Queen.
Such as Diana, with her Oreads seen
On swift Eurotas' banks or Cynthus' crest,
Leading the dances. She, in form and mien,
Armed with her quiver, towers above the rest, 577
And tranquil pleasure thrills Latona's silent breast.

LXVI . E'en such was Dido; so with joyous mien,
Urging the business of her rising state,
Among the concourse passed the Tyrian queen;
Then, girt with guards, within the temple's gate
Beneath the centre of the dome she sate.
There, ministering justice, she presides,
And deals the law, and from her throne of state,
As choice determines or as chance decides, 586
To each, in equal share, his separate task divides.

LXVII . Sudden, behold a concourse. Looking down,

His late-lost friends Æneas sees again,
Sergestus, brave Cloanthus of renown,
Antheus and others of the Trojan train,
Whom the black squall had scattered o'er the main,
And driven afar upon an alien strand.
At once, 'twixt joy and terror rent in twain,
Amazed, Æneas and Achates stand, 595
And long to greet old friends and clasp a comrade's hand.

LXVIII . Yet wildering wonder at so strange a scene
Still holds them mute, while anxious thoughts divide
Their doubtful minds, and in the cloud unseen,
Wrapt in its hollow covering, they abide
And note what fortune did their friends betide,
And whence they come, and why for grace they sue,
And on what shore they left the fleet to bide,
For chosen captains came from every crew, 604
And towards the sacred fane with clamorous cries they drew.

LXIX . Then, audience granted, as the fane they filled,
Thus calmly spake the eldest of the train,
Ilioneus: "O queen, whom Jove hath willed
To found this new-born city, here to reign,
And stubborn tribes with justice to refrain,
We, Troy's poor fugitives, implore thy grace,
Storm-tost and wandering over every main, —
Forbid the flames our vessels to deface, 613
Mark our afflicted plight, and spare a pious race.

LXX . "We come not hither with the sword to rend
Your Libyan homes, and shoreward drive the prey.
Nay, no such violence our thoughts intend,
Such pride suits not the vanquished. Far away
There lies a place — Greeks style the land to-day
Hesperia — fruitful and of ancient fame
And strong in arms. OEnotrian folk, they say,
First tilled the soil. Italian is the name 622

Borne by the later race, with Italus who came.

LXXI . “Thither we sailed, when, rising with the wave,
Orion dashed us on the shoals, the prey
Of wanton winds, and mastering billows drave
Our vessels on the pathless rocks astray.
We few have floated to your shore. O say,
What manner of mankind is here? What land
Is this, to treat us in this barbarous way?
They grudge the very shelter of the sand, 631
And call to arms and bar our footsteps from the strand!

LXXII . “If human kind and mortal arms ye scorn,
Think of the Gods, who judge the wrong and right.
A king was ours, Æneas; ne’er was born
A man more just, more valiant in the fight,
More famed for piety and deeds of might.
If yet he lives and looks upon the sun,
Nor cruel death hath snatched him from the light,
No fear have we, nor need hast thou to shun 640
A Trojan guest, or rue kind offices begun.

LXXIII . “Towns yet for us in Sicily remain,
And arms, and, sprung from Trojan sires of yore,
Our kinsman there, Acestes, holds his reign.
Grant us to draw our scattered fleet ashore,
And fit new planks and branches for the oar.
So, if with king and comrades brought again,
The Fates allow us to reach Italia’s shore,
Italia gladly and the Latian plain 649
Seek we; but else, if thoughts of safety be in vain,

LXXIV . “If thee, dear Sire, the Libyan deep doth hide,
Nor hopes of young Iulus more can cheer,
Back let our barks to the Sicanian tide
And proffered homes and king Acestes steer.”
He spake; the Dardans answered with a cheer.

Then Dido thus, with downcast look sedate;
“Take courage, Trojans, and dismiss your fear.
My kingdom’s newness and the stress of Fate 658
Force me to guard far off the frontiers of my state.

LXXV . “Who knows not Troy, th’ Æneian house of fame,
The deeds and doers, and the war’s renown
That fired the world? Not hearts so dull and tame
Have Punic folk; not so is Phoebus known
To turn his back upon our Tyrian town.
Whether ye sail to great Hesperia’s shore
And Saturn’s fields, or seek the realms that own
Acestes’ sway, where Eryx reigned of yore, 667
Safe will I send you hence, and speed you with my store.

LXXVI . “Else, would ye settle in this realm, the town
I build is yours; draw up your ships to land.
Trojan and Tyrian will I treat as one.
Would that your king Æneas here could stand,
Driven by the gale that drove you to this strand!
Natheless, to scour the country, will I send
Some trusty messengers, with strict command
To search through Libya to the furthest end, 676
Lest, cast ashore, through town or lonely wood he wend.”

LXXVII . Roused by these words, long since the sire of Troy
Yearned, like his friend, their comrades to surprise
And burst the cloud. Then first with eager joy
“O Goddess-born,” the bold Achates cries,
“How now — what purpose doth thy mind devise?
Lo! all are safe — ships, comrades brought again;
One only fails us, who before our eyes
Sank in the midst of the engulfing main. 685
All else confirms the tale thy mother told thee plain.”

LXXVIII . Scarce had he said, when straight the ambient cloud
Broke open, melting into day’s clear light,

And bathed in sunshine stood the chief, endowed
With shape and features most divinely bright.
For graceful tresses and the purple light
Of youth did Venus in her child unfold,
And sprightly lustre breathed upon his sight,
Beauteous as ivory, or when artists mould 694
Silver or Parian stone, enchased in yellow gold.

LXXIX . Then to the queen, all wondering, he exclaimed,
“Behold me, Troy’s Æneas; I am here,
The man ye seek, from Libyan waves reclaimed.
Thou, who alone Troy’s sorrows deign’st to hear,
And us, the gleanings of the Danaan spear,
Poor world-wide wanderers and in desperate case,
Hast ta’en to share thy city and thy cheer,
Meet thanks nor we, nor what of Dardan race 703
Yet roams the earth, can give to recompense thy grace.

LXXX . “The gods, if gods the good and just regard,
And thy own conscience, that approves the right,
Grant thee due guerdon and a fit reward.
What happy ages did thy birth delight?
What godlike parents bore a child so bright?
While running rivers hasten to the main,
While yon pure ether feeds the stars with light,
While shadows round the hill-slopes wax and wane, 712
Thy fame, where’er I go, thy praises shall remain.”

LXXXI . So saying Æneas with his left hand pressed
Serestus, and Ilioneus with his right,
Brave Gyas, brave Cloanthus and the rest.
Then Dido, struck with wonder at the sight
Of one so great and in so strange a plight,
“O Goddess-born! what fate through dangers sore,
What force to savage coasts compels thy flight?
Art thou, then, that Æneas, whom of yore 721
Venus on Simois’ banks to old Anchises bore?

LXXXII . “Ay, well I mind me how in days of yore
To Sidon exiled Teucer crossed the main,
To seek new kingdoms and the aid implore
Of Belus. He, my father Belus, then
Ruled Cyprus, victor of the wasted plain,
Since then thy name and Ilion’s fate are known,
And all the princes of Pelasgia’s reign.
Himself, a foe, oft lauded Troy’s renown, 730
And claimed the Teucrian sires as kinsmen of his own.

LXXXIII . “Welcome, then, heroes! Me hath Fortune willed
Long tost, like you, through sufferings, here to rest
And find at length a refuge. Not unskilled
In woe, I learn to succour the distrest.”
So to the palace she escorts her guest,
And calls for festal honours in the shrine.
Then shoreward sends beeves twenty to the rest,
A hundred boars, of broad and bristly chine, 739
A hundred lambs and ewes and gladdening gifts of wine.

LXXXIV . Meanwhile with regal splendour they arrayed
The palace-hall, where feast and banquet high
All in the centre of the space is laid,
And forth they bring the brodered tapestry,
With purple dyed and wrought full cunningly.
The tables groan with silver; there are told
The deeds of prowess for the gazer’s eye,
A long, long series, of their sires of old, 748
Traced from the nation’s birth, and graven in the gold.

LXXXV . But good Æneas — for a father’s care
No rest allows him — to the ships sends down
Achates, to Ascanius charged to bear
The welcome news, and bring him to the town.
The father’s fondness centres on the son.
Rich presents, too, he sends for, saved of old

From Troy, a veil, whose saffron edges shone
Fringed with acanthus, glorious to behold, 757
A brodered mantle, stiff with figures wrought in gold.

LXXXVI . Fair Helen's ornaments, from Argos brought,
The gift of Leda, when the Trojan shore
And lawless nuptials o'er the waves she sought.
Therewith the royal sceptre, which of yore
Ilione, Priam's eldest daughter, bore;
Her shining necklace, strung with costly beads,
And diadem, rimmed with gold and studded o'er
With sparkling gems. Thus charged, Achates heeds, 766
And towards the ships forthwith in eager haste proceeds.

LXXXVII . But crafty Cytherea planned meanwhile
New arts, new schemes, — that Cupid should conspire,
In likeness of Ascanius, to beguile
The queen with gifts, and kindle fierce desire,
And turn the marrow of her bones to fire.
Fierce Juno's hatred rankles in her breast;
The two-faced house, the double tongues of Tyre
She fears, and with the night returns unrest; 775
So now to wingèd Love this mandate she addressed:

LXXXVIII . “O son, sole source of all my strength and power,
Who durst high Jove's Typhoean bolts disdain,
To thee I fly, thy deity implore.
Thou know'st, who oft hast sorrowed with my pain,
How, tost by Juno's rancour, o'er the main
Thy brother wanders. Him with speeches fair
And sweet allurements doth the queen detain;
But Juno's hospitality I fear; 784
Scarce at an hour like this will she her hand forbear.

LXXXIX . “Soft snares I purpose round the queen to weave,
And wrap her soul in flames, that power malign
Shall never change her, but her heart shall cleave

Fast to Æneas with a love like mine.
Now learn, how best to compass my design.
To Tyrian Carthage hastes the princely boy,
Prompt at the summons of his sire divine,
My prime solicitude, my chiefest joy, 793
Fraught with brave store of gifts, saved from the flames of Troy.

XC . “Him on Idalia, lulled into a dream,
Will I secrete, or on the sacred height
Of lone Cythera, lest he learn the scheme,
Or by his sudden presence mar the sleight.
Take thou his likeness, only for a night,
And wear the boyish features that are thine;
And when the queen, in rapture of delight,
Amid the royal banquet and the wine, 802
Shall lock thee in her arms, and press her lips to thine,

XCI . “Then steal into her bosom, and inspire
Through all her veins with unsuspected sleight
The poisoned sting of passion and desire.”
Young Love obeys, and doffs his plumage light,
And, like Iulus, trips forth with delight.
She o’er Ascanius rains a soft repose,
And gently bears him to Idalia’s height,
Where breathing marjoram around him throws 811
Sweet shade, and odorous flowers his slumbering limbs compose.

XCII . Forth Cupid, at his mother’s word, repairs,
And merrily, for brave Achates led,
The royal presents to the Tyrians bears.
There, under gorgeous curtains, at the head
Sate Dido, throned upon a golden bed.
There, flocking in, the Trojans and their King
Recline on purple coverlets outspread.
Bread, heaped in baskets, the attendants bring, 820
Towels with smooth-shorn nap, and water from the spring.

XCIII . Within are fifty maidens, charged with care
To dress the food, and nurse the flames divine.
A hundred more, and youths like-aged, prepare
To load the tables and arrange the wine.
There, entering too, on brodered seats recline
The Tyrians, crowding through the festive court.
They praise the boy, his glowing looks divine,
The words he feigned, the royal gifts he brought, 829
The robe, the saffron veil with bright acanthus wrought.

XCIV . Doomed to devouring Love, the hapless queen
Burns as she gazes, with insatiate fire,
Charmed by his presents and his youthful mien:
He, fondly clinging to his fancied sire,
Gave all the love that parents' hearts desire,
Then seeks the queen. She, fixing on the boy
Her eyes, her soul, impatient to admire,
Now, fondling, folds him to her lap with joy; 838
Weetless, alas! what god is plotting to destroy.

XCV . True to his Paphian mother, trace by trace,
Slowly the Love-god with prevenient art,
Begins the lost Sychæus to efface,
And living passion to a breast impart
Long dead to feeling, and a vacant heart.
Now, hushed the banquet and the tables all
Removed, huge wine-bowls for each guest apart
They wreath with flowers. The noise of festival 847
Rings through the spacious courts, and rolls along the hall.

XCVI . There, blazing from the gilded roof, are seen
Bright lamps, and torches turn the night to day.
Now for the ponderous goblet called the Queen,
Of jewelled gold, which Belus used and they
Of Belus' line, and poured the wine straightway,
And prayed, while silence filled the crowded hall:
"Great Jove, the host's lawgiver, bless this day

To these my Tyrians and the Trojans all. 856
Long may our children's sons this solemn feast recall.

XCVII . "Come, jolly Bacchus, giver of delight;
Kind Juno, come; and ye with fair accord
And friendly spirit hold the feast aright."
So spake the Queen, and on the festal board
The prime libation to the gods outpoured,
Then lightly to her lips the goblet pressed,
And gave to Bitias. Challenged by the word,
He dived into the brimming gold with zest, 865
And quaffed the foaming bowl, and after him, the rest.

XCVIII . His golden lyre long-haired Iopas tunes,
And sings what Atlas taught in loftiest strain;
The suns' eclipses and the changing moons,
Whence man and beast, whence lightning and the rain,
Arcturus, watery Hyads and the Wain;
What causes make the winter nights so long,
Why sinks the sun so quickly in the main;
All this he sings, and ravished at the song, 874
Tyrians and Trojan guests the loud applause prolong.

XCIX . With various talk the night poor Dido wore,
And drank deep love, and nursed her inward flame,
Of Priam much she asks, of Hector more,
Now in what arms Aurora's offspring came,
Of Diomedes' horses and Achilles' fame.
"Tell me," she says, "thy wanderings; stranger, come,
Thy friends' mishaps and Danaan wiles proclaim;
For seven long summers now have seen thee roam 883
O'er every land and sea, far from thy native home."

BOOK TWO

ARGUMENT

Æneas' story. — The Greeks, baffled in battle, built a wooden horse, in which their leaders took ambush. Their fleet sailed to Tenedos. The Trojans, but for Capys and Laocoon, had dragged the horse forthwith as a trophy into Troy (1-72). Sinon, a Greek, brought before Priam, feigns righteous indignation against Greece. The Trojans sympathise and believe his story of wrongs done him by Ulysses (73-126). "When Greek plans of flight had often," says Sinon, "been foiled by storms, oracles foretold that only a human sacrifice could purchase their escape." Chosen for victim, Sinon had fled. He solemnly declares the horse to be an offering to Pallas. "Destroy it, and you are lost. Preserve it in your citadel, your revenge is assured" (127-222). Treachery triumphs. Laocoon's cruel fate is ascribed to his sacrilegious attack upon the horse, which is brought with rejoicing into Troy, despite a last warning, from Cassandra (223-288). While Troy sleeps, the fleet returns, and Sinon releases the Greeks from the horse (289-315). Hector's wraith warns *Æneas* in a dream to flee with the sacred vessels and images (316-351), and Panthus brings news of Sinon's treachery. The city is in flames. *Æneas* heads a forlorn hope of rescue (352-441). He and his followers exchange armour with certain Greeks slain in the darkness. The ruse succeeds until they are taken for enemies by their friends. The Greeks rally. The Trojans scatter. At Priam's palace a last stand is made, but Pyrrhus forces the great gates, and the defenders are massacred (442-603). Priam's fate. — The sight of his headless corpse draws *Æneas'* thoughts to his own father's danger. Hastening homewards he espies Helen, and is pausing to take vengeance and her life, when (604-711) Venus intervening opens his eyes to see the gods aiding the Greeks (712-756). *Æneas* regains his home. Anchises obstinately refuses to flee, until a halo is seen about the head of Ascanius (757-828), whereupon he accepts the omen and yields. The escape. — In a sudden panic Creusa is lost (829-900). *Æneas*, at peril

of his life, is seeking her throughout the city, when her wraith appears and bids him away. “She is dead in Troytown: in Italy empire awaits him.” She vanishes: day dawns: and Æneas, with Anchises and the surviving Trojans, flees to the hills (901-972).

I . All hushed intent, when from his lofty seat
Troy’s sire began, “O queen, a tale too true,
Too sad for words, thou biddest me repeat;
How Ilion perished, and the Danaan crew
Her power and all her wailful realm o’erthrew:
The woes I saw, thrice piteous to behold,
And largely shared. What Myrmidon, or who
Of stern Ulysses’ warriors can withhold 1
His tears, to tell such things, as thou would’st have re-told?

II . “And now already from the heaven’s high steep
The dewy night wheels down, and sinking slow,
The stars are gently wooing us to sleep.
But, if thy longing be so great to know
The tale of Troy’s last agony and woe,
The toils we suffered, though my heart doth ache,
And grief would fain the memory forego
Of scenes so sad, yet, Lady, for thy sake 10
I will begin,” — and thus the sire of Troy outspake;

III . “Broken by war, long baffled by the force
Of fate, as fortune and their hopes decline,
The Danaan leaders build a monstrous horse,
Huge as a hill, by Pallas’ craft divine,
And cleft fir-timbers in the ribs entwine.
They feign it vowed for their return, so goes
The tale, and deep within the sides of pine
And caverns of the womb by stealth enclose 19
Armed men, a chosen band, drawn as the lots dispose.

IV . “In sight of Troy lies Tenedos, an isle
Renowned and rich, while Priam held command,

Now a mere bay and roadstead fraught with guile.
Thus far they sailed, and on the lonely strand
Lay hid, while fondly to Mycenæ's land
We thought the winds had borne them. Troy once more
Shakes off her ten years' sorrow. Open stand
The gates. With joy to the abandoned shore, 28
The places bare of foes, the Dorian lines we pour.

V . "Here camped the brave Dolopians, there was set
The tent of fierce Achilles; yonder lay
The fleet, and here the rival armies met
And mingled. Some with wonder and dismay
The maid Minerva's fatal gift survey.
Then first Thymætès cries aloud, to go
And through the gates the monstrous horse convey
And lodge it in the citadel. E'en so 37
His fraud or Troy's dark fates were working for our woe.

VI . "But Capys and the rest, of sounder mind,
Urge us to tumble in the rolling tide
The doubtful gift, for treachery designed,
Or burn with fire, or pierce the hollow side,
And probe the caverns where the Danaans hide.
Thus while they waver and, perplexed with doubt,
Urge diverse counsels, and in parts divide,
Lo, from the citadel, foremost of a rout, 46
Breathless Laocoon runs, and from afar cries out;

VII . "“Ah! wretched townsmen! do ye think the foe
Gone, or that guileless are their gifts? O blind
With madness! Thus Ulysses do ye know?
Or Grecians in these timbers lurk confined,
Or 'tis some engine of assault, designed
To breach the walls, and lay our houses bare,
And storm the town. Some mischief lies behind.
Trust not the horse, ye Teucrians. Whatso'er 55
This means, I fear the Greeks, for all the gifts they bear.’

VIII . “So saying, his mighty spear, with all his force,
Full at the flank against the ribs he drave,
And pierced the bellying framework of the horse.
Quivering, it stood; the hollow chambers gave
A groan, that echoed from the womb’s dark cave,
Then, but for folly or Fate’s adverse power,
His word had made us with our trusty glaive
Lay bare the Argive ambush, and this hour 64
Should Ilion stand, and thou, O Priam’s lofty tower!

IX . “Lo, now to Priam, with exulting cries,
The Dardan shepherds drag a youth unknown,
With hands fast pinioned, and in captive guise.
Caught on the way, by cunning of his own,
This end to compass, and betray the town.
Prepared for either venture, void of fear,
The crafty purpose of his mind to crown,
Or meet sure death. Around, from far and near, 73
The Trojans throng, and vie the captive youth to jeer.

X . “Mark now the Danaans’ cunning; from one wrong
Learn all. As, scared the Phrygian ranks to see,
Confused, unarmed, amid the gazing throng,
He stood, ‘Alas! what spot on earth or sea
Is left,’ he cried, ‘to shield a wretch like me,
Whom Dardans seek in punishment to kill,
And Greeks disown?’ — Touched by his tearful plea,
We asked his race, what tidings, good or ill, 82
He brings, for hope, perchance, may cheer a captive still.

XI . “Then he, at length his show of fear laid by,
‘Great King, all truly will I own, whate’er
The issue, nor my Argive race deny.
This first; if fortune, spiteful and unfair,
Hath made poor Sinon wretched, fortune ne’er
Shall make me false or faithless; — if the name

Of Palamedes thou hast chanced to hear,
Old Belus' progeny, if ever came 91
To thee or thine in talk the rumour of his fame,

XII . ““Whom, pure of guilt, on charges false and feigned,
Wroth that his sentence should the war prevent,
By perjured witnesses the Greeks arraigned,
And doomed to die, but now his death lament,
His kinsman, by a needy father sent,
With him in boyhood to the war I came,
And while in plenitude of power he went,
And high in princely counsels waxed his fame, 100
I too could boast of credit and a noble name.

XIII . ““But when, through sly Ulysses' envious hate,
He left the light, — alas! the tale ye know, —
Stricken, I mused indignant on his fate,
And dragged my days in solitude and woe,
Nor in my madness kept my purpose low,
But vowed, if e'er should happier chance invite,
And bring me home a conqueror, even so
My comrade's death with vengeance to requite. 109
My words aroused his wrath; thence evil's earliest blight;

XIV . ““Thenceforth Ulysses sought with slanderous tongue
To daunt me, scattering in the people's ear
Dark hints, and looked for partners of his wrong:
Nor rested, till with Calchas' aid, the seer —
But why the thankless story should ye hear?
Why stay your hand? If Grecians in your sight
Are all alike, ye know enough; take here
Your vengeance. Dearly will my death delight 118
Ulysses, well the deed will Atreus' sons requite.'

XV . “Then, all unknowing of Pelasgian art
And crimes so huge, the story we demand,
And falteringly the traitor plays his part.

'Oft, wearied by the war, the Danaans planned
To leave — and oh! had they but left — the land.
As oft, to daunt them, in the act to fly,
Storms lashed the deep, and Southern gales withstand,
And louder still, when towered the horse on high 127
With maple timbers, pealed the thunder through the sky.

XVI . ““In doubt, we bade Eurypylus explore
Apollo's oracle, and back he brought
The dismal news: With blood, a maiden's gore,
Ye stilled the winds, when Trojan shores ye sought.
With blood again must your return be bought;
An Argive victim doth the God demand.
Full fast the rumour 'mong the people wrought;
Cold horror chills us, and aghast we stand; 136
Whom doth Apollo claim, whose death the Fates demand?

XVII . ““Then straight Ulysses, 'mid tumultuous cries,
Drags Calchas forth, and bids the seer unfold
The dark and doubtful meaning of the skies.
Many e'en then the schemer's crime foretold,
And, silent, saw my destiny unrolled.
Ten days the seer, as shrinking to reply
Or name a victim, did the doom withhold;
Then, forced by false Ulysses' clamorous cry, 145
Spake the concerted word, and sentenced me to die.

XVIII . ““All praised the sentence, pleased that one alone
Should suffer, glad that one poor wretch should bear
The doom that each had dreaded for his own.
The fatal day was come; the priests prepare
The salted meal, the fillets for my hair.
I fled, 'tis true, and saved my life by flight,
Bursting my bonds in frenzy of despair,
And hidden in a marish lay that night, 154
Waiting till they should sail, if sail, perchance, they might.

XIX . “‘No hope have I my ancient fatherland,
Or darling boys, or long-lost sire to see,
Whom now perchance, the Danaans will demand,
Poor souls! for vengeance, and their death decree,
To purge my crime, in daring to be free.
O by the gods, who know the just and true,
By faith unstained, — if any such there be, —
With mercy deign such miseries to view; 163
Pity a soul that toils with evils all undue.’

XX . “So, moved at length to pity by his tears,
We spare him. Priam bids the cords unbind,
And thus with friendly words the captive cheers;
‘Whoe’er thou art, henceforward blot from mind
The Greeks, and leave thy miseries behind.
Ours shalt thou be; but mark, and tell me now,
What means this monster, for what use designed?
Some warlike engine? or religious vow? 172
Who planned the steed, and why? Come, quick, the truth avow.’

XXI . “Then schooled in cunning and Pelasgian sleights,
His hands unshackled to the stars he spread;
‘Ye powers inviolate, ever-burning lights!
Ye ruthless swords and altars, which I fled,
Ye sacred fillets, that adorned my head!
Freed is my oath, and I am free to lay
Their secrets bare, and wish the Danaans dead.
Thou, Troy, preserved, to Sinon faithful stay, 181
If true the tale I tell, if large the price I pay.

XXII . “‘All hopes on Pallas, since the war begun,
All trust was stayed. But when Ulysses, fain
To weave new crimes, with Tydeus’ impious son
Dragged the Palladium from her sacred fane,
And, on the citadel the warders slain,
Upon the virgin’s image dared to lay
Red hands of slaughter, and her wreaths profane,

Hope ebb'd and fail'd them from that fatal day, 190
The Danaans' strength grew weak, the goddess turned away.

XXIII . ““No dubious signs Tritonia's wrath declared.
Scarce stood her image in the camp, when bright
With flickering flames her staring eyeballs glared.
Salt sweat ran down her; thrice, a wondrous sight!
With shield and quivering spear she sprang upright.
“Back o'er the deep,” cries Calchas; “nevermore
Shall Argives hope to quell the Trojan might,
Till, homeward borne, new omens ye implore, 199
And win the blessing back, which o'er the waves ye bore.”

XXIV . ““So now to Argos are they gone, to gain
Fresh help from heaven, and hither by surprise
Shall come once more, remeasuring the main.
Thus Calchas warn'd them; by his words made wise
This steed, for stol'n Palladium, they devise,
To soothe the outrag'd goddess. Tall and great,
With huge oak-timbers mounting to the skies,
They build the monster, lest it pass the gate, 208
And like Palladium stand, the bulwark of the State.

XXV . “““Once had your hands,” said Calchas, “dared profane
Minerva's gift, dire plagues” (which Heaven forestall
Or turn on him) “should Priam's realm sustain;
But if by Trojan aid it scaled your wall,
Proud Asia then should Pelops' sons enthrall,
And children rue the folly of the sire.”
His arts gave credence, and forced tears withal
Snared us, whom Diomedes, nor Achilles dire, 217
Nor thousand ships subdued, nor ten years' war could tire.

XXVI . “A greater yet and ghastlier sign remained
Our heedless hearts to terrify anew.
Laocoon, Neptune's priest, by lot ordained,
A stately bull before the altar slew,

When lo! — the tale I shudder to pursue, —
From Tenedos in silence, side by side,
Two monstrous serpents, horrible to view,
With coils enormous leaning on the tide, 226
Shoreward, with even stretch, the tranquil sea divide.

XXVII . “Their breasts erect they rear amid the deep,
Their blood-red crests above the surface shine,
Their hinder parts along the waters sweep,
Trailed in huge coils and many a tortuous twine;
Lashed into foam, behind them roars the brine;
Now, gliding onward to the beach, ere long
They gain the fields, and rolling bloodshot eyne
That blaze with fire, the monsters move along, 235
And lick their hissing jaws, and dart a flickering tongue.

XXVIII . “Pale at the sight we fly; unswerving, these
Glide on and seek Laocoon. First, entwined
In stringent folds, his two young sons they seize,
With cruel fangs their tortured limbs to grind.
Then, as with arms he comes to aid, they bind
In giant grasp the father. Twice, behold,
Around his waist the horrid volumes wind,
Twice round his neck their scaly backs are rolled, 244
High over all their heads and glittering crests unfold.

XXIX . “Both hands are labouring the fierce knots to pull;
Black gore and slime his sacred wreaths distain.
Loud are his moans, as when a wounded bull
Shakes from his neck the faltering axe and, fain
To fly the cruel altars, roars in pain.
But lo! the serpents to Tritonia’s seat
Glide from their victim, till the shrine they gain,
And, coiled beside the goddess, at her feet, 253
Behind her sheltering shield with gathered orbs retreat.

XXX . “Fresh wonder seized us, and we shook with fear.

All say, that justly had Laocoon died,
And paid fit penalty, whose guilty spear
Profaned the steed and pierced the sacred side.
'On with the image to its home,' they cried,
'And pray the Goddess to avert our woe';
We breach the walls, and ope the town inside.
All set to work, and to the feet below 262
Fix wheels, and hempen ropes around the neck they throw.

XXXI . "Mounting the walls, the monster moves along,
Teeming with arms. Boys, maidens joy around
To touch the ropes, and raise the festive song.
Onward it came, smooth-sliding on the ground,
And, beetling, o'er the midmost city frowned.
O native land! O Ilion, now betrayed!
Blest home of deities, in war renowned!
Four times beside the very gate 'twas stayed; 271
Four times within the womb the armour clashed and brayed.

XXXII . "But heedless, blind with frenzy, one and all
Up to the sacred citadel we strain,
And there the ill-omened prodigy install.
E'en then — alas! to Trojan ears in vain —
Cassandra sang, and told in utterance plain
The coming doom. We, sunk in careless joy,
Poor souls! with festive garlands deck each fane,
And through the town in revelry employ 280
The day decreed our last, the dying hours of Troy!

XXXIII . "And now the heaven rolled round. From ocean rushed
The Night, and wrapt in shadow earth and air
And Myrmidonian wiles. In silence hushed,
The Trojans through the city here and there,
Outstretched in sleep, their weary limbs repair.
Meanwhile from neighbouring Tenedos once more,
Beneath the tranquil moonbeam's friendly care,
With ordered ships, along the deep sea-floor, 289

Back came the Argive host, and sought the well-known shore.

XXXIV . “Forth from the royal galley sprang the flame,
When Sinon, screened by partial Fate, withdrew
The bolts and barriers of the pinewood frame,
And from its inmost caverns, bared to view,
The fatal horse disgorged the Danaan crew.
With joy from out the hollow wood they bound;
First, dire Ulysses, with his captains two,
Thessander bold and Sthenelus renowned, 298
Down by a pendent rope come sliding to the ground.

XXXV . “Then Thoas comes; and Acamas, athirst
For blood; and Neoptolemus, the heir
Of mighty Peleus; and Machaon first;
And Menelaus; and himself is there,
Epeus, framer of the fatal snare.
Now, stealing forward, on the town they fall,
Buried in wine and sleep, the guards o’erbear,
And ope the gates; their comrades at the call 307
Pour in and, joining bands, all muster by the wall.

XXXVI . “’Twas now the time, when on tired mortals crept
First slumber, sweetest that celestials pour.
Methought I saw poor Hector, as I slept,
All bathed in tears and black with dust and gore,
Dragged by the chariot and his swoln feet sore
With piercing thongs. Ah me! how sad to view,
How changed from him, that Hector, whom of yore
Returning with Achilles’ spoils we knew, 316
When on the ships of Greece his Phrygian fires he threw.

XXXVII . “Foul is his beard, his hair is stiff with gore,
And fresh the wounds, those many wounds, remain,
Which erst around his native walls he bore.
Then, weeping too, I seem in sorrowing strain
To hail the hero, with a voice of pain.

'O light of Troy, our refuge! why and how
This long delay? Whence comest thou again,
Long-looked-for Hector? How with aching brow, 325
Worn out by toil and death, do we behold thee now!

XXXVIII . “‘But oh! what dire indignity hath marred
The calmness of thy features? Tell me, why
With ghastly wounds do I behold thee scarred?’
To such vain quest he cared not to reply,
But, heaving from his breast a deep-drawn sigh,
‘Fly, Goddess-born! and get thee from the fire!
The foes,’ he said, ‘are on the ramparts. Fly!
All Troy is tumbling from her topmost spire. 334
No more can Priam’s land, nor Priam’s self require.

XXXIX . “‘Could Troy be saved by mortal prowess, mine,
Yea, mine had saved her. To thy guardian care
She doth her Gods and ministries consign.
Take them, thy future destinies to share,
And seek for them another home elsewhere,
That mighty city, which for thee and thine
O’er traversed ocean shall the Fates prepare.’
He spake, and quickly snatched from Vesta’s shrine 343
The deathless fire and wreaths and effigy divine.

XL . “Meanwhile a mingled murmur through the street
Rolls onward, — wails of anguish, shrieks of fear,
And though my father’s mansion stood secrete,
Embowered in foliage, nearer and more near
Peals the dire clang of arms, and loud and clear,
Borne on fierce echoes that in tumult blend,
War-shout and wail come thickening on the ear.
I start from sleep, the parapet ascend, 352
And from the sloping roof with eager ears attend.

XLI . “Like as a fire, when Southern gusts are rude,
Falls on the standing harvest of the plain,

Or torrent, hurtling with a mountain flood,
Whelms field and oxens' toil and smiling grain,
And rolls whole forests headlong to the main,
While, weetless of the noise, on neighbouring height,
Tranced in mute wonder, stands the listening swain,
Then, then I see that Hector's words were right, 361
And all the Danaan wiles are naked to the light.

XLII . "And now, Deiphobus, thy halls of pride,
Bowed by the flames, come ruining through the air;
Next burn Ucalegon's, and far and wide
The broad Sigeon reddens with the glare.
Then come the clamour and the trumpet's blare.
Madly I rush to arms; though vain the fight,
Yet burns my soul, in fury and despair,
To rally a handful and to hold the height: 370
Sweet seems a warrior's death and danger a delight.

XLIII . "Lo, Panthus, flying from the Grecian bands,
Panthus, the son of Othrys, Phoebus' seer,
Bearing the sacred vessels in his hands,
And vanquished home-gods, to the door draws near,
His grandchild clinging to his side in fear.
'Panthus,' I cry, 'how fares the fight? what tower
Still hold we?' — Sighing, he replies "'Tis here,
The final end of all the Dardan power, 379
The last, sad day has come, the inevitable hour.

XLIV . "'Troy was, and we were Trojans, now, alas!
No more, for perished is the Dardan fame.
Fierce Jove to Argos biddeth all to pass,
And Danaans rule a city wrapt in flame.
High in the citadel the monstrous frame
Pours forth an armed deluge to the day,
And Sinon, puffed with triumph, spreads the flame.
Part throng the gates, part block each narrow way; 388
Such hosts Mycenæ sends, such thousands to the fray.

XLV . “‘Athwart the streets stands ready the array
Of steel, and bare is every blade and bright.
Scarce the first warders of the gates essay
To stand and battle in the blinding night.’
So spake the son of Othrys, and forthright,
My spirit stirred with impulse from on high,
I rush to arms amid the flames and fight,
Where yells the war-fiend and the warrior’s cry, 397
Mixt with the din of strife, mounts upward to the sky.

XLVI . “‘Here warlike Epytus, renowned in fight,
And valiant Rhipeus gather to our side,
And Hypanis and Dymas, matched in might,
Join with us, by the glimmering moon descried.
Here Mygdon’s son, Coroebus, we espied,
Who came to Troy, — Cassandra’s love to gain,
And now his troop with Priam’s hosts allied;
Poor youth and heedless! whom in frenzied strain 406
His promised bride had warned, but warned, alas! in vain.

XLVII . “‘So when the bold and compact band I see,
‘Brave hearts,’ I cry, ‘but brave, alas! in vain;
If firm your purpose holds to follow me
Who dare the worst, our present plight is plain.
Troy’s guardian gods have left her; altar, fane,
All is deserted, every temple bare.
The town ye aid is burning. Forward, then,
To die and mingle in the tumult’s blare. 415
Sole hope to vanquished men of safety is despair.’

XLVIII . “‘Then fury spurred their courage, and behold,
As ravening wolves, when darkness hides the day,
Stung with mad fire of famine uncontrolled,
Prowl from their dens, and leave the whelps to stay,
With jaws athirst and gaping for the prey.
So to sure death, amid the darkness there,

Where swords, and spears, and foemen bar the way,
Into the centre of the town we fare. 424
Night with her shadowy cone broods o'er the vaulted air.

XLIX . “Oh, who hath tears to match our grief withal?
What tongue that night of havoc can make known
An ancient city totters to her fall,
Time-honoured empress and of old renown;
And senseless corpses, through the city strown,
Choke house and temple. Nor hath vengeance found
None save the Trojans; there the victors groan,
And valour fires the vanquished. All around 433
Wailings, and wild affright and shapes of death abound.

L . “First of the Greeks approaches, with a crowd,
Androgeus; friends he deems us unaware,
And thus, with friendly summons, cries aloud:
‘Haste, comrades, forward; from the fleet ye fare
With lagging steps but now, while yonder glare
Troy’s towers, and others sack and share the spoils?’
Then straight — for doubtful was our answer there —
He knew him taken in the foemen’s toils; 442
Shuddering, he checks his voice, and back his foot recoils.

LI . “As one who, in a tangled brake apart,
On some lithe snake, unheeded in the briar,
Hath trodden heavily, and with backward start
Flies, trembling at the head uplift in ire
And blue neck, swoln in many a glittering spire.
So slinks Androgeus, shuddering with dismay;
We, massed in onset, make the foe retire,
And slay them, wildered, weetless of the way. 451
Fortune, with favouring smile, assists our first essay.

LII . “Flushed with success and eager for the fray,
‘Friends,’ cries Coroebus, ‘forward; let us go
Where Fortune newly smiling, points the way.

Take we the Danaans' bucklers; with a foe
Who asks, if craft or courage guide the blow?
Themselves shall arm us.' — Then he takes the crest,
The shield and dagger of Androgeus; so
Doth Rhipeus, so brave Dymas and the rest; 460
All in the new-won spoils their eager limbs invest.

LIII . “Thus we, elate, but not with Heaven our friend,
March on and mingle with the Greeks in fight,
And many a Danaan to the shades we send,
And many a battle in the blinding night
We join with those that meet us. Some in flight
Rush diverse to the ships and trusty tide;
Some, craven-hearted, in ignoble fright,
Make for the horse and, clambering up the side, 469
Deep in the treacherous womb, their well-known refuge, hide.

LIV . “Ah! vain to boast, if Heaven refuse to aid!
Dragged by her tresses from Minerva's fane,
Cassandra comes, the Priameian maid,
Stretching to heaven her burning eyes in vain,
Her eyes, for bonds her tender hands constrain.
That sight Coroebus brooked not. Stung with gall
And mad with rage, nor fearing to be slain,
He plunged amid their columns. One and all, 478
With weapons massed, press on and follow at his call.

LV . “Here first with missiles, from a temple's height
Hurled by our comrades, we are crushed and slain,
And piteous is the slaughter, at the sight
Of Argive helms for Argive foes mista'en.
Now too, with shouts of fury and disdain
To see the maiden rescued, here and there
The Danaans gathering round us, charge amain;
Fierce-hearted Ajax, the Atridan pair, 487
And all Thessalia's host our scanty band o'erbear.

LVI . “So, when the tempest bursting wakes the war,
The justling winds in conflict rave and roar,
South, West and East upon his orient car,
The lashed woods howl, and with his trident hoar
Nereus in foam upheaves the watery floor.
Those too, whom late we scattered through the town,
Tricked in the darkness, reappear once more.
At once the falsehood of our guise is known, 496
The shields, the lying arms, the speech of different tone.

LVII . “O’erwhelmed with odds, we perish; first of all,
Struck down by fierce Peneleus by the fane
Of warlike Pallas, doth Coroebus fall.
Next, Rhipeus dies, the justest, but in vain,
The noblest soul of all the Trojan train.
Heaven deemed him otherwise; then Dymas brave
And Hypanis by comrades’ hands are slain.
Nor, Panthus, thee thy piety can save, 505
Nor e’en Apollo’s wreath preserve thee from the grave.

LVIII . “Witness, ye ashes of our comrades dear,
Ye flames of Troy, that in your hour of woe
Nor darts I shunned, nor shock of Danaan spear.
If Fate my life had called me to forego,
This hand had earned it, forfeit to the foe.
Thence forced away, brave Iphitus, and I,
And Pelias, — Iphitus with age was slow,
And Pelias by Ulysses lamed — we fly 514
Where round the palace rings the war-shout’s rallying cry.

LIX . “There raged a fight so fierce, as though no fight
Raged elsewhere, nor the city streamed with gore.
We see the War-God glorying in his might;
Up to the roof we see the Danaans pour;
Their shielded penthouse drives against the door.
Close cling their ladders to the walls; these, fain
To clutch the doorposts, climb from floor to floor,

Their right hands strive the battlements to gain, 523
Their left with lifted shield the arrowy storm sustain.

LX . “There, roof and pinnacle the Dardans tear —
Death standing near — and hurl them on the foe,
Last arms of need, the weapons of despair;
And gilded beams and rafters down they throw,
Ancestral ornaments of days ago.
These, stationed at the gates, with naked glaive,
Shoulder to shoulder, guard the pass below.
Hearts leap afresh the royal halls to save, 532
And cheer our vanquished friends and reinspire the brave.

LXI . “Behind the palace, unobserved and free,
There stood a door, a secret thoroughfare
Through Priam’s halls. Here poor Andromache
While Priam’s kingdom flourished and was fair,
To greet her husband’s parents would repair
Alone, or carrying with tendance fain
To Hector’s father Hector’s son and heir.
By this I reached the roof-top, whence in vain 541
The luckless Teucrians hurled their unavailing rain.

LXII . “Sheer o’er the highest roof-top to the sky,
Skirting the parapet, a watch-tower rose,
Whence camp and fleet and city met the eye.
Here plying levers, where the flooring shows
Weak joists, we heave it over. Down it goes
With sudden crash upon the Danaan train,
Dealing wide ruin. But anon new foes
Come swarming up, while ever and again 550
Fast fall the showers of stones, and thick the javelins rain.

LXIII . “Just on the threshold of the porch, behold
Fierce Pyrrhus stands, in glittering brass bedight:
As when a snake, that through the winter’s cold
Lay swoln and hidden in the ground from sight,

Gorged with rank herbs, forth issues to the light,
And sleek with shining youth and newly drest,
Wreathing its slippery volumes, towers upright
And, glorying, to the sunbeam rears its breast, 559
And darts a three-forked tongue, and points a flaming crest.

LXIV . “With him, Achilles’ charioteer and squire,
Automedon, huge Periphas and all
The Scyrian youth rush up, and flaming fire
Hurl to the roof, and thunder at the wall.
He in the forefront, tallest of the tall,
Poleaxe in hand, unhinging at a stroke
The brazen portals, made the doorway fall,
And wide-mouthed as a window, through the oak, 568
A panelled plank hewn out, a yawning rent he broke.

LXV . “Bared stands the inmost palace, and behold,
The stately chambers and the courts appear
Of Priam and the Trojan Kings of old,
And warders at the door with shield and spear.
Moaning and tumult in the house we hear,
Wailings of misery, and shouts that smite
The golden stars, and women’s shrieks of fear,
And trembling matrons, hurrying left and right, 577
Cling to and kiss the doors, made frantic by affright.

LXVI . “Strong as his father, Pyrrhus onward pushed,
Nor bars nor warders can his strength sustain.
Down sinks the door, with ceaseless battery crushed.
Force wins a footing, and, the foremost slain,
In, like a deluge, pours the Danaan train.
So when the foaming river, uncontrolled,
Bursts through its banks and riots on the plain,
O’er dyke and dam the gathering deluge rolled, 586
From field to field sweeps on with cattle, flock and fold.

LXVII . “These eyes saw Pyrrhus, rioting in blood,

Saw on the threshold the Atridæ twain,
Saw where among a hundred daughters, stood
Pale Hecuba, saw Priam's life-blood stain
The fires his hands had hallowed in the fane.
Those fifty bridal chambers I behold
(So fair the promise of a future reign)
And spoil-deck't pillars of barbaric gold, 595
A wreck; where fails the flame, its place the Danaans hold.

LXVIII . "Haply the fate of Priam thou would'st know.
Soon as he saw the captured city fall,
The palace-gates burst open, and the foe
Dealing wild riot in his inmost hall,
Up sprang the old man and, at danger's call,
Braced o'er his trembling shoulders in a breath
His rusty armour, took his belt withal,
And drew the useless falchion from its sheath, 604
And on their thronging spears rushed forth to meet his death.

LXIX . "Within the palace, open to the day,
There stood a massive altar. Overhead,
With drooping boughs, a venerable bay
Its shadowy foliage o'er the home-gods spread.
Here, with her hundred daughters, pale with dread,
Poor Hecuba and all her female train,
As doves, that from the low'ring storm have fled,
And cower for shelter from the pelting rain, 613
Crouch round the silent gods, and cling to them in vain.

LXX . "But when in youthful arms came Priam near,
'Ah, hapless lord!' she cries, 'what mad desire
Arms thee for battle? Why this sword and spear?
And whither art thou hurrying? Times so dire
Not such defenders nor such help require.
Not e'en, were Hector here, my Hector's aid
Could save us. Hither to this shrine retire,
And share our safety or our death.' — She said, 622

And to his hallowed seat the aged monarch led.

LXXI . “See, now, Polites, one of Priam’s sons,
Scarce slipt from Pyrrhus’ butchery, and lame,
Through foes, through darts, along the cloisters runs
And empty courtyards. At his heels, aflame
With rage, comes Pyrrhus. Lo, in act to aim,
Now, now, he clutches him, — a moment more,
E’en as before his parent’s eyes he came,
The long spear reached him. Prostrate on the floor 631
Down falls the hapless youth, and welters in his gore.

LXXII . “Then Priam, though hemmed with death on every side,
Spared not his utterance, nor his wrath controlled;
‘To thee, yea, thee, fierce miscreant,’ he cried,
‘May Heaven, — if Heaven with righteous eyes behold
So foul an outrage and a deed so bold,
Ne’er fail a fitting guerdon to ordain,
Nor worthy quittance for thy crime withhold,
Whose hand hath made me see my darling slain, 640
And dared with filial blood a father’s eyes profane.

LXXIII . “‘Not so Achilles, whom thy lying tongue
Would feign thy father; like a foeman brave,
He scorned a suppliant’s rights and trust to wrong,
And sent me home in safety, — ay, and gave
My Hector’s lifeless body to the grave.’
The old man spoke and, with a feeble throw,
At Pyrrhus with a harmless dart he drave.
The jarring metal blunts it, and below 649
The shield-boss, down it hangs, and foils the purposed blow.

LXXIV . “‘Go then,’ cries Pyrrhus, ‘with thy tale of woe
To dead Pelides, and thy plaints outpour.
To him, my father, in the shades below,
These deeds of his degenerate son deplore;
Now die!’ — So speaking, to the shrine he tore

The aged Priam, trembling with affright,
And feebly sliding in his son's warm gore.
The left hand twists his hoary locks; the right 658
Deep in his side drives home the falchion, bared and bright.

LXXV . "Such close had Priam's fortunes; so his days
Were finished, such the bitter end he found,
Now doomed by Fate with dying eyes to gaze
On Troy in flames and ruin all around,
And Pergamus laid level with the ground.
Lo, he to whom once Asia bowed the knee,
Proud lord of many peoples, far-renowned,
Now left to welter by the rolling sea, 667
A huge and headless trunk, a nameless corpse is he.

LXXVI . "Grim horror seized me, and aghast I stood.
Uprose the image of my father dear,
As there I see the monarch, bathed in blood,
Like him in prowess and in age his peer.
Uprose Creusa, desolate and drear,
Iulus' peril, and a plundered home.
I look around for comrades; none are near.
Some o'er the battlements leapt headlong, some 676
Sank fainting in the flames; the final hour was come.

LXXVII . "I stood alone, when lo, in Vesta's fane
I see Tyndarean Helen, crouching down.
Bright shone the blaze around me, as in vain
I tracked my comrades through the burning town.
There, mute, and, as the traitress deemed, unknown,
Dreading the Danaan's vengeance, and the sword
Of Trojans, wroth for Pergamus o'erthrown,
Dreading the anger of her injured lord, 685
Sat Troy's and Argos' fiend, twice hateful and abhorred.

LXXVIII . "Then, fired with passion and revenge, I burn
To quit Troy's downfall and exact the fee

Such crimes deserve. Sooth, then, shall she return
To Sparta and Mycenæ, ay, and see
Home, husband, sons and parents, safe and free,
With Ilian wives and Phrygians in her train,
A queen, in pride of triumph? Shall this be,
And Troy have blazed and Priam's self been slain, 694
And Trojan blood so oft have soaked the Dardan plain?

LXXIX . “Not so; though glory wait not on the act;
Though poor the praise, and barren be the gain,
Vengeance on feeble woman to exact,
Yet praised hereafter shall his name remain,
Who purges earth of such a monstrous stain.
Sweet is the passion of vindictive joy,
Sweet is the punishment, where just the pain,
Sweet the fierce ardour of revenge to cloy, 703
And slake with Dardan blood the funeral flames of Troy.

LXXX . “So mused I, blind with anger, when in light
Apparent, never so refulgent seen,
My mother dawned irradiate on the night,
Confessed a Goddess, such her form, and mien
And starry stature of celestial sheen.
With her right hand she grasped me from above,
And thus with roseate lips: ‘O son, what mean
These transports? Say, what bitter grief doth move 712
Thy soul to rage untamed? Where vanished is thy love?

LXXXI . ““Wilt thou not see, if yet thy sire survive,
Worn out with age, amid the war's alarms?
And if thy wife Creusa be alive,
And young Ascanius? for around thee swarms
The foe, and but for my protecting arms,
Fierce sword or flame had swept them all away.
Not oft-blamed Paris, nor the hateful charms
Of Helen; Heaven, unpitying Heaven to-day 721
Hath razed the Trojan towers and reft the Dardan sway.

LXXXII . “‘Look now, for I will clear the mists that shroud
Thy mortal gaze, and from the visual ray
Purge the gross covering of this circling cloud.
Thou heed, and fear not, whatsoe’er I say,
Nor scorn thy mother’s counsels to obey.
Here, where thou seest the riven piles o’erthrown,
Mixt dust and smoke, rock torn from rock away,
Great Neptune’s trident shakes the bulwarks down, 730
And from its lowest base uproots the trembling town.

LXXXIII . “‘Here, girt with steel, the foremost in the fight,
Fierce Juno stands, the Scæan gates before,
And, mad with fury and malignant spite,
Calls up her federate forces from the shore.
See, on the citadel, all grim with gore,
Red-robed, and with the Gorgon shield aglow,
Tritonian Pallas bids the conflict roar.
E’en Jove with strength reanimates the foe, 739
And stirs the powers of heaven to work the Dardan’s woe.

LXXXIV . “‘Haste, son, and fly; the fruitless toil give o’er.
I will not leave thee, but assist thy flight,
And set thee safely at thy father’s door.’
She spake, and vanished in the gloom of night.
Dread shapes and forms terrific loomed in sight,
And hostile deities, whose faces frowned
Destruction. Then, amid the lurid light,
I see Troy sinking in the flames around, 748
And mighty Neptune’s walls laid level with the ground.

LXXXV . “‘So, when an aged ash on mountain tall
Stout woodmen strive, with many a rival blow,
To rend from earth; awhile it threats to fall,
With quivering locks and nodding head; now slow
It sinks and, with a dying groan lies low,
And spreads its ruin on the mountain side.

Down from the citadel I haste below,
Through foe, through fire, the goddess for my guide. 757
Harmless the darts give way, the sloping flames divide.

LXXXVI . “But when Anchises’ ancient home I gain,
My father, — he, whom first, with loving care,
I sought and, heedful of my mother, fain
In safety to the neighbouring hills would bear,
Disdains Troy’s ashes to outlive and wear
His days in banishment: ‘Fly ye, who may,
Whom age hath chilled not, nor the years impair.
For me, had Heaven decreed a longer day, 766
Heaven too had spared these walls, nor left my home a prey.

LXXXVII . “‘Enough and more, to live when Ilion fell,
And once to see Troy captured. Leave me, pray,
And bid me, as a shrouded corpse, farewell.
For death — this hand will find for me the way,
Or foes who spoil will pity me and slay.
Light is the loss of sepulchre or pyre,
Loathed have I lived and useless, since the day
When man’s great monarch and the God’s dread sire 775
Breathed his avenging blast and scathed me with his fire.’

LXXXVIII . “So spake he, on his purpose firmly bent.
We — wife, child, family and I — with prayer
And tears entreat the father to relent,
Nor doom us all the common wreck to share,
And urge the ruin that the Fates prepare.
He heeds not — stirs not. Then again I fly
To arms — to arms, in frenzy of despair,
And long in utter misery to die. 784
What other choice was left, what other chance to try?

LXXXIX . “‘What, I to leave thee helpless, and to flee?
O father! could’st thou fancy it? Could e’er
A parent speak of such a crime to me?

If Heaven of such a city naught should spare,
And thou be pleased that thou and thine should share
The common wreck, that way to death is plain.
Wide stands the door; soon Pyrrhus will be there,
Red with the blood of Priam; he hath slain 793
The son before his sire, the father in the fane.

XC . “Dost thou for this, dear mother, me through fire
And foemen safely to my home restore;
To see Creusa, and my son and sire
Each foully butchered in the other’s gore,
And Danaans dealing slaughter at the door?
Arms — bring me arms! Troy’s dying moments call
The vanquished. Give me to the Greeks. Once more
Let me revive the battle; ne’er shall all 802
Die unrevenged this day, nor tamely meet their fall.’

XCI . “Once more I girt me with the sword and shield,
And forth had soon into the battle hied,
When lo, Creusa at the doorway kneeled,
And reached Iulus to his sire and cried:
‘If death thou seekest, take me at thy side
Thy death to share, but if, expert in strife,
Thou hop’st in arms, here guard us and abide.
To whom dost thou expose Iulus’ life, 811
Thy father’s, yea, and mine, once called, alas! thy wife.’

XCII . “So wailed Creusa, and in wild despair
Filled all the palace with her sobs and cries,
When lo! a portent, wondrous to declare.
For while, ‘twixt sorrowing parents’ hands and eyes,
Stood young Iulus, wildered with surprise,
Up from the summit of his fair, young head
A tuft was seen of flickering flame to rise.
Gently and harmless to the touch it spread 820
Around his tender brows, and on his temples fed.

XCIII . “In haste we strive to quench the flame divine,
Shaking the tresses of his burning hair.
But gladly sire Anchises hails the sign,
And gazing upward through the starlit air,
His hands and voice together lifts in prayer:
‘O Jove omnipotent, dread power benign,
If aught our piety deserve, if e’er
A suppliant move thee, hearken and incline 829
This once, and aid us now and ratify thy sign.’

XCIV . “Scarce spake the sire when lo, to leftward crashed
A peal of thunder, and amid the night
A sky-dropt star athwart the darkness flashed,
Trailing its torchfire with a stream of light.
We mark the dazzling meteor in its flight
Glide o’er the roof, till, vanished from our eyes,
It hides in Ida’s forest, shining bright
And furrowing out a pathway through the skies, 838
And round us far and wide the sulphurous fumes arise.

XCV . “Up rose my sire, submissive to the sign,
And briefly to the Gods addressed his prayer,
And bowed adoring to the star divine.
‘Now, now,’ he cries, ‘no tarrying; wheresoe’er
Ye point the path, I follow and am there.
Gods of my fathers! O preserve to-day
My home, preserve my grandchild; for your care
Is Troy, and yours this omen. I obey; 847
Lead on, my son, I yield and follow on thy way.’

XCVI . “He spake, and nearer through the city came
The roar, the crackle and the fiery glow
Of conflagration, rolling floods of flame.
‘Quick, father, mount my shoulders; let us go.
That toil shall never tire me. Come whatso
The Fates shall bring us, both alike shall share
One common welfare or one common woe.

Let young Iulus at my side repair; 856
Keep thou, my wife, aloof, and follow as we fare.

XCVII . “‘Ye too, my servants, hearken my commands.
Outside the city is a mound, where, dear
To Ceres once, but now deserted, stands
A temple, and an aged cypress near,
For ages hallowed with religious fear,
There meet we. Father, in thy charge remain
Troy’s gods; for me, red-handed with the smear
Of blood, and fresh from slaughter, ‘twere profane 865
To touch them, ere the stream hath cleansed me of the stain.’

XCVIII . “So saying, my neck and shoulders I incline,
And round them fling a lion’s tawny hide,
Then lift the load. His little hand in mine,
Iulus totters at his father’s side;
Behind me comes Creusa. On we stride
Through shadowy ways; and I who rushing spear
And thronging foes but lately had defied,
Now fear each sound, each whisper of the air, 874
Trembling for him I lead, and for the charge I bear.

XCIX . “And now I neared the gates, and thought my flight
Achieved, when suddenly a noise we hear
Of trampling feet, and, peering through the night,
My father cries, ‘Fly, son, the Greeks are near;
They come, I see the glint of shield and spear,
Fierce foes in front and flashing arms behind.’
Then trembling seized me and, amidst my fear,
What power I know not, but some power unkind 883
Confused my wandering wits, and robbed me of my mind.

C . “For while, the byways following, I left
The beaten track, ah! woe and well away!
My wife Creusa lost me; — whether reft
By Fate, or faint or wandering astray,

I know not, nor have seen her since that day,
Nor sought, nor missed her, till in Ceres' fane
We met at length, and mustered our array.
There she alone was wanting of our train, 892
And husband, son and friends all looked for her in vain!

CI . "Whom then did I upbraid not, wild with woe,
Of gods or men? What sadder sight elsewhere
Had Troy, now whelmed in utter wreck, to show?
Troy's gods commending to my comrades' care,
With old Anchises and my infant heir,
I hide them in a winding vale from view,
Then, sheathed again in shining arms, prepare
Once more to scour the city through and through, 901
Resolved to brave all risks, all ventures to renew.

CII . "I reach the ramparts and the shadowy gates
Whence first I issued, backward through the night
My studied steps retracing. Horror waits
Around; the very silence breeds affright.
Then homeward turn, if haply in her flight,
If, haply, thither she had strayed; but ere
I came, behold, the Danaans, loud in fight,
Swarmed through the halls; roof-high the fiery glare, 910
Fanned by the wind, mounts up; the loud blast roars in air.

CIII . "Again to Priam's palace, and again
Up to the citadel I speed my way.
Armed, in the vacant courts, by Juno's fane,
Phoenix and curst Ulysses watched the prey.
There, torn from many a burning temple, lay
Troy's wealth; the tripods of the Gods were there,
Piled in huge heaps, and raiment snatched away,
And golden bowls, and dames with streaming hair 919
And tender boys stand round, and tremble with despair.

CIV . "I shout, and through the darkness shout again,

Rousing the streets, and call and call anew
'Creusa,' and 'Creusa,' but in vain.
From house to house in frenzy as I flew,
A melancholy spectre rose in view,
Creusa's very image; ay, 'twas there,
But larger than the living form I knew.
Aghast I stood, tongue-tied, with stiffening hair. 928
Then she addressed me thus, and comforted my care.

CV . "What boots this idle passion? Why so fain
Sweet husband, thus to sorrow and repine?
Naught happens here but as the Gods ordain.
It may not be, nor doth the Lord divine
Of high Olympus nor the Fates design
That thou should'st take Creusa. Seas remain
To plough, long years of exile must be thine,
Ere thou at length Hesperia's land shalt gain, 937
Where Lydian Tiber glides through many a peopled plain.

CVI . "Wide rule and happy days await thee there,
And royal marriage shall thy portion be.
Weep not for lov'd Creusa, weep not; ne'er
To Grecian women shall I bow the knee,
Never in Argos see captivity,
I, who my lineage from the Dardans tell,
Allied to Venus. Now, by Fate's decree,
Here with the mother of the Gods I dwell. 946
Farewell, and guard in love our common child. Farewell!"

CVII . "So spake she, and with weeping eyes I yearned
To answer, wondering at the words she said,
When lo, the shadowy spirit, as I turned,
Dissolved in air, and in a moment fled.
Thrice round the neck with longing I essayed
To clasp the phantom in a wild delight;
Thrice, vainly clasped, the visionary shade
Mocked me embracing, and was lost to sight, 955

Swift as a wingèd wind or slumber of the night.

CVIII . “Back to my friends I hasten. There, behold,
Matrons and men, a miserable band,
Gathered for exile. From each side they shoaled,
Resolved and ready over sea and land
My steps to follow, where the Fates command.
Now over Ida shone the day-star bright;
Greeks swarmed at every entrance; help at hand
Seemed none. I yield, and, hurrying from the fight, 964
Take up my helpless sire, and climb the mountain height.”

BOOK THREE

ARGUMENT

In obedience to oracles the Trojans build a fleet and sail to Thrace (1-18). Seeking to found a city, they are warned away by the ghost of Polydorus and visit Anius in Ortygia (19-99). Apollo promises Æneas and his descendants world-wide empire if they return to “the ancient motherland” of Troy, — which Anchises declares to be Crete (100-144). They reach Crete, only to be again baffled. Drought and plague interrupt this second attempt to found a city. On the point of returning to ask Apollo for clearer counsel, Æneas in a dream is certified by the home-gods of Troy that the true motherland is Italy (145-207). Anchises owns his mistake, and recalls how Cassandra had in other days been mocked for prophesying that Troy should eventually be transplanted to Italy (208-225). Landing in the Strophades, they unwittingly wrong the Harpies, whose queen Celaeno thereupon threatens them with a portentous famine. Panic-stricken, they coast along to Actium, where they celebrate their national games and leave a defiance to the Greeks (226-342). At Buthrotum they find Helenus and Andromache in possession of the kingdom of Pyrrhus, and by them are entertained awhile and sent upon their way with gifts and guidance (343-577). The voyage from Dyrrhachium and the first glimpse of Italy. They land and propitiate Juno: then coast along till they sight Mount Ætna (578-666). After a description of the rescue of Achemenides and the escape from Polyphemus, the voyage and the story end with the death of Anchises at Drepanum (667-819).

I. “When now the Gods have made proud Ilion fall,
And Asia’s power and Priam’s race renowned
O’erwhelmed in ruin undeserved, and all
Neptunian Troy lies smouldering on the ground,
In desert lands, to diverse exile bound,
Celestial portents bid us forth to fare;

Where Ida's heights above Antandros frowned,
A fleet we build, and gather crews, unaware 1
Which way the Fates will lead, what home is ours and where.

II . "Scarce now the summer had begun, when straight
My father, old Anchises, gave command
To spread our canvas and to trust to Fate.
Weeping, I leave my native port, the land,
The fields where once the Trojan towers did stand,
And, homeless, launch upon the boundless brine,
Heart-broken outcast, with an exiled band,
Comrades, and son, and household gods divine, 10
And the great Gods of Troy, the guardians of our line.

III . "Far off there lies, with many a spacious plain,
The land of Mars, by Thracians tilled and sown,
Where stern Lycurgus whilom held his reign;
A hospitable shore, to Troy well-known,
Her home-gods leagued in union with our own,
While Fortune smiled. Hither, with fates malign,
I steer, and landing for our purposed town
The walls along the winding shore design, 19
And coin for them a name 'Æneadæ' from mine.

IV . "Due rites to Venus and the gods I bore,
The work to favour, and a sleek, white steer
To Heaven's high King was slaughtering on the shore.
With cornel shrubs and many a prickly spear
Of myrtle crowned, it chanced a mound was near.
Thither I drew, and strove with eager hold
A green-leaved sapling from the soil to tear,
To shade with boughs the altars, when behold 28
A portent, weird to see and wondrous to unfold!

V . "Scarce the first stem uprooted, from the wood
Black drops distilled, and stained the earth with gore.
Cold horror shook me, in my veins the blood

Was chilled, and curdled with affright. Once more
A limber sapling from the soil I tore;
Once more, persisting, I resolved in mind
With inmost search the causes to explore
And probe the mystery that lurked behind; 37
Dark drops of blood once more come trickling from the rind.

VI . “Much-musing, to the woodland nymphs I pray,
And Mars, the guardian of the Thracian plain,
With favouring grace the omen to allay,
And bless the dreadful vision. Then again
A third tall shaft I grasp, with sinewy strain
And firm knees pressed against the sandy ground;
When O! shall tongue make utterance or refrain?
Forth from below a dismal, groaning sound 46
Heaves, and a piteous voice is wafted from the mound:

VII . “Spare, O Æneas, spare a wretch, nor shame
Thy guiltless hands, but let the dead repose.
From Troy, no alien to thy race, I came.
O, fly this greedy shore, these cruel foes!
Not from the tree — from Polydorus flows
This blood, for I am Polydorus. Here
An iron crop o’erwhelmed me, and uprose
Bristling with pointed javelins.’ — Mute with fear, 55
Perplexed, aghast I stood, and upright rose my hair.

VIII . “This Polydorus Priam from the war
To Thracia’s King in secret had consigned
With store of gold, when, girt with siege, he saw
Troy’s towers, and trust in Dardan arms resigned.
But when our fortune and our hopes declined,
The treacherous King the conqueror’s cause professed,
And, false to faith, to friendship and to kind,
Slew Polydorus, and his wealth possessed. 64
Cursed greed of gold, what crimes thy tyrant power attest!

IX . “Now, freed from terror, to my father first,
Then to choice friends the vision I declare.
All vote to sail, and quit the shore accurst.
So to his shade, with funeral rites, we rear
A mound, and altars to the dead prepare,
Wreathed with dark cypress. Round them, as of yore,
Pace Troy’s sad matrons, with their streaming hair.
Warm milk from bowls, and holy blood we pour, 73
And thrice with loud farewell the peaceful shade deplore.

X . “Soon as our ships can trust the deep once more,
And South-winds chide, and Ocean smiles serene,
We crowd the beach, and launch, and town and shore
Fade from our view. Amid the waves is seen
An island, sacred to the Nereids’ queen
And Neptune, lord of the Ægean wave,
Which, floating once, Apollo fixed between
High Myconos and Gyarus, and gave 82
For man’s resort, unmoved the blustering winds to brave.

XI . “Hither we sail and on this island fair,
Worn out, find welcome in a sheltered bay,
And, landing, hail Apollo’s town with prayer.
King Anius here, enwreath’d with laurel spray,
The priest of Phoebus meets us on the way;
With joy at once he recognised again
His friend Anchises of an earlier day.
And joining hands in fellowship, each fain 91
To show a friendly heart the palace-halls we gain.

XII . “There, in a temple built of ancient stone
I worship: ‘Grant, Thymbrean lord divine,
A home, a settled city of our own,
Walls to the weary, and a lasting line,
To Troy another Pergamus. Incline
And harken. Save these Dardans sore-distrest,
The remnant of Achilles’ wrath. Some sign

Vouchsafe us, whom to follow? where to rest? 100
Steal into Trojan hearts, and make thy power confessed.'

XIII . "Scarce spake I, suddenly the bays divine
Shook, and a trembling seized the temple door.
The mountain heaves, and from the opening shrine
Loud moans the tripod. Prostrate on the floor
We hear a voice; 'Brave hearts, the land that bore
Your sires shall nurse their Dardan sons again.
Seek out your ancient mother; from her shore
Through all the world the Æneian house shall reign, 109
And sons of sons unborn the lasting line sustain.'

XIV . "Straight rose a joyous uproar; each in turn
Ask what the walls that Phoebus hath designed?
Which way to wander, whither to return?
Then spake my sire, revolving in his mind
The ancient legends of the Trojan kind,
'Chieftains, give ear, and learn your hopes and mine;
Jove's island lies, amid the deep enshrined,
Crete, hundred-towned, a land of corn and wine, 118
Where Ida's mountain stands, the cradle of our line.

XV . "'Thence Troy's great sire, if I remember right,
Old Teucer, to Rhoeteum crossed the flood,
And for his future kingdom chose a site.
Nor yet proud Ilion nor her towers had stood;
In lowly vales sequestered they abode.
Thence Corybantian cymbals clashed and brayed
In praise of Cybele. In Ida's wood
Her mystic rites in secrecy were paid, 127
And lions, yoked in pomp, their sovereign's car conveyed.

XVI . "'Come then and seek we, as the gods command,
The Gnosian kingdoms, and the winds entreat.
Short is the way, nor distant lies the land.
If Jove be present and assist our fleet,

The third day lands us on the shores of Crete.’
So spake he and on altars, reared aright,
Due victims offered, and libations meet;
A bull to Neptune and Apollo bright, 136
To tempest a black lamb, to Western winds a white.

XVII . “Fame flies, Idomeneus has left the land,
Expelled his kingdom; that the shore lies clear
Of foes, and homes are ready to our hand.
Ortygia’s port we leave, and skim the mere;
Soon Naxos’ Bacchanalian hills appear,
And past Olearos and Donysa, crowned
With trees, and Paros’ snowy cliffs we steer.
Far-scattered shine the Cyclades renowned, 145
And clustering isles thick-sown in many a glittering sound.

XVIII . “Loud rise the shouts of sailors to the sky;
‘Crete and our fathers,’ rings for all to hear
The cry of oarsmen. Through the deep we fly;
Behind us sings the stern breeze loud and clear.
So to the shores of ancient Crete we steer.
There in glad haste I trace the wished-for town,
And call the walls ‘Pergamea,’ and cheer
My comrades, glorying in the name well-known, 154
The castled keep to raise, and guard the loved hearth-stone.

XIX . “Scarce stand the vessels hauled upon the beach,
And bent on marriages the young men vie
To till new settlements, while I to each
Due law dispense and dwelling place supply,
When from a tainted quarter of the sky
Rank vapours, gathering, on my comrades seize,
And a foul pestilence creeps down from high
On mortal limbs and standing crops and trees, 163
A season black with death, and pregnant with disease.

XX . “Sweet life from mortals fled; they drooped and died.

Fierce Sirius scorched the fields, and herbs and grain
Were parched, and food the wasting crops denied.
Once more Anchises bids us cross the main
And seek Ortygia, and the god constrain
By prayer to pardon and advise, what end
Of evils to expect? what woes remain?
What fate hereafter shall our steps attend? 172
What rest for toil-worn men, and whitherward to wend?

XXI . “‘Twas night; on earth all creatures were asleep,
When lo! the figures of our gods, the same
Whom erst from falling Ilion o’er the deep
I brought, scarce rescued from the midmost flame,
Before me, sleepless for my country’s shame,
Stood plain, in plenteousness of light confessed,
Where streaming through the sunken lattice came
The moon’s full splendour, and their speech addressed, 181
And I in heart took comfort, hearing their behest.

XXII . “‘Lo! what Apollo from Ortygia’s shrine
Would sing, unasked he sends us to proclaim.
We who have followed o’er the billowy brine
Thee and thine arms, since Ilion sank in flame,
Will raise thy children to the stars, and name
Thy walls imperial. Thou build them meet
For heroes. Shrink not from thy journey’s aim,
Though long the way. Not here thy destined seat, 190
So saith the Delian god, not thine the shores of Crete.

XXIII . “‘Far off there lies, across the rolling wave,
An ancient land, which Greeks Hesperia name;
Her soil is fruitful and her people brave.
Th’ OEnotrians held it once, by later fame
The name Italia from their chief they claim.
Thence sprang great Dardanus; there lies thy seat;
Thence sire Iasius and the Trojans came.
Rise, and thy parent with these tidings greet, 199

To seek Ausonian shores, for Jove denies thee Crete.'

XXIV . "Awed by the vision and the voice divine
('Twas no mere dream; their very looks I knew,
I saw the fillets round their temples twine,
And clammy sweat did all my limbs bedew)
Forthwith, upstarting, from the couch I flew,
And hands and voice together raised in prayer,
And wine unmixed upon the altars threw.
This done, to old Anchises I repair, 208
Pleased with the rites fulfilled, and all the tale declare.

XXV . "The two-fold race Anchises understands,
The double sires, and owns himself misled
By modern error 'twixt two ancient lands.
'O son, long trained in Ilian fates,' he said,
This chance Cassandra, she alone, displayed.
Oft to Hesperia and Italia's reign
She called us. Ah! who listened or obeyed?
Who dreamed that Teucrians should Hesperia gain? 217
Yield we to Phoebus now, nor wisdom's words disdain.'

XXVI . "All hail the speech. We quit this other home,
And leaving here a handful on the shore,
Spread sail and scour with hollow keel the foam.
The fleet was on mid ocean; land no more
Was visible, naught else above, before
But sky and sea, when overhead did loom
A storm-cloud, black as heaven itself, that bore
Dark night and wintry tempest in its womb, 226
And all the waves grew rough and shuddered with the gloom.

XXVII . "Winds roll the waters, and the great seas rise.
Dispersed we welter on the gulfs. Damp night
Has snatched with rain the heaven from our eyes,
And storm-mists in a mantle wrapt the light.
Flash after flash, and for a moment bright,

Quick lightnings rend the welkin. Driven astray
We wander, robbed of reckoning, reft of sight.
No difference now between the night and day 235
E'en Palinurus sees, nor recollects the way.

XXVIII . “Three days, made doubtful by the blinding gloom,
As many nights, when not a star is seen,
We wander on, uncertain of our doom.
At last the fourth glad daybreak clears the scene,
And rising land, and opening uplands green,
And rolling smoke at distance greet the view.
No longer tarrying; to our oars we lean.
Down drop the sails; in order ranged, each crew 244
Flings up the foam to heaven, and sweeps the sparkling blue.

XXIX . “Saved from the sea, the Strophades we gain,
So called in Greece, where dwells, with Harpies, dire
Celæno, in the vast Ionian main,
Since, forced from Phineus' palace to retire,
They fled their former banquet. Heavenly ire
Ne'er sent a pest more loathsome; ne'er were seen
Worse plagues to issue from the Stygian mire —
Birds maiden-faced, but trailing filth obscene, 253
With taloned hands and looks for ever pale and lean.

XXX . “The harbour gained, lo! herds of oxen bright
And goats untended browse the pastures fair.
We, sword in hand, make onset, and invite
The gods and Jove himself the spoil to share,
And piling couches, banquet on the fare.
When straight, down-swooping from the hills meanwhile
The Harpies flap their clanging wings, and tear
The food, and all with filthy touch defile, 262
And, mixt with screams, uprose a sickening stench and vile.

XXXI . “Once more, within a cavern screened from view,
Where circling trees a rustling shade supply,

The boards are spread, the altars blaze anew.
Back, from another quarter of the sky,
Dark-ambushed, round the clamorous Harpies fly
With taloned claws, and taste and taint the prey.
To arms I call my comrades, and defy
The loathsome brood to battle. They obey, 271
And swords and bucklers hide amid the grass away.

XXXII . “So when their screams descending fill the strand,
Misenus from his outlook sounds the fray.
All to the strange encounter, sword in hand,
Rush forth, these miscreants of the deep to slay.
No wounds they take, no weapon wins its way.
Swiftly they soar, all leaving, ere they go,
Their filthy traces on the half-gorged prey.
One perched, Celæno, on a rock, and lo, 280
Thus croaked the dismal seer her prophecy of woe.

XXXIII . ““War, too, Laomedon’s twice-perjured race!
War do ye bring, our cattle stol’n and slain?
And unoffending Harpies would ye chase
Forth from their old, hereditary reign?
Mark then my words and in your breasts retain.
What Jove, the Sire omnipotent, of old
Revealed to Phoebus, and to me again
Phoebus Apollo at his hest foretold, 289
I now to thee and thine, the Furies’ Queen, unfold.

XXXIV . ““Ye seek Italia and, with favouring wind,
Shall reach Italia, and her ports attain.
But ne’er the town, by Destiny assigned,
Your walls shall gird, till famine’s pangs constrain
To gnaw your boards, in quittance for our slain.’
So spake the Fiend, and backward to the wood
Soared on the wing. Cold horror froze each vein.
Aghast and shuddering my comrades stood; 298
Down sank at once each heart, and terror chilled the blood.

XXXV . “No more with arms, for peace with vows and prayer
We sue, and pardon of these powers implore,
Or be they goddesses or birds of air
Obscene and dire; and lifting on the shore
His hands, Anchises doth the gods adore.
‘O Heaven!’ he cries, ‘avert these threats; be kind
And stay the curse, and vex with plagues no more
A pious folk,’ then bids the crews unbind 307
The stern-ropes, loose the sheets and spread them to the wind.

XXXVI . “The South-wind fills the canvas; on we fly
Where breeze and pilot drive us through the deep.
Soon, crowned with woods, Zacynthos we espy,
Dulichium, Same and the rock-bound steep
Of Neritos. Past Ithaca we creep,
Laertes’ realms, and curse the land that bred
Ulysses, cause of all the woes we weep.
Soon, where Leucate lifts her cloud-capt head, 316
Looms forth Apollo’s fane, the seaman’s name of dread.

XXXVII . “Tired out we seek the little town, and run
The sterns ashore and anchor in the bay,
Saved beyond hope and glad the land is won,
And lustral rites, with blazing altars, pay
To Jove, and make the shores of Actium gay
With Ilian games, as, like our sires, we strip
And oil our sinews for the wrestler’s play.
Proud, thus escaping from the foemen’s grip, 325
Past all the Argive towns, through swarming Greeks, to slip.

XXXVIII . “Meanwhile the sun rolls round the mighty year,
And wintry North-winds vex the waves once more.
In front, above the temple-gates I rear
The brazen shield which once great Abas bore,
And mark the deed in writing on the door,
‘Æneas these from conquering Greeks hath ta’en’;

Then bid my comrades quit the port and shore,
And man the benches. They with rival strain 334
And slanting oar-blades sweep the levels of the main.

XXXIX . “Phæacia’s heights with the horizon blend;
We skim Epirus, and Chaonia’s bay
Enter, and to Buthrotum’s town ascend.
Strange news we hear: A Trojan Greeks obey,
Helenus, master of the spouse and sway
Of Pyrrhus, and Andromache once more
Has yielded to a Trojan lord. Straightway
I burn to greet them, and the tale explore, 343
And from the harbour haste, and leave the ships and shore.

XL . “Within a grove Andromache that day,
Where Simois in fancy flowed again,
Her offerings chanced at Hector’s grave to pay,
A turf-built cenotaph, with altars twain,
Source of her tears and sacred to the slain —
And called his shade. Distracted with amaze
She marked me, as the Trojan arms shone plain.
Heat leaves her frame; she stiffens with the gaze, 352
She swoons — and scarce at length these faltering words essays:

XLI . ““Real, then, real is thy face, and true
Thy tidings? Liv’st thou, child of heavenly seed?
If dead, then where is Hector?’ Tears ensue,
And wailing, shrill as though her heart would bleed.
Then I, with stammering accents, intercede,
And, sore perplexed, these broken words outthrow
To calm her transport, ‘Yea, alive, indeed, —
Alive through all extremities of woe. 361
Doubt not, thou see’st the truth, no shape of empty show.

XLII . ““Alas! what lot is thine? What worthy fate
Hath caught thee, fallen from a spouse so high?
Hector’s Andromache, art thou the mate

Of Pyrrhus?' Then with lowly downcast eye
She dropped her voice, and softly made reply.
'Ah! happy maid of Priam, doomed instead
At Troy upon a foeman's tomb to die!
Not drawn by lot for servitude, nor led 370
A captive thrall, like me, to grace a conqueror's bed.

XLIII . "I, torn from burning Troy o'er many a wave,
Endured the lust of Pyrrhus and his pride,
And knew a mother's travail as his slave.
Fired with Hermione, a Spartan bride,
Me, joined in bed and bondage, he allied
To Helenus. But mad with love's despair,
And stung with Furies for his spouse denied,
At length Orestes caught the wretch unware, 379
E'en by his father's shrine, and smote him then and there.

XLIV . "The tyrant dead, a portion of his reign
Devolves on Helenus, who Chaonia calls
From Trojan Chaon the Chaonian plain,
And on these heights rebuilds the Trojan walls.
But thou — what chance, or god, or stormy squalls
Have driven thee here unweeting? — and the boy
Ascanius — lives he, or what hap befalls
His parents' darling, and their only joy? 388
Breathes he the vital air, whom unto thee now Troy —

XLV . "Still grieves he for his mother? Doth the name
Of sire or uncle make his young heart glow
For deeds of valour and ancestral fame?'
Weeping she spake, with unavailing woe,
And poured her sorrow to the winds, when lo,
In sight comes Helenus, with fair array,
And hails his friends, and hastening to bestow
Glad welcome, toward his palace leads the way; 397
But tears and broken words his mingled thoughts betray.

XLVI . “I see another but a tinier Troy,
A seeming Pergama recalls the great.
A dried-up Xanthus I salute with joy,
And clasp the portals of a Scæan gate.
Nor less kind welcome doth the rest await.
The monarch, mindful of his sire of old,
Receives the Teucrians in his courts of state.
They in the hall, the viands piled on gold, 406
Pledging the God of wine, their brimming cups uphold.

XLVII . “One day and now another passed; the gale
Sings in the shrouds, and calls us to depart,
When thus the prophet Helenus I hail,
‘Troy-born interpreter of Heaven! whose art
The signs of Phoebus’ pleasure can impart;
Thou know’st the tripod and the Clarian bay,
The stars, the voices of the birds, that dart
On wings with omens laden, speak and say, — 415
Since fate and all the gods foretell a prosperous way.

XLVIII . ““And point to far Italia, — One alone,
Celæno, sings of famine foul and dread,
A nameless prodigy, a plague unknown, —
What perils first to shun? what path to tread,
To win deliverance from such toils?’ This said,
I ceased, and Helenus with slaughtered kine
Implores the god, and from his sacred head
Unbinds the wreath, and leads me to the shrine, 424
Awed by Apollo’s power, and chants the doom divine:

XLIX . ““O Goddess-born, high auspices are thine,
And heaven’s plain omens guide thee o’er the main.
Thus Jove, by lot unfolding his design,
Assorts the chances, and the Fates ordain.
This much may I of many things explain,
How best o’er foreign seas to urge thy keel
In safety, and Ausonian ports attain,

The rest from Helenus the Fates conceal, 433
And Juno's envious power forbids me to reveal.

L . “Learn then, Italia, that thou deem'st so near,
And thither dream'st of lightly passing o'er,
Long leagues divide, and many a pathless mere.
First must Trinacrian waters bend the oar,
Ausonian waves thy vessels must explore,
First must thou view the nether world, where flows
Dark Styx, and visit that Ææan shore,
The home of Circe, ere, at rest from woes, 442
Thou build the promised walls, and win the wished repose.

LI . “These tokens bear, and in thy memory store.
When, musing sad and pensive, thou hast found
Beside an oak-fringed river, on the shore,
A huge sow thirty-farrowed, and around,
Milk-white as she, her litter, mark the ground,
That spot shall see thy promised town; for there
Thy toils are ended, and thy rest is crowned.
Fear not this famine—'tis an empty scare; 451
The Fates will find a way, and Phoebus hear thy prayer.

LII . “As for yon shore and that Italian coast,
Washed, where the land lies nearest, by our main,
Shun them; their cities hold a hostile host.
There Troy's old foes, the evil Argives, reign,
Locrians of Narycos her towns contain.
There fierce Idomeneus from Crete brought o'er
His troops to vex the Sallentinian plain;
There, girt with walls and guarded by the power 460
Of Philoctetes, stands Petelia's tiny tower.

LIII . “Nay, when thy vessels, ranged upon her shore,
Rest from the deep, and on the beach ye light
The votive altars, and the gods adore,
Veil then thy locks, with purple hood bedight,

And shroud thy visage from a foeman's sight,
Lest hostile presence, 'mid the flames divine,
Break in, and mar the omen and the rite.
This pious use keep sacred, thou and thine, 469
The sons of sons unborn, and all the Trojan line.

LIV . “When, wafted to Sicilia, dawns in sight
Pelorus' channel, keep the leftward shore,
Though long the circuit, and avoid the right.
These lands, 'tis said, one continent of yore
(Such change can ages work) an earthquake tore
Asunder; in with havoc rushed the main,
And far Sicilia from Hesperia bore,
And now, where leapt the parted lands in twain, 478
The narrow tide pours through, 'twixt severed town and plain.

LV . “Here Scylla, leftward sits Charybdis fell,
Who, yawning thrice, her lowest depths laid bare,
Sucks the vast billows in her throat's dark hell,
Then starward spouts the refluent surge in air.
Here Scylla, gaping from her gloomy lair,
The passing vessels on the rocks doth hale;
A maiden to the waist, with bosom fair
And human face; below, a monstrous whale, 487
Down from whose wolf-like womb hangs many a dolphin's tail.

LVI . “Far better round Pachynus' point to steer,
Though long the course, and tedious the delay,
Than once dread Scylla to behold, or hear
The rocks rebellow with her hell-hounds' bay.
This more, besides, I charge thee to obey,
If any faith to Helenus be due,
Or skill in prophecy the seer display,
And mighty Phoebus hath inspired me true, 496
These warning words I urge, and oft will urge anew:

LVII . “Seek Juno first; great Juno's power adore;

With suppliant gifts the potent queen constrain,
And winds shall waft thee to Italia's shore.
There, when at Cumæ landing from the main,
Avernus' lakes and sounding woods ye gain,
Thyself shalt see, within her rock-hewn shrine,
The frenzied prophetess, whose mystic strain
Expounds the Fates, to leaves of trees consign 505
The notes and names that mark the oracles divine.

LVIII . “‘Whate'er the maiden on those leaves doth trace,
In rows she sorts, and in the cave doth store.
There rest they, nor their sequence change, nor place,
Save when, by chance, on grating hinge the door
Swings open, and a light breath sweeps the floor,
Or rougher blasts the tender leaves disperse.
Loose then they flutter, for she recks no more
To call them back, and rearrange the verse; 514
Untaught the votaries leave, the Sibyl's cave to curse.

LIX . “‘But linger thou, nor count thy lingering vain,
Though comrades chide, and breezes woo the fleet.
Approach the prophetess; with prayer unchain
Her voice to speak. She shall the tale repeat
Of wars in Italy, thy destined seat, —
What toils to shun, what dangers to despise, —
And make the triumph of thy quest complete.
Thou hast whate'er 'tis lawful to advise; 523
Go, and with deathless deeds raise Ilion to the skies.’

LX . “So spake the seer, and shipward bids his friends
Rich gifts convey, and store them in the hold.
Gold, silver plate, carved ivory he sends,
With massive caldrons of Dodona's mould;
A coat of mail, with triple chain of gold,
And shining helm, with cone and flowing crest,
The arms of Pyrrhus, glorious to behold.
Nor lacks my sire his presents; for the rest 532

Steeds, guides and arms he finds, and oarsmen of the best.

LXI . “Then to Anchises, as he bids us spread
The sails, with reverence speaks Apollo’s seer,
‘Far-famed Anchises, honoured with the bed
Of haughty Venus, Heaven’s peculiar care,
Twice saved from Troy! behold Ausonia there,
Steer towards her coasts, yet skirt them; far away
That region lies, which Phoebus doth prepare.
Blest in thy son’s devotion, take thy way. 541
Why should more words of mine the rising South delay?’

LXII . “Nor less Andromache, sore grieved to part,
Rich raiment fetches, wrought with golden thread,
And Phrygian scarf, and still with bounteous heart
Loads him with broideries. ‘Take these,’ she said,
‘Sole image of Astyanax now dead.
Thy kin’s last gifts, my handiwork, to show
How Hector’s widow loved the son she bred.
Such eyes had he, such very looks as thou, 550
Such hands, and oh! like thine his age were ripening now!’

LXIII . “With gushing tears I bid the pair farewell.
Live happy ye, whose destinies are o’er;
We still must wander where the Fates compel.
Your rest is won; no oceans to explore,
No fair Ausonia’s ever-fading shore.
Ye still can see a Xanthus and a Troy,
Reared by your hands, old Ilion to restore,
And brighter auspices than ours enjoy, 559
Nor tempt, like ours, the Greeks to ravage and destroy.

LXIV . “‘If ever Tiber and the fields I see
Washed by her waves, ere mingling with the brine,
And build the city which the Fates decree,
Then kindred towns and neighbouring folk shall join,
Yours in Epirus, in Hesperia mine,

And linked thenceforth in sorrow and in joy,
With Dardanus the founder of each line, —
So let posterity its pains employ, 568
Two nations, one in heart, shall make another Troy.’

LXV . “On fly the barks o’er ocean. Near us frown
Ceraunia’s rocks, whence shortest lies the way
To Italy. And now the sun goes down,
And darkness gathers on the mountains grey.
Close by the water, in a sheltered bay,
A few as guardians of the oars we choose,
Then stretched at random on the beach we lay
Our limbs to rest, and on the toil-worn crews 577
Sleep steals in silence down, and sheds her kindly dew.

LXVI . “Nor yet had Night climbed heaven, when up from sleep
Starts Palinurus, and with listening ear
Catches the breeze. He marks the stars, that keep
Their courses, gliding through the silent sphere,
Arcturus, rainy Hyads and each Bear,
And, girt with gold, Orion. Far away
He sees the firmament all calm and clear,
And from the stern gives signal. We obey, 586
And shifting camp, set sail and tempt the doubtful way.

LXVII . “The stars were chased, and blushing rose the day.
Dimly, at distance through the misty shroud
Italia’s hills and lowlands we survey,
‘Italia,’ first Achates shouts aloud;
‘Italia,’ echoes from the joyful crowd.
Then sire Anchises hastened to entwine
A massive goblet with a wreath, and vowed
Libations to the gods, and poured the wine 595
And on the lofty stern invoked the powers divine:

LXVIII . ““Great gods, whom Earth and Sea and Storms obey,
Breathe fair, and waft us smoothly o’er the main.’

Fresh blows the breeze, and broader grows the bay,
And on the cliffs is seen Minerva's fane.
We furl the sails, and shoreward row amain.
Eastward the harbour arches, scarce descried.
Two jutting rocks, by billows lashed in vain,
Stretch out their arms the narrow mouth to hide. 604
Far back the temple stands, and seems to shun the tide.

LXIX . "Lo, here, first omen offered to our eyes,
Four snow-white steeds are grazing on the plain.
'Tis war thou bringest us,' Anchises cries,
'Strange land! For war the mettled steed they train,
And war these threaten. Yet in time again
These beasts are wont in harness to obey,
And bear the yoke, as guided by the rein.
Peace yet is hopeful.' So our vows we pay 613
To Pallas, famed in arms, whose welcome cheered the way.

LXX . "Veiled at her shrines in Phrygian hood we stand,
And chief to Juno, mindful of the seer,
Burnt-offerings pay, as pious rites demand.
This done, the sailyards to the wind we veer,
And leave the Grecians and the land of fear.
Lo, there Tarentum's harbour and the town,
If fame be true, of Hercules, and here
Lacinium's queen and Caulon's towers are known, 622
And Scylaceum's rocks, with shattered ships bestrown.

LXXI . "Far off is seen, above the billowy mere,
Trinacrian Ætna, and the distant roar
Of ocean and the beaten rocks we hear,
And the loud burst of breakers on the shore;
High from the shallows leap the surges hoar,
And surf and sand mix eddying. 'Behold
Charybdis!' cries Anchises, 'tis the shore,
The dreaded rocks that Helenus foretold. 631
Row, comrades, for dear life, and let the oars catch hold.'

LXXII . “He spake, ’twas done; and Palinurus first
Turns the prow leftward: to the left we ply
With oars and sail, and shun the rocks accurst.
Now curls the wave, and lifts us to the sky,
Now sinks and, plunging in the gulf we lie.
Thrice roar the caverned shore-cliffs, thrice the spray
Whirls up and wets the dewy stars on high.
Thus tired we drift, as sinks the wind and day, 640
Unto the Cyclops’ shore, all weetless of the way.

LXXIII . “It was a spacious harbour, sheltered deep
From access of the winds, but looming vast
With awful ravage, Ætna’s neighbouring steep
Thundered aloud, and, dark with clouds, upcast
Smoke and red cinders in a whirlwind’s blast.
Live balls of flame, with showers of sparks, upflew
And licked the stars, and in combustion massed,
Torn rocks, her ragged entrails, molten new, 649
The rumbling mount belched forth from out the boiling stew.

LXXIV . “Here, while from Ætna’s furnaces the flame
Bursts forth, Enceladus, ’tis said, doth lie,
Scorched by the lightning. As his wearied frame
He shifts, Trinacria, trembling at the cry
Moans through her shores, and smoke involves the sky.
There all night long, screened by the woods, we hear
The dreadful sounds, and know not whence nor why,
For stars are none, nor planet gilds the sphere; 658
Night holds the moon in clouds, and heaven is dark and drear.

LXXV . “Now rose the Day-star from the East, and cleared
The mists, that melted with advancing Morn,
When suddenly from out the woods appeared
An uncouth form, a creature wan and worn,
Scarce like a man, in piteous plight forlorn.
Suppliant his hands he stretches to the shore;

We turn and look on tatters tagged with thorn,
Dire squalor and a length of beard, — what more, 667
A Greek, to Troy erewhile in native arms sent o'er.

LXXVI . “He scared to see the Dardan garb once more
And Trojan arms, stood faltering with dismay,
Then rushed, with prayer and weeping, to the shore.
‘O, by the stars, and by the Gods, I pray,
And life’s pure breath, this light of genial day,
Take me, O Teucrians; wheresoe’er ye go,
Enough to bear me from this land away.
I once was of the Danaan crews, I know, 676
And came to Trojan homes and Ilion as a foe.

LXXVII . ““For that, if that be such a crime to you,
O strew me forth upon the watery waste,
And drown me in the deep. If death be due,
‘Twere sweet of death by human hands to taste.’
He cried, and, grovelling, our knees embraced,
And, clasping, clung to us. We bid him stand
And tell his birth and trouble; and in haste
Himself the sire Anchises pledged his hand, 685
And he at length took heart, and answered our demand.

LXXVIII . ““My name is Achemenides. I come
From Ithaca. To Troy I sailed the sea
With evil-starred Ulysses, leaving home
And father, Adamastus; — poor was he,
And O! if such my poverty could be.
Me here my thoughtless comrades, hurrying fast
To quit the cruel threshold and be free,
Leave in the Cyclops’ cavern. Dark and vast 694
That house of slaughtered men, and many a foul repast.

LXXIX . ““Himself so tall, he strikes the lofty skies
(O gods, rid earth of such a monstrous brood!),
None dare with speech accost, nor mortal eyes

Behold him. Human entrails are his food.
Myself have seen him, gorged with brains and blood,
Pluck forth two comrades, in his cave bent back,
And dash them till the threshold swam with blood,
Then crunch the gobbets in his teeth, while black 703
With gore the limbs still quivered, and the bones did crack:

LXXX . ““Not unavenged; nor brave Ulysses deigned
To brook such outrage. In that hour of tyne
True to himself the Ithacan remained.
When, gorged with food, and belching gore and wine,
With drooping neck, the giant snored supine,
Then, closing round him, to the gods we pray,
Each at his station, as the lots assign,
And where, beneath the frowning forehead, lay, 712
Huge as an Argive shield, or like the lamp of day,

LXXXI . ““His one great orb, deep in the monster’s head
We drive the pointed weapon, joy’d at last
To wreak such vengeance for our comrades dead.
But fly, unhappy Trojans, fly, and cast
Your cables from the shore. Such and so vast
As Polyphemus, when the cave’s huge door
Shuts on his flocks, and for his night’s repast
He milks them, lo! a hundred Cyclops more 721
Roam on the lofty hills, and range the winding shore.

LXXXII . ““Now thrice the Moon hath filled her horns with light,
And still in woods and lonely dens I lie,
And see the Cyclops stalk from height to height,
And hear their tramp, and tremble at their cry.
My food — hard berries that the boughs supply,
And roots of grass. Thus wandering, as I scanned
The distant ocean with despairing eye,
I saw your ships first bearing to the land, 730
And vowed, whoe’er ye proved, the strangers’ slave to stand.

LXXXIII . “‘Enough, these monsters to escape; O take
My life, and tear me as you will from day,
Rather than these devour me!’ — Scarce he spake,
When from the mountains to the well-known bay,
The shepherd Polyphemus gropes his way;
Huge, hideous, horrible in shape and show,
And visionless. A pine-trunk serves to stay
And guide his footsteps, and around him go 739
The sheep, his only joy and solace of his woe.

LXXXIV . “Down came the giant, wading in the main,
And rinsed his gory socket from the tide,
Gnashing his teeth and moaning in his pain.
On through the deep he stalks with awful stride,
So tall, the billows scarcely wet his side.
Forthwith our flight we hasten, prickt with fear,
On board— ’twas due — we let the suppliant hide,
Then, mute and breathless, cut the stern-ropes clear, 748
Bend to the emulous oar, and sweep the whitening mere.

LXXXV . “He heard, and turned his footsteps to the sound.
Short of its mark the huge arm idly fell
Outstretched, and swifter than his stride he found
The Ionian waves. Then rose a monstrous yell;
All Ocean shudders and her waves upswell;
Far off, Italia trembles with the roar,
And Ætna groans through many a winding cell,
And trooping to the call the Cyclops pour 757
From wood and lofty hill, and crowding fill the shore.

LXXXVI . “We see them scowling impotent, the band
Of Ætna, towering to the stars above,
An awful conclave! Tall as oaks they stand,
Or cypresses — the lofty trees of Jove,
Or cone-clad guardians of Diana’s grove.
Fain were we then, in agony of fear,
To shake the canvas to the winds, and rove

At random; nathless, we obey the seer, 766
Who past those fatal rocks had warned us not to steer,

LXXXVII . “Where Scylla here, and there Charybdis lies,
And death lurks double. Backward we essay
Our course, when lo, from out Pelorus flies
The North-Wind, sent to waft us on our way.
We pass the place where, mingling with the spray,
Through narrow rocks Pantagia’s stream outflows;
We see low-lying Thapsus and the bay
Of Megara. These shores the suppliant shows, 775
Known from the time he shared his wandering chieftain’s woes.

LXXXVIII . “Far-stretcht against Plemmyrium’s wave-beat shore
An island lies, before Sicania’s bay,
Now called Ortygia— ’twas its name of yore.
Hither from distant Elis, legends say,
Beneath the seas Alpheus stole his way,
And, mingling now with Arethusa here,
Mounts, a Sicilian fountain, to the day.
Here we with prayer, obedient to the seer, 784
Invoke the guardian gods to whom the place is dear.

LXXXIX . “Thence past Helorus’ marish speeds the bark,
Where fat and fruitful shines the meadowy lea.
We graze the cliffs and jutting rocks, that mark
Pachynus. Camarina’s fen we see,
Fixt there for ever by the fates’ decree;
Then Gela’s town (the river gave the name)
And Gela’s plains, far-stretching from the sea,
And distant towers and lofty walls proclaim 793
Steep Acragas, once known for generous steeds of fame.

XC . “Thee too we pass, borne onward by the wind,
Palmy Selinus, and the treacherous strand
And shoals of Lilybæum leave behind.
Last, by the shore at Drepanum we stand

And take the shelter of her joyless land,
Here, tost so long o'er many a storm-lashed main,
We lose the stay and comfort of our band,
Here thou, best father, leav'st me to my pain, 802
Thou, saved from countless risks, but saved, alas, in vain.

XCI . "Not Helenus, who many an ill forecast,
Warned us to think such sorrow was in store,
Not even dire Celæno. There at last
My wanderings ended, and my toils were o'er,
And thence a God hath led me to your shore."
Thus, while mute wonder did the rest compose,
The Sire Æneas did his tale outpour,
And told his fates, his wanderings and his woes; 811
Then ceased at length his speech, and sought the wished repose.

BOOK FOUR

ARGUMENT

Dido opens her heart to her sister. But for her promised loyalty to the dead Sychæus, she must have yielded (1-36). Anna pleads for Æneas, and Dido half-yielding sacrifices to the marriage-gods. The growth of her passion is described (37-104). Venus feigns assent to Juno's proposal that Æneas shall marry Dido and be king of Carthage. At a hunting Juno will send a storm and the lovers will shelter in a cave, and there plight their vows (105-144). The plot is consummated. Dido yields (145-198). Description of Rumour, who bruits abroad the story and rouses the jealous Iarbas to conjure his father, Jupiter, to interpose (199-248). Jupiter sends Mercury to remind Æneas of his mission (249-298). Æneas, terrified by the message, prepares for instant flight, to the delight of his followers and the despair of Dido (299-342), who entreats him to stay, and rehearses the dangers to which he is leaving her (343-374). Æneas is obdurate. Although he loves Dido, he is the slave of a destiny which he must at all costs fulfil (375-410). After calling down a solemn curse upon him Dido swoons, but crushing the impulse to comfort her, he hastens his preparations for departure (411-468). Dido sends Anna with a last appeal to Æneas, who nevertheless, in spite of struggles, obeys the gods (469-513). In utter misery Dido, on pretext of burning all Æneas' love-gifts, prepares a pyre and summons a sorceress. Her preparations complete, she utters her last lament (514-639). Mercury repeats his warning to Æneas, who sails forthwith (640-671). Daybreak reveals his flight, and Dido — cursing her betrayer — falls by her own hand, to the despair of her sister and the consternation of her subjects (672-837).

I . Long since a prey to passion's torturing pains,
The Queen was wasting with the secret flame,
The cruel wound was feeding on her veins.
Back to the fancy of the lovelorn dame

Came the chief's valour and his country's fame.
His looks, his words still lingered in her breast,
Deep-fixt. And now the dewy Dawn upcame,
And chased the shadows, when her love's unrest 1
Thus to her sister's soul responsive she confessed:

II . “What dreams, dear Anna, fill me with alarms;
What stranger guest is this? like whom in face?
How proud in portance, how expert in arms!
In sooth I deem him of celestial race;
Fear argues souls degenerate and base;
But he — how oft by danger sore bestead,
What warlike exploits did his lips retrace.
Were not my purpose steadfast, ne'er to wed, 10
Since love first played me false, and mocked me with the dead,

III . “Were I not sick of bridal torch and bower,
This once, perchance, I had been frail again.
Anna — for I will own it — since the hour
When, poor Sychæus miserably slain,
A brother's murder rent a home in twain,
He, he alone my stubborn will could tame,
And stir the balance of my soul. Too plain
I know the traces of the long-quenched flame; 19
The sparks of love revive, rekindled, but the same.

IV . “But O! gape Earth, or may the Sire of might
Hurl me with lightning to the Shades amain,
Pale shades of Erebus and abysmal Night,
Ere, wifely modesty, thy name I stain,
Or dare thy sacred precepts to profane.
Nay, he whose love first linked us long ago,
Took all my love, and he shall still retain
And guard it with him in the grave below.” 28
She spake, and o'er her lap the gushing tears outflow.

V . Then Anna: “Sister, dearer than the day,

Why thus in loneliness and endless woe
Wilt thou for ever wear thy youth away?
Nor care sweet sons, fair Venus' gifts to know?
Think'st thou such grief concerns the shades below?
What though no husband, Libyan or of Tyre,
Could bend a heart made desolate; what though
In vain Iarbas did thy love desire, 37
And Africa's proud chiefs, why quench a pleasing fire?

VI . "Think too, whose lands surround thee: on this side,
Gætulian cities, an unconquered race,
Numidians, reinless as the steeds they ride,
And cheerless Syrtis hold thee in embrace;
There fierce Barcæans and a sandy space
Wasted by drought. Why tell of wars from Tyre,
A brother's threats? Well know I Juno's grace
And heaven's propitious auspices conspire 46
To find for Trojans here the home of their desire.

VII . "Sister, how glorious even now these towers,
What realm shall rise, with such a wondrous pair
When Teucrian arms join fellowship with ours,
What glory shall the Punic state upbear!
Pray thou to heaven and, having gained thy prayer,
Indulge thy welcome, and thy guest entreat
To tarry. Bid him winter's storms beware;
Point to Orion's watery star, the fleet 55
Still shattered, and the skies for mariners unmeet."

VIII . So fanned, her passion kindled into flame:
Hope scattered scruples, and her doubts gave way,
And loosed were all the lingering ties of shame.
First to the fane the sisters haste away,
And there for peace at every shrine they pray,
And chosen ewes, as ancient rites ordain,
To Sire Lyæus, to the God of Day,
And Ceres, giver of the law, are slain, 64

And most to Juno's power, who guards the nuptial chain.

IX . Herself, the lovely Dido, bowl in hand,
O'er a white heifer's forehead pours the wine,
Or by the Gods' rich altars takes her stand,
And piles the gifts, and o'er the slaughtered kine
Pores, from the quivering heartstrings to divine
The doom of Fate. Blind seers, alas! what art
To calm her frenzy, now hath vow or shrine?
Deep in her marrow feeds the tender smart, 73
Unseen, the silent wound is festering in her heart

X . Poor Dido burns, and roams from street to street,
Wild as a doe, whom heedless, far away,
Some swain hath pierced amid the woods of Crete,
And left, unware, the flying steel to stay,
While through the forests and the lawns his prey
Roams, with the death-bolt clinging to her side.
Now to Æneas doth the queen display
Her walls and wealth, the dowry of his bride; 82
Oft she essays to speak, so oft the utterance died.

XI . Again, when evening steals upon the light,
She seeks the feast, again would fain give ear
To Troy's sad tale and, ravished with delight,
Hangs on his lips; and when the hall is clear,
And the moon sinks, and drowsy stars appear,
Alone she mourns, clings to the couch he pressed,
Him absent sees, his absent voice doth hear,
Now, fain to cheat her utter love's unrest, 91
Clasps for his sire's sweet sake Ascanius to her breast.

XII . No longer rise the growing towers, nor care
The youths in martial exercise to vie,
Nor ports nor bulwarks for defence prepare.
The frowning battlements neglected lie,
And lofty scaffolding that threatens the sky.

Her, when Saturnian Juno saw possessed
With love so tameless, as would dare defy
The shame that whispers in a woman's breast, 100
Forthwith the queen of Jove fair Venus thus addressed:

XIII . "Fine spoils, forsooth, proud triumph ye have won,
Thou and thy boy, — vast worship and renown!
Two gods by fraud one woman have undone.
But well I know ye fear the rising town,
The homes of Carthage offered for your own.
When shall this end? or why a feud so dire?
Let lasting peace and plighted wedlock crown
The compact. See, thou hast thy heart's desire, 109
Poor Dido burns with love, her blood is turned to fire.

XIV . "Come then and rule we, each with equal power,
These folks as one. Let Tyrian Dido bear
A Phrygian's yoke, and Tyrians be her dower."
Then Venus, for she marked the Libyan snare
To snatch Italia's lordship, "Who would care
To spurn such offer, or with thee contend,
Should fortune follow on a scheme so fair?
'Tis Fate, I doubt, if Jupiter intend 118
The sons of Tyre and Troy in common league to blend.

XV . "Thou art his consort; 'tis thy right to learn
By prayer the counsels of his breast. Lead thou,
I follow." Quickly Juno made return:
"Be mine that task. Now briefly will I show
What means our purpose shall achieve, and how.
Soon as to-morrow's rising sun is seen,
And Titan's rays unveil the world below,
Forth ride Æneas and the love-sick Queen, 127
With followers to the chase, to scour the woodland green.

XVI . "While busy beaters round the lawns prepare
Their feathered nets, thick sleet-storms will I shower

And rend all heaven with thunder. Here and there
The rest shall fly, and in the darkness cower.
One cave shall screen both lovers in that hour.
There will I be, if thou approve, meanwhile
And make her his in wedlock. Hymen's power
Shall seal the rite." — Not adverse, with a smile 136
Sweet Venus nods assent, and gladdens at the guile.

XVII . Meanwhile Aurora o'er the deep appears.
At daybreak, issuing from the gates is seen
A chosen train, with nets and steel-tipt spears
And wide-meshed toils; and sleuth-hounds, staunch and keen,
Mixed with Massylian riders, scour the green.
Each on his charger, by the doorway sit
The princes, waiting for the lingering Queen.
Her steed, with gold and purple housings fit, 145
Impatient paws the ground, and champs the foaming bit.

XVIII . Now forth at length, with numbers in her train,
She comes in state, majestic to behold,
Wrapped in a purpled scarf of Tyrian grain.
All golden is her quiver; knots of gold
Confine her hair; a golden clasp doth hold
Her purple cloak. Behind her throng amain
The Trojans, with Iulus, blithe and bold,
And good Æneas, with the rest, as fain, 154
Joins in, and steps along, the comeliest of the train.

XIX . As when from wintry Lycia and the shore
Of Xanthus, to his mother's Delian seat
Apollo comes, the dances to restore.
Around his shrines Dryopians, sons of Crete,
And tattooed Agathyrsians shouting meet.
He, on high Cynthus moving, binds around
His flowing locks the foliage soft and sweet,
And braids with gold: his arms behind him sound, 163
So firm Æneas strode, such grace his features crowned.

XX . The hill-tops and the pathless lairs they gain.
Lo! from the rocks dislodged, the goats in fear
Bound o'er the crags. In dust-clouds o'er the plain
Down from the mountains rush the frightened deer.
On mettled steed the boy, in wild career,
Outrides them, glorying in the chase. No more
He heeds such timid prey, but longs to hear
The tawny lion, issuing with a roar 172
Forth from the lofty hills, and front the foaming boar.

XXI . Meanwhile deep mutterings vex the louring sky,
And, mixt with hail, in torrents comes the rain.
Scar'd, o'er the fields to diverse shelter fly
Troy's sons, Ascanius, and the Tyrian train.
Down from the hills the deluge pours amain.
One cave protects the pair. Earth gives the sign,
With Juno, mistress of the nuptial chain.
And heaven bears witness, and the lightnings shine, 181
And from the crags above shriek out the Nymphs divine.

XXII . Dark day of fate, and dismal hour of sin!
Then first disaster did the gods ordain,
And death and woe were destined to begin.
Nor shame nor scandal now the Queen restrain,
No more she meditates to hide the stain,
No longer chooses to conceal her flame.
Marriage she calls it, but the fraud is plain,
And pretexts weaves, and with a specious name 190
Attempts to veil her guilt, and sanctify her shame.

XXIII . Fame with the news through Libya's cities hies,
Fame, far the swiftest of all mischiefs bred;
Speed gives her force; she strengthens as she flies.
Small first through fear, she lifts a loftier head,
Her forehead in the clouds, on earth her tread.
Last sister of Enceladus, whom Earth

Brought forth, in anger with the gods, 'tis said,
Swift-winged, swift-footed, of enormous girth, 199
Huge, horrible, deformed, a giantess from birth.

XXIV . As many feathers as her form surround,
Strange sight! peep forth so many watchful eyes,
So many mouths and tattling tongues resound,
So many ears among the plumes uprise.
By night with shrieks 'twixt heaven and earth she flies,
Nor suffers sleep her eyelids to subdue;
By day, the terror of great towns, she spies
From towers and housetops, perched aloft in view, 208
Fond of the false and foul, yet herald of the true.

XXV . So now, exulting, with a mingled hum
Of truth and falsehood, through the crowd she sped;
How one Æneas hath from Ilion come,
A Dardan guest, whom Dido deigns to wed.
Now, lapt in dalliance and with ease o'erfed,
All winter long they revel in their shame,
Lost to their kingdoms. Such the tale she spread;
And straight the demon to Iarbas came, 217
And wrath on wrath upheaped, and fanned his soul to flame.

XXVI . Born of a nymph, by Ammon's forced embrace,
A hundred temples and in each a shrine
He built to Jove, the father of his race,
And lit the sacred fires, that sleepless shine,
The Gods' eternal watches. Slaughtered kine
Smoke on the teeming pavement, garlands fair
Of various hues the stately porch entwine.
Stung by the bitter tidings, in despair 226
Before the gods he kneels, and pours a suppliant's prayer.

XXVII . "Great Jove, to whom our Moorish tribes, reclined
On brodered couch, the votive wine-cup drain,
See'st thou or, Father, are thy bolts but blind,

Mere noise thy thunder, and thy lightnings vain?
This woman here, who, wandering on the main,
Bought leave to build and govern as her own
Her puny town, and till the sandy plain,
Our proffered love hath ventured to disown, 235
And takes a Trojan lord, Æneas, to her throne.

XXVIII . “And now that Paris, tricked in Lydian guise,
With perfumed locks and bonnet, and his crew
Of men half-women, gloats upon the prize,
While vainly at thy so-called shrines we sue,
And nurse a faith as empty as untrue.”
He prayed and clasped the altar. His request
Jove heard, and to the city bent his view,
And saw the guilty lovers, lapt in rest 244
And lost to shame, and thus Cyllenius he addressed:

XXIX . “Go, son, the Zephyrs call, and wing thy flight
To Carthage. Call the Dardan chief away,
Who, deaf to Fate, his destined walls doth slight.
This mandate through the wafting air convey,
Not such fair Venus did her son pourtray,
Nor twice for this from Grecian swords reclaim
One born to rule Italia, big with sway
And fierce for war, and spread the Teucrian name 253
Through Teucer’s sons, and laws to conquered earth proclaim.

XXX . “If glory cannot tempt him, nor inflame
His soul to win such greatness, if indeed
He takes no trouble for his own fair fame,
Shall he, a father, envy to his seed
The towers of Rome, by destiny decreed?
What schemes he now? what hope the chief constrains
To linger ‘mid a hostile race, nor heed
Ausonia’s sons and the Lavinian plains? 262
Go, bid him sail; enough; that word the sum contains.”

XXXI . Jove spake. Cyllenius to his feet binds fast
His golden sandals, that aloft in flight
O'er sea and shore upbear him with the blast,
Then takes his rod — the rod of mystic might,
That calls from Hell or plunges into night
The pallid ghosts, gives sleep or bids it fly,
And lifts the dead man's eyelids to the light.
Armed with that rod, he rules the clouds on high, 271
And drives the scattered gales, and sails the stormy sky.

XXXII . Now, borne along, beneath him he espies
The sides precipitous and towering peak
Of rugged Atlas, who upholds the skies.
Round his pine-covered forehead, wild and bleak,
The dark clouds settle and the storm-winds shriek.
His shoulders glisten with the mantling snow,
Dark roll the torrents down his aged cheek,
Seamed with the wintry ravage, and below, 280
Stiff with the gathered ice his hoary beard doth show.

XXXIII . Poised on his wings, here first Cyllenius stood,
Then downward shot, and in the salt sea spray
Dipped like a sea-gull, who, in quest of food,
Searches the teeming shore-cliffs for his prey,
And scours the rocks and skims along the bay.
So swiftly now, between the earth and skies,
Leaving his mother's sire, his airy way
Cyllene's god on cleaving pinions plies, 289
As o'er the Libyan sands along the wind he flies.

XXXIV . Scarce now at Carthage had he stayed his feet,
Among the huts Æneas he espied,
Planning new towers and many a stately street.
A sword-hilt, starred with jasper, graced his side,
A scarf, gold-broidered by the queen, and dyed
With Tyrian hues, was o'er his shoulders thrown.
“What, thou — wilt thou build Carthage?” Hermes cried,

“And stay to beautify thy lady’s town, 298
And dote on Tyrian realms, and disregard thine own?”

XXXV . “Himself, the Sire, who rules the earth and skies,
Sends me from heaven his mandate to proclaim.
What scheme is thine? what hope allures thine eyes,
To loiter thus in Libya? If such fame
Nowise can move thee, nor thy soul inflame,
If loth to labour for thine own renown,
Think of thy young Ascanius; see with shame
His rising promise, scarce to manhood grown, 307
Hope of the Roman race, and heir of Latium’s throne.”

XXXVI . He spake and, speaking, vanished into air.
Dumb stood Æneas, by the sight unmann’d:
Fear stifled speech and stiffened all his hair.
Fain would he fly, and quit the tempting land,
Surprised and startled by the god’s command.
Ah! what to do? what opening can he find
To break the news, the infuriate Queen withstand?
This way and that dividing his swift mind, 316
All means in turns he tries, and wavers like the wind.

XXXVII . This plan prevails; he bids a chosen few
Collect the crews in silence, arm the fleet
And hide the purport of these counsels new,
Himself, since Dido dreams not of deceit,
Nor thinks such passion can be frail or fleet,
Some avenue of access will essay,
Some tender moment for soft speeches meet,
And wit shall find, and cunning smooth the way. 325
With joy the captains hear, and hasten to obey.

XXXVIII . But Dido — who can cheat a lover’s care?
Could guess the fraud, the coming change descry,
And in the midst of safety feared a snare.
Now wicked Fame hath bid the rumour fly

Of mustering crews. Poor Dido, crazed thereby,
Raves like a Thyiad, when the frenzied rout
With orgies hurry to Cithæron high,
And “Bacchus! Bacchus” through the night they shout. 334
At length the chief she finds, and thus her wrath breaks out:

XXXIX . “Thought’st thou to steal in silence from the land,
False wretch! and cloak such treason with a lie?
Can neither love, nor this my plighted hand,
Nor dying Dido keep thee? Must thou fly,
When North-winds howl, and wintry waves are high?
O cruel! what if home before thee lay,
Not lands unknown, beneath an alien sky,
If Troy were standing, as in ancient day, 343
Would’st thou for Troy’s own sake this angry deep essay?

XL . “Me dost thou fly? O, by these tears, thy hand
Late pledged, since madness leaves me naught beside,
But lovers’ vows and wedlock’s sacred band,
Scarce knit and now too soon to be untied;
If aught were pleasing in a new-won bride,
If sweet the memory of our marriage day,
O by these prayers — if place for prayer abide —
In mercy put that cruel mind away. 352
Pity a falling house, now hastening to decay.

XLI . “For thee the Libyans and each Nomad lord
Hate me, and Tyrians would their queen disown.
My wifely honour is a name abhorred,
And that chaste fame has perished, which alone
Perchance had raised me to a starry throne.
O think with whom thou leav’st me to thy fate,
Dear guest, no longer as a husband known.
Why stay I? till Pygmalion waste my state, 361
Or on Iarbas’ wheels, a captive queen, to wait?

XLII . “Ah! if at least, ere thou had’st sailed away,

Some babe, the token of thy love, were born,
Some child Æneas, in my halls to play,
Like thee at least in look, I should not mourn
As altogether captive and forlorn.”
She paused, but he, at Jove’s command, his eyes
Keeps still unmoved, and, though with anguish torn,
Strives with his love, nor suffers it to rise, 370
But checks his heaving heart, and thus at length replies:

XLIII . “Never, dear Queen, will I disown the debt,
Thy love’s deserts, too countless to repeat,
Nor ever fair Elissa’s name forget,
While memory shall last, or pulses beat.
Few words are mine, for fewest words are meet.
Think not I meant — the very thought were shame —
Thief-like to veil my going with deceit.
I gave no promise of a husband’s name, 379
Nor talked of ties like that, or wedlock’s sacred flame.

XLIV . “Did Fate but let me shape my life at will,
And rest at pleasure, Ilion, first of all,
And Troy’s sweet relics would I cling to still,
And Pergama and Priam’s stately hall
Once more should cheer the vanquished for their fall.
But now Grynœan Phoebus bids me fare
To great Italia; to Italia call
The Lycian lots, and so the Fates declare. 388
There lies the land I love, my destined home is there.

XLV . “If thee, Tyre-born, a Libyan town detain,
What grudge to Troy Ausonia’s land denies?
We too may seek a foreign realm to gain.
Me, oft as Night’s damp shadows from the skies
Have shrouded Earth, and fiery stars arise,
My sire Anchises’ troubled ghost in sleep
Upbraids and scares, and ever louder cries
The wrong, that on Ascanius’ head I heap, 397

Whom from Hesperia's plains, his destined realms, I keep.

XLVI . "Now, too, Jove's messenger himself comes down —
Bear witness both — I heard the voice divine,
I saw the God just entering the town.
Cease then to vex me, nor thyself repine.
Heaven's will to Latium summons me, not mine."
Him, speaking thus and pleading but in vain,
She viewed askance, rolling her restless eyne,
Then scanned him o'er, long silent, in disdain, 406
And thus at length broke out, and gave her wrath the rein.

XLVII . "False traitor! Goddess never gave thee birth,
Nor of thy race was Dardanus the first.
Thy limbs were fashioned in the womb of Earth,
The rugged rocks of Caucasus accurst.
Hyrcanian tigresses thy childhood nursed.
Why fawn and feign? what more have I to fear,
What more to wait for, having known the worst?
Moved he those eyes? dropped he a single tear 415
Sighed he with me, or spake a lover's heart to cheer?

XLVIII . "What first? what last? Nor Juno, nay, nor Jove
With equal eyes beholds the wrongs I bear.
Faithless is earth, and false is Heaven above.
I took him in, an outcast, and bade spare,
His ships and wandering comrades, let him share
My home, and made him partner of my reign.
Ah me! the Furies drive me to despair.
Now Phoebus calls him, now the Lycian fane, 424
Now Jove's own herald brings the dreadful news too plain:

XLIX . "Fit task for Gods; such cares disturb their ease.
I care not to confute thee nor delay.
Go, seek thy Latin lordship o'er the seas.
May Heaven — if Heaven be righteous — make thee pay
Thy forfeit, left on ocean's rocks to pray

For help to Dido. There shall Dido go
With sulphurous flames, and vex thee far away.
My ghost in death shall haunt thee. I shall know 433
Thy punishment, false wretch, and hail the news below.”

L . Abrupt she ceased and, sickening with despair,
Turns from his gaze, and shuns the light of day,
And leaves the Dardan, faltering in his fear,
And thinking of a thousand things to say.
Back to her marble couch the maids convey
The fainting Queen. The pious Prince, though fain
With gentle words her anguish to ally,
Sighing full sore, and racked with inward pain, 442
Bows to the God’s behest, and hastens to the main.

LI . Stirred by his presence, at their chief’s command,
The Trojan mariners, with might and main,
Bend to the work. Along the shelving strand
They launch tall ships that long had idle lain.
The tarred keel joys the waters to regain.
Timbers unshaped and many a green-leaved oar
They fetch from out the forest, glad and fain
To speed their flight, and hurrying to the shore 451
Forth from the town-gates fast the mustering Trojans pour.

LII . As ants that, mindful of the cold to come,
Lay waste a mighty heap of garnered grain,
And store the golden treasure in their home:
Back through the grass, with plunder, o’er the plain
In narrow column troops the sable train:
Their tiny shoulders heave, with restless moil,
The cumbrous atomies; these scourge amain
The loiterers in the rear, and guard the spoil. 460
Hot fares the busy work; the pathway glows with toil.

LIII . What, hapless Dido, were thy feelings then?
What groans were thine, from out thy tower to view

The ships prepared, the shores astir with men,
The turmoil'd deep, the shouting of each crew!
O tyrant love, so potent to subdue!
Again, perforce, she weeps for him; again
She stoops to try persuasion, and to sue,
And yields, a suppliant, to her love's sweet pain, 469
Lest aught remain untried, and Dido die in vain.

LIV . "Look yonder, look, dear Anna! all around
They crowd the shore their canvas wooes the wind!
Behold the poops with festal garlands crown'd.
If I could bear this prospect, I shall find
Strength still to suffer, and a soul resign'd.
One boon I ask — O pity my distress —
For thee alone he tells his inmost mind,
To thee alone unperjur'd; thou can'st guess 478
The means of soft approach, the seasons of address;

LV . "Go, sister, meekly tell the haughty foe,
Not I at Aulis with the Greeks did swear
To smite the Trojans and their towers o'erthrow,
Nor sought his father's ashes to uprear.
Whom shuns he? wherefore would he spurn my prayer?
Beg him, in pity of poor love, to stay
Till flight is easy, and the winds breathe fair.
Not now for wedlock's broken vows I pray, 487
Nor bid him lose for me fair Latium and his sway.

LVI . "I ask but time — a respite and reprieve —
A little truce, my passion to allay,
Till fortune teach my baffled love to grieve.
Grant, sister, this, the latest grace I pray,
And Death with interest shall the debt repay."
She spake; sad Anna to the Dardan bears
Her piteous plea. But Fate hath barred the way:
Deaf stands Æneas to her prayers and tears: 496
Jove, unrelenting Jove, hath stopped his gentle ears.

LVII . E'en as when Northern Alpine blasts contend
This side and that to lay an oak-tree low,
Aged but strong: the branches creak and bend,
And leaves thick-falling all the ground bestrow:
The trunk clings firmly to the rock below:
High as it rears its weather-beaten crest,
So dive its roots to Tartarus. Even so
Beset with prayers, the hero stands distress; 505
So vain are Anna's tears, so moveless is his breast.

LVIII . Then — then unhappy Dido prays to die,
Maddened by Fate, aweary of the day,
Aweary of the over-arching sky.
And lo! an omen seems to chide delay,
And steel her purpose. As, in act to pay
Her gifts, with incense at the shrine she kneels,
Black turns the water, horrible to say;
To loathsome gore the sacred wine congeals. 514
Not e'en to Anna's self this vision she reveals.

LIX . Nay more; within the precincts of her house
There stood a marble shrine, with garlands bright
And snow-white fleeces, sacred to her spouse.
Hence, oft as darkness shrouds the world from sight,
Voices she hears, and accents of affright,
As though Sychæus told aloud his wrong,
Hears from the roof-top, through the livelong night,
The solitary screech-owl's funeral song, 523
Wailing an endless dirge, the dismal notes prolong.

LX . Dim warnings, given by many an ancient seer,
Affright her. Ever wandering, ever lost,
In dreams she sees the fierce Æneas near,
And seeks her Tyrians on a lonely coast.
So raving Pentheus sees the Furies' host,
Twin suns and double Thebes. So, mad with Fate,

Blood-stained Orestes flees his mother's ghost,
Armed with black snakes and firebrands; at the gate 532
The avenging Fiends, close-crouched, the murderer await.

LXI . So now, possessed with Furies, the poor queen,
O'ercome with grief and resolute to die,
Settles the time and manner. Joy serene
Smiles on her brow, her purpose to belie,
And hope dissembled sparkles in her eye.
"Dear Anna," thus she hails with cheerful tone
Her weeping sister, "put thy sorrow by,
And joy with me. Indulgent Heaven hath shown 541
A way to gain his love, or rid me of my own.

LXII . "Near Ocean's limits and the sunset, lies
A far-off land, by Æthiopians owned,
Where mighty Atlas turns the spangled skies.
There a Massylian priestess I have found,
The warder of the Hesperian fane renowned.
'Twas hers to feed the dragon, hers to keep
The golden fruit, and guard the sacred ground,
The dragon's food in honied drugs to steep, 550
And mix the poppy drowse, that soothes the soul to sleep.

LXIII . "What souls she listeth, with her charms she claims
To free from passion, or with pains to smite
The love-sick heart; the planets all she tames,
And stays the rivers; and her voice of might
Calls forth the spirits from the realms of night.
Thyself the rumbling of the ground shalt hear,
And see the tall ash tumble from the height.
O, by the Gods, by thy sweet self I swear, 559
Loth am I, sister dear, these magic arms to wear.

LXIV . "Thou privily within the courtyard frame
A lofty pyre; his armour and attire
Heap on it, and the fatal couch of shame.

All relics of the wretch are doomed to fire;
So bids the priestess, and her charms require.”
She ended, pale as death, and Anna plied
Her task, not dreaming of a rage so dire.
Nought worse she fears than when Sychæus died, 568
Nor recks that these strange rites her purposed death could hide.

LXV . Now rose the pile within the courtyard’s space,
Of oak and pine-wood, open to the wind.
Herself the Queen with garlands decked the place,
And funeral chaplets in the sides entwined.
Above, his robes, the sword he left behind,
And, last, his image on the couch she laid,
Foreknowing all, and while the altars shined
With blazing offerings, the enchantress-maid, 577
Frenzied, with thundering voice and tresses disarrayed,

LXVI . Summons her gods — three hundred powers divine,
Chaos and Erebus, in Hell supreme,
And Dian-Hecate, the maiden trine;
Then water, feigned of dark Avernus’ stream,
She sprinkles round. Rank herbs are sought, that teem
With poisonous juice, and plants at midnight shorn
With brazen sickles by the Moon’s pale beam,
And from the forehead of a foal new-born, 586
Ere by the dam devoured, love’s talisman is torn.

LXVII . Herself, the queen, before the altar stands,
One foot unsandalled, and her flowing vest
Loosed from its cincture. In her stainless hands
The sacrificial cake she holds; her breast
Heaves, with approaching agony oppressed.
She calls the conscious planets as they move,
She calls the stars, her purpose to attest,
And all the gods, if any rules above, 595
Mindful of lovers’ wrongs, and just to injured love.

LXVIII . 'Twas night; on earth all creatures were asleep:
Midway the stars moved silent through the sphere;
Hushed were the forest and the angry deep,
And hushed was every field, and far and near
Reigned stillness, and the night spread calm and clear.
The flocks, the birds, with painted plumage gay,
That haunt the copse, or dwell in brake and brere,
Or skim the liquid lakes — all silent lay, 604
Lapt in oblivion sweet, forgetful of the day.

LXIX . Not so unhappy Dido; no sweet peace
Dissolves her cares; her wakeful eyes and breast
Drink not the dewy night; her pains increase,
And love, with warring passions unsuppressed,
Swells up, and stirs the tumult of unrest.
“What, then,” she sadly ponders, “shall I do?
Ah, woe is me! shall Dido, made a jest
To former lovers, stoop herself to sue, 613
And beg the Nomad lords their oft-scorned vows renew?

LXX . “Or with the fleet of Ilion shall I sail,
The slave and menial of a Trojan crew,
As though they count past kindness of avail,
Or dream that aught of gratitude be due?
Grant that I wished it, of these lordings who
Would take me, humbled and a thing of scorn?
Is Dido blind, if Trojans are untrue?
Know'st thou not yet, O lost one and forlorn, 622
Troy's perjured race still shows Laomedon forsworn?

LXXI . “What, fly alone, and join their shouting crew?
Or launch, and chase them with my Tyrian train
Scarce torn from Tyre? Nay — die and take thy due;
The sword alone can ease thee of thy pain.
Sister, 'twas thy weak pity wrought this bane,
Swayed by my tears, and gave me to the foe.
Ah! had I lived unloving, void of stain,

Free as the beasts, nor meddled with this woe, 631
Nor wronged with broken vows Sychæus' shade below!"

LXXII . So wailed the Queen. Æneas, fixt in mind,
All things prepared, his voyage to pursue,
Snatched a brief slumber, on the deck reclined,
Lo, in a dream, returning near him drew
The God, and seemed his warning to renew.
Like Mercury, the very God behold!
So sweet his voice, so radiant was his hue,
Such loveliness of limb and youthful mould, 640
Such cheeks of ruddiest bloom, and locks of burnished gold.

LXXIII . "O goddess-born Æneas, can'st thou sleep,
Nor see the dangers that around thee lie,
Nor hear the Zephyrs whispering to the deep.
Dark crimes the Queen is plotting, bent to die
And tost with varying passions. Haste thee — fly,
While flight is open. Morn shall see the bay
Swarm with their ships, and all the shore and sky
Red with fierce firebrands and the flames. Away! 649
Changeful is woman's mood, and varying with the day."

LXXIV . He spake and, mixing with the night, withdrew.
Up starts Æneas from his sleep, so sore
The vision scared him, and awakes his crew.
"Quick, comrades, man the benches! ply the oar!
Unfurl the canvas! Lo, a God once more
Comes down to urge us, chiding our delay,
And bids us cut our cables from the shore.
Dread Power divine, we follow on thy way, 658
Gladly, whoe'er thou art, thy summons we obey.

LXXV . "Be near us now, and O, vouchsafe thine aid,
And bid fair stars their kindly beams afford
To light our pathway through the deep." He prayed,
And from the scabbard snatched his flaming sword,

And, swift as lightning, cleft the twisted cord.
Fired by their chief, like ardour fills the crew,
They scour, they scud and, hurrying, crowd on board.
Bare lies the beach; ships hide the sea from view, 667
And strong arms lash the foam and sweep the sparkling blue.

LXXVI . Now rose Aurora from the saffron bed
Of old Tithonus, and with orient ray
Sprinkled the earth. Forth looks the Queen in dread,
And from her watch-tower marks the twilight grey
Glow with the shimmering whiteness of the day,
The harbour shipless and the shore all bare,
The fleet with full-squared canvas under weigh.
Then thrice and four times, frantic with despair, 676
She beats her beauteous breast, and rends her golden hair.

LXXVII . “Ah! Jove, shall he escape me? Shall he mock
My queenship? He, an alien, flout my sway?
Will no one arm and chase them, or undock
The ships? Bring fire; get weapons, quick! Away!
Swing out the oars! Ah me! what do I say?
Where am I? O, what madness turns my brain?
Poor Dido, hath thy folly found its prey?
Thy sins, alas! they sting thee, but in vain. 685
They should have done so then, when yielding him thy reign.

LXXVIII . “Lo, there his honour and the faith he swore,
Who takes Troy’s gods the partners of his flight,
And erst from Troy his aged parent bore.
O, had I torn him piecemeal, as I might,
And strewn him on the waves, and slain outright
His friends, and for the father’s banquet spread
The murdered boy! But doubtful were the fight.
Grant that it had been, whom should Dido dread, 694
What fear had death for me, self-destined to be dead?

LXXIX . “These hands the firebrands at his feet had cast,

And filled with flames his hatches. Sire and son
And all their race had perished with the past,
And I, too, perished with them. O great Sun,
Whose torch reveals whate'er on Earth is done,
Juno, who know'st the passion that devours
Poor Dido; Hecate, where crossways run
Night-howled in cities; ye avenging Powers, 703
Friends, Furies, Gods that guard Elissa's dying hours!

LXXX . "Mark this, compassionate these woes, and bow
To supplication. If the Fates demand —
Curst be his head! — that he escape me now,
And touch his haven, and float up to land.
If so Jove wills, and fixt his edicts stand,
Then, scourged with warfare by a daring race,
In vain for succour let him stretch his hand,
And see his people perish with disgrace, 712
An exile, torn from home and from his son's embrace.

LXXXI . "And when hard peace the traitor stoops to buy,
No realm be his, nor happy days in store.
Cut off in prime of manhood let him die,
And rot unburied on the sandy shore.
This dying curse, this utterance I pour,
The latest, with my life-blood, — this my prayer.
Them and their children's children evermore
Ye Tyrians, with immortal hate outwear. 721
This gift— 'twill please me best — for Dido's shade prepare.

LXXXII . "This heritage be yours; no truce nor trust
'Twixt theirs and ours, no union or accord
Arise, unknown Avenger from our dust;
With fire and steel upon the Dardan horde
Meter out the measure of their crimes' reward.
To-day, to-morrow, for eternity
Fight, oft as ye are able — sword with sword,
Shore with opposing shore, and sea with sea; 730

Fight, Tyrians, all that are, and all that e'er shall be."

LXXXIII . So spake the queen, and pondered in her breast
How of her loathèd life to clip the thread,
Then briefly thus Sychæus' nurse addressed
(Her own at Tyre lay buried)— "Haste," she said,
"Dear Barce; call my sister; let her head
With living water from the lustral bough
Be sprinkled. Hither be the victims led,
And due atoning offerings, and thou 739
Bring forth the sacred wreath, and bind it on thy brow.

LXXXIV . "The sacrifice, prepared for Stygian Jove,
I purpose now to consummate, and pay
The last sad rites, and ease me of my love,
And burn the couch whereon the Dardan lay."
She spake; the old dame tottering hastes away.
Maddening stood Dido at the doom so dread,
With bloodshot eyes and trembling with dismay,
Her quivering cheeks flecked with the burning red, 748
Pale with approaching death, but yearning to be dead.

LXXXV . So bursting through the inner doors she flew
And, with wild frenzy, climbed the lofty pyre,
Then seized the scabbard he had left, and drew
The sword, ne'er given for an end so dire.
But when, with eyes still wistful with desire,
She viewed the bed that she had known too well,
The Ilian raiment and the chief's attire,
She paused, then musing, while the teardrops fell, 757
Sank on the fatal couch, and cried a last farewell:

LXXXVI . "Dear relics! loved while Fate and Jove were kind,
Receive this soul, and free me from my woe.
My life is lived; behold, the course assigned
By Fortune now is finished, and I go,
A shade majestic, to the world below,

A glorious city I have built, have seen
My walls, avenged my husband of his foe.
Thrice happy, ah! too happy had I been 766
Had Dardan ships, alas! not come to bring me teen!”

LXXXVII . She paused, and pressed her lips upon the bed.
“To die — and unavenged? Yea, let me die!
Thus — thus it joys to journey to the dead.
Let yon false Dardan with remorseful eye
Drink in this bale-fire from the deep, and sigh
To bear the omens of my death.” — No more
She said, but swooned. The servants see her lie,
Sunk on the sword; they see the life-blood pour, 775
Reddening her tender hands, the weapon drenched with gore.

LXXXVIII . Then through the lofty palace rose a scream,
And madly Rumour riots, as she flies
Through the shocked town. The very houses seem
To groan, and shrieks, and sobbing and the cries
Of wailing women pierce the vaulted skies.
’Twas e’en as though all Carthage or old Tyre
Were falling, stormed by ruthless enemies,
While over roof and battlement and spire 784
And temples of the Gods rolled on the infuriate fire.

LXXXIX . Her sister heard, and through the concourse came,
And tore her cheeks and beat her bosom fair,
And called upon the dying Queen by name.
“Sister! was this thy secret? thine this snare?
For me this fraud? For this did I prepare
That pyre, those flames and altars? This the end?
Ah me, forlorn! what worse remains to bear?
Would’st thou in death desert me, and pretend 793
To scorn a sister’s care, and shun me as a friend?

XC . “Thou should’st have called me to thy doom! One stroke,
A moment’s pang, and we had ceased to sigh.

Reared I this pyre, did I the gods invoke
To leave thee thus companionless, to die?
Lo, all are dead together, thou and I,
Town, princes, people, perished in a day.
Bring water; let me close the lightless eye,
And bathe those wounds, and kiss those lips of clay, 802
And catch one fluttering breath, if yet, perchance, I may!”

XCI . So saying, she climbs the steps, and, groaning sore,
Clasps to her breast her sister ere she dies,
And stanches with her robe the streaming gore.
In vain poor Dido lifts her wearied eyes,
The closing eyelids sicken at the skies.
Deep gurgles in her breast the deadly wound;
Thrice on her elbow she essays to rise,
Thrice back she sinks. With wandering eyes all round 811
She seeks the light of heaven, and moans when it is found.

XCII . Then Juno, pitying her agony
Of lingering death, sent Iris down with speed.
Her struggling soul from clinging limbs to free.
For since by Fate, or for her own misdeed
She perished not, but, ere the day decreed,
Fell in the frenzy of her love’s despair,
Not yet Proserpina had claimed her meed,
And shorn the ringlet of her golden hair, 820
And bade the sacred shade to Stygian realms repair.

XCIII . So down to earth came Iris from on high
On saffron wings all glittering with the dew.
A thousand tints against the sunlit sky
She flashed from out her rainbow as she flew,
Then, hovering overhead, these words outthrew,
“Behold, to Dis this offering I bear,
And loose thee from thy body.” — Forth she drew
The fatal shears, and clipped the golden hair; 829
The vital heats disperse, and life dissolves in air.

BOOK FIVE

ARGUMENT

Æneas, unaware of Dido's fate, sails away to Acestes in Sicily, and prepares funeral games against the anniversary of Anchises' death (1-90). Offerings are paid to the spirit of Anchises. Sicilians and Trojans assemble for the first contest, a boat race (91-140), which is described at length. Cloanthus, ancestor of the Cluentii, wins with the "Scylla" (141-342). The foot-race is next narrated. Euryalus, by his friend's cunning, gains the first prize, and the scene shifts (343-441) to the ring, in which Dares is defeated by the veteran Entellus, who fells the ox, his prize, as an offering to his master Eryx (442-594). After some wonderful shooting in the archery which follows, Æneas awards the first prize to Acestes, as the favourite of the gods (595-667). Before this contest is over Æneas summons Ascanius and his boy-companions to perform the elaborate manoeuvres afterwards celebrated in Rome as the "Trojan Ride" (668-729). Juno schemes to destroy the Trojan fleet, while the games are being held. She inspires with discontent the Trojan matrons, who are not present at the festival. They set fire to the ships (730-810). Ascanius hurries to the scene. Jupiter sends rain and saves all the ships but four (811-855). Nautes advises Æneas to leave behind the weak and aged with Acestes. The wraith of Anchises enforces the advice, and bids Æneas visit him in the nether-world (856-909). Preparations for departure. Acestes accepts his new subjects, and the Trojans depart. Venus prevails on Neptune to grant them safe convoy in return for the life of the helmsman Palinurus, who is drowned (910-1062).

I. Now well at sea, Æneas, fixt in mind,
Held on his course, and cleft the watery ways
Through billows blackened by the northern wind,
And backward on the city bent his gaze,
Bright with the flames of Dido. Whence the blaze

Arose, they knew not; but the pangs they knew
When love is passionate, and man betrays,
And what a frantic woman scorned can do, 1
And many a sad surmise their boding thoughts pursue.

II . The fleet was on mid-ocean; land no more
Was visible, nor aught but sea and sky;
When lo! above them a black cloud, that bore
Tempest and Night, frowned iron-dark on high,
And the wave, shuddering as the wind swept by,
Curled and was darkened. From the stern loud cries
The pilot Palinurus: "Whence and why
This cloudy rack that gathers o'er the skies? 10
What, father Neptune, now, what mischief dost devise?"

III . So having said, he bade the seamen take
The tackling in, and ply the lusty oar,
Then sloped the mainsheet to the wind, and spake:
"Noble Æneas, e'en if high Jove swore
To bring us safely to Italia's shore,
With skies like these, 'twere hopeless. Westward loom
The dark clouds mustering, and the changed winds roar
Athwart us, and the air is thick with gloom. 19
Vainly we strive to move, and struggle with our doom.

IV . "Come, then, since Fortune hath the mastering hand,
Yield we and turn. Not far, methinks, there lies
A friendly shore, thy brother Eryx' land,
And ports Sicanian, if aright these eyes
Recall my former reading of the skies."
Then good Æneas: "Long ago, 'tis plain,
The winds so willed it. I have seen," he cries,
"And marked thee toiling in their teeth in vain. 28
Shift sail and turn the helm. What sweeter shore to gain,

V . "What port more welcome to a wearied fleet
And wave-worn mariners, what land more blest

Than that where still Acestes lives, to greet
His Dardan friends, and in the boon earth's breast
My father's bones, Anchises', are at rest?"
He spake; at once the Trojans strive to gain
The port. Fair breezes, blowing from the West,
Swell out the sails. They bound along the main, 37
And soon with gladdening hearts the well-known shore attain.

VI . Far off Acestes, wondering, from a height
The coming of their friendly ships descries,
And hastes to meet them. Roughly is he sight
In Libyan bearskin, as in huntsman's guise;
A pointed javelin in each hand he plies.
Him once a Trojan to Crimiseus bore,
The stream-god. Mindful of ancestral ties
He hails his weary kinsmen, come once more, 46
And dainty fruits sets forth, and cheers them from his store.

VII . Next dawn had chased the stars, when on the shore
Æneas thus the gathered crews addressed:
"Twelve months have passed, brave Dardans, since we bore
The bones of great Anchises to his rest,
And laid his ashes in the ground, and blessed
The mourning altars by the rolling sea.
And now once more, if rightly I have guessed,
The day is come, which Heaven hath willed to be 55
Sacred for evermore, but ever sad to me.

VIII . This day, though exiled on Gætulian sands,
Or caught by tempests on th' Ægean brine,
Or at Mycenæ in the foemen's hands,
With annual honours will I hold divine,
And head with fitting offerings the shrine.
By chance unsought, now hither are we led,
Yet not, I ween, without the God's design,
Where lie the ashes of my father dead, 64
And greet a friendly port, by favouring breezes sped.

IX . “Come then, with festival his name revere,
Pray we for winds to waft us, and entreat
His shade to take these offerings year by year,
When gathered to our new-built Troy, we meet
In hallowed fanes, his worship to repeat.
See, for each ship two head of hornèd kine
Acestes sends, his Trojan friends to greet
Bid then the home-gods of the Trojan line, 73
With those our host adores, to grace the feast divine.

X . “Nay, if the ninth fair morning show fine day,
And bring the sunshine, be a match decreed
For Teucrian ships, their swiftness to essay.
Next, in the footrace whosoe’er hath speed,
Or, glorying in his manhood, claims the meed
With dart, or flying arrow and the bow,
Or bout with untanned gauntlet, mark and heed,
And wait the victor’s guerdon. Come ye now; 82
Hush’d be each idle tongue, and garlanded each brow.”

XI . He spake, and round his temples binds with joy
His mother’s myrtle. Helymus is crowned,
The veteran Acestes, and the boy
Ascanius, and the Trojan warriors round.
So from the council to the funeral mound
He moves, the centre of a circling crowd.
Two bowls of wine he pours upon the ground,
Two of warm milk, and two of victim’s blood, 91
And, scattering purple flowers, invokes the shade aloud.

XII . “Hail, holy Sire! blest Spirit, hail once more,
And ashes, vainly rescued! Not with thee
Was I allowed to reach Italia’s shore,
The fields Ausonian that the Fates decree,
And Latin Tiber — whatsoe’er it be.”
He ceased, when lo, a monstrous serpent, wound

In seven huge coils, seven giant spires, they see
Glide from the grave, and gently clasp the mound, 100
And 'twixt the altars trail in many a tortuous round.

XIII . The back with azure and the scales with gold
In streaks and glittering patches were ablaze:
So doth the rainbow in the clouds unfold
A thousand hues against the sun's bright rays.
Æneas stood bewildered with amaze.
In lengthened train meanwhile the snake went on,
'Twixt cups and bowls weaving its sinuous ways,
Then sipped the sacred food, and harming none, 109
The tasted altars left and 'neath the tomb was gone.

XIV . Cheered, to Anchises he the rites renewed,
In doubt if there some Genius of the shrine
Or menial spirit of his sire he viewed.
Two sheep, two dark-backed heifers, and two swine
He slays, invoking, as he pours the wine,
The ghost, released from Acheron. Glad of soul,
Each adds his gift. These slay the sacred Kine,
Pile altars, set the cauldrons, heap the coal, 118
And, sitting, hold the spits, and roast the entrails whole.

XV . Now came the looked-for day. The ninth fair dawn
Bright Phaëthon drove up a cloudless sky.
Rumour and great Acestes' name had drawn
The neighbouring folk; shoreward in crowds they hie
To see the Trojans, or the games to try.
Piled in the lists the presents they behold,
Green garlands, tripods, robes of purple dye,
The conqueror's palm, bright armour for the bold, 127
And many a talent's weight of silver and of gold.

XVI . Now from a mound the trumpet's notes proclaim
The sports begun. Four galleys from the fleet,
The choicest, manned by mariners of fame,

And matched in size and urged with ponderous beat
Of oar-blades, for the naval contest meet.
See, here the Shark comes speeding to her place,
Trained is her crew and eager to compete,
Brave Mnestheus is her captain, born to grace 136
Italia's land ere long, and found the Memmian race.

XVII . Here too, the huge Chimæra towers along,
A floating citadel, with walls of pine,
Three tale of Dardans urge her, stout and strong,
Their triple tiers in unison combine
To drive her, ruled by Gyas, through the brine.
Borne in the monstrous Centaur, next doth come
Sergestus, father of the Sergian line.
Last, in the dark-blue Scylla ploughs the foam 145
Cloanthus, whence thy house, Cluentius of Rome.

XVIII . Far seaward stands, afront the foamy shore,
A rock, half-hid when wintry waves upleap,
And skies are starless, and the North-winds roar,
But still and silent, when the calm waves sleep,
A level top it lifts above the deep,
The seamews' haunt. A bough of ilex here
The good Æneas sets upon the steep,
Green-leaved and tall, — a goal, to seamen clear, 154
To seek and, doubling round, their homeward course to steer.

XIX . Each takes his station. On the sterns behold,
Ranged in due order as the lots assign,
The captains, gay with purple and with gold.
The crews their brows with poplar garlands twine,
And wet with oil their naked shoulders shine.
Prone on their oars, and straining from the thwart,
With souls astretch, they listen for the sign.
Fear stirs the pulse and drains the throbbing heart, 163
Thrilled with the lust of praise, and panting for the start.

XX . Loud peals the trumpet. From the port they dash
With cheers. The waves hiss, as the strong arms keep
In time, drawn up to finish with a flash;
And three-toothed prow and oars, with measured sweep,
Tear up the yawning furrows of the deep,
Less swiftly, to the chariot yoked atwain,
The bounding racers from the base outleap,
Less keen the driver, as they scour the plain, 172
Leans o'er the whistling lash, and slacks the streaming rein.

XXI . Shouts, cheers and plaudits wake the woods around,
Their clamours roll along the land-locked shore,
And, echoing, from the beaten hills rebound.
First Gyas comes, amid the rout and roar;
Cloanthus second, — better with the oar
His crew, but heavier is the load of pine.
Next Shark and Centaur struggle to the fore,
Now Shark ahead, now Centaur, now in line 181
The long keels, urged abreast, together plough the brine.

XXII . Near lay the rock, the goal was close in sight,
When Gyas, first o'er half a length of tide
Shouts to his helmsman: "Whither to the right?
Hug close the cliff, and graze the leftward side.
Let others hold the deep." In vain he cried.
Menoetes feared the hidden reefs, and bore
To seaward. "Whither from thy course so wide?
What; swerving still?" the captain shouts once more, 190
"Keep to the shore, I say, Menoetes, to the shore."

XXIII . He turned, when lo! behind him, gaining fast,
Cloanthus. On the leeward side he stole
A narrower compass, grazing as he passed
His rival's vessel and the sounding shoal,
Then gained safe water, as he turned the goal.
Grief fired young Gyas at the sight, and drew
Tears from his eyes and anger from his soul.

Careless alike of honour and his crew, 199
Down from the lofty stern his timorous guide he threw.

XXIV . Forthwith he grasps the tiller in his hand,
Captain and helmsman, and his comrades cheers,
And wrests the rudder leftward to the land,
Slow from the depths Menoetes reappears,
Clogged by his clothes, and cumbered with his years.
Then, shoreward swimming, climbs with feeble craft
The rock, and there sits drying. All with jeers
Laughed as he fell and floated; loud they laughed 208
As, sputtering, from his throat he spits the briny draught.

XXV . Joy, mixt with hope, as Gyas slacks his pace,
Fires the two hindmost. Now they near the mark;
Sergestus, leading, takes the inside place.
Yet not a length divides them, for the Shark
Shoots up halfway and overlaps his bark.
Mnestheus, amidships pacing, cheers his crew;
“Now, now lean to, and let each arm be stark;
Row, mighty Hector’s followers, whom I drew 217
From Troy, in Troy’s last hour, my comrades tried and true!

XXVI . “Now for the strength and hardihood that braved
Gætulian shoals, and the Ionian main,
And billows following billows, as they raved
Against steep Malea. Not mine to gain
The prize: I strive not to be first— ’tis vain.
Sweet were the thought — but Neptune rules the race;
Let them the palm, whom he has willed, retain.
But oh, for shame! to take the hindmost place 226
Win this — to ward that doom, and ban the dire disgrace.”

XXVII . Straining each nerve, they bend them to the oar.
The bronze poop reels, so lustily they row,
And from beneath them slips the watery floor.
The parched lips quiver, as they pant and blow,

Sweat pours in rivers from their limbs; when now
Chance brings the wished-for honour. Blindly rash,
Close to the rocks Sergestus drives his prow.
Too close he steals; on jutting crags they dash; 235
The straining oars snap short, the bows with sudden crash

XXVIII . Stick fast, and hang upon the ledge. Up spring
With shouts the sailors, clamorous at delay,
And snatch the crushed oars from the waves, and bring
Sharp poles and steel-tipt boathooks, and essay
To thrust the forepart from the rocks away.
Brave Mnesteus sees and, glorying in his gain,
Invokes the winds. With oarsmen in array
His swift bark, urged with many a stalwart strain, 244
Shoots down the sloping tide, and wins the open main.

XXIX . Like as a pigeon, startled from her rest,
Swift from the crannies of the rock, where clings
Her heart's desire, the darlings of her nest,
Darts forth and, scared with terror, flaps her wings,
Then, gliding smoothly, in the soft air swings,
And skims her liquid passage through the skies
On pinions motionless. So Mnesteus springs,
So springs the Shark; her impulse, as she flies, 253
Cleaving the homeward seas, the wanting wings supplies.

XXX . He leaves Sergestus, who implores in vain
His aid, still toiling from the rocks to clear
And headway with his shattered oars to gain.
Soon huge Chimæra, left with none to steer,
Drops off astern, and labours in the rear.
Alone remains Cloanthus, but the race
Well-nigh is ended, and the goal is near;
Him Mnesteus seeks; his crew, with quickened pace 262
And utmost stretch of oars, press forward in the chase.

XXXI . Now, now the noise redoubles; cheers and cries

Urge on the follower, and the wild acclaim
Rolls up, and wakes the echoes of the skies.
These scorn to lose their vantage, stung with shame,
And life is wagered willingly for fame.
Success inspires the hindmost; as they dare,
They do; the thought of winning wins the game.
With equal honours Chance had crowned the pair, 271
But thus, with outspread hands, Cloanthus breathed a prayer:

XXXII . “Great Gods of Ocean! on whose waves I ride,
A milk-white bull upon the shore I vow,
And with its entrails will I strew the tide,
And on your altars make the wine outflow.”
Fair Panopea hears him from below,
The Nereids hear, and old Portunus plies
His own great hand, to push them as they go.
Swifter than arrow to the shore she flies, 280
Swifter than Southern gale, and in the harbour lies.

XXXIII . All summoned now, the herald’s voice declares
Cloanthus conqueror, and with verdant bay
Æneas crowns him. To each crew he shares
Three steers and wine, and, to recall the day,
A silver talent bids them bear away.
Choice honours to the captains next are told,
A scarf he gives the victor, rich and gay,
Twice-fringed with purple, glorious to behold, 289
Whose Melibæan dye meanders round the gold.

XXXIV . Inwoven there, behold the kingly boy,
Fair Ganymede, pursues the flying deer
On Ida and the wooded heights of Troy,
Swift-footed, glorying with uplifted spear,
So keen the panting of his heart ye hear.
Down swoops Jove’s armour-bearer, and on high
With taloned claws hath trussed him. Vainly here
His aged guardians lift their heads and cry; 298

The faithful dogs look up, and fiercely bay the sky.

XXXV . A goodly hauberk to the next he gave,
With polished rings and triple chain of gold,
Torn by his own hands from Demoleos brave,
Beneath high Troy, where Simois swiftly rolled,
The warrior's glory and defence, to hold.
Phegeus and Sagaris, with all their might,
Two stalwart slaves, scarce bore it, fold on fold,
That coat of mail, wherein Demoleos dight, 307
Trode down the ranks of Troy, and put his foes to flight.

XXXVI . Last comes the third: two brazen caldrons fine,
Two cups of silver doth the prince bestow,
Rough-chased with imagery of choice design.
Each had his prize, and glorying forth they go,
With purple ribbons on their brows, when lo!
Scarce torn with effort from the rock's embrace,
Oarless, and short of oarsmen by a row,
Home comes Sergestus, and in rueful case 316
Drives his dishonoured bark, left hindmost in the race.

XXXVII . As when an adder, whom athwart the way
Some wheel hath crushed, or traveller, passing by,
Maimed with a stone, as unaware he lay,
And left sore mangled, on the point to die,
In vain his coils would lengthen, fain to fly:
One half erect, his burning eyes around
He darts, and lifts his hissing throat on high,
Defiant, half still writhes upon the ground, 325
Self-twined in tortuous knots, and crippled by the wound:

XXXVIII . So slowly rows the Centaur, yet anon
They set the sails, and loose the spreading sheet,
And crowd full canvas; and the port is won.
Glad is Æneas, and he joys to greet
His friends brought safely and his ships complete.

So to Sergestus, for his portion due,
He gives fair Pholöe, a slave of Crete,
Twins at her breast, two sons of loveliest hue, 334
And well Minerva's works, the weaving art, she knew.

XXXIX . This contest o'er, the good Æneas sought
A grassy plain, with waving forests crowned
And sloping hills — fit theatre for sport,
Where in the middle of the vale was found
A circus. Hither comes he, ringed around
With thousands, here, amidst them, throned on high
In rustic state, he seats him on a mound,
And all who in the footrace list to vie, 343
With proffered gifts invites, and tempts their souls to try.

XL . In crowds the Teucrians and Sicanians come,
First, Nisus and Euryalus. None so fair
As young Euryalus, in youthful bloom
And beauty; none with Nisus could compare
In pure affection for a youth so rare.
Here stood Dioreas, famous for his speed,
A prince of Priam's lineage; Salius there,
And Patron, this of Acarnanian seed, 352
That of Arcadian birth and Tegeæan breed.

XLI . Came from Trinacria two champions bold,
Young Helymus and Panopes, well-tryed
In woodland craft, and followers of old
Acestes; came full many a youth beside,
Whose fame shines dimly, or whose name hath died.
Then cries Æneas 'mid the concourse: "Ho!
Give heed, for surely shall my word abide,
Blithe be your hearts, for none among you — no, 361
Not one of all this crowd — without a gift shall go.

XLII . "To each, a common largess, be a pair
Of Gnosian javelins and an axe decreed,

With haft of silver chasings. Three shall wear
Crowns of pale olive. For the victor's need,
Adorned with trappings, stands a noble steed.
A quiver, worn by Amazon of old,
With Thracian arrows, for the next in speed,
Clasped with a gem and belted with bright gold. 370
The third this Argive helm, fit recompense, shall hold."

XLIII . He spake, and at the signal forth they burst
Together, like a storm-cloud, from the base,
With eager eyes set goalward. Nisus first
Darts off, and, bounding with the South-wind's pace,
And swift as wingèd lightning, leads the race.
Next, but the next with many a length between,
Comes Salius; then, behind him, third in place,
Euryalus; then Helymus is seen; 379
And lo! Diores last, comes flying along the green.

XLIV . Heel touching heel, on Helymus he hung,
Shoulder to shoulder. But a rood beside,
And, slipping past him, foremost he had sprung,
And solved a doubt by winning. Side by side,
The last lap reached, with many a labouring stride
And breathless effort to the post they strain,
When lo! chance-tripping where the sward is dyed
With slippery blood of oxen newly slain, 388
Down luckless Nisus slides, and sprawls upon the plain.

XLV . Stumbling, he felt the tottering knees give way.
With shouts of triumph on his lips he falls
Prone in the gore and in the miry clay.
E'en then, his love remembering, he recalls
Euryalus. Across the track he crawls,
Then, scrambling up from out the quagmire, flies
At Salius. In the dust proud Salius sprawls.
Forth darts Euryalus, 'mid cheers and cries, 397
Hailed, through his helping friend, the winner of the prize.

XLVI . The second prize to Helymus, the third
Falls thus to brave Diores. — Now the heat
Was o'er, when Salius with his clamouring stirred
Troy's seated elders, furious with defeat,
And claimed the prize, as wrested by a cheat.
Tears aid Euryalus, and favour pleads
His worth, more winsome in a form so sweet,
And loudly, too, Diores intercedes. 406
Lost were his own last prize, if Salius' claim succeeds.

XLVII . "Boys," said the good Æneas, "the award
Is fixt, and no man shall the palm withhold.
Yet be it mine to cheer a friend ill-starred."
He spake, and Salius with a gift consoled,
A Moorish lion's hide, with claws of gold
And shaggy hair. Then Nisus with a frown:
"If gifts so great a vanquished man may hold,
If falls win pity, and defeat renown, 415
What prize shall Nisus gain, whose merit earned the crown?"

XLVIII . "Ay, who had won, had Chance not interfered,
And baffled me, like Salius? Look," he said,
And pointed to his limbs and forehead, smeared
With ordure. Smiling, the good Sire surveyed
His piteous plight and raiment disarrayed;
Then forth he bade a glittering shield be borne,
Which Didymaon's workmanship had made,
From Neptune's temple by the Danaans torn. 424
This prize he gives the youth, his prowess to adorn.

XLIX . The race was ended, and the gifts assigned,
When thus Æneas, as they thronged about,
Addressed the crowd: "Now, whosoe'er hath mind
His nerve to venture, or whose heart is stout,
Step forth, and don the gauntlets and strike out."
He spake, and straightway, while the lists they clear,

Sets forth the gifts, for him who wins the bout,
Gilt-horned and garlanded, a comely steer, 433
A sword and glittering helm, the loser's soul to cheer.

L . At once, amid loud murmurs, to his feet
Upsprang great Dares, who in olden day
Alone the haughty Paris dared to meet.
He, by the tomb where mightiest Hector lay,
Huge Butes fought, who, glorying in the bay,
And boasting Amycus' Bebrycian strain,
Called for his match. But Dares heard him, yea,
And smote him. Headlong on the sandy plain 442
A lifeless corpse he rolled, and all his boasts were vain.

LI . Such Dares towers, and strides into the ring,
With head erect, and shoulders broad and bare,
And right and left his sinewy arms doth swing,
And burning for a rival, beats the air.
Where is his match? Not one of all will dare
To don the gloves. So, deeming none can stand
Against him, flushed with triumph, then and there
Before Æneas, grasping in his hand 451
The heifer's horns, he cries in accents of command:

LII . "Son of a goddess, if none risks the fray,
How long shall Dares guerdonless remain?
What end of standing? Must I wait all day?
Bring the prize hither." Straight the Dardan train
Shout for their champion, and his claim sustain.
Then to Entellus, seated at his side,
Couched on the green grass, in reproachful strain
Thus sternly spake Acestes, fired with pride, 460
And fain, for manhood sake, his younger friend to chide:

LIII . "Entellus, once our bravest, but in vain,
Can'st thou sit tamely, with the field unfought,
And see this braggart glory in his gain?

Where is thy god, that Eryx? Hath he taught
Thine arm its vaunted cleverness for naught?
To us what booteth thy Trinacrian name,
Thy spoil-hung house, thy roof with prizes fraught?"
Entellus said: "My spirit is the same. 469
Fear hath not quenched my fire, nor checked the love of fame.

LIV . "But numbing age hath made the blood run cold,
And turned my strength to dulness and decay.
Had I the youth that stirred these bones of old,
The youth he boasts, no need of guerdon, nay,
Nor comely steer to tempt me to the fray.
Glory I care for, not a gift," he cried,
And, rising, hurled into the ring midway
Two ponderous gauntlets, stiff with hardened hide; 478
These Eryx wore, these thongs around his wrists he tied.

LV . All stood amazed, so huge the weight, so vast,
Sevenfold with lead and iron overlaid,
The bull's tough hide. E'en Dares shrank aghast.
Forth stepped Æneas, and the gauntlets weighed,
And to and fro the ponderous folds he swayed.
Then gruffly spake the veteran once more:
"Ah! had ye seen great Hercules arrayed
In arms like these, such gauntlets as he wore, 487
And watched the deadly fight waged here upon the shore!

LVI . "These Eryx wore, thy brother, when that day
He faced Alcides in the strife; — see now
His blood and brains, — with these I dared the fray
When better blood gave vigour, nor the snow
Of envious eld was sprinkled on my brow.
Still, if this Trojan doth these arms decline,
And good Æneas and our host allow,
Match we the fight. These gauntlets I resign, 496
Put fear away, and doff those Trojan gloves of thine."

LVII . So saying, Entellus from his shoulders flung
His quilted doublet, and revealed to light
The massive joints, the sinews firmly strung,
The bones and muscles, and the limbs of might,
And, like a giant, stood prepared for fight.
Two gloves for either champion, matched in weight,
Æneas brings, and binds them firm and tight.
So, face to face, each eager and elate, 505
Like-armed the rivals stand, on tiptoe for debate.

LVIII . Each from the blow the towering head draws back,
Fearless, with arms uplifted to the skies.
Spars hand through hand, and tempts to the attack,
One, nimbler-footed, on his youth relies;
Entellus' strength is in his limbs and size.
But the knees shake beneath him, and are slow,
And age the wanted energy denies.
He heaves for breath; thick pantings come and go, 514
And shake the labouring breast, as hailing blow on blow.

LIX . In vain they strive for mastery. Loud sound
Their hollow sides; the battered chests ring back,
As here and there the whistling strokes pelt round
Their ears and temples, and the jaw-bones crack.
Firm stands Entellus, though his knees are slack;
Still in the same strained posture, he defies,
Unmoved, the tempest of his foe's attack.
Only his body and his watchful eyes 523
Slip from the purposed stroke, and shun the wished surprise.

LX . As one who strives with battery to o'erthrow
A high-walled city, or close siege doth lay
Against some mountain-stronghold; even so
Sly Dares shifts, an opening to essay,
And vainly varies his assault each way.
On tiptoe stretched, Entellus, pricked with pride,
Puts forth his right hand, with resistless sway

Steep from his shoulder. But the foe, quick-ey'd, 532
Foresees the coming blow, and lightly leaps aside.

LXI . On empty air Entellus wastes his strength.
Down goes the giant, baulked of his design,
Fallen like a giant, and lies stretched at length.
So, torn from earth, on Ida's height divine
Or Erymanthus, falls the hollow pine.
Up spring each rival's countrymen. Loud cheers
The welkin rend, and, bursting through the line,
Forth runs Acestes, and his friend uprears, 541
Pitying his fallen worth and fellowship of years.

LXII . Fearless, unshaken, with his soul aflame
For vengeance, up Entellus springs again,
And conscious valour and the sense of shame
Rouse all his strength as, burning with disdain,
He drives huge Dares headlong o'er the plain,
Now right, now left, keeps pummelling his foe;
No stint, no stay; as rattling hailstones rain
On roof-tops, so with many a ceaseless blow 550
Each hand in turn he plies, and pounds him to and fro.

LXIII . But good Æneas suffered not too far
The strife to rage, not let Entellus slake
His wrath, but rescued Dares from the war,
Sore-spent, and thus in soothing terms bespake,
"Poor friend! what madness doth thy mind o'ertake?
Feel'st not that more than mortal is his aid?
The gods are with him, and thy cause forsake.
Yield then to heaven and desist." — He said, 559
And with his voice straightway the deadly strife allayed.

LXIV . Then, stirred with pity, the Dardanian throng
Their vanquished kinsman from the contest bore.
His sick knees wearily he drags along,
Feeble and helpless, for his wound is sore;

And loosened teeth and clots of curdled gore
Spout forth, as o'er his shoulders nods each way
The drooping head. They lead him to the shore,
His gifts, the sword and helmet; but the bay 568
And bull Entellus takes, the victor of the day.

LXV . Forth steps the champion, glorying in the prize,
Pride in his port, defiance on his brow.

"See, Goddess-born; ye Teucrians, mark," he cried,
"What strength Entellus in his youth could show;
How dire a doom ye warded from his foe."
He spake and, standing opposite the bull,
Swung back his arm, and, rising to the blow,
Betwixt the horns with hardened glove smote full, 577
And back upon the brain drove in the splintered skull.

LXVI . Down drops the beast, and on the earth lies low,
Quivering but dead. Then o'er him, as he lay,
Entellus cries "O Eryx, hear my vow.
This life, for Dares, I devote this day,
A nobler victim and a worthier prey.
Accept it thou who taught'st this arm to wield
The gloves of death. Unvanquished in the fray
These withered arms their latest offering yield, 586
These gauntlets I resign, and here renounce the field."

LXVII . Next cries Æneas to the crowd: "Come now,
Whoso hath mind in archer's feats to vie,
Step forth, and prove his cunning with the bow":
Then sets the prizes: on the beach hard by
With stalwart arms he rears a mast on high,
Ta'en from Serestus' vessel, and thereto
A fluttering pigeon with a string doth tie,
Mark for their shafts. Around the rivals drew, 595
And in a brazen helm the gathered lots they threw.

LXVIII . Out leap the names; cheers hail the first in place,

Hippocoon, son of Hyrtacus renowned;
Then Mnestheus, victor in the naval race,
Mnestheus, his brows with olive wreath still crowned.
Third in the casque Eurytion's lot is found
Thy brother, famous Pandarus, whose dart,
Hurled at the Danaans, did the truce confound.
Last comes Acestes, for with dauntless heart 604
Still in the toils of youth the veteran claims his part.

LXIX . Forth step the marksmen, and with bows well-bent,
Draw forth their arrows, and their aim prepare.
Loud twanged the cord, as first Hippocoon sent
His feathered shaft, that through the flowing air
Went whistling on, and pierced the mast, and there
Stuck fast. The stout tree quivered, and the bird
Flapped with her wings in terror and despair,
Fluttering for freedom, and around were heard 613
Shouts, as admiring joy the clamorous concourse stirred.

LXX . Next him stood Mnestheus, eager for the prize,
And straight the bowstring to his breast updrew,
Aiming aloft. The lightning of his eyes
Went with the arrow, as he twanged the yew.
Ah pity! Fortune sped the shaft untrue.
The bird he missed, but cut the flaxen ties
That held the feet, and cleft the knots in two.
And forth, exulting, through the windy skies, 622
Into the darkening clouds the loosened captive flies.

LXXI . Then, quick as thought, his arrow on the string,
Eurytion to his brother breathed a prayer,
Marking the pigeon, as she clapped her wing
Beneath a cloud, he pierced her. Breathless there
She drops; her life is with the stars of air,
The bolt is in her breast. Acestes now
Alone remains; no palm is left to bear,
Yet skyward shoots the veteran, proud to show 631

What skill his hand can boast, the sounding of his bow.

LXXII . Sudden a portent was revealed; how great
An augury, the future brought to light,
And frightening seers their omens sang too late.
Aloft, the arrow kindled in its flight,
Then marked with shining trail its pathway bright,
And, wasting, vanished into viewless air.
So stars, unfastened from the vault of night,
Stream in the firmament with fiery glare, 640
And through the dark fling out a length of glittering hair.

LXXIII . Awed stand the men of Sicily and Troy,
And pray the gods. Æneas owns the sign,
And, heaping gifts, Acestes clasps with joy.
“Take, father, take; Jove’s auspices divine
A special honour for thy meed assign.
This bowl, embossed with images of gold,
The gift of old Anchises, shall be thine,
Which Thracian Cisseus to my sire of old 649
Gave, as a pledge of love, to have it and to hold.”

LXXIV . So saying, with a garland of green bay
He crowned his temples, and the prize conferred,
And named Acestes victor of the day.
Nor good Eurytion to the choice demurred,
Nor grudged to see the veteran’s claim preferred,
Though his the prowess that the rest surpassed,
His shaft the one that struck the soaring bird.
The second, he who cut the cord, the last, 658
He who with feathered reed transfixed the tapering mast.

LXXV . But good Æneas, ere the games are done,
The child of Epytus, companion dear
And trusty guardian of his beardless son,
Calls to his side, and whispers in his ear:
“Go bid Ascanius, if his troop be here

And steeds in readiness, with spear and shield
In honour of his grandsire to appear.”
Then, calling to the thronging crowd to yield 667
Free space, he clears the course, and open lies the field.

LXXVI . Forth ride the boys, before their fathers’ eyes,
Reining their steeds. In radiant files they fare,
And wondering murmurs from each host arise.
All with stript leaves have bound the flowing hair.
Two cornel javelins, tipt with steel, they bear,
Some, polished quivers; and a pliant chain
Of twisted gold around the neck they wear;
Three companies — three captains scour the plain. 676
Twelve youths, behind each chief, compose the glittering train.

LXXVII . One shouting troop young Priam’s lead obeys,
Thy son, Polites, from his grandsire hight,
And born erelong Italia’s fame to raise.
A dappled Thracian charger bears the knight,
His pasterns flecked and forehead starred with white.
Next Atys, whom the Atian line reveres,
The youthful idol of a youth’s delight,
So well Iulus loved him. Last appears 685
Iulus, first in grace and comeliest of his peers.

LXXVIII . His a Sidonian charger; Dido fair
This pledge and token of her love supplied.
Trinacrian horses his attendants bear,
Acestes’ gift. Their bosoms throb with pride,
While Dardans, cheering, welcome as they ride
The sires that have been in the sons that are.
So, when before their kinsfolk on each side
Their ranks had passed, Epytides afar 694
Cracks the loud whip, and shouts the signal, as for war.

LXXIX . In equal bands the triple troops divide,
Then turn, and rallying, with spears bent low,

Charge at the call. Now back again they ride,
Wheel round, and weave new courses to and fro,
In armed similitude of martial show,
Circling and intercircling. Now in flight
They bare their backs, now turning, foe to foe,
Level their lances to the charge, now plight 703
The truce, and side by side in friendly league unite.

LXXX . E'en as in Crete the Labyrinth of old
Between blind walls its secret hid from view,
With wildering ways and many a winding fold,
Wherein the wanderer, if the tale be true,
Roamed unreturning, cheated of the clue:
Such tangles weave the Teucrians, as they feign
Fighting or flying, and the game renew:
So dolphins, sporting on the watery plain, 712
Cleave the Carpathian waves and distant Libya's main.

LXXXI . These feats Ascanius to his people showed,
When girdling Alba Longa; there with joy
The ancient Latins in the pastime rode,
Wherein the princely Dardan, as a boy,
Was wont his Trojan comrades to employ.
To Alban children from their sires it came,
And mighty Rome took up the "game of Troy,"
And called the players "Trojans," and the name 721
Lives on, as sons renew the hereditary game.

LXXXII . Thus far to blest Anchises they defrayed
The funeral rites; when Fortune turned unkind,
Forsook her faith. For while the games were played
Before the tomb, Saturnian Juno's mind
New schemes, to glut her ancient wrath, designed.
Iris she calls, and bids the Goddess go
Down to the Ilian fleet, and breathes a wind
To waft her on. So, borne upon her bow 730
Of myriad hues, unseen, the maiden hastes below.

LXXXIII . She eyes the concourse, marks the ships unmanned,
And sees the empty harbour and the shore.
While far off on the solitary strand
The Trojan dames sat sorrowful, and o'er
The deep sea gazed, and, gazing, evermore
Wept for the Sire. "Ah, woe! the fields of foam!
The waste of waters for the wearied oar!
Oh! for a city and a certain home; 739
A rest for sea-worn souls, for weary 'tis to roam!"

LXXXIV . So, not unversed in mischief, from the skies
Amidst the gathered matrons down she came,
In raiment and in face to mortal eyes
No more a Goddess, but an aged dame,
The wife of Doryclus, of Tmarian fame.
E'en venerable Beröe, once blest
With rank, and children and a noble name.
So changed in semblance, the celestial guest 748
Mixed with the Dardan dames, and thus the crowd addressed:

LXXXV . "Oh, born to sorrow! whom th' Achaian foe
Dragged not to death, when Ilion was o'erthrown!
O hapless race! what still extremer woe
Doth Fortune doom the living to bemoan?
Since Ilion fell, seven summers nigh have flown,
And we o'er every ocean, every plain,
Past cheerless rocks, and under stars unknown,
Oft and so oft are driven, as in vain 757
Italia's shores we grasp, and welter on the main!

LXXXVI . "'Tis Eryx' land, Acestes is our host.
What hinders for the homeless here to gain
A home — an Ilion for the one we lost?
O fatherland! O home-gods saved in vain,
If still in endless exile we remain!
Ah! nevermore shall I behold with joy

A Xanthus and a Simois again,
Our Hector's streams? ne'er hear the name of Troy? 766
Up! let devouring flames these ill-starred ships destroy!

LXXXVII . "Methought in sleep, Cassandra's ghost came near,
With torches in her hands, and bade me seize
The flaming firebrands, and exclaimed: 'See, here
Thy Troy, the home that destiny decrees!
The hour is ripe; such prodigies as these
Brook not delay. Lo! here to Neptune rise
Four altars. He, the Sovereign of the seas,
Himself the firebrands and the will supplies.'" 775
Then straight, with arm drawn back, and fury in her eyes,

LXXXVIII . She waved a torch, and hurled it. Dazed with fear,
The women trembled as she tossed the flame.
Then one who nursed through many a bygone year
The sons of Priam — Pyrgo was the dame, —
"No Trojan this, nor Beröe her name,
The wife of Doryclus. Full sure I ween
Immortal birth her sparkling eyes proclaim.
What breathing beauty! what celestial sheen! 784
Mark her majestic voice, and more than mortal mien!

LXXXIX . "Myself but now left Beröe, worn out
With sickness, grieving in her heart to miss
These funeral honours to our Sire." — In doubt
They waver, and with eyes that bode amiss
Look towards the vessels and the blue abyss
Of ocean, torn in spirit 'twixt the love
Of realms that shall be and the land that is.
On even wings the goddess soared above, 793
And with her rainbow vast the cloudy drift she clove.

XC . Then, by the monstrous prodigy dismayed,
And driven by madness, forth the matrons fare
With shouts and shrieks. The houses they invade,

And living embers from the hearthstones tear,
With impious hands these strip the altars bare,
And boughs, and leaves and lighted brands they cast
In heaps, and fuel for the flames prepare.
O'er bench and oar, from painted keel to mast, 802
The Fire-god raves at will, and rides upon the blast.

XCI . Meanwhile, with tidings of the fleet in flames,
Swift posts Eumelus. To the tomb he hies
Of old Anchises, and the crowded games.
Back look the Trojans, and with awe-struck eyes
See the dark ash-cloud floating through the skies.
And, as his troop Ascanius joyed to lead
In mimic fight, so keen, when danger cries,
First to the wildered camp he spurs his steed; 811
And breathless guardians fail to stay his headlong speed.

XCII . "What madness this, poor women?" he exclaims,
"What mean ye now? No camp of Argive foe,
Your hopes ye doom to perish in the flames.
See your Ascanius!" — At his feet below
He flung the helmet, that adorned his brow
When mimic fight he marshalled. Hurrying came
Æneas, hurrying came the host; but lo!
The shore lies bare; this way and that each dame 820
Slinks to the woods and caves, if aught can hide her shame.

XCIII . All loathe the daylight and the deed unblest.
Sobered, they know their countrymen at last,
And Juno's power is shaken from each breast.
Not so the flames; with gathered strength and fast
Onward still swept the unconquerable blast.
Forth puffed between the timbers, drenched in vain,
The smoke-jets from the smouldering tow. Down passed
From keel to cabin the devouring bane. 829
Nor floods nor heroes' strength the mastering flames restrain.

XCIV . Then good Æneas from his shoulders threw
His robe, and heavenward stretched his hands in prayer;
“Great Jove! if spares thy vengeance to pursue
Troy’s children to the uttermost, if e’er
The toils of mortals move thy ancient care,
Preserve this feeble remnant, and command
These flames from further havoc to forbear;
Else, if my deeds deserve it, bare thine hand, 838
Launch thine avenging bolt, and slay me as I stand.”

XCV . Scarce spake he, when in torrents comes the rain.
Darkly the tempest riots, and the roar
Of thunder shakes the mountains and the plain.
Black storm-clouds from the thickening South sweep o’er
The darkened heavens, and down a deluge pour.
Drenched are the decks; the timbers, charr’d with heat,
Are soaked and smoulder, till the fire no more
Raves, and the flames are conquered, and the fleet, 847
Save four alone, survives the fiery plague complete.

XCVI . Sore-struck, Æneas in his breast debates
This way and that, still doubtful to remain
In fields Sicilian, mindless of the Fates,
Or strive the shores of Italy to gain,
Then aged Nautes, wisest of his train,
Taught by Tritonian Pallas to unfold
What wrathful gods or destinies ordain,
In prescient utterance his response unrolled, 856
And thus with cheerful words the anxious chief consoled:

XCVII . “O Goddess-born, where Fate directs the way,
’Tis ours to follow. Who the best can bear,
Best conquers Fortune, be the doom what may.
A friend thou hast, Acestes; bid him share
And be a willing partner of thy care.
He too is Trojan, and of seed divine.
Give him the lost ships’ crews, and whosoe’er

Is faint or feeble, to his charge consign, 865
Old men and sea-sick dames, who glory's quest decline.

XCVIII . "Here let them rest, who care not for renown,
And build their walls, and, if our host assent,
Acesta from Acestes name the town."
Such counsel cheered him, but his breast is rent
With trouble, musing on the dark event.
And now black Night, upon her course midway,
With ebon car had climbed the steep ascent,
When, gliding down before him as he lay, 874
His father's phantom stood, and speaking, seemed to say:

XCIX . "O dearer than the life, while life remained,
My son, by Troy's hard destinies sore tried,
Hither I come at Jove's command, who deigned
Thy burning ships to save, and pitying-eyed
Beholds thy sorrows. Hear then, nor deride
The grey-haired Nautes, for his words are good.
Choice youths, the bravest, for thy quest provide.
Stout hearts ye need in Italy, for rude 883
And rough the Latin race, and hard to be subdued.

C . "But seek thou first the nether realms of Dis,
And through Avernus tread the dark domain
To meet me. Not in Tartarus' abyss,
Sad shades of sin and never-ending pain,
I dwell, but on the blest Elysian plain
Join with the just in fellowship. Now heed:
There the chaste Sibyl, if with victims slain,
Black sheep, ye seek her, shall thy footsteps lead, 892
And show thy destined walls and progeny decreed.

CI . "And now farewell; for dewy Night midway
Wheels on her course, and from the Orient sky
Fierce beats the breathing of the steeds of Day."
He spake, and melted as a mist on high.

“Ah, whither,” cried Æneas, “wilt thou fly?
Who tears thee hence? Where hurriest thou again?”
So saying, he wakes the embers ere they die.
And offering frankincense and sacred grain, 901
Troy’s household gods adores, and hoary Vesta’s fane.

CII . Forthwith he tells Acestes, then the crews,
Jove’s will, his father’s counsel and his own.
All vote assent, nor doth his host refuse.
No tarrying now; they write the matrons down,
And all who faint or care not for renown
They leave behind, — the idlers of each crew,
But willing settlers in the new-planned town.
These the charred timbers and the thwarts renew, 910
Shape oars and fit the ropes; a gallant band, but few.

CIII . Æneas with a ploughshare marks the town,
And, homes allotting, gives each place a name,
Here Troy, there Ilion. Pleased to wear the crown,
A forum good Acestes hastes to frame,
And laws to gathered senators proclaim.
Rear’d high on Eryx, to the stars ascends
A temple, to Idalian Venus’ fame.
A priest Anchises’ sepulchre attends, 919
A grove’s far sacred shade his hallowed dust defends.

CIV . The rites are paid, the nine-days’ feast is o’er,
Smooth lies the deep, and Southern winds invite
The mariners. Along the winding shore
Loud rise the sounds of sorrow, day and night,
Where friends, clasped close in lingering undelight,
Weep at the thought of parting. Matrons, ay,
And men, who lately shuddered at the sight,
And loathed the name of Ocean, scorn to stay, 928
And willing hearts now brave the long, laborious way.

CV . Kindly Æneas cheers them, and with tears

Leaves to their King, then, parting, gives command
A lamb to slay to tempest, and three steers
To Eryx. So they loosen from the land.
He on the prow, a charger in his hand,
Flings forth the entrails, and outpours the wine,
And, crowned with olive chaplet, takes his stand.
Up-springs the favouring stern breeze, as in line 937
With emulous sweep of oars, they brush the level brine.

CVI . Then Venus, torn with anguish and desire,
Spake thus to Neptune, and her grief confessed:
“O Neptune, Juno’s unrelenting ire,
The quenchless malice, that consumes her breast,
Constrains me thus to urge a suppliant’s quest;
And stoop, with humbled majesty, to sue.
Her neither piety nor Jove’s behest
Nor time, nor Fate can soften or subdue, 946
Still doth immortal hate the Phrygian race pursue.

CVII . “’Tis not enough their city to destroy,
And wear their remnant with remorseless pain,
Needs must she trample on the dust of Troy.
She best, forsooth, her fury can explain.
But thou, — thou know’st how on the Libyan main, —
Thine eyes beheld it from thy throne on high, —
Lately she stirred the tumult, and in vain
Armed with Æolian tempests, sea and sky 955
Mixed in rebellious wrath, thy sceptre to defy.

CVIII . “All this she ventured in thy realm; nay more,
Her rage hath filled the matrons, fired the fleet,
And left these crews upon an alien shore,
Reft of their friends, and baffled of retreat.
O spare this Trojan remnant, I entreat;
Safe in thy guidance let them sail the main,
And scatheless reach their promised walls, and greet
Laurentian Tiber and the Latian plain, 964

If what I ask be just, and so the Fates ordain.”

CIX . Then spake the Monarch of the deep: “’Tis just
To look for safety to my realm, that gave
Thee birth; and well have I deserved thy trust,
Who oft have stilled the raging wind and wave;
Nor less on land have interposed, to save —
Xanthus and Simois I attest again —
Thy darling son, when back Achilles drave
Troy’s breathless host, and rivers, choked with slain, 973
Groaned, ay, and Xanthus scarce could struggle to the main.

CX . “Then, as with adverse Gods and feebl’r power
He faced Pelides, in a cloud I caught
Thy favourite, albeit ’twas the hour
When, wroth with perjured Ilion, I sought
To raze the walls these very hands had wrought.
Fear not; unaltered doth my will remain.
Safe shall he be into this haven brought.
One, only one, for many shall be slain; 982
One in the deep thy son shall look for, but in vain.”

CXI . So saying, he soothed the Goddess, and in haste
His steeds with golden harness yoked amain.
The bridle and the foaming bit he placed,
To curb their fury, and outflung the rein.
Lightly he flies along the watery plain,
Borne in his azure chariot. Far and nigh
Beneath his thundering wheels the heaving main
Sinks, and the waves are tranquil, and on high 991
Through flying storm-drift shines the immeasurable sky.

CXII . Behind him throng, in many a motley group,
His followers — monsters of enormous chine,
Sea-shouldering whales, and Glaucus’ aged troop,
Paloemon, Ino’s progeny divine,
Swift Tritons, born to gambol in the brine,

And Phorcus' finny legions. Melite,
And virgin Panopoea leftward shine,
Thetis, Nesæe, daughters of the sea, 1000
Spio, Thalia fair, and bright Cymodoce.

CXIII . Then o'er Æneas' spirit, racked with fear,
Joy stole in gentle counterchange. He hails
The crews, and biddeth them the masts uprear,
And stretch the sheets. All, tacking, loose the brails
Larboard or starboard, and let go the sails,
And square or sideways to the breeze incline
The lofty sailyards. Welcome blow the gales
Behind them. Palinurus leads the line; 1009
The rest his course obey, and follow at his sign.

CXIV . Damp Night well-nigh had climbed Olympus' crest;
Each slumbering mariner his limbs unbends,
Stretched by his oar, along the bench at rest,
When lo! false Sleep his feathery wings extends.
To guiltless Palinurus he descends,
Parting the scattered shadows. Down he bears
Delusive dreams, and cunning words pretends,
As now, in Phorbas' likeness he appears, 1018
Perched on the lofty stern, and whispers in his ears:

CXV . "Son of Iasus! see, the tide that flows
Bears thee along; behind thee breathes apace
The stern breeze, and the hour invites repose.
Rest now, and cheat thy wearied eyes a space,
Myself will take the rudder in thy place."
"Nay," quoth the pilot, with half-lifted eyes,
"Shall I put faith in ocean's treacherous face,
And trust Æneas to the flattering skies, 1027
I, whom their smiles oft fooled, but folly hath made wise?"

CXVI . So saying, he grasped the tiller, nor his hold
Relaxed, nor ever from the stars withdrew

His steadfast eyes, still watchful when behold!
A slumberous bough the god revealed to view,
Thrice dipt in Styx, and drenched with Lethe's dew.
Then, lightly sprinkling, o'er the pilot's brows
The drowsy dewdrops from the leaves he threw.
Dim grow his eyes; the languor of repose 1036
Steals o'er his faltering sense, the lingering eyelids close.

CXVII . Scarce now his limbs were loosened by the spell,
Down weighed the god, and in the rolling main
Dashed him headforemost, clutching, as he fell,
Stern timbers torn, and rudder rent in twain,
And calling oft his comrades, but in vain.
This done, his wings he balanced, and away
Soared skyward. Natheless o'er the broad sea-plain
The ships sail on; safe lies the watery way, 1045
For Neptune's plighted words the seamen's cares allay.

CXVIII . Now near the Sirens' perilous cliffs they draw,
White with men's bones, and hear the surf-beat side
Roar with hoarse thunder. Here the Sire, who saw
The ship was labouring, and had lost her guide,
Straight seized the helm, and steered her through the tide,
While, grieved in heart, with many a groan and sigh,
He mourned for Palinurus. "Ah," he cried,
"For faith reposed on flattering sea and sky, 1054
Left on an unknown shore, thy naked corpse must lie!"

BOOK SIX

ARGUMENT

Arrived at Cumæ Æneas visits the Sibyl's shrine, and, after prayer and sacrifice to Apollo, asks access to the nether-world to visit his father (1-162). He must first pluck for Proserpine the golden bough and bury a dead comrade (163-198). After the death and burial of Misenus, Æneas finds and gathers the golden bough (199-261). Preparation and Invocation (262-328). The start (329-333). The "dreadful faces" that guard the outskirts of Hell. Charon's ferry and the unburied dead (334-405). Palinurus approaches and entreats burial. Passing by Charon and Cerberus, they see the phantoms of suicides, of children, of lovers, and experience Dido's disdain (406-559). From Greek and Trojan shades Deiphobus is singled out to tell his story (560-644). The Sibyl hurries Æneas on past the approach to Tartarus, describing by the way its rulers and its horrors. Finally, they reach Elysium and gain entrance (645-757). The search among the shades of the Blessed for Anchises, and the meeting between father and son (758-828). Anchises explains the mystery of the Transmigration of Souls, and the book closes with the revelation to Æneas of the future greatness of Rome, whose heroes, from the days of the kings to the times of Augustus, pass in procession before him (829-1071). He is then dismissed through the Ivory Gate, and sails on his way to Caieta (1072-1080).

I. Weeping he speaks, and gives his fleet the rein,
And glides at length to the Euboean strand
Of Cumæ. There, with prows towards the main,
Safe-fastened by the biting anchors, stand
The vessels, and the round sterns line the land.
Forth on the shore, in eager haste to claim
Hesperia's welcome, leaps a youthful band.
These search the flint-stones for the seeds of flame, 1
Those point to new-found streams, or scour the woods for game.

II . But good Æneas seeks the castled height
And temple, to the great Apollo dear,
And the vast cave where, hidden far from sight
Within her sanctuary dark and drear,
Dwells the dread Sibyl, whom the Delian seer
Inspires with soul and wisdom to unfold
The things to come. — So now, approaching near
Through Trivia's grove, the temple they behold, 10
And entering, see the roof all glittering with gold.

III . Fame is, that Dædalus, adventuring forth
On rapid wings, from Minos' realms in flight,
Trusted the sky, and to the frosty North
Swam his strange way, till on the tower-girt height
Of Chalcis gently he essayed to light.
Here, touching first the wished-for land again,
To thee, great Phoebus, and thy guardian might,
He vowed, and bade as offerings to remain, 19
The oarage of his wings, and built a stately fane.

IV . Androgeos' death is graven on the gate;
There stand the sons of Cecrops, doomed each year
With seven victims to atone his fate.
The lots are drawn; the fatal urn is near.
Here, o'er the deep the Gnossian fields appear,
The bull — the cruel passion — the embrace
Stol'n from Pasiphae — all the tale is here;
The Minotaur, half human, beast in face, 28
Record of nameless lust, and token of disgrace.

V . There, toil-wrought house and labyrinthine grove,
With tangled maze, too intricate to tread,
But that, in pity for the queen's great love,
Its secret Dædalus revealed, and led
Her lover's blinded footsteps with a thread.
There, too, had sorrow not the wish denied,

Thy name and fame, poor Icarus, were read.
Twice in the gold to carve thy fate he tried, 37
And twice the father's hands dropped faltering to his side.

VI . So they in gazing had the time beguiled,
But now, returning from his quest, comes near
Achates, with Deiphobe, the child
Of Glaucus, Phoebus' and Diana's seer.
"Not this," she cries, "the time for tarrying here
For shows like these. Go, hither bring with speed
Seven ewes, the choicest, and with each a steer
Unyoked, in honour of the God to bleed." 46
So to the Chief she spake, and straight his followers heed.

VII . Into the lofty temple now with speed, —
A huge cave hollowed in the mountain's side, —
The priestess calls the Teucrians. Thither lead
A hundred doors, a hundred entries wide,
A hundred voices from the rock inside
Peal forth, the Sibyl answering. So they
Had reached the threshold, when the maiden cried,
"Now 'tis the time to seek the fates and pray; 55
Behold, behold the God!" and standing there, straightway,

VIII . Her colour and her features change; loose streams
Her hair disordered, and her heart distrest
Swells with wild frenzy. Larger now she seems,
Her voice not mortal, as her heaving breast
Pants, with the approaching Deity possest.
"Pray, Trojan," peals her warning utterance, "pray!
Cease not, Æneas, nor withhold thy quest,
Nor stint thy vows. While dumbly ye delay, 64
Ne'er shall its yawning doors the spell-bound house display."

IX . She ceased: at once an icy chill ran through
The sturdy Trojans. From his inmost heart
Thus prayed the King: "O Phoebus, wont to view

With pity Troy's sore travail; thou, whose art
True to Achilles aimed the Dardan dart,
How oft, thou guiding, have I tracked the main
Round mighty lands, to earth's remotest part
Massylian tribes and Libya's sandy plain: 73
Scarce now the flying shores of Italy we gain.

X . "Enough, thus far Troy's destinies to bear,
Ye, too, at length, your anger may abate
And deign the race of Pergamus to spare,
O Gods and Goddesses, who viewed with hate
Troy and the glories of the Dardan state.
And thou, dread mistress of prophetic lore,
Grant us — I ask but what is due by Fate,
Our promised realms — that on the Latian shore 82
Troy's sons and wandering gods may find a home once more.

XI . "To Phoebus then and Trivia's sacred name,
Thy patron powers, a temple will I rear
Of solid marble, and due rites proclaim
And festal days, for votaries each year
The name of guardian Phoebus to revere.
Thee, too, hereafter in our realms await
Shrines of the stateliest, for thy name is dear.
There safe shall rest the mystic words of Fate, 91
And chosen priests shall guard the oracles of state.

XII . "Only to leaves commit not, priestess kind,
Thy verse, lest fragments of the mystic scroll
Fly, tost abroad, the playthings of the wind.
Thyself in song the oracle unroll."
He ceased; the seer, impatient of control,
Strives, like a frenzied Bacchant, in her cell,
To shake the mighty deity from her soul.
So much the more, her raging heart to quell, 100
He tires the foaming mouth, and shapes her to his spell.

XIII . Then yawned the hundred gates, and every door,
Self-opening suddenly, revealed the fane,
And through the air the Sibyl's answer bore:
"O freed from Ocean's perils, but in vain,
Worse evils yet upon the land remain.
Doubt not; Troy's sons shall reach Lavinium's shore,
And rule in Latium; so the Fates ordain.
Yet shall they rue their coming. Woes in store, 109
Wars, savage wars, I see, and Tiber foam with gore.

XIV . "A Xanthus there and Simois shall be seen,
And Doric tents; Achilles, goddess-born,
Shall rise anew, nor Jove's relentless Queen
Shall cease to vex the Teucrians night and morn.
Then oft shalt thou, sore straitened and forlorn,
All towns and tribes of Italy implore
To grant thee shelter from the foemen's scorn.
An alien bride, a foreign bed once more 118
Shall bring the old, old woes, the ancient feud restore.

XV . "Yield not to evils, but the bolder thou
Persist, defiant of misfortune's frown,
And take the path thy Destinies allow.
Hope, where unlooked for, comes thy toils to crown,
Thy road to safety from a Grecian town."
So sang the Sibyl from her echoing fane,
And, wrapping truth in mystery, made known
The dark enigmas of her frenzied strain. 127
So Phoebus plied the goad, and shook the maddening rein.

XVI . Soon ceased the fit, the foaming lips were still.
"O maiden," said Æneas, "me no more
Can danger startle, nor strange shape of ill.
All have I seen and thoroughly conned before.
One boon I beg, — since yonder are the door
Of Pluto, and the gloomy lakes, they tell,
Fed by o'erflowing Acheron, — once more

To see the father whom I loved so well. 136
Teach me the way, and ope the sacred gates of hell.

XVII . “Him on these shoulders, in the days ago,
A thousand darts behind us, did I bear
Safe through the thickest of the flames and foe.
He, partner of my travels, loved to share
The threats of ocean and the storms of air,
Though weak, yet strong beyond the lot of age.
'Twas he who bade me, with prevailing prayer,
Approach thee humbly, and thy care engage, 145
Pity the sire and son, and Trojan hearts assuage.

XVIII . “For thou can’st all, nor Hecate for naught
Hath set thee o’er Avernus’ groves to reign.
If Orpheus from the shades his bride up-brought,
Trusting his Thracian harp and sounding strain,
If Pollux could from Pluto’s drear domain
His brother by alternate death reclaim,
And tread the road to Hades o’er again
Oft and so oft — why great Alcides name? 154
Why Theseus? I, as they, Jove’s ancestry can claim.”

XIX . So prayed Æneas, clinging to the shrine,
When thus the prophetess: “O Trojan Knight,
Born of Anchises, and of seed divine,
Down to Avernus the descent is light,
The gate of Dis stands open day and night.
But upward thence thy journey to retrace,
There lies the labour; ’tis a task of might,
By few achieved, and those of heavenly race, 163
Whom shining worth extolled or Jove hath deigned to grace.

XX . “Thick woods and shades the middle space invest,
And black Cocytus girds the drear abode.
Yet, if such passion hath thy soul possessed,
If so thou longest to indulge thy mood,

And madly twice to cross the Stygian flood,
And visit twice black Tartarus, mark the way
Sacred to nether Juno, in a wood,
With golden stem and foliage, lurks a spray, 172
And trees and darksome dales surrounding shroud the day.

XXI . “Yet none the shades can visit, till he tear
That golden growth, the gift of Pluto’s queen,
And show the passport she decreed to bear.
One plucked, another in its place is seen,
As bright and burgeoning with golden green.
Search then aloft, and when thou see’st the spray,
Reach forth and pluck it; willingly, I ween,
If Fate shall call thee, ‘twill thy touch obey; 181
Else steel nor strength of arm shall rend the prize away.

XXII . “Mark yet — alas! thou know’st not — yonder lies
Thy friend’s dead body, and pollutes the shore.
While thou the Fates art asking to advise,
And lingering here, a suppliant, at our door.
Nay, first thy comrade to his home restore,
And build a tomb, and bring black cattle; they
The stain shall expiate; so the Stygian shore
Shalt thou behold, and tread the sunless way, 190
Which living feet ne’er trod, and mounted to the day.”

XXIII . She ended. From the cave Æneas went,
With down-dropt eyes and melancholy mien,
Inly revolving many a dark event.
Trusty Achates at his side is seen,
Moody alike, each measured step between
In musing converse framing phantasies,
What lifeless comrade could the priestess mean?
Whom to be buried? When before their eyes, 199
Stretched on the barren beach the dead Misēnus lies,

XXIV . Dead with dishonour, in unseemly plight,

Misenus, son of Æolus, whom beside
None better knew with brazen blast to light
The flames of war, and wake the warrior's pride.
Once Hector's co-mate, proud at Hector's side
To wind the clarion and the sword to wield.
When, stricken by Achilles, Hector died,
Æneas then he followed to the field, 208
Loth to a meaner lord his fealty to yield.

XXV . Now while a challenge to the gods he blew,
And made the waves his hollow shell resound,
Him Triton, jealous — if the tale be true —
Caught unaware, and in the surges drowned
Among the rocks. — There now the corpse they found.
Loud groaned Æneas, and a mournful cry
Rose from the Trojans, as they gazed around.
Then, filled with tears, the Sibyl's task they ply, 217
And rear a wood-built pile and altar to the sky.

XXVI . Into a grove of aged trees they go,
The wild-beasts' lair. The holm-oak rings amain,
Smit with the axe, the pitchy pine falls low,
Sharp wedges cleave the beechen core in twain,
The mountain ash comes rolling to the plain.
Foremost himself, accoutred as the rest,
Æneas cheered them, toiling with his train;
Then, musing sadly, and with pensive breast, 226
Gazed on the boundless grove, and thus his prayer addressed:

XXVII . "O in this grove could I behold the tree
With golden bough; since true, alas, too true,
Misenus, hath the priestess sung of thee!"
He spake, when, lighting on the sward, down flew
Two doves. With joy his mother's birds he knew,
"Lead on, blest guides, along the air," he prayed,
"If way there be, the precious bough to view,
Whose golden leaves the teeming soil o'ershade; 235

O mother, solve my doubts, nor stint the needed aid."

XXVIII . So saying, he stays his footsteps, fain to heed
What signs they give, and whitherward their flight.
Awhile they fly, awhile they stop to feed,
Then, fluttering, keep within the range of sight,
Till, coming where Avernus, dark as night,
Gapes, with rank vapours from its depths uprolled,
Aloft they soar, and through the liquid height
Dart to the tree, where, wondrous to behold, 244
The varying green sets forth the glitter of the gold.

XXIX . As in the woods, in winter's cold, is seen,
Sown on an alien tree, the mistletoe
To bloom afresh with foliage newly green,
And round the tapering boles its arms to throw,
Laden with yellow fruitage, even so
The oak's dark boughs the golden leaves display,
So the foil rustles in the breezes low.
Quickly Æneas plucks the lingering spray, 253
And to the Sibyl bears the welcome gift away.

XXX . Nor less the dead Misenus they deplore,
And honours to the thankless dust assign.
A stately pyre they build upon the shore,
Rich with oak-timbers and the resinous pine,
And sombre foliage in the sides entwine.
In front, the cypress marks the fatal soil,
Above, they leave the warrior's arms to shine.
These heat the water, till the caldrons boil, 262
And wash the stiffened limbs, and fill the wounds with oil.

XXXI . Loud is the wailing; then with many a tear
They lay him on the bed, and o'er him throw
His purple robes. These lift the massive bier;
Those, as of yore — sad ministry of woe —
With eyes averted, hold the torch below.

Oil, spice and viands, in promiscuous heap,
They pour and pile upon the fire; and now,
The embers crumbling and the flames asleep, 271
With draughts of ruddy wine the thirsty ash they steep.

XXXII . And Cornyæus in a brazen urn
Enshrined the bones, upgathered in a caul,
And bearing round pure water, thrice in turn
From olive branch the lustral dew lets fall,
And, sprinkling, speaks the latest words of all.
A lofty mound Æneas hastes to frame,
Crowned with his oar and trumpet, 'neath a tall
And airy cliff, which still Misenus' name 280
Preserves, and ages keep his everlasting fame.

XXXIII . This done, Æneas hastens to obey
The Sibyl's hest. — There was a monstrous cave,
Rough, shingly, yawning wide-mouthed to the day,
Sheltered from access by the lake's dark wave
And shadowing forests, gloomy as the grave.
O'er that dread space no flying thing could ply
Its wings unjeopardied (whence Grecians gave
The name "Aornos"), such a stench on high 289
Rose from the poisonous jaws, and filled the vaulted sky.

XXXIV . Here four black oxen, as the maid divine
Commands them, forth to sacrifice are led.
Over their brows she pours the sacred wine,
Then plucks the hairs that sprouted on the head
And burns them, as the first-fruits to the dead,
Calling aloud on Hecate, whose reign
In Heaven and Erebus is owned with dread.
These stab the victims in the throat, and drain 298
In bowls the steaming blood that gushes from the slain.

XXXV . A black-fleeced lamb Æneas slays, to please
The Furies' mother and her sister dread,

A barren cow to Proserpine decrees.
Then to the Stygian monarch of the dead
The midnight altars he began to spread.
The bulls' whole bodies on the flames he laid,
And fat oil on the broiling entrails shed,
When lo! as Morn her opening beams displayed, 307
Loud rumblings shook the ground, the wooded hill-tops swayed,

XXXVI . And hell-dogs baying through the gloom, proclaimed
The Goddess near. "Back, back, unhallowed crew,
And quit the grove!" the prophetess exclaimed,
"Thou, bare thy blade, and take the road in view.
Now, Trojan, for a stalwart heart and true;
Firmness and steadiness!" No more she cried,
But back into the open cave withdrew,
Fired with new frenzy. He, with fearless stride, 316
Treads on the Sibyl's heels, rejoicing in his guide.

XXXVII . O silent Shades, and ye, the powers of Hell,
Chaos and Phlegethon, wide realms of night,
What ear hath heard, permit the tongue to tell,
High matter, veiled in darkness, to indite. —
On through the gloomy shade, in darkling plight,
Through Pluto's solitary halls they stray,
As travellers, whom the Moon's unkindly light
Baffles in woods, when, on a lonely way, 325
Jove shrouds the heavens, and night has turned the world to grey.

XXXVIII . Before the threshold, in the jaws of Hell,
Grief spreads her pillow, with remorseful Care.
There sad Old Age and pale Diseases dwell,
And misconceiving Famine, Want and Fear,
Terrific shapes, and Death and Toil appear.
Death's kinsman, Sleep, and Joys of sinful kind,
And deadly War crouch opposite, and here
The Furies' iron chamber, Discord blind 334
And Strife, her viperous locks with gory fillets twined.

XXXIX . High in the midst a giant elm doth fling
The shadows of its aged arms. There dwell
False Dreams and, nestling, to the foliage cling,
And monstrous shapes, too numerous to tell,
Keep covert, stabled in the porch of Hell.
The beast of Lerna, hissing in his ire,
Huge Centaurs, two-formed Scyllas, fierce and fell,
Briareus hundred-handed, Gorgons dire, 343
Harpies, the triple Shade, Chimæra fenced with fire.

XL . At once Æneas, stirred by sudden fear,
Clutches his sword, and points the naked blade
To affront them. Then, but that the Heaven-taught seer
Warned him that each was but an empty shade,
A shapeless soul, vain onset he had made,
And slashed the shadows. So he checked his hand,
And past the gateway in the gloom they strayed
Through Tartarus to Acheron's dark strand, 352
Where thick the whirlpool boils, and voids the seething sand

XLI . Into the deep Cocytus. Charon there,
Grim ferryman, stands sentry. Mean his guise,
His chin a wilderness of hoary hair,
And like a flaming furnace stare his eyes.
Hung in a loop around his shoulders lies
A filthy gaberdine. He trims the sail,
And, pole in hand, across the water plies
His steel-grey shallop with the corpses pale, 361
Old, but a god's old age has left him green and hale.

XLII . There shoreward rushed a multitude, the shades
Of noble heroes, numbered with the dead,
Boys, husbands, mothers and unwedded maids,
Sons on the pile before their parents spread,
As leaves in number, which the trees have shed
When Autumn's frosts begin to chill the air,

Or birds, that from the wintry blasts have fled
And over seas to sunnier shores repair. 370
So thick the foremost stand, and, stretching hands of prayer,

XLIII . Plead for a passage. Now the boatman stern
Takes these, now those, then thrusts the rest away,
And vainly for the distant bank they yearn.
Then spake Æneas, for with strange dismay
He viewed the tumult, “Prithee, maiden, say
What means this thronging to the river-side?
What seek the souls? Why separate, do they
Turn back, while others sweep the leaden tide? 379
Who parts the shades, what doom the difference can decide?”

XLIV . Thereto in brief the aged priestess spake:
“Son of Anchises, and the god’s true heir,
Thou see’st Cocytus and the Stygian lake,
By whose dread majesty no god will dare
His solemn oath attested to forswear.
These are the needy, who a burial crave;
The ferryman is Charon; they who fare
Across the flood, the buried; none that wave 388
Can traverse, ere his bones have rested in the grave.

XLV . “A hundred years they wander in the cold
Around these shores, till at the destined date
The wished-for pools, admitted, they behold.”
Sad stood Æneas, pitying their estate,
And, thoughtful, pondered their unequal fate.
Leucaspis there, and Lycia’s chief he viewed,
Orontes, joyless, tombless, whom of late,
Sea-tost from Troy, the blustering South pursued, 397
And ship and crew at once whelmed in the rolling flood.

XLVI . There paced in sorrow Palinurus’ ghost,
Who, lately from the Libyan shore their guide,
Watching the stars, headforemost from his post

Had fallen, and perished in the wildering tide.
Him, known, but dimly in the gloom descried,
The Dardan hails, "O Palinurus! who
Of all the gods hath torn thee from our side?
Speak, for Apollo, never known untrue, 406
This once hath answered false, and mocked with hopes undue.

XLVII . "Safe — so he sang — should'st thou escape the sea,
And scatheless to Ausonia's coast attain.
Lo, this, his plighted promise!" — "Nay," said he,
"Nor answered Phoebus' oracle in vain,
Nor did a god o'erwhelm me in the main.
For while I ruled the rudder, charged to keep
Our course, and steered thee o'er the billowy plain,
Sudden, I slipped, and, falling prone and steep, 415
Snapped with sheer force the helm, and dragged it to the deep.

XLVIII . "Naught — let the rough seas witness — but for thee
I feared, lest rudderless, her pilot lost,
Your ship should fail in such a towering sea.
Three wintry nights, nipt with the chilling frost,
Upon the boundless waters I was tost,
And on the fourth dawn from a wave at last
Descried Italia. Slowly to her coast
I swam, and clutching at the rock, held fast, 424
Cumbered with dripping clothes, and deemed the worst o'erpast.

XLIX . "When lo! the savage folk, with sword and stave,
Set on me, weening to have found rich prey.
And now my bones lie weltering on the wave,
Now on strange shores winds blow them far away.
O! by the memory of thy sire, I pray,
By young Iulus, and his hope so fair,
By heaven's sweet breath and light of gladsome day,
Relieve my misery, assuage my care, 433
Sail back to Velia's port, great conqueror, and there

L . “Strew earth upon me, for the task is light;
Or, if thy goddess-mother deign to show
Some path — for never in the god’s despite
O’er these dread waters would’st thou dare to go,
Thine aid in pity on a wretch bestow;
Reach forth thy hand, and bear me to my rest,
Dead with the dead to ease me of my woe.”
He spake, and him the prophetess addressed: 442
“O Palinurus! whence so impious a request?

LI . “Think’st thou the Stygian waters to explore
Unburied, and the Furies’ flood to see,
And reach unbidden yon relentless shore?
Hope not by prayer to bend the Fates’ decree,
But take this comfort to thy misery;
The neighbouring towns, and people far and near,
Compelled by prodigies, thy ghost shall free,
And load thy tomb with offerings year by year, 451
And Palinurus’ name for aye the place shall bear.”

LII . These words relieved his heaviness; joy came
Upon his saddened spirit, pleased to hear
The well-known land remembered by his name.
Thus on they journey, and the stream draw near;
Whom when the Stygian boatman saw appear,
As shoreward through the silent grove they stray,
With stern rebuke he challenged them: “Beware;
Stand off; approach not, but your purpose say; 460
What brought you here, whoe’er ye come in armed array?

LIII . “Here Shades inhabit, — Sleep and drowsy Night, —
I may not steer the living to yon shore.
Small joy was mine, when, in the gods’ despite,
Alive Alcides o’er the stream I bore,
And Theseus and Pirithous, though more
Than men in prowess, nor of mortal clay.
One tried to seize Hell’s guardian, and before

Our monarch's throne to chain the trembling prey; 469
These from her lord's own bed to drag the queen to day."

LIV . Briefly the seer Amphrysian spake again:
"No guile these arms intend, nor open fight;
Fear not; still may the monster in his den
With endless howl the bloodless ghosts affright,
And chaste Proserpine guard her uncle's right.
Duteous and brave, his father's shade to view,
Descends the famed Æneas; if the sight
Of love so great is powerless to subdue, 478
Mark this," — and from her vest the fateful gift she drew.

LV . Down fell his wrath: the venerable bough,
So long unseen, with wonderment he eyed;
Then, shoreward turning with his cold-blue prow,
From bench and gangway thrusts the shades aside,
And takes the great Æneas and his guide.
The stitched bark, groaning with the load it bore,
Gapes at each seam, and drinks the plenteous tide,
Till Prince and Prophetess, borne safely o'er, 487
Stand on the dank, grey ooze and grim, unsightly shore.

LVI . Crouched in a fronting cave, huge Cerberus wakes
These kingdoms with his three-mouthed bark. His head
The priestess marked, all bristling now with snakes,
And flung a sop of honied drugs and bread.
He, famine-stung, with triple jaws dispread,
The morsel snaps, then prone along the cave
Lies stretched on earth, with loosened limbs, as dead.
The sentry lulled, Æneas, blithe and brave, 496
Seizes the pass, and leaves the irremeable wave.

LVII . Loud shrieks are heard, and wails of the distrest,
The souls of babes, that on the threshold cry,
Reft of sweet life, and ravished from the breast,
And early plunged in bitter death. Hard by

Are those, whom slanderous charges doomed to die.
Not without judgment these abodes they win.
Here, urn in hand, dread Minos sits to try
The charge anew; he summons from within 505
The silent court, and learns each several life and sin.

LVIII . And next are those, who, hateful of the day,
With guiltless hands their sorrowing lives have ta'en,
And miserably flung their souls away.
How gladly now, in upper air again,
Would they endure their poverty and pain!
It may not be. The Fates their doom decide
Past hope, and bind them to this sad domain.
Dark round them rolls the sea, unlovely tide; 514
Ninefold the waves of Styx those dreary realms divide.

LIX . Not far off stretch the Mourning Meads, where those
Whom cruel Love hath wasted with despair,
In myrtle groves and alleys hide their woes,
Nor Death itself relieves them of their care.
Lo, Phædra, Procris, Eriphyle there,
Baring the breast by filial hands imbrued,
Evadne, and Pasiphaë, and fair
Laodamia in the crowd he viewed, 523
And Cæneus, maid, then man, and now a maid renewed.

LX . There through the wood Phœnician Dido strayed,
Fresh from her wound. Whom when Æneas knew,
Scarce seen, though near, amid the doubtful shade,
As one who views, or only seems to view,
The clouded moon rise when the month is new,
Fondly he spake, while tears were in his eye:
“Ah, hapless Dido! then the news was true
That thou had'st sought the bitter end. Was I, 532
Alas! the cause of death? O by the starry sky,

LXI . “By Gods above, by faith, if aught, below,

Unwillingly, O Queen, I left thy sight.
The Gods, at whose compulsion now I go
Through these dark Shades, this realm of deepest Night,
These wastes of squalor, 'twas their word of might
That drove me forth; nor could I dream such woe
Was thine at my departing. Stay thy flight.
Whom dost thou fly? O, whither wilt thou go? 541
One word — the last, sad word — one parting look bestow!”

LXII . So strove Æneas, weeping, to appease
Her wrathful spirit. She, with down-fixt eyes
Turns from him, scowling, heedless of his pleas,
And hard as flint or marble, nor replies.
Then, starting, to the shadowy grove she flies,
Where dead Sychæus, her old lord, renews
His love with hers, and sorrows with her sighs.
Touched by her fate, the Dardan hero views, 550
And far with tearful gaze the melting shade pursues.

LXIII . Thus onward to the furthest fields they strayed,
The haunts of heroes here doth Tydeus fare,
Parthenopæus, pale Adrastus' shade.
And many a Dardan, wailed in upper air,
And fallen in war. Sighing, he sees them there,
Glaucus, Thersilochus and Medon slain,
Antenor's sons, three brethren past compare,
And Polyphoetes, priest of Ceres' fane, 559
And brave Idæus, still grasping the sword and rein.

LXIV . All throng around, nor rest content to claim
One look, but linger with delight, and fain
Would pace beside, and question why he came.
But when the Greeks and Agamemnon's train
Beheld the hero, and his arms shone plain,
Huge terror shook them, and some turned to fly,
As erst they scattered to their ships; some strain
Their husky voice, and raise a feeble cry. 568

The warshout mocks their throats, the gibbering accents die.

LXV . There, too, he sees great Priam's son, the famed
Deiphobus, in evil plight forlorn;
A mangled shape, his visage marred and maimed.
His ravaged face the ruthless steel had torn, —
Face, nose and ears — and both his hands were shorn.
Him, cowering back, and striving to disown
The shameful tokens of his foemen's scorn,
Scarcely Æneas knew, then, soon as known, 577
Thus, unaccosted, hailed in old, familiar tone:

LXVI . “O brave Deiphobus, great Teucer's seed!
Whose heart had will, whose cruel hand had might
To wreak such punishment? Fame told, indeed,
That, tired with slaughter, thou had'st sunk that night
On heaps of mingled carnage in the fight.
Then on the shore I reared an empty mound,
And called (thy name and armour mark the site)
Thy shade. Thyself, dear comrade, ne'er was found. 586
Vain was my parting wish to lay thee in the ground.”

LXVII . “Not thine the fault”; Deiphobus replied,
“Thy debt is rendered; thou hast dealt aright.
Fate, and the baseness of a Spartan bride
Wrought this; behold the tokens of her spite.
Thou know'st — too well must thou recall — that night
Passed in vain pleasure and delusive joy,
What time the fierce Steed, with a bound of might,
Big with armed warriors, eager to destroy, 595
Leaped o'er the wall, and scaled the citadel of Troy.

LXVIII . “Feigning mock orgies, round the town she led
Troy's dames, with shrieks that rent the midnight air,
And, armed with blazing cresset, at their head
Bright from the watch-tower made the signal flare,
That called the Danaan foemen from their lair.

I, sunk in sleep, the fatal couch had pressed,
Worn out with watching, and weighed down with care,
And, calm and deep, Death's image, gentle Rest 604
Crept o'er the wearied limbs, and stilled the troubled breast.

LXIX . "Meanwhile, all arms the traitress, as I slept,
Stole from the house, and from beneath my head
She took the trusty falchion, that I kept
To guard the chamber and the bridal bed.
Then, creeping to the door, with stealthy tread,
She lifts the latch, and beckons from within
To Menelaus; so, forsooth, she fled
In hopes a lover's gratitude to win, 613
And from the past wipe out the scandal of old sin.

LXX . "O noble wife! But why the tale prolong?
Few words were best; my chamber they invade,
They and Ulysses, counsellor of wrong.
Heaven! be these horrors on the Greeks repaid,
If pious lips for just revenge have prayed.
But thou, make answer, and in turn explain
What brought thee, living, to these realms of shade?
By heaven's command, or wandering o'er the main, 622
Com'st thou to view these shores, this sunless, sad domain?"

LXXI . So they in converse haply had the day
Consumed, when, rosy-charioted, the Morn
O'erpassed mid heaven on her ethereal way,
And thus the Sibyl doth the Dardan warn:
"Night lowers apace; we linger but to mourn.
Here part the roads; beyond the walls of Dis
There lies for us Elysium; leftward borne
Thou comest to Tartarus, in whose drear abyss 631
Poor sinners purge with pains the lives they lived amiss."

LXXII . "Spare, priestess," cried Deiphobus, "thy wrath;
I will depart, and fill the tale, and hide

In darkness. Thou, with happier fates, go forth,
Our glory.” — Sudden, from the Dardan’s side
He fled. Back looked Æneas, and espied
Broad bastions, girt with triple wall, that frowned
Beneath a rock to leftward, and the tide
Of torrent Phlegethon, that flamed around, 640
And made the beaten rocks rebellow with the sound.

LXXIII . In front, a massive gateway threatens the sky,
And posts of solid adamant upstay
An iron tower, firm-planted to defy
All force, divine or human. Night and day,
Sleepless Tisiphone defends the way,
Girt up with bloody garments. From within
Loud groans are heard, and wailings of dismay,
The whistling scourge, the fetter’s clank and din, 649
Shrieks, as of tortured fiends, and all the sounds of sin.

LXXIV . Aghast, Æneas listens to the cries.
“O maid,” he asks, “what crimes are theirs? What pain
Do they endure? what wailings rend the skies?”
Then she: “Famed Trojan, this accursed domain
None chaste may enter; so the Fates ordain.
Great Hecate herself, when here below
She made me guardian of Avernus’ reign,
Led me through all the region, fain to show 658
The tortures of the gods, the various forms of woe.

LXXV . “Here Cretan Rhadamanthus, strict and stern,
His kingdom holds. Each trespass, now confessed,
He hears and punishes; each tells in turn
The sin, with idle triumph long suppressed,
Till death has bared the secrets of the breast.
Swift at the guilty, as he stands and quakes,
Leaps fierce Tisiphone, for vengeance prest,
And calls her sisters; o’er the wretch she shakes 667
The torturing scourge aloft, and waves the twisted snakes.

LXXVI . “Then, opening slow, on horrid hinges grate
The doors accursed. See’st thou what sentinel
Sits in the porch? What presence guards the gate?
Know, that within, still fiercer and more fell,
Wide-yawning with her fifty throats, doth dwell
A Hydra. Tartarus itself, hard by,
Abrupt and sheer, beneath the ghosts in Hell,
Gapes twice as deep, as o’er the earth on high 676
Towers up the Olympian steep, the summit of the sky.

LXXVII . “There roll the Titans, born of ancient Earth,
Hurl’d to the bottom by the lightning’s blast.
There lie — twin monsters of enormous girth —
Aloeus’ sons, who ‘gainst Olympus cast
Their impious hands, and strove with daring vast
To disenthroned the Thunderer. There, again,
The famed Salmoneus I beheld, laid fast
In cruel agonies of endless pain, 685
Who sought the flames of Jove with mimic art to feign,

LXXVIII . “And mocked Olympian thunder. Torch in hand,
Drawn by four steeds, through Elis’ streets he came,
A conqueror, borne in triumph through the land.
And, waving high the firebrand, dared to claim
The God’s own homage and a godlike name.
Blind fool and vain! to think with brazen clash
And hollow tramp of horn-hoofed steeds, to frame
The dread Storm’s counterfeit, the thunder’s crash, 694
The matchless bolts of Jove, the inimitable flash.

LXXIX . “But lo! his bolt, no smoky torch of pine,
The Sire omnipotent through darkness sped,
And hurl’d him headlong with the blast divine.
There, too, lay Tityos, nine roods outspread,
Nursling of earth. Hook-beaked, a vulture dread,
Pecking the deathless liver, plied his quest,

And probed the entrails and the heart, that bred
Immortal pain, and burrowed in his breast. 703
The torturing growth goes on, the fibres never rest.

LXXX . “Why now those ancient Lapithæ recall,
Ixion and Pirithous? There in sight
The black rock frowns, and ever threats to fall.
On golden pillars shine the couches bright,
And royal feasts their longing eyes invite.
But lo, the eldest of the Furies’ band
Sits by, and oft uprising in her might,
Warns from the banquet, with uplifted hand, 712
And thunders in their ears, and waves a flaming brand.

LXXXI . “Those, who with hate a brother’s love repaid,
Or drove a parent outcast from their door,
Or, weaving fraud, their client’s trust betrayed;
Those, who — the most in number — brooded o’er
Their gold, nor gave to kinsmen of their store;
Those, who for foul adultery were slain,
Who followed treason’s banner, or forswore
Their plighted oath to masters, here remain, 721
And, pent in dungeons deep, await their doom of pain.

LXXXII . “Ask not what pain; what fortune or what fate
O’erwhelmed them, nor their torments seek to know.
These roll uphill a rock’s enormous weight,
Those, hung on wheels, are racked with endless woe.
There, too, for ever, as the ages flow,
Sad Theseus sits, and through the darkness cries
Unhappy Phlegyas to the shades below,
‘Learn to be good; take warning and be wise; 730
Learn to revere the gods, nor heaven’s commands despise.’

LXXXIII . “There stands the traitor, who his country sold,
A tyrant’s bondage for his land prepared;
Made laws, unmade them, for a bribe of gold.

With lawless lust a daughter's shame he shared;
All dared huge crimes, and compassed what they dared.
Ne'er had a hundred mouths, if such were mine,
Nor hundred tongues their endless sins declared,
Nor iron voice their torments could define, 739
Or tell what doom to each the avenging gods assign.

LXXXIV . "But haste we," adds the Sibyl; "onward hold
The way before thee, and thy task pursue.
Forged in the Cyclops' furnaces, behold
Yon walls and fronting archway, full in view.
Leave there thy gift and pay the God his due."
She spake, and thither through the dark they paced,
And reached the gateway. He, with lustral dew
Self-sprinkled, seized the entrance, and in haste 748
High o'er the fronting door the fateful offering placed.

LXXXV . These dues performed, they reach the realms of rest,
Fortunate groves, where happy souls repair,
And lawns of green, the dwellings of the blest.
A purple light, a more abundant air
Invest the meadows. Sun and stars are there,
Known but to them. There rival athletes train
Their practised limbs, and feats of strength compare.
These run and wrestle on the sandy plain, 757
Those tread the measured dance, and join the song's sweet strain.

LXXXVI . In flowing robes the Thracian minstrel sings,
Sweetly responsive to the seven-toned lyre;
Fingers and quill alternate wakes the strings.
Here Teucer's race, and many an ancient sire,
Chieftains of nobler days and martial fire,
Ilus, high-souled Assaracus, and he
Who founded Troy, the rapturous strains admire,
And arms afar and shadowy cars they see, 766
And lances fixt in earth, and coursers grazing free.

LXXXVII . The love of arms and chariots, the care
Their glossy steeds to pasture and to train,
That pleased them living, still attends them there:
These, stretched at ease, lie feasting on the plain;
There, choral companies, in gladsome strain,
Chant the loud Pæan, in a grove of bay,
Rich in sweet scents, whence hurrying to the main,
Eridanus' full torrent on its way 775
Rolls from below through woods majestic to the day.

LXXXVIII . There, the slain patriot, and the spotless sage,
And pious poets, worthy of the God;
There he, whose arts improved a rugged age,
And those who, labouring for their country's good,
Lived long-remembered, — all, in eager mood,
Crowned with white fillets, round the Sibyl pressed;
Chiefly Musæus; in the midst he stood,
With ample shoulders towering o'er the rest, 784
When thus the listening crowd the prophetess addressed:

LXXXIX . “Tell, happy souls; and thou, great poet, tell
Where — in what place — Anchises doth abide,
For whom we came and crossed the streams of Hell.”
Briefly the venerable chief replied:
“Fixt home hath no one; by the streamlet's side,
Or in dark groves, or dewy meads we stray,
Where living waters through the pastures glide.
Mount, if ye list, and I will point the way, 793
Yon summit, and beneath the shining fields survey.”

XC . Thus on he leads them, till they leave the height,
Rejoicing. — In a valley far away
The sire Anchises scanned, with fond delight,
The prisoned souls, who waited for the day.
Their shape, their mien his studious eyes survey;
Their fates and fortunes he reviews with pride,
And counts his future offspring in array.

Now, when his son advancing he espied, 802
Aloud, with tearful eyes and outspread hands, he cried:

XCI . “Art thou, then, come at last? Has filial love,
Thrice welcome, braved the perils of the way?
O joy! do I behold thee? hear thee move
Sweet converse as of old? ’Tis come, the day
I longed and looked for, pondering the delay,
And counting every moment, nor in vain.
How tost with perils do I greet thee? yea,
What wanderings thine on every land and main! 811
What dangers did I dread from Libya’s tempting reign!”

XCII . “Father, ’twas thy sad image,” he replied,
“Oft-haunting, drove me to this distant place.
Our navy floats on the Tyrrhenian tide.
Give me thy hand, nor shun a son’s embrace.”
So spake the son, and o’er his cheeks apace
Rolled down soft tears, of sadness and delight.
Thrice he essayed the phantom to embrace;
Thrice, vainly clasped, it melted from his sight, 820
Swift as the wingèd wind, or vision of the night.

XCIII . Meanwhile he views, deep-bosomed in a dale,
A grove, and brakes that rustle in the breeze,
And Lethe, gliding through the peaceful vale.
Peoples and tribes, all hovering round, he sees,
Unnumbered, as in summer heat the bees
Hum round the flowerets of the field, to drain
The fair, white lilies of their sweets; so these
Swarm numberless, and ever and again 829
The gibbering ghosts disperse, and murmur o’er the plain.

XCIV . Awe-struck, Æneas would the cause enquire:
What streams are yonder? what the crowd so great,
That filled the river’s margin? Then the Sire
Anchises answered: “They are souls, that wait

For other bodies, promised them by Fate.
Now, by the banks of Lethe here below,
They lose the memory of their former state,
And from the silent waters, as they flow, 838
Drink the oblivious draught, and all their cares forego.

XCV . “Long have I wished to show thee, face to face,
Italia’s sons, that thou might’st joy with me
To hail the new-found country of our race.”
“Oh father!” said Æneas, “can it be,
That souls sublime, so happy and so free,
Can yearn for fleshly tenements again?
So madly long they for the light?” Then he:
“Learn, son, and listen, nor in doubt remain.” 847
And thus in ordered speech the mystery made plain:

XCVI . “First, Heaven and Earth and Ocean’s liquid plains,
The Moon’s bright globe and planets of the pole,
One mind, infused through every part, sustains;
One universal, animating soul
Quickens, unites and mingles with the whole.
Hence man proceeds, and beasts, and birds of air,
And monsters that in marble ocean roll;
And fiery energy divine they share, 856
Save what corruption clogs, and earthly limbs impair.

XCVII . “Hence Fear and Sorrow, hence Desire and Mirth;
Nor can the soul, in darkness and in chains,
Assert the skies, and claim celestial birth.
Nay, after death, the traces it retains
Of fleshly grossness, and corporeal stains,
Since much must needs by long concretion grow
Inherent. Therefore are they racked with pains,
And schooled in all the discipline of woe; 865
Each pays for ancient sin with punishment below.

XCVIII . “Some hang before the viewless winds to bleach;

Some purge in fire or flood the deep decay
And taint of wickedness. We suffer each
Our ghostly penance; thence, the few who may,
Seek the bright meadows of Elysian day,
Till long, long years, when our allotted time
Hath run its orbit, wear the stains away,
And leave the ætherial sense, and spark sublime, 874
Cleansed from the dross of earth, and cankering rust of crime.

XCIX . “These, when a thousand rolling years are o’er,
Called by the God, to Lethe’s waves repair;
There, reft of memory, to yearn once more
For mortal bodies and the upper air.”
So spake Anchises, and the priestess fair
Leads, with his son, the murmuring shades among,
Where thickest crowd the multitude, and there
They mount a hillock, and survey the throng, 883
And scan the pale procession, as it winds along.

C . “Come, now, and hearken to the Dardan’s fame,
What noble grandsons shall Italia grace,
Proud spirits, heirs of our illustrious name,
And learn the fates and future of thy race.
See yon fair youth, now leaning — mark his face —
Upon a pointless spear, by lot decreed
To stand the nearest to the light in place,
He first shall rise, of mixt Italian breed, 892
Silvius, an Alban name, the youngest of thy seed.

CI . “Him, latest offspring of thy days’ decline,
Thy spouse Lavinia in the woods shall rear,
The kingly parent of a kingly line,
The lords of Alba Longa. Procas, dear
To Trojans, Capys, Numitor are here,
And he, whose surname shall revive thine own.
Silvius Æneas, like his great compeer
Alike for piety and arms well known, 901

If e'er, by Fate's decree, he mount the Alban throne.

CII . "What youths! what strength! what promise of renown!
Behold the wreaths of civic oak they wear.
First founders these of many a glorious town,
Nomentum, Gabii and Fidenæ fair;
They on the mountain pinnacles shall rear
Collatia's fortress, and Pometii found,
The camp of Inuus, which foemen fear,
Bola and Cora, names to be renowned, 910
Albeit inglorious now, for nameless is the ground.

CIII . "See Romulus, beside his grandsire's shade,
Offspring of Mars and Ilia, and the line
Of old Assaracus. See there displayed,
The double crest upon his helm, the sign,
Stamped by his sire, to mark his birth divine.
Henceforth, beneath his auspices, shall rise
That Rome, whose glories through the world shall shine;
Far as wide earth's remotest boundary lies, 919
Her empire shall extend her genius to the skies.

CIV . "Seven hills her single rampart shall embrace,
Seven citadels her girdling wall contain,
Thrice blest, beyond all cities, in a race
Of heroes, destined to adorn her reign.
So, with a hundred grandsons in her train,
Thrice blest, the Mother of the Gods, whose shrine
Is Berecynthus, rides the Phrygian plain,
Tower-crowned, the queen of an immortal line, 928
All habitants of heaven, and all of seed divine.

CV . "See now thy Romans; thither bend thine eyes,
And Cæsar and Iulus' race behold,
Waiting their destined advent to the skies.
This, this is he — long promised, oft foretold —
Augustus Cæsar. He the Age of Gold,

God-born himself, in Latium shall restore,
And rule the land, that Saturn ruled of old,
And spread afar his empire and his power 937
To Garamantian tribes, and India's distant shore.

CVI . "Beyond the planets his dominions lie,
Beyond the solar circuit of the year,
Where Atlas bears the starry-spangled sky.
E'en now the realms of Caspia shuddering hear
His coming, made by oracles too clear.
E'en now Mæotia trembles at his tread,
And Nile's seven mouths are troubled, as in fear
She shrinks reluctant to the deep, such dread 946
Hath seized the wondering world, so far his fame hath spread.

CVII . "So much of earth not Hercules of yore
O'erpassed, though he the brass-hoofed hind laid low,
And forth from Erymanthus drove the boar,
And startled Lerna's forest with his bow;
Nor he, the Wine-God, who in conquering show,
With vine-wreathed reins, and tigers to his car,
Rides down from Nysa to the plains below.
And doubt we then to celebrate so far 955
Our prowess, and shall fear Ausonian fields debar?

CVIII . "But see, who, crowned with olive wreath, doth bring
The sacred vessels? By his long, grey hair
And grizzled beard I know the Roman King,
Whom Fate from lowly Cures calls to bear
The mighty burden of an empire's care,
In peace the fabric of our laws to frame.
Now, Tullus comes, new triumphs to prepare,
And wake the folk to arm from idlesse fame, 964
And Ancus courts e'en now the popular acclaim.

CIX . "Would'st thou behold the Tarquins? Yonder stands
Great Brutus, the Avenger, proud to tear

The people's fasces from the tyrant's hands.
First Consul, he the dreaded axe shall bear,
The patriot-father, who for freedom fair
Shall call his own rebellious sons to bleed.
O noble soul, but hapless! Howso'er
Succeeding ages shall record the deed. 973
'Tis country's love prevails, and glory's quenchless greed.

CX . "Lo, there the Drusi and the Decii stand,
And stern Torquatus with his axe, and lo!
Camilius brings in triumph to his land
The Roman standards, rescued from the foe.
See, too, yon pair, well-matched in equal show
Of radiant arms, and, while obscured in night,
Firm knit in friendly fellowship; but oh!
How dire the feud, what hosts shall arm for fight, 982
What streams of carnage flow, if e'er they reach the light!

CXI . "Here from Monoecus and the Alps descends
The father; there, with Easterns in array,
The daughter's husband. O my sons! be friends;
Cease from the strife; forbear the unnatural fray,
Nor turn Rome's prowess to her own decay;
And thou, the foremost of our blood, be first
To fling the arms of civic strife away,
And cease for lawless victories to thirst, 991
Thou of Olympian birth, and sheath the sword, accurst.

CXII . "See who from Corinth doth his march pursue,
Decked with the spoils of many a Grecian foe.
His car shall climb the Capitol. See, too,
The man who lofty Argos shall o'erthrow,
And lay the walls of Agamemnon low,
And great Æacides himself destroy,
Sprung from Achilles, to requite the woe
Wrought on old Ilion, and avenge with joy 1000
Minerva's outraged fane, and slaughtered sires of Troy.

CXIII . “Shalt thou, great Cato, unextolled remain?
Cossus? the Gracchi? or the Scipios, ye
Twin thunderbolts of battle, and the bane
Of Libya? Who would fail to tell of thee,
Fabricius, potent in thy poverty?
Or thee, Serranus, scattering the seed?
O spare my breath, ye Fabii; thou art he
Called Maximus, their Greatest thou indeed, 1009
Sole saviour, whose delay averts the hour of need.

CXIV . “Others, no doubt, from breathing bronze shall draw
More softness, and a living face devise
From marble, plead their causes at the law
More deftly, trace the motions of the skies
With learned rod, and tell the stars that rise.
Thou, Roman, rule, and o’er the world proclaim
The ways of peace. Be these thy victories,
To spare the vanquished and the proud to tame. 1018
These are imperial arts, and worthy of thy name.”

CXV . He paused; and while they pondered in amaze,
“Behold,” he cried “Marcellus, see him stride,
Proud of the spoils that tell a nation’s praise.
See how he towers, with all a conqueror’s pride.
His arm shall stem the tumult and the tide
Of foreign hordes, and save the land from stain.
'Tis he shall crush the rebel Gaul, and ride
Through Punic ranks, and in Quirinus’ fane 1027
Hang up the thrice-won spoils, in triumph for the slain.”

CXVI . Then thus Æneas spoke, for, passing by,
He saw a comely youth, in bright array
Of glittering arms; yet downcast was his eye,
Joyless and damp his face; “O father, say,
Who companies the hero on his way?
His son? or scion of his stock renowned?

What peerless excellence his looks display!
What stir, what whispers in the crowd around! 1036
But gloomy Night's sad shades his youthful brows surround."

CXVII . Weeping, the Sire: "Seek not, my son, to weigh
Thy children's mighty sorrow. Him shall Fate
Just show to earth, but suffer not to stay.
Too potent Heaven had deemed the Roman state,
Were gifts like this as permanent as great.
Ah! what laments, what groanings of the brave
Shall fill the field of Mars! What funeral state
Shall Tiber see, as past the recent grave 1045
Slowly and sad he winds his melancholy wave!

CXVIII . "No Trojan youth of such illustrious worth
Shall raise the hopes of Latin sires so high.
Ne'er shall the land of Romulus henceforth
Look on a fosterling with prouder eye.
O filial love! O faith of days gone by!
O hand unconquered! None had hoped to bide
Unscathed his onset, nor his arm defy,
When, foot to foot, the murderous sword he plied, 1054
Or dug with iron heel his foaming charger's side.

CXIX . "Ah! child of tears! can'st thou again be free
And burst Fate's cruel bondage, Rome shall know
Her own Marcellus, reappeared in thee.
Go, fill your hands with lilies; let me strow
The purple blossoms where he lies below.
These gifts, at least, in sorrow will I lay,
To grace my kinsman's spirit, thus — but oh!
Alas, how vainly! — to the thankless clay 1063
These unavailing dues, these empty offerings pay."

CXX . Twain are the gates of Sleep; one framed, 'tis said,
Of horn, which easy exit doth invite
For real shades to issue from the dead.

One with the gleam of polished ivory bright,
Whence only lying visions leave the night.
Through this Anchises, talking by the way,
Sends forth the son and Sibyl to the light.
Back hastes Æneas to his friends, and they 1072
Straight to Caieta steer, and anchor in her bay.

BOOK SEVEN

ARGUMENT

Passing Caieta and Circeii, Æneas sails up the Tiber (1-45). Virgil pauses to enumerate the old rulers of Latium and to describe the state of the country at the coming of Æneas. Latinus is King. Oracles have foretold that by marriage with an alien his only daughter is to become the mother of an imperial line. Fresh signs and wonders enforce the prophecy (46-126). The Trojans eat their tables (127-171). An embassy is sent to the Latin capital, and after conference Latinus offers peace to the Trojans and to Æneas his daughter's hand (172-342). Juno, the evil genius of Troy, again intervenes and summons to her aid the demon Alecto (343-410), who excites first Amata then Turnus against the proposed peace, and finally (411-576) provokes a pitched battle between Trojans and Latins (577-648). Alecto is scornfully dismissed by Juno, who causes war to be formally declared (649-747). The war-fever in Italy. Catalogue of the leaders and nations that gather to destroy Æneas, chief among them being Turnus and Camilla (748-981).

I . Thou too, Caieta, dying, to our shore,
Æneas' nurse, hast given a deathless fame,
E'en now thine honour guards it, as of yore,
Still doth thy tomb in great Hesperia frame
Glory — if that be glory — for thy name.
Here good Æneas paid his dues aright,
And raised a mound, and now, as evening came,
Sails forth; the faint winds whisper to the night; 1
Clear shines the Moon, and tips the trembling waves with light.

II . They skirt the coast, where Circe, maiden bright,
The Sun's rich daughter, wakes with melodies
The groves that none may enter. There each night,
As nimbly through the slender warp she plies

The whistling shuttle, through her chambers rise
The flames of odorous cedar. Thence the roar
Of lions, raging at their chains, the cries
Of bears close-caged, and many a bristly boar, 10
The yells of monstrous wolves at midnight fill the shore.

III . All these with potent herbs the cruel queen
Had stripped of man's similitude, to wear
A brutal figure, and a bestial mien.
But kindly Neptune, with protecting care,
And loth to see the pious Trojans bear
A doom so vile, such prodigies as these,
Lest, borne perchance into the bay, they near
The baneful shore, fills out with favouring breeze 19
The sails, and speeds their flight across the boiling seas.

IV . Now blushed the deep beneath the dawning ray,
And in her rosy chariot borne on high,
Aurora, bright with saffron, brought the day.
Down drop the winds, the Zephyrs cease to sigh,
And not a breath is stirring in the sky,
And not a ripple on the marble seas,
As heavily the toiling oars they ply.
When near him from the deep Æneas sees 28
A mighty grove outspread, a forest thick with trees.

V . And in the midst of that delightful grove
Fair-flowing Tiber, eddying swift and strong,
Breaks to the main. Around them and above,
Gay-plumaged fowl, that to the stream belong,
And love the channel and the banks to throng,
Now skim the flood, now fly from bough to bough,
And charm the air with their melodious song.
Shoreward Æneas bids them turn the prow, 37
And up the shady stream with joyous hearts they row.

VI . Say, Erato, how Latium fared of yore,

What deeds were wrought, what rulers lived and died,
When strangers landed on Ausonia's shore,
And trace the rising of the war's dark tide.
Fierce feuds I sing — O Goddess, be my guide, —
Tyrrhenian hosts, the battle's armed array,
Proud kings who fought and perished in their pride,
And all Hesperia gathered to the fray, 46
A larger theme unfolds, and loftier is the lay.

VII . Long had Latinus ruled the peaceful state.
A nymph, Marica, of Laurentian breed,
Bore him to Faunus, who, as tales relate,
Derived through Picus his Saturnian seed.
No son was left Latinus to succeed,
His boy had died ere manhood; one alone
Remained, a daughter, so the Fates decreed,
To mind his palace and to heir his throne 55
Ripe now for marriage rites, to nuptial age full-grown.

VIII . Full many a prince from Latium far and wide,
And all Ausonia had essayed in vain
To win the fair Lavinia for his bride.
Her suitor now, the comeliest of the train,
Was Turnus, sprung from an illustrious strain.
Fair seemed his suit, for kindly was the maid,
And dearly the queen loved him, and was fain
His hopes to further, but the Fates gainsayed, 64
And boding signs from Heaven the purposed match delayed.

IX . Deep in the inmost palace, long rever'd,
There stood an ancient laurel. 'Twas the same
That sire Latinus, when the walls he reared,
Found there, and vowed to Phoebus, and the name
"Laurentines" thence his settlers taught to claim.
Here suddenly — behold a wondrous thing! —
Borne with loud buzzing through the air, down came
A swarm of bees. Around the top they cling, 73

And from a leafy branch in linked clusters swing.

X . “Behold, from yon same quarter,” cried a seer,
“A stranger! see their swarming hosts conspire
To lord it o’er Laurentum; see them near.”
He spake, but lo! while, standing by her sire,
The chaste Lavinia feeds the sacred fire,
The flames, O horror! on her locks lay hold:
Her beauteous head-dress and her rich attire,
Her hair, her coronal of gems and gold 82
Blaze, and the crackling flames her regal robe enfold.

XI . Wrapt, so it seemed, in clouds of smoke, but bright
With yellow flames, through all the house she fled,
Scattering a shower of sparkles. Sore affright
And wonder seized them, as the seer with dread
Explained the vision; ’twas a sign, he said,
That bright and glorious in the rolls of Fate
Her fame should flourish and her name be spread,
But dark should lour the fortunes of the state, 91
Whelmed in a mighty war and sunk in evil strait.

XII . Forth hastes Latinus, by these sights distressed,
To Faunus’ oracle, his sire renowned,
And seeks the grove, beneath Albunea’s crest,
And sacred spring, which, echoing from the ground,
Leaps up and flings its sulphurous fumes around.
Here, craving counsel when in doubtful plight,
Italians and OEnotria’s tribes are found.
Here, when the priest, his offerings paid aright, 100
On skins of slaughtered beasts, in stillness of the night,

XIII . Lies down to sleep, in visions he beholds
Weird shapes, and many a wondrous voice doth hear,
And, borne in spirit to Avernus, holds
Deep converse there with Acheron. ’Twas here
Latinus sought for answer from the seer.

A hundred ewes, obedient to the rite,
He slew, then rested, with expectant ear,
Stretched on their fleeces, when, at noon of night, 109
Straight from the grove's deep gloom forth pealed a voice of might:

XIV . “Seek not, my son, a Latin lord. Beware
The purposed bridal. Lo! a foreign guest
Is coming, born to raise thee as thine heir,
And sons of sons shall see their power confessed
From sea to sea, from farthest East to West.”
These words, in stillness of the night's noon-tide,
Latinus hears, nor locks them in his breast.
Ausonia's towns have heard them far and wide, 118
Or ere by Tiber's banks the Dardan fleet doth ride.

XV . Stretched on the grass beneath a tall tree lie
Troy's chief and captains and Iulus fair,
And wheaten platters for their meal supply
(’Twas Jove's command), the wilding fruits to bear.
When lack of food has forced them now to tear
The tiny cakes, and tooth and hand with zest
The fateful circles desecrate, nor spare
The sacred squares upon the rounds impressed, 127
“What! eating boards as well?” Iulus cries in jest.

XVI . ’Twas all; the sally, as we heard it, sealed
Our toils. Æneas caught it, as it flew,
And hushed them, marvelling at the sign revealed.
“Hail! land,” he cries, “long destined for our due.
Hail, household deities, to Troy still true!
Here lies our home. Thus, thus, I mind the hour,
Anchises brought Fate's hidden things to view:
‘My son, when famine on an unknown shore 136
Shall make thee, failing food, the very boards devour,

XVII . “‘Then, worn and wearied, look to find a home,
And build thy walls, and bank them with a mound.’

This was that famine; this the last to come
Of all our woes, the woful term to bound.
Come then, at daybreak search the land around
(Each from the harbour separate let us fare)
And see what folk, and where their town, be found,
Now pour to Jove libations, and with prayer 145
Invoke Anchises' shade, and back the wine-cups bear."

XVIII . So saying, his brows he garlands, and with prayer
Invokes the Genius whom the place doth own,
And Earth, first Goddess, and the Nymphs who there
Inhabit, and the rivers yet unknown,
Night and the stars that glitter in her zone
He calls to aid him, and Idæan Jove,
And Phrygia's Mother on her heavenly throne,
And last, his parent deities to move, 154
Invokes his sire below and mother queen above.

XIX . Thrice Jove omnipotent from Heaven's blue height
Thunders aloud, and flashes in the skies
A cloud ablaze with rays of golden light.
'Tis come — so Rumour through the Trojans flies —
The day to bid their promised walls arise.
Cheered by the mighty omen and the sign,
They spread the feast, and each with other vies
To range the goblets and to wreath the wine, 163
And gladdening hearts rejoice to greet the day divine.

XX . Soon as the morrow bathed the world once more
In dawning light, by separate ways they fare
To search the town, the frontiers and the shore.
Here is Numicius' fountain, Tiber there,
Here dwell the Latins. Then Anchises' heir
Choice spokesmen to the monarch's city sends,
Five score, their peaceful errand to declare,
And royal presents to their charge commends, 172
And bids them claim of right the welcome due to friends.

XXI . At once the heralds hearken and obey,
And each and all, with rapid steps, and crowned
With Pallas' olive, hasten on their way.
Himself with shallow trench marks out the ground,
And, camp-like, girds with bastions and a mound
The new-formed settlement. Meanwhile the train
Of delegates their journey's end have found,
And greet with joy, uprising o'er the plain, 181
The Latin towers and homes, and now the walls attain.

XXII . Before the city, boys and youths contend
On horseback. Through the whirling dust they steer
Their chariots and the practised steeds, or bend
The tight-strung bow, or aim the limber spear,
Or urge fist-combat or the foot's career.
Now to their king a message quick has flown;
Tall men and strange, in foreign garb are here.
Latinus summons them within: anon, 190
Amidmost of his court he mounts the ancestral throne.

XXIII . Raised on a hundred columns, vast and tall,
Above the city reared its reverend head
A stately fabric, once the palace-hall
Of Picus. Dark woods shrouded, and the dread
Of ages filled, the precinct. Here, 'tis said,
Kings took the sceptre and the axe of fate,
Their senate house this temple; here were spread
The tables for the sacred feast, where sate, 199
What time the ram was slain, the elders of the State.

XXIV . In ancient cedar o'er the doors appear
The sculptured effigies of sires divine.
Grey Saturn, Italus, Sabinus here,
Curved hook in hand, the planter of the vine.
There two-faced Janus, and, in ordered line,
Old kings and patriot chieftains. Captive cars

Hang round, and arms upon the doorposts shine,
Curved axes, crests of helmets, towngates' bars, 208
Spears, shields and beaks of ships, the trophies of their wars.

XXV . There Picus sat, with his Quirinal wand,
Tamer of steeds. The augur's gown he wore,
Short, striped and belted; and his lifted hand
The sacred buckler on the left upbore.
Him Circe, his enamoured bride, of yore,
Wild with desire, so ancient legends say,
Smote with her golden rod, and sprinkling o'er
His limbs her magic poisons, made a jay, 217
And sent to roam the air, with dappled plumage gay.

XXVI . Such is the temple, in whose sacred dome
Latinus waits the Teucrians on his throne,
And kindly thus accosts them as they come:
'Speak, Dardans, — for the Dardan name ye own;
Nor strange your race and city, nor unknown
Sail ye the plains of Ocean — tell me now,
What seek ye? By the tempest tost, or blown
At random, needful of what help and how 226
Came ye to Latin shores the dark-blue deep to plough?

XXVII . "But, whether wandering from your course, or cast
By storms — such ills as oft-times on the main
O'ertake poor mariners — your ships at last
Our stream have entered, and the port attain.
Shun not a welcome, nor our cheer disdain.
For dear to Saturn, whom our sires adored,
Was Latium. Manners, not the laws, constrain
To justice. Freely, of our own accord, 235
We mind the golden age, and virtues of our lord.

XXVIII . "Now, I remember, old Auruncans told
(Age dims, but memory can the tale retrace)
How, born in Latium, Dardanus of old

Went forth to northern Samos, styled of Thrace,
And reached the towns at Phrygian Ida's base.
From Tuscan Corythus in days gone by
He went, and now among the stars hath place,
Throned in the golden palace of the sky. 244
On earth his altar marks one godhead more on high."

XXIX . He spake: Ilioneus this answer gave:
"O King, blest seed of Faunus! Star nor strand
Miled us, nor hath stress of storm or wave
Forced us to seek the shelter of your land.
Freewill hath brought us hither, forethought planned
Our flight; for we are outcasts, every one,
The toil-worn remnant of an exiled band,
Driven from a mighty empire; mightier none 253
In bygone years was known beneath the wandering sun.

XXX . "From Jove we spring; Jove Dardans hail with joy
Their parent; he who sends us is our lord
Æneas, Jove-born and a prince of Troy.
How fierce a tempest from Mycenæ poured
O'er Ida's fields; how Fate with fire and sword
Made Europe clash with Asia, he hath known
Whoe'er to Ocean's limits hath explored
The utmost earth, or in the central zone 262
Dwells, if a man there be, in torrid climes unknown.

XXXI . "Swept by that deluge o'er the deep, we crave
A home for home-gods, shelter on the strand,
And man's free privilege of air and wave.
We shall not shame the lustre of your land,
Nor stint the gratitude kind deeds demand.
Grant Troy a refuge, and Ausonians ne'er
Shall rue the welcome proffered by your hand.
Yea, scorn us not, that thus unsought we bear 271
The lowly suppliant's wreath, and speak the words of prayer.

XXXII . “Full many a people, — let the fates attest
Of great Æneas, and his hand of might,
Ne’er pledged in vain, our bravest and our best —
Full many a tribe, though lowly be our plight,
Have sought with ours their fortunes to unite.
Fate bade us seek your country and her King.
Hither, where Dardanus first saw the light,
Apollo back the Dardan race would bring, 280
To Tuscan Tiber’s banks and pure Numicius’ spring.

XXXIII . “These gifts Æneas to our charge commends,
Poor relics saved from Ilion, but a sign
Of ancient greatness, and the gifts of friends.
See, from this golden goblet at the shrine
His sire Anchises poured the sacred wine;
Clad in these robes sat Priam, when of old
The laws he ministered. These robes are thine,
This sceptre, this embroidered vest, — behold, 289
’Twas wrought by Trojan dames, — this diadem of gold.”

XXXIV . Mute sat and motionless, with looks bent down,
Latinus; but his restless eyes confessed
His musings. Not the sceptre nor the gown
Of purple moved him, but his pensive breast
Dwelt on his daughter’s marriage, till he guessed
The meaning of old Faunus. This was he,
His destined heir, the bridegroom and the guest,
Whose glorious progeny, by Fate’s decree, 298
The Latin throne should share, and rule from sea to sea.

XXXV . “Heaven prosper,” joyfully he cried, “our deed,
And heaven’s own augury. Your wish shall stand;
I take the gifts. Yours, Trojans, all ye need —
The wealth of Troy, the fatness of the land, —
Nought shall ye lack from King Latinus’ hand.
Let but Æneas, if he longs so fain
To claim our friendship, and a home demand,

Come here, nor fear to greet us. Not in vain 307
‘Twixt monarchs stands the peace, which plighted hands ordain.

XXXVI . “Let now this message to your King be given.
‘A child, the daughter of my heart, is mine,
Whom neither frequent prodigies from heaven,
Nor voices uttered from my father’s shrine,
Permit with one of Latin birth to join.
Strange sons — so Latin oracles conspire —
Shall come, whose offspring shall exalt our line.
Thy King the bridegroom whom the Fates require 316
I deem, and, if in aught I read the truth, desire.’”

XXXVII . So speaks Latinus, and with kindly care
Choice steeds selects. Three hundred of the best
Stand in his lofty stables, sleek and fair;
And forth in order for each Teucrian guest
His servants led them, at their King’s behest.
Rich housings, wrought in many a purple fold,
And brodered rugs adorn them; o’er each breast
Hang golden poitreles, glorious to behold. 325
Each champs with foaming mouth a chain of glittering gold.

XXXVIII . A car he orders for the Dardan sire,
And twin-yoked coursers of ethereal seed,
Whose snorting nostrils breathe the flames of fire.
Half-mortal, half-immortal was each steed,
The bastard birth of that celestial breed,
Which cunning Circe from a mortal mare
Raised to her sire the Sun-god. So with speed
The mounted Trojans to their prince repair, 334
Pleased with the gifts and words, for peaceful news they bear.

XXXIX . Lo! from Inachian Argos through the skies
Jove’s consort her avenging flight pursues,
And far off, from Pachynus, as she flies
O’er Sicily, beholds the Dardan crews

And great Æneas, gladdening at the news.
The rising settlement, the new-tilled shore,
The ships deserted for the land she views,
And shaking her imperial brows, and sore 343
With anguish, from her breast these wrathful words doth pour:

XL . “Ah, hateful race! Ah, Phrygian fates abhorred!
What, fell they not on the Sigeian plain?
Must captives be twice captured? Have the sword
And flames of Troy avenged me but in vain?
Have foes and fire found passage for the slain?
Sooth, then, my godhead sleepeth, and that hand
Is tired of hate, which whilom o’er the main
Dared chase these outcasts and their paths withstand, 352
Where’er the deep sea rolled, far from their native land!

XLI . “Have sea and sky been wielded to destroy,
Nor Syrtes yet, nor Scylla’s fierce embrace,
Nor vast Charybdis whelmed the sons of Troy,
Who, safe in Tiber, flout me to the face?
Yet Mars from earth, and for a less disgrace
Could sweep the Lapithæ, and Heaven’s great Sire
Doomed ancient Calydon and OEneus’ race
To rue the vengeance of Diana’s ire. 361
Did ever crime of theirs the Dardans’ need require?

XLII . “But I, Jove’s consort, who have stooped to seek
All shifts, all ventures and devices, I
Am vanquished by Æneas! If too weak
Myself, some other godhead will I try,
And Hell shall hear, if Heaven its aid deny.
Grant that these Dardans must in Latium reign,
That fixt and changeless stands the doom, whereby
His bride shall be Lavinia, that in vain 370
Can Juno thwart whate’er the Destinies ordain;

XLIII . “Yet time delayed can make occasion lost,

Yet mutual strife each nation may devour,
And Kings plight marriage at their peoples' cost.
Troy's blood and Latium's, maiden, be thy dower.
Bellona lights thee to thy bridal bower.
Not only Hecuba — Ah, sweet the joy! —
Conceives a firebrand. Born in evil hour,
The child of Venus shall her hopes destroy, 379
And, like another Paris, fire a new-born Troy."

XLIV . She spake, and earthward darting, fierce and fell,
Calls sad Alecto from her dark retreat
Among the Furies in the shades of Hell.
Sweet are war's sorrows to her soul, and sweet
Are evil deeds, and hatred and deceit.
E'en Pluto, e'en her sister-fiends detest
The monstrous shape, so many forms complete
The grisly horrors of that hateful pest, 388
So many a coal-black snake sprouts from her threatening crest.

XLV . Her Juno finds, and thus new rage inspires:
"Grant, virgin daughter of eternal Night,
This boon, the labour that thy soul desires.
Lest here my fame and honour lose their might,
And Troy gain Italy, and craft unite
Troy's prince with Latium's heiress. Thou can'st turn
Fond hearts to feuds, and brethren arm for fight.
Thou know'st, for savage is thy mood and stern, 397
To breed domestic strife and happy homes to burn.

XLVI . "A thousand names, a thousand means hast thou
Of mischief. Search thy fertile breast, and break
The plighted peace. Breed calumnies, and sow
The strife. Let youth desire, demand and take
Thy weapons." — Wreathed with many a Gorgon snake,
To Latium's court Alecto flew unseen,
And by Amata's chamber sate, nor spake;
While, musing on her new-come guests, the queen, 406

Wroth for her Turnus, boiled with woman's rage and spleen.

XLVII . At her the goddess from her dark locks threw
A snake, and lodged the monster in her breast,
To make her fury all the house undo.
In glides, impalpable, the maddening pest
Between the dainty bosom and the vest,
Breathing its venom. Like a necklace thin
It hung, all golden, like a wreath, caressed
Her temples, like a ribbon, wove within 415
Her hair its slippery coils, and wandered o'er her skin.

XLVIII . So, while the taint, first stealing through her frame,
Slipped in, with slimy venom, and the pest
Thrilled every sense, and wrapped her bones in flame,
Nor yet her soul had caught it, or confessed
The fiery fever that consumed her breast;
Soft, like a mother, and with tears, she cried,
Grieved for her child, and pondering with unrest
The Phrygian match, "Ah, woe the day betide, 424
If Teucrian exiles win Lavinia for a bride!

XLIX . "Hast thou no pity for thy child, nor thee,
O father! nor her mother, left forlorn,
When, with the rising North-wind, o'er the sea
Yon faithless pirate hath the maiden borne?
Not so, forsooth, did Lacedæmon mourn
Robbed Helen, when the Phrygian shepherd planned
Her capture. Is thy sacred faith forsworn?
Where is thy old affection? Where that hand 433
So oft to Turnus pledged, thy kinsman of the land?

L . "If Latins for Lavinia needs must find
A foreign mate; if so the Fates constrain,
And Faunus' words weigh heavy on thy mind,
All lands, that yield not to the Latin reign,
I count as foreign; so the Gods speak plain;

And foreign then is Turnus, if we trace
The first beginning of his princely strain.
Greeks were his grandsires; Argos was the place 442
Where old Acrisius ruled, where dwelt th' Inachian race."

LI . So pleading, and so weeping, she essayed
To move the king; but when her prayers were vain,
Nor tears Latinus from his purpose stayed,
And now the viper with its deadly bane
Crept to her inmost parts, and through each vein
The maddening poison to her heartstrings stole,
Then, scared by monstrous phantoms of the brain,
Poor queen! she raved, and maddening past control, 451
Ran through the crowded streets in impotence of soul.

LII . Like as a whip-top by the lash is sent
In widening orbs to spin, when lads among
The empty courtyards urge their merriment;
And, scourged in circling courses by the thong
It wheels and eddies, while the beardless throng
Bend over, lost in ignorant surprise,
And marvel, as the boxwood whirls along,
Stirred by each stroke; so fast Amata flies 460
From street to street, while crowds look on with lowering eyes.

LIII . Nay, simulating Bacchus, now she dares
To feign new orgies, and her crime complete.
Swift with her daughter to the woods she fares,
And hides her on the mountains, fain to cheat
The Trojans, and the purposed rites defeat.
"Hail, thou alone art worthy of the fair!
Evoë, Bacchus! for thy name is sweet.
For thee she grows her dedicated hair, 469
For thee she leads the dance, the ivied wand doth bear."

LIV . The matrons then — so fast the rumour flew, —
Fired like the Queen, and frenzied with despair,

Rush forth, and leave their ancient homes for new,
And to the breezes give their necks and hair.
These with their tremulous wailings fill the air,
And, girt about with fawn-skins, bear along
The vine-branch javelins, and Amata there,
Herself ablaze with fury, o'er the throng 478
A blazing pine-torch waves, and chants the nuptial song

LV . Of Turnus and Lavinia. Fiercely roll
Her blood-shot eyes, and, frowning, suddenly
She pours the frantic passions of her soul.
“Ho! Latin mothers all, where'er ye be,
Here, if ye love me, if a mother's plea
Deserve your pity, let your hair be seen
Loosed from the fillets, and be mad, like me.”
So through the woods, the wild-beasts' lairs between, 487
With Bacchanalian goads Alecto drives the Queen.

LVI . When now thus fairly was the work begun,
The barbs of anger planted, pleased to view
Latinus' purpose and his house undone,
On dusky wings the Goddess soared, and through
The liquid air to neighbouring Ardea flew,
The bold Rutulian's city, built of yore
By Danaë, thither when the South-wind blew
Her and her followers. Ardea's name it bore, 496
And Ardea's name still lives, though fortune smiles no more.

LVII . There in his palace, locked in sleep's embrace,
Lay Turnus. Straight Alecto, versed in snares,
Doffs the fiend's figure and her frowning face.
The likeness of a withered crone she wears,
With wrinkled forehead and with hoary hairs.
Her fillet and her olive crown proclaim
The priestess. Changed in semblance, she appears
Like Calybe, great Juno's sacred dame; 505
Thus to the youth she comes, and hails him by his name.

LVIII . “Fie! Turnus, fie! wilt thou behold unstirred
Such labours wasted, and thy hopes belied?
Thy sceptre to a Dardan guest transferred?
See, now, to thee Latinus hath denied
Thy blood-bought dowry, and thy promised bride,
And seeks a stranger for his throne. Away
To thankless perils, while thy friends deride!
Go, strew the Tuscans, scatter their array, 514
Till Latins, saved once more, their plighted word betray.

LIX . “This mandate great Saturnia bade me bear,
Thou sleeping. Up, then! greet the welcome hour;
Arm, arm the youth, and from the town-gates fare!
These Phrygian vessels with the flames devour,
Moored yonder in fair Tiber. ’Tis the power
Of Heaven that bids thee. Let Latinus, too,
If false and faithless he withhold the dower,
And grudge thy marriage, learn the deed to rue, 523
And taste at length and try what Turnus armed can do.”

LX . Then he in scorn: “Yea, Tiber’s waves beset
With foreign ships — I know it; wherefore feign
For me such terrors? Juno guards me yet.
Good mother, dotage wears thee, and thy brain
Is rusty; age hath troubled thee in vain,
And, ’midst the feuds of monarchs, mocks with fright
A priestess. Go; ’tis thine to guard the fane
And sacred statues; these be thy delight; 532
Leave peace and war to men, whose business is to fight.”

LXI . Therewith in fire Alecto’s wrath outbroke,
A sudden tremor through his limbs ran fast,
His stony eyeballs stiffened as he spoke.
So hissed the Fury with her snakes, so vast
Her shape appeared, so fierce the look she cast,
As back she thrust him with her flaming eyes,

Fain to say more, but faltering and aghast.
Two serpents from her Gorgon locks uprise; 541
Shrill sounds her scorpion lash, as, foaming, thus she cries:

LXII . “Behold me, worn with dotage! me, whom age
Hath rusted, and, while monarchs fight, would scare
With empty fears! Behold me in my rage!
I come, the Furies’ minister; see there,
War, death and havoc in these hands I bear.”
Full at his breast a firebrand, as she spoke,
Black with thick smoke, but bright with lurid glare,
The Fiend outflung. In terror he awoke, 550
And o’er his bones and limbs a clammy sweat outbreake.

LXIII . “Arms, arms!” he yells, and searches for his sword
In couch and chamber, maddening at the core
With war’s fierce passion, and the lust abhorred
Of slaughter, and with bitter wrath yet more.
As when a wood-fire crackles with fierce roar,
Heaped round a caldron, and the simmering stream
Foams, fumes, and bubbles, and at last boils o’er,
And upward shoots the mingled smoke and steam; 559
So Turnus boils with wrath, so dire his rage doth seem.

LXIV . Choice youths he sends, to let Latinus know
The peace was torn, then musters his array
To guard Italia and expel the foe.
Let Trojans league with Latins as they may,
Himself can match them, and he comes to slay.
So saying, his vows he renders. Ardour fires
The fierce Rutulians, and each hails the fray;
And one his youth, and one his grace admires, 568
And one his valorous deeds, and one his kingly sires.

LXV . So Turnus the Rutulians stirred to war.
Meanwhile the Fury to the Trojans bent
Her flight; with wily eye she marked afar,

With snares and steeds upon the chase intent,
Iulus. On his hounds at once she sent
A sudden madness, and fierce rage awoke
To chase the stag, as with the well-known scent
She lured their nostrils. — Thus the feud outbroke; 577
So small a cause of strife could rustic hearts provoke.

LXVI . Broad-antlered, beauteous was the stag, which erst
The sons of Tyrrheus (Tyrrheus kept whilere
The royal herd and pastures), fostering nursed,
Snatched from the dam. Their sister, Silvia fair,
Oft wreathed his horns, and oft with tender care
She washed him, and his shaggy coat would comb.
So tamed, and trained his master's board to share,
The gentle favourite in the woods would roam; 586
Each night, how late soe'er, he sought the well-known home.

LXVII . Him the fierce hounds now startle far astray,
As down the stream he floats, or, crouching low,
Rests on the green bank from the noontide ray.
Athirst for praise, Ascanius bends his bow;
Loud whirs the arrow, for Fate aims the blow,
And cleaves his flank and belly. Homeward flies
The wounded creature, moaning in his woe.
Blood-stained, with piteous and imploring eyes, 595
Like one who sues for life, he fills the house with cries.

LXVIII . Smiting the breast, poor Silvia calls for aid.
Forth rush the churls, scarce waiting her demand,
Roused by the Fury in the wood's still shade.
One grasps a club, another wields a brand;
Rage makes a weapon of what comes to hand.
Forth from his work ran Tyrrheus, who an oak
Was cleaving with the wedge, and cheered the band.
His hand still grasped the hatchet for the stroke, 604
And bitter wrath he breathed, and fierce the words he spoke.

LXIX . The Fury snatched the moment; forth she flew,
And, perching on the cabin-roof, looked round,
And from the curved horn of the shepherds blew
A blast of Tartarus, that shook the ground,
And made the forests and the groves rebound
The infernal echoes. Trivia's lakes afar,
And Velia's fountains heard the dreadful sound;
The white waves heard it of the sulphurous Nar, 613
And mothers clasped their babes, and trembled at the war.

LXX . Swift at the summons, as the trumpet brayed,
The sturdy shepherds arm them for the fray.
Swift pour the Trojans from their camp, to aid
Ascanius. Lo! 'tis battle's stern array,
No village brawl, where churls dispute the day
With charred oak-staves and cudgels. Broadswords clash
With broadswords, and War's harvest far away
Stands, bristling black with iron, as they dash 622
Together, and drawn swords in doubtful conflict flash.

LXXI . And brazen arms shoot many a blinding ray,
Smit by the sun, as clouds that fill the sky,
Disparting, show the splendours of the fray.
As when a light wind o'er the sea doth fly,
And the wave whitens as the breeze goes by,
And by degrees the bosom of the deep
Heaves up and swells, till higher and more high
The billows rise, and, gathering in a heap, 631
From Ocean's caves mount up, and storm the ethereal steep.

LXXII . First falls the son of Tyrrheus, stretched in death,
Young Almo. In his throat the deadly bane
Stuck fast, and choked the humid pass of breath,
And clipped the thin-spun life. There, too, is slain
Grey-haired Galæsus, parleying but in vain.
More righteous none, though many around lie killed,
None wealthier did Ausonia's realm contain.

Five herds, five bleating flocks, his pastures filled, 640
And with a hundred ploughs his fruitful lands he tilled.

LXXIII . Thus while the conflict wavered on the plain,
The Fury, pleased her triumph to survey,
Her pledge fulfilled, — War crimsoned with the stain
Of gore, and grim Death busy with his prey, —
Swift from Hesperia wings her airy way,
And proudly speaks to Juno: “See, ’tis done;
The discord perfect in the dolorous fray,
And War with all its miseries begun. 649
Now bid, forsooth, the foes plight friendship and be one.

LXXIV . “Steeped are thy Trojans in Ausonian gore.
Yet speak, and more will I perform, if so
Thy purpose holds. Along the neighbouring shore
Each town shall hear the rumour of the foe,
Each breast with frenzy for the strife shall glow,
Till all bring aid, and fruitful is the land
In deeds of blood.” — Then Juno: “Nay, not so;
Enough of fraud and terror. Firmly stand 658
The causes of the feud; they battle hand to hand,

LXXV . “And fresh blood stains the weapons chance supplied.
Such joy the bridal to Latinus bear,
And Venus’ wondrous offspring, and his bride.
But thou — for scarce Olympus’ king would bear
Thy lawless roving in ethereal air, —
Give place; myself will guide the rest aright.”
Saturnia spoke; Alecto then and there
Her wings, that hiss with serpents, spreads for flight, 667
And to Cocytus dives, and leaves the realms of light.

LXXVI . In mid Italia lies a vale renowned,
Amsanctus. Dark woods down the mountain grow
This side and that; a torrent with the sound
Of thunder roars among the rocks below.

There, black as night, an awful cave they show,
The gorge of Dis. Dread Acheron from beneath
Bursts in a whirlpool, with its waves of woe,
And jaws that gape with pestilential death. 676
There plunged the hateful Fiend, and earth and air took breath.

LXXVII . Nor less, meanwhile, Saturnia hastes to crown
The war's mad tumult. Home the shepherds bore
Their dead from out the battle to the town.
Young Almo, and Galæsus, fouled with gore.
All bid Latinus witness, and implore
The gods, and while the blood-cry calls for flame
And slaughter, Turnus swells the wild uproar.
What! he an outcast? Shall the Trojans claim 685
The realm, and bastards dare the Latin race to shame?

LXXVIII . Then they, whose mothers through the pathless vales
And forests, fired with Bacchic frenzy, ply
Their orgies — so Amata's name prevails —
Come forth, and, gathering from far and nigh,
Weary the War-god with their clamorous cry,
Till, thwarting Heaven's high purpose, each and all
Omens at once and oracles defy,
And swarm around Latinus in his hall, 694
War now is all their wish, "to arms" the general call.

LXXIX . Firm stands the monarch as a sea-girt rock,
A sea-girt rock against the roaring main,
Which, spite of barking billows and the shock
Of Ocean, doth its own huge mass sustain.
The foaming crags around it chafe in vain,
And back it flings the seaweed from its side.
Too weak at length their madness to restrain,
For things move on as Juno's whims decide, 703
Oft to the gods, and oft to empty air he cried.

LXXX . "Ah me! the tempest hurries us along.

Fate grinds us sore. Poor Latins! ye must sate,
Your blood must pay, the forfeit for your wrong.
Thee, Turnus, thee the avenging fiends await,
Thou, too, the gods shalt weary, but too late.
My rest is won, and in the port I ride;
Happy in all, had not an envious fate
Denied a happy ending.” Thus he cried, 712
And to his chamber fled, and flung the crown aside.

LXXXI . A custom in Hesperian Latium reigned,
Which Alban cities kept with sacred care,
And Rome, the world’s great mistress, hath retained.
Thus still they wake the War-god, whensoever
For Arabs or Hyrcanians they prepare,
Or Getic tribes the tearful woes of war,
Or push to Ind their distant arms, or dare
To track the footsteps of the Morning star, 721
And claim their standards back from Parthia’s hosts afar.

LXXXII . Twain are the Gates of War, to dreadful Mars
With awe kept sacred and religious pride.
A hundred brazen bolts and iron bars
Shut fast the doors, and Janus stands beside.
Here, when the senators on war decide,
The Consul, decked in his Quirinal pall
And Gabine cincture, flings the portals wide,
And cries to arms; the warriors, one and all, 730
With blare of brazen horns make answer to the call.

LXXXIII . ’Twas thus that now Latinus they require
To dare Æneas’ followers to the fray,
And ope the portals. But the good old Sire
Shrank from the touch, and, shuddering with dismay,
Shunned the foul office, and abjured the day.
Then, downward darting from the skies afar,
Heaven’s empress with her right hand wrenched away
The lingering bars. The grating hinges jar, 739

As back Saturnia thrusts the iron gates of War.

LXXXIV . Then woke Ausonia from her sleep. Forth swarm
Footmen and horsemen, and in wild career
Whirl up the dust. “Arm,” cry the warriors, “arm!”
With unctuous lard their polished shields they smear,
And whet the axe, and scour the rusty spear.
Their banners wave, their trumpets sound the fight.
Five towns their anvils for the war uprear,
Crustumium, Tibur, glorying in her might, 748
Ardea, Atina strong, Antemnæ’s tower-girt height.

LXXXV . Lithe twigs of osier in their shields they weave,
And shape the casque, and in the mould prepare
The brazen breastplate and the silver greave.
Scorned lie the spade, the sickle and the share,
Their fathers’ falchions to the forge they bear.
Now peals the clarion; through the host hath spread
The watch-word. Helmets from the walls they tear,
And yoke the steeds. In triple gold arrayed, 757
Each grasps the burnished shield, and girds the trusty blade.

LXXXVI . Now open Helicon; awake the strain,
Ye Muses. Aid me, that the tale be told,
What kings were roused, what armies filled the plain,
What battles blazed, what men of valiant mould
Graced fair Italia in those days of old.
Aid ye, for ye are goddesses, and clear
Can ye remember, and the tale unfold.
But faint and feeble is the voice we hear, 766
A slender breath of Fame, that falters on the ear.

LXXXVII . First came with armed men from Etruria’s coast
Mezentius, scorner of the Gods. Next came
His son, young Lausus, comeliest of the host,
Save Turnus — Lausus, who the steed could tame,
And quell wild beasts and track the woodland game.

A hundred warriors from Agylla's town
He leads — ah vainly! though he died with fame.
Proud had he been and worthy to have known 775
A nobler sire's commands, a nobler sire to own.

LXXXVIII . With conquering steeds triumphant o'er the mead,
His chariot, crowned with palm-leaves, proudly wheeled
The comely Aventinus, glorious seed
Of glorious Hercules; the blazoned shield
His father's Hydra and her snakes revealed.
Him, when of old, the monstrous Geryon slain,
The lord of Tiryns, victor of the field,
Reached in his wanderings the Laurentian plain, 784
And bathed in Tiber's stream the captured herds of Spain,

LXXXIX . The priestess Rhea, in the secret shade
Of wooded Aventine, brought forth to light,
A god commingling with a mortal maid.
With pikes and poles his followers join the fight,
Their swords are sharp, their Sabine spears are bright.
Himself afoot, a lion's bristling hide
With sharp teeth set in rows of glittering white,
Swings o'er his forehead, as with eager stride, 793
Clad in his father's cloak, he seeks the monarch's side.

XC . Twin brothers came from Tibur — such the name
Tiburtus gave it — one Catillus hight,
And one fierce Coras, each of Argive fame,
Each in the van, where deadliest raves the fight.
As when two cloud-born Centaurs in their might
From some tall mountain with swift strides descend,
Steep Homole, or Othrys' snow-capt height;
The thickets yield, trees crash, and branches bend, 802
As with resistless force the trampled woods they rend.

XCI . Nor lacked Præneste's founder, Vulcan's child,
Found on the hearthstone — if the tale be true, —

Brave Cæculus, the Shepherds' monarch styled.
Forth from Præneste swarmed the rustic crew,
From Juno's Gabium to the fight they flew,
From ice-cold Anio, swoln with wintry rain,
From Hernic rocks, which mountain streams bedew,
From fat Anagnia's pastures, from the plain 811
Where Amasenus rolls majestic to the main.

XCII . With diverse arms they hasten to the war;
Not all can boast the clashing of the shield,
Not all the thunder of the rattling car.
These sling their leaden bullets o'er the field,
Those in each hand the deadly javelin wield.
With caps of fur their rugged brows are dight,
The tawny covering from the dark wolf peeled;
Bare is the left foot, as they march to fight, 820
And, rough with raw bull's-hide, a sandal guards the right.

XCIII . Next came Messapus, tamer of the steed,
Great Neptune's son. Fire nor the steel's sharp stroke
Could lay him lifeless, so the Fates decreed.
Grasping his sword, a laggard race he woke,
Disused to war, and tardy to provoke.
Behind him throng Fescennia's ranks to fight,
Men from Flavinia, and Faliscum's folk,
And those whom fair Capena's groves delight, 829
Ciminus' mount and lake, and steep Soracte's height.

XCIV . With measured tramp, their monarch's praise they sing,
Like snowy swans, the liquid clouds among,
Which homeward from their feeding ply the wing,
When o'er Caÿster's marish, loud and long,
The echoes float of their melodious song.
None, sure, such countless multitudes would deem
The mail-clad warriors of an armèd throng:
Nay, rather, like a dusky cloud they seem 838
Of sea-fowl, landward driven with many a hoarse-voiced scream.

XCV . Lo, Clausus next; a mighty host he led,
Himself a host. From Sabine sires he came,
And Latium thence the Claudian house o'erspread,
When Romans first with Sabines dared to claim
Coequal lordship and a share of fame.
With Amiternus came Eretum's band;
From fair Velinus' dewy fields they came,
From olive-crowned Mutusca, from the land 847
Where proud Nomentum's towers the fruitful plains command.

XCVI . From the rough crags of Tetrica came down
Her hosts; they came from tall Severus' flank,
From Foruli and fam'd Casperia's town,
Wash'd by Himella's waves, and those who drank
Of Fabaris, or dwelt on Tiber's bank.
Those, too, whom Nursia sendeth from the snows,
And Horta's sons, in many an ordered rank,
And tribes of Latin origin, and those 856
Between whose parted fields th' ill-omened Allia flows.

XCVII . As roll the billows on the Libyan deep,
When fierce Orion in the wintry main
Sinks, dark with tempests, and the waves upleap;
As, parched with suns of summer, stands the grain
On Hermus' fields, or Lycia's golden plain;
So countless swarm the multitudes around
Bold Clausus, and the wide air rings again
With echoes, as their clashing shields resound, 865
And with the tramp of feet they shake the trembling ground.

XCVIII . There Agamemnon's kinsman yokes his steeds,
Halæsus. Trojans were his foes, his friend
Was Turnus. Lo, a thousand tribes he leads;
Those who on Massic hills the vineyards tend,
Those whom Auruncans from their mountains send.
From Sidicinum and her neighbouring plain,

From Cales, from Voltumnus' shoals they wend.
From steep Saticulum the sturdy swain, 874
Fierce for the fray, comes down and joins the Oscan train.

XCIX . Light barbs they fling, from pliant thongs of hide,
A leathern target o'er the left is strung,
And short, curved daggers the close fight decide.
Nor, OEbalus, those gallant hosts among,
Shalt thou go nameless, and thy praise unsung,
Thou, from old Telon, as the tale hath feigned,
And beauteous Sebethis, the wood-nymph, sprung,
O'er Teleboan Caprea when he reigned; 883
But Caprea's narrow realm proud OEbalus disdained.

C . Far stretched his rule; Sarrastians owned his sway,
And they, whose lands the Sarnian waters drain,
And they, who till Celenna's fields, and they
Whom Batulum and Rufræ's walls contain,
And where through apple-orchards o'er the plain
Shines fair Abella. Deftly can they wield
Their native arms; the Teuton's lance they strain;
Bark helmets guard them, from the cork-tree peeled, 892
And brazen are their swords, and brazen every shield.

CI . From Nersa's hills, by prosperous arms renowned,
Comes Ufens, with his Æquians, in array.
Rude huntsmen these; in arms the stubborn ground
They till, themselves as stubborn. Day by day
They snatch fresh plunder, and they live by prey.
There, too, brave Umbro, of Marruvian fame,
Sent by his king Archippus, joins the fray.
Around his helmet, for in arms he came, 901
The auspicious olive's leaves the sacred priest proclaim.

CII . The rank-breath'd Hydra and the viper's rage
With hand and voice he lulled asleep; his art
Their bite could heal, their fury could assuage.

Alas! no medicine can heal the smart
Wrought by the griding of the Dardan dart.
Nor Massic herbs, nor slumberous charms avail
To cure the wound, that rankles in his heart.
Ah, hapless! thee Anguitia's bowering vale, 910
Thee Fucinus' clear waves and liquid lakes bewail!

CIII . Next came to war Hippolytus' fair child,
The comely Virbius, whom Aricia bore
Amid Egeria's grove, where rich and mild
Stands Dian's altar on the meadowy shore.
For when (Fame tells) Hippolytus of yore
Was slain, the victim of a stepdame's spite,
And, torn by frightened horses, quenched with gore
His father's wrath, famed Pæon's herbs of might 919
And Dian's fostering love restored him to the light.

CIV . Wroth then was Jove, that one of mortal clay
Should rise by mortal healing from the grave,
And change the nether darkness for the day,
And him, whose leechcraft thus availed to save,
Hurled with his lightning to the Stygian wave.
But kind Diana, in her pitying love,
Concealed her darling in a secret cave,
And fair Egeria nursed him in her grove, 928
Far from the view of men, and wrath of mighty Jove.

CV . There, changed in name to Virbius, but to fame
Unknown, through life in Latin woods he strayed.
Thenceforth, in memory of the deed of shame,
No horn-hoof'd steeds are suffered to invade
Chaste Trivia's temple or her sacred glade,
Since, scared by Ocean's monsters, from his car
They dashed him by the deep. Yet, undismayed,
His son, young Virbius, o'er the plains afar 937
The fleet-horsed chariot drives, and hastens to the war.

CVI . High in the forefront towered with stately frame
Turnus himself. His three-plumed helmet bore
A dragon fierce, that breathed Ætnean flame.
The bloodier waxed the battle, so the more
Its fierceness blazed, the louder was its roar.
Behold, the heifer on his shield, the sign
Of Io's fate; there Argus ever o'er
The virgin watches, and the stream doth shine, 946
Poured from the pictured urn of Inachus divine.

CVII . Next come the shielded footmen in a cloud,
Auruncean bands, Sicanians famed of yore,
Argives, Rutulians, and Sacranians proud.
Their painted shields the brave Labicians bore;
From Tibur's glades, from blest Numicia's shore,
From Circe's mount, from where great Jove presides
O'er Anxur, from Feronia's grove they pour,
From Satura's dark pool, where Ufens glides 955
Cold through the deepening vales, and mingles with the tides.

CVIII . Last came Camilla, with the Volscian bands,
Fierce horsemen, each in glittering arms bedight,
A warrior-virgin; ne'er her tender hands
Had plied the distaff; war was her delight,
Her joy to race the whirlwind and to fight.
Swift as the breeze, she skimmed the golden grain,
Nor bent the tapering wheatstalks in her flight,
So swift, the billows of the heaving main 964
Touched not her flying fleet, she scoured the watery plain.

CIX . Forth from each field and homestead, hurrying, throng,
With wonder, men and matrons, young and old,
And greet the maiden as she moves along.
Entranced with greedy rapture, they behold
Her royal scarf, in many a purple fold,
Float o'er her shining shoulders, and her hair
Bound in a coronal of clasping gold,

Her Lycian quiver, and her pastoral spear 973
Of myrtle, tipt with steel, and her, the maid, how fair!

BOOK EIGHT

ARGUMENT

Mustering of Italians, and embassy to Diomedes (1-18). Tiber in a dream heartens Æneas and directs him to Evander for succour. Æneas sacrifices the white sow and her litter to Juno, and reaches Evander's city Pallanteum — the site of Rome (19-117). Æneas and Evander meet and feast together. The story of Cacus and the praises of Hercules are told and sung. Evander shows his city to Æneas (118-432). Venus asks and obtains from Vulcan divine armour for her son (433-531). At daybreak Evander promises Æneas further succour. Their colloquy is interrupted by a sign from heaven (532-630). Despatches are sent to Ascanius and prayers for aid to the Tuscans. Æneas, his men and Evander's son Pallas are sent forth by Evander with prayers for their success (631-720). Venus brings to Æneas the armour wrought by Vulcan (721-738). Virgil describes the shield, on which are depicted, not only the trials and triumphs of Rome's early kings and champions, but the final conflict also at Actium between East and West and the world-wide empire of Augustus (739-846).

I . When Turnus from Laurentum's tower afar
Signalled the strife, and bade the war-horns bray,
And stirred the mettled steeds, and woke the war,
Hearts leaped at once; all Latium swore that day
The oath of battle, burning for the fray.
Messapus, Ufens, and Mezentius vain,
Who scorned the Gods, ride foremost. Far away
They scour the fields; the shepherd and the swain 1
Rush to the war, and bare of ploughmen lies the plain.

II . To Diomed posts Venulus, to crave
His aid, and tell how Teucrians hold the land;
Æneas with his gods hath crossed the wave,

And claims the throne his vaunted Fates demand.
How many a tribe hath joined the Dardan's band,
How spreads his fame through Latium. What the foe
May purpose next, what conquest he hath planned,
Should friendly fortune speed the coming blow, 10
Better than Latium's king Ætolia's lord must know.

III . So Latium fares. Æneas, tost with tides
Of thought, for well he marked the growing fight,
This way and that his eager mind divides,
Reflects, revolves and ponders on his plight.
As waters in a brazen urn flash bright,
Smit by the sunbeam or the moon's pale rays,
And round the chamber flits the trembling light,
And darts aloft, and on the ceiling plays, 19
So many a varying mood his anxious mind displays.

IV . 'Twas night; the tired world rested. Far and nigh
All slept, the cattle and the fowls of air.
Stretched on a bank, beneath the cold, clear sky,
Lay good Æneas, fain at length to share
Late slumber, troubled by the war with care.
When, 'twixt the poplars, where the fair stream flows,
With azure mantle, and with sedge-crowned hair,
The aged Genius of the place uprose, 28
And, standing by, thus spake, and comforted his woes:

V . "Blest seed of Heaven! who from the foemen's hand
Our Troy dost bring, and to an endless date
Preservest Pergama; whom Latium's land
Hath looked for, and Laurentum's fields await,
Here, doubt not, are thy homegods, here hath Fate
Thy home decreed. Let not war's terrors seem
To daunt thee. Heaven is weary of its hate;
Its storms are spent. Distrust not, nor esteem 37
These words of idle worth, the coinage of a dream.

VI . “Hard by, beneath yon oak-trees, thou shalt see
A huge, white swine, and, clustering around
Her teats, are thirty young ones, white as she.
There shall thy labour with repose be crown’d,
Thy city set. There Alba’s walls renowned,
When twice ten times hath rolled the circling year,
Called Alba Longa, shall Ascanius found.
Sure stands the word; and now attend and hear, 46
How best through present straits a prosperous course to steer.

VII . “Arcadians here, a race of old renown,
From Pallas sprung, with king Evander came,
And on the hill-side built a chosen town,
Called Pallanteum, from their founder’s name.
Year after year they ply the war’s rude game
With Latins. Go, and win them to thy side,
Bid them as fellows to thy camp, and frame
A league. Myself along the banks will guide, 55
And teach thy labouring oars to mount the opposing tide.

VIII . “Rise, Goddess-born, and, when the stars decline,
Pray first to Juno, and on bended knee
Subdue her wrath with supplication. Mine
Shall be the victor’s homage; I am he,
Heaven’s favoured stream, whose brimming waves ye see,
Borne in full flood these flowery banks between,
Chafe the fat soil and cleave the fruitful lea,
Blue Tiber. Here my dwelling shall be seen, 64
Fairest of lofty towns, the world’s majestic queen.”

IX . So saying, the Stream-god dived beneath the flood,
And sought the deep. Slumber at once and night
Forsook Æneas; he arose, and stood,
And eastward gazing at the dawning light,
Scooped up the stream, obedient to the rite,
And prayed, “O nymphs, Laurentian nymphs, whence spring
All rivers; father Tiber, blest and bright,

Receive Æneas as your own, and bring 73
Peace to his toil-worn heart, and shield the Dardan king.

X . “What pool soever holds thy source, where’er
The soil, from whence thou leapest to the day
In loveliness, these grateful hands shall bear
Due gifts, these lips shall hallow thee for aye,
Horned river, whom Hesperian streams obey,
Whose pity cheers; be with us, I entreat,
Confirm thy purpose, and thy power display.”
He spake, and chose two biremes from the fleet, 82
Equipped with oars, and rigged with crews and arms complete.

XI . Lo! now a portent, wondrous to be seen.
Stretched at full length along the bank, they view
The fateful swine, conspicuous on the green,
White, with her litter of the self-same hue.
Her good Æneas, as an offering due,
To Juno, mightiest of all powers divine,
Yea, e’en to thee, dread Juno, caught and slew,
And lit the altars and outpoured the wine, 91
And left the dam and brood together at the shrine.

XII . All night the Tiber stayed his swelling flood,
And with hushed wave, recoiling from the main,
Calm as some pool or quiet lake, he stood
And smoothed his waters like a liquid plain,
That not an oar should either strive or strain.
Thus on they go; smooth glides the bark of pine,
Borne with glad shouts; and ever and again
The woods and waters wonder, as the line 100
Of painted keels goes by, with arms of glittering shine.

XIII . All night and day outwearying, they steer
Up the long reaches, through the groves, that lie
With green trees shadowing the tranquil mere.
Now flamed the sun in the meridian high,

When walls afar and citadel they spy,
And scattered roofs. Where now the power of Rome
Hath made her stately structures mate the sky,
Then poor and lowly stood Evander's home. 109
Thither their prowls are turned, and to the town they come.

XIV . That day, Arcadia's monarch, in a grove
Before the town, a solemn feast had planned
To Hercules and all the gods above.
His son, young Pallas, and a youthful band,
And humble senators around him stand,
Each offering incense, and the warm, fresh blood
Still smokes upon the shrines, when, hard at hand,
They see the tall ships, through the shadowy wood, 118
Glide up with silent oars along the sacred flood.

XV . Scared by the sudden sight, all quickly rise
And quit the board. But Pallas, bold of cheer,
Bids them not break the worship. Forth he flies
To meet the strangers, as their ships appear,
His right hand brandishing a glittering spear.
"Gallants," he hails them from a mound afar,
"What drove you hither by strange ways to steer?
Say whither wending? who and what ye are? 127
Your kin, and where your home? And bring ye peace or war?"

XVI . Then sire Æneas from the stern outheld
A branch of olive, and bespoke him fair:
"Troy's sons ye see, by Latin pride expelled.
'Gainst Latin enemies these arms we bear.
We seek Evander. Go, the news declare:
Choice Dardan chiefs his friendship come to claim.
His aid we ask for, and his arms would share."
He ceased, and wonder and amazement came 136
On Pallas, struck with awe to hear the mighty name.

XVII . "Whoe'er thou art, hail, stranger," he replied,

“Step forth, and to my father tell thy quest,
And take the welcome that true hearts provide.”
Forth as he leaped, the Dardan’s hand he pressed,
And, pressing, held it, and embraced his guest.
So from the river through the grove they fare,
And reach the place, where, feasting with the rest,
They find Evander. Him with speeches fair 145
Æneas hails, and hastes his errand to declare.

XVIII . “O best of Greeks, whom thus with olive bough
Hath Fortune willed me to entreat; yet so
I shunned thee not, albeit Arcadian thou,
A Danaan leader, in whose veins doth flow
The blood of Atreus, and my country’s foe.
My conscious worth, our ties of ancestry,
Thy fame, which rumour through the world doth blow,
And Heaven’s own oracles, by Fate’s decree, 154
My willing steps have led, and link my heart, to thee.

XIX . “Troy’s founder, Dardanus, to the Teucrians came,
Child of Electra, so the Greeks declare.
Huge Atlas was Electra’s sire, the same
Whose shoulders still the starry skies upbear.
Your sire is Mercury, whom Maia fair
On chill Cyllene’s summit bore of old;
And Maia’s sire, if aught of truth we hear,
Was Atlas, he who doth the spheres uphold. 163
Thus from a single stock the double stems unfold.

XX . “Trusting to this, no embassy I sent,
No arts employed, thy purpose to explore.
Myself, my proper person, I present,
And stand a humble suppliant at thy door.
Thy foes are ours, the Daunian race, and sore
They grind us. If they drive us hence, they say,
Their conquering arms shall stretch from shore to shore.
Plight we our troth; strong arms are ours to-day, 172

Stout hearts, and manhood proved in many a hard essay.”

XXI . He ceased. Long while Evander marked with joy
His face and eyes, and scanned through and through,
Then spake: “O bravest of the sons of Troy!
What joy to greet thee; thine the voice, the hue,
The face of great Anchises, whom I knew.
Well I remember, how, in days forepast,
Old Priam came to Salamis, to view
His sister’s realms, Hesione’s, and passed 181
To far Arcadia, chilled with many a Northern blast.

XXII . “Scarce o’er my cheeks the callow down had crept,
With wondering awe I viewed the Trojan train,
And gazed at Priam. But Anchises stepped
The tallest. Boyish ardour made me fain
To greet the hero, and his hand to strain.
I ventured, and to Pheneus brought my guest.
A Lycian case of arrows, bridles twain,
All golden — Pallas holds them, — and a vest 190
And scarf of broidered gold his parting thanks expressed.

XXIII . “Take then the hand thou seekest; be it thine,
The plighted pact; and when to-morrow’s ray
Shall chase the shadows, and the dawn shall shine,
Aid will I give you, and due stores purvey,
And send you hence rejoicing on your way.
Meanwhile, since Heaven forbids us to postpone
These yearly rites, and we are friends, be gay
And share with us the banquet. Sit ye down, — 199
Behold, the boards are spread, — and make the feast your own.”

XXIV . He spake, and back, at his command, they bring
The food and wine. The chiefs, in order meet,
Along the grass he ranges, and their king
Leads to his throne; of maple was the seat;
A lion’s hide lay bristling at his feet.

Youths and the altar's minister bring wine,
And heap the bread, and serve the roasted meat.
On lustral entrails and the bull's whole chine, 208
Couched round the Trojan king, the Trojan warriors dine.

XXV . Then, when at last desire of food had ceased,
Thus spake Evander: "Lo, this solemn show,
This sacred altar, and this ordered feast,
No idle witchwork are they. Well we know
The ancient gods. Saved from a fearful foe,
Each year the deed we celebrate. See there
Yon nodding crag; behold the rocks below,
Tost in huge ruin, and the lonely lair, 217
Scooped from the mountain's side, how wild the waste and bare!

XXVI . "There yawned the cavern, in the rock's dark womb,
Wherein the monster Cacus dwelt of yore,
Half-human. Never sunlight pierced the gloom;
But day by day the rank earth reeked with gore,
And human faces, nailed above the door,
Hung, foul and ghastly. From the loins he came
Of Vulcan, and his huge mouth evermore
Spewed forth a torrent of Vulcanian flame; 226
Proudly he stalked the earth, and shook the world's fair frame.

XXVII . "But time, in answer to our prayers, one day
Brought aid, — a God to help us in our need.
Flushed with the death of Geryon, came this way
Alcides, glorying in the victor's meed,
And hither drove his mighty bulls to feed.
These, pasturing in the valley, from his lair
Fierce Cacus saw, and, scorning in his greed
To leave undone what crime or craft could dare, 235
Four beauteous heifers stole, four oxen sleek and fair.

XXVIII . "Then, lest their footprints should the track declare,
Back by their tails he dragged the captured kine,

With hoofs reversed, and shut them in his lair,
And whoso sought the cavern found no sign.
But when at last Amphytrion's son divine,
His feasted herds, preparing to remove,
Called from their pastures, and in long-drawn line,
With plaintive lowing, the departing drove 244
Trooped from the echoing hills, and clamours filled the grove,

XXIX . "One of the heifers from the cave again
Low'd back, in answer to the sound, and broke
The hopes of Cacus, and his theft was plain.
Black choler in Alcides' breast awoke.
Grasping his arms and club of knotted oak,
Straight to the sky-capt Aventine he hies,
And scales the steep. Then, not till then, our folk
Saw Cacus tremble. To the cave he flies, 253
Wing'd like the wind with fear, and terror in his eyes.

XXX . "Scarce in, the rock he loosened with a blow,
Slung high in iron by his father's care,
And with the barrier blocked the door; when lo,
With heart aflame, great Hercules was there,
And searched each way for access to his lair,
Grinding his teeth. Thrice round the mount he threw
His vengeful eyes, thrice strove from earth to tear
The stone, and storm the threshold, thrice withdrew, 262
And in the vale sat down, and nursed his wrath anew.

XXXI . "Sharp-pointed, sheer above the dungeon, stood
A crag, fit home for evil birds to light.
This, where it frowned to leftward o'er the flood,
Alcides shook, and, heaving from the right,
Tore from its roots, and headlong down the height
Impelled it. With the impulse and the fall
Heaven thunders; back the river in affright
Shrinks to its source. Bank leaps from bank, and all 271
The mountain, yawning, shows the monster's cave and hall.

XXXII . “Stript of their roof, the dark abodes far back
Lie open to their inmost; e’en as though
Earth, rent asunder with convulsive wrack,
And opening to the centre, gaped to show
Hell’s regions, and the gloomy realms of woe,
Abhorr’d of gods, and bare to mortals lay
The vast abyss, while in the gulf below
The pallid spectres, huddling in dismay, 280
Looked up with dazzled eyes, at influx of the day.

XXXIII . “Caught in his den, the startled monster strove,
With uncouth bellowing, to elude the light.
With darts Alcides plies him from above,
Huge trunks and millstones seizing for the fight,
Hard pressed at length, and desperate for flight,
Black smoke he vomits, wondrous to be told,
That shrouds the cavern, and obscures the sight,
And, denser than the night, around his hold 289
Thick darkness, mixt with fire, and smothering fumes are rolled.

XXXIV . “Scorn filled Alcides, and his wrath outbroke,
And through the fire, indignant, with a bound
He dashes, where thickest rolled the cloud of smoke,
And in black vapours all the cave was drowned.
Here, vomiting his idle flames, he found
Huge Cacus in the darkness. Like a thread
He twists him — chokes him — pins him to the ground,
The strangled eyeballs starting from his head; 298
Blood leaves the blackened throat, the giant form lies dead.

XXXV . “Then suddenly, as back the doors are torn,
The gloomy den stands open, and the prey,
The stolen oxen, and the spoils forsworn,
Are bared to heaven, and by the heels straightway
He drags the grisly carcase to the day.
All, thronging round, with hungry gaze admire

The monster. Lost in wonder and dismay
They mark the eyes, late terrible with ire, 307
The face, the bristly breast, the jaw's extinguished fire.

XXXVI . "Henceforth they solemnise this day divine,
Their glad posterity from year to year,
Potitius first, and the Pinarian line,
Preserve the praise of Hercules; and here
This altar named 'the Greatest' did they rear.
(Greatest 'twill be for ever). Come then, all,
And give such worth due honour. Wreath your hair,
And pass the wine-bowl merrily, and call 316
Each on our common God, the guardian of us all."

XXXVII . He spake; the God's own poplar, fleckt with white,
Hung, twining o'er his brows. His right hand bore
The sacred bowl. All, gladdening, hail the rite,
And pour libations, and the Gods adore.
'Twas evening, and the Western star once more
Sloped towards Olympus. Forth Potitius came,
Leading the priests, girt roughly, as of yore,
With skins of beasts, and bearing high the flame. 325
Fresh, dainty gifts they bring, the second course to frame.

XXXVIII . Next came the Salians, dancing as they sung
Around the blazing altars. Poplar crowned
Their brows; a double chorus, old and young,
Chant forth the glories and the deeds renowned
Of Hercules; how, potent to confound
His stepdame's hate, he crushed the serpents twain;
What towns in war he levelled to the ground,
Troy and OEchalia; how with infinite pain 334
Eurystheus' tasks he sped, and Juno's fates were vain:

XXXIX . "Oh thou, unconquered, whose resistless hand
Smote the twin giants of the cloud-born crew,
Pholus, Hylæus; and the Cretan land

Freed from its monster; and in Nemea slew
The lion! Styx hath trembled at thy view,
And Cerberus, when, smeared with gore, he lay
On bones half-mumbled in his darksome mew.
Thee not Typhoeus, when in armed array 343
He towered erect, could daunt, nor grisly shapes dismay.

XL . “Prompt was thy wit, when, powerless to prevail,
Around thee twined, the beast of Lerna’s fen
Hissed with the legion of its heads. O hail,
True son of Jove, the praise of mortal men,
And Heaven’s new glory. Hither turn thy ken,
And cheer thy votaries.” So with heart and will
They chant his praise, nor less the monster’s den,
And Cacus, breathing flames. The loud notes fill 352
The sacred grove around, and echo to the hill.

XLI . The rites thus ended, to the town they fare.
In front, the good Evander, old and grey,
Moves ‘twixt Æneas and his youthful heir,
And oft with various converse, as they stray,
Beguiles the lightened labour of the way.
Now this, now that the Trojan chief admires,
Filled with new pleasure, as his eyes survey
Each place in turn. Oft, gladly he enquires 361
The tokens, one by one, and tales of ancient sires.

XLII . Then he, who built the citadel of Rome,
Spake thus — the good Evander: “Yonder view
The forest; ’twas the Fauns’ and Wood-nymphs’ home.
Their birth from trunks and rugged oaks they drew;
No arts they had, nor settled life, nor knew
To yoke the ox, or lay up stores, or spare
What wealth they gathered; but their wants were few;
The branches gave them sustenance, whate’er 370
In toilsome chase they won, composed their scanty fare.

XLIII . “Then first came Saturn from Olympus’ height,
Flying from Jove, his kingdom barred and banned,
He taught the scattered hillsmen to unite,
And gave them laws, and bade the name to stand
Of Latium, he safe latent in the land.
Then tranquilly the happy seasons rolled
Year after year, and Peace, with plenteous hand,
Smiled on his sceptre. ’Twas the Age of Gold, 379
So well his placid sway the willing folk controlled.

XLIV . “Then waxed the times degenerate, and the stain
With stealthy growth gave birth to deeds of shame,
The rage of battle, and the lust of gain.
Then came Ausonians, then Sicanians came,
And oft the land of Saturn changed its name.
Strange tyrants came, and ruled Italia’s shore,
Grim-visaged Thybris, of gigantic frame;
His name henceforth the river Tiber bore, 388
And Albula’s old name was known, alas! no more.

XLV . “Me, from my country driven forth to roam
The utmost deep, perforce the Fates’ design
And Fortune’s power drove hitherward. This home
My mother, Nymph Carmentis, warned was mine;
A god, Apollo, did these shores assign.”
So saying, he shows the altar and the gate
Long called Carmental, from the Nymph divine,
First seer who sang, with faithful voice, how great 397
Æneas’ race should rise, and Pallanteum’s fate.

XLVI . He shows the grove of Romulus, his famed
Asylum; then, beneath the rock’s cold crest
Lupercal’s cave, from Pan Lycæan named;
Then, Argiletum’s grove, whose shades attest
The death of Argus, once the monarch’s guest;
Tarpeia’s rock, the Capitolian height,
Now golden — rugged ’twas of old, a nest

Of tangled brakes, yet hallowed was the site 406
E'en then, and wood and rock filled the rude hinds with fright.

XLVII . "These wooded steeps," he said, "this sacred grove
What godhead haunts, we know not; legends say
Arcadians here have seen the form of Jove,
And seen his right hand, with resistless sway,
Shake the dread Ægis, and the clouds array.
See, yon two cities, once renowned by fame,
Now ruined walls and crumbling to decay;
This Janus built, those walls did Saturn frame; 415
Janiculum was this, that bore Saturnia's name."

XLVIII . So talking, to Evander's lowly seat
They journeyed. Herds were lowing on the plain,
Where stand the Forum and Carinæ's street.
"These gates," said he, "did great Alcides deign
To pass; this palace did the god contain.
Dare thou to quit thee like the god, nor dread
To scorn mere wealth, nor humble cheer disdain."
So saying, Æneas through the door he led, 424
And skins of Libyan bears on garnered leaves outspread.

XLIX . Night, with dark wings descending, wrapt the world,
When Venus, harassed, nor in vain, with fear,
To see the menace at Laurentum hurled,
To Vulcan, on his golden couch, drew near,
Breathing immortal passion: "Husband dear,
When Greeks the fated citadel of Troy
With fire and sword were ravaging, or ere
Her towers had fallen, I sought not to employ 433
Arms, arts or aid of thine, their purpose to destroy.

L . "Ne'er taxed I then thy labours, dearest love,
Large as my debt to Priam's sons, and sore
My grief for poor Æneas. Now, since Jove
Hath brought him here to the Rutulian shore,

Thine arms I ask, thy deity implore,
A mother for her son. Dread power divine,
Whom Thetis, whom Tithonus' spouse of yore
Could move with tears, behold, what hosts combine, 442
What towns, with barr'd gates, arm to ruin me and mine."

LI . She spake, and both her snowy arms outflung
Around him doubting, and embraced the Sire,
And, softly fondling, kissed him as she clung.
Through bones and veins her melting charms inspire
The well-known heat, and reawake desire.
So, riven by the thunder, through the pile
Of storm-clouds runs the glittering cleft of fire.
Proud of her beauty, with a conscious smile, 451
The Goddess feels her power, and gladdens at the guile.

LII . Then Vulcan, mastered by immortal love,
Answers his spouse, "Why, Goddess mine, invent
Such far-fetched pleas? Dost thou thy faith remove,
And cease to trust in Vulcan? Had thy bent
So moved thee then, arms quickly had I lent
To aid thy Trojans, and thy wish were gained,
Nor envious Fate, nor Jove omnipotent
Had crossed my purpose; then had Troy remained, 460
And Priam ten years more the kingly line sustained.

LIII . "E'en now, if war thou seekest to prepare,
And thither tends thy purpose, be it sped.
Whate'er my craft can promise, whatso'er
Is wrought with iron, ivory or lead,
Fanned with the blast, or molten in the bed,
Thine be it all; forbear a suppliant's quest,
Nor wrong thy beauty's potency." He said,
And gave the love she longed for; on her breast 469
Outpoured at length he slept, and loosed his limbs with rest.

LIV . 'Twas midnight; sleep had faded from its prime,

The hour, when housewives, who a scanty fare
Eke out with loom and distaff, rise in time
To wake the embers, and the night outwear;
Then call their handmaids, by the light to share
The task, that keeps the husband's bed from shame,
And earns a pittance for the babes. So there,
Nor tardier, to his toil the Lord of Flame 478
Springs from his couch of down, the workmen's task to frame.

LV . Hard by Æolian Lipare, before
Sicania, looms an island from the deep,
With smoking rocks. There Ætna's caverns roar,
Hewn by the Cyclop's forges from the steep.
There the steel hisses and the sparks upleap,
And clanging anvils, smit with dexterous aim,
Groan through the cavern, as their strokes they heap,
And restless in the furnace pants the flame. 487
'Twas Vulcan's house, the land even yet bears Vulcan's name.

LVI . Down to this cavern came the Lord of Flame,
And found Pyracmon, naked as he strove,
Brontes and Steropes. Their hands still frame
A thunderbolt unfinished, such as Jove
Rains thickly from his armouries above,
Tipt with twelve barbs and never known to fail.
Part still remain unwrought; three rays they wove
Of ruddy fire, three of the Southern gale, 496
Three of the watery cloud, and three of twisted hail.

LVII . They blend the frightful flashes and the peals,
Sound, fear, and fury with the flames behind.
These forge the War-Gods' chariot and swift wheels,
Which stir up cities, and arouse mankind.
Here, burnished bright for wrathful Pallas, shined,
With serpent scales, and golden links firm bound,
Her dreadful Ægis, and the snakes entwined;
And on her breast, with severed neck, still frowned 505

Medusa's head, and rolled her dying eyes around.

LVIII . "Cease now," said Vulcan, "and these toils forbear,
Cyclops of Ætna; hither turn your heed.
Arms for a hero must the forge prepare.
Now use your strength and nimble hands; ye need
A master's cunning; to your tasks with speed."
He spake; each quickly at the word once more
Falls to his labour, as the lots decreed.
Now flows the copper, now the golden ore; 514
Now melts the deadly steel; the flames resume their roar.

LIX . A mighty shield they fashion, fit to meet
Singly all arms of Latium. Layer on layer,
Seven folds in circles on its face they beat.
These from the windy bellows force the air,
These hissing copper for the forge prepare,
Dipt in the trough. The cavern floor below
Groans with the anvils and the strokes they bear,
As strong arms timed heap measured blow on blow, 523
And, turned with griping tongs, the molten mass doth glow.

LX . While on Æolia's coast the Lemnian sire
Wrought thus, the fair Dawn, mantling in the skies,
Awakes Evander, and the lowly choir
Of birds beneath the eaves invites to rise.
The Tuscan sandals to his feet he ties,
The kirtle dons, the Tegeæan sword
Links to his side. A panther's skin supplies
His scarf, hung leftward, and his watchful ward, 532
Two dogs, the threshold leave, and 'company their lord.

LXI . So to the chamber of his Dardan guest
The good Evander for his promise' sake
Full early hastens pondering in his breast
The tale he listened to, the words he spake.
Nor less Æneas, with the dawn awake,

Goes forth. Achates at his side attends,
His son, young Pallas, doth Evander take.
So meeting, each a willing hand extends, 541
And host and guest sit down, and frankly talk as friends.

LXII . First spake the King: “Great Chief of Trojan fame,
Who living, ne’er the Trojan state is lost.
Small is our strength for war, though great our name.
Here Tiber bounds us, there Rutulians boast
To rend our walls, and thunder with their host.
But mighty tribes and wealthy realms shall band
Their arms with mine. Chance, where unlooked-for most,
Points to this succour. By the Fate’s command 550
Thou comest; thee the gods have guided to our land.

LXIII . “Not far from here, upon an aged rock,
There stands a town, Agylla is its name,
Where on Etruscan ridges dwells the stock
Of ancient Lydia, men of warlike fame.
Long years it flourished, till Mezentius came
And ruled it fiercely, with a tyrant’s sway.
Ah me! why tell the nameless deeds of shame,
The savage murders wrought from day to day? 559
May Heaven on him and his those cruelties repay!

LXIV . “Nay more, he joined the living to the dead,
Hand linked to hand in torment, face to face.
The rank flesh mouldered, and the limbs still bled,
Till death, O misery, with lingering pace,
Loosed the foul union and the long embrace.
Worn out at last with all his crimes abhorred,
Around the horrid madman swarmed apace
The armed Agyllans. On his roof they poured 568
The firebrands, seized his guards and slew them with the sword.

LXV . “He safely through the carnage slunk away
To fields Rutulian, where with sheltering hand

Great Turnus shields the tyrant. So to-day,
Stirred with just fury, all Etruria's land
Springs to the war, prompt vengeance to demand.
Thine be these all, for thousands can I boast,
Æneas, thine to captain and command.
Mark now their shouts; already roars the host, 577
'Arm, bring the banners forth'; their vessels crowd the coast.

LXVI . "An aged seer thus warns them to refrain,
Expounding Fate: 'Choice youths, the flower and show
Of ancient warriors of Meonian strain,
Whom just resentment arms against the foe,
Whose souls with hatred of Mezentius glow,
No man of Italy is fit to lead
So vast a multitude, the Fates say "No;
Seek ye a foreign captain.'" Awed, they heed 586
The warning words divine, and camp upon the mead.

LXVII . "Lo, Tarchon sends ambassadors; they bring
The crown, and sceptre, and the signs of state,
And bid me join the Tuscans as their king.
But frosty years have dulled me; life is late,
And envious Age forbids an Empire's weight.
Fit were my son, but half Italian he,
His mother born a Sabine. Thee hath Fate
Endowed with years and proper birth; for thee 595
The Gods this throne have willed, and, what they will, decree.

LXVIII . "Advance, brave Chief of Italy and Troy!
Advance; young Pallas at thy side shall fare,
My hope, my solace, and my heart's best joy.
With thee to teach him, he shall learn to share
The war's grim work, the warrior's toil to bear;
From earliest youth to marvel at thy deeds,
And try to match them. Horsemen shall be there,
Ten score, the choicest that Arcadia breeds; 604
Two hundred more, his own, the gallant stripling leads."

LXIX . He spake: Æneas and Achates stood
With down-fixt eyes, musing the strange event.
Dark thoughts were theirs, and sorrowful their mood;
When lo, to leftward Cytherea sent
A sign amid the open firmament.
A flash of lightning swift from ether sprang
With thunder. Turmoil universal blent
Earth, sea and sky; the empyrean rang 613
With arms, and loudly pealed the Tuscan trumpet's clang.

LXX . Upward they look: again and yet again
Comes the loud crash of thunder, and between
A cloud that frets the firmamental plain,
With bright, red flash amid the sky serene,
The glitter of resounding arms is seen.
All tremble; but Æneas hails the sign
Long-promised. "Ask not," he exclaims, "what mean
These prodigies and portents; they are mine. 622
Me great Olympus calls; I hear the voice divine.

LXXI . "This sign my Goddess-mother vowed to send,
If war should threaten; thus in armed array
From heaven with aid she promised to descend.
Ah, woe for thee, Laurentum, soon the prey
Of foeman! What a reckoning shalt thou pay
To me, ill-fated Turnus! How thy wave
Shall redden, Tiber, as it rolls away
Helmets, and shields and bodies of the brave! 631
Ay, let them break the league, and bid the War-god rave."

LXXII . He spake, and, rising from his seat, renews
The slumbering fires of Hercules, and tends
The hearth-god's shrine of yesterday. Choice ewes
They slay — Evander and his Trojan friends.
Then to his comrades and the shore he wends,
Arrays the crews, and takes the bravest there

To follow him in fight. The rest he sends
To young Ascanius down the stream, to bear 640
News of his absent sire, and how the cause doth fare.

LXXIII . With steeds, to aid the Tuscans, they provide
The Teucrians. For Æneas forth is led
The choicest, with a tawny lion's hide,
All glittering with gilded claws, bespread.
Now rumour through the little town hath sped,
Of horsemen for the Tuscan king, with spear
And shield for battle. Mothers, pale with dread,
Heap vows on vows. The War-god, drawing near, 649
Looms larger, and more close to danger draws the fear.

LXXIV . Then cries Evander, clinging, and with tears
Insatiate, loth to see his Pallas go,
“Ah! would but Jove bring back the bygone years,
As when beneath Præneste long ago
I strowed the van, and laid their mightiest low,
And burned their shields, and with this hand to Hell
Hurled down King Erulus, the monstrous foe,
To whom Feronia, terrible to tell, 658
Three lives had given, and thrice to battle ere he fell.

LXXV . “Twice up he rose, but thrice I slew the slain,
Thrice of his life I robbed him, till he died,
Thrice stripped his arms. O, were I such again,
Danger, nor death, nor aught of ill beside,
Sweet son, should ever tear me from thy side.
Ne'er had Mezentius then, the neighbouring lord,
Dared thus to flout me, nor this arm defied.
Nor wrought such havoc and such crimes abhorred, 667
Nor made a weeping town thus widowed by the sword.

LXXVI . “O Gods, and thou, who rulest earth and air,
Great Jove, their mightiest, pity, I implore,
Arcadia's King, and hear a father's prayer.

If Fate this happiness reserve in store,
To gaze upon my Pallas' face once more,
If living means to meet my son again,
Then let me live; how hard soe'er and sore
My trials, gladly will I count them gain. 676
Sweet will the suffering seem, and light the load of pain.

LXXVII . "But O, if Fortune, with malignant spite,
Some blow past utterance for my life prepare,
Now, now this moment rid me of the light,
While fears are vague, nor hoping breeds despair,
While, dearest boy, my late and only care,
Thus — thus I fold thee in my arms to-day.
Nor wound with news too sorrowful to bear
A father's ears!" He spake, and swooned away; 685
Back to his home the slaves their fainting lord convey.

LXXVIII . Forth troop the horsemen from the gates. First ride
Æneas and Achates; in the rear
Troy's nobles, led by Pallas, in the pride
Of brodered scarf and figured arms, appear.
As when bright Lucifer, to Venus dear
Beyond all planets and each starry beam,
High up in heaven his sacred head doth rear,
Bathed in the freshness of the Ocean stream, 694
And melts the dark, so fair the gallant youth doth seem.

LXXIX . The matrons stand upon the walls, distraught,
And mark the dust-cloud and the mail-clad train.
These through the brushwood, where the road lies short,
Move on in arms. The war-shout peals again,
The hard hoofs clattering shake the crumbling plain.
And now, where, cold with crystal waves, is found
Fair Cære's stream, a spreading grove they gain.
Ages have spread its sanctity, and, crowned 703
With pine-woods dark as night, the hollow hills stand round.

LXXX . This grove, 'tis said, the tribes Pelasgian — they,
Who first in Latin marches dwelt of old —
Kept sacred to Silvanus, and the day
Vowed to the guardian of the field and fold.
Hard by, brave Tarchon and his Tuscans bold
Lay camped. His legions, stretching o'er the meads,
The Trojans from a rising ground behold.
Æneas here his toil-worn warriors leads; 712
Food for themselves they bring, and forage for their steeds.

LXXXI . Meanwhile fair Venus through the clouds came down,
Bearing her gifts. Couched in a secret glade,
By a cool river, she espies her son,
And hails him: “See the promised gifts displayed,
Wrought by my husband's cunning for thine aid.
Thy prowess now let proud Laurentum taste,
Nor fear with Turnus to contend.” So said
Cythera's goddess, and her child embraced, 721
And on an oak in front the radiant arms she placed.

LXXXII . Joy fills Æneas; with insatiate gaze
He views the gifts, and marvels at the sight.
In turn he handles, and in turn surveys
The helmet tall with fiery crest bedight,
The fateful sword, the breastplate's brazen might,
Blood-red, and huge, and glorious to behold
As some dark cloud, far-blazing with the light
Of sunset; then the polished greaves of gold, 730
The spear, the mystic shield, too wondrous to be told.

LXXXIII . There did the Fire-king, who the future cons,
The tale of ancient Italy portray,
Rome's triumphs, and Ascanius' distant sons,
Their wars in order, and each hard-fought fray.
There, in the cave of Mars all verdurous, lay
The fostering she-wolf with the twins; they hung
About her teats, and licked in careless play

Their mother. She, with slim neck backward flung, 739
In turn caressed them both, and shaped them with her tongue.

LXXXIV . There, later Rome, and there, the Sabine dames
Amid the crowded theatre he viewed,
Raped by the Romans at the Circus games;
The sudden war, that from the deed ensued,
With aged Tatius and his Cures rude.
There stand the kings, still armed, but foes no more,
Beside Jove's altar, and abjure the feud.
Goblet in hand, the sacred wine they pour, 748
And o'er the slaughtered swine the plighted peace restore.

LXXXV . Next, Mettus, by the four-horsed chariot torn.
('Twere better, perjured Alban, to be true!)
Fierce Tullus dragged the traitor's limbs in scorn
Through brambles, dripping with the crimson dew.
Porsenna there around the city drew
His 'leaguering host. But freedom fired the blood
Of Romans. Idle was his rage, to view
How Cocles on the battered bridge withstood, 757
And Cloelia burst her bonds, and singly stemmed the flood.

LXXXVI . Next, Manlius guards the Capitol; see here
The straw-thatched palace. Silvered in the gold,
The fluttering goose proclaims the Gauls are near.
They, screened by darkness, thread the woods, and hold
With arms the slumbering citadel. Behold
Their beards all golden, and their golden hair,
Their white necks gleaming with the twisted gold,
Their chequered plaids. Each hand an Alpine spear 766
Waves, and an oblong shield their stalwart arms upbear.

LXXXVII . There danced the Salians, the Luperci reeled
Half-naked. See them sculptured in array,
With caps wool-tufted, and the sky-dropt shield.
Chaste dames, in cushioned chariots, lead the way

Through the glad city. Elsewhere, far away,
Loom Dis and Tartarus, where the guilty pine,
And Catiline, upon a rock for aye
Hangs, shuddering at the Furies. Distant shine 775
The just, where Cato stands, dealing the law divine.

LXXXVIII . The swelling ocean in the midst is seen,
All golden, but the billow's hoary spray
Foams o'er the blue. Dolphins of silvery sheen
Lash the white eddies with their tails in play,
Cleaving the surges. In the centre lay
The brazen fleets, all panoplied for war,
'Tis Actium's fight; Leucate's headland grey
Boils with the tumult of the distant jar, 784
And golden glow the waves, effulgent from afar.

LXXXIX . Augustus his Italians leads from home,
High on the stern. The Senators stand round,
The people, and the guardian gods of Rome.
With double flame his joyous brows are crowned;
The constellation of his sire renowned
Beams o'er his head. There too, his ships in line,
With winds and gods to prosper him, is found
Agrippa. Radiant on his head doth shine 793
The crown of golden beaks, the battle's glorious sign.

XC . Here, late from Parthia and the Red-sea coast,
With motley legions and barbaric pride,
Comes Anthony. From Egypt swarms his host,
From India and far Bactra. At his side
Stands — shame to tell it — an Egyptian bride.
See now the fight; prows churn and oar-blades lash
The foam. 'Twould seem the Cyclads swim the tide,
Torn from his moorings, or the mountains clash, 802
So huge the tower-crowned ships, so terrible the crash.

XCI . Winged darts are hurled, and flaming tow; the leas

Of Neptune redden. There the queen stands by,
And sounds the timbrel for the fray, nor sees
The asps behind. All monsters of the sky
With Neptune, Venus, and Minerva vie.
In vain Anubis barks; Mars raves among
The combatants; the Furies frown on high.
With mantle rent, glad Discord joins the throng; 811
Behind, with bloody scourge, Bellona stalks along.

XCII . There Actian Phoebus, gazing on the scene,
Bent his dread bow. Egypt, Arabia fled,
And India turned in terror. There, the queen
Calls to the winds; behold, the sails are spread.
Her, pale with thoughts of dying, through the dead
The waves and zephyrs — so the gold expressed —
Bear onward. Yonder, to his sheltering bed
Nile, sorrowing, calls the fugitives to rest, 820
Unfolds his winding robes, and bares his azure breast.

XCIII . There, Cæsar sacred to his gods proclaims
Three hundred temples, each a stately fane.
Behold his triple triumph. Shouts and games
Gladden the streets; glad matrons chant the strain
At every altar, and the steers are slain.
He takes the offerings, and reviews the throng,
Throned in the portal of Apollo's fane.
Below, the captive nations march along, 829
Diverse in arms and garb, and each of different tongue.

XCIV . Wild Nomads, Africans uncinctured came,
Carians, Gelonian bowmen, and behind
The Leleges, the Dahæ, hard to tame,
The Morini, extreme of human-kind.
Last, proud Araxes, whom no bridge could bind,
Euphrates humbled, and the horned Rhine.
All this, by Vulcan on the shield designed,
He sees, and, gladdening at the gift divine, 838

Upbears aloft the fame and fortunes of his line.

BOOK NINE

ARGUMENT

Certified by Juno of the absence of Æneas, Turnus leads his forces against the Trojans. When they entrench themselves within their lines, he attempts to burn their ships, which are thereupon changed by Cybele into nymphs, and float away (1-144). Turnus undaunted harangues his men and beleaguers the camp (145-198). Nisus and Euryalus scheme, and petition, to sally forth to find Æneas and a rescue. Setting out with promise of rich rewards if successful, they surprise the Latin Camp but are themselves in turn surprised and slain (199-513). Their victims are buried; their heads are paraded on pikes before the Trojan Camp, to the agony of the mother of Euryalus (514-576). The allies assault the camp. Virgil invokes Calliope to describe the fray (577-603). The collapse of a tower and losses on both sides prelude Ascanius' baptism of fire. He kills his man (604-765). The brothers Pandarus and Bitias open the camp-gates in defiance. Bitias falls, and Pandarus, retreating, shuts Turnus within the camp, who kills him, but failing to let in his friends is eventually hard pressed (766-882). The Trojans rally round Mnestheus and Serestus. Turnus plunges into the river and with difficulty escapes by swimming (883-927).

I . While thus in distant quarter moves the scene,
Down to the daring Turnus from the skies
Comes Iris, sent by the Saturnian queen.
Him seated in a hallowed vale, where lies
His father's grove, Pylumus', she espies.
There straight with rosy lips the daughter fair
Of Thaumias hails the hero: "Turnus, rise.
Behold what none of all the Gods would dare 1
To promise, rolling Time hath proffered without prayer.

II . "Fleet left and friends, Æneas to the court

Of Palatine Evander speeds his way,
Nay, the far towns of Corythus hath sought,
And arms the Lydian swains to meet the fray!
Now call for steel and chariot. Why delay?
Surprise the camp and capture it.” — She said,
And straight on balanced pinions soared away,
Cleaving the bow. The warrior marked, and spread 10
His hands, and thus with prayer pursued her as she fled:

III . “O Iris, Heaven’s fair glory, who hath sent
Thee hither? whence this sudden light so clear?
I see the firmament asunder rent,
And planets wandering in the polar sphere.
Blest omens, hail! I follow thee, whoe’er
Thou art, that call’st to battle.” He arose
With joy, and stepping to the streamlet near,
Scoops up the water in his palms, and bows 19
In suppliance to the Gods, and burdens Heaven with vows.

IV . Now all the host were marching on the meads,
Well-horsed, and panoplied in golden gear,
With brodered raiment. Brave Messapus leads
The van, the sons of Tyrrheus close the rear,
And Turnus in mid column shakes his spear.
Slow moves the host, as when his seven-fold head
Great Ganges lifts in silence, calm and clear,
Or Nile, whose flood the fruitful soil hath fed, 28
Ebbs from the fattened fields, and hides him in his bed.

V . Far off, the Teucrians from their camp descried
The gathering dust-cloud on the plains appear.
Then brave Caïcus from a bastion cried,
“What dark mass, rolling towards us, have we here?
Arm, townsmen, arm! Bring quick the sword and spear,
And mount the battlements, and man the wall.
The foemen, ho!” And with a mighty cheer
The Teucrians, hurrying at the warning call, 37

Pour in through all the gates, and muster on the wall.

VI . So, parting, wise Æneas gave command,
Should chance surprise them, with their chief away,
To shun the field, nor battle hand to hand,
But safe behind their sheltering earthworks stay,
And, guarding wall and rampart, stand at bay.
So now, though passion and indignant hate
Prompt to engage, his mandate they obey,
And bar each inlet, and secure each gate, 46
And, armed, in sheltering towers their enemies await.

VII . Turnus, with twenty horsemen, left the rest
To lag behind, and near the town-gate drew
All unforeseen. A Thracian steed he pressed,
Dappled with white; a crest of scarlet hue
High o'er his golden helmet flamed in view.
Loudly he shrills in anger to his train,
“Who first with me will at the foemen — who?
See there!” and, rising hurls his spear amain, 55
Sign of the fight begun, and pricks along the plain.

VIII . With shouts his comrades welcome the attack,
And clamouring fiercely follow in his train.
They marvel at the Teucrian hearts so slack,
That none will dare to trust the open plain,
And fight like men, but in the camp remain,
And safe behind their sheltering rampart stay.
Now here, now there, fierce Turnus in disdain
Rides round the walls, and, searching for a way, 64
Where way is none, still strives an entrance to essay.

IX . As wolf, in ambush by the fold, sore beat
With winds, at midnight howls amid the rain.
The lambs beneath their mothers safely bleat.
He, mad with rage, and faint with famine's pain,
Thirsts for their blood, and ramps at them in vain;

So raves fierce Turnus, as his eyes survey
The walls and camp. Grief burns in every vein,
As round he looks for access and a way 73
To shake the Teucrians out, and strew them forth to slay.

X . The fleet, as by the flanking camp it lies,
Fenced by the river and the mounded sand,
He marks, then loudly to the burning cries,
And with a flaming pinestock fills his hand,
Himself aflame. His presence cheers the band.
All set to work, and strip the watchfires bare:
Each warrior arms him with a murky brand:
The smoking torch shoots up a pitchy glare, 82
And clouds of mingled soot the Fire-god flings in air.

XI . Say, Muse, what god from Teucrians turned the flame,
Such fiery havoc. O, the tale declare;
Old is its faith, but deathless is its fame.
When first Æneas did his fleet prepare
'Neath Phrygian Ida, through the seas to fare,
To Jove the Berecynthian queen divine
Spake thus, 'tis said, urging a suppliant's prayer:
"O Lord Olympian, hearken and incline. 91
Grant what thy mother asks, who made Olympus thine.

XII . "A wood, beloved for many a year, was mine,
A grove of sacrifice, on Ida's height,
Darksome with maple and the swart pitch-pine.
This wood, these trees, my ever-dear delight,
Gladly I gave to speed the Dardan's flight.
But doubts and fears my troubled mind assail.
O calm them; may a parent's prayer have might,
And this their birth upon our hills avail 100
To guide their voyage safe, and shield them from the gale."

XIII . Then spake her son, who wields the starry sphere,
"Mother, what would'st thou of the Fates demand?

What art thou seeking for these Teucrians here?
Shall vessels, fashioned by a mortal hand,
The gift of immortality command?
And shall Æneas sail the uncertain main,
Himself of safety certain, and his band?
Did ever God such privilege attain? 109
Nay, rather, when at length, Ausonian ports they gain,

XIV . “Their duty done, and Ocean’s dangers o’er,
What ships soe’er shall have escaped, to bear
The Dardan chief to the Laurentian shore,
Shall lose their perishable form, and wear
The sea-nymphs’ shape, like Galatea fair
And Doto, when they breast the deep.” He spake,
And by his brother’s Stygian river sware,
Whose pitchy torrent swells the infernal lake, 118
And with his awful nod made all Olympus shake.

XV . The day was come, the fated time complete,
When Turnus’ insults bade the Mother rise
And ward the firebrands from her sacred fleet.
A sudden light now flashed upon their eyes,
A cloud from eastward ran athwart the skies,
With choirs of Ida, and a voice through air
Pealed forth, and filled both armies with surprise,
“Trojans, be calm; your needless pains forbear, 127
Nor arm to save these ships; their safety is my care.

XVI . “Sooner shall Turnus make the ocean blaze,
Than these my pines. Go, sea-nymphs, and be free,
Your mother bids you.” Each at once obeys,
Their cables snapt, like dolphins in their glee,
They dip their beaks, and dive beneath the sea.
Hence, where before along the shore had stood
The brazen poops — O marvellous to see! —
So many now, with maiden forms endued, 136
Rise up, and reappear, and float upon the flood.

XVII . All stand aghast; amid the startled steeds
Messapus quails, and Tiber checks his tide,
And, hoarsely murmuring, from the deep recedes.
Yet fails not Turnus, prompt to cheer or chide.
“To Teucrians point these prodigies,” he cried,
“They bide not, they, Rutulian sword and brand.
E’en Jove their wonted succour hath denied.
Barred is the sea, and half the world is banned; 145
Earth, too, is ours, such hosts Italia’s chiefs command.

XVIII . “I fear not Fate, nor what the Gods can do.
Suffice for Venus and the Fates the day
When Trojans touched Ausonia. I have, too,
My Fates, these robbers of my bride to slay.
Not Atreus’ sons alone, and only they,
Have known a sorrow and a smart so keen,
And armed for vengeance. But enough, ye say,
Once to have fallen? One trespass then had been 154
Enough, and made them loathe all womankind, I ween.

XIX . “Lo, these who think a paltry wall can save,
A narrow ditch can thwart us, — these, so bold,
With but a span betwixt them and the grave!
Saw they not Troy, which Neptune reared of old,
Sink down in ruin, as the flames uprolled?
But ye, my chosen, who with me will scale
Yon wall, and storm their trembling camp? Behold,
No aid divine nor ships of thousand sail, 163
Nor Vulcan’s arms I need, o’er Trojans to prevail.

XX . “Nay; let Etrurians join them, one and all,
No raid, nor robbed Palladium they shall fear,
Nor sentries stabbed beneath the night’s dark pall.
No horse shall hide us; by the daylight clear
Our flames shall ring their ramparts. Dream they here
To find such Danaan striplings, weak as they

Whom Hector baffled till the tenth long year?
But now, since near its ending draws the day, 172
Take rest, and bide prepared the dawning of the fray.”

XXI . His outposts plants Messapus, set to guard
The gates with watchfires, and the walls invest.
Twice seven captains round the camp keep ward,
Each with a hundred warriors of the best,
With golden armour and a blood-red crest.
These to and fro pace sentinels, and share
The watch in turn; those, on the sward at rest,
Tilt the brass wine-bowl. Bright the watch-fires flare, 181
And games and festive mirth the wakeful night outwear.

XXII . Forth look the Trojans from their walls, and line
The heights in arms, and test with hurrying fear
The gates, and bridges to the bulwarks join,
And bring up darts and javelins. Mnestheus here,
There bold Serestus is at hand to cheer,
They, whom Æneas left to rule the host,
Should ill betide them, or the foe draw near.
Thus all in turn, where peril pressed the most, 190
Keep watch along the wall, dividing danger’s post.

XXIII . Nisus, the bold, stood warder of the gate,
The son of Hyrtacus, whom Ida fair,
The huntress, on Æneas sent to wait,
Quick with light arrows and the flying spear.
Beside him stood Euryalus, his fere;
Scarce on his cheeks the down of manhood grew,
The comeliest youth that donned the Trojan gear.
Love made them one; as one, to fight they flew, 199
As one they guard the gates, companions tried and true.

XXIV . Then Nisus: “Is it that the Gods inspire,
Euryalus, this fever of the breast?
Or make we gods of but a wild desire?

Battle I seek, or some adventurous quest,
And scorn to dally with inglorious rest,
See yonder the Rutulians, stretched supine,
What careless confidence is theirs, oppressed
With wine and slumber; how the watch-fires shine, 208
Faint, few, and far between; what silence holds the line.

XXV . “Learn now the plan and purpose of my mind,
‘Æneas should be summoned,’ one and all, —
Camp, council, — cry, and messengers would find
To take sure tidings and our chief recall.
If thee the meed I ask for shall befall, —
Bare fame be mine — methink the pathway lies
By yonder mound to Pallanteum’s wall.”
Then, fired with zeal and smitten with surprise, 217
Thus to his ardent friend Euryalus replies:

XXVI . “Me, me would Nisus from such deeds debar?
Am I to send thee singly to thy fate?
Not thus my sire Opheltes, bred to war,
Brought up and taught me, when in evil strait
Was Troy, and Argives battered at her gate.
Not thus to great Æneas was I known,
His trusty follower through the paths of Fate.
Here dwells a soul that dares the light disown, 226
And counteth life well sold, to purchase such renown.”

XXVII . “For thee I feared not,” Nisus made reply,
“‘Twere shame, indeed, to doubt a friend so tried.
So may great Jove, or whosoe’er on high
With equal eyes this exploit shall decide,
Restore me soon in triumph to thy side.
But if — for divers hazards underlie
So bold a venture — evil chance betide,
Or angry deity my hopes bely, 235
Thee Heaven preserve, whose youth far less deserves to die.

XXVIII . “Mine be a friend to lay me, if I fall,
Rescued or ransomed, in my native ground;
Or, if hard fortune grudge a boon so small,
To make fit honour to my shade redound,
And o’er the lost one rear an empty mound.
Ne’er let a childless mother owe to me
A pang so keen, and such a cureless wound.
She, who, alone of mothers, dared for thee 244
Acestes’ walls to leave, and braved the stormy sea.”

XXIX . “My purpose holds and shifts not,” he replies,
“These empty pretexts cannot shake me — no.
Hence, let us haste.” And to the guard he cries,
Who straight march up, and forth the two friends go
To find the chief. All creatures else below
Lay wrapt in sleep, forgetting toil and care;
But sleepless still, in presence of the foe,
Troy’s chosen chiefs urge council, what to dare, 253
Whom to Æneas send, the desperate news to bear.

XXX . There, in the middle of the camp and plain,
Each shield in hand, and leaning on his spear,
They stand; when lo! in eager haste the twain,
Craving an audience instantly, appear.
High matter theirs, and worth a pause to hear.
Then first Iulus greets the breathless pair,
And calls to Nisus. “Dardans, lend an ear,”
Outspake the son of Hyrtacus, “Be fair, 262
Nor rate by youthful years the proffered aid we bear.

XXXI . “See, hushed with wine and slumber, lies the foe.
Where by the sea-gate, parts the road in twain,
A stealthy passage from the camp we know.
Black roll the smoke-clouds, and the watch-fires wane.
Leave us to try our fortune, soon again
Yourselves shall see, from Pallanteum’s town,
Æneas, rich with trophies of the slain.

Plain lies the path, for oft the chase hath shown 271
From darksome vales the town, and all the stream is known."

XXXII . "O Gods!" exclaimed Aletes, wise and old,
"Not yet ye mean to raze the Trojan race,
Who give to Troy such gallant hearts and bold."
So saying, he clasped them in a fond embrace,
And bathed in tears his features and his face.
"What gifts can match such valour? Deeds so bright
Heaven and your hearts with fairest meed shall grace.
The rest our good Æneas shall requite, 280
Nor young Ascanius e'er such services shall slight."

XXXIII . "Yea, gallant Nisus," adds Ascanius there,
"I, too, who count my father's safety mine,
Adjure thee, by the household gods I swear
Of old Assaracus and Teucer's line,
And hoary Vesta's venerable shrine,
Whate'er of fortune or of hopes remain,
To thee and thy safe-keeping I resign.
Bring back my sire in safety; care nor pain 289
Shall ever vex me more, if he return again."

XXXIV . "Two goblets will I give thee, richly wrought
Of sculptured silver, beauteous to behold,
The spoils my sire from sacked Arisbe brought,
With two great talents of the purest gold,
Two tripods, and a bowl of antique mould,
The gift at Carthage of the Tyrian queen.
Nay, more, if e'er Italia's realm I hold,
And share the spoils of conquest, — thou hast seen 298
The steed that Turnus rode, his arms of golden sheen, —

XXXV . "That steed, that shield, that crest of crimson hue,
I keep for thee, — thine, Nisus, from to-day.
Twelve lovely matrons and male captives too,
Each with his armour, shall my sire convey,

With all the lands that own Latinus' sway.
But thee, whose years the most with mine agree,
Brave youth! my heart doth welcome. Come what may,
In peace or war my comrade shalt thou be. 307
Thine are my thoughts, my deeds; fame tempts me but for thee."

XXXVI . "No time, I ween," Euryalus replies,
"Shall shame the promise of this bold design,
Come weal, come woe. One boon alone I prize
Beyond all gifts. A mother dear is mine,
A mother, sprung from Priam's ancient line.
Troy nor the walls of King Acestes e'er
Stayed her from following, when I crossed the brine.
Her of this risk — whate'er the risk I dare — 316
Weetless, I left behind, nor breathed a parting prayer.

XXXVII . "Night bear me witness; by thy hand I swear,
I cannot bear a parent's tears. But O!
Be thou her solace, comfort her despair;
This hope permit, and bolder will I go,
To face all hazards and confront the foe."
Grief smote the Dardans, and the tears ran down,
And young Iulus, pierced with kindred woe,
Outweeps them all; in filial love thus shown, 325
Touched to the heart, he traced the likeness of his own.

XXXVIII . "All, all," he cries, "that such a deed can claim,
I promise for thy guerdon. Mine shall be
Thy mother, — mine, Creusa save in name;
Nor small her praise to bear a son like thee.
Howe'er shall Fortune the event decree,
I swear — so swore my father — by my head,
What gifts I pledge, if thou return, to thee,
These, if thou fall, thy mother in thy stead, 334
These shall thy kinsmen keep, the heirlooms of the dead."

XXXIX . Weeping, the gilded falchion he untied,

Lycaon's work, with sheath of ivory fair.
To Nisus Mnestheus gave a lion's hide,
His helmet changed Aletes. Forth they fare,
And round them to the gates, with vows and prayer,
The band of chiefs their parting steps attend;
And, manlier than his years, Iulus fair
Full many a message to his sire would send. 343
Vain wish! his fruitless words the scattering breezes rend.

XL . So past the trench, upon the shadowy plain
Forth issuing, to the foemen's tents they creep,
Fatal to many, ere the camp they gain.
Warriors they see, who drank the wine-bowl deep,
Beside their tilted chariots stretched in sleep,
And reins, and wheels and wine-jars tost away,
And arms and men in many a mingled heap.
Then Nisus: "Up, Euryalus, and slay! 352
Haste, for the hour is ripe, and yonder lies the way.

XLI . "Watch thou, lest hand be lifted in the rear.
There, flanked with swaths of corpses, will I reap
Thy pathway; broad shall be the lane and clear."
So saying, he checks his voice, and, aiming steep,
Drives at proud Rhamnes. On a piled-up heap
Of carpets lay the warrior, and his breast
Heaved with hard breathing and the sounds of sleep:
Augur and king, whom Turnus loved the best. 361
Not all his augur's craft could now his doom arrest.

XLII . Three slaves beside him, lying heedless here
Amidst their arms, he numbers with the slain,
Then Remus' page, and Remus' charioteer,
Caught by their steeds. The weapon, urged amain,
Swoops down, and cleaves their drooping necks in twain.
Their master's head he severs with a blow,
And leaves the trunk, still heaving, on the plain,
And o'er the cushions and the ground below, 370

Wet with the warm, black gore, the spouting streams outflow.

XLIII . Lamus and Lamyras he slew outright,
And fair Serranus, as asleep he lay,
Tamed by the God; for long and late that night
The youth had gamed. Ah! happier, had his play
Outlived the night, and lasted till the day.
Like some starved lion, that on the teeming fold
Springs, mad with hunger, and the feeble prey,
All mute with terror, in his clutch doth hold, 379
And rends with bloody mouth, and riots uncontrolled,

XLIV . Such havoc wrought Euryalus, so flamed
His fury. Fadus and Herbesus died,
And Abaris, and many a wight unnamed,
Caught unaware. But Rhoetus woke, and tried
In fear behind a massive bowl to hide.
Full in the breast, or e'er the wretch upstood,
The shining sword-blade to the hilt he plied,
Then drew it back death-laden. Wine and blood 388
Gush out, the dying lips disgorge the crimson flood.

XLV . Thence, burning, to Messapus' camp he speeds,
Where faint the watch-fires flicker far away,
And tethered on the herbage graze the steeds,
When briefly thus speaks Nisus, fain to stay
The lust of battle and mad thirst to slay:
"Cease we; the light, our enemy, is near.
Vengeance is glutted; we have hewn our way."
Bowls, solid silver armour here and there 397
They leave behind untouched, and arras rich and rare.

XLVI . The arms and belt of Rhamnes, bossed with gold,
Which Cædicus, his friendship to attest,
Sent to Tiburtine Remulus of old,
Whose grandson took it, as a last bequest
(Rutulians thence these spoils of war possessed) —

These trophies seized Euryalus, and braced
The useless trappings on his valorous breast,
And on his head Messapus' helm he placed, 406
Light and with graceful plumes; and from the camp they haste.

XLVII . Meanwhile from out Laurentum rides a train
With news of Turnus, while the main array
With marshalled ranks is lingering on the plain,
Three hundred shieldsmen Volscens' lead obey.
Now to the ramparts they have found their way,
When lo, to leftward, hurrying from their raid,
They mark the youths amid the twilight grey.
His glittering helm Euryalus betrayed, 415
That flashed the moonbeams back, and pierced the glimmering
shade.

XLVIII . Nor passed the sight unheeded. Shrill and loud
"Stand, who are ye in armour dight, and why?
What make ye there?" cries Volscens from the crowd,
"And whither wend ye?" Naught the youths reply,
But swiftly to the bordering forest fly,
And trust to darkness. Then around each way
The horsemen ride, all outlet to deny;
Circling, like huntsmen, closely as they may, 424
They watch the well-known turns, and wait the expected prey.

XLIX . Shagg'd with rough brakes and sable ilex, spread
The wood, and, glimmering in the twilight grey,
Through broken tracks a narrow pathway led.
The shadowy boughs, the cumbrous spoils delay
Euryalus, and fear mistakes the way.
Nisus, unheeding, through the foemen flies,
And gains the place, — called Alba now — where lay
Latinus' pastures; then with back-turned eyes 433
Stands still, and seeks in vain his absent friend, and cries:

L . "Where, in what quarter, have I left thee? Where,

Euryalus, shall I follow thee? What clue
Shall trace the mazes of this silvan snare,
The tangled path unravelling?" Back he flew,
Picking his footsteps with observant view,
And roamed the silent brushwood. Steeds he hears,
The noise, the signs of foemen who pursue.
A moment more, and, bursting on his ears, 442
There came a shout, and lo, Euryalus appears.

LI . Him, in false ways, amid the darkness, ta'en,
The gathering band with sudden rush o'erbear.
Poor Nisus sees him struggling, but in vain.
What should he do? By force of arms how dare
His friend to rescue? Shall he face them there,
And rush upon the foemen's swords, to die,
And welcome wounds that win a death so fair?
His spear he poises, and with upturned eye 451
And stalwart arm drawn back, invokes the Moon on high:

LII . "Come thou, Latonia, succour my distress!
Guardian of groves, bright glory of the sky,
If e'er with offerings for his son's success
My sire thine altars hath adorned, or I
Enriched them from the chase, and hung on high
Spoils in thy deep-domed temple, or arrayed
Thy roof with plunder; make this troop to fly,
And guide my weapons through the air." He prayed, 460
And, winged with strength, the steel went whistling through the
shade.

LIII . It struck the shield of Sulmo at his side;
There broke the shaft and splintered. Down he rolled
Pierced through the midriff, and his life's warm tide
Poured from his bosom, and the long sobs told
Its heavings, ere the stiffening limbs grew cold.
All look around and tremble, when again
The youth another javelin, waxing bold,

Aimed from his ear-tip. Through the temples twain 469
Of Tagus whizzed the steel, and warmed within the brain.

LIV . Fierce Volscens raves with anger, nor espies
The wielder of the weapon, nor which way
To rush, aflame with fury. “Thou,” he cries,
“Thy blood meanwhile the penalty shall pay
For both,” and with his falchion bared to slay
Springs at Euryalus. Then, wild with fear,
Poor Nisus shouts, in frenzy of dismay,
Nor longer in the dark can hide, nor bear 478
A pang of grief so keen — to lose a friend so dear,

LV . “Me — me, behold the doer! mine the deed!
Kill me, Rutulians. By this hand they fell.
He could not — durst not. By the skies I plead,
By yon bright stars, that witnessed what befell,
He only loved his hapless friend too well.”
Vain was his prayer; the weapon, urged amain,
Pierced through his ribs and snowy breast. Out swell
Dark streams of gore his lovely limbs to stain; 487
The sinking neck weighs o’er the shoulders of the slain.

LVI . So doth the purple floweret, dying, droop,
Smit by the ploughshare. So the poppy frail
On stricken stalk its languid head doth stoop,
And bows o’erladen with the drenching hail.
But onward now, through thickest ranks of mail,
Rushed Nisus. Volscens only will he slay;
He waits for none but Volscens. They assail
From right and left, and crowd his steps to stay. 496
He whirls his lightning brand, and presses to his prey.

LVII . Ere long he meets him clamouring, and down
His throat he drives the griding sword amain,
And takes his life, ere laying down his own.
Then, pierced he sinks upon his comrade slain,

And death's long slumber puts an end to pain.
O happy pair! if aught my verse ensure,
No length of time shall make your memory wane,
While, throned upon the Capitol secure, 505
The Æneian house shall reign, and Roman rule endure.

LVIII . Weeping, the victors took the spoils and prey,
And back dead Volscens to their camp they bore.
Nor less the wailing in the camp that day,
Brave Rhamnes found, and many a captive more,
Numa, Serranus, weltering in their gore.
Thick round the dead and dying, where the plain
Reeks freshly with the frothing blood, they pour.
Sadly they know Messapus' spoils again, 514
The trappings saved with sweat, the helmet of the slain.

LIX . Now, rising from Tithonus' saffron couch,
The Goddess of the dawn with orient ray
Sprinkled the earth, and 'neath the wakening touch
Of sunlight, all things stand revealed to-day.
Turnus himself, accoutred for the fray,
Wakes up his warriors with the morning light.
At once each captain marshals in array
His company, in brazen arms bedight, 523
And rumours whet their rage, and prick them to the fight.

LX . Nay more, aloft upon the javelin's end,
With shouts they bear — a miserable sight! —
The heads, the heads of Nisus and his friend.
On the walls' left — the river flanked their right —
The sturdy Trojans stand arrayed for fight,
And line the trenches and each lofty tower,
Sad, while the foemen, clamorous with delight,
March onward, with the heroes' heads before, 532
Well known — alas! too well — and dropping loathly gore.

LXI . Now Fame, winged herald, through the wildered town

Swift to Euryalus' mother speeds her way.
Life's heat forsakes her; from her hand drops down
The shuttle, and the task-work rolls away.
Forth with a shriek, like women in dismay,
Rending her hair, in frantic haste she flies,
And seeks the ramparts and the war's array,
Heedless of darts and dangers and surprise, 541
Heedless of armed men, and fills the heaven with cries.

LXII . "Thou — is it thou, Euryalus, my own?
Thou, the late solace of my age? Ah, why
So cruel? Could'st thou leave me here alone,
Nor let thy mother bid a last good-bye?
Now left a prey on Latin soil to lie
Of dogs and birds, nor I, thy mother, there
To wash thy wounds, and close thy lightless eye,
And shroud thee in the robe I wrought so fair, 550
Fain with the busy loom to soothe an old wife's care!

LXIII . "Where shall I follow thee? Thy corpse defiled,
Thy mangled limbs — where are they? Woe is me!
Is this then all of what was once my child?
Was it for this I roamed the land and sea?
Pierce me, Rutulians; hurl your darts at me,
Me first, if ye a mother's love can know.
Great Sire of Heaven, have pity! set me free.
Hurl with thy bolt to Tartarus below 559
This hateful head, that longs to quit a world of woe!"

LXIV . So wails the mother, weeping and undone,
And sorrow smites each warrior, as he hears,
Each groaning, as a father for his son.
Grief runs, like wildfire, through the Trojan peers,
And numbs their courage, and augments their fears.
Then, fain the spreading sorrow to allay,
Ilioneus and Iulus, bathed in tears
Call Actor and Idæus; gently they 568

The aged dame lift up, and to her home convey.

LXV . Now terribly the brazen trumpet pealed
Its summons, and the war-shout rent the air.
On press the Volscians, locking shield to shield,
And fill the trenches, and the breastwork tear.
These plant their ladders for assault, where'er
A gap, just glimmering, shows the line less dense.
Vain hope! the Teucrians with their darts are there.
Stout poles they ply, and thrust them from the fence, 577
Trained by a lingering siege, and tutored to defence.

LXVI . Stones, too, they roll, to crush the serried shields:
Blithely the warriors bear the storm below,
Yet not for long; for, see, the penthouse yields.
Down on the midst, where thickest press the foe,
The Teucrians, rolling, with a crash let go
A ponderous mass, that opens to the light
The jointed shields, and lays the warriors low.
Nor care they longer in the dark to fight, 586
But vie with distant darts to sweep the rampart's height.

LXVII . Pine-stock in hand, Mezentius hurls the flame;
There, fierce Messapus rends the palisade, —
Tamer of steeds, from Neptune's loins he came, —
And shouts aloud for ladders to invade.
Aid me, Calliope; ye Muses, aid
To sing of Turnus and his deeds that day,
The deaths he wrought, the havoc that he made,
And whom each warrior singled for his prey; 595
Roll back the war's great scroll, the mighty leaves display.

LXVIII . Built high, with lofty gangways, stood a tower,
Fit post of vantage, which the Latins vied,
With utmost effort and with all their power,
To capture and destroy, while armed inside
With stones, the Trojans through the loopholes plied

Their missiles. Turnus, 'mid the foremost, cast
A blazing brand, and, fastening to the side,
Up went the flame; from floor to floor it passed, 604
Clung to and licked the posts, and maddened with the blast.

LXIX . Within 'twas hurrying and tumultuous fright,
As, crowding backward, they retreat before
The advancing flames, and vainly long for flight.
Lo! toppling suddenly, the tower went o'er,
And shook the wide air with reverberant roar.
Half-dead, the huge mass following amain,
They come to earth, stabbed by the darts they bore,
Or pierced by splinters through the breast. Scarce twain 613
Escape — Helenor one, and Lycus — from the slain.

LXX . Of these Helenor, — whom to Lydia's lord
By stealth his slave, the fair Licymnia, bore,
And sent to Ilium, where a simple sword
And plain, white shield, yet unrenowned, he wore, —
He, when he sees, around him and before,
The Latin hosts, as when in fierce disdain,
Hemmed round by huntsmen, in his rage the boar
O'erleaps the spears, so, where the thickest rain 622
The foemen's darts, springs forth Helenor to be slain.

LXXI . But fleeter far, young Lycus hastes to slip
Through swords, through foes, and gains the walls, and tries
To climb them, and a comrade's hand to grip.
With foot and spear behind him, as he flies,
Comes Turnus. Scornfully the victor cries,
"Mad fool! to fly, whom I have doomed to fall;
Think'st thou to baffle Turnus of his prize?"
Therewith he grasps him hanging, and withal 631
Down with his victim drags huge fragments of the wall.

LXXII . E'en so some snowy swan, or timorous hare
Jove's armour-bearer, swooping from the sky,

Grips in his talons, and aloft doth bear.
So, where apart the folded weanlings lie,
Swift at some lamb the warrior-wolf doth fly,
And leaves the mother, bleating in her woe.
Loud rings the noise of battle. With a cry
The foe press on; these fill the trench below, 640
These to the topmost towers the blazing firebrands throw.

LXXIII . Ilioneus with a rock's huge fragment quelled
Lucetius, creeping to the gate below
With fire. Asylas Corynæus felled,
Liger Emathion, one skilled to throw
The flying dart, one famous with the bow.
Cænus — brief triumph! — made Ortygius fall,
With Dioxippus, Turnus lays him low,
Then Itys, Clonius, Promolus withal, 649
Sagaris, and Idas last, the warder of the wall.

LXXIV . There, slain by Capys, poor Privernus lay,
Grazed by Themilla's javelin; with a start
The madman flung his trusty shield away,
And clapped his left hand to the wounded part,
Fain, as he thought, to ease him of the smart.
Thereat, a light-winged arrow, unespied,
Whirred on the wind. It missed the warrior's heart,
But pierced his hand, and pinned it to his side, 658
And, entering, clave the lung, and with a gasp he died.

LXXV . With broidered scarf of Spanish crimson, stood
A comely youth, young Arcens was his name,
Sent by his father, from Symæthus' flood,
And nurtured in his mother's grove, he came,
Where, rich and kind, Palicus' altars flame.
His lance laid by, thrice whirling round his head
The whistling thong, Mezentius took his aim.
Clean through his temples hissed the molten lead, 667
And prostrate in the dust, the gallant youth lay dead.

LXXVI . Then first, 'tis said, in war Ascanius drew
His bow, wherewith in boyish days he plied
The flying game. His hand Numanus slew,
Called Remulus, to Turnus late allied,
For Turnus' youngest sister was his bride.
He, puffed with new-won royalty and proud,
Stalked in the forefront of the fight, and cried
With random clamour and big words and loud, 676
Fain by his noise to show his grandeur to the crowd.

LXXVII . “Think ye no shame, poor cowards, thus again
Behind your sheltering battlements to stand,
Twice-captured Phrygians! and to plant in vain
These walls, to shield you from the foemen's hand?
Lo, these the varlets who our wives demand!
What God, what madness blinded you, that e'er
Ye thought to venture to Italia's land?
No wily-worded Ithacan is near; 685
Far other foes than he or Atreus' sons are here.

LXXVIII . “Our babes are hardened in the frost and flood,
Strong is the stock and sturdy whence we came.
Our boys from morn till evening scour the wood,
Their joy is hunting, and the steed to tame,
To bend the bow, the flying shaft to aim.
Patient of toil, and used to scanty cheer,
Our youths with rakes the stubborn glebe reclaim,
Or storm the town. Through life we grasp the spear. 694
In war it strikes the foe, in peace it goads the steer.

LXXIX . “Age cannot stale, nor creeping years impair
Stout hearts as ours, nor make our strength decay.
Our hoary heads the heavy helmet bear.
Our joy is in the foray, day by day
To reap fresh plunder, and to live by prey.
Ye love to dance, and dally with the fair,

In saffron robes with purple flounces gay.
Your toil is ease, and indolence your care, 703
And tunics hung with sleeves, and ribboned coifs ye wear.

LXXX . “Go Phrygian women, for ye are not men!
Hence, to your Dindymus, and roam her heights
With Corybantian eunuchs! Get ye, then,
And hear the flute, harsh-grating, that invites
With twy-mouthed music to her lewd delights,
Where boxen pipe and timbrel from afar
Shriek forth the summons to her sacred rites.
Put by the sword, poor dotards as ye are, 712
Leave arms to men, like us, nor meddle with the war.”

LXXXI . Such taunts Ascanius brooked not. Stung with pride,
A shaft he fitted to the horse-hair twine,
And, turning, stood with outstretched arms, and cried:
“Bless, Jove omnipotent, this bold design:
Aid me, and yearly offerings shall be thine.
A milk-white steer — I bind me to the vow —
Myself will lead, the choicest, to thy shrine,
Tall as his mother, and with gilded brow, 721
And butting horns, and hoofs, that spurn the sand e’en now.”

LXXXII . Jove heard, and leftward, where the sky was blue,
Thundered aloud. At once the fateful bow
Twanged; with a whirr the fateful arrow flew,
And pierced the head of Remulus. “Now go,
And teach thy proud tongue to insult a foe,
And scoff at Trojan valour. This reply
Twice-captured Phrygians to thy taunts bestow.”
Ascanius spoke; the Teucrians with a cry, 730
Press on, their joyous hearts uplifting to the sky.

LXXXIII . Meanwhile, Apollo from his cloudy car
The Ausonian host, and leaguered town describes,
And calls the youthful conqueror from afar:

“Hail to thy maiden prowess; yonder lies
Thy path, brave boy, to glory and the skies.
O sons of Gods, and sire of Gods to be,
All wars shall cease beneath the race to rise
From great Assaracus. Nor thine, nor thee 739
Shall narrow Troy contain; so stands the Fate’s decree.”

LXXXIV . He spake, and through the breathing air shot down,
And sought Ascanius, now a god no more,
But shaped like aged Butes, whilom known
The servant of the Dardan king, who bore
Anchises’ shield, and waited at his door,
Then left to guard Ascanius. Such in view
Apollo seemed; such clanging arms he wore;
Such were his hoary tresses, voice, and hue, 748
And these his words, as near the fiery youth he drew:

LXXXV . “Enough, to live, and see Numanus bleed,
Child of Æneas! This, thy valour’s due,
Great Phoebus grants, nor stints a rival’s meed.
Now cease.” — He spake, and vanished from their view.
His arms divine the Dardan chieftains knew,
And heard the quiver rattle in his flight.
So, warned by Phoebus’ presence, back they drew
The fiery youth, then plunged into the fight. 757
Death seems a welcome risk, and danger a delight.

LXXXVI . Shouts fill the walls and outworks; casque and shield
Clash; bows are bent, and javelins hurled amain:
Fierce grows the fight, and weapons strew the field.
So fierce what time the Kid-star brings the rain,
The storm, from westward rising, beats the plain:
So thick with hail, the clouds, asunder riven,
Pour down a deluge on the darkened main,
When Jove, upon his dreaded south-wind driven 766
Stirs up the watery storm, and rends the clouds of heaven.

LXXXVII . Pandarus and Bitias, whom in Ida's grove
The nymph Iæra to Alcanor bare,
Tall as their mountains or the pines of Jove,
Fling back the gate committed to their care,
And bid the foemen enter, if they dare.
With waving plumes, and armed from top to toe,
In front, beside the gateway, stand the pair,
Tall as twin oaks, with nodding crests, that grow 775
Where Athesis' sweet stream or Padus' waters flow.

LXXXVIII . Up rush the foemen to the open gate,
Quercens, Aquicolus, in armour bright,
Brave Hæmon, Tmarus, eager and elate,
In troops they come, in troops they turn in flight,
Or fall upon the threshold, slain outright.
Now fiercer swells the discord, louder grows
The noise of strife, as, hastening to unite,
The sons of Troy their banded ranks oppose, 784
And battle hand to hand and, sallying, charge the foes.

LXXXIX . Elsewhere to Turnus, as he raged, and marred
The ranks, came tidings of the foe, elate
With new-wrought carnage, and the gates unbarred.
Forth from his work he rushes, grim with hate,
To seek the brothers, and the Dardan gate.
Here brave Antiphates, the first in view
(The bastard offspring of Sarpedon great,
Borne by a Theban) with his dart he slew; 793
Swift through the yielding air the Italian cornel flew.

XC . Down through his throat into the chest it passed.
Out from the dark pit gushed a foaming tide;
The cold steel, warming in the lung, stood fast.
Then Merops, Erymas, Aphidnus died,
And Bitias, fierce with flaming eyes of pride.
No dart for him; no dart his life had ta'en.
A spear phalaric, thundering, pierced his side.

Nor bulls' tough hides, nor corselet's twisted chain, 802
Twice linked with golden scales the monstrous blow sustain.

XCI . Prone falls the giant in a heap. Earth groans,
His shield above him thunders. Such the roar,
When falls the solid pile of quarried stones,
Sunk in the sea off Baïæ's echoing shore;
So vast the ruin, when the waves close o'er,
And the black sands mount upward, as the block,
Dashed headlong, settles on the deep-sea floor,
And Prochyta and Arime's steep rock, 811
Piled o'er Typhoeus, quake and tremble with the shock.

XCII . Now Mars armipotent the Latins lends
Fresh heart and strength, but Fear and black Dismay
And Flight upon the Teucrian troops he sends.
From right and left they hurry to the fray,
And o'er each spirit comes the War-God's sway.
But when brave Pandarus saw his brother's fate,
And marked the swerving fortune of the day,
He set his broad-built shoulders to the gate; 820
The groaning hinges yield, and backward rolls the weight.

XCIII . Full many a friend without the camp he leaves,
Sore straitened in the combat; these, the rest,
Saved like himself, he rescues and receives.
Madman! who, blind to Turnus, as he pressed
Among them, made the dreaded foe his guest.
Fierce as a tiger in the fold, he preys.
Loud ring his arms; his helmet's blood-red crest
Waves wide; strange terrors from his eyes outblaze, 829
And on his dazzling shield the living lightning plays.

XCIV . That hated form, those giant limbs too plain
The Trojans see, and stand aghast with fear.
Then, fired with fury for his brother slain,
Forth leaping, shouts huge Pandarus with a jeer,

“No Queen Amata’s bridal halls are here;
No Ardea this; around the camps the foe.
No flight for thee.” He, smiling, calm of cheer,
“Come, if thou durst; full soon shall Priam know 838
Thou too hast found a new Achilles to thy woe.”

XCV . He spake. Then Pandarus a javelin threw,
Cased in its bark, with hardened knots and dried.
The breezes caught the missile as it flew;
Saturnian Juno turned the point aside,
And fixed it in the gate. “Ha! bravely tried!
Not so this dart shalt thou escape; not so
Send I the weapon and the wound.” He cried,
And, sword in hand, uprising to the blow, 847
Between the temples clave the forehead of his foe.

XCVI . The beardless cheeks, so fearful was the gash,
Gape wide. Aloud his clanging arms resound.
Earth groans beneath, as prone, amid the splash
Of blood and brains, he sprawls upon the ground,
And right and left hangs, severed by the wound,
His dying head. In terror, strewn afar,
The Trojans fly. Then, then had Turnus found
Time and the thought to burst the town-gate’s bar, 856
That day had seen the last of Trojans and the war.

XCVII . But lust of death, and vengeance unappeased
Urged on the conqueror. Phalaris he slew,
Then hamstrung Gyges, and their javelins seized,
And hurled them at their comrades, as they flew,
For Juno nerved and strengthened him anew.
Here Halys fell, and hardy Phlegeus there,
Pierced through his shield. Alcander down he threw,
Prytanis, Noëmon, Halius unaware, 865
As on the walls they stood, and roused the battle’s blare.

XCVIII . Slain, too, was Lynceus, as he ran for aid,

Cheering his friends. Back-handed, with fierce sway,
His right knee bent, he swung the sweeping blade,
And head and helmet tumbled far away.
Fell Clytius, Amycus expert to slay
The wood-deer, and the venom'd barb to wing,
And Creteus, too, who loved the minstrel's lay,
The Muses' friend, whose joy it was to sing 874
Of steeds, and arms and men, and wake the lyre's sweet string.

XCIX . Then meet at length, their kinsmen's slaughter known,
Brave Mnestheus, and Serestus fierce, and see
Their friends in flight, and foemen in the town.
Then Mnestheus cries: "Friends, whither would ye flee?
What other walls, what further town have we?
Shame on the thought, shall then a single foe,
One man alone, O townsmen! ay, and he
Cooped thus within your ramparts, work such woe, 883
Such deaths — and unavenged? and lay your choicest low?

C . "Is yours no pity, sluggard souls? no shame
For Troy's old gods, and for your native land,
And for the great Æneas, and his name?"
Fired by his words, they gather heart, and stand,
Shoulder to shoulder, rallying in a band.
Backward, but slowly he retreats, too proud
To turn, and seeks the ramparts hard at hand,
Girt by the stream; while, clamouring aloud, 892
Fiercer the foe press on, and larger grows the crowd.

CI . As when an angry lion, held at bay,
And pressed with galling javelins, half in fright,
But grim and glaring, step by step gives way,
Too wroth to turn, too valorous for flight,
And fain, but impotent, to wreak his spite
Against his armed assailants; even so,
Slowly and wavering, Turnus quits the fight,
Boiling with rage; yet twice he charged the foe, 901

Twice round the walls in rout they fled before his blow.

CII . But now new hosts come swarming from the town,
Nor Juno dares his failing force to stay,
For Jove in wrath sent heavenly Iris down,
Stern threats to bear, should Turnus disobey,
And longer in the Trojan camp delay.
No more his shield, nor strength of hand avail
To ward the storm; so thick the javelins play.
Loud rings his helmet with the driving hail; 910
Rent with the volleyed stones, the solid brass-plates fail.

CIII . Reft are his plumes, and shattered by the blows
The shield-boss. Faster still the darts they pour,
And thundering Mnestheus towers amid his foes.
Trembling with pain, exhausted, sick, and sore,
He gasps for breath. Sweat streams from every pore,
And, black with dust, from all his limbs descends.
Headlong, at length, he plunges from the shore,
Clad all in arms. The yellow river bends, 919
And bears him, cleansed from blood, triumphant to his friends.

BOOK TEN

ARGUMENT

The gods meet in council. Venus pleads for the Trojans, Juno for the Latins. Jupiter as a compromise leaves the arbitrament to Fate (1-153). The siege of the Trojan camp continues. Æneas meanwhile is sailing with his Arcadian and Tuscan allies down the Tiber (154-207). Catalogue of the helpers of Æneas, who is presently warned by the nymphs in what peril Ascanius stands: comes in sight of the camp and with difficulty lands his men (208-369). A hard-fought battle by the river follows, of which Pallas and Lausus are the heroes (370-531). Pallas is killed by Turnus in single combat (532-603). Æneas in revenge gives no quarter, but slays and slays, until Juno, warned by Jupiter that if she would save Turnus even for a time she must act at once, goes down into the battle and fashions in the form of Æneas a phantom, which flees before Turnus and lures him into a ship, by which he is miraculously carried away to his father's city (604-838). Mezentius takes up the command, but after performing prodigies of valour is wounded by Æneas (839-954). Mezentius withdraws, and his son Lausus is killed while covering his retreat. Thereupon Mezentius gets to horse and rides back to die in a vain endeavour to avenge his son. Æneas exults over Mezentius (955-1089).

I. Meanwhile, at bidding of almighty Jove,
His palace, as Olympus' gates unfold,
Stands open. To his starry halls above
The Sire of Gods and men, whose eyes behold
The wide-wayed earth, the Dardans' leaguered hold,
And Latium's peoples, from his throne of state
Convokes the council. Ranged on seats of gold
Around the halls, in silence they await. 1
Himself, in measured speech, begins the grand debate.

II . “Heaven’s great inhabitants, what change hath brewed
Rebellious thoughts, my purpose thus to mar?
‘Twixt Troy and Italy I banned the feud;
My nod forbade it. Whence this impious jar?
What fear hath stirred them to provoke the war?
Fate in due course shall bring the destined hour, —
Foredate it not — when Carthage from afar
Her barbarous hordes through riven Alps shall pour, 10
To storm the towers of Rome, to ravage and devour.

III . “Then may ye rend, and ravage and destroy,
Then may ye glut your vengeance. Now forbear,
And plight this peaceful covenant with joy.”
Thus Jove; but Venus of the golden hair,
Less brief, made answer: “Lord of earth and air!
O Father! Power eternal! whom beside
We know none other, to approach with prayer,
See the Rutulians, how they swell with pride; 19
See Turnus, puffed with triumph, borne upon the tide.

IV . “Their very walls the Teucrians shield no more.
Within the gates, amid the mounds the fray
Is raging, and the trenches float with gore,
While, ignorant, Æneas is away.
Is theirs no rest from leaguer — not a day?
Again a threatening enemy hangs o’er
A new-born Troy! New foemen in array
Swarm from Ætolian Arpi, and once more 28
A son of Tydeus comes, as dreadful as before.

V . “Ay, wounds are waiting for thine offspring still,
And mortal arms must vex her. List to me:
If maugre thee, and careless of thy will,
The Trojans sought Italia, let them be,
Nor aid them; let their folly reap its fee.
But if, oft called by many a warning sign

From Heaven and Hell, they followed thy decree,
Who then shall tamper with the doom divine, 37
Or dare to forge new Fates, or alter words of thine?

VI . “Why tell of grievances in days forepast,
The vessels burnt on Eryx’ distant shore,
The tempest’s monarch, and the raging blast
Stirred in Æolia, and the winds’ uproar,
And Iris, heaven-sent messenger? Nay more,
From Hell’s dark depths she summons her allies,
The ghosts of Hades, overlooked before.
Through Latin towns, sent sudden from the skies, 46
Alecto wings her flight, and riots as she flies.

VII . “I reckon not, I, of empire; once, indeed,
While fortune smiled, I hoped for it; but now
Theirs, whom thou chooseth, be the victor’s meed.
But if no land thy ruthless spouse allow
To Teucrian outcasts, hearken to me now:
O Father! by the latest hour of Troy,
By Ilion’s smoking ruins, deign to show
Thy pity for Ascanius; spare my boy; 55
Safe let him cease from arms, my darling and my joy.

VIII . “Let brave Æneas follow, as he may,
Where future leads, and wander on the brine.
Him shield, and let me snatch him from the fray.
Paphos, Cythera, Amathus are mine,
And on Idalium is my home and shrine:
There let him live, forgetful of renown,
And, deaf to fame, these warlike weeds resign;
Then let fierce Carthage press Ausonia down, 64
For he and his no more shall vex the Tyrian town.

IX . “Ah, what availed to ‘scape the fight and flame,
And drain all dangers of the land and main,
If Teucrians seek on Latin soil to frame

Troy's towers anew? Far better to remain
There, on their country's ashes, on the plain
Where Troy once stood. Give, Father, I implore,
To wretched men their native streams again;
Their Xanthus and their Simois restore; 73
There let them toil and faint, as Trojans toiled of yore."

X . Then, roused with rage, spake Juno: "Wherefore make
My lips break silence and lay bare my woe?
What God or man Æneas forced to take
The sword, and make the Latin King his foe?
Fate to Italia called him: be it so:
Driven by the frenzied prophetess of Troy.
Did we then bid him leave the camp, and throw
His life to fortune, ay, and leave a boy 82
To rule the war, and Tuscan loyalty destroy,

XI . "And harass peaceful nations? Who was there
The God, and whose the tyranny to blame
For fraud like that? Where then was Juno? where
Was cloud-sent Iris? Sooth, ye count it shame
That Latins hedge the new-born Troy with flame,
And Turnus dares his native land possess,
Albeit from Pilumnus' seed he came,
And nymph Venilia. Is the shame then less, 91
That Troy with foreign yoke should Latin fields oppress,

XII . "And rob their maidens of the love they vow,
And lift, and burn and ravage as they list,
Then plead for peace, with arms upon the prow?
Thy sheltering power Æneas can assist,
And cheat his foemen with an empty mist,
The warrior's counterfeit. At thy command
Ships change to sea-nymphs, and the flames desist.
And now, that we should stretch a friendly hand, 100
And lend Rutulians aid, an infamy ye brand.

XIII . “Thy chief is absent, absent let him be.
He knows not: let him know not. Do I care?
What is Æneas’ ignorance to me?
Thou hast thy Paphos, and Idalium fair,
And bowers of high Cythera; get thee there.
Why seek for towns with battle in their womb,
And beard a savage foeman in his lair?
Wrought we the wreck, when Ilion sank in gloom, 109
We, or the hands that urged poor Trojans to their doom?

XIV . “Was I the robber, who the war begun,
Whose theft in arms two continents arrayed,
When Europe clashed with Asia? I the one,
Who led the Dardan leman on his raid,
To storm the chamber of the Spartan maid?
Did I with lust the fatal strife sustain,
And fan the feud, and lend the Dardans aid?
Then had thy fears been fitting; now in vain 118
Thy taunts are hurled; too late thou risest to complain.”

XV . So pleaded Juno: the immortals all
On this and that side murmured their assent,
As new-born gales, that tell the coming squall,
Caught in the woods, their mingled moanings vent.
Then thus began the Sire omnipotent,
Who rules the universe, and as he rose,
Hush’d was the hall; Earth shook; the firmament
Was silent; whist was every wind that blows, 127
And o’er the calm deep spread the stillness of repose.

XVI . “Now hearken all, and to my words give heed.
Since naught avails this discord to allay,
And peace is hopeless, let the war proceed.
Trojans, Rutulians — each alike this day
Must carve his hopes and fortune as he may.
Fate, blindness, crooked counsels — whatso’er
Holds Troy in leaguer, equally I weigh

The chance of all, nor would Rutulians spare. 136
For each must toil and try, till Fate the doom declare.”

XVII . He spake, and straightway, to confirm his word,
Invoked his brother, and the Stygian flood,
The pitchy whirlpool, and the banks abhorr’d,
Then bent his brow, and with his awful nod
Made all Olympus tremble at the god.
So ceased the council. From his throne of state,
All golden, he arose, and slowly trod
The courts of Heaven. The powers celestial wait 145
Around their sovereign Lord, and lead him to the gate.

XVIII . Now, fire in hand, and burning to destroy,
The fierce Rutulians still the siege maintain.
Pent in their ramparts stay the sons of Troy,
Hopeless of flight, and line the walls in vain,
A little band, but all that now remain.
Thymoetes, son of Hicetaon bold,
Asius, the son of Imbrasmus, the twain
Assaraci, Castor and Thymbris old, 154
These, battling in the van, the desperate strife uphold.

XIX . Next stand the brethren of Sarpedon slain,
Claros and Themon, — braver Lycians none.
There, with a rock’s huge fragment toils amain
Lyrnessian Acmon, famous Clytius’ son,
Menestheus’ brother, nor less fame he won.
Hot fares the combat; from the walls these fling
The stones, and those the javelins. Each one
Toils to defend; these blazing firebrands bring, 163
And fetch the flying shafts, and fit them to the string.

XX . There too, bare-headed, in the midst is seen
Fair Venus’ care, the Dardan youth divine,
Bright as a diamond, or the lustrous sheen
Of gems, that, set in yellow gold, entwine

The neck, or sparkling on the temples shine.
So gleams the ivory, inlaid with care
In chest of terebinth, or boxwood shrine;
And o'er his milk-white neck and shoulders fair, 172
Twined with the pliant gold, streams down the warrior's hair.

XXI . There, too, brave Ismarus, the nations see,
Scattering the poisoned arrows from thy hands;
A gallant knight, and born of high degree
In far Mæonia, where his golden sands
Pactolus rolls along the fruitful lands.
There he, whom yesterday the voice of fame
Raised to the stars, the valiant Mnestheus stands,
Who drove fierce Turnus from the camp with shame; 181
There, Capys, he who gave the Capuan town its name.

XXII . Thus all day long both armies toiled and fought.
And now, at midnight, o'er the deep sea fares
Æneas. By Evander sent, he sought
The Tuscan camp. To Tarchon he declares
His name and race, the aid he asks and bears,
The friends Mezentius gathers to the fray,
And Turnus' violence; then warns, with prayers,
Of Fortune's fickleness. No more delay: 190
Brave Tarchon joins his power, and strikes a league straightway.

XXIII . So, free of Fate, Heaven's mandate they obey,
And Lydians, with a foreign leader, plough
The deep; Æneas' vessel leads the way.
Sweet Ida forms the figure-head; below,
The Phrygian lions ramp upon the prow.
Here sits Æneas, thoughtful, on the stern,
For war's dark chances cloud the chieftain's brow.
There, on his left, sits Pallas, and in turn 199
Now cons the stars, now seeks the wanderer's woes to learn.

XXIV . Now open Helicon; unlock the springs,

Ye Goddesses. Strike up the noble stave,
And sing what hosts from Tuscan shores he brings,
What ships he arms, and how they cross the wave.
First, Massicus with brazen Tiger clave
The watery plain. With him from Clusium go,
And Cosæ's town, a hundred, tried and brave;
Deft archers, well the deadly craft they know. 208
Light from their shoulders hang the quiver and the bow.

XXV . With blazoned troops came Abas, gaunt and grim.
Golden Apollo on the stern he bore.
Six hundred Populonia gave to him,
All trained to battle, and three hundred more
Sent Ilva, rich in unexhausted ore.
Third came Asylas, who the voice divine
Expounds to man, and kens, with prescient lore,
The starry sky, the hearts of slaughtered kine, 217
The voices of the birds, the lightning's warning sign.

XXVI . A thousand from Alphæus' Tuscan town
Of Pisa, with him to the war proceed,
In bristling ranks, all spearmen of renown.
Next, Astur — comeliest Astur — clad in weed
Of divers hues, and glorying in his steed:
Three hundred men from ancient Pyrgos fare,
From Cære's home, from Minio's fruitful mead,
And they who breathe Gravisca's tainted air. 226
One purpose fills them all, to follow and to dare.

XXVII . Nor would I leave thee, Cinyras, untold,
Liguria's chief, nor, though a few were thine,
Cupavo. Emblem of his sire of old,
The swan's white feathers on his helmet shine,
Thy fault, O Love. When Cynus, left to pine
For Phaëthon, the poplar shades among,
Soothed his sad passion with the Muse divine,
Old age with hoary plumage round him clung; 235

Starward he soared from earth and, soaring up, still sung.

XXVIII . Now comes his son, with his Ligurian bands,
Oaring their bark. A Centaur from the prow
Looms o'er the waves a-tiptoe, with his hands
A vast rock heaving, as in act to throw;
The long keel ploughs the furrowed deep below.
Next, from his home the gallant Ocnus came,
The son of Manto, who the Fates doth know,
Brave child of Tiber. He his mother's name 244
And walls to Mantua gave, — great Mantua, rich in fame,

XXIX . And rich in heroes, though diversely bred.
Three separate stems four-fold the state compose,
Herself, of Tuscan origin, the head.
Five hundred warriors, all Mezentius' foes,
And armed for vengeance, from her walls arose.
Mincius in front, veiled in his sedges grey
(Fair stream, whose birth from sire Benacus flows),
Shines on the poop, and seaward points the way; 253
Swift speeds the bark of pine, with foemen for the fray.

XXX . Last, huge Aulestes, rising with his row
Of hundred oarsmen, beats the watery lea.
The lashed deeps boil; big Triton from the prow
Sounds his loud shell, that frights the sky-blue sea.
Waist-high, a man with human face is he;
All else, a fish; beneath his savage breast
The white foam roars before him. — Such to see,
Such, and so numerous was the host that pressed, 262
Borne in their thirty ships, to succour Troy distress.

XXXI . Daylight had failed; to mid Olympus' gate
Bright Phoebe drove her nightly-wandering wain.
Tiller in hand, the good Æneas sate
And trimmed the sails, while trouble tossed his brain.
When lo! around him thronged the Sea-nymphs' train,

Whom kind Cybele changed from ships of wood
To rule, as goddesses, the watery main.
As many as late, with brazen beaks, had stood 271
Linked to the shore, now swim in even line the flood.

XXXII . Far off, their king the goddesses beheld
And danced around him joyously, and lo,
Cymodocea, who in speech excelled,
Clings to the stern; breast-high the nymph doth show;
Her left hand oars the placid deep below.
Then, "Watchest thou, Æneas, child divine?
Watch on," she cries, "and let the canvas go.
Behold us, sea-nymphs, once a grove of pine 280
On Ida's sacred crest, the Trojans' ships and thine.

XXXIII . "When on us late the false Rutulian pressed
With sword and flame, perforce, sweet life to save,
We broke our chains, and wander in thy quest.
Our shape the Mother, pitying, changed and gave
Immortal life, to spend beneath the wave.
Thy son, he stays in Latin leaguer pent;
Arcadian horsemen, with the Tuscans brave,
Hold tryst to aid. His troops hath Turnus sent, 289
Charged, with opposing arms, their succour to prevent.

XXXIV . "Now rise, and when to-morrow's dawn shall shine,
Bid forth thy followers to arms. Be bold,
And take this shield, the Fire-King's gift divine,
Invincible, immortal, rimm'd with gold.
Next morn — so truly as the word is told —
Huge heaps of dead Rutulian foes shall view."
She spake; her hand, departing, loosed its hold,
And pushed the vessel; well the way she knew; 298
Swift as a dart it flies; the rest its flight pursue.

XXXV . Wondering, Æneas pauses in amaze,
Yet hails the sign, and gladdens at the sight,

And, gazing on the vaulted skies, he prays,
“Mother of Heaven, whom Dindymus’ famed height,
And tower-girt towns, and lions yoked delight,
Assist the Phrygians, and direct the fray.
Kind Goddess, prosper us, and speed aright
This augury.” He ended, and the day 307
Returning, climbed the sky, and chased the night away.

XXXVI . Forthwith he calls his comrades to arise
And take fresh heart, and for the fight prepare.
Now, from the stern, the Dardans he espies,
Hemmed in their camp. Aloft his hands upbear
The burning shield. With shouts his Dardans tear
Heaven’s concave. Hope with fury fires their veins.
Fast fly their darts, as when through darkened air
With clang and clamour the Strymonian cranes 316
Stream forth, the signal given, from winter’s winds and rains.

XXXVII . Then lost in wonderment, the foemen stand,
Till, looking round, they see the watery ways
A sea of ships, all crowding to the land,
The flaming crest, the helmet all ablaze,
The golden shield-boss, with its lightning rays.
As when a comet, bright with blazing hair,
Its blood-red beams athwart the night displays,
Or Sirius, rising, with its baleful glare 325
Brings pestilence and drought, and saddens all the air.

XXXVIII . Yet quails not Turnus; still his hopes are high
To seize the shore, and keep them from the land.
Now cheering, and now chiding, rings his cry
“Lo, here— ’tis here, the battle ye demand.
Up, crush them; war is in the warrior’s hand.
Think of your fathers and their deeds of old,
Your homes, your wives. Forestall them on the strand,
Now, while they totter, while the foot’s faint hold 334
Slips on the shelving beach. Fair Fortune aids the bold.”

XXXIX . So saying, he ponders inly, whom to choose
To mind the siege, and whom the foe to meet.
By planks meanwhile Æneas lands his crews.
Some wait until the languid waves retreat,
Then, leaping, to the shallows trust their feet;
Some vault with oars. Brave Tarchon marks, quick-eyed,
A sheltered spot, where neither surf doth beat,
Nor breakers roar, but smooth the waters glide, 343
And up the sloping shore unbroken swells the tide.

XL . Here suddenly he bids them turn the prow,
And shouts aloud, "Now, now, my chosen band,
Lean to your oars; strive lustily and row.
Lift the keel onward, till it cleaves the strand,
And ploughs its furrow in the foeman's land.
Let the bark break, with such a haven here
What harm, if once upon the shore we stand?"
So Tarchon spake; his comrades, with a cheer, 352
Rise on the smooth-shaved thwarts, and sweep the foaming mere.

XLI . So, one by one, they gain the land, and, whole
And scatheless, on the Latin shore abide.
All safe but Tarchon. Dashed upon a shoal,
Long on a rock's unequal ridge astride,
In doubtful balance swayed from side to side,
His vessel hangs, and back the waves doth beat,
Then breaks, and leaves them tangled in the tide
'Twixt planks and oars, while, ebbing to retreat, 361
The shrinking waves draw back, and wash them from their feet.

XLII . Nor loiters Turnus; eager to attack,
Along the shore he marshals his array,
To meet the foe, and drive the Teucrians back.
The trumpet sounds: the Latin churls straightway
Æneas routs, first omen of the day,
Huge Theron slain, their mightiest, who in pride

Of strength, rushed forth and dared him to the fray.
Through quilted brass the Dardan sword he plied, 370
Through tunic stiff with gold, and pierced th' unguarded side.

XLIII . Lichas he smites, who vowed his infant life,
Ripped from his mother, dying in her pain,
To Phoebus, freed from perils of the knife.
Huge Gyas, brawny Cisseus press the plain,
As, club in hand, they strew the Tuscan train.
Naught now avail those stalwart arms, that plied
The weapons of Alcides; all in vain
They boast their sire Melampus, comrade tried 379
Of Hercules, while earth his toilsome tasks supplied.

XLIV . Lo, full at Pharus, in his bawling mouth
He plants a dart. Thou, Cydon, too, in quest
Of Clytius, blooming with the down of youth,
Thy latest joy, had'st laid thy loves to rest,
Slain by the Dardan; but around thee pressed
Old Phorcus' sons. Seven brethren bold are there,
Seven darts they throw. These helm and shield arrest,
Those, turned aside by Venus' gentle care 388
Just graze the Dardan's frame, and, grazing, glance in air.

XLV . Then cried Æneas to Achates true,
"Quick, hand me store of weapons; none in vain
This arm shall hurl at yon Rutulian crew,
Not one of all that whilom knew the stain
Of Argive blood upon the Trojan plain."
So saying, he snatched, and in a moment threw
His mighty spear, that, hurtling, rent in twain
The brazen plates of Mæon's shield, and through 397
The breastplate pierced the breast, nor faltered as it flew.

XLVI . Up ran, and raised his brother, as he lay,
Alcanor. Shrill another javelin sung,
And pierced his arm, and, reddening, held its way,

And from his shoulders by the sinews hung
The dying hand. Then straight, the dart outwung,
His brother Numitor the barb let fly
Full at Æneas. In his face he flung,
But failed to smite. The weapon, turned awry, 406
Missed the intended mark, and grazed Achates' thigh.

XLVII . Up Clausus came, of Cures, in the pride
Of youth. His stark spear, urged with forceful sway,
Through Dryops' throat, beneath the chin, he plied,
And voice and life forsook him, as he lay,
Spewing thick gore, his forehead in the clay.
Three Thracians next, three sons of Idas bleed.
Ismarians these. Halæsus to the fray
Brings his Auruncan bands, and Neptune's seed, 415
Messapus, too, comes up, the tamer of the steed.

XLVIII . Each side strives hard the other's ground to win.
E'en on Ausonia's threshold raves the fray.
As in the broad air warring winds begin
The battle, matched in strength and rage, nor they,
The winds themselves, nor clouds nor sea give way,
All locked in strife, and struggling as they can,
And long in doubtful balance hangs the day,
So meet the ranks, and mingle in the van, 424
And foot clings close to foot, and man is massed with man.

XLIX . Where, in another quarter, stones and trees,
Torn from its banks, a torrent at its height
Had strewn with wide-wrought ravage, Pallas sees
His brave Arcadians break the ranks of fight,
And turn before their Latin foes in flight.
Strange to foot-combat, from his trusty horse
The rough ground lured each rider to alight.
Now with entreaties— 'tis his last resource — 433
And now with bitter words he fires their flagging force.

L . “Shame on ye, comrades! whither do ye run?
By your brave deeds, and by the name ye bear,
And great Evander’s, by the wars ye won,
By these my hopes, which even now bid fair
E’en with my father’s honours to compare.
Trust not your feet; the sword, the sword must hew
A pathway through the foemen. See, ’tis there,
Where foes press thickest, and our friends are few, 442
Our noble country calls for Pallas and for you.

LI . “No gods assail us; mortals fight to-day
With mortals. Lives as many as theirs have we,
As many hands, to match them in the fray.
Earth fails for flight, and yonder lies the sea.
Seaward or Troyward — whither shall we flee?”
So saying, he plunged amid the throng. First foe,
Fell Lagus, doomed an evil fate to dree.
Him, toiling hard a ponderous stone to throw, 451
Between the ribs and spine a whistling dart laid low.

LII . Scarce from his marrow could the victor tear
The steel, so tightly clung it to the bone.
Forth Hisbo leaped, to smite him unaware.
Rash hope! brave Pallas caught him, rushing on,
And through the lung his sword a passage won.
Then Sthenius he slew; beside him bled
Anchemolus, of Rhoetus’ stock the son,
The lewd defiler of his stepdame’s bed. 460
Fate stopped his lewdness now, and stretched him with the dead.

LIII . Ye, too, young ThyMBER and Larides fair,
Twin sons of Daucus, did the victor quell.
So like in form and features were the pair,
That e’en their doting parents failed to tell
This one from that. Alas! the sword too well
Divides them now. Here, tumbled on the sward,
At one fierce swoop, the head of ThyMBER fell.

Thy severed hand, Larides, seeks its lord; 469
The fingers, half alive and quivering, clutch the sword.

LIV . Fired by his words, his deeds the Arcadians view,
And shame and anger arm them to the fray.
Rhoeteus, as past his two-horsed chariot flew
He pierced,— 'twas Ilus Pallas meant to slay,
And Ilus gained that moment of delay.
Rhoeteus, in flight from Teuthras and from thee,
His brother Tyres, met the spear midway.
Down from his chariot in the dust rolled he, 478
And, dying, with his heels beat the Rutulian lea.

LV . As when a shepherd, on a summer's day,
The wished-for winds arising, hastes to cast
The flames amid the stubble: far away,
The mid space seized, the line of fire runs fast
From field to field, and broadens with the blast:
And, sitting down, the victor from a height
Surveys the triumph, as the flames rush past.
So all Arcadia's chivalry unite, 487
And round thee, Pallas, throng, and aid thee in the fight.

LVI . But lo, from out the foemen's ranks, athirst
For battle, fierce Halesus charged, and drew
His covering shield before him. Ladon first,
Then Pheres, then Demodocus he slew.
Next, at his throat as bold Strymonius flew,
The glittering falchion severed at a blow
The lifted hand. At Thoas' face he threw
A stone, that smashed the forehead of his foe, 496
And bones, and blood, and brains the spattered earth bestrow.

LVII . Halesus, when a boy, in woods concealed,
His sire, a seer, had reared with tender care.
But soon as death the old man's eyes had sealed,
Fate marked the son for the Evandrian spear.

Him Pallas sought; "O Tiber!" was his prayer,
"True to Halesus let this javelin go.
His arms and spoils thy sacred oak shall bear."
'Twas heard: Halesus, shielding from the foe 505
Imaon, leaves his breast unguarded to the blow.

LVIII . Firm Lausus stands, bearing the battle's brunt,
Nor lets Halesus' death his friends dismay.
Dead falls the first who meets him front to front,
Brave Abas, knot and holdfast of the fray.
Down go Arcadia's chivalry that day,
Down go the Etruscans, and the Teucrians, those
Whom Grecian conquerors had failed to slay.
Man locked with man, amid the conflict's throes, 514
With strength and leaders matched, the rival armies close.

LIX . On press the rearmost, crowding on the van,
So thick, that neither hand can stir, nor spear
Be wielded; each one struggles as he can.
Here Pallas, there brave Lausus, charge and cheer,
Two foes, in age scarce differing by a year.
Both fair of form. Stern Fate to each forbade
His home return. But Jove allowed not here
A meeting; he who great Olympus swayed, 523
Awhile for mightier foes their destined doom delayed.

LX . Warned by his gracious sister, Turnus flies
To take the place of Lausus. Driving through
The ranks, "Stand off," he shouts to his allies,
"I fight with Pallas; Pallas is my due.
Would that his sire were here himself to view!"
All clear the field. Then, pondering with surprise
The proud command, as back the crowd withdrew,
The youth, amazed at Turnus, rolls his eyes 532
And scans his giant foe, and thus in scorn replies:

LXI . "Or kingly spoils shall make me famed to-day,

Or glorious death. Whatever end remain,
My sire can bear it. Put thy threats away.”
Then forth he stepped; cold horror chills his train.
Down from his car, close combat to darraïn,
Leapt Turnus. As a lion, who far away
Has marked a bull, that butts the sandy plain
For battle, springs to grapple with his prey; 541
So dreadful Turnus looks, advancing to the fray.

LXII . Him, deemed within his spear-throw, undismayed
The youth prevents, if chance the odds should square,
And aid his daring. To the skies he prayed,
“O thou, my father’s guest-friend, wont whilere
A stranger’s welcome at his board to share,
Aid me, Alcides, prosper my emprise;
Let Turnus fall, and, falling, see me tear
His blood-stained arms, and may his swooning eyes 550
Meet mine, and bear the victor’s image, when he dies.”

LXIII . Alcides heard, and, stifling in his breast
A deep groan, poured his unavailing grief.
Whom thus the Sire with kindly words addressed:
“Each hath his day; irreparably brief
Is mortal life, and fading as the leaf.
'Tis valour’s part to bid it bloom anew
By deeds of fame. Dead many a godlike chief,
Dead lies my son Sarpedon. Turnus too 559
His proper Fates demand; his destined hour is due.”

LXIV . So saying, he turned, and shunned the scene of death.
Forth Pallas hurled the spear with all his might,
And snatched the glittering falchion from the sheath.
Where the shield’s top just matched the shoulders’ height,
Clean through the rim, the javelin winged its flight,
And grazed the flesh. Then Turnus, poising slow
His oakbeam, tipt with iron sharp and bright,
Took aim, and, hurling, shouted to his foe, 568

“See, now, if this my lance can deal a deadlier blow.”

LXV . He spake, and through the midmost shield, o’erlaid
With bull-hide, brass, and iron, welded hard,
Whizzed the keen javelin, nor its course delayed,
But pierced the broad breast through the corslet’s guard.
He the warm weapon, in the wound embarred,
Wrenched, writhing in his agony; in vain;
Out gushed the life and life-blood. O’er him jarred
His clanging armour, as he rolled in pain. 577
Dying, with bloody mouth he bites the hostile plain.

LXVI . Then Turnus, standing o’er the dead, “Go to,
Arcadians, hear and let Evander know,
I send back Pallas, handled as was due.
If aught of honour can a tomb bestow,
If earth’s cold lap yield solace to his woe,
I grant it. Dearly will his Dardan guest
Cost him, I trow.” Then, trampling on the foe,
His left foot on the lifeless corpse he pressed, 586
And tore the ponderous belt in triumph from his breast;

LXVII . The belt, whereon the tale of guilt was told, —
The wedding night, the couches smeared with gore,
The bridegrooms slain — which Clonus in the gold,
The son of Eurytus, had grav’n of yore,
And Turnus now, exulting, seized and wore.
Vain mortals! triumphing past bounds to-day,
Blind to to-morrow’s destiny. The hour
Shall come, when gold in plenty would he pay 595
Ne’er Pallas to have touched, and curse the costly prey.

LXVIII . With tears his comrades lifted from the ground
Dead Pallas; groaning, on his shield they bore
Him homeward, and the bitter wail went round.
“O grief! O glory! fall’n to rise no more!
Thus back we bring thee, thus the son restore!

One day to battle gave thee, one hath ta'en,
Victor and vanquished in the self-same hour!
Yet fall'n with honour, for behind thee slain, 604
Heaps of Rutulian foes thou leavest on the plain!"

LXIX . Sure tidings to Æneas came apace, —
'Twas no mere rumour — of his friends in flight;
Time pressed for help, death stared them in the face.
Sweeping his foes before him, left and right
He mows a passage through the ranks of fight.
Thee, haughty Turnus, thee he burns to find,
Hot with new blood, and glorying in thy might.
The sire, the son, the welcome warm and kind, 613
The feast, the parting grasp — all crowd upon his mind.

LXX . Eight youths alive he seizes for the pyre,
Four, sons of Sulmo, four, whom Ufens bred,
Poor victims, doomed to feed the funeral fire,
And pour their blood in quittance for the dead.
Then from afar a bitter shaft he sped
At Magus. Warily he stoops below
The quivering steel, that whistles o'er his head,
And, like a suppliant, crouching to his foe, 622
Clings to Æneas' knees, and cries in words of woe:

LXXI . "O by the promise of thy youthful heir,
By dead Anchises, pity, I implore,
My son, my father; for their sakes forbear.
Rich is my house, its cellars heaped with store
Of gold, and silver talents by the score.
'Tis not my doom, that shall the day decide.
If Trojans win, one foeman's life the more
Mars not the triumph, nor can turn the tide." 631
Thus he, and thus in scorn the Dardan chief replied:

LXXII . "The treasures that thou vauntest, let them be.
Thy gold, thy silver, and thy hoarded gain

Spare for thy children, for they bribe not me.
Since Pallas fell by Turnus' hand, 'twere vain
To think thy pelf will traffic for the slain,
So deems my son, so deems Anchises' shade."
He spake, and with his left hand grasped amain
His helmet. Even as the suppliant prayed, 640
Hilt-deep, the neck bent back, he drove the shining blade.

LXXIII . Hard by, the son of Hæmon there was seen,
Apollo's priest and Trivia's, all aglow
In robe and armour of resplendent sheen,
The holy ribboned chaplet on his brow.
Him, met, afield he chases, lays him low,
And o'er him, like a storm-cloud, dark as night,
Stands, hugely shadowing the fallen foe:
And back Serestus bears his armour bright, 649
A trophy, vowed to thee, Gradivus, lord of fight.

LXXIV . Then Cæculus, to Vulcan's race allied,
And Marsian Umbro, rally 'gainst the foe
The wavering ranks. The Dardan on his side
Still rages. First from Anxur with a blow
His sword the shield-arm and the shield laid low.
Big things had Anxur boasted, empty jeers,
And deemed his valour with his vaunts would grow:
Perchance, with spirit lifted to the spheres, 658
Hoar hairs he looked to see, and length of peaceful years.

LXXV . Sheathed in bright arms, proud Tarquitus in scorn,
Whom Dryope the nymph, if fame be true,
To Faunus, ranger of the woods, had borne,
Leaped forth, and at the fiery Dardan flew.
He, drawing back his javelin, aimed and threw.
And through the cuirass and the ponderous shield
Pinned him. Then, vainly as he strove to sue,
Much pleading, even while the suppliant kneeled. 667
Lopt off, the lifeless head went rolling on the field.

LXXVI . His reeking trunk the victor in disdain
Spurns with his foot, and cries aloud, "Lie there,
Proud youth, and tell thy terrors to the slain.
No tender mother shall thy shroud prepare,
No father's sepulchre be thine to share.
Thy carrion corpse shall be the vultures' food,
And birds that batten on the dead shall tear
Thee piecemeal, and the fishes lick thy blood, 676
Drowned in the deep sea-gulfs, or drifting on the flood."

LXXVII . Lucas, Antæus in the van were slain.
Here Numa, there the fair-haired Camers lay,
Great Volskens' son; full many a wide domain
Was his, and mute Amyclæ owned his sway.
As when Ægeon, hundred-armed, they say,
And hundred-handed, would the Sire withstand,
And fifty mouths, and fifty maws each way
Shot flames against Jove's thunder, and each hand 685
Clashed on a sounding shield, or bared a glittering brand,

LXXVIII . So raves Æneas, victor of the war,
His sword now warmed, and many a foeman dies.
Now at Niphæus, in his four-horse car
Breasting the battle, in hot haste he flies.
Scared stand the steeds, in terror and surprise,
So dire his gestures, as he strides amain,
So fierce his looks, so terrible his cries;
Then, turning, from his chariot on the plain 694
Fling their ill-fated lord, and gallop to the main.

LXXIX . With two white steeds into the midmost dashed
Bold Lucagus and Liger, brethren twain.
Around him Lucagus his broad sword flashed
His brother wheeled the horses with the rein.
Fired at the sight, Æneas in disdain
Rushed on them, towering with uplifted spear.

“No steeds of Diomede, nor Phrygian plain,”
Cries Liger, “nor Achilles’ car are here. 703
This field shall end the war, thy fatal hour is near.”

LXXX . So fly his words, but not in words the foe
Makes answer, but his javelin hurls with might.
As o’er the lash proud Lucagus bends low
To prick the steeds, and planting for the fight
His left foot forward, stands in act to smite,
Clean through the nether margin of his shield
The Dardan shaft goes whistling in its flight,
And thrills his groin upon the left. He reeled, 712
And from the chariot fell half-lifeless on the field.

LXXXI . Then bitterly Æneas mocked him: “Lo,
Proud Lucagus! no lagging steeds have played
Thy chariot false, nor shadows of the foe
Deceived thy horses, and their hearts dismayed.
’Tis thou — thy leap has lost the car!” He said
And snatched the reins. The brother in despair
Slipped down, and spread his hapless hands, and prayed:
“O by thyself, great son of Troy, forbear; 721
By those who bore thee such, have pity on my prayer.”

LXXXII . More would he, but Æneas: “Nay, not so
Thou spak’st erewhile. Die now, and take thy way,
And join thy brother, brotherlike, below.”
Deep in the breast he stabbed him as he lay,
And bared the life’s recesses to the day.
Such deaths the Dardan dealt upon the plain,
Like storm or torrent, full of rage to slay.
And now at length Ascanius and his train 730
Burst forth, and leave their camp, long leaguered, but in vain.

LXXXIII . Great Jove meanwhile to Juno spake and said,
“Sweet spouse and sister, thou hast deemed aright,
’Tis Venus, sure, who doth the Trojans aid,

Not courage, strength and patience in the fight.”
Then Juno meekly: “Dearest, why delight
With cruel words to vex me, sad with fear
And sick at heart? Had still my love the might
It had and should have; were I still so dear, 739
Not thou, with all thy power, should’st then refuse to hear,

LXXXIV . “But safe should Turnus from the fight once more
Return to greet old Daunus. Be it so,
And let him die, and shed his righteous gore
To glut the vengeance of his Teucrian foe,
Albeit his name celestial birth doth show,
Fourth in succession from Pilumnus, yea,
Though oft his hand thy sacred shrines below
Hath heaped his gifts.” She ended, and straightway 748
Brief answer made the Sire, who doth Olympus sway:

LXXXV . “If but a respite for the youth be sought,
A little time of tarrying, ere he die,
And thus thou read’st the purport of my thought,
Take then awhile thy Turnus; let him fly
And ‘scape his present fates; thus far may I
Indulge thee. But if aught beneath thy prayer
Lie veiled of purpose or of hopes more high,
To change the war’s whole aspect, then beware, 757
For idle hopes thou feed’st, as empty as the air.”

LXXXVI . Then She with tears: “What if thy heart should give
The pledge and promise, that thy lips disdain,
And Turnus by thy warrant still should live?
Now death awaits him guiltless, or in vain
I read the Fates. Ah! may I merely feign
An empty fear, and better thoughts advise
Thee — for thou can’st — to spare him and refrain!”
So saying, arrayed in storm-clouds, through the skies 766
Down to Laurentum’s camp and Ilian lines she flies.

LXXXVII . Then straight the Goddess from a hollow cloud —
Strange sight to see! — a thin and strengthless shade
Shaped like the great Æneas, and endowed
With Dardan arms, and fixed the shield, and spread
The plume and crest as on his godlike head.
And empty words, a soulless sound, she gave,
And feigned the fashion of the warrior's tread.
Thus ghosts are said to glide above the grave; 775
Thus oft delusive dreams the slumbering sense enslave.

LXXXVIII . Proud stalks the phantom, gladdening in the van,
With darts provokes him, and with words defies.
Forth rushed fierce Turnus, hurling as he ran
His whistling spear. The shadow turns and flies.
Then Turnus, glorying in his fancied prize,
“Where now, Æneas, from thy plighted bride?
The land thou soughtest o'er the deep, it lies
Here, and this hand shall give it thee.” He cried, 784
And waved his glittering sword, and chased him, nor espied

LXXXIX . The winds bear off his triumph. — Hard at hand,
With steps let down and gangway ready laid,
Moored by the rocks, a vessel chanced to stand,
Which brave Osinius, Clusium's king, conveyed.
Here, as in haste, for shelter plunged the shade.
On Turnus pressed, and with a bound ascends
The lofty gangways, dauntless nor delayed.
The bows scarce reached, the rope Saturnia rends, 793
And down the refluent tide the loosened ship descends.

XC . Loud calls Æneas for his absent foe,
And many a hero-body — all who dare
To meet him — hurries to the shades below.
No more the phantom lingers in his lair,
But, soaring, melts into the misty air.
Turnus a storm-wind o'er the deep sea blows.
Backward he looks, and of events unaware,

And all unthankful to escape his foes. 802
Up to the stars of heaven his hand and voice he throws.

XCI . “Great Sire, was I so guilty in thy sight,
To make thee deem such punishment my due?
Whence came I? Whither am I borne? What flight
Is this? and how do I return, and who?
Again Laurentum’s city shall I view?
What of that band, who followed me, whom I —
Shame on me — left a shameful death to rue?
E’en now I see them scattered, — see them fly, — 811
And see them fall; and hear the groans of those that die.

XCII . “What am I doing? Where can Earth for me
Gape deep enough? Ye winds that round me roar,
Pity I crave, on rocks amid the sea —
’Tis Turnus, I, a willing prayer who pour —
Dash me this ship, or drive it on the shore,
‘Mid ruthless shoals, where no Rutulian eyes
May see my shame, nor prying Fame explore.”
Thus he, and, tost in spirit, as he cries, 820
This plan and that in turn his wavering thoughts devise:

XCIII . Madly to grasp the dagger in his hand,
And through his ribs drive home the naked blade,
Or plunge into the deep, and swim to land,
And, armed, once more the Teucrian foes invade.
Thrice, but in vain, each venture he essayed.
Thrice Heaven’s high queen, in pity fain to save,
Held back the youth, and from his purpose stayed.
And borne along by favouring tide and wave, 829
On to his father’s town the level deep he clave.

XCIV . Jove prompting, fierce Mezentius now the fight
Takes up, and charges at the Teucrian foes.
And, hurrying up, the Tuscan troops unite.
All against one — one only — these and those

Their gathered hate and crowding darts oppose.
Unmoved he stands, as when a rocky steep
In ocean, bare to every blast that blows,
Around whose base the savage waves upheap, 838
Braves all the threats of heaven, and buffets of the deep.

XCV . Hebrus he slew, from Dolichaon sprung,
Then Latagus, then Palmus, as he fled.
Full in the face of Latagus he flung
A monstrous stone, that stretched him with the dead.
Palmus, with severed hamstring, next he sped,
And rolled him helpless. Lausus takes his gear;
The shining crest he fits upon his head,
And dons the breastplate. 'Neath the conqueror's spear 847
Phrygian Evanthes falls, and Paris' friend and peer,

XCVI . Young Mimas, whom to Amycus that night
Theano bore, when, big with Ilion's bane,
Queen Hecuba brought Paris forth to light.
Now Paris sleeps upon his native plain,
But Mimas on a foreign shore is slain.
As when a wild-boar, hounded from the hill,
Who long on pine-clad Venulus hath lain,
Or in Laurentum's marish fed his fill, 856
Now in the toils caught fast, before his foes stands still,

XCVII . And snorts with rage, and rears his bristling back;
None dares approach him, but aloof they wait,
Safe-shouting, and with distant darts attack;
E'en so, of those who burn with righteous hate,
None dares against Mezentius try his fate.
But cries are hurled, and distant missiles plied,
While he, undaunted, but in desperate strait,
Gnashes his teeth, and from his shield's tough hide 865
Shakes off the darts in showers, and shifts from side to side.

XCVIII . From ancient Corythus came Acron there,

A Greek, in exile from his half-won bride.
Him, dealing havoc in the ranks, elsewhere
Mezentius marked; the purple plumes he eyed,
The robe his loved one for her lord had dyed.
As when a lion, prowling to and fro,
Sore pinched with hunger, round the fold, hath spied
A stag tall-antlered, or a timorous roe, 874
Ghastly he grins, erect his horrid mane doth show;

XCIX . Prone o'er his victim, to the flesh he clings,
And laps the gore; so, burning in his zeal,
The fierce Mezentius at his foemen springs.
Poor Acron falls, and earth with dying heel
Spurns, and the red blood stains the splintered steel.
Orodes fled; Mezentius marks his flight,
And scorns with lance a covert wound to deal,
But face to face confronts him in the fight, 883
Courage, not craft, prevails, and might o'ermatches might.

C . With foot and spear upon him, "See," he cries,
"Their champion; see the great Orodes slain!"
All shout applause, but, dying, he replies,
"Strange foe, not long thy triumph shall remain;
Like fate awaits thee, on the self-same plain."
"Die!" said Mezentius, with a smile of spite,
"Jove cares for me," and plucked the shaft again.
Grim rest and iron slumber seal his sight; 892
The drooping eyelids close on everlasting night.

CI . Now Cædicus made great Alcathous fall,
Sacrator killed Hydaspes; Rapo too
Parthenius and Orses, strong and tall;
Messapus Clonius, whom his steed o'erthrew,
And, foot to foot, Lycaon's son he slew,
Brave Ericetes. Valerus with a blow
Felled Agis, Lycia's warrior. Salius flew
At Thronius, but Nealces lays him low, 901

Skilled with the flying dart and far-deceiving bow.

CII . Stern Mars, impartial, weighs in equal scale
The mutual slaughter, and the ghastly fight
Raves, as in turn they perish or prevail,
Vanquished or victor, for none dreams of flight.
From Heaven the gods look pitying on the sight,
Such fruitless hate, such scenes of mortal woe.
Here Venus, there great Juno, filled with spite,
Sits watching. Pale Tisiphone below 910
Fierce amid thousands raves, and bids the discord grow.

CIII . His massive spear Mezentius, flown with pride,
Shakes in his fury, as he towers amain,
Like huge Orion, when with ample stride
He cleaves the deep-sea, where the Nereids reign,
And lifts his lofty shoulders o'er the main,
Or when, uprooting from the mountain head
An aged ash, he stalks along the plain,
And hides his forehead in the clouds; so dread 919
Mezentius clangs his arms, so terrible his tread.

CIV . Æneas marks him in the files of fight
Far off, and hastes to meet him in advance.
Dauntless he waits, collected in his might,
The noble foe, then, measuring at a glance
The space his arm can cover with the lance;
“May this right hand, my deity,” cried he,
“And this poised javelin aid the doubtful chance.
The spoils, from this false pirate stript, to thee 928
My Lausus, I devote; his trophy shalt thou be.”

CV . So saying, from far his whistling shaft he threw.
Wide glanced the missile, by the tough shield bent,
And finding famed Antores, as it flew,
‘Twixt flank and bowels pierced a deadly rent.
He, friend of Hercules, from Argos sent,

With king Evander, 'neath Italian skies,
Had fixed his home. Alas! a wound unmeant
Hath laid him low. To heaven he lifts his eyes, 937
And of sweet Argos dreams, his native land, and dies.

CVI . His javelin then the good Æneas cast;
Flying it pierced the hollow disk, and through
The plates of brass, thrice welded firm and fast,
And linen folds, and triple bull-hides flew,
And in the groin, with failing force but true,
Lodged deep. At once Æneas, for his eye
Glistens with joy, the Tuscan's blood to view,
His trusty sword unfastening from his thigh, 946
Springs at the faltering foe, and bids Mezentius die.

CVII . Love for his sire stirred Lausus, and the tears
Rolled down, and heavily he groaned. Thy fate,
Brave youth! thy prowess, if the far-off years
Shall give due credence to a deed so great,
My verse at least shall spare not to relate.
While backward limped Mezentius, spent and slow,
His shield still cumbered with the javelin's weight,
Forth sprang the youth, and grappled with the foe, 955
And 'neath Æneas' sword, uplifted for the blow,

CVIII . Slipped in, and checked him. Onward press the train
With shouts, to shelter the retreating sire,
And distant arrows on the foeman rain.
Safe-covered stands Æneas, thrilled with ire.
As when the storm-clouds in a deluge dire
Pour down the hail, and all the ploughmen fly,
And scattered hinds from off the fields retire,
And rock or stream-side shields the passer-by, 964
Till sunshine calls to toil, and reawakes the sky;

CIX . So, whelmed with darts, the Trojan chief defies
The cloud of war, till all its storms abate,

And chides and threatens Lausus. "Fool," he cries,
"Why rush to death, and dare a deed too great?
Rash youth! thy love betrays thee." 'Twas too late;
Rage blinds poor Lausus, and he scorns to stay.
Then fiercer waxed the Dardan's wrath, and Fate
The threads had gathered, for their forceful sway 973
Hilt-deep within his breast the falchion urged its way.

CX . It pierced the shield, light armour and the vest,
Wrought by his mother with fine golden thread,
And drenched with gore the tunic and the breast.
Sweet life, departing, left the limbs outspread,
And the sad spirit to the ghost-world fled.
But when the son of great Anchises scanned
The face, the pallid features of the dead,
Deeply he groaned, and stretched a pitying hand. 982
Grief for his own dear sire his noble soul unmanned.

CXI . "Alas! what meed, to match such worth divine,
Can good Æneas give thee? Take to-day
The arms wherein thou joyed'st; they are thine.
Thy corpse — if aught can please the senseless clay —
Back to thy parents' ashes I repay.
Poor youth! thy solace be it to be slain
By great Æneas." Then his friends' delay
He chides, and lifts young Lausus from the plain, 991
Dead, and with dainty locks fouled by the crimson stain.

CXII . Meanwhile the sire Mezentius, faint with pain,
In Tiber's waters bathes the bleeding wound.
Against a trunk he leans; the boughs sustain
His brazen helm; his arms upon the ground
Rest idly, and his comrades stand around.
Sick, gasping, spent, his weary neck he tends;
Loose o'er his bosom floats the beard unbound.
Oft of his son he questions, oft he sends 1000
To bid him quit the field, and seek his sire and friends.

CXIII . But, sad and sorrowful, the Tuscan train
Bear back the lifeless Lausus from the field,
Weeping — the mighty by a mightier slain,
And laid in death upon the warrior's shield.
Far off, their wailing to the sire revealed
The grief, that made his boding heart mistrust.
In agony of vanquish, down he kneeled,
His hoary hairs disfiguring with the dust, 1009
And, grovelling, clasped the corpse, and both his hands outthrust.

CXIV . “Dear son, was life so tempting to the sire,
To let thee face the foemen in my room,
Whom I begot? Shalt thou, my son, expire,
And I live on, my darling in the tomb,
Saved by thy wounds, and living by thy doom?
Ah! woe is me; too well at length I own
The pangs of exile, and the wound strikes home.
'Twas I, thy name who tarnished, I alone, 1018
Whom just resentment thrust from sceptre and from throne.

CXV . “Due to my country was the forfeit; yea,
All deaths Mezentius had deserved to die.
Yet still I leave, and leave not man and day,
But leave I will, — the fatal hour is nigh.”
Then, slowly leaning on his crippled thigh
(Deep was the wound, but dauntless was his breast),
He rose, and calling for his steed hard by,
The steed, that oft in victory's hour he pressed, 1027
His solace and his pride, the sorrowing beast addressed:

CXVI . “Rhæbus, full long, if aught of earth be long,
We two have lived. Æneas' head to-day,
And spoils, blood-crimsoned to avenge this wrong,
Back shalt thou bring, or, failing in the fray,
Bite earth with me, and be the Dardan's prey.
Not thou would'st brook a foreign lord, I weet,

Brave heart, or deign a Teucrian to obey.”
He spoke, and, mounting to his well-known seat, 1036
Swift at the ranks spurred forth, his dreaded foe to meet.

CXVII . Each hand a keen dart brandished; o’er his head
Gleamed the brass helmet with its horse-hair crest.
Shame for himself, and sorrow for the dead,
The parent’s anguish, and the warrior’s zest,
Thrilled through his veins, and kindled in his breast,
And thrice he called Æneas. With delight
Æneas heard him, and his vows addressed:
“So help me Jove, so Phoebus lend his might, 1045
Come on,” and couched his spear, advancing to the fight.

CXVIII . “Wretch,” cries Mezentius, “having robbed my son,
Why scare me now? Thy terrors I defy.
Only through Lausus were his sire undone.
I heed not death nor deities, not I;
Forbear thy taunting; I am here to die,
But send this gift to greet thee, ere I go.”
He spake, and quickly let a javelin fly,
Another — and another, as round the foe 1054
In widening orbs he wheels; the good shield bides the blow.

CXIX . Thrice round Æneas leftward he careers,
Raining his darts. Thrice, shifting round, each way
The Trojan bears the forest of his spears.
At length, impatient of the long delay,
And tired with plucking all the shafts away,
Pondering awhile, and by the ceaseless blows
Hard pressed, and chafing at the unequal fray,
Forth springs Æneas, and betwixt the brows 1063
Full at the warrior-steed a fatal javelin throws.

CXX . Up rears the steed, and paws the air in pain,
Then, following on his falling rider, lies
And pins him with his shoulder to the plain.

Shouts from each host run kindling through the skies.
Forth springs Æneas, glorying in his prize,
And plucks the glittering falchion from his thigh,
“Where now is fierce Mezentius? where,” he cries,
“That fiery spirit?” Then, with upturned eye, 1072
Gasping, with gathered sense, the Tuscan made reply:

CXXI . “Stern foe! why taunt and threaten? ‘twere no shame
To slay me. No such covenant to save
His sire made Lausus; nor for this I came.
One boon I ask — if vanquished men may crave
The victor’s grace — a burial for the brave.
My people hate me; I have lived abhorred;
Shield me from them with Lausus in the grave.”
This said, his throat he offered to the sword, 1081
And o’er his shining arms life’s purple stream was poured.

BOOK ELEVEN

ARGUMENT

Æneas erects a trophy of Mezentius' arms, and sends the body of Pallas with tears and lamentations to Evander (1-108). A truce for the burial of the dead is asked by the Latins, and sympathy with the Trojan cause finds a spokesman in Drances (109-144). The sorrow of Evander and the funeral rites of Trojans and Latins (145-262). The ambassadors return from the city of Diomedes and report that he praises Æneas and counsels submission (263-336). An anxious debate follows: Latinus suggests terms of peace: Drances inveighs against Turnus, who replies, protesting his readiness to meet Æneas in single combat, and presently seizes the opportunity afforded by a false alarm of impending attack to break up the council. The Latin mothers and maidens offer gifts and litanies to Pallas. Turnus arms for battle (337-576). Camilla and Messapus command the Latin horse; Turnus prepares an ambush (577-612). Diana tells the story of Camilla and charges Opis, one of her nymphs, to avenge her should she fall (613-684). Opis watches the battle before the city of Latinus (685-738). The deeds and death of Camilla are recounted: Aruns, her slayer, is slain by Opis (739-972). The Latins are routed, and Turnus, learning the news, abandons the ambush and hurries to the city, closely followed by Æneas (973-1026).

I. Meanwhile from Ocean peeps the dawning day.
The Dardan chief, though fain his friends to mourn,
And pressed with thoughts of burial, hastes to pay
His vows, as victor, with the rising morn.
A towering oak-tree, of its branches shorn,
He plants upon a mound. Aloft, in sight,
The glittering armour from Mezentius torn,
His spoils, he hangs, — a trophy to thy might, 1
Great Mars, the Lord of war, the Ruler of the fight.

II . Thereon he sets the helmet and the crest,
Bedewed with gore, the javelins snapt in twain,
And fits the corslet on the warrior's breast,
Pierced in twelve places through the twisted chain.
The left arm, as for battle, bears again
The brazen shield, and from the neck depends
The ivory-hilted falchion of the slain.
Around, with shouts of triumph, crowd his friends, 10
Whom thus the Dardan chief with gladdening words commends:

III . "Comrades, great deeds have been achieved to-day;
Let not the morrow trouble you. See there
The tyrant's spoils, the first-fruits of the fray.
And this my work, Mezentius. Now prepare
To king Latinus and his walls to fare.
Let hope forestall, and courage hail the fray,
So, when the gods shall summon us to bear
The standards forth, and muster our array, 19
No fears shall breed dull sloth, nor ignorance delay.

IV . "Our co-mates now commit we to the ground,
Sole honour that in Acheron below
Awaits them. Go ye, on these souls renowned,
Who poured their blood, to purchase from the foe
This country for our fatherland, bestow
The last, sad gift, the tribute of a tomb.
First to Evander's city, welmed in woe,
Send Pallas back, whom Death's relentless doom 28
Hath reft ere manhood's prime, and plunged in early gloom."

V . He spake, and sought the threshold, weeping sore,
Where by dead Pallas watched with pious care
Acoetes; once Evander's arms he bore,
His squire; since then, with auspices less fair,
The trusted guardian of his dear-loved heir.
A crowd of sorrowing menials stand around,
And Troy's sad matrons, with their streaming hair.

These, when Æneas at the door is found, 37
Shriek out, and beat their breasts, and bitter wails resound.

VI . He marked the pillowed head, the snow-white face,
The smooth breast, gaping with the wound, and cried
In anguish, while the tears burst forth apace,
“Poor boy; hath Fortune, in her hour of pride,
To me thy triumph and return denied?
Not such my promise to thy sire; not so
My pledge to him, who, ere I left his side
In quest of empire, clasped me, boding woe, 46
And warned the race was fierce, and terrible the foe.

VII . “He haply now, by empty hope betrayed,
With prayer and presents doth the gods constrain.
We to the dead, whose debt to Heaven is paid,
The rites of mourners render, but in vain.
Unhappy! doomed to see thy darling slain.
Is this the triumph? this the promise sworn?
This the return? Yet never thine the pain
A coward’s flight, a coward’s scars to mourn; 55
Not thine to long for death, thy loved one saved with scorn.

VIII . “Ah, weep, Ausonia! thou hast lost to-day
Thy champion. Weep, Iulus; he is ta’en,
Thy heart’s delight, the bulwark of the fray!”
Thus he with tears, and bids them lift the slain.
A thousand men, the choicest of his train,
He sends as mourners, with the corpse to go,
And stand between the parent and his pain,
A scanty solace for so huge a woe, 64
But such as pity claims, and piety doth owe.

IX . Of oaken twigs and arbutus they wove
A wattled bier. Soft leaves beneath him made
His pillow, and with leafy boughs above
They twined a verdurous canopy of shade.

There, on his rustic couch the youth is laid,
Fair as the hyacinth, with drooping head,
Cropped by the careless fingers of a maid,
Or tender violet, when life has fled, 73
That, torn from earth, still blooms, unfaded but unfed.

X . Two purple mantles, stiff with golden braid,
Æneas brings, which erst, in loving care,
Sidonian Dido with her hands had made,
And pranked with golden tissue, for his wear.
One, wound in sorrow round the corpse so fair,
The last, sad honour, shrouds the senseless clay;
One, ere the burning, veils the warrior's hair.
Rich spoils, the trophies of Laurentum's fray, 82
Stript arms and steeds he brings, and bids them pile the prey.

XI . Here march the captives, doomed to feed the flames;
There, staff in hand, each Dardan chief uprears
The spoil-decked ensigns, marked with foemen's names.
There, too, they lead Acoetes, bowed with years,
He smites his breast, his haggard cheeks he tears,
Then flings his full length prostrate. There, again,
The blood-stained chariot, and with big, round tears,
Stript of his trappings, in the mournful train, 91
Æthon, the warrior's steed, comes sorrowing for the slain.

XII . These bear the dead man's helmet and his spear;
All else the victor for his spoils hath ta'en.
A melancholy phalanx close the rear,
Teucrians, and Tuscans, and Arcadia's train,
With arms reversed, and mourning for the slain.
So passed the pomp, and, while the tear-drops fell,
Æneas stopped, and, groaning, cried again,
"Hail, mighty Pallas! us the fates compel 100
Yet other tears to shed. Farewell! a long farewell!"

XIII . He spake, then, turning, to the camp doth fare.

Thither Laurentum's envoys found their way.
Branches of olive in their hands they bear,
And beg a truce, — a respite from the fray,
Their slaughtered comrades in the ground to lay,
And glean the war's sad harvest. Brave men ne'er
Warred with the dead and vanquished. Once were they
His hosts and kinsmen; he would surely spare. 109
Their plea Æneas owns, and thus accosts them fair:

XIV . “What mischief, Latins, hath your minds misled,
To shun our friendship in the hour of need,
And rush to arms? Peace ask ye for the dead,
The War-God's prey, whom folly doomed to bleed?
Peace to the living would I fain concede.
I came not hither, but with Heaven to guide.
Fate chose this country, and this home decreed;
Nor war I with the race. Your king denied 118
Our proffered league; 'twas he on Turnus' arms relied.

XV . “‘Twere juster then that Turnus hand to hand
His life had ventured. Dreams he in his pride
To end the war, and drive us from the land?
He should have met me; he or I had died,
As Fate or prowess might the day decide.
Go, take your dead, and let the bale-fires blaze:
Ye have your answer.” Thus the prince replied,
And each on each the wondering heralds gaze, 127
Mute with admiring awe, and wildered with amaze.

XVI . Then Drances, ever fain with gibes and hate
To vex young Turnus, takes the word and cries,
“O Trojan, great in fame, in arms more great,
What praise of mine shall match thee with the skies?
What most — thy deeds or justice — shall I prize?
Grateful, this answer to our friends we bear,
And thee (let Turnus seek his own allies),
Thee King Latinus shall his friend declare, 136

And Latium's sons with joy Troy's destined walls prepare."

XVII . He spake; as one, all murmur their assent.
For twice six days a solemn truce they plight,
And Teucrians, now, with Latins, freely blent
In peaceful fellowship, as friends unite,
And roam the wooded hills. Sharp axes smite
The sounding ash; these with keen wedges cleave
Tall oak and scented cedar; those with might
The pine-tree, soaring to the stars, upheave, 145
And wains, with groaning wheels, the giant elms receive.

XVIII . Now Rumour, harbinger of woe so great,
That told of Pallas victor, fills again
Evander's town. All hurry to the gate,
With torches snatched, as ancient rites ordain.
A line of fire, that parts the dusky plain,
The long road gleams before them, as they go
To meet the mourners. Soon the wailing train
The Phrygians join. With shrieks the matrons know 154
Far off the funeral throng, and fill the town with woe.

XIX . Naught stays Evander; through the midst he springs,
And falling on the bier, as down they lay
Dead Pallas, groaning to his child he clings,
And hangs with tears upon the senseless clay,
Till speech, half-choked with sorrow, finds a way.
"Pallas, not such thy promise to thy sire,
Warily to trust the War-God in the fray.
I knew what ardour would thy soul inspire, 163
The charms of new-won fame, and battle's fierce desire.

XX . "O bitter first-fruits of a youth so fair!
O war's stern prelude! promise dashed to scorn!
Unheeded vows, and unavailing prayer!
O happy spouse! not left, like me, to mourn
A son thus slaughtered, and a life outworn.

I have o'erlived my destiny; life fled
When Pallas left me childless and forlorn.
O, had I fall'n with Trojans in his stead, 172
And me this pomp brought home, and not my Pallas, dead!

XXI . "Yet, Trojans, you I blame not, nor the hands
We joined in friendship, nor the league we swore.
Old age — too old — this cruel lot demands.
Ah, sweet to think, though falling in his flower,
He fell, where thousand Volscians fell before,
Leading Troy's sons to Latium. Thou shalt have
A Trojan's funeral — can I wish thee more? —
What rites Æneas offers to the brave, 181
And all Etruria's hosts shall bear thee to the grave.

XXII . "Proud trophies those who perish by thy hand
Bear thee, and slaughtered foemen speak thy fame.
Thou, Turnus, too, an effigy should'st stand,
Hung round with arms, and Pallas' praise proclaim,
Had but thine age and Pallas' been the same,
Like thine the vigour of his years. But O!
Why, Teucrians, do I keep you? wherefore claim
An old man's privilege of empty woe? 190
This message bear your king, and con it as ye go.

XXIII . "If yet I linger on, with Pallas slain,
Loathing the light, and longing to expire,
'Tis thy right hand that tempts me to remain,
That hand from which — thou see'st it — son and sire
The penalty of Turnus' blood require.
This niche of fame,— 'tis all the Fates bestow —
Awaits thee still. For me, all life's desire —
'Twere vain — hath fled; but gladly would I go, 199
And bear the welcome news to Pallas' shade below."

XXIV . Meanwhile to weary mortals fresh and fair
Upsprings the Dawn, and reawakes the land

To toil and labour. Reared with pious care
By Tarchon and the good Æneas, stand
The funeral pyres along the winding strand.
Here brings each warrior, as in days gone by,
His comrade's corpse, and holds the lighted brand.
The dusk flames burn beneath them, and on high 208
The clouds of smoke roll up, and shroud the lofty sky.

XXV . Three times the Trojans, sheathed in shining mail,
Pace round the piles; three times they ride around
The funeral fire, and raise the warrior's wail.
Tears bathe their arms, and tears bedew the ground,
And, mixt with clamour, comes the clarion's sound.
Spoils of dead Latins on the flames are thrown,
Bits, bridles, glowing wheels and helmets crown'd
With glittering plumes, and, last, the gifts well-known, 217
The luckless spear and shield, the weapons of their own.

XXVI . Oxen in numbers round the pyres are slain
To Death's dread power, and herds of bristly swine;
And cattle, snatched from all the neighbouring plain,
And sheep they slaughter for the flames divine.
Far down the sea-coast, where the bale-fires shine,
They guard and gaze upon the pyres, where lie
Their burning comrades, nor their watch resign,
Nor leave the spot, till dewy night on high 226
Rolls round the circling heavens, and starlight gilds the sky.

XXVII . Nor less the sorrowing Latins build elsewhere
Their countless piles. These burying they bemoan;
Those to the town or neighbouring fields they bear.
The rest, untold, unhonoured and unknown,
A mass of carnage, on the flames are thrown.
Thick blaze the fires, and light the plains around,
And on the third dawn, when the mists have flown,
The bones and dust, still smouldering on the ground, 235
Mourning, they rake in heaps, and cover with a mound.

XXVIII . But loudest in Laurentum rose the noise
Of woe and wailing for their friends who died.
Here, mothers, wives, sad sisters, orphaned boys
Curse the dire war, and Turnus and his bride.
“Let him, let Turnus fight it out,” they cried;
“Who claims chief honours and Italia’s throne,
And caused the quarrel, let his sword decide”;
And spiteful Drances: “Ay, ’tis he alone 244
Whom Latium’s foes demand; the challenge is his own.”

XXIX . And voices, too, with various reasons, plead
For Turnus, sheltered by the queen’s great name,
And spoils that speak for many a glorious deed.
Lo, in the midst, the tumult still aflame,
With doleful news from Diomedes, back came
The envoys. All was useless, — gifts, and prayer,
And proffered gold; his answer was the same:
Let Latins look for other arms elsewhere, 253
Or beg the Trojan king in clemency to spare.

XXX . Grief bowed Latinus, and his heart sank low.
The wrath of Heaven, the recent funerals,
The graves before them — all Æneas show
The god’s true choice. A council straight he calls,
And Latium’s chiefs convenes within his walls.
All meet; along the crowded ways the peers
Stream at the summons. In his palace-halls
Amidst them sits Latinus, first in years, 262
And first in sceptred state, but filled with anxious fears.

XXXI . Forthwith the envoys he invites, each man
To tell his message, and the terms expound,
Then, silence made, thus Venulus began:
“Friends, we have seen great Diomedes, and found
The Argive camp, and, safe from peril, crowned
Our journey’s end, and pressed the mighty hand

That razed old Troy. On Iapygian ground
By Garganus the conqueror hath planned 271
Argyripa's new town, named from his native land.

XXXII . “There, audience gained and liberty to speak,
The gifts we tender, and our names declare
And country, who our foemen, what we seek,
And why to Arpi and his court we fare.
He hears, and gently thus bespeaks us fair:
‘O happy nations, once by Saturn blest,
Time-old Ausonians, what sad misfare,
What evil fortune mars your ancient rest 280
And tempts to wage strange wars, and dare the doubtful test?

XXXIII . ““All we, whoever with the steel profaned
Troy's fields (I leave the wasting siege alone,
The dead, who lie in Simois), all have drained
Evils past utterance, o'er the wide world blown,
And, suffering, learned our trespass to atone,
A hapless band! E'en Priam's self might weep
For woes like ours, as Pallas well hath known,
Whose baleful star once wrecked us on the deep, 289
And grim Euboea's rocks, Caphareus' vengeful steep.

XXXIV . ““Freed from that war, to distant shores we stray.
To Proteus' Pillars, far remote from men
An exile, Menelaus wends his way;
Ulysses shudders at the Cyclops' den;
Why speak of Pyrrhus, by Orestes slain?
Or poor Idomeneus, expelled his state?
Of Locrians, cast upon the Libyan plain?
Of Agamemnon, greatest of the great, 298
Mycenæ's valiant lord, slain by his faithless mate,

XXXV . ““E'en on his threshold, when the adulterer lay
In wait for Asia's conqueror? Me, too,
Hath envious Heaven in exile doomed to stay,

Nor home, nor wife, nor Calydon to view.
Nay, ghastly prodigies my flight pursue.
Transformed to birds, my comrades wing the skies, —
Ah! cruel punishment for friends so true! —
Or skim the streams; from all the shores arise 307
Their piteous shrieks, the cliffs re-echo with their cries.

XXXVI . “Such woes had I to look for, from the day
I dared a goddess, and my javelin tore
The hand of Venus. To such fights, I pray,
Persuade me not. Troy fall’n, I fight no more
With Trojans, nor those evil days of yore
Now care to dwell on. To Æneas go,
And take these gifts. Once, hand to hand, we bore
The shock of battle; to my cost I know 316
How to his shield he towers, the whirlwind of his throw.

XXXVII . “‘Had Ida’s land two others borne as great,
To Argos Dardanus had found his way,
And Greece were mourning now a different fate.
The stubborn siege, the conquerors kept at bay,
For ten whole years, the triumph’s long delay
Were his and Hector’s doing, each in might
Renowned, and each the foremost in the fray,
Æneas first in piety. Go, plight 325
What peace ye may, but shun to meet him in the fight.’

XXXVIII . “Thou hast, great king, the answer of the king,
And this, his sentence on the war.” So they,
And diverse murmurs in the crowd upspring;
As when big rocks a rushing torrent stay,
The prisoned waters, chafing with delay,
Boil, and the banks in many a foaming crest
Fling back with echoes the tumultuous spray.
Now from his throne, their murmurs laid to rest, 334
The King, first offering prayer, his listening folk addressed:

XXXIX . “I would, ye peers, and better it had been
An earlier hour had called us to debate,
Than thus in haste a council to convene,
And meet, while foemen battle at the gate.
A war ill-omened, with disastrous fate,
We wage with men unconquered in the field,
A race of gods, whose force nor toils abate,
Nor wounds can tire; who, driven back, still wield 343
The sword and shake the spear, and, beaten, scorn to yield.

XL . “What hope ye had in Diomedes, give o’er;
Each for himself must be his hope and stay.
This hope how slender, and our straits how sore,
Ye see; the general ruin and decay
Is open, palpable and clear as day.
Yet blame I none; what valour could, was done.
Our country’s strength, our souls were in the fray.
Hear then in brief, and ponder every one, 352
What wavering thoughts have shaped, our present fate to shun.

XLI . “Far-stretching westward, past Sicania’s bound,
By Tiber’s stream, an ancient tract is mine.
Auruncans and Rutulians till the ground;
Their ploughshares cleave the stubborn slopes, their kine
Graze on the rocks. This tract, these hills of pine
Let Latins yield the Trojans for their own,
And both, as friends, in equal league combine
And share the realm. Here let them settle down, 361
If so they love the land, and build the wished-for town.

XLII . “But if new frontiers, and another folk,
They fain would look for, and can leave our shore,
Then twice ten ships of tough Italian oak
Build we, nor only let us build a score
Can they but man them (by the stream good store
Of timber is at hand); let them decide
The form, the number, and the size. What more

Is wanting, we will grudge not to provide, 370
Gold, labour, brass, and docks, and naval gear beside.

XLIII . “Nay more, to strike the proffered league, ‘twere good
That chosen envoys to their camp should fare,
A hundred Latins of the noblest blood,
The peaceful olive in their hands to bear,
With gifts, the choicest that the realm can spare,
Talents of gold and ivory, just in weight,
The royal mantle, and the curule chair,
The marks of rule. With freedom now debate, 379
Consult the common weal, and help the sickly state.”

XLIV . Up rose then Drances, with indignant mien,
Whom, spiteful still, the fame of Turnus stung
With carping envy, and malignant spleen;
Lavish of wealth, and fluent with his tongue,
No mean adviser in debate, and strong
In faction, but in battle cold and tame.
From royal seed his mother’s race was sprung,
His sire’s unknown. He thus with words of blame 388
Piles up the general wrath, and fans resentment’s flame.

XLV . “Good king, the matter — it is plain, for each
Knows well our needs, but hesitates to say.
Let him cease blustering, and allow free speech,
Him, for whose pride and sullen temper, yea,
I say it, let him threaten as he may —
Quenched is the light of many a chief, that lies
In earth’s cold lap, and mourning and dismay
Have filled the town, while, sure of flight, he tries 397
To storm the Trojan camp, and idly flouts the skies.

XLVI . “One gift, O best of monarchs, add, to crown
Thy bounty to the Dardans, — one, beside
These many, nor let bluster bear thee down.
A worthy husband for thy child provide,

And peace shall with the lasting pact abide.
Else, if such terror doth our souls enslave,
Him now, in hope to turn away his pride,
Him let us pray his proper right to waive, 406
And, pitying, deign to yield what king and country crave.

XLVII . “O Turnus, cause of all our ills to-day,
Why make the land these miseries endure?
The war is desperate; for peace we pray,
And that one pledge, inviolably sure,
Naught else but which can make the peace secure.
Thy foeman, I — nor be the fact concealed,
For so thou deem’st — entreat thee and adjure.
Blood flows enough on many a wasted field. 415
Relent, and spare thine own, and, beaten, learn to yield.

XLVIII . “Or, if fame tempt, and in thy bosom glow
Such fire, and so thou hankerest to gain
A kingdom’s dower, take heart and face the foe.
Must we, poor souls, that Turnus may obtain
A royal bride, like carrion strew the plain,
Unwept, unburied? If thine arm hath might,
If but a spark of native worth remain,
Go forth this hour; in arms assert thy right, 424
And meet him, face to face, who calls thee to the fight.”

XLIX . Fierce blazed the wrath of Turnus, and he wrung
Speech from his breast, deep groaning in his gall.
“Glib art thou, Drances, voluble of tongue,
When hands are needed, and the trumpets call.
The council summoned, thou art first of all.
Not this the hour thy vapouring to outpour,
Though big thy talk, and brave the words, that fall
From craven lips, while ramparts stand before, 433
To guard thee safe from foes, nor trenches swim with gore.

L . “Rave on, and thunder in thy wonted strain,

And brand me coward, thou whose hands can slay
Such Trojan hosts, whose trophies grace the plain.
What worth can do, and manhood can essay,
We twain may venture. Sooth, not far away
Need foes be sought; around the walls they throng.
March we to meet them! Dotard, why delay?
Still dwells thy War-God in a windy tongue, 442
And flying feet, and knees all feeble and unstrung?

LI . “I beaten? Who, foul spawn of earth, shall call
Me beaten? who, that saw swoln Tiber flow
Red with the blood of Trojans, ay, and all
Evander’s house and progeny laid low,
And fierce Arcadians vanquished at a blow?
Not such dead Pandarus and Bitias found
This right hand, nor those thousands hurled below
In one short day, when battlement and mound 451
Hemmed me in hostile walls, and foemen swarmed around.

LII . “No hope from war? — Go, fool, to Dardan ears
These bodings whisper, to thy new ally.
Go, swell the panic, spread the coward’s fears.
Puff up the foemen’s prowess to the sky, —
Twice-conquered churls, — and Latin arms decry.
See now, forsooth, the Myrmidons afraid
Of Phrygian arms, Tydides fain to fly,
Achilles trembling, Aufidus in dread 460
Shrunk from the Hadrian deep, and cowering in his bed.

LIII . “Or mark the trickster’s cunning when he feigns
To fear my vengeance, whom his taunts revile!
Nay, Drances, be at ease; this hand disdains
To take the forfeit of a soul so vile.
Keep it, fit inmate of that breast of guile,
And now, good Sire, if, beaten, we despair,
If never Fate on Latin arms shall smile,
And naught our ruined fortunes can repair, 469

Stretch we our craven hands, and beg the foe to spare.

LIV . “Yet oh! if aught of ancient worth remain,
Him deem I noblest, and his end renowned,
Brave soul! who sooner than behold such stain,
Fell once for all, and, dying, bit the ground.
But, if fit men and martial means abound,
And towns and tribes, to muster at our call,
Hath Italy; if Trojans, too, have found
Fame dearly bought with many a brave man’s fall 478
(For they have, too, their deaths; the storm hath swept o’er all),

LV . “Why fail we on the threshold, faint with fears,
And sick knees tremble ere the trumpets bray?
Time — healing Time — and long, laborious years
Oft raise the humble; Fortune in her play
Lifts those to-morrow, whom she lowers to-day.
What though no aid Ætolian Arpi lends,
Ours is Messapus, ours Tolumnius, yea,
And all whom Latium or Laurentum sends, 487
Nor scanty fame, nor slow Italia’s hosts attends.

LVI . “Ours, too, is brave Camilla, noble maid,
The pride of Volscians, and she leads a band
Of horsemen fierce, in brazen arms arrayed.
If me the foe to single fight demand,
And so ye will, and I alone withstand
The common good, come danger as it may,
Not so hath victory fled this hated hand,
Not yet so weak is Turnus, as to stay 496
With such a prize unsnatched, and falter from the fray.

LVII . “Though greater than the great Achilles he,
Though, like Achilles, Vulcan’s arms he wear,
Fain will I meet him. Lo, to you, to thee,
Latinus, father of the bride so fair,
I, Turnus, I, in prowess past compare,

Devote this life. Æneas calls but me,
So let him, rather than that Drances bear
The smart, if death the wrathful gods decree, 505
Or, if 'tis glory's field, usurp the victor's fee."

LVIII . While thus, with wrangling and contentious doubt,
They urged debate, Æneas his array
Moved from the camp. Behold, a trusty scout
Back, through Latinus' palace, speeds his way,
And fills the town with tumult and dismay.
The Trojans — see! — the Trojans, — down they swarm
From Tiber. See the meadows far away
Alive with foes! Rage, turmoil and alarm 514
In turns distract the town. "Arm," cry the young men, "arm!"

LIX . The old men weep and mutter. Clamours rend
The startled skies, and discord reigns supreme,
E'en as when birds on lofty woods descend
In flocks, or in Padusa's fishful stream
The swans sing hoarsely, and the wild-fowl scream
Along the babbling waters. Turnus straight
The moment snatched. "Ah! townsmen, sooth, ye deem
This hour an hour to chatter and debate; 523
Sit on, and praise sweet peace, while foemen storm the gate."

LX . He spake, and from the council dashed with speed.
"Go, Volusus," he cries, "and arm amain
The Volscians; hither the Rutulians lead.
Messapus, go, with horsemen in thy train,
And Coras, with thy brother scour the plain.
Let these all entrance at the gate forestall,
And man the turrets; let the rest remain
In arms, and wait my bidding." One and all, 532
The townsmen throng the streets, and hurry to the wall.

LXI . Then, sore distrest, the aged king proclaims
The council closed, and for a happier tide

Puts off debate; and oft himself he blames,
Who welcomed not Æneas to his side,
Nor graced his city with a Dardan's bride.
But hark! to battle peals the clarion's call.
These by the gate dig trenches, those provide
Sharp stakes and stones. Along the girdling wall 541
Pale boys and matrons stand: the last hour cries for all.

LXII . To Pallas' rock-built temple rides the queen,
Bearing her gifts. The matrons march in line,
And by her side is fair Lavinia seen,
The war's sad authoress, with down-dropt eyne.
They, entering in, with incense fume the shrine,
And from the threshold pour the mournful strain:
"O strong in arms, Tritonian maid divine!
Break thou the Phrygian robber's spear in twain, 550
And 'neath the gates strike down and stretch him on the plain."

LXIII . Now in hot haste fierce Turnus dons the mail,
Eager for battle. On his breast he laced
The corselet, rough with many a brazen scale.
Around his legs the golden greaves he placed,
His brow yet bare, and at his side he braced,
The trusty sword. All golden is the glow
Of burnished arms, as down the height in haste
He flies exulting to the field below. 559
High leaps his heart, and hope anticipates the foe.

LXIV . So, free at length, his tether snapt in twain,
Swift from his stall, in eager joy, the steed
Bounds forth and, master of the open plain,
Now seeks the mares that in the pastures feed,
Now towards the well-known river scours the mead,
Wont there to cool his glowing sides, and neighs
With head erect and glories in his speed,
While o'er his collar and his shoulders plays 568
The waving mane, flung loose in many a wandering maze.

LXV . Him meets Camilla, with her Volscian train,
And by the gate dismounting then and there
(Down likewise leap her followers to the plain),
“Turnus,” she cries, “if confidence can e’er
Befit the brave, I venture and I swear
Singly to face yon Trojans in the fray,
And stem the Tuscan cavalry. My care
Shall be the war’s first hazards to essay; 577
Thou guard the walls afoot, and by the ramparts stay.”

LXVI . Then he, with eyes fixt on the wondrous maid,
“O glory of Italia, virgin bright!
What praise can match thee? how shall thanks be paid?
But now, since naught can daunt thee nor affright,
Share thou my labour, and divide the fight.
Yonder Æneas, so the news hath flown,
So spies report, hath sent his horsemen light
To scour the fields, while o’er the mountains’ crown 586
Himself through devious ways is marching to the town.

LXVII . “Deep in a hollow, where the wood’s dark shade
Two cross-ways hides, an ambush I prepare,
And armed men shall the double pass blockade.
Thou take the shock of battle, and o’erbear
The Tuscan horse. Messapus shall be there,
Tiburtus’ band, and Latins in array
To aid, and thine shall be the leader’s care.”
He spake, and cheered Messapus to the fray, 595
And Latium’s federate chiefs, and spurred upon his way.

LXVIII . There lies a winding valley, fit for snares
And stratagems, shut in on either hand
By wooded slopes. A narrow pathway fares
Along the gorge, and on the hill-tops, planned
For safety, flat but hidden spreads the land.
Rightward or leftward there is room to bear

The shock of arms, or on the ridge to stand,
And roll down rocks upon the foe. 'Twas there 604
Young Turnus, screened by woods, lies crouching in his lair.

LXIX . Meanwhile Latonia in the realms of air
Fleet Opis, sister of her sacred train,
Addressed in sorrowing accents, "Maiden fair,
See how Camilla to the fatal plain
Goes forth, in quest of battle. See, in vain
Our arms she wears, the quiver and the bow.
Dearest is she of all that own my reign,
Nor new-born is Diana's love, I trow; 613
No fit of fondness this, or fancy known but now

LXX . "When tyrant Metabus his people's hate
Drove from Privernum, for his deeds of shame.
His babe he bore, the partner of his fate,
Through war and battle, and, her mother's name
Casmilla changed, Camilla she became.
To lonely woods and hill-tops fain to fly,
Fierce swords and Volscians all around, he came
Where Amasenus, with its waves bank-high, 622
Athwart him foamed; so vast a deluge rent the sky.

LXXI . "Prepared to plunge, he pauses, sore assailed
By love, and terror for a charge so dear.
All means revolving, this at last prevailed.
Fire-dried and knotted, an enormous spear
Of seasoned oak the warrior chanced to bear.
To the mid shaft the tender babe he ties,
Swathed in the covering of a cork-tree near,
Then lifts the load, and, poisoning, ere it flies, 631
The ponderous lance, looks up, and thus invokes the skies:

LXXII . "O Queen of woods, Latonia, virgin fair!
To thee my daughter I devote this day,
Thy handmaid. See, thus early through the air

She bears thy weapons. Make her thine, I pray,
And safely through the doubtful air convey.’
So prayed the sire, and nerved him for the throw,
Then aimed, and launched the missile on its way.
The babe forlorn, while roars the stream below, 640
Link’d to the shaft, is borne across the current’s flow.

LXXIII . “In plunges Metabus, the foemen near,
And Trivia’s gift, safe landing from the wave,
Plucks from the grass, — the maiden and the spear.
No town is his, to shelter and to save,
His savage mood no shelter deigns to crave.
A shepherd’s life on lonely hills he leads,
In tangled covert, or in woodland cave.
The milk of beasts supplies his daughter’s needs, 649
And from the wild-mare’s teats her tender lips he feeds.

LXXIV . “And when the tottering infant first essayed
To plant her footsteps, to her hands he strung
A lance, and o’er the shoulders of the maid
The light-wing’d arrows and the bow he slung.
For golden coif and trailing mantle, hung
A tiger’s spoils. Her tiny hand e’en then
Hurled childish darts; e’en then the tough hide, swung
Around her temples, as she roamed the plain, 658
Brought down the snowy swan, or swift Strymonian crane.

LXXV . “Full many a Tuscan mother far and near
Has wooed Camilla for her son in vain.
Contented with Diana year by year,
She loves her silvan weapon, free and fain
To live a maiden-huntress, pure of stain.
And O! had battle, and the toils of fight
Not lured her thus to combat on the plain,
And match her prowess with the Teucrians’ might, 667
Mine were the maiden still, my darling and delight.

LXXVI . “Now, since well-nigh the fatal threads are spun,
Go, Nymph, to Latin frontiers wing thy way,
Where evil omens mark the fight begun.
Take, too, this quiver; who the maid shall slay, —
Trojan or Latin — with his blood shall pay
Myself the armour and the corpse will bear,
Wrapt in a cloud, and in her country lay.”
She spake, and, girt with whirlwind, and the blare 676
Of sounding arms, the Nymph glides down the yielding air.

LXXVII . Meanwhile, the Trojans and the Tuscan train,
In marshalled squadrons, to the walls draw near,
Steeds neigh, and chafe, and prance upon the plain,
And lances bristling o’er the field appear.
Messapus, too, and Latium’s hosts are here,
Coras, Catillus, and Camilla leads
Her troops to aid. All couch the levelled spear,
And whirl the dart. Hot waxes on the meads 685
The tramp of hurrying hosts, the snorting of the steeds.

LXXVIII . Each halts within a spear-cast of the foe,
Then, spurring, forward with a shout they dash,
And, darkening heaven, shower the darts like snow.
In front, Tyrrhenus and Aconteus rash
Cross spears, the first to grapple. With a crash,
Steed against steed, went ruining. Breast and head
Shocked and were shattered. Like the lightning’s flash,
And loud as missile from an engine sped, 694
Hurled far, Aconteus falls, and with a gasp lies dead.

LXXIX . This breaks the line; the Latins turn and fly,
Their shields behind them. On the Trojans go,
Asilas first. And now the gates are nigh;
Once more, with shouts, the Latins face the foe;
These, scared in turn, the slackened reins forego.
So shifts the fight, as on the winding strand
The swelling ocean, with alternate flow,

Foams on the rocks, and curls along the sand, 703
Now sucks the shingle back, and, ebbing, leaves the land.

LXXX . Twice the fierce Tuscans, spurring o'er the fields,
Drive the Rutulians to their walls in flight.
Twice, driven backward, from behind their shields
The victors see the rallying foes unite.
But when the third time, in the fangs of fight,
Man singling man, both armies met to close,
Loud were the groans, and fearful was the sight,
Arms splashed with gore, steeds, riders, friends and foes, 712
Blent in the deadly broil, and fierce the din uprose.

LXXXI . Lo, here, Orsilochns, too faint with fear
To meet fierce Remulus, a distant dart
Hurls at his steed. Beneath the charger's ear
The shaft stands fixt; the beast, with sudden start,
His breast erect, and maddened by the smart,
Rears up, and flings his rider to the ground.
Here brave Iolas, from his friends apart,
Catillus slew; Herminius next he found, 721
Large-hearted, large of limb, and eke in arms renowned.

LXXXII . Bare is his head, with auburn locks aglow,
And bare his shoulders. Wounds to him are vain;
Tower-like he stands, defenceless to the foe.
Through his broad chest the javelin, urged amain,
Pierced him, and quivered, and he writhed with pain,
His giant form bent double. Far and nigh
The dark blood pours in torrents on the plain,
As, dealing havoc with the sword, they vie, 730
And, courting wounds, rush on, a warrior's death to die.

LXXXIII . There, quiver-girt, the Amazonian maid,
One bosom bare, amidst the carnage wheeled,
Camilla, glorying in the war's grim trade.
Her limber darts she scatters o'er the field,

Her arms untired the ponderous axe can wield.
Diana's arrows and the golden bow
Sound at her back. She too, if forced to yield,
Fights as she flies, and well the maid doth know 739
With flying shafts hurled back to stay the following foe.

LXXXIV . Around her, Tulla and Larinia stand,
Tarpeia too, with brazen axe bedight,
Italians all, the choicest of her band,
In peace or war her glory and delight.
So, battling round Hippolyte, unite
Her Thracians, when Thermodon's banks afar
Ring with their arms. So rides the maid of might,
Penthesilea, in her conquering car, 748
And hosts, with moon-shaped shields, exulting hail the war.

LXXXV . Whom first, dread maiden, did thy javelin quell?
Whom last? how many in the dust lay low?
Eunæus first, the son of Clytius, fell.
Sheer through his breast, left naked to the blow,
Ploughed the long fir-shaft, as he faced his foe.
Prone falls the warrior, and in deadly stound
Gaspes out his life-blood, and the crimson flow
Spouts forth in torrents, as he bites the ground, 757
And, dying, grasps the spear, and writhes upon the wound.

LXXXVI . Liris anon and Pagasus she slew,
One, flung to earth, and gathering up the rein,
His charger stabbed, the other, as he flew
To aid, and reached his helpless hands in vain,
Amastrus, son of Hippotas, was slain;
Harpalycus, Demophoon, as they fled,
The dread spear caught, and stretched upon the plain,
Tereus and Chromis. For each shaft that sped, 766
Launched from her maiden hand, a Phrygian foe lay dead.

LXXXVII . On Iapygian steed, in arms unknown,

Rode Ornytus, the huntsman. A rough hide,
Stript from a bullock, o'er his back was thrown.
A wolf's huge jaws, with glittering teeth, supplied
His helmet, and a rustic pike he plied.
Him, as he towered, the tallest in the fray,
Wheeling his steed, Camilla unespied
Caught — in the rout 'twas easy — and her prey 775
Pinned, with unpitying spear, and jeered him as he lay.

LXXXVIII . “Ha, Tuscan! thought'st thou 'twas the chase? Thy day
Hath come; a woman shall thy vaunts belie.
Yet take this glory to the grave, and say
'Twas I, the great Camilla, made thee die.”
She spake, and smote Orsilochnus close by,
And Butes, hugest of the Trojan crew.
First Butes falls; just where the neck doth lie,
'Twixt casque and corslet, naked to the view, 784
And leftward droops the shield, the fatal barb goes through.

LXXXIX . Chased by Orsilochnus, afar she wheels
Her seeming flight, wide-circling to and fro,
Till, doubling in a narrower ring, she steals
Inside, and follows on the following foe.
Then, rising steep, while vainly in his woe
He pleads for pity, and entreats her grace,
She swings the battle-axe, and blow on blow
On head and riven helmet heaps apace, 793
And the hot brains and blood are spattered o'er his face.

XC . Next crossed her path, but stood aghast to see,
The son of Aunus, from the mountain-seat
Of Apennine. No mean Ligurian he,
While Fate was kind, and prospered his deceit.
Fearful of death, and hopeless to retreat,
He tries if cunning can avail his need,
And cries aloud, “Good sooth, a wondrous feat!
A woman trusts for glory to her steed. 802

Come down; fight fair afoot, and take the braggart's meed!"

XCI . Down leaps the maid in fury, and her steed
Hands to a comrade, and with arms matched fair,
And dauntless heart, confronts him on the mead,
Her shield unblazoned, and her falchion bare.
He, vainly glorying in his fancied snare,
Reins round in haste, and, spurring, strives to flee.
"Fool," cries Camilla, "let thy pride beware.
Think not to palm thy father's tricks on me, 811
Nor hope with craft like this thy lying sire to see."

XCII . So spake she, and on flying feet afire
Outruns his steed, and stands athwart the way,
Then grasps the reins, and deals the wretch his hire,
Doomed with his life-blood for his craft to pay.
So on a dove, amid the clouds astray,
Down swoops the sacred falcon through the sky
From some tall cliff, and fastens on his prey,
And grips, and rends, and sucks the life-blood dry; 820
The feathers, foul with blood, come, fluttering down from high.

XCIII . Nor Jove meanwhile with unregarding ken,
Throned on Olympus, doth the scene survey.
Watchful of all, the Sire of gods and men
Stirs up the Tuscan Tarchon to the fray,
And plies the war-goad with no gentle sway.
He through the squadrons on his steed aflame
Rides 'mid the carnage, where the ranks give way;
Now chides, now cheers, and calling each by name, 829
Re-forms the broken lines, and reinspires the tame.

XCIV . "Cowards, why faint ye, Tuscans but in name?
Fie! shall a woman scatter you in flight?
O, slack! O, never to be stung to shame!
What use of weapons, if ye fear to fight?
No laggards ye for amorous jousts at night,

Or Bacchic revels, when the fife ye hear.
The feast and wine-cup — these are your delight;
For these ye linger, till the approving seer 838
Calls to the grove's deep shade, where bleeds the fattened steer.”

XCV . Then, spurring forth, himself prepared to die,
He dashed at Venulus, unhorsed his prize,
And bore him on his saddle-bow. A cry
Goes up, and all the Latins turn their eyes.
Swift with his prey the fiery Tarchon flies,
And, while the steel-head from his spear he rends,
Each chink and crevice in his armour tries,
To deal the death-blow. He, as fierce, contends, 847
And, countering force with force, his naked throat defends.

XCVI . As when a golden eagle, high in air,
Wreathed with a serpent, fastens, as she flies,
With feet that clutch, and taloned claws that tear.
Coil writhed in coil, the roughening scales uprise,
The crest points up, the hissing tongue defies.
She with sharp beak still rends the struggling prey,
And beats the air. So Tarchon with his prize
Through Tibur's host exulting speeds away. 856
With cheers the Tuscans charge, and hail their chief's essay.

XCVII . Now, due to fate, aloof with lifted lance,
The crafty Aruns round Camilla wheels,
And tries where fortune lends the readiest chance.
Oft as she charges, where the war-shout peals,
He slips unseen, and follows on her heels.
When back she runs, triumphant from the foe,
He shifts the rein, and from the conflict steals.
Now here, now there, he doubles to and fro, 865
And shakes his felon spear, but hesitates to throw.

XCVIII . Lo, Chloreus, priest of Cybele, aglow
In Phrygian armour, gorgeous to behold,

Urges his foaming charger at the foe,
All decked in feathered chain-work, linked with gold.
Cretan his shafts, his bow of Lycian mould.
Dark blue and foreign purple clothed his breast,
Golden his casque and bow; his mantle's fold
Of yellow saffron knots of gold compressed, 874
And buskins bound his knees, and broidered was his vest.

XCIX . Him the fierce huntress, whether fain the shrine
To deck with trophies, or with envious eyes
Wishful herself in Trojan arms to shine,
Marks in the strife; at him alone she flies,
Proud, like a woman, of her fancied prize.
Blindly she runs, uncautious of the snare,
When, darting from the ambush, where he lies,
The moment snatched, false Aruns shakes his spear, 883
And thus, with measured aim, invokes the Gods with prayer.

C . "O Phoebus, guardian of Soracte's steep,
Whom first we honour, to whose sacred name,
Thy votaries, we, the blazing pine-wood heap,
And, firm in faith, pass through the smouldering flame,
Grant that our arms may wipe away this shame.
Trophies, nor spoils, nor plunder from the prey
Be mine; I look to other deeds for fame.
If wound of mine this hateful pest shall slay, 892
Home will I gladly go, and fameless quit the fray."

CI . Apollo heard, and granted half his prayer,
And half he scattered to the winds. To slay
With sudden stroke Camilla unaware
He gave, but gave not his returning day;
The breezes puffed the bootless wish away.
Shrill sang the lance; each Volscian eye and heart
Turned to the queen. The weapon on its way, —
The rush of air she heeds not, till the dart 901
Strikes home, and, staying, draws the life-blood from her heart.

CII . Up run her friends, the fainting queen to aid,
More scared than all, in fear and joy amain,
False Aruns flies, nor dares to face the maid,
Or trust the venture of his spear again.
As guilty wolf, some steer or shepherd slain,
Slinks to the hills, ere hostile darts pursue,
And clasps his tail between his thighs, full fain
To seek the woods, so Aruns shrank from view, 910
Sore scared and glad to fly, and in the crowd withdrew.

CIII . With dying hand she strives to pluck the spear:
Deep 'twixt the rib-bones in the wound it lies.
Bloodless she faints; her features, late so fair,
Fade, as the crimson from the pale cheeks flies,
And cold and misty wax the drooping eyes.
Then, with quick gasps, and groaning from her breast,
She calls to faithful Acca, ere she dies, —
Acca, her truest comrade and her best, 919
The partner of her cares, — and breathes a last request.

CIV . “Sister, 'tis past; the bitter shaft apace
Consumes me; all is growing dark. Go, tell
This news to Turnus; bid him take my place,
And keep these Trojans from the town. Farewell.”
So saying, she dropped the bridle, as she fell.
Death's creeping chills the loosened limbs o'erspread.
Down dropped the weapons she had borne so well,
The neck drooped, slackened; and she bowed her head, 928
And the disdainful soul went groaning to the dead.

CV . Up rose a shout, Camilla fall'n, that beat
The golden stars, and fiercer waxed the fray.
On press the host, in serried ranks complete,
Trojans, Arcadians, Tuscans in array.
High on a hill, fair Opis watched the day,
Set there by Trivia, undisturbed till now,

When, lo, amid the tumult far away
She sees Camilla, in the dust laid low, 937
Deep from her breast she sighs, and thus in words of woe:

CVI . “Cruel, too cruel, is thy forfeit paid,
Poor maiden, who the Trojan arms would’st dare;
Nor aught availed thee, in the woodland glade
To serve Diana, and her arms to wear.
Yet not unhonoured in thy death, nor bare
Of fame she leaves thee; nor in after day
Shall vengeance fail thy prowess to declare.
Whoso hath dared thy sacred form to slay, 946
His blood shall rue the deed, and fit atonement pay.”

CVII . Beneath the hill a barrow chanced to stand,
Heaped there of old, and holm-oaks frowned beside
Dercennus’ tomb, who ruled Laurentum’s land.
Here, lightning swift, the lovely Nymph espied,
In shining arms, and puffed with empty pride,
False Aruns. “Caitiff! dost thou think to flee?
Why keep aloof? Turn hitherward!” she cried,
“Come here, and die! Camilla claims her fee. 955
Must Cynthia waste her shafts on worthless knaves like thee?”

CVIII . Plucking the arrow from her case, she drew
The bow, full-stretched, till both the horns unite.
Both arms raised level, ere the missile flew,
Her left hand touched the iron point, the right,
Pressed to her nipple, strained the bow-string tight.
He hears the arrow whistle as it flies,
And feels the wound. Sweeping on amain, [word missing]
Forsakes him. Groaning, with a gasp, he dies. 964
Upsoars the gladdening Nymph, and seeks the Olympian skies.

CIX . First flies Camilla’s troop, their mistress slain,
Then, routed, the Rutulian ranks give way,
And fierce Atinas gallops from the plain,

And scattered chiefs and squadrons in dismay
Spur towards the town for shelter from the fray.
None dares that murderous onset of the foe
To stem with javelins, nor their charge to stay.
Slack from their fainting shoulders hangs the bow, 973
The clattering horse-hoofs shake the crumbling ground below.

CX . Dark rolls the dust-cloud, to the town-walls driven,
And mothers on the watch-towers, pale with fear,
Smite on their breasts, and shriek aloud to heaven.
These, bursting in, their foemen in the rear
Crush in the crowd, and slaughter with the spear,
Slain in the gateway — miserably slain! —
Their walls in sight, their happy homes so near.
Those bar the gates, while comrades on the plain 982
Stretch their imploring hands, and call to them in vain.

CXI . Then piteous waxed the carnage by the gate,
Some storming, some defending. These without,
In sight of parents, weeping at their fate,
Roll down the moat, swept headlong by the rout,
Or charge the battered doorposts with a shout.
The very matrons, at their country's call,
Their javelins hurl. Charr'd stakes and oak-staves stout
Serve them for swords. Forth rush they, one and all, 991
Fir'd by Camilla's deeds, to save the town or fall.

CXII . Meanwhile to Turnus, in the woods afar,
Came Acca, and the bitter news made plain,
And told the chief the tumult of the war, —
The panic and the rout — the Volscian train
Swept from the battle, and Camilla slain.
The foemen, flushed with conquest, far and near
In hot pursuit, and sweeping on amain,
And all the city now aghast with fear: — 1000
Such was the dolorous tale that filled the warrior's ear.

CXIII . Then, mad with fury, in revengeful mood
(For Jove is stern, and so the Fates ordain),
He quits his mountain-ambush and the wood.
Scarce, out of sight, had Turnus reached the plain,
When, issuing forth, Æneas hastes to gain
The pass, left open, climbs the neighbouring height,
And leaves the tangled forest. Thus the twain,
Each near to each, — the middle space is slight, — 1009
Townward their troops lead on, and hail the proffered fight.

CXIV . At once Æneas on the dusty plain
Marks the Laurentine columns far away.
At once, in arms, fierce Turnus knows again
The dread Æneas, and he hears the neigh
Of steeds, and tramp of footmen in array.
Then each the fight had ventured, as they stood,
But rosy Phoebus, with declining day,
His steeds was bathing in the Iberian flood; 1018
So by the walls they camp, and make the ramparts good.

BOOK TWELVE

ARGUMENT

Turnus realises that he must now redeem his promise to meet Æneas in single combat, and refuses to be dissuaded either by Latinus or by Amata (1-90). The challenge is sent, and the two make ready. Lists are prepared and spectators gather (91-153). Juno warns the Nymph Juturna to aid her brother Turnus (154-180). After the terms of combat have been ratified by oath and sacrifice, Juturna, in disguise, by an opportune omen induces one of the assembled Latins to break the truce and kill a Trojan (181-310). Æneas is wounded while endeavouring to restrain his men from reprisals, and the fray becomes general. Turnus deals death among the Trojans (311-441). Æneas is miraculously healed, and at first pursues only Turnus — who is carried off by Juturna (442-561), but presently gives rein to his anger and slays indiscriminately, until by Venus' advice he attacks the city. Amata kills herself, believing Turnus dead (562-702). Turnus' eyes are opened. Seeing the city outworks in flames, he returns and proclaims himself ready to meet Æneas, who, welcoming the challenge, rushes forward. All eyes are riveted on the two, when Turnus' sword breaks, and once more he flees, pursued by Æneas. Juturna gives Turnus another sword, and Venus restores to Æneas his spear (703-918). Follows a colloquy between Jupiter and Juno. — Turnus must die. Æneas shall marry Lavinia and be king. But the new nation must keep the ancient rites and names of Latium, and be called not Trojans but Latins. Juno yields, and Jupiter warns Juturna to leave the battle (919-1026). Turnus, being beside himself, after a last superhuman effort, is struck down. Æneas is about to spare his life, when he sees upon his shoulder the spoils of Pallas, and kills him (1027-1107).

I . When Turnus saw the Latins faint and fly,
Crushed by the War-God, and his pledge reclaimed,
Himself the mark of every scornful eye,

Rage unappeasable his pride inflamed.
As when a lion, in the breast sore maimed
In Punic fields, uprousing, shakes his mane,
And snaps the shaft that felon hands had aimed,
His mouth all bloody, as he roars with pain, 1
So Turnus blazed with wrath, as thus in scornful strain

II . He hailed the king: “Not Turnus stops the way;
No cause have these their challenge to forego,
Poor Trojan cowards; I accept the fray,
Sire, be the compact hallowed; be it so.
Or I, while Latins sit and see the show,
Will hurl to Hell this Dardan thief abhorred,
This Asian runaway, and on the foe
Refute the common slander with the sword, 10
Or he, as victor, reign and be Lavinia’s lord.”

III . Then, calm of soul, Latinus made reply,
“O gallant youth, the more thy heart is fain
In fierceness to excel, the more should I
Weigh well the risks and measure loss with gain.
To thee belong thy father Daunus’ reign
And captured towns. Good will have I and gold,
And other maids our Latin homes contain,
Of noble birth and lovely to behold. 19
Hear now, and let plain speech the thankless truth unfold.

IV . “To none of former suitors was I free
To wed my daughter, so the voice ordained
Of gods and men consenting. Love for thee,
And sympathy for kindred blood hath gained
The mastery, and a weeping wife constrained.
I robbed the husband of the bride he wooed,
Took impious arms, and plighted faith disdained.
Ah me! what wars, what bitter fates ensued, 28
Thou, Turnus, know’st too well, who first hast felt the feud.

V . “Scarce now, twice worsted in the desperate fray,
Our walls can guard what Latin hopes remain,
And, choked with Latin corpses, day by day,
Old Tiber’s stream runs purple to the main,
And Latin bones are whitening all the plain.
Why shifts my frenzied purpose to and fro?
Why change and change? If, maugre Turnus slain,
I deign to welcome as a friend his foe, 37
Why not, while Turnus lives, the needless strife forego?

VI . “What will Rutulian kinsmen, what will all
Italia say, if (Chance the deed forefend!)
I leave thee, cheated of my care, to fall,
The daughter’s lover, and the father’s friend?
O, weigh the risks that on the war attend;
Pity the parent in his sad, old age,
Left at far Ardea to lament thine end.”
Thus he; but naught fierce Turnus can assuage; 46
The healing hand but chafes, and words augment his rage.

VII . Then he, scarce gathering utterance, spake again,
“Good Sire, thy trouble for my sake forego;
Leave me the price of glory — to be slain.
I too can hurl, nor feeble is my blow,
The whistling shaft, that lays the foeman low,
And drinks his life-blood. Vain shall be his prayer.
No goddess mother shall be there, to throw
Her mist around him, with a woman’s care, 55
And screen her darling son with empty shades of air.”

VIII . The Queen, with death before her, filled with fears,
Wept sore and checked the fiery suitor’s way.
“O Turnus! if thou heed’st me, by these tears; —
Hope of my age, Latinus’ strength and stay,
Prop of our falling house! one boon I pray;
Forbear the fight. What fate awaiteth thee,
Awaits me too. If Trojans win the day,

With thee I'll leave the loathed light, nor see 64
Æneas wed my child, a captive slave, as she."

IX . With tears Lavinia heard her mother speak.
A crimson blush her glowing face o'erspread,
And hot fires kindled on her burning cheek.
As Indian ivory, when stained with red,
Or lilies, mixt with roses in a bed,
So flushed the maid, with varying thoughts distrest.
He, wild with love, upon Lavinia fed
His constant gaze, but maddening with unrest, 73
Burned for the fight still more, and thus the Queen addressed:

X . "Vex me not, mother, marching to the fray,
With these thy tears and bodings of despair.
'Tis not in me the fatal hour to stay.
Thou, Idmon, to the Phrygian tyrant bear
The unwelcome word: to-morrow let him spare
To lead his Teucrians to the fight. Each side
Shall rest awhile; when morning shines in air,
His blood or mine the quarrel shall decide, 82
And he or I shall win, whose prowess earns, the bride."

XI . Thus speaking, to his home the chieftain hies
And bids his steeds be harnessed for the fight:
Soon for the pleasure of their master's eyes
They stand before him, neighing in their might.
In days of old from Orithyia bright
To King Pylumus came those coursers twain,
Swifter than breezes and than snow more white;
His ready grooms attend, a nimble train, 91
And clap the sounding breast and comb the abundant mane.

XII . Himself the shining corselet, stiff with gold
And orichalcum, on his shoulders laid.
His sword and shield he fitted to his hold,
And donned the helm, with crimson plumes arrayed,

The sword the Fire-King for his sire had made,
And dipped still glowing in the Stygian flood,
Last, the strong spear-beam in his hand he swayed
(Against a pillar in the house it stood), 100
Auruncan Actor's spoils, and shook the quivering wood,

XIII . And shouted, "Now, O never known to fail
Thy master's call, my trusty spear, I throw
The hour is come. Once, mightiest under mail,
Did Actor wield thee; Turnus wields thee now.
Grant this strong hand to lay the foeman low,
This Phrygian eunuch of his arms to spoil,
And rend his shattered breastplate with a blow;
Dragged in the dust, his dainty curls to soil, 109
Hot from the crisping tongs, and wet with myrrh and oil."

XIV . Such furies urge him, and, ablaze with ire,
His hot face sparkles, and his eyes burn bright,
And from his eye-balls leaps the living fire;
As when a bull, in prelude for the fight,
Roars terribly, and fills the hinds with fright,
And, butting at a chance-met tree, would try
To vent his fury on his horns of might,
And with his fierce hoofs flings the sand on high, 118
And gores the empty air, and challenges the sky.

XV . Nor less, meanwhile, and terrible in arms, —
The arms that Venus to her son doth lend, —
Æneas rages, and the War-God warms.
Pleased with the challenge, singly to contend,
And bring the weary warfare to an end,
His friends he cheers, and calms Iulus' care,
Unfolding Fate, then heralds hastes to send,
His answer to the Latin King to bear: 127
The challenge he accepts, the terms of peace are fair.

XVI . Scarce Morning glimmered on the mountains grey,

And Phoebus' steeds, uprising from the main,
With lifted nostrils breathed approaching day.
Mixt with the Trojans, the Rutulian train,
Beneath the lofty town-walls on the plain
Mark out the lists, and mid-way in the ring,
Their braziers set, as common rites ordain.
These, apron-girt and crowned with vervain, bring 136
Fire for the turf-piled hearths, and water from the spring.

XVII . Forth, as to war, Ausonia's spear-armed host,
Trojans and Tuscans, to the field proceed,
And to and fro, in gold and purple, post
Asilas brave, Assaracus's seed,
Mnestheus, Messapus, tamer of the steed.
Back step both armies at the trumpet's call,
Their spears in earth, their shields upon the mead.
An unarmed crowd, old men and matrons, all 145
Stand by the lofty gates, and throng the towers and wall.

XVIII . But Juno, seated on a neighbouring height,
Now Alban called, then nameless and unknown,
Gazed from its summit on the field of fight,
And, musing, on the marshalled hosts looked down
Of Troy and Latium, and Latinus' town,
Then straight — a goddess to a goddess — spake
To Turnus' sister, who the sway doth own
Of sounding river and of stagnant lake, 154
Raised by the King of air, as yielding for his sake.

XIX . "Nymph, pride of rivers, darling of my love,
Thou know'st, Juturna, how to all whoe'er
Of Latin maidens climbed the couch of Jove,
I thee preferred, and gave his courts to share.
Learn now thy woe, lest I the blame should bear.
While Fate and Fortune smiled on Latium's sway,
Thy walls I saved, and Turnus was my care.
Now in ill hour I see him tempt the fray; 163

Fate and the foe speed on the inevitable day.

XX . “Not I this fight, this wager can behold.
Thou, if thou durst, thy brother’s doom arrest.
Go; luck perchance may follow thee.” Fast rolled
Juturna’s tears, and thrice she smote her breast.
“No time to weep,” said Juno, “speed thy quest,
And save thy brother, if thou canst, ere dead,
Or wake the war, and rend the league unblest;
'Tis I who bid thee to be bold.” She said, 172
And left her, tost with doubt, and full of wildering dread.

XXI . Forth come the Kings; Latinus, proudly borne
High in his four-horse chariot, shines afar.
Twelve gilded rays the monarch’s brows adorn,
His Sire’s, the Sun-God’s. Wielding as for war
Two spears, comes Turnus in his two-horse car.
There, Rome’s great founder, doth Æneas ride,
With dazzling shield, bright-shining as a star,
And arms divine, and at his father’s side 181
Ascanius takes his place, Rome’s second hope and pride.

XXII . And clad in robes of purest white, the priest
Leads forth the youngling of a bristly swine,
And two-year sheep, by shearer’s hands unfleec’d.
And they, with eyes turned to the dawn divine,
Bared the bright steel, the victim’s brow to sign,
And strewed the cakes of salted meal, and poured
On blazing altars bowls of sacred wine;
And good Æneas drew his glittering sword, 190
And thus, with pious prayer, the immortal gods adored:

XXIII . “Witness, O Sun, thou Earth attest my prayer,
For whom I toil. Thou, Jove, supreme in sway,
And thou, great Juno, pleased at length to spare.
O mighty Mars, whose nod directs the fray;
Springs, Streams, and Powers whom Air and Sea obey.

If Turnus win — O let the vow remain —
Humbly to King Evander, as they may,
Troy's sons shall fly, Iulus quit the reign, 199
Nor seed of mine e'er vex the Latin field again.

XXIV . “But else, if victory smile upon my sword
(As rather deem I, and may Heaven decree),
I wish not Troy to be Italia's lord,
Nor claim the crown; let each, unquelled and free,
In deathless league on equal terms agree.
Arms, empire let Latinus keep; I claim
To bring our rites and deities. For me
My Teucrian friends another town shall frame, 208
And bless the rising towers with fair Lavinia's name.”

XXV . Thus first Æneas; then with uplift eyes,
His right hand stretching to the stars in prayer,
“Hear me, Æneas,” old Latinus cries,
“By the same Earth, and Sea and Stars I swear,
By the twin offering of Latona fair,
And two-faced Janus, and Hell's powers malign,
And Dis unpitying; let Jove give ear,
The Sire whose bolt the solemn league doth sign, 217
Witness these fires and gods, — my hand is on the shrine, —

XXVI . “No time with Latins shall this league unbind,
Whate'er the issue, or the peace confound,
No force shall shake the purpose of my mind.
Nay — though the circling Ocean burst its bound,
And all the Earth were in a deluge drowned,
And Heaven with Hell should mingle. Sure as now
This sceptre” (haply in his hand was found
The Royal sceptre) “nevermore, I trow, 226
Shall bourgeon with fresh leaves, or spread a shadowing bough,

XXVII . “Since once in forests, from its parent tree
Lopped clean away, the woodman stripped it bare

Of boughs and leaves, now fashioned, as ye see,
And cased in brass by cunning craftsman's care,
For fathers of the Latin realm to bear.”
So they, amid their chiefest, Sire with Sire,
Confirm the league. These o'er the flames prepare
To slay the victims, and, as rites require, 235
The living entrails tear, and feed the sacred fire.

XXVIII . Long while unequal to Rutulian eyes
The combat seemed, and trouble tossed them sore,
Now more, beholding nearer, how in size
And strength the champions differed, yea, and more,
Beholding Turnus, as he moved before
The altars, sad and silently, and seeks
With downcast eyes Heaven's favour to implore,
The wanness of his youthful frame, that speaks 244
Of health and hope now fled, the pallor of his cheeks.

XXIX . Soon as Juturna saw the whispers grow
From tongue to tongue, and marked the changing tone,
The hearts of people wavering to and fro,
Amidst them, — now in form of Camers known,
Great Camers, sprung from grandsires of renown,
His father famed for many a brave emprise,
Himself as famed for exploits of his own, —
Amidst them, mistress of her part, she flies, 253
And scatters words of doubt, and many a dark surmise.

XXX . “Shame, will ye risk, Rutulians, for his host
The life of one? In number, strength and show
Do we not match them? Those are all they boast,
Trojans, Arcadians and Etruscans. Lo,
Fight we by turns, each scarce can find a foe.
He to his gods, whose shrines he dies to shield,
Will rise, and praised will be his name below.
We, reft of home, to tyrant lords shall yield, 262
And toil as slaves, who sit so slackly on the field.”

XXXI . So saying, Juturna to the youths imparts
Fresh rage, and murmurs through the concourse run,
And changed are Latin and Laurentian hearts,
And they, who lately sought the strife to shun,
And longed for rest, now wish the league undone,
And, pitying Turnus, wrongly doomed to die,
Call out for arms. And now, her work begun,
Juturna shows a lying sign on high, 271
That shakes Italian hearts, and cheats the wondering eye.

XXXII . Jove's golden eagle through the crimson skies
In chase of clanging marsh-fowl, swooped in flight
Down on a swan, and trussed the noble prize.
The Latins gaze, when lo, a wondrous sight!
Back wheels the flock, and all with screams unite,
And darkening, as a cloud, in dense array
Press on the foe, till, overborne by might,
And yielding to sheer weight, he drops the prey 280
Into the stream below, and cloudward soars away.

XXXIII . With shouts the glad Rutulians hail the sign,
And lift their hands. Then spake the seer straightway,
Tolumnius: "Welcome, welcome, powers divine!
'Twas this— 'twas this I longed for, day by day.
To arms! 'Tis I, Tolumnius, lead the way.
Poor souls! whom yon strange pirate would enslave,
Like feeble birds, and make your coast a prey.
He too shall fly, and vanish o'er the wave. 289
Stand close and fight as one, your captive king to save."

XXXIV . He spake and hurled his javelin at the foes,
Advancing. Shrill the cornel hissed, and flew
True to its quarry. Then a shout uprose,
And the ranks wavered, and hearts throbbed anew
With ardour, as the gathering tumult grew.
On went the missile to where, side by side,

Nine brethren stood, of comely form, whom, true
To her Gylippus, bare a Tuscan bride, 298
Nine tall Arcadian sons, in bloom of youthful pride.

XXXV . One, where the belt chafes, and the strong clasp bites
The brodered edges, — comeliest of the band,
And sheathed in shining mail — the steel-head smites,
And rives the ribs, and rolls him on the sand.
Blind with hot rage, his brethren, sword in hand,
Or snatching missiles, to avenge the slain,
Rush to the charge. Laurentum's ranks withstand
Their onset, and a deluge sweeps the plain, 307
Trojans, Agylla's bands, Arcadia's glittering train.

XXXVI . One passion burns, — to let the sword decide.
Strip stand the altars, and the shrines are bare;
Dark drives the storm of javelins far and wide,
The iron tempest hurtles in the air,
And bowls and censers from the hearths they tear.
Himself Latinus, flying, bears afar
His home-gods, outraged by the league's misfare.
Some leap to horse, and others yoke the car, 316
Or bare the glittering sword, and hurry to the war.

XXXVII . Aulestes first, a king with kingly crown,
Messapus scares, and, spurring forward, fain
To break the treaty, rides the Tuscan down.
He, bating ground, falls back, and hurled amain
Against the altars, pitches on the plain.
Up comes Messapus, with his beam-like spear,
And smites him, pleading sorely but in vain,
Steep-rising heavily smites him, with a jeer, 325
“He hath it; Heaven hath gained a better victim here.”

XXXVIII . Up Latins rush, and strip the limbs yet warm,
A brand half-burnt fierce Corynoeus there
Flings full at Ebusus, as with lifted arm

He nears him, and the long beard, all aflare,
Shines crackling, with a smell of burning hair.
He with his left hand, following up the throw,
Grasps the long locks, and, planting firm and fair
His knee, beneath him pins the prostrate foe, 334
And drives the stark sword home, so deadly is the blow.

XXXIX . Then, fired with fury, Podalirius flew
At shepherd Alsus, as he rushed among
The foremost. With his naked sword he drew
Behind him close, and o'er his foeman hung.
He turning round his broad axe backward swung,
And clave the chin and forehead. Left and right
The dark blood o'er the spattered arms outsprung.
Hard rest and iron slumber seal his sight, 343
The drooping eyelids close on everlasting night.

XL . Unarmed, Æneas, with uncovered brow,
Stretched out his hands, and shouted to his train:
“Where rush ye, men? what sudden discord now
Is this? Be calm; your idle wrath refrain.
The truce is struck; the treaty's terms are plain.
To me belongs the battle, not to you.
Give way to me, nor fret and fume in vain.
This hand shall make the treaty firm and true. 352
These rites, this solemn pact give Turnus for my due.”

XLI . So spake he, fain the tumult to allay,
And scarce had ceased, when, whistling as it flew,
A feathered shaft came hurtling on its way,
And smote the good Æneas; whose, and who
That shaft had sped, what wind had borne it true,
What chance with fame Ausonia's host had crowned,
What God, perhaps, had aided them — none knew.
The glory of that noble deed was drowned, 361
And none was found to boast of great Æneas' wound.

XLII . When Turnus saw the Trojan prince retire,
The chiefs bewildered, and their hearts unstrung,
Hope unexpected set his soul on fire,
And, calling for his steeds and arms, he sprung
Upon his chariot, and the reins outflung.
On drives he; many a hero of renown
Sinks, crushed to death; the dying roll among
The dead; whole ranks beneath his wheels go down, 370
And fast at flying hosts the fliers' spears are thrown.

XLIII . As when grim Mars, by Hebrus' icy flood,
Clashing his brazen buckler, drives apace
His fierce steeds, maddening with the lust of blood;
They o'er the plain the flying winds outrace,
And with their trampling groan the fields of Thrace;
And round the War-God his attendants throng,
Hatred, and Treachery and Fear's dark face;
So Turnus drove the battling ranks among, 379
And lashed his smoking steeds, and waved the whistling thong.

XLIV . In piteous sort he tramples on the slain;
The flying horse-hoofs spirt the crimson dew,
And tread the gore down in the sandy plain.
Now, man to man, at Thamyris he flew,
And Pholus. Sthenelus aloof he slew;
Aloof the two Imbracidæ lay dead,
Glaucus and Lades, of the Lycian crew,
Both armed alike, whom Imbracus had bred 388
To fight, or on swift steeds the flying winds to head.

XLV . Elsewhere afield, amid the foremost, fought
The brave Eumedes. (From the loins he came
Of noble Dolon, and to war he brought
The borrowed lustre of his grandsire's name,
The strength and spirit of his sire of fame,
Who for his meed, when offering to explore
The Danaan camp, Pelides' car would claim.

Poor fool! Tydides paid the boaster's score, 397
And for Achilles' steeds he hankers now no more.)

XLVI . Him Turnus sees, and through the void afar
Speeds a light lance, then bids the coursers stand,
And, lightly leaping from his two-horsed car,
Stamps on his neck, fall'n breathless on the sand,
And wrests the shining dagger from his hand.
Deep in his throat he deals a deadly wound,
And cries, "Now, Trojan, take the wished-for land.
Lie there, and measure the Hesperian ground; 406
Their meed, who tempt my sword; thus city-walls they found."

XLVII . Asbutes, Sybaris and Chloerus bleed,
Dares the bold, Orsilochus the brave,
Thymoetes, pitched from off his plunging steed.
As on the Ægean when the North-winds rave,
And the fierce gale rolls shoreward wave on wave,
And drives the cloud-rack through the sky; so these
Shrank back from Turnus, as his path he clave,
Urged by his impulse, and each turns and flees; 415
Loose streams his horsehair crest, blown backward by the breeze.

XLVIII . His fiery onset, and his shouts of pride
Bold Phlegeus brooked not, but himself he flung
Before the car, and caught and turned aside
The foaming steeds. But while, thus dragged along,
Grasping the bridle, on the yoke he hung,
His shieldless side the broad-tipt javelin found,
And pierced, and, staying, to the corslet clung,
With linen folds and brazen links twice bound. 424
And lightly scored the skin, and grazed him with the wound.

XLIX . His shield before him, at the foe he made,
And drew his short sword, turning sharply round,
And trusted to the naked steel for aid,
When wheel and axle, urged with onward bound,

Struck down and dashed him headlong to the ground,
And Turnus, reaching forward, sword in hand,
Room 'twixt the hauberk and the helmet found
And lopped the head with his avenging brand, 433
And left the bleeding trunk to welter on the sand.

L . While Turnus thus dealt havoc as he flew,
Back with Æneas from the combat went
Ascanius, Mnestheus, and Achates true,
And helped the bleeding hero to his tent.
Faltering and pale, as on the spear he leant,
Fretting, and tugging at the shaft in vain,
Quick help he summons, — with the broadsword's rent
The wound to widen, and the lurking bane 442
Cut out, and send him back to battle on the plain.

LI . Iapis, son of Iasus, was there,
The best-beloved of Phoebus. Long ago
Apollo, fired to see a youth so fair,
His arts and gifts had offered to bestow,
His augury, his lyre, his sounding bow.
But he, in hope a bed-ridden parent's days
To lengthen, sought the leech's craft to know,
The power of simples, and the silent praise 451
Of healing arts, and scorned the great Apollo's bays.

LII . Dark-frowning stands, still propt upon his spear,
Æneas, heedless of his friends around
And young Iulus, weeping in his fear.
Tight-girt like Pæon, with the robes upbound,
Beside him kneels the aged leech renowned.
With busy haste Apollo's salves he tries,
In vain, in vain he coaxes in the wound
The stubborn steel, the pincer's teeth he plies: 460
Fate bides averse, his help the healing god denies;

LIII . And more and more, along the echoing wold,

The war's wild horror thickens on the ear,
And storm-like, in the darkened skies uprolled,
The driving dust-clouds show the danger near.
Now horsemen, galloping in haste, appear,
And darts and arrows, as the foe draw nigh,
Fall in the tents, and fill the camp with fear,
And a grim clamour mounts the vaulted sky, 469
The shouts of those that fight, the groans of those that die.

LIV . Then, Venus, for her darling filled with grief,
A stalk of dittany on Ida's crown
Seeks out, and gathers, for his wound's relief,
The flower of purple and the leaves of down.
(To wounded wild-goats 'twas a plant well-known)
This brings the Goddess, veiled in mist, and brews
In a bright bowl a mixture of her own,
And, steeped in water from the stream, she strews 478
Soft balm of fragrant scent, and sweet ambrosial dews.

LV . Therewith the leech, unwitting, rinsed the wound,
And the pain fled, and all the blood was stayed.
Out came the dart, and he again was sound.
"Arms! bring his arms! Why stand ye thus afraid?"
Iapis cries, and, foremost to upbraid,
Inflames them to the fight. "No hand of mine,
No power of leech-craft, nor a mortal's aid
This healing wrought; a greater power divine, 487
Æneas, sends thee back, by greater deeds to shine."

LVI . He, hot for fight, the golden cuishes bound,
And shook the spear, then put his corslet on,
And strung the shield, and in his arms enwound,
And gently through the helmet kissed his son.
"Learn, boy, of me, how gallant deeds are done,
Fortune of others. I will guard thee now,
And lead to fame. Let riper manhood con
Thy kinsmen's deeds. Remember, and be thou 496

What uncle Hector was, and what thy sire is now.”

LVII . He spake, and swinging his tremendous spear,
Swept through the gate; then Antheus, with his train,
Rushed forth, and Mnestheus. With a general cheer
Forth pours the host; a dust-cloud hides the plain;
Earth, startled by their trampling, throbs in pain.
Pale Turnus saw them from a distant height,
The Ausonians saw, and terror chilled each vein.
Juturna heard, and knew the noise of fight, 505
And from the van drew back, and shuddered with affright.

LVIII . On swept he, and the blackening host behind.
As when from sea a storm-cloud sweeps to shore,
The weather breaking, and the trembling hind
Foresees afar the ruin and the roar,
The shattered orchards, and the crops no more,
While, landward borne, the muttering winds betray
The coming storm; so down the Trojan bore
Against the foemen, and in firm array 514
All knit their serried ranks, and gladden at the fray.

LIX . Thymbræus smites Osiris, Mnestheus fells
Archetius; by Achates smitten sheer,
Falls Epulo, and Gyas Ufens quells.
Falls, too, Tolumnius, the sacred seer,
Who first against the foemen hurled his spear.
Uprose a shout, and the Rutulians reeled
And fled. Æneas, on the dusty rear
Close-trampling, scorns to follow them afield, 523
Or fight with those that stand, or slaughter those that yield.

LX . Turnus alone, amid the blinding gloom,
He tracks and traces, searching far and near,
Turnus alone he summons to his doom.
Juturna sees, and smit with sudden fear,
Unseats Metiscus, Turnus’ charioteer,

And flings him down, and leaves him on the plain,
Then takes his place, and, urging their career,
Loose o'er the coursers shakes the waving rein; 532
Metiscus' voice and form, Metiscus' arms remain.

LXI . Like a black swallow, as she flies among
A rich man's halls, or in the courts is found
In quest of dainties for her twittering young.
And now in empty cloisters, now around
The fishpools circles, while the shrill notes sound.
So now Juturna, through the midmost foes,
Whirled in the rapid chariot, scours the ground;
Now here, now there triumphant Turnus shows, 541
Now, flying, wheels aloof, nor suffers him to close.

LXII . So wheels in turn Æneas to and fro,
And tracks his man, and through the war's wild tide
Calls him aloud. Oft as he marks his foe,
And, running, tries to match the coursers' stride,
So oft Juturna wheels the team aside.
What shall he do? While wavering thus in vain,
As diverse thoughts his doubtful mind divide,
A steel-tipt dart Messapus — one of twain — 550
Aims true, and hurls it forth, uprunning on the plain.

LXIII . Æneas paused, behind his buckler bent.
On came the javelin, and the cone was shorn
From off his helmet, and the plume was rent.
Foiled by this treachery, as he marked with scorn
The steeds and chariot from the combat borne,
He blazed with ire, and, calling on again
Jove and the altars of the truce forsworn,
Rushed on, thrice terrible, and o'er the plain 559
Dealt indiscriminate death, and gave his wrath the rein.

LXIV . What heavenly muse can sing, what god can say
The scenes of horror wrought on either side,

The varied slaughter of that fatal day,
What chiefs were chased along the field, and died,
As Turnus now, and now the Trojan plied
His murderous sword? Jove, could'st thou deem it right
So dire a broil such peoples should divide,
Two jarring nations met in deadly fight, 568
Whom leagues of lasting love were destined to unite?

LXV . Æneas first (that fight 'twas first that stayed
The Teucrian rout) caught Suero on the side.
Where death is quickest, 'twixt the ribs his blade,
Deep in the framework of the breast, he plied.
Then Turnus slew Diores; close beside,
His brother Amycus from his steed he tore;
One by the spear, one by the sword-cut died.
Their severed heads the ruthless victor bore, 577
Fixt to his flying car, and dripping with the gore.

LXVI . Talus, and Tanais, and Cethegus there
Æneas smote, and poor Onytes slew,
Whom Peridia to Echion bare.
Turnus two Lycian brethren next o'erthrew
From Phoebus' fields, and young Menoetes too
From Arcady, who loathed the war in vain.
Poor was his home, nor rich men's doors he knew.
By fishful Lerna he had earned his gain, 586
Hired was the scanty glebe his father sowed with grain.

LXVII . Lo, as fierce flames drive in from left and right
Through woodlands parched and groves of crackling bay,
As sweep impetuous from a mountain height
Loud, foaming torrents, that withouten stay
Cleave to the sea their devastating way:
So, while in each full tides of anger flow,
Rush Turnus and Æneas to the fray:
Their tameless breasts with bursting valour glow, 595
On, on they speed amain, nor fear the opposing blow.

LXVIII . There stands Murranus, vaunting in vain joy
His sires, and grandsires, he the princely son
Of Latin monarchs. Him the chief of Troy
Smites with the whirlwind of a monstrous stone,
Huge as a rock. Down from his chariot thrown,
‘Twixt reins and yoke, he tumbles on the sward.
The fierce wheels, thundering onward, beat him down;
His starting steeds, to shun the victor’s sword, 604
Tread on his trampled limbs, unmindful of their lord.

LXIX . Here, fronting Hyllus, as he rushed amain,
Fierce Turnus stood; his levelled spear-head clave
The golden casque, and quivered in his brain.
Nor thee, poor Creteus, though of Greeks most brave,
From Turnus had thy prowess power to save.
Nor aught availed Cupencus’ gods to aid
Against the dread Æneas, as he drave.
Squaring his breast, he met the glittering blade, 613
Nor long his brazen shield the mortal stroke delayed.

LXX . Thee, too, great Æolus, Laurentum’s plain
Saw trampled down by Turnus, as he flew,
And stretched at length among the Trojan slain.
Thou diest, whom ne’er could Argive bands subdue,
Nor Peleus’ son, who Priam’s realm o’erthrew.
Thy goal is here; beyond the distant wave,
Beneath the mount where Ida’s fir-trees grew,
High house was thine; high house Lyrnessus gave, 622
Thy home; Laurentum’s soil hath given thee a grave.

LXXI . So met the ranks, and mingled, man with man,
Latins and Dardans in promiscuous throng,
Mnestheus and fierce Serestus in the van,
Messapus, tamer of the steed, and strong
Asylas. There in tumult swept along
Arcadian horsemen, and the Tuscan train.

No rest is theirs, no respite; loud and long
The conflict rages, as with might and main, 631
Each for his own dear life, the warriors strive and strain.

LXXII . Now lovely Venus doth her son persuade
To seek the walls, and townward turn his train,
And deal swift havoc on the foe dismayed.
While here and there Æneas scans the plain,
Still tracking Turnus through the ranks in vain,
Far off the peaceful city he espies,
Unscathed, unstirred, and in his restless brain
The vision of a greater war doth rise; 640
Larger the War-God looms, and to his chiefs he cries.

LXXIII . Mnestheus, Sergestus and Serestus strong
He calls, and on a hillock takes his stand.
There, mustering round him, all the Teucrians throng,
Each armed with buckler, and his spear in hand,
And from the mound he thus exhorts the band:
“Hear, sons of Teucer, and let none be slack.
Jove fights for us, so hearken my command.
Though strange the venture, sudden the attack, 649
Let none for that cause faint, none loiter and hang back.

LXXIV . “This town — unless they yield them and obey —
This town, the centre of Latinus’ reign,
The cause of war, will I uproot this day,
And raze her smoking roof-tops to the plain.
What! shall I wait, and wait, till Turnus deign
To take fresh heart, and tempt the war’s rough game,
And, conquered, face his conqueror again?
See there the fount of all this blood! For shame; 658
Bring quick the torch; let fire the perjured pact reclaim!”

LXXV . So spake he, and one purpose nerves them all.
They form a wedge, and forward with a cheer
The close-knit column charges at the wall.

Here scaling ladders in a trice they rear,
And firebrands suddenly and flames appear.
These seek the gates, and lay the foremost dead;
Those flash the sword, or shake the shining spear.
Darts cloud the skies. Æneas, at their head, 667
Stands by the lofty walls, and with his hands outspread,

LXXVI . Upbraids aloud Latinus, twice untrue,
And bids heaven witness and his wrongs regard,
Thus forced reluctant to the fight anew;
How loth again with Latin foes he warred,
How twice the truce the Latin crimes had marred.
Upsprings wild discord in the town; some call
To cede the city, and have the gates unbarred,
And drag the aged monarch to the wall; 676
Some rush to arms, and strive their entrance to forestall.

LXXVII . As when within a crannied rock some hind,
Returning home, a swarm of bees hath found,
And all the nest with bitter smoke doth blind:
They, in their waxen citadel fast bound,
Post to and fro, the narrow cells around,
And whet their stings in fury and despair:
With stifled hum the caverned crags resound,
The black fumes search the windings of their lair, 685
And the dark smoke rolls up, and mingles with the air.

LXXVIII . A new mischance now smote with further woe
The Latin town, and fainting hearts dismayed.
As queen Amata sees the coming foe,
The ramparts stormed, their flames the roofs invade,
And nowhere Turnus nor his troops to aid,
Him dead she deems, herself the cause declares,
Herself alone she spares not to upbraid.
She wails, — she raves, — her purple robe she tears, 694
And from a lofty beam the hideous noose prepares.

LXXIX . The women heard; Lavinia first of all,
Her golden locks, her rosy cheeks doth tear.
All rave around, and wailings fill the hall.
Fast flies the news, and shakes the town with fear.
Then rends his robes Latinus in despair,
His town in ruins and his consort dead,
And, scattering dust upon his hoary hair,
Himself he blames, that ne'er in Turnus' stead 703
The Dardan prince he chose, his dear-lov'd child to wed.

LXXX . Meanwhile, in chase of distant stragglers, speeds
Fierce Turnus. Slacker is his car's career,
And less he glories in his conquering steeds,
When lo, the breezes from Laurentum bear
The sound of shouting, and the shrieks of fear,
And a dull murmur, as of men that groan, —
The city's roar — strikes on his listening ear.
“Ah me! what clamour on the winds is blown? 712
What noise of grief,” he cries, “comes rolling from the town?”

LXXXI . He spake, and madly pulled the rein. Then she,
His sister, like Metiscus changed in view,
Who ruled the chariot, “Forward, Turnus! See
The path that victory points thee to pursue.
This way — this way to chase the Trojan crew!
Others there are, who can the walls defend,
See here Æneas, how he storms. We, too,
Our foes, Troy's varlets, to their graves can send, 721
Nor thee less tale of slain, nor scantier praise attend.”

LXXXII . Then quickly answered Turnus, glancing round,
“Sister, long since I knew thee — knew thee plain,
When first thy cunning did the league confound,
And sent thee forth, fierce battle to darrain;
And now thou think'st to cheat me, but in vain,
Albeit a goddess. But what power on high
Hath willed thee, sent from the Olympian reign,

Such toils to suffer, and such tasks to try? 730
Cam'st thou, forsooth, to see thy wretched brother die?

LXXXIII . “What can I do? What pledge of safety more
Doth Fortune give? what better hopes remain?
Myself beheld, these very eyes before,
Murranus die, the dearest of our train,
Stretched by a huge wound hugely on the plain.
I saw, how, backward as his comrades reeled,
Poor Ufens, sooner than behold such stain,
Sank low in death; himself, his sword and shield 739
The Teucrian victors hold, their trophies of the field.

LXXXIV . “What, shall I see our houses wrapt in flame, —
Last wrong of all — and coward-like, stand by,
Nor make this arm put Drances' taunts to shame?
Shall Turnus run, and Latins see him fly?
And is it then so terrible to die?
Be kind, dread spirits of the world below!
To you, since envious are the powers on high,
Worthy my ancestors of long ago, 748
Free from the coward's blame, a sacred shade I go.”

LXXXV . Scarce spake he; through the midmost foes apace
Comes Saces, borne upon his foaming steed,
A flying shaft had scored him in the face.
“Turnus,” he cries, “sole champion in our need,
Help us, have pity on thy friends who bleed.
See there, Æneas threatens in his ire
To raze our towers, and with a storm-cloud's speed
Thunders in arms, and roofward flies the fire, 757
To thee the Latins turn, thee Latin hopes require.

LXXXVI . “Himself, the king, is wavering, whom to call
His new allies, and whom his kingdom's heir.
Dead is the queen, thy faithfulest of all,
Self-plunged from light, in terror and despair.

Scarce fierce Atinas and Messapus there,
Beside the town-gates standing, hold their own.
Dense hosts surround them, and with falchions bare,
War's harvest bristles, by the walls upgrown; 766
Thou on the empty sward art charioting alone."

LXXXVII . Stunned and bewildered by the changeful scene
Stood Turnus, gazing speechless and oppressed.
Shame, rage, and sorrow, and revengeful spleen,
And frenzied love, and conscious worth confessed
Boil from the depths of his tumultuous breast.
Now, when the shadows from his mind withdrew,
And light, returning, to his thoughts gave rest,
Back from his chariot towards the walls he threw 775
His eyes, aflame with wrath, and grasped the town in view.

LXXXVIII . From floor to floor, behold, a tower upblazed, —
The tower, with bridge above and wheels below,
Himself with beams and mortised planks had raised.
"Sister," he cries, "Fate conquers; let us go
The way which Heaven and cruel fortune show.
I stand to meet Æneas in the fray,
And die; if death be bitter, be it so.
No more dishonoured shalt thou see me, nay, 784
O sister, let me vent this fury, while I may."

LXXXIX . He spake, and quickly vaulting from his car,
Through foes, through darts, his sister left to mourn,
Rushed headlong forth, and broke the ranks of war.
As when a boulder, from a hill-top borne,
Which rains have washed, or blustering winds have torn,
Or creeping years have loosened, down the steep,
From crag to crag, leaps headlong, and in scorn
Goes bounding on, and with resistless sweep 793
Lays waste the woods, and whelms the shepherd and his sheep;

XC . So Turnus through the broken ranks doth fly

On to the town-walls, where the crimson plain
Is soaked, and shrill with javelins shrieks the sky,
Then shouts, with hand uplifted, to his train,
“Rutulians, hold! Ye Latin men refrain!
Mine are the risks of Fortune, mine of right,
The truce thus torn, to expiate the stain,
And let the sword give judgment.” At the sight 802
The hostile ranks divide, and clear the lists of fight.

XCI . But when the Sire Æneas heard the name
Of Turnus, and his foeman’s form espied,
Down from the ramparts and the towers he came,
And scorned delay, and put all else aside,
Thundering in arms, and glorying in his pride.
As Athos huge, as Eryx huge he shows,
Or huge as Father Apennine, whose side
Roars with his nodding oaks, when drifted snows 811
Shine on his joyous crest, and lighten on his brows.

XCII . Rutulians, Trojans, Latins, — each and all
Look wondering on, both they who man the height,
And they who batter at the base. Down fall
Their arms. Amazed Latinus views the sight,
Two chiefs from distant countries, matched in might.
The lists set wide, they dash into the fray.
Each hurls a spear, then, hand to hand, they fight.
Loud ring the shields, and quick the broadswords play. 820
Earth groans, and chance contends with courage for the day.

XCIII . As on Taburnus, or in Sila’s shade
Two bulls, with butting foreheads, mix in fray:
Pale fly the hinds, mute stands the herd dismayed:
The heifers low, unknowing who shall sway
The grove, what lord and leader to obey;
They, with horns locked, their mutual rage outpour,
And thrust for thrust, and wound for wound repay,
Fast from their necks and dewlaps streams the gore, 829

And all the neighbouring wood rebellows to the roar;

XCIV . So, when both champions on the listed field,
The Trojan and the Daunian, eye to eye,
Met in the deadly conflict, shield to shield
Clanged, and a loud crash shattered through the sky.
And now great Jove, the Sire of gods on high,
Holds up the scales, and sets the long beam straight,
And in the balance lays their fates, to try
Each champion's fortune in the stern debate, 838
Whom battle's toil shall doom, where sinks the deathful weight.

XCV . Forth springs, in fancied safety, at his foe
Fierce Turnus, rising to his utmost height,
And planting all his body in the blow,
Strikes. A loud shout, of terror and delight
Goes up from Troy and Latium at the sight.
When lo, the falchion, as the stroke he plies,
Snaps short, and leaves him helpless. Naught but flight
Can aid him; swifter than the wind he flies, 847
As in his hand disarmed an unknown hilt he spies.

XCVI . When first his steeds were harnessed for the war,
In haste he snatched Metiscus' sword, 'tis said,
His sire's forgotten, as he climbed the car,
And well enough that weapon served his stead,
To smite the stragglers, while the Trojans fled;
But when it met, and countered in the fray
The arms of Vulcan, then the mortal blade,
Found faithless, like the brittle ice, gave way, 856
And in the yellow sand the sparkling fragments lay.

XCVII . So Turnus flies, and, doubling, but in vain,
Now here, now there, weaves many an aimless round;
For all about him, as he scours the plain,
The swarming legions of the foe are found,
And here the marsh, and there the bulwarks bound.

Nor less Æneas, though his stiff knee feels
The rankling arrow, and the hampering wound
Retards his pace, pursues him, as he wheels, 865
And dogs the flying foe, and presses on his heels.

XCVIII . As when some stag, a river in his face,
Or toils with scarlet feathers, set to scare,
A huntsman with his braying hounds doth chase.
Awed by the steep bank and the threatening snare,
A thousand ways he doubles here and there;
But the keen Umbrian, all agape, is by,
Now grasps, — now holds him, — and now thinks to tear,
And snaps his teeth on nothing; and a cry 874
Rings back from shore and stream, and rolls along the sky.

XCIX . Chiding by name his comrades, as he flies,
Fierce Turnus for his trusty sword doth cry.
Nor less Æneas with his threat defies,
“Stand off,” he shouts, “who ventures to draw nigh,
His town shall perish, and himself shall die.”
Onward, though maimed, he presses to his prey.
Twice five times circling round the field they fly;
For no mean stake or sportive prize they play, 883
Lo, Turnus’ life and blood are wagered in the fray.

C . A wilding olive on the sward had stood,
Sacred to Faunus. Mariners of yore
In worship held the venerable bough,
When to Laurentum’s guardian, safe on shore
Their votive raiment and their gifts they bore.
That sacred tree, the lists of fight to clear,
Troy’s sons had lopped. There, in the trunk’s deep core,
The Dardan javelin, urged with impulse sheer, 892
Stuck fast; the stubborn root, retentive, grasped the spear.

CI . Stooping, Æneas with his hands essayed
To pluck the steel, and follow with the spear

The foe his feet o'ertook not. Sore dismayed
Then Turnus cried, "O Faunus, heed and hear,
And thou, kind Earth, hold fast the steel, if dear
I held the plant, which Trojan hands profaned."
He prayed, nor Heaven refused a kindly ear.
Long while Æneas at the tough root strained; 901
Vain was his utmost strength; the biting shaft remained.

CII . While thus he stooped and struggled, prompt to aid,
Juturna, to Metiscus changed anew,
Ran forth, and to her brother reached his blade.
Then Venus, wroth the daring Nymph to view,
Came, and the javelin from the stem withdrew,
Thus, armed afresh, each eager for his chance,
The Daunian trusting to his falchion true,
The Dardan towering with uplifted lance, 910
High-hearted, face to face, the breathless chiefs advance.

CIII . Then Jove, as from a saffron cloud above
Looked Juno, pleased the doubtful strife to view,
"When shall this end, sweet partner of my love?
What more? Thou know'st it, and hast owned it too,
Divine Æneas to the skies is due.
What wilt thou, chill in cloudland? Was it right
A god with mortal weapons to pursue?
Or give — for thine was all Juturna's might — 919
Lost Turnus back his sword, and renovate the fight?

CIV . "Desist at length, and hearken to my prayer.
Feed not in silence on a grief so sore,
Nor spoil those sweet lips with unlovely care.
The end is come; 'twas thine on sea and shore
Troy's sons to vex, to wake the war's uproar,
To cloud a home, a marriage-league untie,
And mar with grief a bridal. Cease, and more
Attempt not." Thus the ruler of the sky, 928
And thus, with down-cast look, Saturnia made reply.

CV . “E’en so, great Jove, because thy will was known,
I left, reluctant, Turnus and his land.
Else ne’er should’st thou behold me here alone,
Thus shamed and suffering, but, torch in hand,
To smite these hateful Teucrians would I stand.
I made Juturna rescue from the foe
Her hapless brother, — mine was the command, —
Approved her daring for his sake, yet so 937
As not to wield the spear, or meddle with the bow.

CVI . “Nay, that I swear, and a dread oath will take
(The only oath that doth the high gods bind),
By that grim fount that feeds the Stygian lake.
And now, great Jove, reluctant, but resigned,
I yield, and leave the loathed fight behind.
One boon I ask, nor that in Fate’s despite,
For Latium, for the honour of thy kind.
When — be it so — blest Hymen’s pact they plight, 946
And laws and lasting league the warring folks unite,

CVII . “Ne’er let the children of the soil disown
The name of Latins; turn them not, I pray,
To Trojan folk, to be as Teucrians known.
Ne’er let Italia’s children put away
The garb they wear, the language of to-day
Let Latium flourish, and abide the same,
And Alban kings through distant ages sway.
Let Rome through Latin prowess wax in fame; 955
But fall’n is Troy, and fall’n for ever be her name.”

CVIII . Smiling, the founder of the world replied:
“Thou, second child of Saturn, born to reign
In heaven Jove’s sister, and his spouse beside.
Such floods of passion can thy breast contain?
But come, and from thy fruitless rage refrain.
I yield, and gladly; be thy will obeyed.

Speech, customs, name Ausonia shall retain
Unchanged for ever, as thy lips have prayed. 964
And in the Latin race Troy's mingled blood shall fade.

CIX . "All Latins will I make them, of one tongue,
And sacred rites, as common good, assign.
Hence shalt thou see, from blood Ausonian sprung,
A blended race, whose piety shall shine
Excelling man's, and equalling divine;
And ne'er shall other nation tell so loud
Thy praise, or pay such homage to thy shrine."
Well-pleased was Juno, and assenting bowed, 973
And straight with altered mind ascended from the cloud.

CX . New schemes the Sire, from Turnus to repel
Juturna's aid, now ponders in his mind.
Two fiends there are, called Furies. Night with fell
Megæra bore them at one birth, and twined
Their serpent spires, and winged them like the wind.
These at Jove's threshold, and beside his throne
Await his summons, to afflict mankind,
When death or pestilence the Sire sends down, 982
Or shakes the world with war, and scares the guilty town.

CXI . One, for an omen, from the skies he sends,
To front Juturna. Down, with sudden spring,
To earth, as in a whirlwind, she descends.
As when a poisoned arrow from the string
Through clouds a Parthian launches on the wing, —
Parthian or Cretan — and in darkling flight
The shaft, with cureless venom in its sting,
Screams through the shadows; so, arrayed in might, 991
Swift to the earth came down the daughter of the Night.

CXII . But when Troy's host and Turnus' ranks were known,
Shrunk to the semblance of a bird in size,
Which oft on tombs or ruined roofs alone

Sits late at night, and with ill-omened cries
Vexes the darkness; so in dwarfed disguise
The foul fiend, shrieking around Turnus' head,
Flaps on his shield, and flutters o'er his eyes.
Strange torpor numbs the Daunian's limbs with dread; 1000
The stiffening hair stands up, and all his voice is dead.

CXIII . The rustling wings Juturna knew, and tore
Her comely face, and rent her scattered hair,
And smote her breast: "O cruel me! what more
For Turnus can a sister now? What care
Or craft thy days can lengthen? Can I dare
To face this fiend? At last, at last I go,
And quit the field. Foul birds, avaunt, nor scare
My fluttering soul. Too well the sounds of woe, 1009
Those beating wings, — too well great Jove's behest I know.

CXIV . "This for my robbed virginity? Ah, why
Did immortality the Sire bestow,
And grudge a mortal's privilege — to die?
Else, sure this moment could I end my woe,
And with my hapless brother pass below.
Immortal I? What joy hath aught beside,
Thou, Turnus, dead? Gape, Earth, and let me go,
A Goddess, to the shades!" She spake, and sighed, 1018
And, veiled in azure mantle, plunged beneath the tide.

CXV . But fierce Æneas on his foeman pressed.
His tree-like spear he poises for the fray,
And pours the pent-up fury of his breast.
"Why stay'st thou, Turnus? Wherefore this delay?
Fierce arms, not swiftness, must decide the day.
Shift as thou wilt, and every shape assume;
Exhaust thy courage and thy craft, and pray
For wings to soar with, or in earth's dark womb 1027
Sink low thy recreant head, and hide thee from thy doom."

CXVI . Thus he; but Turnus shook his head, and said,
“Ruffian! thy threats are but as empty sound;
They daunt not Turnus; ’tis the gods I dread,
And Jove my enemy.” Then, glancing round,
He marked a chance-met boulder on the ground,
Huge, grey with age, set there in ancient days
To clear disputes, — a barrier and a bound.
Scarce twelve picked men the ponderous mass could raise, 1036
Such men as Earth brings forth in these degenerate days.

CXVII . That stone the Daunian lifted, straining hard
With hurrying hand, and all his height updrew,
And at Æneas hurled the monstrous shard;
So heaving, and so running, scarce he knew
His running, or how huge a weight he threw.
Cold froze his blood; beneath his trembling frame
The weak knees tottered. Through the void air flew
The stone, nor all the middle space o’ercame, 1045
Short of its mark it fell, nor answered to its aim.

CXVIII . As oft in dreams, when drowsy night doth load
The slumbering eyes, still eager, but in vain,
We strive to race along a lengthening road,
And faint and fall, amidmost of the strain;
The feeble limbs their wonted aid disdain,
Mute is the tongue, nor doth the voice obey,
Nor words find utterance; so with fruitless pain
Poor Turnus strives; but, struggle as he may, 1054
The baffling fiend is there, and mocks the vain essay.

CXIX . Then, tost with diverse passions, dazed with fear,
Towards friends and town he throws an anxious glance.
No car he sees, no sister-charioteer.
Desperate of flight, nor daring to advance,
Aghast, and shuddering at the lifted lance,
He falters. Then Æneas poised at last
His spear, and hurled it, as he marked his chance.

Less loud the stone from battering engine cast, 1063
Less loud through ether bursts the levin-bolt's dread blast.

CXX . Like a black whirlwind flew the deadly spear,
Right thro' the rim the sevenfold shield it rent
And breastplate's edge, nor stayed its onset ere
Deep in the thigh its hissing course was spent.
Down on the earth, his knees beneath him bent,
Great Turnus sank: Rutulia's host around
Sprang up with wailing and with wild lament:
From neighbouring hills their piercing cries rebound, 1072
And every wooded steep re-echoes to the sound.

CXXI . Then, looking up, his pleading hands he rears:
"Death I deserve, nor death would I delay.
Use, then, thy fortune. If a father's tears
Move thee, for old Anchises' sake, I pray,
Pity old Daunus. Me, or else my clay,
If so thou wilt, to home and kin restore.
Thine is the victory. Latium's land to-day
Hath seen her prince the victor's grace implore. 1081
Lavinia now is thine; the bitter feud give o'er."

CXXII . Wrathful in arms, with rolling eyeballs, stood
Æneas, and his lifted arm withdrew;
And more and more now melts his wavering mood,
When lo, on Turnus' shoulder — known too true —
The luckless sword-belt flashed upon his view;
And bright with gold studs shone the glittering prey,
Which ruthless Turnus, when the youth he slew,
Stripped from the lifeless Pallas, as he lay, 1090
And on his shoulders wore, in token of the day.

CXXIII . Then terribly Æneas' wrath upboils,
His fierce eyes fixt upon the sign of woe.
"Shalt thou go hence, and with the loved one's spoils?
'Tis Pallas — Pallas deals the deadly blow.

And claims this victim for his ghost below.”
He spake, and mad with fury, as he said,
Drove the keen falchion through his prostrate foe.
The stalwart limbs grew stiff with cold and dead, 1099
And, groaning, to the shades the scornful spirit fled.

The Latin Texts



Cremona, a city in northern Italy — believed to be an early place of study for Virgil

LIST OF LATIN TEXTS

In this section of the eBook, readers can view the original Latin texts of Virgil's works. You may wish to Bookmark this page for future reference.

CONTENTS

[PRONOUNCING LATIN](#)

[ECLOGA](#)

[GEORGICON](#)

[AENEID](#)

PRONOUNCING LATIN



Here is a brief guide to pronouncing Ancient Latin, allowing you to voice aloud Virgil's original text.

Vowels

Each vowel is pronounced as either a short or long sound. A Latin dictionary will need to be consulted to find out whether a particular vowel is a long or short syllable.

short a – *cat*
long a – *father*
short e – *let*
long e – *late*
short i – *lick*
long i – *weep*
short o – *hot*
long o – *only*
short u – *loot*

Diphthongs

ae – pronounced like *eye*
au – *ow!*
oe – *oi!*

Consonants

v is always pronounced as *w*
c is always hard like *cat* and *kill*
i before a vowel is a consonant, pronounced as *y* – *you*
b before *t* or *s* is pronounced as *p* in *pink*
r is rolled, like a Spanish *r*
g is hard like *great*

Combined Consonants

ch makes a *k* sound and never like *ch* in *church*

ph is hard like the *ph* in *uphill* and never *f* as in *philosophy*

th is hard and separate like the *th* in *hot house*, never soft like *the*

ECLOGA



The original Latin text of ‘The Eclogues’

CONTENTS

- I. MELIBOEUS, TITYRUS
- II.
- III. MENALCAS, DAMOETAS, PALAEMON
- IV.
- V. MENALCAS, MOPSUS
- VI.
- VII. MELIBOEUS, CORYDON, THYRSIS
- VIII. DAMON, ALPHESIBOEUS
- IX. LYCIDAS, MOERIS
- X.

I. MELIBOEUS, TITYRUS

M. TITYRE, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi
silvestrem tenui Musam meditaris avena;
nos patriae fines et dulcia linquimus arva:
nos patriam fugimus; tu, Tityre, lentus in umbra
formosam resonare doces Amaryllida silvas.

T. O Meliboe, deus nobis haec otia fecit:
namque erit ille mihi semper deus; illius aram
saepe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus.
Ille meas errare boves, ut cernis, et ipsum
ludere, quae vellem, calamo permisit agresti

M. Non equidem invideo; miror magis: undique totis
usque adeo turbatur agris. En, ipse capellas
protinus aeger ago; hanc etiam vix, Tityre, duco:
hic inter densas corylos modo namque gemellos,
spem gregis, ah, silice in nuda conixa reliquit.
Saepe malum hoc nobis, si mens non laeva fuisset,
de caelo tactas memini praedicere quercus: —
[saepe sinistra cava praedixit ab ilice cornix.]
Sed tamen, iste deus qui sit, da, Tityre, nobis.

T. Urbem, quam dicunt Romam, Meliboe, putavi
stultus ego huic nostrae similem, quo saepe solemus
pastores ovium teneros depellere fetus:
sic canibus catulos similis, sic matribus haedos
noram, sic parvis componere magna solebam:
verum haec tantum alias inter caput extulit urbes,
quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.

M. Et quae tanta fuit Romam tibi causa videndi?

T. Libertas; quae sera, tamen respexit inertem,

candidior postquam tondenti barba cadebat;
respexit tamen, et longo post tempore venit,
postquam nos Amaryllis habet, Galatea reliquit:
namque, fatebor enim, dum me Galatea tenebat,
nec spes libertatis erat, nec cura peculi:
quamvis multa meis exiret victima saeptis,
pinguis et ingratae premeretur caseus urbi,
non umquam gravis aere domum mihi dextra redibat.

M. Mirabar, quid maesta deos, Amarylli, vocares,
cui pendere sua patereris in arbore poma:
Tityrus hinc aberat. Ipsae te, Tityre, pinus,
ipsi te fontes, ipsa haec arbusta vocabant.

T. Quid facerem? Neque servitio me exire licebat,
nec tam praesentis alibi cognoscere divos.
hic illum vidi iuvenem, Meliboeae, quot annis
bis senos cui nostra dies altaria fumant;
hic mihi responsum primus dedit ille petenti:
'pascite, ut ante, boves, pueri, submittite tauros.'

M. Fortunate senex, ergo tua rura manebunt,
et tibi magna satis, quamvis lapis omnia nudus
limosoque palus obducat pascua iunco!
Non insueta gravis temptabunt pabula fetas,
nec mala vicini pecoris contagia laedent.
Fortunate senex, hic, inter flumina nota
et fontis sacros, frigus captabis opacum!
hinc tibi, quae semper, vicino ab limite, saepes
Hyblaeis apibus florem depasta salicti
saepe levi somnum suadebit inire susurro;
hinc alta sub rupe canet frondator ad auras;
nec tamen interea raucae, tua cura, palumbes,
nec gemere aerea cessabit turtur ab ulmo.

T. Ante leves ergo pascentur in aequore cervi,
et freta destituent nudos in litore pisces,

ante pererratis amborum finibus exsul
aut Ararim Parthus bibet, aut Germania Tigrim,
quam nostro illius labatur pectore voltus.

M. At nos hinc alii sitientis ibimus Afros,
pars Scythiam et rapidum Cretae veniemus Oaxen,
pauperis toto divisos orbe Britannos.

En umquam patrios longo post tempore finis,
pauperis et tuguri congestum caespite culmen,
post aliquot mea regna videns mirabor aristas?
Impius haec tam culta novalia miles habebit,
barbarus has segetes? En, quo discordia civis
produxit miseros! His nos consevimus agros!
Insere nunc, Meliboe, piro, pone ordine vitis.
Ite meae, felix quondam pecus, ite capellae.
Non ego vos posthac, viridi proiectus in antro,
dumosa pendere procul de rupe videbo;
carmina nulla canam; non, me pascente, capellae,
florentem cytisum et salices carpetis amaras.

T. Hic tamen hanc mecum poteras requiescere noctem
fronde super viridi: sunt nobis mitia poma,
castaneae molles, et pressi copia lactis;
et iam summa procul villarum culmina fumant,
maioresque cadunt altis de montibus umbrae.

II.

FORMOSUM pastor Corydon ardebat Alexim,
delicias domini, nec quid speraret habebat;
tantum inter densas, umbrosa cacumina, fagos
adsidue veniebat. Ibi haec incondita solus
montibus et silvis studio iactabat inani:
O crudelis Alexi, nihil mea carmina curas?
Nil nostri miserere? Mori me denique coges.
nunc etiam pecudes umbras et frigora captant;
nunc viridis etiam occultant spineta lacertos,
Thestylis et rapido fessis messoribus aestu
alia serpyllumque herbas contundit olentis.
at mecum raucis, tua dum vestigia lustris,
sole sub ardenti resonant arbusta cicadis.
Nonne fuit satius tristis Amaryllidis iras
atque superba pati fastidia, nonne Menalcan,
quam vis ille niger, quamvis tu candidus esses?
o formose puer, nimium ne crede colori!
alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur.
Despectus tibi sum, nec qui sim quaeris, Alexi,
quam dives pecoris, nivei quam lactis abundans.
mille meae Siculis errant in montibus agnae;
lac mihi non aestate novum, non frigore deficit;
canto quae solitus, si quando armenta vocabat,
Amphion Dircaeus in Actaeo Aracimtho.
Nec sum adeo informis: nuper me in litore vidi,
cum placidum ventis staret mare; non ego Daphnim
iudice te metuam, si numquam fallit imago.
O tantum libeat mecum tibi sordida rura
atque humilis habitare casas, et figere cervos,
haedorumque gregem viridi compellere hibisco!
Mecum una in silvis imitabere Pana canendo.
Pan primus calamos cera coniungere pluris
instituit; Pan curat ovis oviumque magistros.
Nec te paeniteat calamo trivisse labellum:

haec eadem ut sciret, quid non faciebat Amyntas?
est mihi disparibus septem compacta cicutis
fistula, Damoetas dono mihi quam dedit olim,
et dixit moriens: 'Te nunc habet ista secundum.'
dixit Damoetas, invidit stultus Amyntas.
Praeterea duo, nec tuta mihi valle reperti,
capreoli, sparsis etiam nunc pellibus albo,
bina die siccant ovis ubera; quos tibi servo:
iam pridem a me illos abducere Thestylis orat;
et faciet, quoniam sordent tibi munera nostra.
Huc ades, O formose puer: tibi lilia plenis
ecce ferunt Nymphae calathis; tibi candida Nais,
pallentis violas et summa papavera carpens,
narcissum et florem iungit bene olentis anethi;
tum casia atque aliis intexens suavis herbis,
mollia luteola pingit vaccinia calta.
Ipse ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala,
castaneasque nuces, mea quas Amaryllis amabat;
addam cerea pruna: honos erit huic quoque pomo;
et vos, O lauri, carpam, et te, proxima myrte,
sic positae quoniam suavis miscetis odores.
Rusticus es, Corydon: nec munera curat Alexis,
nec, si muneribus certes, concedat Iollas.
Heu, heu, quid volui misero mihi! Floribus austrum
perditus et liquidis inmisit fontibus apros.
Quem fugis, ah, demens? Habitarunt di quoque silvas,
Dardaniusque Paris. Pallas, quas condidit arces,
ipsa colat; nobis placeant ante omnia silvae.
Torva leaena lupum sequitur; lupus ipse capellam;
florentem cytisum sequitur lasciva capella;
te Corydon, o Alexi: trahit sua quemque voluptas.
Aspice, aratra iugo referunt suspensa iuvenci,
et sol crescentis decedens duplicat umbras:
me tamen urit amor; quis enim modus adsit amor?
Ah, Corydon, Corydon, quae te dementia cepit!
Semiputata tibi frondosa vitis in ulmo est;
quin tu aliquid saltem potius, quorum indiget usus,

viminibus mollique paras detexere iunco?
Invenies alium, si te hic fastidit, Alexim.

III. MENALCAS, DAMOETAS, PALAEMON

M. DIC mihi, Damoeta, cuium pecus, an Meliboei?

D. Non, verum Aegonis; nuper mihi tradidit Aegon.

M. Infelix o semper, ovis, pecus, ipse Neaeram
dum foveat, ac ne me sibi praeferat illa veretur,
hic alienus ovis custos bis mulget in hora,
et sucus pecori et lac subducitur agnis.

D. Parcius ista viris tamen obicienda memento:
novimus et qui te, transversa tuentibus hircis,
et quo — sed faciles Nymphae risere — sacello.

M. Tum, credo, cum me arbustum videre Miconis
atque mala vitis incidere falce novellas.

D. Aut hic ad veteres fagos cum Daphnidis arcum
fregisti et calamos quae tu, perverse Menalca,
et cum vidisti puero donata, dolebas,
et si non aliqua nocuisses, mortuus esses.

M. Quid domini faciant, audent cum talia fures!
non ego te vidi Damonis, pessime, caprum
excipere insidiis, multum latrante Lycisca?
et cum clamarem: ‘Quo nunc se proripit ille?
Tityre, coge pecus,’ tu post carecta latebas.

D. An mihi cantando victus non redderet ille
quem mea carminibus meruisset fistula caprum?
Si nescis, meus ille caper fuit; et mihi Damon
ipse fatebatur, sed reddere posse negabat.

M. Cantando tu illum, aut umquam tibi fistula cera

iuncta fuit? Non tu in triviis, indocte, solebas
stridenti miserum stipula disperdere carmen?

D. Vis ergo inter nos quid possit uterque vicissim
experiamur? Ego hanc vitulam — ne forte recuses,
bis venit ad mulctram, binos alit ubere fetus —
depono: tu dic, mecum quo pignore certes.

M. De grege non ausim quicquam deponere tecum.
Est mihi namque domi pater, est iniusta noverca;
bisque die numerant ambo pecus, alter et haedos.
Verum, id quod multo tute ipse fatebere maius,
insanire libet quoniam tibi, pocula ponam
fagina, caelatum divini opus Alcimedontis;
lenta quibus torno facili superaddita vitis
diffusos hedera vestit pallente corymbos:
in medio duo signa, Conon, et — quis fuit alter,
descripsit radio totum qui gentibus orbem,
tempora quae messor, quae curvus arator haberet?
Necdum illis labra admovi, sed condita servo.

D. Et nobis idem Alcimedon duo pocula fecit,
et molli circum est ansas amplexus acantho,
Orpheaque in medio posuit silvasque sequentis.
Necdum illis labra admovi, sed condita servo:
si ad vitulam spectas, nihil est quod pocula laudes.

M. Nunquam hodie effugies; veniam, quocumque vocari
audiat haec tantum — vel qui venit ecce Palaemon
efficiam posthac ne quemquam voce lacessas.

D. Quin age, si quid habes, in me mora non erit ulla,
nec quemquam fugio: tantum, vicine Palaemon,
sensibus haec imis, res est non parva, reponas.

P. Dicite, quandoquidem in molli consedimus herba:
et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos,
nunc frondent silvae, nunc formosissimus annus.

Incipe, Darmoeta; tu deinde sequere Menalca:
alternis dicetis; amant alterna Camenae.

D. Ab Iove principium, Musae; Iovis omnia plena:
ille colit terras, illi mea carmina curae.

M. Et me Phoebus amat; Phoebos sua semper apud me
munera sunt, lauri et suave rubens hyacinthus.

D. Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella,
et fugit ad salices, et se cupit ante videri.

M. At mihi sese offert ultro, meus ignis, Amyntas,
notior ut iam sit canibus non Delia nostris.

D. Parta meae Veneri sunt munera: namque notavi
ipse locum, aerae quo congessere palumbes.

M. Quod potui, puero silvestri ex arbore lecta
aurea mala decem misi; cras altera mittam.

D. O quotiens et quae nobis Galatea locuta est!
partem aliquam, venti, divom referatis ad auris!

M. Quid prodest, quod me ipse animo non spernis, Amynta.
si, dum tu sectaris apros, ego retia servo?

D. Phyllida mitte mihi: meus est natalis, Iolla;
cum faciam vitula pro frugibus, ipse venito.

M. Phyllida amo ante alias; nam me discedere flevit,
et longum ‘formose, vale, vale,’ inquit, ‘Iolla.’

D. Triste lupus stabulis, maturis frugibus imbres.
arboribus venti, nobis Amaryllidis irae.

M. Dulce satis umor, depulsis arbutus haedis,
lenta salix feto pecori, mihi solus Amyntas.

D. Pollio amat nostram, quamvis est rustica, Musam:
Pierides vitulam lectori pascite vestro.

M. Pollio et ipse facit nova carmina: pascite taurum,
iam cornu petat et pedibus qui spargat arenam.

D. Qui te, Pollio, amat, veniat quo te quoque gaudet:
mella fluant illi, ferat et rubus asper amomum.

M. Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua carmina, Maevi,
atque idem iungat vulpes et mulgeat hircos.

D. Qui legitis flores et humi nascentia fraga,
frigidus, O pueri, fugite hinc, latet anguis in herba.

M. Parcite, oves, nimium procedere; non bene ripae
creditur; ipse aries etiam nunc vellera siccet.

D. Tityre, pascentes a flumine reice capellas:
ipse ubi tempus erit, omnis in fonte lavabo.

M. Cogite ovis, pueri; si lac praeceperit aestus,
ut nuper, frustra pressabimus ubera palmis.

D. Heu, heu, quam pingui macer est mihi taurus in ervo!
Idem amor exitium est pecori pecorisque magistro.

M. His certe neque amor causa est; vix ossibus haerent.
nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos.

D. Dic, quibus in terris — et eris mihi magnus Apollo —
tris pateat caeli spatium non amplius ulnas.

M. Dic, quibus in terris inscripti nomina regum
nascantur flores, et Phyllida solus habeto.

P. Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites.
Et vitula tu dignus, et hic, et quisquis amores
aut metuet dulces, aut experietur amaros.

Claudite iam rivos, pueri, sat prata biberunt.

IV.

SICELIDES Musae, paulo maiora canamus!
Non omnis arbusta iuvant humilesque myricae;
si canimus silvas, silvae sint consule dignae.
Ultima Cumaei venit iam carminis aetas;
magnus ab integro saeculorum nascitur ordo:
iam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna;
iam nova progenies caelo demittitur alto.
Tu modo nascenti puero, quo ferrea primum
desinet ac toto surget gens aurea mundo,
casta fave Lucina: tuus iam regnat Apollo.

Teque adeo decus hoc aevi te consule inibit,
Pollio, et incipient magni procedere menses.
te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,
inrita perpetua solvent formidine terras.
ille deum vitam accipiet, divisque videbit
permixtos heroas, et ipse videbitur illis,
pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu
errantis hederas passim cum baccare tellus
mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho.
Ipsae lacte domum referent distenta capellae
ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones;
ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores,
occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni
occidet, Assyrium volgo nascetur amomum.
at simul heroum laudes et facta parentis
iam legere et quae sit poteris cognoscere virtus,
molli paulatim flavescet campus arista,
incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,
et durae quercus sudabunt roscida mella
Pauca tamen suberunt priscae vestigia fraudis,

quae temptare Thetim ratibus, quae cingere muris
oppida, quae iubeant telluri infindere sulcos:
alter erit tum Tiphys, et altera quae vehat Argo
delectos Heroas; erunt etiam altera bella,
atque iterum ad Troiam magnus mittetur Achilles.
Hinc, ubi iam firmata virum te fecerit aetas,
cedet et ipse mari vector, nec nautica pinus
mutabit merces: omnis feret omnia tellus:
non rastros patietur humus, non vinea falcem;
robustus quoque iam tauris iuga solvet arator;
nec varios discet mentiri lana colores:
ipse sed in pratis aries iam suave rubenti
murice, iam croceo mutabit vellera luto;
sponte sua sandyx pascentis vestiet agnos.

Talia saecla, suis dixerunt, currite, fusis
concordes stabili fatorum numine Parcae.
Adgrederere o magnos — aderit iam tempus — honores,
cara deum suboles, magnum Iovis incrementum!
Aspice convexo nutantem pondere mundum,
terrasque tractusque maris caelumque profundum!
Aspice, venturo laetentur ut omnia saeclo!
O mihi tam longae maneat pars ultima vitae,
spiritus et quantum sat erit tua dicere facta!
Non me carminibus vincet nec Thracius Orpheus,
nec Linus, huic mater quamvis atque huic pater adsit,
Orphei Calliopea, Lino formosus Apollo,
Pan etiam, Arcadia mecum si iudice certet,
Pan etiam Arcadia dicat se iudice victum.
Incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem,
matri longa decem tulerunt fastidia menses.
Incipe, parve puer, cui non risere parentes,
nec deus hunc mensa, dea nec dignata cubili est.

V. MENALCAS, MOPSUS

Me. CUR non, Mopse, boni quoniam convenimus ambo,
tu calamos inflare levis, ego dicere versus,
hic corylis mixtas inter consedimus ulmos?

Mo. Tu maior; tibi me est aequum parere, Menalca,
sive sub incertas zephyris motantibus umbras,
sive antro potius succedimus: aspice, ut antrum
silvestris raris sparsit labrusca racemis.

Me. Montibus in nostris solus tibi certat Amyntas.

Mo. Quid, si idem certet Phoebum superare canendo?

Me. Incipe, Mopse, prior, si quos aut Phyllidis ignes,
aut Alconis habes laudes, aut iurgia Codri:
incipere, pascentis servabit Tityrus haedos.

Mo. Immo haec, in viridi nuper quae cortice fagi
carmina descripsi et modulans alterna notavi,
experiar, tu deinde iubeto ut certet Amyntas.

Me. Lenta salix quantum pallenti cedit olivae,
puniceis humilis quantum saliunca rosetis,
iudicio nostro tantum tibi cedit Amyntas.
sed tu desine plura, puer; successimus antro.

Mo. Extinctum nymphae crudeli funere Daphnim
flebant; vos coryli testes et flumina nymphis;
cum complexa sui corpus miserabile nati,
atque deos atque astra vocat crudelia mater.
Non ulli pastos illis egere diebus
frigida, Daphni, boves ad flumina; nulla neque amnem
libavit quadrupes, nec graminis attigit herbam.

Daphni, tuum Poenos etiam ingemuisse leones
interitum montesque feri silvaeque loquuntur.
Daphnis et Armenias curru subiungere tigres
instituit; Daphnis thiasos inducere Bacchi,
et foliis lentas intexere mollibus hastas.
Vitis ut arboribus decori est, ut vitibus uvae,
ut gregibus tauri, segetes ut pinguibus arvis,
tu decus omne tuis. Postquam te fata tulerunt,
ipsa Pales agros atque ipse reliquit Apollo.
Grandia saepe quibus mandavimus hordea sulcis,
infelix lolium et steriles nascuntur avenae;
pro molli viola, pro purpureo narcisso,
carduus et spinis surgit paliurus acutis.
Spargite humum foliis, inducite fontibus umbras,
pastores, mandat fieri sibi talia Daphnis;
et tumulum facite, et tumulo superaddite carmen:
DAPHNIS EGO IN SILVIS HINC VSQUE AD SIDERA NOTVS

FORMONSI PECORIS CVSTOS FORMONSIOR IPSE.

Me. Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per aestum
dulcis aquae saliente sitim restinguere rivo:
nec calamis solum aequiparas, sed voce magistrum.
[Fortunate puer, tu nunc eris alter ab illo.]
Nos tamen haec quocumque modo tibi nostra vicissim
dicemus, Daphnimque tuum tollemus ad astra;
Daphnin ad astra feremus: amavit nos quoque Daphnis.

Mo. An quicquam nobis tali sit munere maius
Et puer ipse fuit cantari dignus, et ista
iam pridem Stimichon laudavit carmina nobis.

Me. Candidus insuetum miratur limen Olympi,
sub pedibusque videt nubes et sidera Daphnis.
ergo alacris silvas et cetera rura voluptas
Panaque pastoresque tenet, Dryadasque puellas;

nec lupus insidias pecori, nec retia cervis
ulla dolum meditantur: amat bonus otia Daphnis.
ipsi laetitia voces ad sidera iactant
intonsi montes; ipsae iam carmina rupes,
ipsa sonant arbusta: 'Deus, deus ille, Menalca.'
Sis bonus O felixque tuis! En quattuor aras:
ecce duas tibi, Daphni, duas altaria Phoebo.
pocula bina novo spumantia lacte quotannis,
craterasque duo statuam tibi pinguis olivi,
et multo in primis hilarans convivium Baccho, —
ante focum, si frigus erit, si messis, in umbra, —
vina novum fundam calathis Ariusia nectar.
cantabunt mihi Damoetas et Lyctius Aegon;
saltantis satyros imitabitur Alpheisiboeus.
Haec tibi semper erunt, et cum solemnia vota
reddemus Nymphis, et cum lustrabimus agros.
Dum iuga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadae,
semper honos nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt;
ut Baccho Cererique, tibi sic vota quotannis
agricolae facient: damnabis tu quoque votis.

Mo. Quae tibi, quae tali reddam pro carmine dona?
Nam neque me tantum venientis sibilus austri,
nec percussa iuvant fluctu tam litora, nec quae
saxosas inter decurrunt flumina valles.

Me. Hac te nos fragili donabimus ante cicuta:
haec nos, 'Formosum Corydon ardebat Alexim,'
haec eadem docuit, 'Cuium pecus, an Meliboei?'

Mo. At tu sume pedum, quod, me cum saepe rogaret,
non tulit Antigenes — -et erat tum dignus amari —
formosum paribus nodis atque aere, Menalca.

VI.

PRIMA Syracosio dignata est ludere versu,
nostra nec erubuit silvas habitare Thalia.
Cum canerem reges et proelia, Cynthius aurem
vellit, et admonuit: 'Pastorem, Tityre, pinguis
pascere oportet ovis, deductum dicere carmen.'
Nunc ego — namque super tibi erunt, qui dicere laudes,
Vare, tuas cupiant, et tristia condere bella —
agrestem tenui meditabor arundine Musam.
Non iniussa cano: si quis tamen haec quoque, si quis
captus amore leget, te nostrae, Vare, myricae,
te nemus omne canet; nec Phoebus gravior ulla est,
quam sibi quae Vari praescripsit pagina nomen.
Pergite, Pierides! Chromis et Mnasyllus in antro
Silenus pueri somno videre iacentem,
inflatum hesterno venas, ut semper, Iaccho:
serta procul tantum capiti delapsa iacebant,
et gravis attrita pendebat cantharus ansa.
Adgressi — nam saepe senex spe carminis ambo
luserat — iniciunt ipsis ex vincula sertis:
addit se sociam, timidisque supervenit Aegle, —
Aegle, Naiadum pulcherrima, — iamque videnti
sanguineis frontem moris et tempora pingit.
Ille dolum ridens, 'Quo vincula nectitis?' inquit;
'solvite me, pueri; satis est potuisse videri:
carmina, quae voltis, cognoscite; carmina vobis,
huic aliud mercedis erit.' Simul incipit ipse.
Tum vero in numerum Faunosque ferasque videres
ludere, tum rigidas motare cacumina quercus;
nec tantum Phoebus gaudet Parnasia rupes,
nec tantum Rhodope miratur et Ismarus Orphea.

Namque canebat, uti magnum per inane coacta
semina terrarumque animaeque marisque fuissent,

et liquidi simul ignis; ut his exordia primis
omnia et ipse tener mundi concreverit orbis;
tum durare solum et discludere Nerea ponto
coeperit, et rerum paulatim sumere formas;
iamque novum terrae stupeant lucescere solem,
altius atque cadant submotis nubibus imbres;
incipiant silvae cum primum surgere, cumque
rara per ignaros errent animalia montis.

Hinc lapides Pyrrhae iactos, Saturnia regna,
Caucasiasque refert volucres, furtumque Promethei:
his adiungit, Hylan nautae quo fonte relictum
clamassent, ut litus 'Hyla, Hyla!' omne sonaret.
et fortunatam, si numquam armenta fuissent,
Pasiphaen nivei solatur amore iuvenci.
ah, virgo infelix, quae te dementia cepit!
Proetides inplerunt falsis mugitibus agros:
at non tam turpis pecudum tamen ulla secuta est
concubitus, quamvis collo timuisset aratrum,
et saepe in levi quaesisset cornua fronte.
ah, virgo infelix, tu nunc in montibus erras:
ille, latus niveum molli fultus hyacintho,
ilice sub nigra pallentis ruminat herbas,
aut aliquam in magno sequitur grege. 'Claudite, nymphae,
Dictaeae nymphae, nemorum iam claudite saltus,
si qua forte ferant oculis sese obvia nostris
errabunda bovis vestigia; forsitan illum,
aut herba captum viridi, aut armenta secutum,
perducant aliquae stabula ad Gortynia vaccae.
Tum canit Hesperidum miratam mala puellam;
tum Phaethontides musco circumdat amaro
corticis, atque solo proceras erigit alnos.
Tum canit, errantem Permessi ad flumina Gallum
Aonas in montis ut duxerit una sororum,
utque viro Phoebi chorus adsurrexerit omnis;
ut Linus haec illi, divino carmine pastor,
floribus atque apio crinis ornatus amaro,

dixerit: 'Hos tibi dant calamos, en accipe, Musae,
Ascraeo quos ante seni, quibus ille solebat
cantando rigidas deducere montibus ornos:
his tibi Grynei nemoris dicatur origo,
ne quis sit lucus, quo se plus iactet Apollo.'
Quid loquar aut Scyllam Nisi, quam fama secuta est
candida succinctam latrantibus inguina monstros
Dulichias vexasse rates, et gurgite in alto,
ah, timidos nautas canibus lacerasse marinis,
aut ut mutatos Terei narraverit artus;
quas illi Philomela dapes, quae dona pararit,
quo cursu deserta petiverit, et quibus ante
infelix sua tecta supervolitaverit alis?
Omnia, quae Phoebus quondam meditante, beatus
audiit Eurotas, iussitque ediscere laurus,
ille canit: pulsae referunt ad sidera valles;
cogere donec ovis stabulis numerumque referri
iussit, et invito processit Vesper Olympo.

VII. MELIBOEUS, CORYDON, THYRSIS

M. FORTE sub arguta consederat ilice Daphnis,
compulerantque greges Corydon et Thyrsis in unum,
Thyrsis ovis, Corydon distentas lacte capellas,
ambo florentes aetatibus, Arcades ambo,
et cantare pares, et respondere parati.

Huc mihi, dum teneras defendo a frigore myrtos,
vir gregis ipse caper deerraverat; atque ego Daphnim
aspicio. Ille ubi me contra videt: 'Ocius' inquit
'huc ades, O Meliboe, caper tibi salvus et haedi;
et, si quid cessare potes, requiesce sub umbra.
huc ipsi potum venient per prata iuvenci,
hic viridis tenera praetexit arundine ripas
Mincius, eque sacra resonant examina quercu.'
Quid facerem? Neque ego Alcippen, nec Phyllida habebam,
depulsos a lacte domi quae clauderet agnos,
et certamen erat, Corydon cum Thyrside, magnum.
posthabui tamen illorum mea seria ludo:
alternis igitur contendere versibus ambo
coepere; alternos Musae meminisse volebant.
hos Corydon, illos referebat in ordine Thyrsis.

C. Nymphae, noster amor, Libethrides, aut mihi carmen,
quale meo Codro, concedite: proxima Phoebi
versibus ille facit; aut, si non possumus omnes,
hic arguta sacra pendebit fistula pinu.

T. Pastores, hedera crescentem ornate poetam,
Arcades, invidia rumpantur ut ilia Codro;
aut si ultra placitum laudarit, baccare frontem
cingite, ne vati noceat mala lingua futuro.

C. Saetosi caput hoc apri tibi, Delia, parvus

et ramosa Micon vivacis cornua cervi.
Si proprium hoc fuerit, levi de marmore tota
puniceo stabis suras evincta coturno.

T. Sinum lactis et haec te liba, Priape, quotannis
exspectare sat est: custos es pauperis horti.
Nunc te marmoreum pro tempore fecimus; at tu,
si fetura gregem suppleverit, aureus esto.

C. Nerine Galatea, thymo mihi dulcior Hyblae,
candidior cynnis, hedera formosior alba,
cum primum pasti repetent praesepia tauri,
si qua tui Corydonis habet te cura, venito.

T. Immo ego Sardoniis videar tibi amarior herbis,
horridior rusco, proiecta vilior alga,
si mihi non haec lux toto iam longior anno est.
Ite domum pasti, si quis pudor, ite iuvenci.

C. Muscosi fontes et somno mollior herba,
et quae vos rara viridis tegit arbutus umbra,
solstitium pecori defendite; iam venit aestas
torrida, iam lento turgent in palmite gemmae.

T. Hic focus et taedae pingues, hic plurimus ignis
semper, et adsidua postes fuligine nigri;
hic tantum Boreae curamus frigora, quantum
aut numerum lupus, aut torrentia flumina ripas.

C. Stant et iuniperi, et castaneae hirsutae;
strata iacent passim sua quaque sub arbore poma;
omnia nunc rident: at si formosus Alexis
montibus his abeat, videas et flumina sicca.

T. Aret ager; vitio moriens sitit aeris herba;
Liber pampineas invidit collibus umbras:
Phyllidis adventu nostrae nemus omne virebit,

Iuppiter et laeto descendet plurimus imbri.
Populus Alcidae gratissima, vitis Iaccho,
formosae myrtus Veneri, sua laurea Phoebō;
Phyllis amat corylos: illas dum Phyllis amabit,
nec myrtus vincet corylos, nec laurea Phoebi.

T. Fraxinus in silvis pulcherrima, pinus in hortis,
populus in fluviis, abies in montibus altis:
saepius at si me, Lycida formose, revisas,
fraxinus in silvis cedat tibi, pinus in hortis.
Haec memini, et victum frustra contendere Thyrsim:
ex illo Corydon Corydon est tempore nobis.

VIII. DAMON, ALPHESIBOEUS

PASTORUM Musam Damonis et Alphisiboei —
immemor herbarum quos est mirata iuvenca
certantis, quorum stupefactae carmine lynces,
et mutata suos requierunt flumina cursus —
Illonis Musam dicemus et Alphisiboei.

Tu mihi seu magni superas iam saxa Timavi,
sive oram Illyrici legis aequoris, en erit umquam
ille dies, mihi cum liceat tua dicere facta?
en erit ut liceat totum mihi ferre per orbem
sola Sophocleo tua carmina digna coturno?
A te principium, tibi desinam: accipe iussis
carmina coepta tuis, atque hanc sine tempora circum
inter victrices hederam tibi serpere laurus.

Frigida vix caelo noctis decesserat umbra,
cum ros in tenera pecori gratissimus herba;
incumbens tereti Damon sic coepit olivae.

D. Nascere, praeque diem veniens age, Lucifer, alnum,
coniugis indigno Nisae deceptus amore
dum queror, et divos, quamquam nil testibus illis
profeci, extrema moriens tamen adloquor hora.
Incipe Maenalios mecum, mea tibia, versus.
Maenalus argutumque nemus pinosque loquentis
semper habet; semper pastorum ille audit amores,
Panaque, qui primus calaunos non passus inertis.
Incipe Maenalios mecum, mea tibia, versus.
Mopso Nisa datur: quid non speremus amantes?
Iungentur iam grypes equis, aevoque sequenti
cum canibus timidi venient ad pocula dammae.
Mopse, novas incide faces: tibi ducitur uxor;
sparge, marite, nuces: tibi deserit Hesperus Oetam.

Incipe Maenalios mecum, mea tibia, versus.

O digno coniuncta viro, dum despicias omnes,
dumque tibi est odio mea fistula, dumque capellae,
hirsutumque supercilium promissaque barba,
nec curare deum credis mortalia quemquam!

Incipe Maenalios mecum, mea tibia, versus.

Saepibus in nostris parvam te roscida mala —
dux ego vester eram — vidi cum matre legentem.

Alter ab undecimo tum me iam acceperat annus;
iam fragilis poteram ab terra contingere ramos.

Ut vidi, ut perii! Ut me malus abstulit error!

Incipe Maenalios mecum, mea tibia, versus.

Nunc scio, quid sit Amor: duris in cotibus illum
aut Tmaros, aut Rhodope, aut extremum Garamantes,
nec generis nostri puerum nec sanguinis edunt.

Incipe Maenalios mecum, mea tibia, versus.

saevus Amor docuit natorum sanguine matrem
commaculare manus; crudelis tu quoque, mater:
crudelis mater magis, an puer improbus ille?
improbus ille puer; crudelis tu quoque, mater.

Incipe Maenalios mecum, mea tibia, versus.

nunc et ovis ultro fugiat lupo; aurea durae
mala ferant quercus; narcisso floreat alnus;
pinguia corticibus sudent electra myricae;
certent et cygnis ululae; sit Tityrus Orpheus,
Orpheus in silvis, inter delphinas Arion.

Incipe Maenalios mecum, mea tibia, versus.

Omnia vel medium fiant mare: vivite, silvae!
praeceps aëri specula de montis in undas
deferar; extremum hoc munus morientis habeto.
desine Maenalios, iam desine, tibia, versus.

Haec Damon: vos, quae responderit Alpheisiboeus,
dicite, Pierides; non omnia possumus omnes.

A. Effer aquam, et molli cinge haec altaria vitta,
verbenasque adole pinguis et mascula tura,
coniugis ut magicis sanos avertere sacris
experiar sensus nihil hic nisi carmina desunt.

Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnim.
Carmina vel caelo possunt deducere Lunam;
carminibus Circe socios mutavit Ulixi;
frigidus in pratia cantando rumpitur anguis.

Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnim.
terna tibi haec primum triplici diversa colore
licia circumdo, terque haec altaria circum
effigiem duco: numero deus impare gaudet.

Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnim.
Necte tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, colores,
necte, Amarylli, modo, et 'Veneris' dic 'vincula necto.'

Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnim.
Limus ut hic durescit et haec ut cera liquescit
uno eodemque igni, sic nostro Daphnis amore.
Sparge molam, et fragilis incende bitumine laurus.
Daphnis me malus urit, ego hanc in Daphnide laurum.

Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnim.
Talis amor Daphnim, qualis cum fessa iuvenum
per nemora atque altos quaerendo bucula lucos
propter aquae rivum viridi procumbit in ulva,
perdita, nec serae meminit decedere nocti,
talis amor teneat, nec sit mihi cura mederi.

Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnim.
Has olim exuvias mihi perfidus ille reliquit,
pignora cara sui, quae nunc ego limine in ipso,
terra, tibi mando; debent haec pignora Daphnim.

Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnim.
Has herbas atque haec Ponto mihi lecta venena
ipse dedit Moeris; nascuntur plurima Ponto.
His ego saepe lupum fieri et se condere silvis
Moerim, saepe animas imis excire sepulcris,
atque satas alio vidi traducere messis.

Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnim.
Fer cineres, Amarylli, foras, rivoque fluenti
transque caput iace, nec respexeris: his ego Daphnim
adgrediar, nihil ille deos, nil carmina curat.

Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnim.
Aspice, corripuit tremulis altaria flammis
sponte sua, dum ferre moror, cinis ipse: bonum sit!
Nescio quid certe est, et Hylas in limine latrat.
Credimus, an, qui amant, ipsi sibi somnia fingunt?
Parcite, ab urbe venit, iam carmina, parcite, Daphnis.

IX. LYCIDAS, MOERIS

L. QUO te, Moeri, pedes? an, quo via ducit, in urbem?

M. O Lycida, vivi pervenimus, advena nostri
(quod numquam veriti sumus) ut possessor agelli
diceret: 'Haec mea sunt; veteres migrate coloni!'
nunc victi, tristes, quoniam Fors omnia versat,
hos illi — quod nec vertat bene — mittimus haedos.

L. Certe equidem audieram, qua se subducere colles
incipiunt, mollique iugum demittere clivo,
usque ad aquam et veteres (iam fracta cacumina) fagos
omnia carminibus vestrum servasse Menalcan.

M. Audieras, et fama fuit; sed carmina tantum
nostra valent, Lycida, tela inter Martia, quantum
Chaonias dicunt aquila veniente columbas.
quod nisi me quacumque novas incidere lites
ante Sinistra cava monuisset ab ilice cornix,
nec tuus hic Moeris, nec viveret ipse Menalcas.

L. Heu, cadit in quemquam tantum scelus? Heu, tua nobis
paene simul tecum solatia rapta, Menalca?
quis caneret nymphas; quis humum florentibus herbis
spargeret, aut viridi fontes induceret umbra?
vel quae sublegi tacitus tibi carmina nuper,
cum te ad delicias ferres, Amaryllida, nostras?
Tityre, dum redeo — brevis est via — pasce capellas,
et potum pastas age, Tityre, et inter agendum
occursare capro, cornu ferit ille, caveto.

M. Immo haec, quae Varo necdum perfecta canebat:
'Vare, tuum nomen, superet modo Mantua nobis —
Mantua, vae miserae nimium vicina Cremonae —

cantantes sublime ferent ad sidera cynci.’

L. Sic tua Cyrneas fugiant examina taxos;
sic cytiso pastae distendant ubera vaccae!
Incipe, si quid habes: et me fecere poetam
Pierides; sunt et mihi carmina; me quoque dicunt
vatem pastores, sed non ego credulus illis.
Nam neque adhuc Vario videor, nec dicere Cinna
digna, sed argutos inter strepere anser olores.

M. Id quidem ago et tacitus, Lycida, mecum ipse voluto,
si valeam meminisse; neque est ignobile carmen:
‘huc ades, O Galatea; quis est nam ludus in undis
hic ver purpureum; varios hic flumina circum
fundit humus flores; hic candida populus antro
imminet, et lentae texunt umbracula vites.
huc ades: insani feriant sine litora fluctus.

L. Quid, quae te pura solum sub nocte canentem
audieram? Numeros memini, si verba tenerem.
‘Daphni, quid antiquos signorum suspicis ortus?
Ecce Dionaei processit Caesaris astrum,
astrum, quo segetes gauderent frugibus, et quo
duceret apricis in collibus uva colorem.
insere, Daphni, piros: carpent tua poma nepotes.’

M. Omnia fert aetas, animum quoque: saepe ego longos
cantando puerum memini me condere soles:
nunc oblita mihi tot carmina; vox quoque Moerim
iam fugit ipsa; lupi Moerim videre priores.
Sed tamen ista satis referet tibi saepe Menalcas.

L. Causando nostros in longum ducis amores:
et nunc omne tibi stratum silet aequor, et omnes,
aspice, ventosi ceciderunt murmuris aerae.
hinc adeo media est nobis via; namque sepulcrum
incipit adparere Bianoris: hic ubi densas

agricolae stringunt frondes, hic, Moeri, canamus;
hic haedos depone: tamen veniemus in urbem.
aut si, nox pluviam ne colligat ante, veremur,
cantantes licet usque (minus via laedit) eamus;
cantantes ut eamus, ego hoc te fasce levabo.

M. Desine plura, puer, et quod nunc instat agamus:
carmina tum melius, cum venerit ipse, canemus.

X.

EXTREMUM hunc, Arethusa, mihi concede laborem:
pauca meo Gallo, sed quae legat ipsa Lycoris,
carmina sunt dicenda neget quis carmina Gallo?
sic tibi, cum fluctus subterlabere Sicanos,
Doris amara suam non intermisceat undam.
incipere; sollicitos Galli dicamus amores,
dum tenera attendent simae virgulta capellae.
non canimus surdis; respondent omnia silvae.

Quae nemora, aut qui vos saltus habuere, puellae
Naides, indigno cum Gallus amore peribat?
nam neque Parnasi vobis iuga, nam neque Pindi
ulla moram fecere, neque Aoniae Aganippe.
Illum etiam lauri, etiam flevare myricae.
Pinifer illum etiam sola sub rupe iacentem
Maenalus, et gelidi fleverunt saxa Lycæi.
Stant et oves circum; — nostri nec paenitet illas,
nec te poeniteat pecoris, divine poeta; —
et formosus ovis ad flumina pavit Adonis;
venit et upilio; tardi venere subulci;
uvidus hiberna venit de glande Menalcas.
Omnes ‘Unde amor iste’ rogant ‘tibi?’ Venit Apollo:
‘Galle, quid insanis?’ inquit; ‘tua cura Lycoris
perque nives alium perque horrida castra secuta est.’
Venit et agresti capitis Silvanus honore,
floreantis ferulas et grandia lilia quassans.
Pan deus Arcadiae venit, quem vidimus ipsi
sanguineis ebuli bacis minioque rubentem.
‘Ecquis erit modus?’ inquit; ‘Amor non talia curat;
nec lacrimis crudelis Amor, nec gramina rivis,
nec cytiso saturantur apes, nec fronde capellae.’
Tristis at ille: ‘Tamen cantabitis, Arcades,’ inquit
‘montibus haec vestris: soli cantare periti

Arcades. O mihi tum quam molliter ossa quiescant,
vestra meos olim si fistula dicat amores!
Atque utinam ex vobis unus, vestrique fuisset
aut custos gregis, aut maturae vinitor uvae!
Certe, sive mihi Phillis, sive esset Amyntas,
seu quicumque furor — quid tum, si fuscus Amyntas;
et nigrae violae sunt et vaccinia nigra —
mecum inter salices lenta sub vite iaceret;
serta mihi Phyllis legeret, cantaret Amyntas.
Hic gelidi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori,
hic nemus; hic ipso tecum consumerer aevo.
Nunc insanus amor duri me Martis in armis
tela inter media atque adversos detinet hostes:
tu procul a patria (nec sit mihi credere tantum!)
Alpinas, ah dura, nives et frigora Rheni
me sine sola vides: ah, te ne frigora laedant!
ah, tibi ne teneras glacies secet aspera plantas!
Ibo, et, Chalcidico quae sunt mihi condita versu
carmina, pastoris Siculi modulabor avena.
certum est in silvis, inter spelaea ferarum
malle pati, tenerisque meos incidere amores
arboribus; crescent illae, crescetis, amores.
Interea mixtis lustrabo Maenala nymphis,
aut acris venabor apros: non me ulla vetabunt
frigora Parthenios canibus circumdare saltus.
iam mihi per rupes videor lucosque sonantis
ire; libet Partho torquere Cydonia cornu
spicula: — tamquam haec sit nostri medicina furoris,
ut deus ille malis hominum mitescere discat!
Iam neque hamadryades rursus nec carmina nobis
ipsa placent; ipsae rursus concedite silvae.
non illum nostri possunt mutare labores,
nec si frigoribus mediis Hebrumque bibamus,
Sithoniasque nives hiemis subeamus aquosae,
nec si, cum moriens alta liber aret in ulmo,
Aethiopum versemus ovis sub sidere Cancri.
omnia vincit Amor; et nos cedamus Amori.'

Haec sat erit, divae, vestrum cecinisse poetam,
dum sedet et gracili fiscellam texit hibisco,
Pierides; vos haec facietis maxima Gallo —
Gallo, cuius amor tantum mihi crescit in horas,
quantum vere novo viridis se subicit alnus.
Surgamus; solet esse gravis cantantibus umbra;
iuniperi gravis umbra; nocent et frugibus umbrae.
te domum saturae, venit Hesperus, ite capellae.

GEORGICON



The original Latin text of 'The Georgics'

CONTENTS

LIBER I
LIBER II
LIBER III
LIBER IV

LIBER I

Quid faciat laetas segetes, quo sidere terram
vertere, Maecenas, ulmisque adiungere vitis
conveniat, quae cura boum, qui cultus habendo
sit pecori, apibus quanta experientia parcis,
hinc canere incipiam. Vos, o clarissima mundi
lumina, labentem caelo quae ducitis annum,
Liber et alma Ceres, vestro si munere tellus
Chaoniam pingui glandem mutavit arista,
poculaque inventis Acheloia miscuit uvis;
et vos, agrestum praesentia numina, Fauni,
ferite simul Faunisque pedem Dryadesque puellae:
Munera vestra cano. Tuque o, cui prima frementem
fudit equum magno tellus percussa tridenti,
Neptune; et cultor nemorum, cui pingua Caeae
ter centum nivei tondent dumeta iuvenci;
ipse nemus linquens patrium saltusque Lycaeï,
Pan, ovium custos, tua si tibi Maenala curae,
adsis, o Tegeae, favens, oleaeque Minerva
inventrix, uncique puer monstrator aratri,
et teneram ab radice ferens, Silvane, cupressum,
dique deaeque omnes, studium quibus arva tueri,
quique novas alitis non ullo semine fruges,
quique satis largum caelo demittitis imbrem;
tuque adeo, quem mox quae sint habitura deorum
concilia, incertum est, urbisne invisere, Caesar,
terrarumque velis curam et te maximus orbis
auctorem frugum tempestatumque potentem
accipiat, cingens materna tempora myrto,
an deus inmensi venias maris ac tua nautae
numina sola colant, tibi serviat ultima Thule
teque sibi generum Tethys emat omnibus undis,
anne novum tardis sidus te mensibus addas,
qua locus Erigonen inter Chelasque sequentis
panditur — ipse tibi iam bracchia contrahit ardens

Scorpius et caeli iusta plus parte reliquit — -
quidquid eris, — -nam te nec sperant Tartara regem
nec tibi regnandi veniat tam dira cupido,
quamvis Elysios miretur Graecia campos
nec repetita sequi curet Proserpina matrem — -
da facilem cursum atque audacibus adnue coeptis
ignarosque viae mecum miseratus agrestis
ingredere et votis iam nunc adsuesce vocari.

Vere novo, gelidus canis cum montibus humor
liquitur et Zephyro putris se glaeba resolvit,
depresso incipiat iam tum mihi taurus aratro
ingemere et sulco attritus splendescere vomer.
Illa seges demum votis respondet avari
agricolae, bis quae solem, bis frigora sensit;
illius inmensae ruperunt horrea messes.
At prius ignotum ferro quam scindimus aequor,
ventos et varium caeli praediscere morem
cura sit ac patrios cultusque habitusque locorum
et quid quaeque ferat regio et quid quaeque recuset.
Hic segetes, illic veniunt felicius uvae,
arborei fetus alibi, atque iniussa virescunt
gramina. Nonne vides, croceos ut Tmolus odores,
India mittit ebur, molles sua tura Sabaei,
at Chalybes nudi ferrum, virosaque Pontus
castorea, Eliadum palmas Epiros equarum.
Continuo has leges aeternaque foedera certis
inposuit natura locis, quo tempore primum
Deucalion vacuum lapides iactavit in orbem,
unde homines nati, durum genus. Ergo age, terrae
pingue solum primis extemplo a mensibus anni
fortes invertant tauri glaebasque iacentis
pulverulenta coquat maturis solibus aestas;
at si non fuerit tellus fecunda, sub ipsum
Arcturum tenui sat erit suspendere sulco:
illic, officiant laetis ne frugibus herbae,
hic, sterilem exiguus ne deserat humor harenam.

Alternis idem tonsas cessare novalis
et segnem patiere situ durescere campum;
aut ibi flava seres mutato sidere farra,
unde prius laetum siliqua quassante legumen
aut tenuis fetus viciae tristisque lupini
sustuleris fragilis calamos silvamque sonantem.
Urit enim lini campum seges, urit avenae,
urunt Lethaeo perfusa papavera somno:
sed tamen alternis facilis labor, arida tantum
ne saturare fimo pingui pudeat sola neve
effetos cinerem inmundum iactare per agros.
Sic quoque mutatis requiescunt fetibus arva;
nec nulla interea est inaratae gratia terrae.
Saepe etiam sterilis incendere profuit agros
atque levem stipulam crepitantibus urere flammis:
sive inde occultas viris et pabula terrae
pinguia concipiunt, sive illis omne per ignem
excoquitur vitium atque exsudat inutilis humor,
seu pluris calor ille vias et caeca relaxat
spiramenta, novas veniat qua sucus in herbas,
seu durat magis et venas adstringit hiantis,
ne tenues pluviae rapidive potentia solis
acrior aut Boreae penetrabile frigus adurat.
Multum adeo, rastris glaebas qui frangit inertis
vimineasque trahit cratis, iuvat arva, neque illum
flava Ceres alto nequiquam spectat Olympo;
et qui, proscisso quae suscitatur aequore terga,
rursus in obliquum verso perrumpit aratro,
exercetque frequens tellurem atque imperat arvis.
Humida solstitia atque hiemes orate serenas,
agricolae; hiberno laetissima pulvere farra,
laetus ager: nullo tantum se Mysia cultu
iactat et ipsa suas mirantur Gargara messis.
Quid dicam, iacto qui semine comminus arva
insequitur cumulosque ruit male pinguis harenae
deinde satis fluvium inducit rivosque sequentis
et, cum exustus ager morientibus aestuat herbis,

ecce supercilio clivosi tramitis undam
elicit. illa cadens raucum per levia murmur
saxa ciet, scatebrisque arentia temperat arva.
Quid qui, ne gravidis procumbat culmus aristis,
luxuriem segetum tenera depascit in herba,
cum primum sulcos aequant sata. quique paludis
collectum humorem bibula deducit harena.
Praesertim incertis si mensibus amnis abundans
exit et obducto late tenet omnia limo,
unde cavae tepido sudant humore lacunae.

Nec tamen, haec cum sint hominumque boumque labores
versando terram experti, nihil improbus anser
Strymoniaeque grues et amaris intiba fibris
officiunt aut umbra nocet. Pater ipse colendi
haud facilem esse viam voluit, primusque per artem
movit agros curis acuens mortalia corda
nec torpere gravi passus sua regna veterno.
Ante Iovem nulli subigebant arva coloni;
ne signare quidem aut partiri limite campum
fas erat: in medium quaerebant ipsaque tellus
omnia liberius nullo poscente ferebat.
Ille malum virus serpentibus addidit atris
praedarique lupos iussit pontumque moveri,
mellaque decussit foliis ignemque removit
et passim rivis currentia vina repressit,
ut varias usus meditando extunderet artis
paulatim et sulcis frumenti quaereret herbam.
[Ut silicis venis abstrusum excuderet ignem.]
Tunc alnos primum fluvii sensere cavatas;
navita tum stellis numeros et nomina fecit,
Pleiadas, Hyadas, claramque Lycaonis Arcton;
tum laqueis captare feras et fallere visco
inventum et magnos canibus circumdare saltus;
atque alius latum funda iam verberat amnem
alta petens, pelagoque alius trahit humida lina;
tum ferri rigor atque argutae lamina serrae, — -

nam primi cuneis scindebant fissile lignum
tum variae venere artes. Labor omnia vicit
inprobus et duris urgens in rebus egestas.
Prima Ceres ferro mortalis vertere terram
instituit, cum iam glandes atque arbuta sacrae
deficerent silvae et victum Dodona negaret.
Mox et frumentis labor additus, ut mala culmos
esset robigo segnisque horreret in arvis
carduus; intereunt segetes, subit aspera silva,
lappaeque tribolique, interque nitentia culta
infelix lolium et steriles dominantur avenae.
Quod nisi et adsiduis herbam insectabere rastris,
et sonitu terrebis aves, et ruris opaci
falce premes umbras votisque vocaveris imbrem,
heu magnum alterius frustra spectabis acervum,
concussaque famem in silvis solabere quercu.

Dicendum et, quae sint duris agrestibus arma,
quis sine nec potuere seri nec surgere messes:
vomis et inflexi primum grave robur aratri
tardaque Eleusinae matris volventia plaustra
tribulaque traheaeque et iniquo pondere rastri;
virgea praeterea Celei vilisque supellex,
arbutae crates et mystica vannus Iacchi.
Omnia quae multo ante memor provisa repones,
si te digna manet divini gloria ruris.
Continuo in silvis magna vi flexa domatur
in burim et curvi formam accipit ulmus aratri.
Huic a stirpe pedes temo protentus in octo,
binae aures, duplici aptantur dentalia dorso
caeditur et tilia ante iugo levis altaque fagus,
stivaque, quae currus a tergo torqueat imos,
et suspensa focus explorat robora fumus.

Possum multa tibi veterum praecepta referre,
ni refugis tenuisque piget cognoscere curas.
Area cum primis ingenti aequanda cylindro

et vertenda manu et creta solidanda tenaci,
ne subeant herbae neu pulvere victa fatiscat,
tum variae inludant pestes: saepe exiguus mus
sub terris posuitque domos atque horrea fecit,
aut oculis capti fodere cubilia talpae,
inventusque cavis bufo et quae plurima terrae
monstra ferunt, populatque ingentem farris acervum
curculio atque inopi metuens formica senectae.
Contemplator item, cum se nux plurima silvis
induet in florem et ramos curvabit olentis.
Si superant fetus, pariter frumenta sequentur
magnaque cum magno veniet tritura calore;
at si luxuria foliorum exuberat umbra,
nequiquam pinguis palea teret area culmos.
Semina vidi equidem multos medicare serentis
et nitro prius et nigra perfundere amurca,
grandior ut fetus siliquis fallacibus esset,
et, quamvis igni exiguo, properata maderent.
Vidi lecta diu et multo spectata labore
degenerare tamen, ni vis humana quot annis
maxima quaeque manu legeret. Sic omnia fatis
in peius ruere ac retro sublapsa referri,
non aliter, quam qui adverso vix flumine lembum
remigiis subigit, si bracchia forte remisit,
atque illum in praeceps pronos rapit alveus amni.

Praeterea tam sunt Arcturi sidera nobis
Haedorumque dies servandi et lucidus Anguis,
quam quibus in patriam ventosa per aequora vectis
pontus et ostriferi fauces temptantur Abydi.
Libra die somnique pares ubi fecerit horas
et medium luci atque umbris iam dividit orbem,
exercete, viri, tauros, serite hordea campis
usque sub extremum brumae intractabilis imbrem;
nec non et lini segetem et Cereale papaver
tempus humo tegere et iamdudum incumbere aratris,
dum sicca tellure licet, dum nubila pendent.

Vere fabis satio; tum te quoque, Medica, putres
accipiunt sulci et milio venit annua cura,
candidus auratis aperit cum cornibus annum
Taurus et averso cedens Canis occidit astro.
At si triticeam in messem robustaque farra
exercebis humum solisque instabis aristis,
ante tibi Eoae Atlantides abscondantur
Gnosiaque ardentis decedat stella Coronae,
debita quam sulcis committas semina quamque
invitae properes anni spem credere terrae.
Multi ante occasum Maiiae coepere; sed illos
exspectata seges vanis elusit avenis.
Si vero viciamque seres vilemque phaselum
nec Pelusiacaе curam aspernabere lentis,
haud obscura cadens mittet tibi signa Bootes:
incipi et ad medias sementem extende pruinas.

Idcirco certis dimensum partibus orbem
per duodena regit mundi Sol aureus astra.
Quinque tenent caelum zonae; quarum una corusco
semper sole rubens et torrida semper ab igni;
quam circum extremae dextra laevaue trahuntur
caeruleae, glacie concretae atque imbribus atris;
has inter mediamque duae mortalibus aegris
munere concessae divom, et via secta per ambas,
obliquus qua se signorum verteret ordo.
Mundus, ut ad Scythiam Rhipaeasque arduus arces
consurgit, premitur Libyae devexus in austros.
Hic vertex nobis semper sublimis; at illum
sub pedibus Styx atra videt Manesque profundi.
Maximus hic flexu sinuoso elabitur Anguis
circum perque duas in morem fluminis Arctos,
Arctos Oceani metuentis aequore tingui.
Illic, ut perhibent, aut intempesta silet nox,
semper et obtenta densentur nocte tenebrae,
aut redit a nobis Aurora diemque reducit;
nosque ubi primus equis Oriens adflavit anhelis,

illic, sera rubens accendit lumina Vesper.
Hinc tempestates dubio praediscere caelo
possumus, hinc messisque diem tempusque serendi,
et quando infidum remis inpellere marmor
conveniat, quando armatas deducere classis,
aut tempestivam silvis evertere pinum.

Nec frustra signorum obitus speculamur et ortus,
temporibusque parem diversis quattuor annum.
Frigidus agricolam si quando continet imber,
multa, forent quae mox caelo properanda sereno,
maturare datur: durum procudit arator
vomeris obtunsi dentem, cavat arbore lintres,
aut pecori signum aut numeros inpressit acervis.
Exacuunt alii vallos furcasque bicornis
atque Amerina parant lentae retinacula viti.
Nunc facilis rubea texatur fiscina virga,
nunc torrete igni fruges, nunc frangite saxo.
Quippe etiam festis quaedam exercere diebus
fas et iura sinunt; rivos deducere nulla
religio vetuit, segeti praetendere saepem,
insidias avibus moliri, incendere vepres,
balantumque gregem fluvio mersare salubri.
Saepe oleo tardi costas agitator aselli
vilibus aut onerat pomis, lapidemque revertens
incusum aut atrae massam picis urbe reportat.

Ipsa dies alios alio dedit ordine Luna
felicis operum. Quintam fuge: pallidus Orcus
Eumenidesque satae; tum partu Terra nefando
Coeumque Iapetumque creat saevumque Typhoea
et coniuratos caelum rescindere fratres.
Ter sunt conati inponere Pelio Ossam
scilicet, atque Ossae frondosum involvere Olympum;
ter pater exstructos disiecit fulmine montis.
Septima post decimam felix et ponere vitem
et pressos domitare boves et licia telae

addere: nona fugae melior, contraria furtis.

Multa adeo gelida melius se nocte dedere,
aut cum sole novo terras inrorat Eous.
Nocte leves melius stipulae, nocte arida prata
tondentur, noctes lentus non deficit humor.
Et quidam seros hiberni ad luminis ignis
pervigilat ferroque faces inspicat acuto;
interea longum cantu solata laborem
arguto coniunx percurrit pectine telas,
aut dulcis musti Volcano decoquit humorem
et foliis undam trepidi despumat aeni.
At rubicunda Ceres medio succiditur aestu
et medio tostas aestu terit area fruges.
Nudus ara, sere nudus; hiems ignava colono.
Frigoribus parto agricolae plerumque fruuntur
mutuaque inter se laeti convivia curant.
Invitat genialis hiems curasque resolvit,
ceu pressae cum iam portum tetigere carinae,
puppibus et laeti nautae inposuere coronas.
Sed tamen et quernas glandes tum stringere tempus
et lauri bacas oleamque cruentaue myrta,
tum gruibus pedicas et retia ponere cervis
auritosque sequi lepores, tum figere dammas,
stuppea torquentem Balearis verbera fundae,
cum nix alta iacet, glaciem cum flumina trudent.

Quid tempestates autumnī et sidera dicam,
atque, ubi iam breviorque dies et mollior aestas,
quae vigilanda viris. vel cum ruit imbriferum ver,
spicea iam campis cum messis inhorruit et cum
frumenta in viridi stipula lactentia turgent.
Saepe ego, cum flavis messorum induceret arvis
agricola et fragili iam stringeret hordea culmo,
omnia ventorum concurrere proelia vidi,
quae gravidam late segetem ab radicibus imis
sublimem expulsam eruerent; ita turbine nigro

ferret hiems culmumque levem stipulasque volantis.
Saepe etiam immensum caelo venit agmen aquarum
et foedam glomerant tempestatem imbribus atris
collectae ex alto nubes; ruit arduus aether
et pluvia ingenti sata laeta boumque labores
diluuit; implentur fossae et cava flumina crescunt
cum sonitu fervetque fretis spirantibus aequor.
Ipse pater media nimborum in nocte corusca
fulmina molitur dextra; quo maxuma motu
terra tremit; fugere ferae et mortalia corda
per gentis humilis stravit pavor; ille flagranti
aut Athon aut Rhodopen aut alta Ceraunia telo
deicit; ingeminant austri et densissimus imber;
nunc nemora ingenti vento, nunc litora plangunt.
Hoc metuens caeli menses et sidera serva,
frigida Saturni sese quo stella receptet,
quos ignis caelo Cyllenius erret in orbis.
In primis venerare deos atque annua magnae
sacra refer Cereri laetis operatus in herbis
extremae sub casum hiemis, iam vere sereno.
Tum pingues agni et tum mollissima vina,
tum somni dulces densaeque in montibus umbrae.
Cuncta tibi Cererem pubes agrestis adoret;
cui tu lacte favos et miti dilue Baccho,
terque novas circum felix eat hostia fruges,
omnis quam chorus et socii comitentur ovantes,
et Cererem clamore vocent in tecta; neque ante
falcem maturis quisquam supponat aristis,
quam Cereri torta redimitus tempora quercu
det motus incompositos et carmina dicat.

Atque haec ut certis possemus discere signis,
aestusque pluviasque et agentis frigora ventos,
ipse Pater statuit, quid menstrua Luna moneret,
quo signo caderent austri, quid saepe videntes
agricolae propius stabulis armenta tenerent.
Continuo ventis surgentibus aut freta ponti

incipiunt agitata tumescere et aridus altis
montibus audiri fragor aut resonantia longe
litora misceri et nemorum increbrescere murmur.
Iam sibi tum a curvis male temperat unda carinis,
cum medio celeres revolant ex aequore mergi
clamoremque ferunt ad litora, cumque marinae
in sicco ludunt fulicae notasque paludes
deserit atque altam supra volat ardea nubem.
Saepe etiam stellas vento inpendente videbis
praecipitis caelo labi noctisque per umbram
flammarum longos a tergo albescere tractus;
saepe levem paleam et frondes volitare caducas
aut summa nantis in aqua colludere plumas.
At Boreae de parte trucidis cum fulminat et cum
Eurique Zephyrique tonat domus: omnia plenis
rura natant fossis atque omnis navita ponto
humida vela legit. Numquam imprudentibus imber
obfuit: aut illum surgentem vallibus imis
ariae fugere grues, aut bucula caelum
suspiciens patulis captavit naribus auras,
aut arguta lacus circumvolitavit hirundo
et veterem in limo ranae cecinere querelam.
Saepius et tectis penetralibus extulit ova
angustum formica terens iter et bibit ingens
arcus et e pastu decedens agmine magno
corvorum increpuit densis exercitus alis.
Iam variae pelagi volucres et quae Asia circum
dulcibus in stagnis rimantur prata Caystri,
certatim largos umeris infundere rores:
nunc caput obiectare fretis, nunc currere in undas
et studio incassum videas gestire lavandi.
Tum cornix plena pluviam vocat improba voce
et sola in sicca secum spatiatur harena.
Ne nocturna quidem carpentes pensa puellae
nescivere hiemem, testa cum ardente viderent
scintillare oleum et putris concrescere fungos.

Nec minus ex imbri soles et aperta serena
prospicere et certis poteris cognoscere signis:
nam neque tum stellis acies obtunsa videtur,
nec fratris radiis obnoxia surgere Luna,
tenuia nec lanae per caelum vellera ferri;
non tepidum ad solem pinnae in litore pandunt
dilectae Thetidi alcyones, non ore solutos
inmundi meminere sues iactare manipulos.
At nebulae magis ima petunt campoque recumbunt,
solis et occasum servans de culmine summo
nequiquam seros exercet noctua cantus.
Adparet liquido sublimis in aere Nisus
et pro purpureo poenas dat Scylla capillo:
quacumque illa levem fugiens secat aethera pinnis,
ecce inimicus, atrox, magno stridore per auras
insequitur Nisus; qua se fert Nisus ad auras,
illa levem fugiens raptim secat aethera pinnis
Tum liquidas corvi presso ter gutture voces
aut quater ingeminant, et saepe cubilibus altis
nescio qua praeter solitum dulcedine laeti
inter se in foliis strepitant; iuvat imbribus actis
progeniem parvam dulcisque revisere nidos;
haud equidem credo, quia sit divinitus illis
ingenium aut rerum fato prudentia maior;
verum ubi tempestas et caeli mobilis humor
mutavere vias et Iuppiter uvidus austris
denset, erant quae rara modo, et, quae densa, relaxat,
vertuntur species animorum et pectora motus
nunc alios, alios, dum nubila ventus agebat,
concipiunt: hinc ille avium concentus in agris
et laetae pecudes et ovantes gutture corvi.
Si vero solem ad rapidum lunasque sequentis
ordine respicies, numquam te crastina fallit
hora neque insidiis noctis capiere serena.
Luna, revertentis cum primum colligit ignis,
si nigrum obscuro conprenderit aera cornu,
maximus agricolis pelagoque parabitur imber;

at si virgineum suffuderit ore ruborem,
ventus erit; vento semper rubet aurea Phoebe.
Sin ortu quarto, namque is certissimus auctor,
pura neque obtunsis per caelum cornibus ibit,
totus et ille dies et qui nascentur ab illo
exactum ad mensem pluvia ventisque carebunt,
votaque servati solvent in litore nautae
Glaucō et Panopeae et Inoo Melicertae.
Sol quoque et exoriens et cum se condet in undas
signa dabit; solem certissima signa sequuntur,
et quae mane refert et quae surgentibus astris.
Ille ubi nascentem maculis variaverit ortum
conditus in nubem medioque refugerit orbe,
suspecti tibi sint imbres; namque urget ab alto
arboribusque satisque Notus pecorique sinister.
Aut ubi sub lucem densa inter nubila sese
diversi rumpent radii aut ubi pallida surget
Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile,
heu male tum mitis defendet pampinus uvas:
tam multa in tectis crepitans salit horrida grando.
Hoc etiam, emenso cum iam decedit Olympo,
profuerit meminisse magis; nam saepe videmus
ipsius in vultu varios errare colores:
caeruleus pluviam denuntiat, igneus Euros;
sin maculae incipient rutilo inmiscerier igni,
omnia tum pariter vento nimisque videbis
fervere. Non illa quisquam me nocte per altum
ire, neque a terra moneat convellere funem.
At si, cum referetque diem condetque relatum,
lucidus orbis erit, frustra terrebere nimbis
et claro silvas cernes Aquilone moveri.
Denique quid vesper serus vehat, unde serenas
ventus agat nubes, quid cogitet humidus Auster,
sol tibi signa dabit. Solem quis dicere falsum
audeat. Ille etiam caecos instare tumultus
saepe monet fraudemque et operta tumescere bella.
Ille etiam exstincto miseratus Caesare Romam,

cum caput obscura nitidum ferrugine textit
inpiaque aeternam timuerunt saecula noctem.
Tempore quamquam illo tellus quoque et aequora ponti
obscaeque canes inportunaeque volucres
signa dabant. Quotiens Cyclopum effervere in agros
vidimus undantem ruptis fornacibus Aetnam
flammarumque globos liquefactaque volvere saxa!
Armorum sonitum toto Germania caelo
audiit, insolitis tremuerunt motibus Alpes.
Vox quoque per lucos volgo exaudita silentis
ingens et simulacra modis pallentia miris
visa sub obscurum noctis, pecudesque locutae,
infandum! sistunt amnes terraeque dehiscunt
et maestum inlacrimat templis ebur aeraque sudant.
Proluit insano contorquens vertice silvas
fluviorum rex Eridanus camposque per omnis
cum stabulis armenta tulit. Nec tempore eodem
tristibus aut extis fibrae adparere minaces
aut puteis manare cruor cessavit et altae
per noctem resonare lupis ululantibus urbes.
Non alias caelo ceciderunt plura sereno
fulgura nec diri totiens arsere cometae.
ergo inter sese paribus concurrere telis
Romanas acies iterum videre Philippi;
nec fuit indignum superis, bis sanguine nostro
Emathiam et latos Haemi pinguescere campos.
Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis
agricola incurvo terram molitus aratro
exesa inveniet scabra robigine pila
aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanis
grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris.
Di patrii, Indigetes, et romule Vestaque mater,
quae Tuscum Tiberim et Romana Palatia servas,
hunc saltem everso iuvenem succurrere saeclo
ne prohibete! Satis iam pridem sanguine nostro
Laomedontae luimus periuria Troiae;
iam pridem nobis caeli te regia, Caesar,

invidet atque hominum queritur curare triumphos;
quippe ubi fas versum atque nefas: tot bella per orbem,
tam multae scelerum facies; non ullus aratro
dignus honos, squalent abductis arva colonis
et curvae rigidum falces conflantur in ensem.
Hinc movet Euphrates, illinc Germania bellum;
vicinae ruptis inter se legibus urbes
arma ferunt; saevit toto Mars inpius orbe;
ut cum carceribus sese effudere quadrigae,
addunt in spatia et frustra retinacula tendens
fertur equis auriga neque audit currus habenas.

LIBER II

Hactenus arborum cultus et sidera caeli,
nunc te, Bacche, canam, nec non silvestria tecum
virgulta et prolem tarde crescentis olivae.
Huc, pater o Lenaeae — -tuis hic omnia plena
muneribus, tibi pampineo gravidus autumnno
floret ager, spumat plenae vindemia labris — -
huc, pater o Lenaeae, veni nudataque musto
tingue novo mecum direptis crura cothurnis.

Principio arboribus varia est natura creandis.
namque aliae nullis hominum cogentibus ipsae
sponte sua veniunt camposque et flumina late
curva tenent, ut molle siler lentaeque genestae,
populus et glauca canentia fronde salicta;
pars autem posito surgunt de semine, ut altae
castaneae nemorumque Iovi quae maxima frondet
aesculus atque habitae Graeis oracula quercus.
Pullulat ab radice aliis densissima silva,
ut cerasis ulmisque; etiam Parnasia laurus
parva sub ingenti matris se subicit umbra.
Hos natura modos primum dedit, his genus omne
silvarum fruticumque viret nemorumque sacrorum.

Sunt aliae, quas ipse via sibi repperit usus.
Hic plantas tenero abscindens de corpore matrum
deposuit sulcis, hic stirpes obruit arvo
quadrifidasque sudes et acuto robore vallos;
silvarumque aliae pressos propaginis arcus
exspectant et viva sua plantaria terra;
nil radicis egent aliae summumque putator
haud dubitat terrae referens mandare cacumen.
Quin et caudicibus sectis — -mirabile dictu — -
truditur e sicco radix oleagina ligno.
Et saepe alterius ramos inpune videmus

vertere in alterius mutatamque insita mala
ferre pirum et prunis lapidosa rubescere corna.

Quare agite o proprios generatim discite cultus,
agricolae, fructusque feros mollite colendo,
neu segnes iaceant terrae. Iuvat Ismara Baccho
conserere atque olea magnum vestire Taburnum.
Tuque ades inceptumque una decurre laborem,
O decus, o famae merito pars maxima nostrae,
Maecenas, pelagoque volans da vela patenti;
non ego cuncta meis amplecti versibus opto,
non, mihi si linguae centum sint oraue centum,
ferrea vox; ades et primi lege litoris oram.
In manibus terrae; non hic te carmine ficto
atque per ambages et longa exorsa tenebo.

Sponte sua quae se tollunt in luminis oras,
infecunda quidem, sed laeta et fortia surgunt;
quippe solo natura subest. Tamen haec quoque, si quis
inserat aut scrobibus mandet mutata subactis,
exuerint silvestrem animum cultuque frequenti
in quascumque voles artis haud tarda sequentur.
Nec non et sterilis, quae stirpibus exit ab imis,
hoc faciat, vacuos si sit digesta per agros;
nunc altae frondes et rami matris opacant
crescentique adimunt fetus uruntque ferentem.
Iam quae seminibus iactis se sustulit arbos
tarda venit seris factura nepotibus umbram,
pomaque degenerant sucos oblita priores
et turpis avibus praedam fert uva racemos.
Scilicet omnibus est labor inpendendus et omnes
cogendae in sulcum ac multa mercede domandae.
Sed truncis oleae melius, propagine vites
respondent, solido Paphiae de robore myrtus;
plantis et durae coryli nascuntur et ingens
fraxinus Herculeaeque arbos umbrosa coronae
Chaoniiue patris glandes, etiam ardua palma

nascitur et casus abies visura marinos.

Inseritur vero et fetu nucis arbutus horrida,
et steriles platani malos gessere valentis;
castaneae fagus, ornusque incanuit albo
flore piri glandemque sues fregere sub ulmis.
Nec modus inserere atque oculos inponere simplex.
Nam qua se medio trudunt de cortice gemmae
et tenuis rumpunt tunicas, angustus in ipso
fit nodo sinus: huc aliena ex arbore germen
includunt udoque docent inolescere libro.
Aut rursum enodes trunci resecantur et alte
finditur in solidum cuneis via, deinde feraces
plantae inmittuntur: nec longum tempus, et ingens
exsilit ad caelum ramis felicibus arbos
miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma.

Praeterea genus haud unum nec fortibus ulmis
nec salici lotoque neque Idaeis cyparissis,
nec pingues unam in faciem nascuntur olivae,
orchades et radii et amara pausia baca
pomaque et Alcinoi silvae, nec surculus idem
Crustumiiis Syriisque piris gravibusque volemis.
Non eadem arboribus pendet vindemia nostris,
quam Methymnaeo carpit de palmitibus Lesbos;
sunt Thasiae vites, sunt et Mareotides albae,
pinguibus hae terris habiles, levioribus illae,
et passo Psithia utilior tenuisque Lageos
temptatura pedes olim vincturaque linguam,
purpureae preciaeque, et quo te carmine dicam,
Rhaetica? Nec cellis ideo contende Falernis.
Sunt et Amineae vites, firmissima vina,
Tmolius adsurgit quibus et rex ipse Phanaeus;
Argitisque minor, cui non certaverit ulla
aut tantum fluere aut totidem durare per annos.
Non ego te, Dis et mensis accepta secundis,
transierim, Rhodia, et tumidis, Bumaste, racemis.

Sed neque quam multae species nec nomina quae sint,
est numerus; neque enim numero comprehendere refert;
quem qui scire velit, Libyci velit aequoris idem
discere quam multae Zephyro turbentur harenae,
aut ubi navigiis violentior incidit Eurus,
nosse, quot Ionii veniant ad litora fluctus.

Nec vero terrae ferre omnes omnia possunt.
fluminibus salices crassisque paludibus alni
nascuntur, steriles saxosis montibus orni;
litora myrtetis laetissima; denique apertos
Bacchus amat collis, aquilonem et frigora taxi.
Aspice et extremis domitum cultoribus orbem
Eoasque domos Arabum pictosque Gelonos:
divisae arboribus patriae. Sola India nigrum
fert ebum, solis est turea virga Sabaeis.
Quid tibi odorato referam sudantia ligno
balsamaque et bacas semper frondentis acanthi?
Quid nemora Aethiopum molli canentia lana,
velleraque ut foliis depectant tenuia Seres;
aut quos Oceano propior gerit India lucos,
extremi sinus orbis, ubi aera vincere summum
arboris haud ullae iactu potuere sagittae?
Et gens illa quidem sumptis non tarda pharetris.
Media fert tristis sucos tardumque saporem
felicis mali, quo non praesentius ullum,
pocula si quando saevae infecere novercae,
miscueruntque herbas et non innoxia verba,
auxilium venit ac membris agit atra venena.
Ipsa ingens arbos faciemque simillima lauro;
et, si non alium late iactaret odorem,
laurus erat; folia haud ullis labentia ventis;
flos ad prima tenax; animas et olentia Medi
ora foveant illo et senibus medicantur anhelis.
sed neque Medorum, silvae ditissima, terra,
nec pulcher Ganges atque auro turbidus Hermus
laudibus Italiae certent, non Bactra neque Indi

totaque turiferis Panchaia pinguis harenis.
Haec loca non tauri spirantes naribus ignem
invertere satis inmanis dentibus hydri
nec galeis densisque virum seges horruit hastis;
sed gravidae fruges et Bacchi Massicus humor
inplevere; tenent oleae armentaque laeta.
Hinc bellator equus campo sese arduus infert;
hinc albi, Clitumne, greges et maxima taurus
victima, saepe tuo perfusi flumine sacro,
Romanos ad templa deum duxere triumphos.
Hic ver adsidium atque alienis mensibus aestas
bis gravidae pecudes, bis pomis utilis arbos.
At rabidae tigres absunt et saeva leonum
semina nec miseros fallunt aconita legis
nec rapit immensos orbis per humum neque tanto
squameus in spiram tractu se colligit anguis.
Adde tot egregias urbes operumque laborem,
tot congesta manu praeruptis oppida saxis
fluminaque antiquos subter labentia muros.
An mare, quod supra, memorem, quodque adluit infra
anne lacus tantos? Te, Lari maxume, teque,
fluctibus et fremitu adsurgens Benace marino
an memorem portus Lucrinoque addita claustra
atque indignatum magnis stridoribus aequor
Iulia qua ponto longe sonat unda refuso
Tyrrhenusque fretis inmittitur aestus Avernis?
Haec eadem argenti rivos aerisque metalla
ostendit venis atque auro plurima fluxit.
Haec genus acre virum, Marsos pubemque Sabellam
adsuetumque malo Ligurem Volscosque verutos
extulit, haec Decios, Marios, magnosque Camillos,
Scipiadas duros bello et te, maxume Caesar,
qui nunc extremis Asiae iam victor in oris
inbellem avertis Romanis arcibus Indum.
Salve, magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,
magna virum; tibi res antiquae laudis et artem
ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontis,

Ascraeumque cano Romana per oppida carmen.

Nunc locus arborum ingeniis: quae robora cuique,
quis color et quae sit rebus natura ferendis.

Difficiles primum terrae collesque maligni,
tenuis ubi argilla et dumosis calculus arvis,
Palladia gaudent silva vivacis olivae.

Indicio est tractu surgens oleaster eodem
plurimus et strati bacis silvestribus agri.

At quae pinguis humus dulcique uligine laeta,
quique frequens herbis et fertilis ubere campus — -
qualem saepe cava montis convalle solemus
despicere; huc summis liquuntur rupibus amnes
felicemque trahunt limum — -quique editus austro
et filicem curvis invisam pascit aratris:

hic tibi praevalidas olim multoque fluentis
sufficiet Baccho vitis, hic fertilis uvae,
hic laticis, qualem pateris libamus et auro,
inflavit cum pinguis ebur Tyrrhenus ad aras,
lancibus et pandis fumantia reddimus exta.

Sin armenta magis studium vitulosque tueri
aut ovium fetum aut urentis culta capellas,
saltus et saturi petito longinqua Tarenti
et qualem infelix amisit Mantua campum,
pascentem niveos herboso flumine cycnos;
non liquidi gregibus fontes, non gramina deerunt;
et, quantum longis carpent armenta diebus,
exigua tantum gelidus ros nocte reponet.

Nigra fere et presso pinguis sub vomere terra
et cui putre solum, — -namque hoc imitatur arando — -
optima frumentis; non ullo ex aequare cernes
plura domum tardis decedere plaustra iuvenicis;
aut unde iratus silvam devexit arator
et nemora evertit multos ignava per annos
antiquasque domos avium cum stirpibus imis
eruit; illae altum nidis petiere relictis,
at rudis enituit impulso vomere campus.

Nam ieiuna quidem clivosi glarea ruris
vix humilis apibus casias roremque ministrat;
et tophus scaber et nigris exesa chelydris
creta negant alios aequae serpentibus agros
dulcem ferre cibum et curvas praebere latebras.
Quae tenuem exhalat nebulam fumosque volucris
et bibit humorem et, cum volt, ex se ipsa remittit
quaeque suo semper viridi se gramine vestit
nec scabie et salsa laedit robigine ferrum:
illa tibi laetis intextet vitibus ulmos,
illa ferax oleo est, illam experiere colendo
et facilem pecori et patientem vomeris unci.
Talem dives arat Capua et vicina Vesevo
ora iugo et vacuis Clanius non aequus Acerris.

Nunc, quo quamque modo possis cognoscere, dicam.
Rara sit an supra morem si densa requires — -
altera frumentis quoniam favet, altera Baccho,
densa magis Cereri, rarissima quaeque Lyaeo — -
ante locum capies oculis alteque iubebis
in solido puteum demitti omnemque repones
rursus humum et pedibus summas aequabis harenas.
Si deerunt, rarum pecorique et vitibus almis
aptius uber erit; sin in sua posse negabunt
ire loca et scrobibus superabit terra repletis,
spissus ager; glaebas cunctantis crassaque terga
expecta et validis terram proscinde iuvenis.
Salsa autem tellus et quae perhibetur amara,
frugibus infelix — -ea nec mansuescit arando
nec Baccho genus aut pomis sua nomina servat — -
tale dabit specimen: tu spisso vimine qualos
colaque prelorum fumosis deripe tectis;
huc ager ille malus dulcesque a fontibus undae
ad plenum calcentur; aqua eluctabitur omnis
scilicet, et grandes ibunt per vimina guttae;
at sapor indicium faciet manifestus et ora
tristia temptantum sensu torquebit amaro.

Pinguis item quae sit tellus, hoc denique pacto
discimus: haud umquam manibus iactata fatiscit,
sed picis in morem ad digitos lentescit habendo.
Humida maiores herbas alit, ipsaque iusto
laetior. Ah nimium ne sit mihi fertilis illa
nec se praevalidam primis ostendat aristis!
Quae gravis est, ipso tacitam se pondere prodit,
quaeque levis. Promptum est oculis praediscere nigram,
et quis cui color. At sceleratum exquirere frigus
difficile est: piceae tantum taxique nocentes
interdum aut hederæ pandunt vestigia nigrae
his animadversis terram multo ante memento
excoquere et magnos scrobibus concidere montis,
ante supinatas aquiloni ostendere glaebas,
quam laetum infodias vitis genus. Optima putri
arva solo: id venti curant gelidaeque pruinae
et labefacta movens robustus iugera fossor.
Ac si quos haud ulla viros vigilantia fugit,
ante locum similem exquirunt, ubi prima paretur
arboribus seges et quo mox digesta feratur,
mutatam ignorent subito ne semina matrem.
Quin etiam caeli regionem in cortice signant,
ut, quo quaeque modo steterit, qua parte calores
Austrinos tulerit, quae terga obverterit axi,
restituunt: adeo in teneris consuescere multum est.
Collibus an plano melius sit ponere vitem,
quaere prius. Si pinguis agros metabere campi,
densa sere; in denso non signior ubere Bacchus;
sin tumultis adclive solum collisque supinos,
indulge ordinibus, nec setius omnis in unguem
arboribus positis secto via limite quadret.
Ut saepe ingenti bello cum longa cohortis
explicuit legio et campo stetit agmen aperto,
directaeque acies, ac late fluctuat omnis
aere renidenti tellus, necdum horrida miscent
proelia, sed dubius mediis Mars errat in armis:
omnia sint paribus numeris dimensa viarum;

non animum modo uti pascat prospectus inanem,
sed quia non aliter viris dabit omnibus aequas
terra neque in vacuum poterunt se extendere rami.

Forsitan et scrobibus quae sint fastigia quaeras.
ausim vel tenui vitem committere sulco.
Altior ac penitus terrae defigitur arbos,
aesculus in primis, quae quantum vertice ad auras
aetherias, tantum radice in Tartara tendit.
Ergo non hiemes illam, non flabra neque imbres
convellunt; inmotam manet, multosque nepotes,
multa virum volvens durando saecula vincit.
Tum fortis late ramos et brachia pandens
huc illuc, media ipsa ingentem sustinet umbram.

Neve tibi ad solem vergant vineta cadentem,
Neve inter vitis corylum sere, neve flagella
summa pete aut summa defringe ex arbore plantas
tantus amor terrae — -neu ferro laede retunso
semina, neve oleae silvestris insere truncos:
nam saepe incautis pastoribus excidit ignis,
qui furtim pingui primum sub cortice tectus
roboram comprehendit frondesque elapsus in altas
ingentem caelo sonitum dedit; inde secutus
per ramos victor perque alta cacumina regnat
et totum involvit flammis nemus et ruit atram
ad caelum picea crassus caligine nubem,
praesertim si tempestas a vertice silvis
incubuit glomeratque ferens incendia ventus.
Hoc ubi, non a stirpe valent caesaeque reverti
possunt atque ima similes revirescere terra;
infelix superat foliis oleaster amaris.

Nec tibi tam prudens quisquam persuadeat auctor
tellurem Borea rigidam spirante movere.
Rura gelu tum claudit hiems nec semine iacto
concretam patitur radicem adfigere terrae.

Optima vinetis satio, cum vere rubenti
candida venit avis longis invisae colubris,
prima vel autumnus sub frigora, cum rapidus Sol
nondum hiemem contingit equis, iam praeterit aestas.
Ver adeo frondi nemorum, ver utile silvis;
vere tument terrae et genitalia semina poscunt.
Tum pater omnipotens fecundis imbribus Aether
coniugis in gremium laetae descendit et omnis
magnus alit magno commixtus corpore fetus.
Avia tum resonant avibus virgulta canoris
et Venerem certis repetunt armenta diebus;
parturit almus ager Zephyrique tepentibus auris
laxant arva sinus; superat tener omnibus humor;
inque novos soles audent se germina tuto
credere, nec metuit surgentis pampinus austros
aut actum caelo magnis aquilonibus imbrem,
sed trudit gemmas et frondes explicat omnis.
Non alios prima crescentis origine mundi
inluxisse dies aliumve habuisse tenorem
crediderim: ver illud erat, ver magnus agebat
orbis et hibernis parcebant flatibus Euri,
cum primae lucem pecudes hausere virumque
terrea progenies duris caput extulit arvis,
inmissaeque ferae silvis et sidera caelo.
Nec res hunc tenerae possent perferre laborem,
si non tanta quies iret frigusque caloremque
inter, et exciperet caeli indulgentia terras.

Quod superest, quaecumque premes virgulta per agros,
sparge fimo pingui et multa memor occule terra,
aut lapidem bibulum aut squalentis infode conchas;
inter enim labentur aquae tenuisque subibit
halitus atque animos tollent sata; iamque reperti,
qui saxo super atque ingentis pondere testae
urgerent; hoc effusos munimen ad imbris,
hoc, ubi hiulca siti findit canis aestifer arva.

Seminibus positis superest diducere terram
saepius ad capita et duros iactare bidentis,
aut presso exercere solum sub vomere et ipsa
flectere luctantis inter vineta iuencos;
tum levis calamos et rasae hastilia virgae
fraxineasque aptare sudes furcasque valentis,
viribus eniti quarum et contemnere ventos
adsuescant summasque sequi tabulata per ulmos.

Ac dum prima novis adolescit frondibus aetas,
parcendum teneris, et dum se laetus ad auras
palmes agit laxis per purum inmissus habenis,
ipsa acie nondum falcis temptanda, sed uncis
carpendae manibus frondes interque legendae.
Inde ubi iam validis amplexae stirpibus ulmos
exierint, tum stringe comas, tum bracchia tonde —
ante reformidant ferrum — -tum denique dura
exerce imperia et ramos conpesce fluentis.

Texendae saepes etiam et pecus omne tenendum,
praecipue dum frons tenera inprudensque laborum;
cui super indignas hiemes solemque potentem
silvestres uri adsidue capraeque sequaces
inludunt, pascuntur oves avidaeque iuvencae.
Frigora nec tantum cana concreta pruina
aut gravis incumbens scopulis arentibus aestas,
quantum illi nocuere greges durique venenum
dentis et admorso signata in stirpe cicatrix.
Non aliam ob culpam Baccho caper omnibus aris
caeditur et veteres ineunt proscaenia ludi
praemiaque ingeniis pagos et compita circum
thesidae posuere atque inter pocula laeti
mollibus in pratis unctos saluere per utres.
Nec non Ausonii, Troia gens missa, coloni
versibus incomptis ludunt risuque soluto
oraque corticibus sumunt horrenda cavatis
et te, Bacche, vocant per carmina laeta tibi

oscilla ex alta suspendunt mollia pinu.
Hinc omnis largo pubescit vinea fetu,
conplentur vallesque cavae saltusque profundi,
et quocumque deus circum caput egit honestum.
Ergo rite suum Baccho dicemus honorem
carminibus patriis lancesque et liba feremus
et ductus cornu stabit sacer hircus ad aram
pinguique in veribus torrebimus exta columnis.

Est etiam ille labor curandis vitibus alter,
cui numquam exhausti satis est: namque omne quot annis
terque quaterque solum scindendum glebaque versis
aeternum frangenda bidentibus, omne levandum
fronde nemus. Redit agricolis labor actus in orbem
atque in se sua per vestigia volvitur annus.
Ac iam olim, seras posuit cum vinea frondes,
frigidus et silvis aquilo decussit honorem,
iam tum acer curas venientem extendit in annum
rusticus et curvo Saturni dente relictam
persequitur vitem attondens fingitque putando.
Primus humum fodito, primus devecta cremato
sarmenta et vallos primus sub tecta referto;
postremus metito. Bis vitibus ingruit umbra,
bis segetem densis obducunt sentibus herbae;
durus uterque labor: laudato ingentia rura,
exiguum colito. Nec non etiam aspera rusci
vimina per silvam et ripis fluvialis arundo
caeditur, incultique exercet cura salicti.
Iam vinctae vites, iam falcem arbusta reponunt,
iam canit effectos extremus vinitor antes:
sollicitanda tamen tellus pulvisque movendus
et iam maturis metuendus Iuppiter uvis.
Contra non ulla est oleis cultura; neque illae
procurvam exspectant falcem rastrosque tenacis,
cum semel haeserunt arvis aurasque tulerunt;
ipsa satis tellus, cum dente recluditur unco,
sufficit humorem et gravidas, cum vomere, fruges.

Hoc pinguem et placitam Paci nutritor olivam.

Poma quoque, ut primum truncos sensere valentis
et viris habuere suas, ad sidera raptim
vi propria nituntur opisque haud indiga nostrae.
Nec minus interea fetu nemus omne gravescit
sanguineisque inculta rubent aviaria baxis.
Tondentur cytisi, taedas silva alta ministrat,
pascunturque ignes nocturni et lumina fundunt.
Et dubitant homines serere atque inpendere curam
quid maiora sequar? — salices humilesque genestae
aut illae pecori frondem aut pastoribus umbram
Sufficiunt saepemque satis et pabula melli —
et iuvat undantem buxo spectare Cytorum
naryciaeque picis lucos, iuvat arva videre
non rastris, hominum non ulli obnoxia curae.
Ipsae Caucasio steriles in vertice silvae,
quas animosi Euri adsidue franguntque feruntque,
dant alios aliae fetus, dant utile lignum
navigiis pinus, domibus cedrumque cupressosque.
Hinc radios trivere rotis, hinc tympana plaustis
agricolae et pandas ratibus posuere carinas,
viminibus salices fecundae, frondibus ulmi,
at myrtus validis hastilibus et bona bello
cornus, Ituraeos taxi torquentur in arcus.
Nec tiliae leves aut torno rasile buxum
non formam accipiunt ferroque cavantur acuto.
Nec non et torrentem undam levis innatat alnus,
missa Pado; nec non et apes examina condunt
corticibusque cavis vitiosaeque ilicis alvo.
Quid memorandum aeque Baccheia dona tulerunt
Bacchus et ad culpam causas dedit; ille furentis
centauros leto domuit, Rhoetumque Pholumque
et magno Hylaeum Lapithis cratere minantem.

O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint,
agricolas! quibus ipsa procul discordibus armis

fundit humo facilem victum iustissima tellus.
Si non ingentem foribus domus alta superbis
mane salutantum totis vomit aedibus undam,
nec varios inhiant pulchra testudine postis
inlusasque auro vestes Ephyreiaque aera,
alba neque Assyrio fucatur lana veneno
nec casia liquidi corrumpitur usus olivi:
at secura quies et nescia fallere vita,
dives opum variarum, at latis otia fundis — -
speluncae vivique lacus et frigida Tempe
mugitusque boum mollesque sub arbore somni — -
non absunt; illic saltus ac lustra ferarum
et patiens operum exiguoque adsueta iuventus,
sacra deum sanctique patres; extrema per illos
iustitia excedens terris vestigia fecit.

Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Musae,
quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus amore,
accipiant caelique vias et sidera monstrent,
defectus solis varios lunaeque labores;
unde tremor terris, qua vi maria alta tumescant
obcibus ruptis rursusque in se ipsa residant,
quid tantum Oceano properent se tingere soles
hiberni, vel quae tardis mora noctibus obstet.
Sin, has ne possim naturae accedere partis,
frigidus obstiterit circum praecordia sanguis:
rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
flumina amem silvasque inglorius. O ubi campi
Spercheosque et virginibus bacchata Lacaenis
Taygeta! O, qui me gelidis convallibus Haemi
sistat et ingenti ramorum protegat umbra!
Felix, qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
atque metus omnis et inexorabile fatum
subiecit pedibus strepitumque Acherontis avari.
Fortunatus et ille, deos qui novit agrestis,
panaque Silvanumque senem Nymphasque sorores:
illum non populi fascēs, non purpura regum

flexit et infidos agitans discordia fratres
aut coniurato descendens Dacus ab Histro,
non res Romanae perituraque regna; neque ille
aut doluit miserans inopem aut invidit habenti
quos rami fructus, quos ipsa volentia rura
sponte tulere sua, carpsit; nec ferrea iura
insanumque forum aut populi tabularia vidit.
sollicitant alii remis freta caeca ruuntque
in ferrum, penetrant aulas et limina regum;
hic petit excidiis urbem miserosque Penatis,
ut gemma bibat et Sarrano dormiat ostro;
condit opes alius defossoque incubat auro;
hic stupet attonitus rostris; hunc plausus hiantem
per cuneos — -geminatus enim plebisque patrumque — -
corripuit; gaudent perfusi sanguine fratrum,
exsilioque domos et dulcia limina mutant
atque alio patriam quaerunt sub sole iacentem.
Agricola incurvo terram dimovit aratro:
hinc anni labor, hinc patriam parvosque nepotes
sustinet, hinc armenta boum meritosque iuvencos.
Nec requies, quin aut pomis exuberet annus
aut fetu pecorum aut cerealis mergite culmi,
proventuque oneret sulcos atque horrea vincat.
Venit hiems: teritur Sicyonia baca trapetis,
glande sues laeti redeunt, dant arbuta silvae;
et varios ponit fetus autumnus et alte
mitis in apricis coquitur vindemia saxis.
Interea dulces pendent circum oscula nati,
casta pudicitiam servat domus, ubera vaccae
lactea demittunt pinguesque in gramine laeto
inter se adversis luctantur cornibus haedi.
Ipse dies agitat festos fususque per herbam,
ignis ubi in medio et socii cratera coronant,
te libans, Lenaeae, vocat pecorisque magistris
velocis iaculi certamina ponit in ulmo,
corporaque agresti nudant praedura palaestrae.
Hanc olim veteres vitam coluere Sabini,

hanc Remus et frater, sic fortis Etruria crevit
scilicet et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma,
septemque una sibi muro circumdedit arces.
Ante etiam sceptrum Dictaei regis et ante
in pia quam caesis gens est epulata iuvcis,
aureus hanc vitam in terris Saturnus agebat;
necdum etiam audierant inflari classica, necdum
inpositos duris crepitare incudibus enses.
Sed nos immensum spatium confecimus aequor,
et iam tempus equum fumantia solvere colla.

LIBER III

Te quoque, magna Pales, et te memorande canemus
pastor ab Amphryso, vos, silvae amnesque Lycaeï.

Cetera, quae vacuas tenuissent carmine mentes,
omnia iam volgata: quis aut Eurysthea durum
aut inlaudati nescit Busiridis aras?

Cui non dictus Hylas puer et Latonia Delos
Hippodameque umeroque Pelops insignis eburno,
acer equis? Temptanda via est, qua me quoque possim
tollere humo victorque virum volitare per ora.

Primus ego in patriam mecum, modo vita supersit,
Aonio rediens deducam vertice Musas;
primus Idumaeas referam tibi, Mantua, palmas,
et viridi in campo templum de marmore ponam
propter aquam. Tardis ingens ubi flexibus errat
Mincius et tenera praetexit arundine ripas.

In medio mihi Caesar erit templumque tenebit:
illi victor ego et Tyrio conspectus in ostro
centum quadriiugos agitabo ad flumina currus.
Cuncta mihi Alpheum linquens lucosque Molorchi
cursibus et crudo decernet Graecia caestu.

Ipsae caput tonsae foliis ornatus olivae
dona feram. Iam nunc sollemnis ducere pompas
ad delubra iuvat caesosque videre iuencos,
vel scaena ut versis discedat frontibus utque
purpurea intexti tollant aulaea Britannii.

In foribus pugnam ex auro solidoque elephanto
Gangaridum faciam victorisque arma Quirini,
atque hic undantem bello magnumque fluentem
Nilum ac navali surgentis aere columnas.

Addam urbes Asiae domitas pulsumque Niphaten
fidentemque fuga Parthum versisque sagittis,
et duo rapta manu diverso ex hoste tropaea
bisque triumphatas utroque ab litore gentes.
Stabunt et Parii lapides, spirantia signa,

Assaraci proles demissaeque ab Iove gentis
nomina, Trosque parens et Troiae Cynthus auctor.
Invidia infelix Furias amnemque severum
Cocyti metuet tortosque Ixionis anguis
immanemque rotam et non exsuperabile saxum.
Interea Dryadum silvas saltusque sequamur
intactos, tua, Maecenas, haud mollia iussa.
Te sine nil altum mens incohat; en age segnis
rumpe moras; vocat ingenti clamore Cithaeron
Taygetique canes domitrixque Epidaurus equorum
et vox adsensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.
Mox tamen ardentis accingar dicere pugnas
Caesaris et nomen fama tot ferre per annos,
Tithoni prima quot abest ab origine Caesar.

Seu quis Olympiacae miratus praemia palmae
pascit equos seu quis fortis ad aratra iuencos,
corpora praecipue matrum legat. Optuma torvae
forma bovis, cui turpe caput, cui plurima cervix,
et crurum tenuis a mento palearia pendent;
tum longo nullus lateri modus; omnia magna,
pes etiam; et camuris hirtae sub cornibus aures.
Nec mihi displiceat maculis insignis et albo,
aut iuga detractans interdumque aspera cornu
et faciem tauro propior, quaeque ardua tota,
et gradiens ima verit vestigia cauda,
Aetas Lucinam iustosque pati hymenaeos
desinit ante decem, post quattuor incipit annos;
cetera nec feturae habilis nec fortis aratris.
Interea, superat gregibus dum laeta iuventas,
solve mares; mitte in Venerem pecuaria primus,
atque aliam ex alia generando suffice prolem.
Optuma quaeque dies miseris mortalibus aevi
prima fugit; subeunt morbi tristisque senectus
et labor, et durae rapit inclementia mortis.
Semper erunt, quarum mutari corpora malis:
semper enim refice ac, ne post amissa requiras,

ante veni et subolem armento sortire quotannis.

Nec non et pecori est idem dilectus equino.
Tu modo, quos in spem statues submittere gentis,
praecipuum iam inde a teneris impende laborem.
Continuo pecoris generosi pullus in arvis
altius ingreditur et mollia crura reponit;
primus et ire viam et fluvios temptare minaces
audet et ignoto sese committere ponti
nec vanos horret strepitus. Illi ardua cervix
argutumque caput, brevis alvus obesaque terga,
luxuriatque toris animosum pectus. Honesti
spadices glaucique, color deterrimus albis
et gilvo. Tum, si qua sonum procul arma dedere
stare loco nescit, micat auribus et tremit artus
collectumque premens volvit sub naribus ignem.
Densa iuba, et dextro iactata recumbit in armo;
at duplex agitur per lumbos spina, cavatque
tellurem et solido graviter sonat ungula cornu.
Talis Amyclaei domitus Pollucis habenis
Cyllarus et, quorum Grai meminere poetae,
Martis equi biiuges et magni currus Achilli.
Talis et ipse iubam cervice effundit equina
coniugis adventu pernix Saturnus et altum
Pelion hinnitu fugiens implevit acuto.

Hunc quoque, ubi aut morbo gravis aut iam segnior annis
deficit, abde domo nec turpi ignosce senectae.
frigidus in Venerem senior, frustra que laborem
ingratum trahit, et, si quando ad proelia ventum est,
ut quondam in stipulis magnus sine viribus ignis,
incassum furit. Ergo animos aevumque notabis
praecipue; hinc alias artis prolemque parentum
et quis cuique dolor victo, quae gloria palmae.
Nonne vides, cum praecipiti certamine campum
corripuere ruuntque effusi carcere currus,
cum spes arrectae iuvenum, exsultantiaque haurit

corda pavor pulsans? Illi instant verbere torto
et proni dant lora, volat vi fervidus axis;
iamque humiles, iamque elati sublime videntur
aera per vacuum ferri atque adsurgere in auras;
nec mora nec requies; at fulvae nimbus harenae
tollitur, umescunt spumis flatuque sequentum:
tantus amor laudum, tantae est victoria curae.
Primus Erichthonius currus et quattuor ausus
iungere equos rapidusque rotis insistere victor
Frena Pelethronii Lapithae gyrosque dedere
impositi dorso atque equitem docuere sub armis
insultare solo et gressus glomerare superbos.
Aequus uterque labor, aequae iuvenemque magistri
exquirunt calidumque animis et cursibus acrem,
quamvis saepe fuga versos ille egerit hostis
et patriam Epirum referat fortisque Mycenae
Neptunique ipsa deducat origine gentem.

His animadversis instant sub tempus et omnis
impendunt curas denso distendere pingui,
quem legere ducem et pecori dixere maritum;
florentisque secant herbas fluviosque ministrant
farraque, ne blando nequeat superesse labori
invalidique patrum referant ieiunia nati.
Ipsa autem macie tenuant armenta volentes,
atque, ubi concubitus primos iam nota voluptas
sollicitat, frondesque negant et fontibus arcent.
Saepe etiam cursu quatiunt et sole fatigant,
cum graviter tunsis gemit area frugibus et cum
surgentem ad Zephyrum paleae iactantur inanes.
Hoc faciunt, nimio ne luxu obtunsior usus
sit genitali arvo et sulcos oblimet inertis,
sed rapiat sitiens Venerem interiusque recondat.
Rursus cura patrum cadere et succedere matrum
incipit. Exactis gravidae cum mensibus errant,
non illas gravibus quisquam iuga ducere plaustis,
non saltu superare viam sit passus et acri

carpere prata fuga fluviosque innare rapacis.
Saltibus in vacuis pascunt et plena secundum
flumina, muscus ubi et viridissima gramine ripa,
speluncaeque tegant et saxeae procubet umbra.
Est lucos Silari circa ilicibusque; virentem
plurimus Alburnum volitans, cui nomen asilo
Romanum est, oestrum Grai vertere vocantes,
asper, acerba sonans, quo tota exterrita silvis
diffugiunt armenta; furit mugitibus aether
concussus silvaeque et sicci ripa Tanagri.
Hoc quondam monstro horribilis exercuit iras
Inachiae Iuno pestem meditata iuvencae.
Hunc quoque, nam mediis fervoribus acrior instat,
arcebis gravido pecori, armentaque pasces
sole recens orto aut noctem ducentibus astris.

Post partum cura in vitulos traducitur omnis,
continuoque notas et nomina gentis inurunt
et quos aut pecori malint submittere habendo
aut aris servare sacros aut scindere terram
et campum horrentem fractis invertere glaebis.
Cetera pascuntur viridis armenta per herbas:
Tu quos ad studium atque usum formabis agrestem,
iam vitulos hortare viamque insiste domandi,
dum faciles animi iuvenum, dum mobilis aetas.
Ac primum laxos tenui de vimine circlos
cervici subnecte; dehinc, ubi libera colla
servitio adsuerint, ipsis e torquibus aptos
iunge pares et coge gradum conferre iuencos;
atque illis iam saepe rotae ducantur inanes
per terram et summo vestigia pulvere signent;
post valido nitens sub pondere fagus axis
instrepat et iunctos temo trahat aereus orbes.
Interea pubi indomitae non gramina tantum
nec vascas salicum frondes ulvamque palustrem,
sed frumenta manu carpes sata; nec tibi fetae
more patrum nivea implebunt mulctraria vaccae,

sed tota in dulcis consument ubera natos.

Sin ad bella magis studium turmasque ferocis,
aut Alphea rotis praelabi flumina Pisae
et Iovis in luco currus agitare volantis:
primus equi labor est, animos atque arma videre
bellantum lituosque pati tractuque gementem
ferre rotam et stabulo frenos audire sonantis;
tum magis atque magis blandis gaudere magistri
laudibus et plausae sonitum cervicis amare.
Atque haec iam primo depulsus ab ubere matris
audeat, inque vicem det mollibus ora capistris
invalidus etiamque tremens, etiam inscius aevi.
At tribus exactis ubi quarta accesserit aestas,
carpere mox gyrum incipiat gradibusque sonare
compositis sinuetque alterna volumina crurum
sitque laboranti similis; tum cursibus auras,
tum vocet, ac per aperta volans ceu liber habenis
aequora vix summa vestigia ponat harena;
qualis Hyperboreis Aquilo cum densus ab oris
incubuit, Scythiaeque hiemes atque arida differt
nubila: tum segetes altae campique natantes
lenibus horrescunt flabris summaeque sonorem
dant silvae longique urgent ad litora fluctus;
ille volat simul arva fuga, simul aequora verrens
Hinc vel ad Elei metas et maxuma campi
sudabit spatia et spumas aget ore cruentas,
Belgica vel molli melius feret esseda collo.
Tum demum crassa magnum farragine corpus
crescere iam domitis sinito: namque ante domandum
ingentis tollent animos prensique negabunt
verbera lenta pati et duris parere lupatis.

Sed non ulla magis viris industria firmat,
quam Venerem et caeci stimulos avertere amoris,
sive boum sive est cui gratior usus equorum.
Atque ideo tauros procul atque in sola relegant

pascua post montem oppositum et trans flumina lata,
aut intus clausos satura ad praesepia servant.

Carpit enim viris paulatim uritque videndo
femina nec nemorum patitur meminisse nec herbae
dulcibus illa quidem inlecebris, et saepe superbos
cornibus inter se subigit decernere amantis.

Pascitur in magna Sila formosa iuvenca:
illi alternantes multa vi proelia miscent
volneribus crebris, lavit ater corpora sanguis,
versaue in obnixos urguntur cornua vasto
cum gemitu, reboant silvaeque et longus Olympus
Nec mos bellantis una stabulare, sed alter
victus abit longeque ignotis exulat oris,
multa gemens ignominiam plagasque superbi
victoris, tum, quos amisit inultus, amores;
et stabula aspectans regnis excessit avertis.

Ergo omni cura viris exercet et inter
dura iacet pernix instrato saxa cubili
frondibus hirsutis et carice pastus acuta,
et temptat sese atque irasci in cornua discit
arboris obnixus trunco ventosque lacessit
ictibus et sparsa ad pugnam proludit harena.
Post ubi collectum robur viresque reffectae
signa movet praecepsque oblitum fertur in hostem:
fluctus uti medio coepit cum albescere ponto
longius ex altoque sinum trahit, utque volutus
ad terras immane sonat per saxa neque ipso
monte minor procumbit, at ima exaestuatur unda
verticibus nigramque alte subiectat harenam.

Omne adeo genus in terris hominumque ferarumque,
et genus aequoreum, pecudes pictaeque volucres,
in furias. ignemque ruunt. Amor omnibus idem.
Tempore non alio catulorum oblita leaena
saevior erravit campis, nec funera volgo
tam multa informes ursi stragemque dedere
per silvas; tum saevus aper, tum pessima tigris;

heu male tum Libyae solis erratur in agris.
Nonne vides, ut tota tremor pertemptet equorum
corpora, si tantum notas odor attulit auras?
Ac neque eos iam frena virum neque verbera saeva
non scopuli rupesque cavae atque obiecta retardant
flumina correptosque unda torquentia montis.
Ipse ruit dentesque Sabellicus exacuit sus
et pede prosubigit terram, fricat arbore costas
atque hinc atque illinc umeros ad volnera durat.
Quid iuvenis, magnum cui versat in ossibus ignem
durus amor? Nempe abruptis turbata procellis
nocte natat caeca serus freta; quem super ingens
porta tonat caeli et scopulis inlisa reclamant
aequora; nec miseri possunt revocare parentes
nec moritura super crudeli funere virgo.
Quid lynces Bacchi variae et genus acre luporum
atque canum? Quid, quae imbelles dant proelia cervi?
Scilicet ante omnis furor est insignis equarum;
et mentem Venus ipsa dedit, quo tempore Glauci
Potniades malis membra absumpsere quadrigae.
Illas ducit amor trans Gargara transque sonantem
Ascanium; superant montis et flumina tranant.
Continuoque avidis ubi subdita flamma medullis,
vere magis, quia vere calor redit ossibus: illae
ore omnes versae in Zephyrum stant rupibus altis,
exceptantque levis auras et saepe sine ullis
coniugiis vento gravidae, mirabile dictu,
saxa per et scopulos et depressas convallis
diffugiunt, non, Eure, tuos, neque solis ad ortus,
in Borean caurumque, aut unde nigerrimus auster
nascitur et pluvio contristat frigore caelum.
Hic demum, hippomanes vero quod nomine dicunt
pastores, lentum destillat ab inguine virus,
hippomanes, quod saepe malae legere novercae
miscueruntque herbas et non innoxia verba.

Sed fugit interea, fugit inreparabile tempus,

singula dum capti circumvectamur amore.
Hoc satis armentis: superat pars altera curae,
lanigeros agitare greges hirtasque capellas.
Hic labor, hinc laudem fortes sperate coloni.
Nec sum animi dubius, verbis ea vincere magnum
quam sit, et angustis hunc addere rebus honorem;
sed me Parnasi deserta per ardua dulcis
raptat amor; iuvat ire iugis, qua nulla priorum
Castaliam molli devertitur orbita clivo.
Nunc, veneranda Pales, magno nunc ore sonandum

Incipiens stabulis edico in mollibus herbam
carpere ovis, dum mox frondosa reducitur aestas,
et multa duram stipula filicumque manipulis
sternere subter humum, glacies ne frigida laedat
molle pecus scabiemque ferat turpisque podagras.
Post hinc digressus iubeo frondentia capris
arbuta sufficere et fluvios praebere recentis
et stabula a ventis hiberno opponere soli
ad medium conversa diem, cum frigidus olim
iam cadit extremoque inrorat Aquarius anno.
Haec quoque non cura nobis levior tuendae,
nec minor usus erit, quamvis Miliesia magno
vellera mutantur Tyrios incocta rubores:
densior hinc suboles, hinc largi copia lactis;
quam magis exhausto spumaverit ubere mulctra,
laeta magis pressis manabunt flumina mammis.
Nec minus interea barbas incanaque menta
Cinyphii tondent hirci saetasque comantis
usum in castrorum et miseris velamina nautis.
Pascuntur vero silvas et summa Lycae
horrentisque rubos et amantis ardua dumos:
atque ipsae memores redeunt in tecta suosque
ducunt et gravido superant vix ubere limen.
Ergo omni studio glaciem ventosque nivalis
quo minor est illis curae mortalis egestas,
avertes victumque feres et virgea laetus

pabula, nec tota claudes faenilia bruma.
At vero Zephyris cum laeta vocantibus aestas
in saltus utrumque gregem atque in pascua mittet,
Luciferi primo cum sidere frigida rura
carpamus, dum mane novum, dum gramina canent,
et ros in tenera pecori gratissimus herba.
Inde ubi quarta sitim caeli collegerit hora
et cantu querulae rumpent arbusta cicadae,
ad puteos aut alta greges ad stagna iubebo
currentem ilignis potare canalibus undam;
aestibus at mediis umbrosam exquirere vallem,
sicubi magna Iovis antiquo robore quercus
ingentis tendat ramos, aut sicubi nigrum
ilicibus crebris sacra nemus accubet umbra;
tum tenuis dare rursus aquas et pascere rursus
solis ad occasum, cum frigidus aera vesper
temperat et saltus reficit iam roscida luna
litoraue alcyonem resonant, acalanthida dumi.

Quid tibi pastores Libyae, quid pascua versu
prosequar et raris habitata mapalia tectis?
Saepe diem noctemque et totum ex ordine mensem
pascitur itque pecus longa in deserta sine ullis
hospitiis: tantum campi iacet. Omnia secum
armentarius Afer agit, tectumque laremque
armaque Amyclaeumque canem Cressamque pharetram;
non secus ac patriis acer Romanus in armis
iniusto sub fasce viam cum carpit et hosti
ante expectatum positus stat in agmine castris.

At non, qua Scythiae gentes Maeotiaque unda,
turbidus et torquens flaventis Hister harenas,
quaque redit medium Rhodope porrecta sub axem.
Illic clausa tenent stabulis armenta, neque ullae
aut herbae campo apparent aut arbore frondes;
sed iacet aggeribus niveis informis et alto
terra gelu late septemque adsurgit in ulnas.

Semper hiemps, semper spirantes frigora cauri.
Tum Sol pallentis haud umquam discutit umbras,
nec cum invectus equis altum petit aethera, nec cum
praecipitem Oceani rubro lavit aequore currum.
Concrescunt subitae currenti in flumine crustae
undaque iam tergo ferratos sustinet orbis,
puppibus illa prius, patulis nunc hospita plaustis;
aeraque dissiliunt vulgo vestesque rigescunt
indutae caeduntque securibus umida vina
et totae solidam in glaciem vertere lacunae
stiriaeque impexis induruit horrida barbis.
Interea toto non setius aere nunguit:
intereunt pecudes, stant circumfusa pruinis
corpora magna boum, confertoque agmine cervi
torpent mole nova et summis vix cornibus extant.
Hos non immissis canibus, non cassibus ullis
puniceaeve agitant pavidos formidine pennae,
sed frustra oppositum trudentis pectore montem
comminus obtruncant ferro graviterque rudentis
caedunt et magno laeti clamore reportant.
Ipsi in defossis specubus secura sub alta
otia agunt terra congestaque robora totasque
advolvere focus ulmos ignique dedere.
Hic noctem ludo ducunt et pocula laeti
fermento atque acidis imitantur vitea sorbis.
Talis Hyperboreo septem subiecta trioni
gens effrena virum Rhiphaeo tunditur euro
et pecudum fulvis velatur corpora saetis.

Si tibi lanitium curae, primum aspera silva,
lappaeque tribolique, absint; fuge pabula laeta;
Continuoque greges villis lege mollibus albos.
Illum autem, quamvis aries sit candidus ipse,
nigra subest udo tantum cui lingua palato,
reice, ne maculis infuscet vellera pullis
nascentum, plenoque alium circumspice campo.
Munere sic niveo lanae, si credere dignum est,

Pan deus Arcadiae captam te, Luna, fefellit
in nemora alta vocans; nec tu aspernata vocantem.

At cui lactis amor, cytisum lotosque frequentis
ipse manu salsasque ferat praesepibus herbas.
Hinc et amant fluvios magis et magis ubera tendunt
et salis occultum referunt in lacte saporem.
Multi iam excretos prohibent a matribus haedos
primaque ferratis praefigunt ora capistris.
Quod surgente die mulsero horisque diurnis,
nocte premunt; quod iam tenebris et sole cadente,
sub lucem exportant calathis adit oppida pastor;
aut parco sale contingunt hiemique reponunt.

Nec tibi cura canum fuerit postrema, sed una
velocis Spartae catulos acremque Molossum
pasce sero pingui. Numquam custodibus illis
nocturnum stabulis furem incursusque luporum
aut impacatos a tergo horrebis Hiberos.
Saepe etiam cursu timidos agitabis onagros
et canibus leporem, canibus venabere dammas,
saepe volutabris pulsos silvestribus apros
latratu turbabis agens montisque per altos
ingentem clamore premes ad retia cervum.

Disce et odoratam stabulis accendere cedrum
galbaneoque agitare gravis nidore chelydros.
saepe sub immotis praesepibus aut mala tactu
vipera delituit caelumque exterrita fugit,
aut tecto adsuetus coluber succedere et umbrae,
pestis acerba boum, pecorique aspergere virus,
fovit humum. Cape saxa manu, cape robora, pastor,
tollentemque minas et sibila colla tumentem
deice. Iamque fuga timidum caput abdidit alte,
cum medii nexus extremaeque agmina caudae
solvuntur, tardosque trahit sinus ultimus orbis.
Est etiam ille malus Calabris in saltibus anguis,

squamea convolvens sublato pectore terga
atque notis longam maculosus grandibus alvum
qui, dum amnes ulli rumpuntur fontibus et dum
vere madent udo terrae ac pluvialibus austris
stagna colit, ripisque habitans hic piscibus atram
improbis ingluviem ranisque loquacibus explet;
postquam exusta palus, terraeque ardore dehiscunt,
exsilit in siccum et flammantia lumina torquens
saevit agris asperque siti atque exterritus aestu.
Ne mihi tum mollis sub divo carpere somnos
neu dorso nemoris libeat iacuisse per herbas,
cum positus novus exuviis nitidusque iuventa
volvitur, aut catulos tectis aut ova relinquens
arduus ad solem et linguis micat ore trisulcis.

Morborum quoque te causas et signa docebo.
Turpis ovis temptat scabies, ubi frigidus imber
altius ad vivum persedit et horrida cano
bruma gelu, vel cum tonsis inlotus adhaesit
sudor et hirsuti secuerunt corpora vepres.
Dulcibus idcirco fluviis pecus omne magistri
perfundunt, udisque aries in gurgite villis
mersatur missusque secundo defluit amni;
aut tonsum tristi contingunt corpus amurca
et spumas miscent argenti et sulfura viva
Idaeasque pices et pinguis unguine ceras
scillamque elleborosque gravis nigrumque bitumen.
Non tamen ulla magis praesens fortuna laborum est,
quam si quis ferro potuit rescindere summum
ulceris os: alitur vitium vivitque tegendo,
dum medicas adhibere manus ad volnera pastor
abnegat et meliora deos sedet omnia poscens.
Quin etiam, ima dolor balantum lapsus ad ossa
cum furit atque artus depascitur arida febris,
profuit incensos aestus avertere et inter
ima ferire pedis salientem sanguine venam,
Bisaltae quo more solent acerque Gelonus;

cum fugit in Rhodopen atque in deserta Getarum
et lac concretum cum sanguine potat equino.
Quam procul aut molli succedere saepius umbrae
videris aut summas carpentem ignavius herbas
extremamque sequi aut medio procumbere campo
pascentem et serae solam decedere nocti:
continuo culpam ferro compesce, prius quam
dira per incautum serpant contagia volgus.
Non tam creber agens hiemem ruit aequore turbo,
quam multae pecudum pestes. Nec singula morbi
corpora corripiunt, sed tota aestiva repente,
spemque gregemque simul cunctamque ab origine gentem.
Tum sciat, aérias Alpīs et Norica si quis
castella in tumultis et Iapydis arva Timavi
nunc quoque post tanto videat desertaque regna
pastorum et longe saltus lateque vacantis.

Hic quondam morbo caeli miseranda coorta est
tempestas totoque autumnī incanduit aestu
et genus omne neci pecudum dedit, omne ferarum,
corrumpitque lacus, infecit pabula tabo.
Nec via mortis erat simplex, sed ubi ignea venis
omnibus acta sitis miseros adduxerat artus,
rursus abundabat fluidus liquor omniaque in se
ossa minutatim morbo collapsa trahebat.
Saepe in honore deum medio stans hostia ad aram
lanea dum nivea circumdatur infula vitta,
inter cunctantis cecidit moribunda ministros.
Aut si quam ferro mactaverat ante sacerdos
inde neque impositis ardent altaria fibrīs
nec responsa potest consultus reddere vates,
ac vix suppositi tinguntur sanguine cultri
summaque ieiuna sanie infusatur harena.
Hinc laetis vituli volgo moriuntur in herbis
et dulcis animas plena ad praesepia reddunt;
hinc canibus blandis rabies venit et quatit aegros
tussis anhela sues ac faucibus angit obesis.

Labitur infelix studiorum atque immemor herbae
victor equus fontisque avertitur et pede terram
crebra ferit; demissae aures, incertus ibidem
sudor et ille quidem moriturus frigidus, aret
pellis et ad tactum tractanti dura resistit.
Haec ante exitium primis dant signa diebus;
sin in processu coepit crudescere morbus,
tum vero ardentes oculi atque attractus ab alto
spiritus, interdum gemitu gravis, imaque longo
ilia singultu tendunt, it naribus ater
sanguis et obsessas fauces premit aspera lingua.
Profuit inserto latices infundere cornu
Lenaeos; ea visa salus morientibus una;
mox erat hoc ipsum exitio, furiisque refecti
ardebant ipsique suos iam morte sub aegra,
di meliora piis erroremque hostibus illum,
discissos nudis laniabant dentibus artus.
Ecce autem duro fumans sub vomere taurus
concidit et mixtum spumis vomit ore cruorem
extremosque ciet gemitus. It tristis arator
maerentem abiungens fraterna morte iuvenum,
atque opere in medio defixa relinquit aratra.
Non umbrae altorum nemorum, non mollia possunt
prata movere animum, non qui per saxa volutus
purior electro campum petit amnis; at ima
solvuntur latera atque oculos stupor urguet inertis
ad terramque fluit devexo pondere cervix.
Quid labor aut benefacta iuvant? Quid vomere terras
invertisse gravis? Atqui non Massica Bacchi
munera, non illis epulae nocuere repostae:
frondibus et victu pascuntur simplicis herbae,
pocula sunt fontes liquidi atque exercita cursu
flumina, nec somnos abrumpit cura salubris.
Tempore non alio dicunt regionibus illis
quaesitas ad sacra boves Iunonis et uris
imparibus ductos alta ad donaria currus.
Ergo aegre rastris terram rimantur et ipsis

unguibus infodiunt fruges montisque per altos
contenta cervice trahunt stridentia plaustra.
Non lupus insidias explorat ovilia circum
nec gregibus nocturnus obambulat; acrior illum
cura domat; timidi dammae cervique fugaces
nunc interque canes et circum tecta vagantur.
Iam maris immensi prolem et genus omne natantum
litore in extremo, ceu naufraga corpora, fluctus
proluit; insolitae fugiunt in flumina phocae.
Interit et curvis frustra defensa latebris
vipera et attoniti squamis adstantibus hydri.
Ipsis est aer avibus non aequus et illae
praecipites alta vitam sub nube relinquunt.
Praeterea iam nec mutari pabula refert
artes nocent quaesitaeque; cessere magistri
Phillyrides Chiron Amythaoniusque Melampus.
Saevit et in lucem Stygiis emissa tenebris
pallida Tisiphone Morbos agit ante Metumque,
inque dies avidum surgens caput altius effert:
Balatu pecorum et crebris mugitibus amnes
arentesque sonant ripae collesque supini:
Iamque catervatim dat stragem atque aggerat ipsis
in stabulis turpi dilapsa cadavera tabo
donec humo tegere ac foveis abscondere discunt.
Nam neque erat coriis usus nec viscera quisquam
aut undis abolere potest aut vincere flamma;
ne tondere quidem morbo inluvieque peresa
vellera nec telas possunt attingere putris;
verum etiam invisos si quis temptarat amictus,
ardentes papulae atque immundus olentia sudor
membra sequebatur nec longo deinde moranti
tempore contactos artus sacer ignis edebat.

LIBER IV

Protinus aerii mellis caelestia dona
exsequar: hanc etiam, Maecenas, adspice partem.
Admiranda tibi levium spectacula rerum
magnanimosque duces totiusque ordine gentis
mores et studia et populos et proelia dicam.
In tenui labor; at tenuis non gloria, si quem
numina laeva sinunt auditque vocatus Apollo.

Principio sedes apibus statioque petenda,
quo neque sit ventis aditus — -nam pabula venti
ferre domum prohibent — -neque oves haedique petulci
floribus insultent aut errans bucula campo
decutiat rorem et surgentes atterat herbas.
Absint et picti squalentia terga lacerti
pinguibus a stabulis meropesque aliaeque volucres
et manibus Procne pectus signata cruentis;
omnia nam late vastant ipsasque volantes
ore ferunt dulcem nidis immitibus escam.
At liquidi fontes et stagna virentia musco
adsint et tenuis fugiens per gramina rivus,
palmaque vestibulum aut ingens oleaster inumbret,
ut, cum prima novi ducent examina reges
vere suo ludetque favis emissa iuventus,
vicina invitet decedere ripa calori,
obviaque hospitiis teneat frondentibus arbos.
In medium, seu stabit iners seu profluet umor,
transversas salices et grandia conice saxa,
pontibus ut crebris possint consistere et alas
pandere ad aestivum solem, si forte morantes
sparserit aut praeceps Neptuno immerserit Euris.
Haec circum casiae virides et olentia late
serpylla et graviter spirantis copia thymbrae
floreat inriguumque bibant violaria fontem.
Ipsa autem, seu corticibus tibi suta cavatis,

seu lento fuerint alvaria vimine texta,
angustos habeant aditus: nam frigore mella
cogit hiems, eademque calor liquefacta remittit.
Utraque vis apibus pariter metuenda; neque illae
nequiquam in tectis certatim tenuia cera
spiramenta linunt fucoque et floribus oras
explent collectumque haec ipsa ad munera gluten
et visco et Phrygiae servant pice lentius Idae.
Saepe etiam effossis, si vera est fama, latebris
sub terra fovere larem, penitusque reptatae
pumicibusque cavis exesaeque arboris antro.
Tu tamen et levi rimosa cubilia limo
ungue fovens circum et raras superinice frondes.
Neu propius tectis taxum sine, neve rubentes
ure foco canculos, altae neu crede paludi,
aut ubi odor caeni gravis aut ubi concava pulsu
saxa sonant vocisque offensa resultat imago.

Quod superest, ubi pulsam hiemem sol aureus egit
sub terras caelumque aestiva luce reclusit,
illae continuo saltus silvasque peragrant
purpureosque metunt flores et flumina libant
summa leves. Hinc nescio qua dulcedine laetae
progeniem nidosque foveant, hinc arte recentes
excudunt ceras et mella tenacia fingunt.
Hinc ubi iam emissum caveis ad sidera caeli
nare per aestatem liquidam suspexeris agmen
obscuramque trahi vento mirabere nubem,
contemplator: aquas dulces et frondea semper
tectata petunt. Huc tu iussos adsperge sapes,
trita melisphylla et cerinthae ignobile gramen,
tinnitusque cie et Matris quate cymbala circum.
ipsae consident medicatis sedibus, ipsae
intima more suo sese in cunabula condent.

Sin autem ad pugnam exierint, nam saepe duobus
regibus incessit magno discordia motu,

continuoque animos vulgi et trepidantia bello
corda licet longe praesciscere; namque morantes
Martius ille aeris rauci canor increpat et vox
auditur fractos sonitus imitata tubarum;
tum trepidae inter se coeunt pennisque coruscant
spiculaque exacuunt rostris aptantque lacertos
et circa regem atque ipsa ad praetoria densae
miscentur magnisque vocant clamoribus hostem.
Ergo ubi ver nactae sudum camposque patentes,
erumpunt portis; concurritur, aethere in alto
fit sonitus, magnum mixtae glomerantur in orbem
praecipitesque cadunt; non densior aere grando,
nec de concussa tantum pluit ilice glandis.
ipsi per medias acies insignibus alis
ingentes animos angusto in pectore versant,
usque adeo obnixa non cedere, dum gravis aut hos
aut hos versa fuga victor dare terga subegit.
Hi motus animorum atque haec certamina tanta
pulveris exigui iactu compressa quiescent.
Verum ubi ductores acie revocaveris ambo,
deterior qui visus, eum, ne prodigus obsit,
dede neci; melior vacua sine regnet in aula.
Alter erit maculis auro squalentibus ardens;
nam duo sunt genera: hic melior, insignis et ore
et rutilis clarus squamis, ille horridus alter
desidia latamque trahens inglorius alvum.

Ut binae regum facies, ita corpora plebis.
Namque aliae turpes horrent, ceu pulvere ab alto
cum venit et sicco terram sput ore viator
aridus; elucent aliae et fulgore coruscant
ardentes auro et paribus lita corpora guttis.
Haec potior suboles, hinc caeli tempore certo
dulcia mella premes, nec tantum dulcia, quantum
et liquida et durum Bacchi domitura saporem.

At cum incerta volant caeloque examina ludunt

contemnuntque favos et frigida tecta relinquunt,
instabiles animos ludo prohibebis inani.

Nec magnus prohibere labor: tu regibus alas
eripe; non illis quisquam cunctantibus altum
ire iter aut castris audebit vellere signa.

Invitent croceis halantes floribus horti
et custos furum atque avium cum falce saligna
Hellespontiaci servet tutela Priapi.

Iipse thymum pinosque ferens de montibus altis
tecta serat late circum, cui talia curae;
ipse labore manum duro terat, ipse feraces
figat humo plantas et amicos inriget imbres.

Atque equidem, extremo ni iam sub fine laborum
vela traham et terris festinem advertere proram,
forsitan et, pingues hortos quae cura colendi
ornaret, canerem, biferique rosaria Paesti,
quoque modo potis gauderent intiba rivis
et virides apio ripae, tortusque per herbam
cresceret in ventrem cucumis; nec sera comantem
narcissum aut flexi tacuissem vimen acanthi
pallentesque hederas et amantes litora myrtos.
Namque sub Oebaliae memini me turribus arcis,
qua niger umectat flaventia culta Galaesus,
Corycium vidisse senem, cui pauca relict
iugera ruris erant, nec fertilis illa iuvencis
nec pecori opportuna seges nec commoda Baccho.
Hic rarum tamen in dumis olus albaque circum
lilia verbenasque premens vescu
regum aequabat opes animis seraque revertens
nocte domum dapibus mensas onerabat inemptis.
Primus vere rosam atque autumn
et cum tristis hiems etiamnum frigore saxa
rumperet et glacie cursus frenaret aquarum,
ille comam mollis iam tondebat hyacinthi
aestatem increpitans seram Zephyrosque morantes.
Ergo apibus fetis idem atque examine multo

primus abundare et spumantia cogere pressis
mella favis; illi tiliae atque uberrima pinus,
quotque in flore novo pomis se fertilis arbos
induerat, totidem autumnu matura tenebat.
Ille etiam seras in versum distulit ulmos
eduramque pirum et spinos iam pruna ferentes
iamque ministrantem platanum potantibus umbras.
Verum haec ipse equidem spatiis exclusus iniquis
praetereo atque aliis post me memoranda relinquo.

Nunc age, naturas apibus quas Iuppiter ipse
addidit, expediam, pro qua mercede canoros
Curetum sonitus crepitantiaque aera secutae
Dictae caeli regem pavere sub antro.
Solae communes natos, consortia tecta
urbis habent magnisque agitant sub legibus aevum,
et patriam solae et certos novere penates,
venturaeque hiemis memores aestate laborem
experiuntur et in medium quaesita reponunt.
Namque aliae victu invigilant et foedere pacto
exercentur agris; pars intra saepta domorum
Narcissi lacrimam et lentum de cortice gluten
prima favis ponunt fundamina, deinde tenaces
suspendunt ceras: aliae spem gentis adultos
educunt fetus, aliae purissima mella
stipant et liquido distendunt nectare cellas.
Sunt quibus ad portas cecidit custodia sorti,
inque vicem speculantur aquas et nubila caeli
aut onera accipiunt venientum aut agmine facto
ignavum fucos pecus a praeseptibus arcent.
Fervet opus, redolentque thymo fragrantia mella.
ac veluti lentis Cyclopes fulmina massis
cum properant, alii taurinis follibus auras
accipiunt redduntque, alii stridentia tingunt
aera lacu; gemit impositis incudibus Aetna;
illi inter sese magna vi brachia tollunt
in numerum versantque tenaci forcipe ferrum:

non aliter, si parva licet componere magnis,
Cecropias innatus apes amor urget habendi,
munere quamque suo. Grandaevus oppida curae
et munire favos et daedala fingere tecta.
At fessae multa referunt se nocte minores,
crura thymo plenae; pascuntur et arbuta passim
et glaucas salices casiamque crocumque rubentem
et pinguem tiliam et ferrugineos hyacinthos.
Omnibus una quies operum, labor omnibus unus:
mane ruunt portis; nusquam mora; rursus easdem
vesper ubi e pastu tandem decedere campis
admonuit, tum tecta petunt, tum corpora curant;
fit sonitus, mussantque oras et limina circum.
Post, ubi iam thalamis se composuere, siletur
in noctem fessosque sopor suus occupat artus.
Nec vero a stabulis pluvia impendente recedunt
longius aut credunt caelo adventantibus Euris,
sed circum tutae sub moenibus urbis aquantur,
excursusque breves temptant et saepe lapillos,
ut cumbae instabiles fluctu iactante saburram,
tollunt, his sese per inania nubila librant.
Illum adeo placuisse apibus mirabere morem,
quod neque concubitu indulgent nec corpora segnes
in Venerem solvunt aut fetus nixibus edunt:
verum ipsae e foliis natos, e suavis herbis
ore legunt, ipsae regem parvosque Quirites
sufficiunt aulasque et cerea regna refigunt.
*Saepe etiam duris errando in cotibus alas
attrivere ultroque animam sub fasce dedere:
tantus amor florum et generandi gloria mellis.
Ergo ipsas quamvis angusti terminus aevi
excipiat, neque enim plus septima ducitur aestas,
at genus immortale manet multosque per annos
stat fortuna domus et avi numerantur avorum.
Praeterea regem non sic Aegyptus et ingens
Lydia nec populi Parthorum aut Medus Hydaspes
observant. Rege incolumi mens omnibus una est;

amisso rupere fidem constructaque mella
diripuerunt ipsae et crates solvere favorum.
Ille operum custos, illum admirantur et omnes
circumstant fremitu denso stipantque frequentes
et saepe attollunt umeris et corpora bello
obiectant pulchramque petunt per vulnera mortem.

His quidam signis atque haec exempla secuti
esse apibus partem divinae mentis et haustus
aetherios dixere; deum namque ire per omnes
terrasque tractusque maris caelumque profundum.
Hinc pecudes, armenta, viros, genus omne ferarum,
quemque sibi tenues nascentem arcessere vitas;
scilicet huc reddi deinde ac resoluta referri
omnia nec morti esse locum, sed viva volare
sideris in numerum atque alto succedere caelo.

Siquando sedem angustam servataque mella
thesauris relines, prius haustu sparsus aquarum
ora fove fumosque manu praetende sequaces.
Bis gravidos cogunt fetus, duo tempora messis,
Taygete simul os terris ostendit honestum
Pleas et Oceani spretos pede reppulit amnes,
aut eadem sidus fugiens ubi Piscis aquosi
tristior hibernas caelo descendit in undas.
Illis ira modum supra est, laesaeque venenum
morsibus inspirant et spicula caeca relinquunt
adfixae venis animasque in vulnere ponunt.
Sin duram metues hiemem parcesque futuro
contunsosque animos et res miserabere fractas,
at suffire thymo cerasque recidere inanes
quis dubitet? nam saepe favos ignotus adedit
stellio et lucifugis congesta cubilia blattis
immunisque sedens aliena ad pabula fucus
aut asper crabro imparibus se immiscuit armis,
aut dirum tiniae genus, aut invisa Minervae
laxos in foribus suspendit aranea casset.

Quo magis exhaustae fuerint, hoc acrius omnes
incumbent generis lapsi sarcire ruinas
complebuntque foros et floribus horrea texent.

Si vero, quoniam casus apibus quoque nostros
vita tulit, tristi languebunt corpora morbo — -
quod iam non dubiis poteris cognoscere signis:
continuo est aegris alius color, horrida vultum
deformat macies, tum corpora luce carentum
exportant tectis et tristia funera ducunt;
aut illae pedibus conexae ad limina pendent,
aut intus clausis cunctantur in aedibus, omnes
ignavaeque fame et contracto frigore pigrae.
Tum sonus auditur gravior, tractimque susurrant,
frigidus ut quondam silvis immurmurat Auster,
ut mare sollicitum stridit refluentibus undis,
aestuat ut clausis rapidus fornacibus ignis:
hic iam galbaneos suadebo incendere odores
mellaque harundineis inferre canalibus, ultro
hortantem et fessas ad pabula nota vocantem.
Proderit et tunsum gallae admiscere saporem
Arentesque rosas aut igni pingua multo
defruta vel psithia passos de vite racemos
Cecropiumque thymum et grave olentia centaurea.
Est etiam flos in pratis, cui nomen amello
fecere agricolae, facilis quaerentibus herba;
namque uno ingentem tollit de caespite silvam,
aureus ipse, sed in foliis, quae plurima circum
funduntur, violae subluet purpura nigrae;
[saepe deum nexis ornatae torquibus arae;]
asper in ore sapor; tonsis in vallibus illum
pastores et curva legunt prope flumina Mellae.
Huius odorato radices incoque Baccho
pabulaque in foribus plenis adpone canistris.
Sed siquem proles subito defecerit omnis,
nec genus unde novae stirpis revocetur habebit,
tempus et Arcadii memoranda inventa magistri

pandere, quoque modo caesis iam saepe iuvenis
insincerus apes tulerit cruor. Altius omnem
expediam prima repetens ab origine famam.
Nam qua Pellaei gens fortunata Canopi
accolit effuso stagnantem flumine Nilum
et circum pictis vehitur sua rura phaselis,
quaque pharetratae vicinia Persidis urget,
[et viridem Aegyptum nigra fecundat harena,
et diversa ruens septem discurrit in ora
usque coloratis amnis devexus ab Indis]
omnis in hac certam regio iacit arte salutem.
Exiguus primum atque ipsos contractus in usus
eligitur locus; hunc angustique imbrice tecti
parietibusque premunt artis et quattuor addunt,
quattuor a ventis obliqua luce fenestras.
Tum vitulus bima curvans iam cornua fronte
quaeritur; huic geminae nares et spiritus oris
multa reluctanti obstruitur, plagisque perempto
tunsa per integram solvuntur viscera pellem.
Sic positum in clauso linquunt et ramea costis
subiciunt fragmenta, thymum casiasque recentes.
Hoc geritur Zephyris primum impellentibus undas,
ante novis rubeant quam prata coloribus, ante
garrula quam tignis nidum suspendat hirundo.
Interea teneris tepefactus in ossibus umor
aestuat et visenda modis animalia miris,
trunca pedum primo, mox et stridentia pennis,
miscentur tenuemque magis magis aera carpunt,
donec, ut aestivis effusus nubibus imber,
erupere aut ut nervo pulsante sagittae,
prima leves ineunt si quando proelia Parthi.

Quis deus hanc, Musae, quis nobis extudit artem?
Unde nova ingressus hominum experientia cepit?
Pastor Aristaeus fugiens Peneia Tempe,
amissis, ut fama, apibus morboque fameque,
tristis ad extremi sacrum caput adstitit amnis

multa querens atque hac adfatus voce parentem:
`Mater, Cyrene mater, quae gurgitis huius
ima tenes, quid me praeclara stirpe deorum,
si modo, quem perhibes, pater est Thymbraeus Apollo,
invisum fatis genuisti? aut quo tibi nostri
pulsus amor? quid me caelum sperare iubebas?
En etiam hunc ipsum vitae mortalis honorem,
quem mihi vix frugum et pecudum custodia sollers
omnia temptanti extuderat, te matre relinquo.
Quin age et ipsa manu felices erue silvas,
fer stabulis inimicum ignem atque interface messes,
ure sata et validam in vites molire bipennem,
tanta meae si te ceperunt taedia laudis.’
At mater sonitum thalamo sub fluminis alti
sensit. Eam circum Milesia vellera Nymphae
carpebant hyali saturo fucata colore,
drymoque Xanthoque Ligeaque Phyllodoceque,
caesariem effusae nitidam per candida colla,
Nesae Spioque Thaliaque Cymodoceque,
Cydippeque et flava Lycorias, altera virgo,
altera tum primos Lucinae experta labores,
Clioque et Beroe soror, Oceanitides ambae,
ambae auro, pictis incinctae pellibus ambae,
atque Ephyre atque Opis et Asia Deiopea
et tandem positis velox Arethusa sagittis.
Inter quas curam Clymene narrabat inanem
Vulcani Martisque dolos et dulcia furta,
aque Chao densos divum numerabat amores
carmine quo captae dum fuis mollia pensa
devolvunt, iterum maternas impulit aures
luctus Aristaei, vitreisque sedilibus omnes
obstipuerunt; sed ante alias Arethusa sorores
prospiciens summa flavum caput extulit unda
et procul: `O gemitu non frustra exterrita tanto,
Cyrene soror, ipse tibi, tua maxima cura,
tristis Aristaeus Penei genitoris ad undam
stat lacrimans et te crudelem nomine dicit.’

Huic percussa nova mentem formidine mater,
`duc, age, duc ad nos; fas illi limina divum
tangere,' ait. Simul alta iubet discedere late
flumina, qua iuvenis gressus inferret. At illum
curvata in montis faciem circumstetit unda
accepitque sinu vasto misitque sub amnem.
Iamque domum mirans genetricis et umida regna
speluncisque lacus clausos lucosque sonantes
ibat et ingenti motu stupefactus aquarum
omnia sub magna labentia flumina terra
spectabat diversa locis, Phasimque Lycumque
et caput, unde altus primum se erumpit Enipeus
unde pater Tiberinus et unde Aniena fluenta
saxosusque sonans Hypanis Mysusque Caicus,
et gemina auratus taurino cornua vultu
Eridanus, quo non alius per pingua culta
in mare purpureum violentior effluit amnis.
Postquam est in thalami pendentia pumice tecta
perventum et nati fletus cognovit inanes
Cyrene, manibus liquidos dant ordine fontes
germanae tonsisque ferunt mantelia villis;
pars epulis onerant mensas et plena reponunt
pocula, Panchaeis adolescunt ignibus arae;
et mater, `Cape Maeonii carchesia Bacchi:
Oceano libemus,' ait. Simul ipsa precatur
Oceanumque patrem rerum Nymphasque sorores
centum quae silvas, centum quae flumina servant.
Ter liquido ardentem perfundit nectare Vestam,
ter flamma ad summum tecti subiecta reluxit.
Omne quo firmans animum sic incipit ipsa:

`Est in Carphatio Neptuni gurgite vates
caeruleus Proteus, magnum qui piscibus aequor
et iuncto bipedum curru metitur equorum.
Hic nunc Emathiae portus patriamque revisit
Pallenen, hunc et Nymphae veneramur et ipse
grandaevus Nereus; novit namque omnia vates,

quae sint, quae fuerint, quae mox ventura trahantur;
quippe ita Neptuno visum est, immania cuius
armenta et turpes pascit sub gurgite phocas.
Hic tibi, nate, prius vinclis capiendus, ut omnem
expediat morbi causam eventusque secundet.
Nam sine vi non ulla dabit praecepta, neque illum
orando flectes; vim duram et vincula capto
tende; doli circum haec demum frangentur inanes.
Ipsa ego, te, medios cum sol accenderit aestus,
cum sitiunt herbae et pecori iam gravior umbra est,
in secreta senis ducam, quo fessus ab undis
se recipit, facile ut somno adgrediare iacentem.
Verum ubi correptum manibus vinclisque tenebis,
tum variae eludent species atque ora ferarum
Fiet enim subito sus horridus atraque tigris
squamosusque draco et fulva cervice leaena,
aut acrem flammae sonitum dabit atque ita vinclis
excidet, aut in aquas tenues dilapsus abibit.
Sed quanto ille magis formas se vertet in omnes,
tanto, nate, magis contende tenacia vincla,
donec talis erit mutato corpore, qualem
videris, incepto tegeret cum lumina somno.

Haec ait et liquidum ambrosiae defundit odorem,
quo totum nati corpus perduxit; at illi
dulcis compositis spiravit crinibus aura
atque habilis membris venit vigor. Est specus ingens
exesi latere in montis, quo plurima vento
cogitur inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos,
deprendis olim statio tutissima nautis;
intus se vasti Proteus tegit obice saxi.
Hic iuvenem in latebris aversum a lumine Nympha
collocat; ipsa procul nebulis obscura resistit.
Iam rapidus torrens sitientes Sirius Indos
ardebat, caelo et medium sol igneus orbem
hauserat; arebant herbae et cava flumina siccis
faucibus ad limum radii tepefacta coquebant:

cum Proteus consueta petens e fluctibus antra
ibat; eum vasti circum gens umida ponti
exsultans rorem late dispergit amarum.
Sternunt se somno diversae in litore phocae.
Ipse, velut stabuli custos in montibus olim,
vesper ubi e pastu vitulos ad tecta reducit,
auditisque lupos acuunt balatibus agni,
considit scopulo medius numerumque recenset.
Cuius Aristaeo quoniam est oblata facultas,
vix defessa senem passus componere membra
cum clamore ruit magno manicisque iacentem
occupat. Ille suae contra non immemor artis
omnia transformat sese in miracula rerum,
ignemque horribilemque feram fluviumque liquentem.
Verum ubi nulla fugam reperit fallacia, victus
in sese redit atque hominis tandem ore locutus:
`Nam quis te, iuvenum confidentissime, nostras
iussit adire domos? Quidve hinc petis?' inquit. At ille:
`Scis, Proteu, scis ipse; neque est te fallere quicquam
sed tu desine velle. Deum praecepta secuti
venimus hinc lapsis quaesitum oracula rebus.
Tantum effatus. Ad haec vates vi denique multa
ardentes oculos intorsit lumine glauco
et graviter frendens sic fatis ora resolvit.

Non te nullius exercent numinis irae;
magna luis commissa: tibi has miserabilis Orpheus
haudquaquam ob meritum poenas, ni fata resistent,
suscitat et rapta graviter pro coniuge saevit.
Illa quidem, dum te fugeret per flumina praeceps,
immanem ante pedes hydram moritura puella
servantem ripas alta non vidit in herba.
At chorus aequalis Dryadum clamore supremos
implerunt montes; flerunt Rhodopeiae arces
altaque Pangaea et Rhesi mavortia tellus
atque Getae atque Hebrus et Actias Orithyia.
Ipse cava solans aegrum testudine amorem

te, dulcis coniunx, te solo in litore secum,
te veniente die, te decedente canebat.
Taenarias etiam fauces, alta ostia Ditis,
et caligantem nigra formidine lucum
ingressus manesque adiit regemque tremendum
nesciaque humanis precibus mansuescere corda.
At cantu commotae Erebi de sedibus imis
umbrae ibant tenues simulacraque luce carentum,
quam multa in foliis avium se milia condunt
vesper ubi aut hibernus agit de montibus imber,
matres atque viri defunctaque corpora vita
magnanimum heroum, pueri innuptaeque puellae,
impositique rogis iuvenes ante ora parentum,
quos circum limus niger et deformis harundo
Cocyti tardaque palus inamabilis unda
alligat et noviens Styx interfusa coercet.
Quin ipsae stupuere domus atque intima Leti
tartara caeruleosque implexae crinibus angues
Eumenides, tenuitque inhians tria Cerberus ora
atque Ixionii vento rota constitit orbis.
Iamque pedem referens casus evaserat omnes;
redditaque Eurydice superas veniebat ad auras,
pone sequens, namque hanc dederat Proserpina legem,
cum subita incautum dementia cepit amantem,
ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes.
Restitit Eurydicenque suam iam luce sub ipsa
immemor heu! victusque animi respexit. Ibi omnis
effusus labor atque immitis rupta tyranni
foedera, terque fragor stagnis auditus Avernis.
Illa, Quis et me, inquit, miseram et te perdidit, Orpheu,
quis tantus furor? En iterum crudelia retro
Fata vocant, conditque natantia lumina somnus.
Iamque vale: feror ingenti circumdata nocte
invalidasque tibi tendens, heu non tua, palmas!
dixit et ex oculis subito, ceu fumus in auras
commixtus tenues, fugit diversa, neque illum,
prensantem nequiquam umbras et multa volentem

dicere, praeterea vidit, nec portitor Orci
amplius obiectam passus transire paludem.
Quid faceret? Quo se rapta bis coniuge ferret?
Quo fletu Manis, quae numina voce moveret?
Illa quidem Stygia nabat iam frigida cumba.
Septem illum totos perhibent ex ordine menses
rupe sub aeria deserti ad Strymonis undam
flesse sibi et gelidis haec evolvisse sub antris
mulcentem tigres et agentem carmine quercus;
qualis populea maerens philomela sub umbra
amissos queritur fetus, quos durus arator
observans nido implumes detraxit; at illa
flet noctem ramoque sedens miserabile carmen
integrat et maestis late loca questibus implet.
Nulla Venus, non ulli animum flexere hymenaei.
Solut Hyperboreas glacies Tanaimque nivalem
arvaeque Rhipaeis numquam viduata pruinis
lustrabat raptam Eurydicen atque inrita Ditis
dona querens; spretae Ciconum quo munere matres
inter sacra deum nocturnique orgia Bacchi
discerptum latos iuvenem sparsere per agros.
Tum quoque marmorea caput a cervice revulsum
gurgite cum medio portans Oeagrius Hebrus
volveret, Eurydicen vox ipsa et frigida lingua
ah miseram Eurydicen! anima fugiente vocabat:
Eurydicen toto referebant flumine ripae.

Haec Proteus, et se iactu dedit aequor in altum,
quaque dedit, spumantem undam sub vertice torsit.
At non Cyrene; namque ultro adfata timentem:

`Nate, licet tristes animo deponere curas.
Haec omnis morbi causa; hinc miserabile Nymphae,
cum quibus illa choros lucis agitabat in altis,
exitium misere apibus. Tu munera supplex
tende petens pacem et faciles venerare Napaeas;
namque dabunt veniam votis irasque remittent.

Sed modus orandi qui sit, prius ordine dicam.
Quattuor eximios praestanti corpore tauros,
qui tibi nunc viridis depascunt summa Lycaeï,
delige et intacta totidem cervice iuencas.
Quattuor his aras alta ad delubra dearum
constitue et sacrum iugulis demitte cruorem,
corporaque ipsa boum frondoso desere luco.
Post, ubi nona suos Aurora ostenderit ortus,
inferias Orphei Lethaea papavera mittes
et nigram mactabis ovem lucumque revises:
placatam Eurydicen vitula venerabere caesa.

Haud mora; continuo matris praecepta facessit;
ad delubra venit, monstratas excitat aras,
quattuor eximios praestanti corpore tauros
ducit et intacta totidem cervice iuencas.
Post, ubi nona suos Aurora induxerat ortus,
inferias Orphei mittit lucumque revisit.
Hic vero subitum ac dictu mirabile monstrum
adspiciunt, liquefacta boum per viscera toto
stridere apes utero et ruptis effervere costis,
immensasque trahi nubes, iamque arbore summa
confluere et lentis uvam demittere ramis.

Haec super arborum cultu pecorumque canebam
et super arboribus, Caesar dum magnus ad altum
fulminat Euphraten bello victorque volentes
per populos dat iura viamque adfectat Olympo.
Illo Vergilium me tempore dulcis alebat
Parthenope studiis florentem ignobilis oti,
carmina qui lusi pastorum audaxque iuventa,
Tityre, te patulae cecini sub tegmine fagi.

AENEID



The original Latin text of 'The Aeneid'

CONTENTS

LIBER I
LIBER II
LIBER III
LIBER IV
LIBER V
LIBER VI
LIBER VII
LIBER VIII
LIBER IX
LIBER X
LIBER XI
LIBER XII

LIBER I

Arma virumque cano, Troiae qui primus ab oris
Italiam, fato profugus, Laviniaque venit
litora, multum ille et terris iactatus et alto
vi superum saevae memorem Iunonis ob iram;
multa quoque et bello passus, dum conderet urbem, 5
inferretque deos Latio, genus unde Latinum,
Albanique patres, atque altae moenia Romae.

Musa, mihi causas memora, quo numine laeso,
quidve dolens, regina deum tot volvere casus
insignem pietate virum, tot adire labores 10
impulerit. Tantaene animis caelestibus irae?

Urbs antiqua fuit, Tyrii tenuere coloni,
Karthago, Italiam contra Tiberinaque longe
ostia, dives opum studiisque asperrima belli;
quam Iuno fertur terris magis omnibus unam 15
posthabita coluisse Samo; hic illius arma,
hic currus fuit; hoc regnum dea gentibus esse,
si qua fata sinant, iam tum tenditque fovetque.
Progeniem sed enim Troiano a sanguine duci
audierat, Tyrias olim quae verteret arces; 20
hinc populum late regem belloque superbum
venturum excidio Libyae: sic volvere Parcas.
Id metuens, veterisque memor Saturnia belli,
prima quod ad Troiam pro caris gesserat Argis —
necdum etiam causae irarum saevique dolores 25
exciderant animo: manet alta mente repostum
iudicium Paridis spretaeque iniuria formae,
et genus invisum, et rapti Ganymedis honores.
His accensa super, iactatos aequore toto
Troas, reliquias Danaum atque immitis Achilli, 30
arcebat longe Latio, multosque per annos
errabant, acti fati, maria omnia circum.

Tantae molis erat Romanam condere gentem!

Vix e conspectu Siculae telluris in altum
vela dabant laeti, et spumas salis aere ruebant, 35
cum Iuno, aeternum servans sub pectore volnus,
haec secum: 'Mene incepto desistere victam,
nec posse Italia Teucrorum avertere regem?
Quippe vetor fati. Pallasne exurere classem
Argivom atque ipsos potuit submergere ponto, 40
unius ob noxam et furias Aiakis Oilei?
Ipsa, Iovis rapidum iaculata e nubibus ignem,
disiecitque rates evertitque aequora ventis,
illum expirantem transfixo pectore flammas
turbine corripuit scopuloque infixit acuto. 45
Ast ego, quae divom incedo regina, Iovisque
et soror et coniunx, una cum gente tot annos
bella gero! Et quisquam numen Iunonis adoret
praeterea, aut supplex aris imponet honorem?'

Talia flammato secum dea corde volutans 50
nimborum in patriam, loca feta furentibus austris,
Aeoliam venit. Hic vasto rex Aeolus antro
luctantes ventos tempestatesque sonoras
imperio premit ac vinclis et carcere frenat.
Illi indignantes magno cum murmure montis 55
circum claustra fremunt; celsa sedet Aeolus arce
sceptrata tenens, mollitque animos et temperat iras.
Ni faciat, maria ac terras caelumque profundum
quippe ferant rapidi secum verrantque per auras.
Sed pater omnipotens speluncis abdidit atris, 60
hoc metuens, molemque et montis insuper altos
imposuit, regemque dedit, qui foedere certo
et premere et laxas sciret dare iussus habenas.
Ad quem tum Iuno supplex his vocibus usa est:

'Aeole, namque tibi divom pater atque hominum rex 65
et mulcere dedit fluctus et tollere vento,

gens inimica mihi Tyrrhenum navigat aequor,
Ilium in Italiam portans victosque Penates:
incute vim ventis submersasque obrue puppes,
aut age diversos et disiice corpora ponto. 70
Sunt mihi bis septem praestanti corpore nymphae,
quarum quae forma pulcherrima Deiopea,
conubio iungam stabili propriamque dicabo,
omnis ut tecum meritis pro talibus annos
exigat, et pulchra faciat te prole parentem.’ 75

Aeolus haec contra: ‘Tuus, O regina, quid optes
explorare labor; mihi iussa capessere fas est.
Tu mihi, quodcumque hoc regni, tu scepra Iovemque
concilias, tu das epulis accumbere divom,
nimborumque facis tempestatumque potentem.’ 80

Haec ubi dicta, cavum conversa cuspide montem
impulit in latus: ac venti, velut agmine facto,
qua data porta, ruunt et terras turbine perflant.
Incubuerunt mari, totumque a sedibus imis
una Eurusque Notusque ruunt creberque procellis 85
Africus, et vastos volvunt ad litora fluctus.
Insequitur clamorque virum stridorque rudentum.
Eripiunt subito nubes caelumque diemque
Teucrorum ex oculis; ponto nox incubat atra.
Intonuere poli, et crebris micat ignibus aether, 90
praesentemque viris intentant omnia mortem.

Extemplo Aeneae solvuntur frigore membra:
ingemit, et duplicis tendens ad sidera palmas
taliter voce refert: ‘O terque quaterque beati,
quis ante ora patrum Troiae sub moenibus altis 95
contigit oppetere! O Danaum fortissime gentis
Tydide! Mene Iliacis occumbere campis
non potuisse, tuaque animam hanc effundere dextra,
saevus ubi Aeacidae telo iacet Hector, ubi ingens
Sarpedon, ubi tot Simois correpta sub undis 100

scuta virum galeasque et fortia corpora volvit?’

Talia iactanti stridens Aquilone procella
velum adversa ferit, fluctusque ad sidera tollit.
Franguntur remi; tum prora avertit, et undis
dat latus; insequitur cumulo praeruptus aquae mons. 105
Hi summo in flucta pendent; his unda dehiscens
terram inter fluctus aperit; furit aestus harenis.
Tris Notus abreptas in saxa latentia torquet —
saxa vocant Itali mediis quae in fluctibus aras —
dorsum immane mari summo; tris Euris ab alto 110
in brevia et Syrtis urguet, miserabile visu,
inluditque vadis atque aggere cingit harenae.
Unam, quae Lycios fidumque vehebat Oronten,
ipsius ante oculos ingens a vertice pontus
in puppim ferit: excutitur pronusque magister 115
volvitur in caput; ast illam ter fluctus ibidem
torquet agens circum, et rapidus vorat aequore vortex.
Adparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto,
arma virum, tabulaeque, et Troia gaza per undas.
Iam validam Ilionei navem, iam fortis Achatī, 120
et qua vectus Abas, et qua grandaevus Aletes,
vicit hiems; laxis laterum compagibus omnes
accipiunt inimicum imbrem, rimisque fatiscunt.

Interea magno misceri murmure pontum,
emissamque hiemem sensit Neptunus, et imis 125
stagna refusa vadis, graviter commotus; et alto
prospiciens, summa placidum caput extulit unda.
Disiectam Aeneae, toto videt aequore classem,
fluctibus oppressos Troas caelique ruina,
nec latuere doli fratrem Iunonis et irae. 130
Eurum ad se Zephyrumque vocat, dehinc talia fatur:
‘Tantane vos generis tenuit fiducia vestri?
Iam caelum terramque meo sine numine, venti,
miscere, et tantas audetis tollere moles?
Quos ego — sed motos praestat componere fluctus. 135

Post mihi non simili poena commissa luetis.
Maturate fugam, regique haec dicite vestro:
non illi imperium pelagi saevumque tridentem,
sed mihi sorte datum. Tenet ille immania saxa,
vestras, Eure, domos; illa se iactet in aula 140
Aeolus, et clauso ventorum carcere regnet.’

Sic ait, et dicto citius tumida aequora placat,
collectasque fugat nubes, solemque reducit.
Cymothoe simul et Triton adnexus acuto
detrudunt navis scopulo; levat ipse tridenti; 145
et vastas aperit syrtis, et temperat aequor,
atque rotis summas levibus perlabitur undas.
Ac veluti magno in populo cum saepe coorta est
seditio, saevitque animis ignobile volgus,
iamque faces et saxa volant — furor arma ministrat; 150
tum, pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus adstant;
ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet, —
sic cunctus pelagi cecidit fragor, aequora postquam
prospiciens genitor caeloque invectus aperto 155
flectit equos, curruque volans dat lora secundo.

Defessi Aeneadae, quae proxima litora, cursu
contendunt petere, et Libyae vertuntur ad oras.
Est in secessu longo locus: insula portum
efficit obiectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto 160
frangitur inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos.
Hinc atque hinc vastae rupes geminique minantur
in caelum scopuli, quorum sub vertice late
aequora tuta silent; tum silvis scaena coruscis
desuper horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbra. 165
Fronte sub adversa scopulis pendentibus antrum,
intus aquae dulces vivoque sedilia saxo,
nympharum domus: hic fessas non vincula navis
ulla tenent, unco non alligat ancora morsu.
Huc septem Aeneas collectis navibus omni 170

ex numero subit; ac magno telluris amore
egressi optata potiuntur Troes harena,
et sale tabentis artus in litore ponunt.
Ac primum silici scintillam excudit Achates,
succepitque ignem foliis, atque arida circum 175
nutrimenta dedit, rapuitque in fomite flammam.
Tum Cererem corruptam undis Cerealiaque arma
expediunt fessi rerum, frugesque receptas
et torrere parant flammis et frangere saxo.

Aeneas scopulum interea conscendit, et omnem 180
prospectum late pelago petit, Anthea si quem
iactatum vento videat Phrygiasque biremis,
aut Capyn, aut celsis in puppibus arma Caici.
Navem in conspectu nullam, tris litore cervos
prospicit errantis; hos tota armenta sequuntur 185
a tergo, et longum per vallis pascitur agmen.
Constitit hic, arcumque manu celerisque sagittas
corripuit, fidus quae tela gerebat Achates;
ductoresque ipsos primum, capita alta ferentis
cornibus arboreis, sternit, tum volgus, et omnem 190
miscet agens telis nemora inter frondea turbam;
nec prius absistit, quam septem ingentia victor
corpora fundat humi, et numerum cum navibus aequet.
Hinc portum petit, et socios partitur in omnes.
Vina bonus quae deinde cadis onerarat Acestes 195
litore Trinacrio dederatque abeuntibus heros,
dividit, et dictis maerentia pectora mulcet:

‘O socii — neque enim ignari sumus ante malorum —
O passi graviores, dabit deus his quoque finem.
Vos et Scyllaeam rabiem penitusque sonantis 200
accestis scopulos, vos et Cyclopea saxa
experti: revocate animos, maestumque timorem
mittite: forsitan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit.
Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum
tendimus in Latium; sedes ubi fata quietas 205

ostendunt; illic fas regna resurgere Troiae.
Durate, et vosmet rebus servate secundis.'

Talia voce refert, curisque ingentibus aeger
spem voltu simulat, premit altum corde dolorem.
Illi se praedae accingunt, dapibusque futuris; 210
tergora deripiunt costis et viscera nudant;
pars in frusta secant veribusque trementia figunt;
litore aena locant alii, flammasque ministrant.
Tum victu revocant vires, fusique per herbam
implentur veteris Bacchi pinguisque ferinae. 215
Postquam exempta fames epulis mensaeque remotae,
amissos longo socios sermone requirunt,
spemque metumque inter dubii, seu vivere credant,
sive extrema pati nec iam exaudire vocatos.
Praecipue pius Aeneas nunc acris Oronti, 220
nunc Amyci casum gemit et crudelia secum
fata Lyci, fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum.
Et iam finis erat, cum Iuppiter aethere summo
despiciens mare velivolum terrasque iacentis
litoraue et latos populos, sic vertice caeli 225
constitit, et Libyae defixit lumina regnis.
Atque illum talis iactantem pectore curas
tristior et lacrimis oculos suffusa nitentis
adloquitur Venus: 'O qui res hominumque deumque
aeternis regis imperiis, et fulmine terres, 230
quid meus Aeneas in te committere tantum,
quid Troes potuere, quibus, tot funera passis,
cunctus ob Italiam terrarum clauditur orbis?
Certe hinc Romanos olim, volventibus annis,
hinc fore ductores, revocato a sanguine Teucri, 235
qui mare, qui terras omni dictione tenerent,
pollicitus, quae te, genitor, sententia vertit?
Hoc equidem occasum Troiae tristisque ruinas
solabar, fatis contraria fata rependens;
nunc eadem fortuna viros tot casibus actos 240
insequitur. Quem das finem, rex magne, laborum?

Antenor potuit, mediis elapsus Achivis,
Illyricos penetrare sinus, atque intima tutus
regna Liburnorum, et fontem superare Timavi,
unde per ora novem vasto cum murmure montis 245
it mare proruptum et pelago premit arva sonanti.
Hic tamen ille urbem Patavi sedesque locavit
Teucrorum, et genti nomen dedit, armaque fixit
Troia; nunc placida compostus pace quiescit:
nos, tua progenies, caeli quibus adnuis arcem, 250
navibus (infandum!) amissis, unius ob iram
prodimur atque Italiam longe disiungimur oris.
Hic pietatis honos? Sic nos in sceptrum reponis?’

Olli subridens hominum sator atque deorum,
vultu, quo caelum tempestatesque serenat, 255
oscula libavit natae, dehinc talia fatur:
‘Parce metu, Cytherea: manent immota tuorum
fata tibi; cernes urbem et promissa Lavini
moenia, sublimemque feres ad sidera caeli
magnanimum Aenean; neque me sententia vertit. 260
Hic tibi (fabor enim, quando haec te cura remordet,
longius et volvens fatorum arcana movebo)
bellum ingens geret Italia, populosque feroces
contundet, moresque viris et moenia ponet,
tertia dum Latio regnantem viderit aestas, 265
ternaque transierint Rutulis hiberna subactis.
At puer Ascanius, cui nunc cognomen Iulo
additur, — Ilus erat, dum res stetit Ilia regno, —
triginta magnos volvendis mensibus orbis
imperio explebit, regnumque ab sede Lavini 270
transferet, et longam multa vi muniet Albam.
Hic iam ter centum totos regnabitur annos
gente sub Hectorea, donec regina sacerdos,
Marte gravis, geminam partu dabit Ilia prolem.
Inde lupae fulvo nutricis tegmine laetus 275
Romulus excipiet gentem, et Mavortia condet
moenia, Romanosque suo de nomine dicet.

His ego nec metas rerum nec tempora pono;
imperium sine fine dedi. Quin aspera Iuno,
quae mare nunc terrasque metu caelumque fatigat, 280
consilia in melius referet, mecumque fovebit
Romanos rerum dominos gentemque togatam:
sic placitum. Veniet lustris labentibus aetas,
cum domus Assaraci Phthiam clarasque Mycenae
servitio premet, ac victis dominabitur Argis. 285
Nascetur pulchra Troianus origine Caesar,
imperium oceano, famam qui terminet astris, —
Iulius, a magno demissum nomen Iulo.
Hunc tu olim caelo, spoliis Orientis onustum,
accipies securus; vocabitur hic quoque votis. 290
Aspera tum positae mitescent saecula bellis;
cana Fides, et Vesta, Remo cum fratre Quirinus,
iura dabunt; dirae ferro et compagibus artis
claudentur Belli portae; Furor impius intus,
saeva sedens super arma, et centum vinctus aenis 295
post tergum nodis, fremet horridus ore cruento.'

Haec ait, et Maia genitum demittit ab alto,
ut terrae, utque novae pateant Karthaginis arces
hospitio Teucris, ne fati nescia Dido
finibus arceret: volat ille per aera magnum 300
remigio alarum, ac Libyae citus adstitit oris.
Et iam iussa facit, ponuntque ferocia Poeni
corda volente deo; in primis regina quietum
accipit in Teucros animum mentemque benignam.

At pius Aeneas, per noctem plurima volvens, 305
ut primum lux alma data est, exire locosque
explorare novos, quas vento accesserit oras,
qui teneant, nam inculta videt, hominesne feraene,
quaerere constituit, sociisque exacta referre
Classem in convexo nemorum sub rupe cavata 310
arboribus clausam circum atque horrentibus umbris
occulit; ipse uno graditur comitatus Achate,

bina manu lato crispans hastilia ferro.

Cui mater media sese tulit obvia silva,
virginis os habitumque gerens, et virginis arma 315
Spartanae, vel qualis equos Threissa fatigat
Harpalyce, volucremque fuga praevertitur Hebrum.
Namque umeris de more habilem suspenderat arcum
venatrix, dederatque comam diffundere ventis,
nuda genu, nodoque sinus collecta fluentis. 320
Ac prior, 'Heus' inquit 'iuvenes, monstrate mearum
vidistis si quam hic errantem forte sororum,
succinctam pharetra et maculosae tegmine lyncis,
aut spumantis apri cursum clamore prementem.'

Sic Venus; et Veneris contra sic filius orsus: 325
'Nulla tuarum audita mihi neque visa sororum —
O quam te memorem, virgo? Namque haud tibi voltus
mortalis, nec vox hominem sonat: O, dea certe —
an Phoebi soror? an nympharum sanguinis una? —
sis felix, nostrumque leves, quaecumque, laborem, 330
et, quo sub caelo tandem, quibus orbis in oris
iactemur, doceas. Ignari hominumque locorumque
erramus, vento huc vastis et fluctibus acti:
multa tibi ante aras nostra cadet hostia dextra.'

Tum Venus: 'Haud equidem tali me dignor honore; 335
virginibus Tyriis mos est gestare pharetram,
purpureoque alte suras vincire cothurno.
Punica regna vides, Tyrios et Agenoris urbem;
sed fines Libyci, genus intractabile bello.
Imperium Dido Tyria regit urbe profecta, 340
germanum fugiens. Longa est iniuria, longae
ambages; sed summa sequar fastigia rerum.

'Huic coniunx Sychaeus erat, ditissimus agri
Phoenicum, et magno miserae dilectus amore,
cui pater intactam dederat, primisque iugarat 345

ominibus. Sed regna Tyri germanus habebat
Pygmalion, scelere ante alios immanior omnes.
Quos inter medius venit furor. Ille Sychaeum
impius ante aras, atque auri caecus amore,
clam ferro incautum superat, securus amorum 350
germanae; factumque diu celavit, et aegram,
multa malus simulans, vana spe lusit amantem.
Ipsa sed in somnis inhumati venit imago
coniugis, ora modis attollens pallida miris,
crudeles aras traiectaque pectora ferro 355
nudavit, caecumque domus scelus omne rexit.
Tum celerare fugam patriaque excedere suadet,
auxiliumque viae veteres tellure recludit
thesauros, ignotum argenti pondus et auri.
His commota fugam Dido sociosque parabat: 360
conveniunt, quibus aut odium crudele tyranni
aut metus acer erat; navis, quae forte paratae,
corripiunt, onerantque auro: portantur avari
Pygmalionis opes pelago; dux femina facti.
Devenere locos, ubi nunc ingentia cernis 365
moenia surgentemque novae Karthaginis arcem,
mercatique solum, facti de nomine Byrsam,
taurino quantum possent circumdare tergo.
Sed vos qui tandem, quibus aut venistis ab oris,
quove tenetis iter? ‘Quaerenti talibus ille 370
suspiciens, imoque trahens a pectore vocem:

‘O dea, si prima repetens ab origine pergam,
et vacet annalis nostrorum audire laborum,
ante diem clauso componat Vesper Olympo.
Nos Troia antiqua, si vestras forte per auris 375
Troiae nomen iit, diversa per aequora vectos
forte sua Libycis tempestas adpulit oris.
Sum pius Aeneas, raptos qui ex hoste Penates
classe veho mecum, fama super aethera notus.
Italiam quaero patriam et genus ab Iove summo. 380
Bis denis Phrygium conscendi navibus aequor,

matre dea monstrante viam, data fata secutus;
vix septem convolsae undis Euroque supersunt.
Ipse ignotus, egens, Libyae deserta peragro,
Europa atque Asia pulsus.' Nec plura querentem 385
passa Venus medio sic interfata dolore est:

'Quisquis es, haud, credo, invisus caelestibus auras
vitalis carpis, Tyriam qui adveneris urbem.
Perge modo, atque hinc te reginae ad limina perfer,
Namque tibi reduces socios classemque relatam 390
nuntio, et in tutum versis aquilonibus actam,
ni frustra augurium vani docuere parentes.
Aspice bis senos laetantis agmine cynnos,
aetheria quos lapsa plaga Iovis ales aperto
turbabat caelo; nunc terras ordine longo 395
aut capere, aut captas iam despectare videntur:
ut reduces illi ludunt stridentibus alis,
et coetu cinxere polum, cantusque dedere,
haud aliter puppesque tuae pubesque tuorum
aut portum tenet aut pleno subit ostia velo. 400
Perge modo, et, qua te ducit via, dirige gressum.'

Dixit, et avertens rosea cervice refulsit,
ambrosiaeque comae divinum vertice odorem
spiravere, pedes vestis defluxit ad imos,
et vera incessu patuit dea. Ille ubi matrem 405
adgnovit, tali fugientem est voce secutus:
'Quid natum totiens, crudelis tu quoque, falsis
ludis imaginibus? Cur dextrae iungere dextram
non datur, ac veras audire et reddere voces?'

Talibus incusat, gressumque ad moenia tendit: 410
at Venus obscuro gradientes aere saepsit,
et multo nebulae circum dea fudit amictu,
cernere ne quis eos, neu quis contingere posset,
molirive moram, aut veniendi poscere causas.
Ipsa Paphum sublimis abit, sedesque revisit 415

laeta suas, ubi templum illi, centumque Sabaeo
ture calent arae, sertisque recentibus halant.

Corripuere viam interea, qua semita monstrat.
Iamque ascendebant collem, qui plurimus urbi
imminet, adversasque adspectat desuper arces. 420
Miratur molem Aeneas, magalia quondam,
miratur portas strepitumque et strata viarum.
Instant ardentes Tyrii pars ducere muros,
molirique arcem et manibus subvolvere saxa,
pars optare locum tecto et concludere sulco. 425
[Iura magistratusque legunt sanctumque senatum;]
hic portus alii effodiunt; hic alta theatri
fundamenta locant alii, immanisque columnas
rupibus excidunt, scaenis decora alta futuris.
Qualis apes aestate nova per florea rura 430
exercet sub sole labor, cum gentis adultos
educunt fetus, aut cum liquentia mella
stipant et dulci distendunt nectare cellas,
aut onera accipiunt venientum, aut agmine facto
ignavom fucos pecus a praesepebus arcent: 435
fervet opus, redolentque thymo fragrantia mella.
‘O fortunati, quorum iam moenia surgunt!’
Aeneas ait, et fastigia suspicit urbis.
Infert se saeptus nebula, mirabile dictu,
per medios, miscetque viris, neque cernitur ulli. 440

Lucus in urbe fuit media, laetissimus umbra,
quo primum iactati undis et turbine Poeni
effodere loco signum, quod regia Iuno
monstrarat, caput acris equi; sic nam fore bello
egregiam et facilem victu per saecula gentem. 445
Hic templum Iunoni ingens Sidonia Dido
condebat, donis opulentum et numine divae,
aerea cui gradibus surgebant limina, nexaeque
aere trabes, foribus cardo stridebat aenis.
Hoc primum in luco nova res oblata timorem 450

leniit, hic primum Aeneas sperare salutem
ausus, et adflictis melius confidere rebus.
Namque sub ingenti lustrat dum singula templo,
reginam opperiens, dum, quae fortuna sit urbi,
artificumque manus inter se operumque laborem 455
miratur, videt Iliacas ex ordine pugas,
bellaque iam fama totum volgata per orbem,
Atridas, Priamumque, et saevum ambobus Achillem.
Constitit, et lacrimans, 'Quis iam locus' inquit 'Achate,
quae regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?' 460
En Priamus! Sunt hic etiam sua praemia laudi;
sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.
Solve metus; feret haec aliquam tibi fama salutem.'
Sic ait, atque animum pictura pascit inani,
multa gemens, largoque umectat flumine voltum. 465

Namque videbat, uti bellantes Pergama circum
hac fugerent Graii, premeret Troiana iuventus,
hac Phryges, instaret curru cristatus Achilles.
Nec procul hinc Rhesi niveis tentoria velis
adgnoscat lacrimans, primo quae prodita somno 470
Tydides multa vastabat caede cruentus,
ardentisque avertit equos in castra, prius quam
pabula gustassent Troiae Xanthumque bibissent.
Parte alia fugiens amissis Troilus armis,
infelix puer atque impar congressus Achilli, 475
fertur equis, curruque haeret resupinus inani,
lora tenens tamen; huic cervixque comaeque trahuntur
per terram, et versa pulvis inscribitur hasta.
Interea ad templum non aequae Palladis ibant
crinibus Iliades passis peplumque ferebant, 480
suppliciter tristes et tunsae pectora palmis;
diva solo fixos oculos aversa tenebat.
Ter circum Iliacos raptaverat Hectora muros,
exanimumque auro corpus vendebat Achilles.
Tum vero ingentem gemitum dat pectore ab imo, 485
ut spolia, ut currus, utque ipsum corpus amici,

tendentemque manus Priamum conspexit inermis.
Se quoque principibus permixtum adgnovit Achivis,
Eoasque acies et nigri Memnonis arma.
Ducit Amazonidum lunatis agmina peltis 490
Penthesilea furens, mediisque in milibus ardet,
aurea subnectens exsertae cingula mammae,
bellatrix, audetque viris concurrere virgo.

Haec dum Dardanio Aeneae miranda videntur,
dum stupet, obtutuque haeret defixus in uno, 495
regina ad templum, forma pulcherrima Dido,
incessit magna iuvenum stipante caterva.
Qualis in Eurotae ripis aut per iuga Cynthi
exercet Diana choros, quam mille secutae
hinc atque hinc glomerantur oreades; illa pharetram 500
fert umero, gradiensque deas supereminet omnis:
Latonae tacitum pertemptant gaudia pectus:
talis erat Dido, talem se laeta ferebat
per medios, instans operi regnisque futuris.
Tum foribus divae, media testudine templi, 505
saepa armis, solioque alte subnixa resedit.
Iura dabat legesque viris, operumque laborem
partibus aequabat iustis, aut sorte trahebat:
cum subito Aeneas concursu accedere magno
Anthea Sergestumque videt fortemque Cloanthum, 510
Teucrorumque alios, ater quos aequore turbo
dispulerat penitusque alias avexerat oras.
Obstipuit simul ipse simul percussus Achates
laetitiaque metuque; avidi coniungere dexteras
ardebant; sed res animos incognita turbat. 515
Dissimulant, et nube cava speculantur amicti,
quae fortuna viris, classem quo litore linquant,
quid veniant; cunctis nam lecti navibus ibant,
orantes veniam, et templum clamore petebant.

Postquam introgressi et coram data copia fandi, 520
maximus Ilioneus placido sic pectore coepit:

‘O Regina, novam cui condere Iuppiter urbem
iustitiaque dedit gentis frenare superbas,
Troes te miseri, ventis maria omnia vecti,
oramus, prohibe infandos a navibus ignis, 525
parce pio generi, et propius res aspice nostras.
Non nos aut ferro Libycos populare Penatis
venimus, aut raptas ad litora vertere praedas;
non ea vis animo, nec tanta superbia victis.
Est locus, Hesperiam Grai cognomine dicunt, 530
terra antiqua, potens armis atque ubere glabrae;
Oenotri coluere viri; nunc fama minores
Italiam dixisse ducis de nomine gentem.
Hic cursus fuit:
cum subito adsurgens fluctu nimbosus Orion 535
in vada caeca tulit, penitusque procacibus austris
perque undas, superante salo, perque invia saxa
dispulit; huc pauci vestris adnavimus oris.
Quod genus hoc hominum? Quaeve hunc tam barbara morem
permittit patria? Hospitio prohibemur harenae; 540
bella cient, primaque vetant consistere terra.
Si genus humanum et mortalia temnitis arma
at sperate deos memores fandi atque nefandi.

‘Rex erat Aeneas nobis, quo iustior alter,
nec pietate fuit, nec bello maior et armis. 545
Quem si fata virum servant, si vescitur aura
aetheria, neque adhuc crudelibus occubat umbris,
non metus; officio nec te certasse priorem
poeniteat. Sunt et Siculis regionibus urbes
armaque, Troianoque a sanguine clarus Acestes. 550
Quassatam ventis liceat subducere classem,
et silvis aptare trabes et stringere remos:
si datur Italiam, sociis et rege recepto,
tendere, ut Italiam laeti Latiumque petamus;
sin absumpta salus, et te, pater optime Teucrum, 555
pontus habet Libyae, nec spes iam restat Iuli,
at freta Sicaniae saltem sedesque paratas,

unde huc advecti, regemque petamus Acesten.’

Talibus Ilioneus; cuncti simul ore fremebant
Dardanidae. 560

Tum breviter Dido, voltum demissa, profatur:
‘Solvite corde metum, Teucri, secludite curas.
Res dura et regni novitas me talia cogunt
moliri, et late finis custode tueri.
Quis genus Aeneadum, quis Troiae nesciat urbem, 565
virtutesque virosque, aut tanti incendia belli?
Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Poeni,
nec tam aversus equos Tyria Sol iungit ab urbe.
Seu vos Hesperiam magnam Saturniaque arva,
sive Erycis finis regemque optatis Acesten, 570
auxilio tutos dimittam, opibusque iuvabo.
Vultis et his mecum pariter considerare regnis;
urbem quam statuo vestra est, subducite navis;
Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.
Atque utinam rex ipse Noto compulsus eodem 575
adforet Aeneas! Equidem per litora certos
dimittam et Libyae lustrare extrema iubebo,
si quibus eiectus silvis aut urbibus errat.’

His animum arrecti dictis et fortis Achates
et pater Aeneas iamdudum erumpere nubem 580
ardebant. Prior Aenean compellat Achates:
‘Nate dea, quae nunc animo sententia surgit?
omnia tuta vides, classem sociosque receptos.
Unus abest, medio in fluctu quem vidimus ipsi
submersum; dictis respondent cetera matris.’ 585

Vix ea fatus erat, cum circumfusa repente
scindit se nubes et in aethera purgat apertum.
Restitit Aeneas claraque in luce refulsit,
os umerosque deo similis; namque ipsa decoram
caesariem nato genetrix lumenque iuventae 590

purpureum et laetos oculis adflarat honores:
quale manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flavo
argentum Pariusve lapis circumdatur auro.

Tum sic reginam adloquitur, cunctisque repente
improvisus ait: 'Coram, quem quaeritis, adsum, 595
Troius Aeneas, Libycis ereptus ab undis.
O sola infandos Troiae miserata labores,
quae nos, reliquias Danaum, terraeque marisque
omnibus exhaustos iam casibus, omnium egenos,
urbe, domo, socias, grates persolvere dignas 600
non opis est nostrae, Dido, nec quicquid ubique est
gentis Dardaniae, magnum quae sparsa per orbem.
Di tibi, si qua pios respectant numina, si quid
usquam iustitia est et mens sibi conscia recti,
praemia digna ferant. Quae te tam laeta tulerunt 605
saecula? Qui tanti talem genuere parentes?
In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbrae
lustrabunt convexa, polus dum sidera pascet,
semper honos nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt,
quae me cumque vocant terrae.' Sic fatus, amicum 610
Ilionea petit dextra, laevaue Serestum,
post alios, fortemque Gyan fortemque Cloanthum.

Obstipuit primo aspectu Sidonia Dido,
casu deinde viri tanto, et sic ore locuta est:
'Quis te, nate dea, per tanta pericula casus 615
insequitur? Quae vis immanibus applicat oris?
Tunc ille Aeneas, quem Dardanio Anchisae
alma Venus Phrygii genuit Simoentis ad undam?
Atque equidem Teucrum memini Sidona venire
finibus expulsum patriis, nova regna petentem 620
auxilio Beli; genitor tum Belus opimam
vastabat Cyprum, et victor ditione tenebat.
Tempore iam ex illo casus mihi cognitus urbis
Troianae nomenque tuum regesque Pelasgi.
Ipse hostis Teucros insigni laude ferebat, 625

seque ortum antiqua Teucrorum ab stirpe volebat.
Quare agite, O tectis, iuvenes, succedite nostris.
Me quoque per multos similis fortuna labores
iactatam hac demum voluit consistere terra.
Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.’ 630

Sic memorat; simul Aenean in regia ducit
tectis, simul divom templis indicit honorem.
Nec minus interea sociis ad litora mittit
viginti tauros, magnorum horrentia centum
terga suum, pinguis centum cum matribus agnos, 635
munera laetitiamque dii.
At domus interior regali splendida luxu
instruitur, mediisque parant convivia tectis:
arte laboratae vestes ostroque superbo,
ingens argentum mensis, caelataque in auro 640
fortia facta patrum, series longissima rerum
per tot ducta viros antiqua ab origine gentis.

Aeneas (neque enim patrius consistere mentem
passus amor) rapidum ad navis praemittit Achaten,
Ascanio ferat haec, ipsumque ad moenia ducat; 645
omnis in Ascanio cari stat cura parentis.
Munera praeterea, Iliacis erepta ruinis,
ferre iubet, pallam signis auroque rigentem,
et circumtextum croceo velamen acantho,
ornatus Argivae Helenae, quos illa Mycenis, 650
Pergama cum peteret inconcessosque hymenaeos,
extulerat, matris Leda mirabile donum:
praeterea sceptrum, Ilione quod gesserat olim,
maxima natarum Priami, colloque monile
bacatum, et duplicem gemmis auroque coronam. 655
Haec celerans ita ad naves tendebat Achates.

At Cytherea novas artes, nova pectore versat
Consilia, ut faciem mutatus et ora Cupido
pro dulci Ascanio veniat, donisque furem

incendat reginam, atque ossibus implicet ignem; 660
quippe domum timet ambiguam Tyriosque bilinguis;
urit atrox Iuno, et sub noctem cura recursat.
Ergo his aligerum dictis adfatur Amorem:

‘Nate, meae vires, mea magna potentia solus,
nate, patris summi qui tela Typhoia temnis, 665
ad te confugio et supplex tua numina posco.
Frater ut Aeneas pelago tuus omnia circum
litora iactetur odiis Iunonis iniquae,
nota tibi, et nostro doluisti saepe dolore.
Hunc Phoenissa tenet Dido blandisque moratur 670
vocibus; et vereor, quo se Iunonia vertant
hospitia; haud tanto cessabit cardine rerum.
Quocirca capere ante dolis et cingere flamma
reginam meditor, ne quo se numine mutet,
sed magno Aeneae mecum teneatur amore. 675
Qua facere id possis, nostram nunc accipe mentem.
Regius accitu cari genitoris ad urbem
Sidoniam puer ire parat, mea maxima cura,
dona ferens, pelago et flammis restantia Troiae:
hunc ego sopitum somno super alta Cythera 680
aut super Idalium sacrata sede recondam,
ne qua scire dolos mediusve occurrere possit.
Tu faciem illius noctem non amplius unam
falle dolo, et notos pueri puer indue voltus,
ut, cum te gremio accipiet laetissima Dido 685
regalis inter mensas laticemque Lyaeum,
cum dabit amplexus atque oscula dulcia figet,
occultum inspires ignem fallasque veneno.’

Paret Amor dictis carae genetricis, et alas
exuit, et gressu gaudens incedit Iuli. 690
At Venus Ascanio placidam per membra quietem
inrigat, et fotum gremio dea tollit in altos
Idaliae lucos, ubi mollis amaracus illum
floribus et dulci adspirans complectitur umbra.

Iamque ibat dicto parens et dona Cupido 695
regia portabat Tyriis, duce laetus Achate.
Cum venit, aulaeis iam se regina superbis
aurea composuit sponda mediamque locavit.
Iam pater Aeneas et iam Troiana iuventus
conveniunt, stratoque super discumbitur ostro. 700
Dant famuli manibus lymphas, Cereremque canistris
expediunt, tonsisque ferunt mantelia villis.
Quinquaginta intus famulae, quibus ordine longam
cura penum struere, et flammis adolere Penatis;
centum aliae totidemque pares aetate ministri, 705
qui dapibus mensas onerent et pocula ponant.
Nec non et Tyrii per limina laeta frequentes
convenere, toris iussi discumbere pictis.
Mirantur dona Aeneae, mirantur Iulum
flagrantisque dei voltus simulataque verba, 710
[pallamque et pictum croceo velamen acantho.]
Praecipue infelix, pesti devota futurae,
expleri mentem nequit ardescitque tuendo
Phoenissa, et pariter puero donisque movetur.
Ille ubi complexu Aeneae colloque pependit 715
et magnum falsi implevit genitoris amorem,
reginam petit haec oculis, haec pectore toto
haeret et interdum gremio foveat, inscia Dido,
insidat quantus miserae deus; at memor ille
matris Acidaliae paulatim abolere Sychaeum 720
incipit, et vivo temptat praevertere amore
iam pridem resides animos desuetaque corda.

Postquam prima quies epulis, mensaeque remotae,
crateras magnos statuunt et vina coronant.
Fit strepitus tectis, vocemque per ampla volutant 725
atria; dependent lychni laquearibus aureis
incensi, et noctem flammis funalia vincunt.
Hic regina gravem gemmis auroque poposcit
implevitque mero pateram, quam Belus et omnes
a Belo soliti; tum facta silentia tectis: 730

‘Iuppiter, hospitibus nam te dare iura loquuntur,
hunc laetum Tyriisque diem Troiaque profectis
esse velis, nostrosque huius meminisse minores.
Adsit laetitiae Bacchus dator, et bona Iuno;
et vos, O, coetum, Tyrii, celebrate faventes.’ 735
Dixit, et in mensam laticum libavit honorem,
primaque, libato, summo tenus attigit ore,
tum Bitiae dedit increpitans; ille impiger hausit
spumantem pateram, et pleno se proluit auro
post alii proceres. Cithara crinitus Iopas 740
personat aurata, docuit quem maximus Atlas.
Hic canit errantem lunam solisque labores;
unde hominum genus et pecudes; unde imber et ignes;
Arcturum pluviasque Hyadas geminosque Triones;
quid tantum Oceano properent se tingere soles 745
hiberni, vel quae tardis mora noctibus obstet.
Ingeminant plausu Tyrii, Troesque sequuntur.
Nec non et vario noctem sermone trahebat
infelix Dido, longumque bibebat amorem,
multa super Priamo rogitans, super Hectore multa; 750
nunc quibus Aurorae venisset filius armis,
nunc quales Diomedis equi, nunc quantus Achilles.
‘Immo age, et a prima dic, hospes, origine nobis
insidias,’ inquit, ‘Danaum, casusque tuorum,
erroresque tuos; nam te iam septima portat 755
omnibus errantem terris et fluctibus aestas.’

LIBER II

Conticuere omnes intentique ora tenebant
inde toro pater Aeneas sic orsus ab alto:

Infandum, regina, iubes renouare dolorem,
Troianas ut opes et lamentabile regnum
eruerint Danaï, quaeque ipse miserrima uidi 5
et quorum pars magna fui. quis talia fando
Myrmidonum Dolopumue aut duri miles Vlixi
temperet a lacrimis? et iam nox umida caelo
praecipitat suadentque cadentia sidera somnos.
sed si tantus amor casus cognoscere nostros 10
et breuiter Troiae supremum audire laborem,
quamquam animus meminisse horret luctuque refugit,
incipiam. fracti bello fatisque repulsi
ductores Danaum tot iam labentibus annis
instar montis equum diuina Palladis arte 15
aedificant, sectaque intexunt abiete costas;
uotum pro reditu simulant; ea fama uagatur.
huc delecta uirum sortiti corpora furtim
includunt caeco lateri penitusque cauernas
ingentis utrumque armato milite complent. 20
est in conspectu Tenedos, notissima fama
insula, diues opum Priami dum regna manebant,
nunc tantum sinus et statio male fida carinis:
huc se prouecti deserto in litore condunt;
nos abiisse rati et uento petiisse Mycenae. 25
ergo omnis longo soluit se Teucra luctu;
panduntur portae, iuuat ire et Dorica castra
desertosque uidere locos litusque relictum:
hic Dolopum manus, hic saeuus tendebat Achilles;
classibus hic locus, hic acie certare solebant. 30
pars stupet innuptae donum exitiale Mineruae
et molem mirantur equi; primusque Thymoetes
duci intra muros hortatur et arce locari,

siue dolo seu iam Troiae sic fata ferebant.
at Capys, et quorum melior sententia menti, 35
aut pelago Danaum insidias suspectaque dona
praecipitare iubent subiectisque urere flammis,
aut terebrare cauas uteri et temptare latebras.
scinditur incertum studia in contraria uulgus.

Primus ibi ante omnis magna comitante caterua 40
Laocoon ardens summa decurrit ab arce,
et procul 'o miseri, quae tanta insania, ciues?
creditis auectos hostis? aut ulla putatis
dona carere dolis Danaum? sic notus Vlixes?
aut hoc inclusi ligno occultantur Achiui, 45
aut haec in nostros fabricata est machina muros,
inspectura domos uenturaque desuper urbi,
aut aliquis latet error; equo ne credite, Teucri.
quidquid id est, timeo Danaos et dona ferentis.'
sic fatus ualidis ingentem uiribus hastam 50
in latus inque feri curuam compagibus aluum
contorsit. stetit illa tremens, utroque recusso
insonuere cauae gemitumque dedere cauernae.
et, si fata deum, si mens non laeua fuisset,
impulerat ferro Argolicas foedare latebras, 55
Troiaque nunc staret, Priamique arx alta maneres.

Ecce, manus iuuenem interea post terga reuinctum
pastores magno ad regem clamore trahebant
Dardanidae, qui se ignotum uenientibus ultro,
hoc ipsum ut strueret Troiamque aperiret Achiuis, 60
obtulerat, fidens animi atque in utrumque paratus,
seu uersare dolos seu certae occumbere morti.
undique uisendi studio Troiana iuuentus
circumfusa ruit certantque inludere capto.
accipe nunc Danaum insidias et crimine ab uno 65
disce omnis.

namque ut conspectu in medio turbatus, inermis
constitit atque oculis Phrygia agmina circumspexit,

‘heu, quae nunc tellus,’ inquit, ‘quae me aequora possunt
accipere? aut quid iam misero mihi denique restat, 70
cui neque apud Danaos usquam locus, et super ipsi
Dardanidae infensi poenas cum sanguine poscunt?’
quo gemitu conuersi animi compressus et omnis
impetus. hortamur fari quo sanguine cretus,
quidue ferat; memoret quae sit fiducia capto. 75

‘Cuncta equidem tibi, rex, fuerit quodcumque, fatebor 77
uera,’ inquit; ‘neque me Argolica de gente negabo.
hoc primum; nec, si miserum Fortuna Sinonem
finxit, uanum etiam mendacemque improba finget. 80
fando aliquod si forte tuas peruenit ad auris
Belidae nomen Palamedis et incluta fama
gloria, quem falsa sub proditione Pelasgi
insontem infando indicio, quia bella uetabat,
demisere neci, nunc cassum lumine lugent: 85
illi me comitem et consanguinitate propinquum
pauper in arma pater primis huc misit ab annis.
dum stabat regno incolumis regumque uigebat
conciliis, et nos aliquod nomenque decusque
gessimus. inuidia postquam pellacis Vlixis 90
(haud ignota loquor) superis concessit ab oris,
adflctus uitam in tenebris luctuque trahebam
et casum insontis mecum indignabar amici.
nec tacui demens et me, fors si qua tulisset,
si patrios umquam remeassem uictor ad Argos, 95
promisi ultorem et uerbis odia aspera moui.
hinc mihi prima mali labes, hinc semper Vlixes
criminibus terrere nouis, hinc spargere uoces
in uulgum ambiguas et quaerere conscius arma.
nec requieuit enim, donec Calchante ministro — 100
sed quid ego haec autem nequiquam ingrata reuoluo,
quidue moror? si omnis uno ordine habetis Achiuos,
idque audire sat est, iamdudum sumite poenas:
hoc Ithacus uelit et magno mercentur Atridae.’

Tum uero ardemus scitari et quaerere causas, 105
ignari scelerum tantorum artisque Pelasgae.
prosequitur pauitans et ficto pectore fatur:

‘Saepe fugam Danaï Troia cupiere relictā
moliri et longo fessi discedere bello;
fecissentque utinam! saepe illos aspera ponti 110
interclusit hiems et terruit Auster euntis.
praecipue cum iam hic trabibus contextus acernis
staret equus, toto sonuerunt aethere nimbi.
suspensi Eurypylum scitatum oracula Phoebi
mittimus, isque adytis haec tristia dicta reportat: 115
“sanguine placastis uentos et uirgine caesa,
cum primum Iliacas, Danaï, uenistis ad oras;
sanguine quaerendi reditus animaque litandum
Argolica.” uulgi quae uox ut uenit ad auris,
obstipuerē animi gelidusque per ima cucurrit 120
ossa tremor, cui fata parent, quem poscat Apollo.
hic Ithacus uatem magno Calchanta tumultu
protrahit in medios; quae sint ea numina diuum
flagitat. et mihi iam multi crudele caneant
artificis scelus, et taciti uentura uidebant. 125
bis quinos silet ille dies tectusque recusat
prodere uoce sua quemquam aut opponere morti.
uix tandem, magnis Ithaci clamoribus actus,
composito rumpit uocem et me destinat arae.
adsensere omnes et, quae sibi quisque timebat, 130
unius in miseri exitium conuersa tulere.
iamque dies infanda aderat; mihi sacra parari
et salsae fruges et circum tempora uittae.
eripui, fateor, leto me et uincula rupi,
limosoque lacu per noctem obscurus in ulua 135
delitui dum uela darent, si forte dedissent.
nec mihi iam patriam antiquam spes ulla uidendi
nec dulcis natos exoptatumque parentem,
quos illi fors et poenas ob nostra reposcent
effugia, et culpam hanc miserorum morte piabunt. 140

quod te per superos et conscia numina ueri,
per si qua est quae restet adhuc mortalibus usquam
intemerata fides, oro, miserere laborum
tantorum, miserere animi non digna ferentis.’

His lacrimis uitam damus et miserescimus ultro. 145
ipse uiro primus manicas atque arta leuari
uincla iubet Priamus dictisque ita fatur amicis:
‘quisquis es, amissos hinc iam obliuiscere Graios
(noster eris) mihi quae haec edissere uera roganti:
quo molem hanc immanis equi statuere? quis auctor? 150
quidue petunt? quae religio? aut quae machina belli?’
dixerat. ille dolis instructus et arte Pelasga
sustulit exutas uinclis ad sidera palmas:
‘uos, aeterni ignes, et non uiolabile uestrum
testor numen,’ ait, ‘uos arae ensesque nefandi, 155
quos fugi, uitaeque deum, quas hostia gessi:
fas mihi Graiorum sacrata resolvere iura,
fas odisse uiros atque omnia ferre sub auras,
si qua tegunt, teneor patriae nec legibus ullis.
tu modo promissis maneat seruataque serues 160
Troia fidem, si uera feram, si magna rependam.
omnis spes Danaum et coepti fiducia belli
Palladis auxiliis semper stetit. impius ex quo
Tydides sed enim scelerumque inuentor Vlixes,
fatale adgressi sacrato auellere templo 165
Palladium caesis summae custodibus arcis,
corripuere sacram effigiem manibusque cruentis
uirgineas ausi diuinae contingere uitas,
ex illo fluere ac retro sublapsa referri
spes Danaum, fractae uires, auersa deae mens. 170
nec dubiis ea signa dedit Tritonia monstris.
uix positum castris simulacrum: arsere coruscae
luminibus flammae arrectis, salsusque per artus
sudor iit, terque ipsa solo (mirabile dictu)
emicuit parmamque ferens hastamque trementem. 175
extemplo temptanda fuga canit aequora Calchas,

nec posse Argolicis exscindi Pergama telis
omina ni repetant Argis numenque reducant
quod pelago et curuis secum auexere carinis.
et nunc quod patrias uento petiere Mycenae, 180
arma deosque parant comites pelagoque remenso
improvisi aderunt; ita digerit omina Calchas.
hanc pro Palladio moniti, pro numine laeso
effigiem statuere, nefas quae triste piaret.
hanc tamen immensam Calchas attollere molem 185
roboribus textis caeloque educere iussit,
ne recipi portis aut duci in moenia posset,
neu populum antiqua sub religione tueri.
nam si uestra manus uiolasset dona Mineruae,
tum magnum exitium (quod di prius omen in ipsum 190
conuertant!) Priami imperio Phrygibusque futurum;
sin manibus uestris uestram ascendisset in urbem,
ultro Asiam magno Pelopea ad moenia bello
uenturam, et nostros ea fata manere nepotes.'

Talibus insidiis periurique arte Sinonis 195
credita res, captique dolis lacrimisque coactis
quos neque Tydides nec Larisaeus Achilles,
non anni domuere decem, non mille carinae.

Hic aliud maius miseris multoque tremendum
obicitur magis atque improvida pectora turbat. 200
Laocoon, ductus Neptuno sorte sacerdos,
sollemnis taurum ingentem mactabat ad aras.
ecce autem gemini a Tenedo tranquilla per alta
(horresco referens) immensis orbibus angues
incumbunt pelago pariterque ad litora tendunt; 205
pectora quorum inter fluctus arrecta iubaeque
sanguineae superant undas, pars cetera pontum
pone legit sinuatque immensa uolumine terga.
fit sonitus spumante salo; iamque arua tenebant
ardentisque oculos suffecti sanguine et igni 210
sibila lambebant linguis uibrantibus ora.

diffugimus uisu exsanguis. illi agmine certo
Laocoonta petunt; et primum parua duorum
corpora natorum serpens amplexus uterque
implicat et miseros morsu depascitur artus; 215
post ipsum auxilio subeuntem ac tela ferentem
corripiunt spirisque ligant ingentibus; et iam
bis medium amplexi, bis collo squamea circum
terga dati superant capite et ceruicibus altis.
ille simul manibus tendit diuellere nodos 220
perfusus sanie uittas atroque ueneno,
clamores simul horrendos ad sidera tollit:
qualis mugitus, fugit cum saucius aram
taurus et incertam excussit ceruice securim.
at gemini lapsu delubra ad summa dracones 225
effugiunt saeuaeque petunt Tritonidis arcem,
sub pedibusque deae clipeique sub orbe teguntur.
tum uero tremefacta nouus per pectora cunctis
insinuat pauor, et scelus expendisse merentem
Laocoonta ferunt, sacrum qui cuspide robur 230
laeserit et tergo sceleratam intorserit hastam.
ducendum ad sedes simulacrum orandaque diuae
numina conclamant.
diuidimus muros et moenia pandimus urbis.
accingunt omnes operi pedibusque rotarum 235
subiciunt lapsus, et stuppea uincula collo
intendunt; scandit fatalis machina muros
feta armis. pueri circum innuptaeque puellae
sacra canunt funemque manu contingere gaudent;
illa subit mediaeque minans inlabitur urbi. 240
o patria, o diuum domus Ilium et incluta bello
moenia Dardanidum! quater ipso in limine portae
substitit atque utero sonitum quater arma dedere;
instamus tamen immemores caecique furore
et monstrum infelix sacrata sistimus arce. 245
tunc etiam fatis aperit Cassandra futuris
ora dei iussu non umquam credita Teucris.
nos delubra deum miseri, quibus ultimus esset

ille dies, festa uelamus fronde per urbem.

Vertitur interea caelum et ruit Oceano nox 250
inuoluens umbra magna terramque polumque
Myrmidonumque dolos; fusi per moenia Teucri
conticuere; sopor fessos complectitur artus.
et iam Argiua phalanx instructis nauibus ibat
a Tenedo tacitae per amica silentia lunae 255
litora nota petens, flammis cum regia puppis
extulerat, fatisque deum defensus iniquis
inclusos utero Danaos et pinea furtim
laxat claustra Sinon. illos patefactus ad auras
reddit equus laetique cauo se robore promunt 260
Thessandrus Sthenelusque duces et dirus Vlixes,
demissum lapsi per funem, Acamasque Thoasque
Pelidesque Neoptolemus primusque Machaon
et Menelaus et ipse doli fabricator Epeos.
inuadunt urbem somno uinoque sepultam; 265
caeduntur uigiles, portisque patentibus omnis
accipiunt socios atque agmina conscia iungunt.

Tempus erat quo prima quies mortalibus aegris
incipit et dono diuum gratissima serpit.
in somnis, ecce, ante oculos maestissimus Hector 270
uisus adesse mihi largosque effundere fletus,
raptatus bigis ut quondam, aterque cruento
puluere perque pedes traiectus lora tumentis.
ei mihi, qualis erat, quantum mutatus ab illo
Hectore qui redit exuuias indutus Achilli 275
uel Danaum Phrygios iaculatus puppibus ignis!
squalentem barbam et concretos sanguine crinis
uulneraque illa gerens, quae circum plurima muros
accepit patrios. ultro flens ipse uidebar
compellare uirum et maestas expromere uoces: 280
'o lux Dardaniae, spes o fidissima Teucrum,
quae tantae tenuere morae? quibus Hector ab oris
exspectate uenis? ut te post multa tuorum

funera, post uarios hominumque urbisque labores
defessi aspicimus! quae causa indigna serenos 285
foedauit uultus? aut cur haec uulnera cerno?’
ille nihil, nec me quaerentem uana moratur,
sed grauitur gemitus imo de pectore ducens,
‘heu fuge, nate dea, teque his’ ait ‘eripe flammis.
hostis habet muros; ruit alto a culmine Troia. 290
sat patriae Priamoque datum: si Pergama dextra
defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent.
sacra suosque tibi commendat Troia penatis;
hos cape fatorum comites, his moenia quaere
magna pererrato statues quae denique ponto.’ 295
sic ait et manibus uittas Vestamque potentem
aeternumque adytis effert penetralibus ignem.

Diuerso interea miscentur moenia luctu,
et magis atque magis, quamquam secreta parentis
Anchisae domus arboribusque oblecta recessit, 300
clarescunt sonitus armorumque ingruit horror.
excitior somno et summi fastigia tecti
ascensu supero atque arrectis auribus asto:
in segetem ueluti cum flamma furentibus Austris
incidit, aut rapidus montano flumine torrens 305
sternit agros, sternit sata laeta boumque labores
praecipitisque trahit siluas; stupet inscius alto
accipiens sonitum saxi de uertice pastor.
tum uero manifesta fides, Danaumque patescunt
insidiae. iam Deiphobi dedit ampla ruinam 310
Volcano superante domus, iam proximus ardet
Vcalegon; Sigea igni freta lata relucet.
exoritur clamorque uirum clangorque tubarum.
arma amens capio; nec sat rationis in armis,
sed glomerare manum bello et concurrere in arcem 315
cum sociis ardent animi; furor iraque mentem
praecipitat, pulchrumque mori succurrit in armis.

Ecce autem telis Panthus elapsus Achium,

Panthus Othryades, arcis Phoebique sacerdos,
 sacra manu uictosque deos paruumque nepotem 320
 ipse trahit cursuque amens ad limina tendit.
 ‘quo res summa loco, Panthu? quam prendimus arcem?’
 uix ea fatus eram gemitu cum talia reddit:
 ‘uenit summa dies et ineluctabile tempus
 Dardaniae. fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium et ingens 325
 gloria Teucrorum; ferus omnia Iuppiter Argos
 transtulit; incensa Danaï dominantur in urbe.
 arduus armatos mediis in moenibus astans
 fundit equus uictorque Sinon incendia miscet
 insultans. portis alii bipatientibus adsunt, 330
 milia quot magnis umquam uenere Mycenis;
 obsedere alii telis angusta uiarum
 oppositis; stat ferri acies mucrone corusco
 stricta, parata neci; uix primi proelia temptant
 portarum uigiles et caeco Marte resistunt.’ 335
 talibus Othryadae dictis et numine diuum
 in flammis et in arma feror, quo tristis Erinys,
 quo fremitus uocat et sublatus ad aethera clamor.
 addunt se socios Rhipeus et maximus armis
 Epytus, oblatis per lunam, Hypanisque Dymasque 340
 et lateri adglomerant nostro, iuuenisque Coroeus
 Mygdonides — illis ad Troiam forte diebus
 uenerat insano Cassandrae incensus amore
 et gener auxilium Priamo Phrygibusque ferebat,
 infelix qui non sponsae praecepta furentis 345
 audierit!
 quos ubi confertos ardere in proelia uidi,
 incipio super his: ‘iuuenes, fortissima frustra
 pectora, si uobis audentem extrema cupido
 certa sequi, quae sit rebus fortuna uidetis: 350
 excessere omnes adytis arisque relictis
 di quibus imperium hoc steterat; succurritis urbi
 incensae. moriamur et in media arma ruamus.
 una salus uictis nullam sperare salutem.’
 sic animis iuuenum furor additus. inde, lupi ceu 355

raptores atra in nebula, quos improba uentris
exegit caecos rabies catulique relictī
faucibus exspectant siccis, per tela, per hostis
uadimus haud dubiam in mortem mediaeque tenemus
urbis iter; nox atra caua circumuolat umbra. 360
quis cladem illius noctis, quis funera fando
explicet aut possit lacrimis aequare labores?
urbs antiqua ruit multos dominata per annos;
plurima perque uias sternuntur inertia passim
corpora perque domos et religiosa deorum 365
limina. nec soli poenas dant sanguine Teucri;
quondam etiam uictis redit in praecordia uirtus
uictoresque cadunt Danaī. crudelis ubique
luctus, ubique pavor et plurima mortis imago.

Primus se Danaum magna comitante caterua 370
Androgeos offert nobis, socia agmina credens
inscius, atque ultro uerbis compellat amicis:
‘festinate, uiri! nam quae tam sera moratur
segnities? alii rapiunt incensa feruntque
Pergama: uos celsis nunc primum a nauibus itis?’ 375
dixit, et extemplo (neque enim responsa dabantur
fida satis) sensit medios delapsus in hostis.
obstupuit retroque pedem cum uoce repressit.
improvisum aspris ueluti qui sentibus anguem
pressit humi nitens trepidusque repente refugit 380
attollentem iras et caerula colla tumentem,
haud secus Androgeos uisu tremefactus abibat.
inruimus densis et circumfundimur armis,
ignarosque loci passim et formidine captos
sternimus; aspirat primo Fortuna labori. 385
atque hic successu exsultans animisque Coroeus
‘o socii, qua prima’ inquit ‘Fortuna salutis
monstrat iter, quaque ostendit se dextra, sequamur:
mutemus clipeos Danaumque insignia nobis
aptemus. dolus an uirtus, quis in hoste requirat? 390
arma dabunt ipsi.’ sic fatus deinde comantem

Androgei galeam clipeique insigne decorum
induitur laterique Argiuum accommodat ensem.
hoc Rhipeus, hoc ipse Dymas omnisque iuuentus
laeta facit: spoliis se quisque recentibus armat. 395
uadimus immixti Danaïs haud numine nostro
multaque per caecam congressi proelia noctem
conserimus, multos Danaum demittimus Orco.
diffugiunt alii ad nauis et litora cursu
fida petunt; pars ingentem formidine turpi 400
scandunt rursus equum et nota conduntur in aluo.

Heu nihil inuitis fas quemquam fidere diuis!
ecce trahebatur passis Priameia uirgo
crinibus a templo Cassandra adytisque Mineruae
ad caelum tendens ardentia lumina frustra, 405
lumina, nam teneras arcebant uincula palmas.
non tulit hanc speciem furiata mente Coroeus
et sese medium iniecit periturus in agmen;
consequimur cuncti et densis incurrimus armis.
hic primum ex alto delubri culmine telis 410
nostrorum obruimur oriturque miserrima caedes
armorum facie et Graiarum errore iubarum.
tum Danaï gemitu atque ereptae uirginis ira
undique collecti inuadunt, acerrimus Ajax
et gemini Atridae Dolopumque exercitus omnis: 415
aduersi rupto ceu quondam turbine uenti
confligunt, Zephyrusque Notusque et laetus Eois
Eurus equis; stridunt siluae saeuitque tridenti
spumeus atque imo Nereus ciet aequora fundo.
illi etiam, si quos obscura nocte per umbram 420
fudimus insidiis totaque agitauius urbe,
apparent; primi clipeos mentitaque tela
agnoscunt atque ora sono discordia signant.
ilicet obruimur numero, primusque Coroeus
Penelei dextra diuae armipotentis ad aram 425
procumbit; cadit et Rhipeus, iustissimus unus
qui fuit in Teucris et seruantissimus aequi

(dis aliter uisum); pereunt Hypanisque Dymasque
confixi a sociis; nec te tua plurima, Panthu,
labentem pietas nec Apollinis infula textit. 430
Iliaci cineres et flamma extrema meorum,
testor, in occasu uestro nec tela nec ullas
uitauisse uices, Danaum et, si fata fuissent
ut caderem, meruisse manu. diuellimur inde,
Iphitus et Pelias mecum (quorum Iphitus aevo 435
iam grauior, Pelias et uulnere tardus Vlix),
protinus ad sedes Priami clamore uocati.
hic uero ingentem pugnam, ceu cetera nusquam
bella forent, nulli tota morerentur in urbe,
sic Martem indomitum Danaosque ad tecta ruentis 440
cernimus obsessumque acta testudine limen.
haerent parietibus scalae postisque sub ipsos
nituntur gradibus clipeosque ad tela sinistris
protecti obiciunt, prensant fastigia dextris.
Dardanidae contra turris ac tota domorum 445
culmina conuellunt; his se, quando ultima cernunt,
extrema iam in morte parant defendere telis,
auratasque trabes, ueterum decora alta parentum,
deuoluunt; alii strictis mucronibus imas
obsedere fores, has seruant agmine denso. 450
instaurati animi regis succurrere tectis
auxilioque leuare uiros uimque addere uictis.

Limen erat caecaeque fores et peruius usus
tectorum inter se Priami, postesque relict
a tergo, infelix qua se, dum regna manebant, 455
saepius Andromache ferre incommitata solebat
ad soceros et auo puerum Astyanacta trahebat.
euado ad summi fastigia culminis, unde
tela manu miseri iactabant inrita Teucri.
turrim in praecipiti stantem summisque sub astra 460
eductam tectis, unde omnis Troia uideri
et Danaum solitae naues et Achaica castra,
adgressi ferro circum, qua summa labantis

iuncturas tabulata dabant, conuellimus altis
sedibus impulimusque; ea lapsa repente ruinam 465
cum sonitu trahit et Danaum super agmina late
incidit. ast alii subeunt, nec saxa nec ullum
telorum interea cessat genus.

Vestibulum ante ipsum primoque in limine Pyrrhus
exsultat telis et luce coruscus aena: 470
qualis ubi in lucem coluber mala gramina pastus,
frigida sub terra tumidum quem bruma tegebat,
nunc, positis nouus exuuiis nitidusque iuuenta,
lubrica conuoluit sublato pectore terga
arduus ad solem, et linguis micat ore trisulcis. 475
una ingens Periphas et equorum agitator Achillis,
armiger Automedon, una omnis Scyria pubes
succedunt tecto et flammis ad culmina iactant.
ipse inter primos correpta dura bipenni
limina perrumpit postisque a cardine uellit 480
aeratos; iamque excisa trabe firma cauauit
robora et ingentem lato dedit ore fenestram.
apparet domus intus et atria longa patescunt;
apparent Priami et ueterum penetralia regum,
armatosque uident stantis in limine primo. 485
at domus interior gemitu miseroque tumultu
miscetur, penitusque cauae plangoribus aedes
femineis ululant; ferit aurea sidera clamor.
tum pauidae tectis matres ingentibus errant
amplexaeque tenent postis atque oscula figunt. 490
instat ui patria Pyrrhus; nec claustra nec ipsi
custodes sufferre ualent; labat ariete crebro
ianua, et emoti procumbunt cardine postes.
fit uia ui; rumpunt aditus primosque trucidant
immissi Danai et late loca milite complent. 495
non sic, aggeribus ruptis cum spumeus amnis
exiit oppositasque euicit gurgite moles,
fertur in arua furens cumulo camposque per omnis
cum stabulis armenta trahit. uidi ipse furem

caede Neoptolemum geminosque in limine Atridas, 500
uidi Hecubam centumque nurus Priamumque per aras
sanguine foedantem quos ipse sacrauerat ignis.
quinquaginta illi thalami, spes tanta nepotum,
barbarico postes auro spoliisque superbi
procubuere; tenent Danai qua deficit ignis. 505

Forsitan et Priami fuerint quae fata requiras.
urbis uti captae casum conuulsaque uidit
limina tectorum et medium in penetralibus hostem,
arma diu senior desueta trementibus aevo
circumdat nequiquam umeris et inutile ferrum 510
cingitur, ac densos fertur moriturus in hostis.
aedibus in mediis nudoque sub aetheris axe
ingens ara fuit iuxtaque ueterrima laurus
incumbens arae atque umbra complexa penatis.
hic Hecuba et natae nequiquam altaria circum, 515
praecipites atra ceu tempestate columbae,
condensae et diuum amplexae simulacra sedebant.
ipsum autem sumptis Priamum iuuenalibus armis
ut uidit, ‘quae mens tam dira, miserrime coniunx,
impulit his cingi telis? aut quo ruis?’ inquit. 520
‘non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis
tempus eget; non, si ipse meus nunc adforet Hector.
huc tandem concede; haec ara tuebitur omnis,
aut moriere simul.’ sic ore effata recepit
ad sese et sacra longaeuum in sede locauit. 525

Ecce autem elapsus Pyrrhi de caede Polites,
unus natorum Priami, per tela, per hostis
porticibus longis fugit et uacua atria lustrat
saucius. illum ardens infesto uulnere Pyrrhus
insequitur, iam iamque manu tenet et premit hasta. 530
ut tandem ante oculos euasit et ora parentum,
concidit ac multo uitam cum sanguine fudit.
hic Priamus, quamquam in media iam morte tenetur,
non tamen abstinuit nec uoci iraeque pepercit:

‘at tibi pro scelere,’ exclamat, ‘pro talibus ausis 535
di, si qua est caelo pietas quae talia curet,
persoluant grates dignas et praemia reddant
debita, qui nati coram me cernere letum
fecisti et patrios foedasti funere uultus.
at non ille, satum quo te mentiris, Achilles 540
talis in hoste fuit Priamo; sed iura fidemque
supplicis erubuit corpusque exsanguie sepulcro
reddidit Hectoreum meque in mea regna remisit.’
sic fatus senior telumque imbelles sine ictu
coniecit, rauco quod protinus aere repulsum, 545
et summo clipei nequiquam umbone pependit.
cui Pyrrhus: ‘referes ergo haec et nuntius ibis
Pelidae genitori. illi mea tristia facta
degeneremque Neoptolemum narrare memento.
nunc morere.’ hoc dicens altaria ad ipsa trementem 550
traxit et in multo lapsantem sanguine nati,
implicuitque comam laeua, dextraque coruscum
extulit ac lateri capulo tenus abdidit ensem.
haec finis Priami factorum, hic exitus illum
sorte tulit Troiam incensam et prolapsa uidentem 555
Pergama, tot quondam populis terrisque superbum
regnatorem Asiae. iacet ingens litore truncus,
auulsumque umeris caput et sine nomine corpus.

At me tum primum saeuus circumstetit horror.
obstupui; subiit cari genitoris imago, 560
ut regem aequaeuum crudeli uulnere uidi
uitam exhalantem, subiit deserta Creusa
et direpta domus et parui casus Iuli.
respicio et quae sit me circum copia lustro.
deseruere omnes defessi, et corpora saltu 565
ad terram misere aut ignibus aegra dedere.

[Iamque adeo super unus eram, cum limina Vestae
seruantem et tacitam secreta in sede latentem
Tyndarida aspicio; dant claram incendia lucem

erranti passimque oculos per cuncta ferenti. 570
illa sibi infestos euersa ob Pergama Teucros
et Danaum poenam et deserti coniugis iras
praemetuens, Troiae et patriae communis Erinys,
abdiderat sese atque aris inuisa sedebat.
exarsere ignes animo; subit ira cadentem 575
ulcisci patriam et sceleratas sumere poenas.
‘scilicet haec Spartam incolumis patriasque Mycenae
aspiciet, partoque ibit regina triumpho?
coniugiumque domumque patris natosque uidebit
Iliadum turba et Phrygiis comitata ministris? 580
occiderit ferro Priamus? Troia arserit igni?
Dardanium totiens sudarit sanguine litus?
non ita. namque etsi nullum memorabile nomen
feminea in poena est, habet haec uictoria laudem;
exstinxisse nefas tamen et sumpsisse merentis 585
laudabor poenas, animumque explesse iuuabit
ultricis ~famam et cineres satiasse meorum.’
taliam iactabam et furiata mente ferebar,]
cum mihi se, non ante oculis tam clara, uidendam
obtulit et pura per noctem in luce refulsit 590
alma parens, confessa deam qualisque uideri
caelicolis et quanta solet, dextraque prehensum
continuit roseoque haec insuper addidit ore:
‘nate, quis indomitas tantus dolor excitat iras?
quid furis? aut quonam nostri tibi cura recessit? 595
non prius aspicias ubi fessum aetate parentem
liqueris Anchisen, superet coniunxne Creusa
Ascaniusque puer? quos omnis undique Graiae
circum errant acies et, ni mea cura resistat,
iam flammae tulerint inimicus et hauserit ensis. 600
non tibi Tyndaridis facies inuisa Lacaenae
culpatusue Paris, diuum inclementia, diuum
has euertit opes sternitque a culmine Troiam.
aspice (namque omnem, quae nunc obducta tuenti
mortalis hebetat uisus tibi et umida circum 605
caligat, nubem eripiam; tu ne qua parentis

iussa time neu praeceptis parere recusa):
hic, ubi disiectas moles auulsaque saxis
saxa uides, mixtoque undantem puluere fumum,
Neptunus muros magnoque emota tridenti 610
fundamenta quatit totamque a sedibus urbem
eruit. hic Iuno Scaeas saeuissima portas
prima tenet sociumque furens a nauibus agmen
ferro accincta uocat.
iam summas arces Tritonia, respice, Pallas 615
insedit nimbo effulgens et Gorgone saeua.
ipse pater Danais animos uirisque secundas
sufficit, ipse deos in Dardana suscitāt arma.
eripe, nate, fugam finemque impone labori;
nusquam abero et tutum patrio te limine sistam.’ 620
dixerat et spissis noctis se condidit umbris.
apparent dirae facies inimicae Troiae
numina magna deum.

Tum uero omne mihi uisum considerare in ignis
Ilium et ex imo uerti Neptunia Troia: 625
ac ueluti summis antiquam in montibus ornum
cum ferro accisam crebrisque bipennibus instant
eruere agricolae certatim, illa usque minatur
et tremefacta comam concusso uertice nutat,
uulneribus donec paulatim euicta supremum 630
congemuit traxitque iugis auulsa ruinam.
descendo ac ducente deo flammam inter et hostis
expedior: dant tela locum flammaeque recedunt.

Atque ubi iam patriae peruentum ad limina sedis
antiquasque domos, genitor, quem tollere in altos 635
optabam primum montis primumque petebam,
abnegat excisa uitam producere Troia
exsiliumque pati. ‘uos o, quibus integer aevi
sanguis,’ ait, ‘solidaeque suo stant robore uires,
uos agitate fugam. 640
me si caelicolae uoluissent ducere uitam,

has mihi seruassent sedes. satis una superque
uidimus excidia et captae superauimus urbi.
sic o sic positum adfati discedite corpus.
ipse manu mortem inueniam; miserebitur hostis 645
exuiuiasque petet. facilis iactura sepulcri.
iam pridem inuisus diuis et inutilis annos
demoror, ex quo me diuum pater atque hominum rex
fulminis adflauit uentis et contigit igni.’

Talia perstabat memorans fixusque manebat. 650
nos contra effusi lacrimis coniunxque Creusa
Ascaniusque omnisque domus, ne uertere secum
cuncta pater fatoque urgenti incumbere uellet.
abnegat inceptoque et sedibus haeret in isdem.
rursus in arma feror mortemque miserrimus opto. 655
nam quod consilium aut quae iam fortuna dabatur?
‘mene efferre pedem, genitor, te posse relicto
sperasti tantumque nefas patrio excidit ore?
si nihil ex tanta superis placet urbe relinqui,
et sedet hoc animo perituraeque addere Troiae 660
teque tuosque iuuat, patet isti ianua leto,
iamque aderit multo Priami de sanguine Pyrrhus,
natum ante ora patris, patrem qui obtruncat ad aras.
hoc erat, alma parens, quod me per tela, per ignis
eripis, ut mediis hostem in penetralibus utque 665
Ascanium patremque meum iuxtaque Creusam
alterum in alterius mactatos sanguine cernam?
arma, uiri, ferte arma; uocat lux ultima uictos.
reddite me Danaïs; sinite instaurata reuisam
proelia. numquam omnes hodie moriemur inulti.’ 670

Hinc ferro accingor rursus clipeoque sinistram
insertabam aptans meque extra tecta ferebam.
ecce autem complexa pedes in limine coniunx
haerebat, paruūque patri tendebat Iulum:
‘si periturus abis, et nos rape in omnia tecum; 675
sin aliquam expertus sumptis spem ponis in armis,

hanc primum tutare domum. cui paruus Iulus,
cui pater et coniunx quondam tua dicta relinquitur?’

Talia uociferans gemitu tectum omne replebat,
cum subitum dictuque oritur mirabile monstrum. 680
namque manus inter maestorumque ora parentum
ecce leuis summo de uertice uisus Iuli
fundere lumen apex, tactuque innoxia mollis
lambere flamma comas et circum tempora pasci.
nos pauidi trepidare metu crinemque flagrantem 685
excutere et sanctos restringere fontibus ignis.
at pater Anchises oculos ad sidera laetus
extulit et caelo palmas cum uoce tetendit:
‘Iuppiter omnipotens, precibus si flecteris ullis,
aspice nos, hoc tantum, et si pietate meremur, 690
da deinde auxilium, pater, atque haec omina firma.’

Vix ea fatus erat senior, subitoque fragore
intonuit laeuum, et de caelo lapsa per umbras
stella facem ducens multa cum luce cucurrit.
illam summa super labentem culmina tecti 695
cernimus Idaea claram se condere silua
signantemque uias; tum longo limite sulcus
dat lucem et late circum loca sulphure fumant.
hic uero uictus genitor se tollit ad auras
adfaturque deos et sanctum sidus adorat. 700
‘iam iam nulla mora est; sequor et qua ducitis adsum,
di patrii; seruate domum, seruate nepotem.
uestrum hoc augurium, uestroque in numine Troia est.
cedo equidem nec, nate, tibi comes ire recuso.’
dixerat ille, et iam per moenia clarior ignis 705
auditur, propiusque aestus incendia uoluunt.
‘ergo age, care pater, ceruici imponere nostrae;
ipse subibo umeris nec me labor iste grauabit;
quo res cumque cadent, unum et commune periculum,
una salus ambobus erit. mihi paruus Iulus 710
sit comes, et longe seruet uestigia coniunx.

uos, famuli, quae dicam animis aduertite uestris.
 est urbe egressis tumulus templumque uetustum
 desertae Cereris, iuxtaque antiqua cupressus
 religione patrum multos seruata per annos; 715
 hanc ex diuerso sedem ueniemus in unam.
 tu, genitor, cape sacra manu patriosque penatis;
 me bello e tanto digressum et caede recenti
 attrectare nefas, donec me flumine uiuo
 abluero.' 720
 haec fatus latos umeros subiectaque colla
 ueste super fuluique insternor pelle leonis,
 succedoque oneri; dextrae se paruus Iulus
 implicuit sequiturque patrem non passibus aequis;
 pone subit coniunx. ferimur per opaca locorum, 725
 et me, quem dudum non ulla iniecta mouebant
 tela neque aduerso glomerati examine Grai,
 nunc omnes terrent aerae, sonus excitat omnis
 suspensum et pariter comitique onerique timentem.
 iamque propinquabam portis omnemque uidebar 730
 euasisse uiam, subito cum creber ad auris
 uisus adesse pedum sonitus, genitorque per umbram
 prospiciens 'nate,' exclamat, 'fuge, nate; propinquant.
 ardentis clipeos atque aera micantia cerno.'
 hic mihi nescio quod trepido male numen amicum 735
 confusam eripuit mentem. namque auia cursu
 dum sequor et nota excedo regione uiarum,
 heu misero coniunx fatone erepta Creusa
 substitit, errauitne uia seu lapsa resedit,
 incertum; nec post oculis est reddita nostris. 740
 nec prius amissam respexi animumue reflexi
 quam tumulum antiquae Cereris sedemque sacratam
 uenimus: hic demum collectis omnibus una
 defuit, et comites natumque uirumque fefellit.
 quem non incusaui amens hominumque deorumque, 745
 aut quid in euersa uidi crudelius urbe?
 Ascanium Anchisenque patrem Teucrosque penatis
 commendo sociis et curua ualle recondo;

ipse urbem repeto et cingor fulgentibus armis.
stat casus renouare omnis omnemque reuerti 750
per Troiam et rursus caput obiectare periclis.
principio muros obscuraque limina portae,
qua gressum extuleram, repeto et uestigia retro
obseruata sequor per noctem et lumine lustrō:
horror ubique animo, simul ipsa silentia terrent. 755
inde domum, si forte pedem, si forte tulisset,
me refero: inruerant Danai et tectum omne tenebant.
ilicet ignis edax summa ad fastigia uento
uoluitur; exsuperant flammae, furit aestus ad auras.
procedo et Priami sedes arcemque reuiso: 760
et iam porticibus uacuis Iunonis asylo
custodes lecti Phoenix et dirus Vlixes
praedam adseruabant. huc undique Troia gaza
incensis erepta adytis, mensaeque deorum
crateresque auro solidi, captiuaque uestis 765
congeritur. pueri et pauidae longo ordine matres
stant circum.
ausus quin etiam uoces iactare per umbram
impleui clamore uias, maestusque Creusam
nequiquam ingeminans iterumque iterumque uocaui. 770
quaerenti et tectis urbis sine fine ruenti
infelix simulacrum atque ipsius umbra Creusae
uisa mihi ante oculos et nota maior imago.
obstipui, steteruntque comae et uox faucibus haesit.
tum sic adfari et curas his demere dictis: 775
‘quid tantum insano iuuat indulgere dolori,
o dulcis coniunx? non haec sine numine diuum
eueniunt; nec te comitem hinc portare Creusam
fas, aut ille sinit superi regnator Olympi.
longa tibi exsilia et uastum maris aequor arandum, 780
et terram Hesperiam uenies, ubi Lydius arua
inter opima uirum leni fluit agmine Thybris.
illic res laetae regnumque et regia coniunx
parta tibi; lacrimas dilectae pelle Creusae.
non ego Myrmidonum sedes Dolopumue superbas 785

aspiciam aut Graia seruitum matribus ibo,
Dardanis et diuiae Veneris nurus;
sed me magna deum genetrix his detinet oris.
iamque uale et nati serua communis amorem.’
haec ubi dicta dedit, lacrimantem et multa uolentem 790
dicere deseruit, tenuisque recessit in auras.
ter conatus ibi collo dare bracchia circum;
ter frustra comprensa manus effugit imago,
par leuibus uentis uolucrique simillima somno.
sic demum socios consumpta nocte reuiso. 795

Atque hic ingentem comitum adfluxisse nouorum
inuenio admirans numerum, matresque uirosque,
collectam exsilio pubem, miserabile uulgus.
undique conuenere animis opibusque parati
in quascumque uelim pelago deducere terras. 800
iamque iugis summae surgebat Lucifer Idae
ducebatque diem, Danaique obsessa tenebant
limina portarum, nec spes opis ulla dabatur.
cessi et sublato montis genitore petiui.

LIBER III

Postquam res Asiae Priamique euertere gentem
immeritam uisum superis, ceciditque superbum
Ilium et omnis humo fumat Neptunia Troia,
diuersa exsilia et desertas quaerere terras
auguriis agimur diuum, classemque sub ipsa 5
Antandro et Phrygiae molimur montibus Idae,
incerti quo fata ferant, ubi sistere detur,
contrahimusque uiros. uix prima inceperat aestas
et pater Anchises dare fatis uela iubebat,
litora cum patriae lacrimans portusque relinquo 10
et campos ubi Troia fuit. feror exsul in altum
cum sociis natoque penatibus et magnis dis.

Terra procul uastis colitur Mauortia campis
(Thraces arant) acri quondam regnata Lycurgo,
hospitium antiquum Troiae sociique penates 15
dum fortuna fuit. feror huc et litore curuo
moenia prima loco fatis ingressus iniquis
Aeneadasque meo nomen de nomine fingo.
sacra Dionaee matri diuisque ferebam
auspiciis coeptorum operum, superoque nitentem 20
caelicolum regi mactabam in litore taurum.
forte fuit iuxta tumulus, quo cornea summo
uirgulta et densis hastilibus horrida myrtus.
accessi uiridemque ab humo conuellere siluam
conatus, ramis tegerem ut frondentibus aras, 25
horrendum et dictu uideo mirabile monstrum.
nam quae prima solo ruptis radicibus arbos
uellitur, huic atro liquuntur sanguine guttae
et terram tabo maculant. mihi frigidus horror
membra quatit gelidusque coit formidine sanguis. 30
rursus et alterius lentum conuellere uimen
insequor et causas penitus temptare latentis;
ater et alterius sequitur de cortice sanguis.

multa mouens animo Nymphas uenerabar agrestis
Gradiuumque patrem, Geticis qui praesidet aruis, 35
rite secundarent uisus omenque leuarent.
tertia sed postquam maiore hastilia nisu
adgredior genibusque aduersae obluctor harenae,
(eloquar an sileam?) gemitus lacrimabilis imo
auditur tumulo et uox reddita fertur ad auris: 40
‘quid miserum, Aenea, laceras? iam parce sepulto,
parce pias scelerare manus. non me tibi Troia
externum tulit aut cruor hic de stipite manat.
heu fuge crudelis terras, fuge litus auarum:
nam Polydorus ego. hic confixum ferrea textit 45
telorum seges et iaculis increuit acutis.’
tum uero ancipiti mentem formidine pressus
obstupui steteruntque comae et uox faucibus haesit.

Hunc Polydorum auri quondam cum pondere magno
infelix Priamus furtim mandarat alendum 50
Threicio regi, cum iam diffideret armis
Dardaniae cingique urbem obsidione uideret.
ille, ut opes fractae Teucrum et Fortuna recessit,
res Agamemnonias uictriciaque arma secutus
fas omne abrumpit: Polydorum obtruncat, et auro 55
ui potitur. quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
auri sacra fames! postquam pauor ossa reliquit,
delectos populi ad proceres primumque parentem
monstra deum refero, et quae sit sententia posco.
omnibus idem animus, scelerata excedere terra, 60
linqui pollutum hospitium et dare classibus Austros.
ergo instauramus Polydoro funus, et ingens
aggeritur tumulo tellus; stant Manibus arae
caeruleis maestae uittis atraque cupresso,
et circum Iliades crinem de more solutae; 65
inferimus tepido spumantia cymbia lacte
sanguinis et sacri pateras, animamque sepulcro
condimus et magna supremum uoce ciemus.

Inde ubi prima fides pelago, placataque uenti
dant maria et lenis crepitans uocat Auster in altum, 70
deducunt socii nauis et litora complent;
prouehimur portu terraeque urbesque recedunt.
sacra mari colitur medio gratissima tellus
Nereidum matri et Neptuno Aegaeo,
quam pius arquiteuens oras et litora circum 75
errantem Mycono e celsa Gyaroque reuinxit,
immotamque coli dedit et contemnere uentos.
huc feror, haec fessos tuto placidissima portu
accipit; egressi ueneramur Apollinis urbem.
rex Anius, rex idem hominum Phoebique sacerdos, 80
uittis et sacra redimitus tempora lauro
occurrit; ueterem Anchisen agnouit amicum.
iungimus hospitio dextras et tecta subimus.

Templa dei saxo uenerabar structa uetusto:
‘da propriam, Thymbraee, domum; da moenia fessis 85
et genus et mansuram urbem; serua altera Troiae
Pergama, reliquias Danaum atque immitis Achilli.
quem sequimur? quoue ire iubes? ubi ponere sedes?
da, pater, augurium atque animis inlabere nostris.’
uix ea fatus eram: tremere omnia uisa repente, 90
liminaque laurusque dei, totusque moueri
mons circum et mugire adytis cortina reclusis.
summissi petimus terram et uox fertur ad auris:
‘Dardanidae duri, quae uos a stirpe parentum
prima tulit tellus, eadem uos ubere laeto 95
accipiet reduces. antiquam exquirite matrem.
hic domus Aeneae cunctis dominabitur oris
et nati natorum et qui nascentur ab illis.’
haec Phoebus; mixtoque ingens exorta tumultu
laetitia, et cuncti quae sint ea moenia quaerunt, 100
quo Phoebus uocet errantis iubeatque reuerti.
tum genitor ueterum uoluens monimenta uirorum
‘audite, o procures,’ ait ‘et spes discite uestras.
Creta Iouis magni medio iacet insula ponto,

mons Idaeus ubi et gentis cunabula nostrae. 105
centum urbes habitant magnas, uberrima regna,
maximus unde pater, si rite audita recordor,
Teucus Rhoeteas primum est aduectus in oras,
optauitque locum regno. nondum Ilium et arces
Pergameae steterant; habitabant uallibus imis. 110
hinc mater cultrix Cybeli Corybantiaque aera
Idaeumque nemus, hinc fida silentia sacris,
et iuncti currum dominae subiere leones.
ergo agite et diuum ducunt qua iussa sequamur:
placemus uentos et Cnosia regna petamus. 115
nec longo distant cursu: modo Iuppiter adsit,
tertia lux classem Cretaeis sistet in oris.’
sic fatus meritos aris mactauit honores,
taurum Neptuno, taurum tibi, pulcher Apollo,
nigram Hiemi pecudem, Zephyris felicibus albam. 120

Fama uolat pulsum regnis cessisse paternis
Idomeneia ducem, desertaque litora Cretae,
hoste uacare domum sedesque astare relictas.
linquimus Ortygiae portus pelagoque uolamus
bacchatamque iugis Naxon uiridemque Donusam, 125
Olearon niueamque Paron sparsasque per aequor
Cycladas, et crebris legimus freta concita terris.
nauticus exoritur uario certamine clamor:
hortantur socii Cretam proauosque petamus.
prosequitur surgens a puppi uentus euntis, 130
et tandem antiquis Curetum adlabimur oris.
ergo audius muros optatae molior urbis
Pergameamque uoco, et laetam cognomine gentem
hortor amare focos arcemque attollere tectis.

Iamque fere sicco subductae litore puppes, 135
conubiis aruisque nouis operata iuuentus,
iura domosque dabam, subito cum tabida membris
corrupto caeli tractu miserandaque uenit
arboribusque satisque lues et letifer annus.

linquebant dulcis animas aut aegra trahebant 140
corpora; tum sterilis exurere Sirius agros,
arebant herbae et uictum seges aegra negabat.
rursus ad oraculum Ortygiae Phoebumque remenso
hortatur pater ire mari ueniamque precari,
quam fessis finem rebus ferat, unde laborum 145
temptare auxilium iubeat, quo uertere cursus.

Nox erat et terris animalia somnus habebat:
effigies sacrae diuum Phrygiique penates,
quos mecum a Troia mediisque ex ignibus urbis
extuleram, uisi ante oculos astare iacentis 150
in somnis multo manifesti lumine, qua se
plena per insertas fundebat luna fenestras;
tum sic adfari et curas his demere dictis:
‘quod tibi delato Ortygiam dicturus Apollo est,
hic canit et tua nos en ultro ad limina mittit. 155
nos te Dardania incensa tuaque arma secuti,
nos tumidum sub te permensi classibus aequor,
idem uenturos tollemus in astra nepotes
imperiumque urbi dabimus. tu moenia magnis
magna para longumque fugae ne linque laborem. 160
mutandae sedes. non haec tibi litora suasit
Delius aut Cretae iussit considerare Apollo.
est locus, Hesperiam Grai cognomine dicunt,
terra antiqua, potens armis atque ubere glaebae;
Oenotri coluere uiri; nunc fama minores 165
Italiam dixisse ducis de nomine gentem.
hae nobis propriae sedes, hinc Dardanus ortus
Iasiusque pater, genus a quo principe nostrum.
surge age et haec laetus longaeuo dicta parenti
haud dubitanda refer: Corythum terrasque requirat 170
Ausonias; Dictaea negat tibi Iuppiter arua.’
talibus attonitus uisis et uoce deorum
(nec sopor illud erat, sed coram agnoscere uultus
uelatasque comas praesentiaque ora uidebar;
tum gelidus toto manabat corpore sudor) 175

corripio e stratis corpus tendoque supinas
ad caelum cum uoce manus et munera libo
intemerata focis. perfecto laetus honore
Anchisen facio certum remque ordine pando.
agnouit prolem ambiguam geminosque parentis, 180
seque nouo ueterum deceptum errore locorum.
tum memorat: 'nate, Iliacis exercite fati,
sola mihi talis casus Cassandra canebat.
nunc repeto haec generi portendere debita nostro
et saepe Hesperiam, saepe Itala regna uocare. 185
sed quis ad Hesperiae uenturos litora Teucros
crederet? aut quem tum uates Cassandra moueret?
cedamus Phoebo et moniti meliora sequamur.'
sic ait, et cuncti dicto paremus ouantes.
hanc quoque deserimus sedem paucisque relictis 190
uela damus uastumque caua trabe currimus aequor.

Postquam altum tenuere rates nec iam amplius ullae
apparent terrae, caelum undique et undique pontus,
tum mihi caeruleus supra caput astitit imber
noctem hiememque ferens, et inhorruit unda tenebris. 195
continuo uenti uoluunt mare magnaue surgunt
aequora, dispersi iactamur gurgite uasto;
inuoluere diem nimbi et nox umida caelum
abstulit, ingeminant abruptis nubibus ignes,
excutimur cursu et caecis erramus in undis. 200
ipse diem noctemque negat discernere caelo
nec meminisse uiae media Palinurus in unda.
tris adeo incertos caeca caligine soles
erramus pelago, totidem sine sidere noctes.
quarto terra die primum se attollere tandem 205
uisa, aperire procul montis ac uoluere fumum.
uela cadunt, remis insurgimus; haud mora, nautae
adnixa torquent spumas et caerula uerrunt.
seruatum ex undis Strophadum me litora primum
excipiunt. Strophades Graio stant nomine dictae 210
insulae Ionio in magno, quas dira Celaeno

Harpyiaeque colunt aliae, Phineia postquam
clausa domus mensasque metu liquere priores.
tristius haud illis monstrum, nec saeuior ulla
pestis et ira deum Stygiis sese extulit undis. 215
uirginei uolucrum uultus, foedissima uentris
proluuius uncaeque manus et pallida semper
ora fame.
huc ubi delati portus intrauimus, ecce
laeta bouum passim campis armenta uidemus 220
caprigenumque pecus nullo custode per herbas.
inruimus ferro et diuos ipsumque uocamus
in partem praedamque Iouem; tum litore curuo
exstruimusque toros dapibusque epulamur opimis.
at subitae horrifico lapsu de montibus adsunt 225
Harpyiae et magnis quatiunt clangoribus alas,
diripiuntque dapes contactuque omnia foedant
immundo; tum uox taetrum dira inter odorem.
rursum in secessu longo sub rupe cauata
[arboribus clausam circum atque horrentibus umbris] 230
instruimus mensas arisque reponimus ignem;
rursum ex diuerso caeli caecisque latebris
turba sonans praedam pedibus circumuolat uncis,
polluit ore dapes. sociis tunc arma capessant
edico, et dira bellum cum gente gerendum. 235
haud secus ac iussi faciunt tectosque per herbam
disponunt ensis et scuta latentia condunt.
ergo ubi delapsae sonitum per curua dedere
litora, dat signum specula Misenus ab alta
aere cauo. inuadunt socii et noua proelia temptant, 240
obsceas pelagi ferro foedare uolucris.
sed neque uim plumis ullam nec uulnera tergo
accipiunt, celerique fuga sub sidera lapsae
semesam praedam et uestigia foeda relinquunt.
una in praecelsa consedit rupe Celaeno, 245
infelix uates, rumpitque hanc pectore uocem;
'bellum etiam pro caede bouum stratisque iuuencis,
Laomedontiadae, bellumne inferre paratis

et patrio Harpyias insontis pellere regno?
accipite ergo animis atque haec mea figite dicta, 250
quae Phoebus pater omnipotens, mihi Phoebus Apollo
praedixit, uobis Furiarum ego maxima pando.
Italiam cursu petitis uentisque uocatis:
ibitis Italiam portusque intrare licebit.
sed non ante datam cingetis moenibus urbem 255
quam uos dira fames nostraeque iniuria caedis
ambesas subigat malis absumere mensas.’
dixit, et in siluam pennis ablata refugit.
at sociis subita gelidus formidine sanguis
deriguit: cecidere animi, nec iam amplius armis, 260
sed uotis precibusque iubent exposcere pacem,
siue deae seu sint dirae obscenaeque uolucres.
et pater Anchises passis de litore palmis
numina magna uocat meritosque indicit honores:
‘di, prohibete minas; di, talem auertite casum 265
et placidi seruare pios.’ tum litore funem
deripere excussosque iubet laxare rudentis.
tendunt uela Noti: fugimus spumantibus undis
qua cursum uentusque gubernatorque uocabat.
iam medio apparet fluctu nemorosa Zacynthos 270
Dulichiumque Sameque et Neritos ardua saxis.
effugimus scopulos Ithacae, Laertia regna,
et terram altricem saeui exsecramur Vlixī.
mox et Leucatae nimbose cacumina montis
et formidatus nautis aperitur Apollo. 275
hunc petimus fessi et paruae succedimus urbi;
ancora de prora iacitur, stant litore puppes.

Ergo insperata tandem tellure potiti
lustramurque Ioui uotisque incendimus aras,
Actiaque Iliacis celebramus litora ludis. 280
exercent patrias oleo labente palaestras
nudati socii: iuuat euasisse tot urbes
Argolicas mediosque fugam tenuisse per hostis.
interea magnum sol circumuoluitur annum

et glacialis hiems Aquilonibus asperat undas. 285
aere cauo clipeum, magni gestamen Abantis,
postibus aduersis figo et rem carmine signo:
aeneas haec de danais victoribus arma;
linquere tum portus iubeo et considerare transtris.
certatim socii feriunt mare et aequora uerrunt: 290
protinus aerias Phaeacum abscondimus arces
litoraue Epiri legimus portuque subimus
Chaonio et celsam Buthroti accedimus urbem.

Hic incredibilis rerum fama occupat auris,
Priamiden Helenum Graias regnare per urbis 295
coniugio Aeacidae Pyrrhi sceptrisque potitum,
et patrio Andromachen iterum cessisse marito.
obstupui, miroque incensum pectus amore
compellare uirum et casus cognoscere tantos.
progredior portu classis et litora linquens, 300
sollemnis cum forte dapes et tristia dona
ante urbem in luco falsi Simoentis ad undam
libabat cineri Andromache manisque uocabat
Hectoreum ad tumulum, uiridi quem caespite inanem
et geminas, causam lacrimis, sacrauerat aras. 305
ut me conspexit uenientem et Troia circum
arma amens uidit, magnis exterrita monstis
deriguit uisu in medio, calor ossa reliquit,
labitur, et longo uix tandem tempore fatur:
‘uerane te facies, uerus mihi nuntius adfers, 310
nate dea? uiuisne? aut, si lux alma recessit,
Hector ubi est?’ dixit, lacrimasque effudit et omnem
impleuit clamore locum. uix pauca furenti
subicio et raris turbatus uocibus hisco:
‘uiuo equidem uitamque extrema per omnia duco; 315
ne dubita, nam uera uides.
heu! quis te casus deiectam coniuge tanto
excipit, aut quae digna satis fortuna reuisit,
Hectoris Andromache? Pyrrhin conubia seruas?’
deiecit uultum et demissa uoce locuta est: 320

‘o felix una ante alias Priameia uirgo,
hostilem ad tumulum Troiae sub moenibus altis
iussa mori, quae sortitus non pertulit ullos
nec uictoris heri tetigit captiua cubile!
nos patria incensa diuersa per aequora uectae 325
stirpis Achilleae fastus iuuenemque superbum
seruitio enixae tulimus; qui deinde secutus
Ledaeam Hermionen Lacedaemoniosque hymenaeos
me famulo famulamque Heleno transmisit habendam.
ast illum ereptae magno flammatus amore 330
coniugis et scelerum furiis agitatus Orestes
excipit incautum patriasque obtruncat ad aras.
morte Neoptolemi regnorum reddita cessit
pars Heleno, qui Chaonios cognomine campos
Chaoniamque omnem Troiano a Chaone dixit, 335
Pergamaque Iliacamque iugis hanc addidit arcem.
sed tibi qui cursum uenti, quae fata dedere?
aut quisnam ignarum nostris deus appulit oris?
quid puer Ascanius? superatne et uescitur aura?
quem tibi iam Troia — 340
ecqua tamen puero est amissae cura parentis?
ecquid in antiquam uirtutem animosque uirilis
et pater Aeneas et auunculus excitat Hector?’
taliam fundebat lacrimans longosque ciebat
incassum fletus, cum sese a moenibus heros 345
Priamides multis Helenus comitantibus adfert,
agnoscitque suos laetusque ad limina ducit,
et multum lacrimas uerba inter singula fundit.
procedo et paruam Troiam simulataque magnis
Pergama et arentem Xanthi cognomine riuum 350
agnosco, Scaetaeque amplector limina portae;
nec non et Teucris socia simul urbe fruuntur.
illos porticibus rex accipiebat in amplis:
aulae medio libabant pocula Bacchi
impositis auro dapibus, paterasque tenebant. 355

Iamque dies alterque dies processit, et aurae

uela uocant tumidoque inflatur carbasus Austro:
his uatem adgredior dictis ac talia quaeso:
‘Troiugena, interpret diuum, qui numina Phoebi,
qui tripodas Clarii et laurus, qui sidera sentis 360
et uolucrum linguas et praepetis omina pennae,
fare age (namque omnis cursum mihi prospera dixit
religio, et cuncti suaserunt numine diui
Italiam petere et terras temptare repostas;
sola nouum dictuque nefas Harpyia Celaeno 365
prodigium canit et tristis denuntiat iras
obsceamque famem), quae prima pericula uito?
quidue sequens tantos possim superare labores?’
hic Helenus caesis primum de more iuuenis
exorat pacem diuum uittasque resoluit 370
sacra capitis, meque ad tua limina, Phoebe,
ipse manu multo suspensum numine ducit,
atque haec deinde canit diuino ex ore sacerdos:

‘Nate dea (nam te maioribus ire per altum
auspiciis manifesta fides; sic fata deum rex 375
sortitur uoluitque uices, is uertitur ordo),
pauca tibi e multis, quo tutior hospita lustres
aequora et Ausonio possis considerare portu,
expediam dictis; prohibent nam cetera Parcae
scire Helenum farique uetat Saturnia Iuno. 380
principio Italiam, quam tu iam rere propinquam
uicinosque, ignare, paras inuadere portus,
longa procul longis uia diuidit inuia terris.
ante et Trinacria lentandus remus in unda
et salis Ausonii lustrandum nauibus aequor 385
infernique lacus Aeaeaeque insula Circae,
quam tuta possis urbem componere terra.
signa tibi dicam, tu condita mente teneto:
cum tibi sollicito secreti ad fluminis undam
litoreis ingens inuenta sub ilicibus sus 390
triginta capitem fetus enixa iacebit,
alba solo recubans, albi circum ubera nati,

is locus urbis erit, requies ea certa laborum.
nec tu mensarum morsus horresce futuros:
fata uiam inuenient aderitque uocatus Apollo. 395
has autem terras Italique hanc litoris oram,
proxima quae nostri perfunditur aequoris aestu,
effuge; cuncta malis habitantur moenia Graeis.
hic et Narycii posuerunt moenia Locri,
et Sallentinos obsedit milite campos 400
Lyctius Idomeneus; hic illa ducis Meliboei
parua Philoctetae subnixa Petelia muro.
quin ubi transmissae steterint trans aequora classes
et positis aris iam uota in litore solues,
purpureo uelare comas adopertus amictu, 405
ne qua inter sanctos ignis in honore deorum
hostilis facies occurrat et omina turbet.
hunc socii morem sacrorum, hunc ipse teneto;
hac casti maneant in religione nepotes.
ast ubi digressum Siculae te admouerit orae 410
uentus, et angusti rarescent claustra Pelori,
laeua tibi tellus et longo laeua petantur
aequora circuitu; dextrum fuge litus et undas.
haec loca ui quondam et uasta conuulsa ruina
(tantum aeui longinqua ualet mutare uetustas) 415
dissiluisse ferunt, cum protinus utraque tellus
una foret: uenit medio ui pontus et undis
Hesperium Siculo latus abscidit, aruaque et urbes
litore diductas angusto interluit aestu.
dextrum Scylla latus, laeuum implacata Charybdis 420
obsidet, atque imo barathri ter gurgite uastos
sorbet in abruptum fluctus rursusque sub auras
erigit alternos, et sidera uerberat unda.
at Scyllam caecis cohibet spelunca latebris
ora exsertantem et nauis in saxa trahentem. 425
prima hominis facies et pulchro pectore uirgo
pube tenus, postrema immani corpore pistrix
delphinum caudas utero commissa luporum.
praestat Trinacrii metas lustrare Pachyni

cessantem, longos et circumflectere cursus, 430
quam semel informem uasto uidisse sub antro
Scyllam et caeruleis canibus resonantia saxa.
praeterea, si qua est Heleno prudentia uati,
si qua fides, animum si ueris implet Apollo,
unum illud tibi, nate dea, proque omnibus unum 435
praedicam et repetens iterumque iterumque monebo,
Iunonis magnae primum prece numen adora,
Iunoni cane uota libens dominamque potentem
supplicibus supera donis: sic denique uictor
Trinacria finis Italos mittere relicta. 440
huc ubi delatus Cumaeam accesseris urbem
diuinosque lacus et Auerna sonantia siluis,
insanam uatem aspicias, quae rupe sub ima
fata canit foliisque notas et nomina mandat.
quaecumque in foliis descripsit carmina uirgo 445
digerit in numerum atque antro seclusa relinquit:
illa manent immota locis neque ab ordine cedunt.
uerum eadem, uerso tenuis cum cardine uentus
impulit et teneras turbauit ianua frondes,
numquam deinde cauo uolitantia prendere saxo 450
nec reuocare situs aut iungere carmina curat:
inconsulti abeunt sedemque odere Sibyllae.
hic tibi ne qua morae fuerint dispendia tanti,
quamuis increpitent socii et ui cursus in altum
uela uocet, possisque sinus implere secundos, 455
quin adeas uatem precibusque oracula poscas
ipsa canat uocemque uolens atque ora resoluat.
illa tibi Italiae populos uenturaque bella
et quo quemque modo fugiasque ferasque laborem
expediet, cursusque dabit uenerata secundos. 460
haec sunt quae nostra liceat te uoce moneri.
uade age et ingentem factis fer ad aethera Troiam.’

Quae postquam uates sic ore effatus amico est,
dona dehinc auro grauia ac secto elephanto
imperat ad nauis ferri, stipatque carinis 465

ingens argentum Dodonaeosque lebetas,
loricam consertam hamis auroque trilicem,
et conum insignis galeae cristasque comantis,
arma Neoptolemi. sunt et sua dona parenti.
addit equos, additque duces, 470
remigium supplet, socios simul instruit armis.
Interea classem uelis aptare iubebat
Anchises, fieret uento mora ne qua ferenti.
quem Phoebi interpretis multo compellat honore:
'coniugio, Anchisa, Veneris dignate superbo, 475
cura deum, bis Pergameis erepte ruinis,
ecce tibi Ausoniae tellus: hanc arripe uelis.
et tamen hanc pelago praeterlabare necesse est:
Ausoniae pars illa procul quam pandit Apollo.
uade,' ait 'o felix nati pietate. quid ultra 480
prouehor et fando surgentis demoror Austros?'
nec minus Andromache digressu maesta supremo
fert picturatas auri subtemine uestis
et Phrygiam Ascanio chlamydem (nec cedit honore)
textilibusque onerat donis, ac talia fatur: 485
'accipe et haec, manuum tibi quae monimenta mearum
sint, puer, et longum Andromachae testentur amorem,
coniugis Hectoreae. cape dona extrema tuorum,
o mihi sola mei super Astyanactis imago.
sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat; 490
et nunc aequali tecum pubesceret aeuo.'
hos ego digrediens lacrimis adfabar obortis:
'uiuere felices, quibus est fortuna peracta
iam sua: nos alia ex aliis in fata uocamur.
uobis parta quies: nullum maris aequor arandum, 495
arua neque Ausoniae semper cedentia retro
quaerenda. effigiem Xanthi Troiamque uidetis
quam uestrae fecere manus, melioribus, opto,
auspiciis, et quae fuerit minus obuia Graeis.
si quando Thybrim uicinaque Thybridis arua 500
intraro gentique meae data moenia cernam,
cognatas urbes olim populosque propinquos,

Epiro Hesperiam (quibus idem Dardanus auctor
atque idem casus), unam faciemus utramque
Troiam animis: maneat nostros ea cura nepotes.’ 505

Prouehimur pelago uicina Ceraunia iuxta,
unde iter Italiam cursusque breuissimus undis.
sol ruit interea et montes umbrantur opaci;
sternimur optatae gremio telluris ad undam
sortiti remos passimque in litore sicco 510
corpora curamus, fessos sopor inrigat artus.
necdum orbem medium Nox Horis acta subibat:
haud segnis strato surgit Palinurus et omnis
explorat uentos atque auribus aera captat;
sidera cuncta notat tacito labentia caelo, 515
Arcturum pluuiasque Hyadas geminosque Triones,
armatumque auro circumspicit Oriona.
postquam cuncta uidet caelo constare sereno,
dat clarum e puppi signum; nos castra mouemus
temptamusque uiam et uelorum pandimus alas. 520

Iamque rubescebat stellis Aurora fugatis
cum procul obscuros collis humilemque uidemus
Italiam. Italiam primus conclamat Achates,
Italiam laeto socii clamore salutant.
tum pater Anchises magnum cratera corona 525
induit impleuitque mero, diuosque uocauit
stans celsa in puppi:
‘di maris et terrae tempestatumque potentes,
ferite uiam uento facilem et spirate secundi.’
crebrescunt optatae aerae portusque patescit 530
iam propior, templumque apparet in arce Mineruae;
uela legunt socii et proras ad litora torquent.
portus ab euroo fluctu curuatus in arcum,
obiectae salsa spumant aspergine cautes,
ipse latet: gemino demittunt brachia muro 535
turriti scopuli refugitque ab litore templum.
quattuor hic, primum omen, equos in gramine uidi

tondentis campum late, candore niuali.
et pater Anchises 'bellum, o terra hospita, portas:
bello armantur equi, bellum haec armenta minantur. 540
sed tamen idem olim curru succedere sueti
quadripedes et frena iugo concordia ferre:
spes et pacis' ait. tum numina sancta precamur
Palladis armisonae, quae prima accepit ouantis,
et capita ante aras Phrygio uelamur amictu, 545
praeceptisque Heleni, dederat quae maxima, rite
Iunoni Argiuae iussos adolemus honores.

Haud mora, continuo perfectis ordine uotis
cornua uelatarum obuertimus antemnarum,
Graiuenumque domos suspectaque linquimus arua. 550
hinc sinus Herculei (si uera est fama) Tarenti
cernitur, attollit se diua Lacinia contra,
Caulonisque arces et nauifragum Scylaceum.
tum procul e fluctu Trinacria cernitur Aetna,
et gemitum ingentem pelagi pulsataque saxa 555
audimus longe fractasque ad litora uoces,
exsultantque uada atque aestu miscentur harenae.
et pater Anchises 'nimirum hic illa Charybdis:
hos Helenus scopulos, haec saxa horrenda canebat.
eripite, o socii, pariterque insurgite remis.' 560
haud minus ac iussi faciunt, primusque rudentem
contorsit laeuas proram Palinurus ad undas;
laeuam cuncta cohors remis uentisque petiuit.
tollimur in caelum curuato gurgite, et idem
subducta ad Manis imos desedimus unda. 565
ter scopuli clamorem inter caua saxa dedere,
ter spumam elisam et rorantia uidimus astra.
interea fessos uentus cum sole reliquit,
ignarique uiae Cyclopum adlabimur oris.

Portus ab accessu uentorum immotus et ingens 570
ipse: sed horrificis iuxta tonat Aetna ruinis,
interdumque atram prorumpit ad aethera nubem

turbine fumantem piceo et candente fauilla,
attollitque globos flammarum et sidera lambit;
interdum scopulos auulsaque uiscera montis 575
erigit eructans, liquefactaque saxa sub auras
cum gemitu glomerat fundoque exaestuatur imo.
fama est Enceladi semustum fulmine corpus
urgeri mole hac, ingentemque insuper Aetnam
impositam ruptis flammam exspirare caminis, 580
et fessum quotiens mutet latus, intremere omnem
murmure Trinacriam et caelum subtexere fumo.
noctem illam tecti siluis immania monstra
perferimus, nec quae sonitum det causa uidemus.
nam neque erant astrorum ignes nec lucidus aethra 585
siderea polus, obscuro sed nubila caelo,
et lunam in nimbo nox intempesta tenebat.

Postera iamque dies primo surgebat Eo
umentemque Aurora polo dimouerat umbram,
cum subito e siluis macie confecta suprema 590
ignoti noua forma uiri miserandaque cultu
procedit supplexque manus ad litora tendit.
respicimus. dira inluuies immissaque barba,
consertum tegimen spinis: at cetera Graius,
et quondam patriis ad Troiam missus in armis. 595
isque ubi Dardanios habitus et Troia uidit
arma procul, paulum aspectu conterritus haesit
continuitque gradum; mox sese ad litora praeceps
cum fletu precibusque tulit: ‘per sidera testor,
per superos atque hoc caeli spirabile lumen, 600
tollite me, Teucri. quascumque abducite terras:
hoc sat erit. scio me Danais e classibus unum
et bello Iliacos fateor petiisse penatis.
pro quo, si sceleris tanta est iniuria nostri,
spargite me in fluctus uastoque immergite ponto; 605
si pereor, hominum manibus periisse iuuabit.’
dixerat et genua amplexus genibusque uolutans
haerebat. qui sit fari, quo sanguine cretus,

hortamur, quae deinde agitet fortuna fateri.
ipse pater dextram Anchises haud multa moratus 610
dat iuueni atque animum praesenti pignore firmat.
ille haec deposita tandem formidine fatur:
‘sum patria ex Ithaca, comes infelicis Vlixi,
nomine Achaemenides, Troiam genitore Adamasto
paupere (mansissetque utinam fortuna!) profectus. 615
hic me, dum trepidi crudelia limina linquunt,
immemores socii uasto Cyclopis in antro
deseruere. domus sanie dapibusque cruentis,
intus opaca, ingens. ipse arduus, altaque pulsat
sidera (di talem terris auertite pestem!) 620
nec uisu facilis nec dictu adfabilis ulli;
uisceribus miserorum et sanguine uescitur atro.
uidi egomet duo de numero cum corpora nostro
presa manu magna medio resupinus in antro
frangeret ad saxum, sanieque aspersa natarent 625
limina; uidi atro cum membra fluentia tabo
manderet et tepidi tremarent sub dentibus artus —
haud impune quidem, nec talia passus Vlixes
oblitusue sui est Ithacus discrimine tanto.
nam simul expletus dapibus uinoque sepultus 630
ceruicem inflexam posuit, iacuitque per antrum
immensus saniem eructans et frusta cruento
per somnum commixta mero, nos magna precati
numina sortitique uices una undique circum
fundimur, et telo lumen terebramus acuto 635
ingens quod torua solum sub fronte latebat,
Argolici clipei aut Phoebeae lampadis instar,
et tandem laeti sociorum ulciscimur umbras.
sed fugite, o miseri, fugite atque ab litore funem
rumpite. 640
nam qualis quantusque cauo Polyphemus in antro
lanigeras claudit pecudes atque ubera pressat,
centum alii curua haec habitant ad litora uulgo
infandi Cyclopes et altis montibus errant.
tertia iam lunae se cornua lumine complent 645

cum uitam in siluis inter deserta ferarum
lustra domosque traho uastosque ab rupe Cyclopas
prospicio sonitumque pedum uocemque tremesco.
uictum infelicem, bacas lapidosaque corna,
dant rami, et uulsis pascunt radicibus herbae. 650
omnia conlustrans hanc primum ad litora classem
conspexi uenientem. huic me, quaecumque fuisset,
addixi: satis est gentem effugisse nefandam.
uos animam hanc potius quocumque absumite leto.'

Vix ea fatus erat summo cum monte uidemus 655
ipsum inter pecudes uasta se mole mouentem
pastorem Polyphemum et litora nota petentem,
monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.
trunca manum pinus regit et uestigia firmat;
lanigerae comitantur oues; ea sola uoluptas 660
solamenque mali.
postquam altos tetigit fluctus et ad aequora uenit,
luminis effossi fluidum lauit inde cruorem
dentibus infrendens gemitu, graditurque per aequor
iam medium, necdum fluctus latera ardua tinxit. 665
nos procul inde fugam trepidi celerare recepto
supplice sic merito tacitique incidere funem,
uertimus et proni certantibus aequora remis.
sensit, et ad sonitum uocis uestigia torsit.
uerum ubi nulla datur dextra adfectare potestas 670
nec potis Ionios fluctus aequare sequendo,
clamorem immensum tollit, quo pontus et omnes
intremuere undae, penitusque exterrita tellus
Italiae curuisque immugiit Aetna cauernis.
at genus e siluis Cyclopum et montibus altis 675
excitum ruit ad portus et litora complent.
cernimus astantis nequiquam lumine toruo
Aetnaeos fratres caelo capita alta ferentis,
concilium horrendum: quales cum uertice celso
ariae quercus aut coniferae cyparissi 680
constiterunt, silua alta Iouis lucusue Dianae.

praecipitis metus acer agit quocumque rudentis
excutere et uentis intendere uela secundis.
contra iussa monent Heleni, Scyllamque Charybdinque
inter, utrimque uiam leti discrimine paruo, 685
ni teneam cursus: certum est dare lintea retro.
ecce autem Boreas angusta ab sede Pelori
missus adest: uiuo praeteruehor ostia saxo
Pantagiae Megarosque sinus Thapsumque iacentem.
taliam monstrabat relegens errata retrorsus 690
litora Achaemenides, comes infelicis Vlixi.

Sicanio praetenta sinu iacet insula contra
Plemyrion undosum; nomen dixere priores
Ortygiam. Alpheum fama est huc Elidis amnem
occultas egisse uias subter mare, qui nunc 695
ore, Arethusa, tuo Siculis confunditur undis.
iussi numina magna loci ueneramur, et inde
exsupero praepingue solum stagnantis Helori.
hinc altas cautes proiectaque saxa Pachyni
radimus, et fatis numquam concessa moueri 700
apparet Camerina procul campique Geloi,
immanisque Gela fluuii cognomine dicta.
arduus inde Acragas ostentat maxima longe
moenia, magnanimum quondam generator equorum;
teque datis linquo uentis, palmosa Selinus, 705
et uada dura lego saxis Lilybeia caecis.
hinc Drepani me portus et inlaetabilis ora
accipit. hic pelagi tot tempestatibus actus
heu, genitorem, omnis curae casusque leuamen,
amitto Anchisen. hic me, pater optime, fessum 710
deseris, heu, tantis nequiquam erepte periclis!
nec uates Helenus, cum multa horrenda moneret,
hos mihi praedixit luctus, non dira Celaeno.
hic labor extremus, longarum haec meta uiarum,
hinc me digressum uestris deus appulit oris. 715

Sic pater Aeneas intentis omnibus unus

fata renarrabat diuum cursusque docebat.
conticuit tandem factoque hic fine quieuit.

LIBER IV

At regina graui iamdudum saucia cura
uulnus alit uenis et caeco carpitur igni.
multa uiri uirtus animo multusque recursat
gentis honos; haerent infixi pectore uultus
uerbaque nec placidam membris dat cura quietem. 5
postera Phoebea lustrabat lampade terras
umentemque Aurora polo dimouerat umbram,
cum sic unanimam adloquitur male sana sororem:
‘Anna soror, quae me suspensam insomnia terrent!
quis nouus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes, 10
quem sese ore ferens, quam forti pectore et armis!
credo equidem, nec uana fides, genus esse deorum.
degeneres animos timor arguit. heu, quibus ille
iactatus fatis! quae bella exhausta canebat!
si mihi non animo fixum immotumque sederet 15
ne cui me uinclo uellem sociare iugali,
postquam primus amor deceptam morte fefellit;
si non pertaesum thalami taedaeque fuisset,
huic uni forsán potui succumbere culpae.
Anna (fatebor enim) miseri post fata Sychaei 20
coniugis et sparsos fraterna caede penatis
solus hic inflexit sensus animumque labantem
impulit. agnosco ueteris uestigia flammae.
sed mihi uel tellus optem prius ima dehiscat
uel pater omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad umbras, 25
pallentis umbras Erebo noctemque profundam,
ante, pudor, quam te uiolo aut tua iura resoluo.
ille meos, primus qui me sibi iunxit, amores
abstulit; ille habeat secum seruetque sepulcro.’
sic effata sinum lacrimis impleuit obortis. 30

Anna refert: ‘o luce magis dilecta sorori,
solane perpetua maerens carpere iuuenta
nec dulcis natos Veneris nec praemia noris?

id cinerem aut manis credis curare sepultos?
esto: aegram nulli quondam flexere mariti, 35
non Libyae, non ante Tyro; despectus Iarbas
ductoresque alii, quos Africa terra triumphis
diues alit: placitone etiam pugnabis amori?
nec uenit in mentem quorum consederis aruis?
hinc Gaetulae urbes, genus insuperabile bello, 40
et Numidae infreni cingunt et inhospita Syrtis;
hinc deserta siti regio lateque furentes
Barcaei. quid bella Tyro surgentia dicam
germanique minas?
dis equidem auspiciis reor et Iunone secunda 45
hunc cursum Iliacas uento tenuisse carinas.
quam tu urbem, soror, hanc cernes, quae surgere regna
coniugio tali! Teucrum comitantibus armis
Punica se quantis attollet gloria rebus!
tu modo posce deos ueniam, sacrisque litatis 50
indulge hospitio causasque innecte morandi,
dum pelago desaeuit hiems et aquosus Orion,
quassataeque rates, dum non tractabile caelum.'

His dictis impenso animum flammauit amore
spemque dedit dubiae menti soluitque pudorem. 55
principio delubra adeunt pacemque per aras
exquirunt; mactant lectas de more bidentis
legiferae Cereri Phoeboque patrique Lyaeo,
Iunoni ante omnis, cui uincla iugalia curae.
ipsa tenens dextra pateram pulcherrima Dido 60
candentis uaccae media inter cornua fundit,
aut ante ora deum pinguis spatatur ad aras,
instauratque diem donis, pecudumque reclusis
pectoribus inhians spirantia consulit exta.
heu, uatum ignarae mentes! quid uota furem, 65
quid delubra iuuant? est mollis flamma medullas
interea et tacitum uiuit sub pectore uulnus.
uritur infelix Dido totaque uagatur
urbe furens, qualis coniecta cerua sagitta,

quam procul incautam nemora inter Cresia fixit 70
pastor agens telis liquitque uolatile ferrum
nescius: illa fuga siluas saltusque peragrat
Dictaeos; haeret lateri letalis harundo.
nunc media Aenean secum per moenia ducit
Sidoniasque ostentat opes urbemque paratam, 75
incipit effari mediaque in uoce resistit;
nunc eadem labente die conuiuia quaerit,
Iliacosque iterum demens audire labores
exposcit pendetque iterum narrantis ab ore.
post ubi digressi, lumenque obscura uicissim 80
luna premit suadentque cadentia sidera somnos,
sola domo maeret uacua stratisque relictis
incubat. illum absens absentem auditque uidetque,
aut gremio Ascanium genitoris imagine capta
detinet, infandum si fallere possit amorem. 85
non coeptae adsurgunt turres, non arma iuuentus
exercet portusue aut propugnacula bello
tuta parant: pendent opera interrupta minaeque
murorum ingentes aequataque machina caelo.

Quam simul ac tali persensit peste teneri 90
cara Iouis coniunx nec famam obstare furori,
talibus adgreditur Venerem Saturnia dictis:
‘egregiam uero laudem et spolia ampla refertis
tuque puerque tuus (magnum et memorabile numen),
una dolo diuum si femina uicta duorum est. 95
nec me adeo fallit ueritam te moenia nostra
suspectas habuisse domos Karthaginis altae.
sed quis erit modus, aut quo nunc certamine tanto?
quin potius pacem aeternam pactosque hymenaeos
exercemus? habes tota quod mente petisti: 100
ardet amans Dido traxitque per ossa furorem.
communem hunc ergo populum paribusque regamus
auspiciis; liceat Phrygio seruire marito
dotalisque tuae Tyrios permittere dextrae.’

Olli (sensit enim simulata mente locutam, 105
quo regnum Italiae Libycas auerteret oras)
sic contra est ingressa Venus: 'quis talia demens
abnuat aut tecum malit contendere bello?
si modo quod memoras factum fortuna sequatur.
sed fatis incerta feror, si Iuppiter unam 110
esse uelit Tyriis urbem Troiaque profectis,
misceriue probet populos aut foedera iungi.
tu coniunx, tibi fas animum temptare precando.
perge, sequar.' tum sic excepit regia Iuno:
'mecum erit iste labor. nunc qua ratione quod instat 115
confieri possit, paucis (aduerte) docebo.
uenatum Aeneas unaque miserrima Dido
in nemus ire parant, ubi primos crastinus ortus
extulerit Titan radiisque retexerit orbem.
his ego nigram commixta grandine nimbum, 120
dum trepidant alae saltusque indagine cingunt,
desuper infundam et tonitru caelum omne ciebo.
diffugient comites et nocte tegentur opaca:
speluncam Dido dux et Troianus eandem
deuenient. adero et, tua si mihi certa uoluntas, 125
conubio iungam stabili propriamque dicabo.
hic hymenaeus erit.' non aduersata petenti
adnuat atque dolis risit Cytherea repertis.

Oceanum interea surgens Aurora reliquit.
it portis iubare exorto delecta iuuentus, 130
retia rara, plagae, lato uenabula ferro,
Massylique ruunt equites et odora canum uis.
reginam thalamo cunctantem ad limina primi
Poenorum exspectant, ostroque insignis et auro
stat sonipes ac frena ferox spumantia mandit. 135
tandem progreditur magna stipante caterua
Sidoniam picto chlamydem circumdata limbo;
cui pharetra ex auro, crines nodantur in aurum,
aurea purpuream subnectit fibula uestem.
nec non et Phrygii comites et laetus Iulus 140

incedunt. ipse ante alios pulcherrimus omnis
infert se socium Aeneas atque agmina iungit.
qualis ubi hibernam Lyciam Xanthique fluenta
deserit ac Delum maternam inuisit Apollo
instauratque choros, mixtique altaria circum 145
Cretesque Dryopesque fremunt pictique Agathyrsi;
ipse iugis Cynthi graditur mollique fluentem
fronde premit crinem fingens atque implicat auro,
tela sonant umeris: haud illo segnior ibat
Aeneas, tantum egregio decus enitet ore. 150
postquam altos uentum in montis atque inuia lustra,
ecce ferae saxi deiectae uertice caprae
decurrere iugis; alia de parte patentis
transmittunt cursu campos atque agmina cerui
puluerulenta fuga glomerant montisque relinquunt. 155
at puer Ascanius mediis in uallibus acri
gaudet equo iamque hos cursu, iam praeterit illos,
spumantemque dari pecora inter inertia uotis
optat aprum, aut fuluum descendere monte leonem.

Interea magno misceri murmure caelum 160
incipit, insequitur commixta grandine nimbus,
et Tyrii comites passim et Troiana iuuentus
Dardaniusque nepos Veneris diuersa per agros
tectata metu petiere; ruunt de montibus amnes.
speluncam Dido dux et Troianus eandem 165
deueniunt. prima et Tellus et pronuba Iuno
dant signum; fulsere ignes et conscius aether
conubiis summoque ulularunt uertice Nymphae.
ille dies primus leti primusque malorum
causa fuit; neque enim specie famaue mouetur 170
nec iam furtiuum Dido meditatur amorem:
coniugium uocat, hoc praetexit nomine culpam.

Extemplo Libyae magnas it Fama per urbes,
Fama, malum qua non aliud uelocius ullum:
mobilitate uiget uirisque acquirit eundo, 175

parua metu primo, mox sese attollit in auras
ingrediturque solo et caput inter nubila condit.
illam Terra parens ira inritata deorum
extremam, ut perhibent, Coeo Enceladoque sororem
progeniuit pedibus celerem et perniciousis alis, 180
monstrum horrendum, ingens, cui quot sunt corpore plumae,
tot uigiles oculi subter (mirabile dictu),
tot linguae, totidem ora sonant, tot subrigit auris.
nocte uolat caeli medio terraeque per umbram
stridens, nec dulci declinat lumina somno; 185
luce sedet custos aut summi culmine tecti
turribus aut altis, et magnas territat urbes,
tam ficti prauique tenax quam nuntia ueri.
haec tum multiplici populos sermone replebat
gaudens, et pariter facta atque infecta canebat: 190
uenisse Aenean Troiano sanguine cretum,
cui se pulchra uiro dignetur iungere Dido;
nunc hiemem inter se luxu, quam longa, fouere
regnum immemores turpique cupidine captos.
haec passim dea foeda uirum diffundit in ora. 195
protinus ad regem cursus detorquet Iarban
incenditque animum dictis atque aggerat iras.

Hic Hammone satus rapta Garamantide nympha
templa Ioui centum latis immania regnis,
centum aras posuit uigilemque sacrauerat ignem, 200
excubias diuum aeternas, pecudumque cruore
pingue solum et uariis florentia limina sertis.
isque amens animi et rumore accensus amaro
dicitur ante aras media inter numina diuum
multa Iouem manibus supplex orasse supinis: 205
'Iuppiter omnipotens, cui nunc Maurusia pictis
gens epulata toris Lenaeum libat honorem,
aspicis haec? an te, genitor, cum fulmina torques
nequiquam horremus, caecique in nubibus ignes
terrificant animos et inania murmura miscent? 210
femina, quae nostris errans in finibus urbem

exiguam pretio posuit, cui litus arandum
cuique loci leges dedimus, conubia nostra
reppulit ac dominum Aenean in regna recepit.
et nunc ille Paris cum semiuiro comitatu, 215
Maeonia mentum mitra crinemque madentem
subnexus, raptu potitur: nos munera templis
quippe tuis ferimus famamque fouemus inanem.'

Talibus orantem dictis arasque tenentem
audiit Omnipotens, oculosque ad moenia torsit 220
regia et oblitos famae melioris amantis.
tum sic Mercurium adloquitur ac talia mandat:
'uade age, nate, uoca Zephyros et labere pennis
Dardaniumque ducem, Tyria Karthagine qui nunc
exspectat fatisque datas non respicit urbes, 225
adloquere et celeris defer mea dicta per auras.
non illum nobis genetrix pulcherrima talem
promisit Graiumque ideo bis uindicat armis;
sed fore qui grauidam imperiis belloque frementem
Italiam regeret, genus alto a sanguine Teucri 230
proderet, ac totum sub leges mitteret orbem.
si nulla accendit tantarum gloria rerum
nec super ipse sua molitur laude laborem,
Ascanione pater Romanas inuidet arces?
quid struit? aut qua spe inimica in gente moratur 235
nec prolem Ausoniam et Lauinia respicit arua?
nauiget! haec summa est, hic nostri nuntius esto.'

Dixerat. ille patris magni parere parabat
imperio; et primum pedibus talaria nectit
aurea, quae sublimem alis siue aequora supra 240
seu terram rapido pariter cum flamine portant.
tum uirgam capit: hac animas ille euocat Orco
pallentis, alias sub Tartara tristia mittit,
dat somnos adimitque, et lumina morte resignat.
illa fretus agit uentos et turbida tranat 245
nubila. iamque uolans apicem et latera ardua cernit

Atlantis duri caelum qui uertice fulcit,
Atlantis, cinctum adsidue cui nubibus atris
piniferum caput et uento pulsatur et imbri,
nix umeros infusa tegit, tum flumina mento 250
praecipitant senis, et glacie riget horrida barba.
hic primum paribus nitens Cyllenius alis
constitit; hinc toto praeceps se corpore ad undas
misit aui similis, quae circum litora, circum
piscosos scopulos humilis uolat aequora iuxta. 255
haud aliter terras inter caelumque uolabat
litus harenosum ad Libyae, uentosque secabat
materno ueniens ab auo Cyllenia proles.
ut primum alatis tetigit magalia plantis,
Aenean fundantem arces ac tecta nouantem 260
conspicit. atque illi stellatus iaspide fulua
ensis erat Tyrioque ardebat murice laena
demissa ex umeris, diues quae munera Dido
fecerat, et tenui telas discreuerat auro.
continuo inuadit: ‘tu nunc Karthaginis altae 265
fundamenta locas pulchramque uxorius urbem
exstruis? heu, regni rerumque oblite tuarum!
ipse deum tibi me claro demittit Olympo
regnator, caelum et terras qui numine torquet,
ipse haec ferre iubet celeris mandata per auras: 270
quid struis? aut qua spe Libycis teris otia terris?
si te nulla mouet tantarum gloria rerum
[nec super ipse tua moliris laude laborem,]
Ascanium surgentem et spes heredis Iuli
respice, cui regnum Italiae Romanaque tellus 275
debetur.’ tali Cyllenius ore locutus
mortalis uisus medio sermone reliquit
et procul in tenuem ex oculis euauit auram.
At uero Aeneas aspectu obmutuit amens,
arrectaeque horrore comae et uox faucibus haesit. 280
ardet abire fuga dulcisque relinquere terras,
attonitus tanto monitu imperioque deorum.
heu quid agat? quo nunc reginam ambire furentem

audeat adfatu? quae prima exordia sumat?
atque animum nunc huc celerem nunc diuidit illuc 285
in partisque rapit uarias perque omnia uersat.
haec alternanti potior sententia uisa est:
Mnesthea Sergestumque uocat fortemque Serestum,
classem aptent taciti sociosque ad litora cogant,
arma parent et quae rebus sit causa nouandis 290
dissimulent; sese interea, quando optima Dido
nesciat et tantos rumpi non speret amores,
temptaturum aditus et quae mollissima fandi
tempora, quis rebus dexter modus. ocius omnes
imperio laeti parent et iussa facessunt. 295

At regina dolos (quis fallere possit amantem?)
praesensit, motusque exceptit prima futuros
omnia tuta timens. eadem impia Fama furenti
detulit armari classem cursumque parari.
saeuit inops animi totamque incensa per urbem 300
bacchatur, qualis commotis excita sacris
Thyias, ubi audito stimulant trieterica Baccho
orgia nocturnusque uocat clamore Cithaeron.
tandem his Aenean compellat uocibus ultro:
'dissimulare etiam sperasti, perfide, tantum 305
posse nefas tacitusque mea decedere terra?
nec te noster amor nec te data dextera quondam
nec moritura tenet crudeli funere Dido?
quin etiam hiberno moliri sidere classem
et mediis properas Aquilonibus ire per altum, 310
crudelis? quid, si non arua aliena domosque
ignotas peteres, et Troia antiqua maneret,
Troia per undosum peteretur classibus aequor?
mene fugis? per ego has lacrimas dextramque tuam te
(quando aliud mihi iam miserae nihil ipsa reliqui), 315
per conubia nostra, per inceptos hymenaeos,
si bene quid de te merui, fuit aut tibi quicquam
dulce meum, miserere domus labentis et istam,
oro, si quis adhuc precibus locus, exue mentem.

te propter Libycae gentes Nomadumque tyranni 320
odere, infensi Tyrii; te propter eundem
exstinctus pudor et, qua sola sidera adibam,
fama prior. cui me moribundam deseris hospes
(hoc solum nomen quoniam de coniuge restat)?
quid moror? an mea Pygmalion dum moenia frater 325
destruat aut captam ducat Gaetulus Iarbas?
saltem si qua mihi de te suscepta fuisset
ante fugam suboles, si quis mihi paruulus aula
luderet Aeneas, qui te tamen ore referret,
non equidem omnino capta ac deserta uiderer.’ 330

Dixerat. ille Iouis monitis immota tenebat
lumina et obnixus curam sub corde premebat.
tandem pauca refert: ‘ego te, quae plurima fando
enumerare uales, numquam, regina, negabo
promeritam, nec me meminisse pigebit Elissae 335
dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos regit artus.
pro re pauca loquar. neque ego hanc abscondere furto
speraui (ne finge) fugam, nec coniugis umquam
praetendi taedas aut haec in foedera ueni.
me si fata meis paterentur ducere uitam 340
auspiciis et sponte mea componere curas,
urbem Troianam primum dulcisque meorum
reliquias colerem, Priami tecta alta manerent,
et recidiua manu posuissem Pergama uictis.
sed nunc Italiam magnam Gryneus Apollo, 345
Italiam Lyciae iussere capessere sortes;
hic amor, haec patria est. si te Karthaginis arces
Phoenissam Libycaeque aspectus detinet urbis,
quae tandem Ausonia Teucros considerare terra
inuidia est? et nos fas extera quaerere regna. 350
me patris Anchisae, quotiens umentibus umbris
nox operit terras, quotiens astra ignea surgunt,
admonet in somnis et turbida terret imago;
me puer Ascanius capitisque iniuria cari,
quem regno Hesperiae fraudo et fatalibus aruis. 355

nunc etiam interpres diuum Ioue missus ab ipso
(testor utrumque caput) celeris mandata per auras
detulit: ipse deum manifesto in lumine uidi
intransentem muros uocemque his auribus hausi.
desine meque tuis incendere teque querelis; 360
Italiam non sponte sequor.'

Talia dicentem iamdudum auersa tuetur
huc illuc uoluens oculos totumque pererrat
luminibus tacitis et sic accensa profatur:
'nec tibi diua parens generis nec Dardanus auctor, 365
perfide, sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens
Caucasus Hyrcanaeque admorunt ubera tigres.
nam quid dissimulo aut quae me ad maiora reseruo?
num fletu ingemuit nostro? num lumina flexit?
num lacrimas uictus dedit aut miseratus amantem est? 370
quae quibus anteferam? iam iam nec maxima Iuno
nec Saturnius haec oculis pater aspicit aequis.
nusquam tuta fides. eiectum litore, egentem
excepi et regni demens in parte locaui.
amissam classem, socios a morte reduxi 375
(heu furiis incensa feror!); nunc augur Apollo,
nunc Lyciae sortes, nunc et Ioue missus ab ipso
interpres diuum fert horrida iussa per auras.
scilicet is superis labor est, ea cura quietos
solicitat. neque te teneo neque dicta refello: 380
i, sequere Italiam uentis, pete regna per undas.
spero equidem mediis, si quid pia numina possunt,
supplicia hausurum scopulis et nomine Dido
saepe uocaturum. sequar atris ignibus absens
et, cum frigida mors anima seduxerit artus, 385
omnibus umbra locis adero. dabis, improbe, poenas.
audiam et haec Manis ueniet mihi fama sub imos.'
his medium dictis sermonem abruptum et auras
aegra fugit seque ex oculis auertit et aufert,
linquens multa metu cunctantem et multa parantem 390
dicere. suscipiunt famulae conlapsaque membra

marmoreo referunt thalamo stratisque reponunt.

At pius Aeneas, quamquam lenire dolentem
solando cupit et dictis auertere curas,
multa gemens magnoque animum labefactus amore 395
iussa tamen diuum exsequitur classemque reuisit.
tum uero Teucri incumbunt et litore celsas
deducunt toto nauis. natat uncta carina,
frondentisque ferunt remos et robora siluis
infabricata fugae studio. 400
migrantis cernas totaque ex urbe ruentis:
ac uelut ingentem formicae farris aceruum
cum populant hiemis memores tectoque reponunt,
it nigrum campis agmen praedamque per herbas
conuectant calle angusto; pars grandia trudunt 405
obnixae frumenta umeris, pars agmina cogunt
castigantque moras, opere omnis semita feruet.
quis tibi tum, Dido, cernenti talia sensus,
quosue dabas gemitus, cum litora feruere late
prospiceres arce ex summa, totumque uideres 410
misceri ante oculos tantis clamoribus aequor!
improbe Amor, quid non mortalia pectora cogis!
ire iterum in lacrimas, iterum temptare precando
cogitur et supplex animos summittere amanti,
ne quid inexpertum frustra moritura relinquat. 415

‘Anna, uides toto properari litore circum:
undique conuenere; uocat iam carbasus auras,
puppibus et laeti nautae imposuere coronas.
hunc ego si potui tantum sperare dolorem,
et perferre, soror, potero. miserae hoc tamen unum 420
exsequere, Anna, mihi; solam nam perfidus ille
te colere, arcanos etiam tibi credere sensus;
sola uiri mollis aditus et tempora noras.
i, soror, atque hostem supplex adfare superbum:
non ego cum Danais Troianam exscindere gentem 425
Aulide iuraui classemue ad Pergama misi,

nec patris Anchisae cinerem manisue reuelli:
cur mea dicta negat duras demittere in auris?
quo ruit? extremum hoc miserae det munus amanti:
exspectet facilemque fugam uentosque ferentis. 430
non iam coniugium antiquum, quod prodidit, oro,
nec pulchro ut Latio careat regnumque relinquat:
tempus inane peto, requiem spatiumque furori,
dum mea me uictam doceat fortuna dolere.
extremam hanc oro ueniam (miserere sororis), 435
quam mihi cum dederit cumulatam morte remittam.’

Talibus orabat, talisque miserrima fletus
fertque refertque soror. sed nullis ille mouetur
fletibus aut uoces ullas tractabilis audit;
fata obstant placidasque uiri deus obstruit auris. 440
ac uelut annoso ualidam cum robore quercum
Alpini Boreae nunc hinc nunc flatibus illinc
eruere inter se certant; it stridor, et altae
consternunt terram concusso stipite frondes;
ipsa haeret scopulis et quantum uertice ad auras 445
aetherias, tantum radice in Tartara tendit:
haud secus adsiduis hinc atque hinc uocibus heros
tunditur, et magno persentit pectore curas;
mens immota manet, lacrimae uoluuntur inanes.

Tum uero infelix fatis exterrita Dido 450
mortem orat; taedet caeli conuexa tueri.
quo magis inceptum peragat lucemque relinquat,
uidit, turicremis cum dona imponeret aris,
(horrendum dictu) latices nigrescere sacros
fusaque in obscenum se uertere uina cruorem; 455
hoc uisum nulli, non ipsi effata sorori.
praeterea fuit in tectis de marmore templum
coniugis antiqui, miro quod honore colebat,
uelleribus niueis et festa fronde reuinctum:
hinc exaudiri uoces et uerba uocantis 460
uisa uiri, nox cum terras obscura teneret,

solaque culminibus ferali carmine bubo
saepe queri et longas in fletum ducere uoces;
multaque praeterea uatum praedicta priorum
terribili monitu horrificant. agit ipse furem 465
in somnis feras Aeneas, semperque relinqui
sola sibi, semper longam incommitata uidetur
ire uiam et Tyrios deserta quaerere terra,
Eumenidum ueluti demens uidet agmina Pentheus
et solem geminum et duplices se ostendere Thebas, 470
aut Agamemnonius scaenis agitatus Orestes,
armatam facibus matrem et serpentibus atris
cum fugit ultricesque sedent in limine Dirae.

Ergo ubi concepit furias euicta dolore
decreuitque mori, tempus secum ipsa modumque 475
exigit, et maestam dictis adgressa sororem
consilium uultu tegit ac spem fronte serenat:
‘inueni, germana, uiam (gratare sorori)
quae mihi reddat eum uel eo me soluat amantem.
Oceani finem iuxta solemque cadentem 480
ultimus Aethiopum locus est, ubi maximus Atlas
axem umero torquet stellis ardentibus aptum:
hinc mihi Massylae gentis monstrata sacerdos,
Hesperidum templi custos, epulasque draconi
quae dabat et sacros seruabat in arbore ramos, 485
spargens umida mella soporiferumque papauer.
haec se carminibus promittit soluere mentes
quas uelit, ast aliis duras immittere curas,
sistere aquam fluuiis et uertere sidera retro,
nocturnosque mouet Manis: mugire uidebis 490
sub pedibus terram et descendere montibus ornos.
testor, cara, deos et te, germana, tuumque
dulce caput, magicas inuitam accingier artis.
tu secreta pyram tecto interiore sub auras
erige, et arma uiri thalamo quae fixa reliquit 495
impius exuuiasque omnis lectumque iugalem,
quo perii, super imponas: abolere nefandi

cuncta uiri monimenta iuuat monstratque sacerdos.⁷
haec effata silet, pallor simul occupat ora.
non tamen Anna nouis praetexere funera sacris 500
germanam credit, nec tantos mente furores
concepit aut grauiora timet quam morte Sychaei.
ergo iussa parat.

At regina, pyra penetrali in sede sub auras
erecta ingenti taedis atque ilice secta, 505
intenditque locum sertis et fronde coronat
funerea; super exuias ensemque relictum
effigiemque toro locat haud ignara futuri.
stant arae circum et crinis effusa sacerdos
ter centum tonat ore deos, Erebumque Chaosque 510
tergeminamque Hecaten, tria uirginis ora Dianae.
sparserat et latices simulatos fontis Auerni,
falcibus et messae ad lunam quaeruntur aenis
pubentes herbae nigri cum lacte ueneni;
quaeritur et nascentis equi de fronte reuulsus 515
et matri praereptus amor.
ipsa mola manibusque piis altaria iuxta
unum exuta pedem uinclis, in ueste recincta,
testatur moritura deos et conscia fati
sidera; tum, si quod non aequo foedere amantis 520
curae numen habet iustumque memorque, precatur.

Nox erat et placidum carpebant fessa soporem
corpora per terras, siluaeque et saeua quierant
aequora, cum medio uoluuntur sidera lapsu,
cum tacet omnis ager, pecudes pictaeque uolucres, 525
quaeque lacus late liquidos quaeque aspera dumis
rura tenent, somno positae sub nocte silenti.
at non infelix animi Phoenissa, neque umquam 529
soluitur in somnos oculisue aut pectore noctem
accipit: ingeminant curae rursusque resurgens
saeuit amor magnoque irarum fluctuat aestu.
sic adeo insistit secumque ita corde uolutat:

‘en, quid ago? rursusne procos inrisa priores
experiar, Nomadumque petam conubia supplex, 535
quos ego sim totiens iam dedignata maritos?
Iliacas igitur classis atque ultima Teucrum
iussa sequar? quiane auxilio iuuat ante leuatos
et bene apud memores ueteris stat gratia facti?
quis me autem, fac uelle, sinet ratibusue superbis 540
inuisam accipiet? nescis heu, perdita, necdum
Laomedontaeae sentis periuria gentis?
quid tum? sola fuga nautas comitabor ouantis?
an Tyriis omnique manu stipata meorum
inferar et, quos Sidonia uix urbe reuelli, 545
rursus agam pelago et uentis dare uela iubebo?
quin morere ut merita es, ferroque auerte dolorem.
tu lacrimis euicta meis, tu prima furemtem
his, germana, malis oneras atque obicis hosti.
non licuit thalami expertem sine crimine uitam 550
degere more ferae, talis nec tangere curas;
non seruata fides cineri promissa Sychaeo.’

Tantos illa suo rumpebat pectore questus:
Aeneas celsa in puppi iam certus eundi
carpebat somnos rebus iam rite paratis. 555
huic se forma dei uultu redeuntis eodem
obtulit in somnis rursusque ita uisa monere est,
omnia Mercurio similis, uocemque coloremque
et crinis flauos et membra decora iuuenta:
‘nate dea, potes hoc sub casu ducere somnos, 560
nec quae te circum stent deinde pericula cernis,
demens, nec Zephyros audis spirare secundos?
illa dolos dirumque nefas in pectore uersat
certa mori, uariosque irarum concitat aestus.
non fugis hinc praeceps, dum praecipitare potestas? 565
iam mare turbari trabibus saeuasque uidebis
conlucere faces, iam feruere litora flammis,
si te his attigerit terris Aurora morantem.
heia age, rumpe moras. uarium et mutabile semper

femina.' sic fatus nocti se immiscuit atrae. 570

Tum uero Aeneas subitis exterritus umbris
corripit e somno corpus sociosque fatigat
praecipitis: 'uigilate, uiri, et considite transtris;
soluite uela citi. deus aethere missus ab alto
festinare fugam tortosque incidere funis 575
ecce iterum instimulat. sequimur te, sancte deorum,
quisquis es, imperioque iterum paremus ouantes.
adsis o placidusque iuues et sidera caelo
dextra feras.' dixit uaginaque eripit ensem
fulmineum strictoque ferit retinacula ferro. 580
idem omnis simul ardor habet, rapiuntque ruuntque;
litora deseruere, latet sub classibus aequor,
adnixa torquent spumas et caerula uerrunt.

Et iam prima nouo spargebat lumine terras
Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile. 585
regina e speculis ut primam albescere lucem
uidit et aequatis classem procedere uelis,
litoraue et uacuos sensit sine remige portus,
terque quaterque manu pectus percussa decorum
flauentisque abscissa comas 'pro Iuppiter! ibit 590
hic,' ait 'et nostris inluserit aduena regnis?
non arma expedient totaque ex urbe sequentur,
diripientque rates alii naualibus? ite,
ferte citi flammas, date tela, impellite remos!
quid loquor? aut ubi sum? quae mentem insania mutat? 595
infelix Dido, nunc te facta impia tangunt?
tum decuit, cum sceptras dabas. en dextra fidesque,
quem secum patrios aiunt portare penatis,
quem subiisse umeris confectum aetate parentem!
non potui abreptum diuellere corpus et undis 600
spargere? non socios, non ipsum absumere ferro
Ascanium patriisque epulandum ponere mensis?
uerum anceps pugnae fuerat fortuna. fuisset:
quem metui moritura? faces in castra tulissem

implessemque foros flammis natumque patremque 605
cum genere exstinxem, memet super ipsa dedissem.
Sol, qui terrarum flammis opera omnia lustras,
tuque harum interpres curarum et conscia Iuno,
nocturnisque Hecate triuiis ululata per urbes
et Dirae ultrices et di morientis Elissae, 610
accipite haec, meritumque malis aduertite numen
et nostras audite preces. si tangere portus
infandum caput ac terris adnare necesse est,
et sic fata Iouis poscunt, hic terminus haeret,
at bello audacis populi uexatus et armis, 615
finibus extorris, complexu auulsus Iuli
auxilium imploret uideatque indigna suorum
funera; nec, cum se sub leges pacis iniquae
tradiderit, regno aut optata luce fruatur,
sed cadat ante diem mediaque inhumatus harena. 620
haec precor, hanc uocem extremam cum sanguine fundo.
tum uos, o Tyrii, stirpem et genus omne futurum
exercete odiis, cinerique haec mittite nostro
munera. nullus amor populis nec foedera sunt.
exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor 625
qui face Dardanios ferroque sequare colonos,
nunc, olim, quocumque dabunt se tempore uires.
litora litoribus contraria, fluctibus undas
imprecor, arma armis: pugnent ipsique nepotesque.'

Haec ait, et partis animum uersabat in omnis, 630
inuisam quaerens quam primum abrumpere lucem.
tum breuiter Barcen nutricem adfata Sychaei,
namque suam patria antiqua cinis ater habebat:
'Annam, cara mihi nutrix, huc siste sororem:
dic corpus properet fluuiali spargere lympha, 635
et pecudes secum et monstrata piacula ducat.
sic ueniat, tuque ipsa pia tege tempora uitta.
sacra Ioui Stygio, quae rite incepta paraui,
perficere est animus finemque imponere curis
Dardaniique rogum capitis permittere flammae.' 640

sic ait. illa gradum studio celebrabat anili.
at trepida et coeptis immanibus effera Dido
sanguineam uoluens aciem, maculisque trementis
interfusa genas et pallida morte futura,
interiora domus inrumpit limina et altos 645
conscendit furibunda rogos ensemque recludit
Dardanium, non hos quaesitum munus in usus.
hic, postquam Iliacas uestis notumque cubile
conspexit, paulum lacrimis et mente morata
incubuitque toro dixitque nouissima uerba: 650
‘dulces exuuias, dum fata deusque sinebat,
accipite hanc animam meque his exsoluite curis.
uixi et quem dederat cursum Fortuna peregi,
et nunc magna mei sub terras ibit imago.
urbem praeclaram statui, mea moenia uidi, 655
ulta uirum poenas inimico a fratre recepi,
felix, heu nimium felix, si litora tantum
numquam Dardaniae tetigissent nostra carinae.’
dixit, et os impressa toro ‘moriemur inultae,
sed moriamur’ ait. ‘sic, sic iuuat ire sub umbras. 660
hauriat hunc oculis ignem crudelis ab alto
Dardanus, et nostrae secum ferat omina mortis.’
dixerat, atque illam media inter talia ferro
conlapsam aspiciunt comites, ensemque cruore
spumantem sparsasque manus. it clamor ad alta 665
atria: concussam bacchatur Fama per urbem.
lamentis gemituque et femineo ululatu
tectata fremunt, resonat magnis plangoribus aether,
non aliter quam si immissis ruat hostibus omnis
Karthago aut antiqua Tyros, flammaeque furentes 670
culmina perque hominum uoluantur perque deorum.
audiit exanimis trepidoque exterrita cursu
unguibus ora soror foedans et pectora pugnis
per medios ruit, ac morientem nomine clamat:
‘hoc illud, germana, fuit? me fraude petebas? 675
hoc rogos iste mihi, hoc ignes araeque parabant?
quid primum deserta querar? comitemne sororem

spreuisti moriens? eadem me ad fata uocasses,
idem ambas ferro dolor atque eadem hora tulisset.
his etiam struxi manibus patriosque uocaui 680
uoce deos, sic te ut posita, crudelis, abessem?
exstincti te meque, soror, populumque patresque
Sidonios urbemque tuam. date, uulnera lymphis
abluam et, extremus si quis super halitus errat,
ore legam.' sic fata gradus euaserat altos, 685
semianimemque sinu germanam amplexa fouebat
cum gemitu atque atros siccabat ueste cruores.
illa grauis oculos conata attollere rursus
deficit; infixum stridit sub pectore uulnus.
ter sese attollens cubitoque adnixa leuauit, 690
ter reuoluta toro est oculisque errantibus alto
quaesiuit caelo lucem ingemuitque reperta.

Tum Iuno omnipotens longum miserata dolorem
difficilisque obitus Irim demisit Olympo
quae luctantem animam nexosque resolveret artus. 695
nam quia nec fato merita nec morte peribat,
sed misera ante diem subitoque accensa furore,
nondum illi flauum Proserpina uertice crinem
abstulerat Stygioque caput damnauerat Orco.
ergo Iris croceis per caelum roscida pennis 700
mille trahens uarios aduerso sole colores
deuolat et supra caput astitit. 'hunc ego Diti
sacrum iussa fero teque isto corpore soluo':
sic ait et dextra crinem secat, omnis et una
dilapsus calor atque in uentos uita recessit.

LIBER V

Interea medium Aeneas iam classe tenebat
certus iter fluctusque atros Aquilone secabat
moenia respiciens, quae iam infelicis Elissae
conlucent flammis. quae tantum accenderit ignem
causa latet; duri magno sed amore dolores 5
polluto, notumque furens quid femina possit,
triste per augurium Teucrorum pectora ducunt.
ut pelagus tenere rates nec iam amplius ulla
occurrit tellus, maria undique et undique caelum,
olli caeruleus supra caput astitit imber 10
noctem hiememque ferens et inhorruit unda tenebris.
ipse gubernator puppi Palinurus ab alta:
‘heu quianam tanti cinxerunt aethera nimbi?
quidue, pater Neptune, paras?’ sic deinde locutus
colligere arma iubet ualidisque incumbere remis, 15
obliquatque sinus in uentum ac talia fatur:
‘magnanime Aenea, non, si mihi Iuppiter auctor
spondeat, hoc sperem Italiam contingere caelo.
mutati transuersa fremunt et uespere ab atro
consurgunt uenti, atque in nubem cogitur aer. 20
nec nos obniti contra nec tendere tantum
sufficimus. superat quoniam Fortuna, sequamur,
quoque uocat uertamus iter. nec litora longe
fida reor fraterna Erycis portusque Sicanos,
si modo rite memor seruata remetior astra.’ 25
tum pius Aeneas: ‘equidem sic poscere uentos
iamdudum et frustra cerno te tendere contra.
flecte uiam uelis. an sit mihi gratior ulla,
quoque magis fessas optem dimittere nauis,
quam quae Dardanium tellus mihi seruat Acesten 30
et patris Anchisae gremio complectitur ossa?’
haec ubi dicta, petunt portus et uela secundi
intendunt Zephyri; fertur cita gurgite classis,
et tandem laeti notae aduertuntur harenae.

At procul ex celso miratus uertice montis 35
aduentum sociasque rates occurrit Acestes,
horridus in iaculis et pelle Libystidis ursae,
Troia Criniso conceptum flumine mater
quem genuit. ueterum non immemor ille parentum
gratatur reduces et gaza laetus agresti 40
excipit, ac fessos opibus solatur amicis.

Postera cum primo stellas Oriente fugarat
clara dies, socios in coetum litore ab omni
aduocat Aeneas tumulique ex aggere fatur:
‘Dardanidae magni, genus alto a sanguine diuum, 45
annuus exactis completur mensibus orbis,
ex quo reliquias diuinique ossa parentis
concidimus terra maestasque sacrauius aras;
iamque dies, nisi fallor, adest, quem semper acerbum,
semper honoratum (sic di uoluistis) habebo. 50
hunc ego Gaetulis agerem si Syrtibus exsul,
Argolicoue mari deprensus et urbe Mycenae,
annua uota tamen sollemnisque ordine pompas
exsequeretur strueremque suis altaria donis.
nunc ultro ad cineres ipsius et ossa parentis 55
haud equidem sine mente, reor, sine numine diuum
adsumus et portus delati intramus amicos.
ergo agite et laetum cuncti celebremus honorem:
poscamus uentos, atque haec me sacra quotannis
urbe uelit posita templis sibi ferre dicatis. 60
bina bouum uobis Troia generatus Acestes
dat numero capita in nauis; adhibete penatis
et patrios epulis et quos colit hospes Acestes.
praeterea, si nona diem mortalibus alnum
Aurora extulerit radiisque retexerit orbem, 65
prima citae Teucris ponam certamina classis;
quique pedum cursu ualet, et qui uiribus audax
aut iaculo incedit melior leuibusque sagittis,
seu crudo fidit pugnam committere caestu,
cuncti adsint meritaque exspectent praemia palmae. 70

ore fauete omnes et cingite tempora ramis.'

Sic fatus uelat materna tempora myrto.
hoc Helymus facit, hoc aeuī maturus Acestes,
hoc puer Ascanius, sequitur quos cetera pubes.
ille e concilio multis cum milibus ibat 75
ad tumulum magna medius comitante caterua.
hic duo rite mero libans carchesia Baccho
fundit humi, duo lacte nouo, duo sanguine sacro,
purpureosque iacit flores ac talia fatur:
'salue, sancte parens, iterum; saluete, recepti 80
nequiquam cineres animaeque umbraeque paternae.
non licuit finis Italos fataliaque arua
nec tecum Ausonium, quicumque est, quaerere Thybrim.'
dixerat haec, adytis cum lubricus anguis ab imis
septem ingens gyros, septena uolumina traxit 85
amplexus placide tumulum lapsusque per aras,
caeruleae cui terga notae maculosus et auro
squamam incendebat fulgor, ceu nubibus arcus
mille iacit uarios aduerso sole colores.
obstupuit uisu Aeneas. ille agmine longo 90
tandem inter pateras et leuia pocula serpens
libauitque dapes rursusque innoxius imo
successit tumulo et depasta altaria liquit.
hoc magis inceptos genitori instaurat honores,
incertus geniumne loci famulumne parentis 95
esse putet; caedit binas de more bidentis
totque sues, totidem nigrantis terga iuuencos,
uinaque fundebat pateris animamque uocabat
Anchisae magni manisque Acheronte remissos.
nec non et socii, quae cuique est copia, laeti 100
dona ferunt, onerant aras mactantque iuuencos;
ordine aena locant alii fusique per herbam
subiciunt ueribus prunas et uiscera torrent.

Exspectata dies aderat nonamque serena
Auroram Phaethontis equi iam luce uehebant, 105

famaque finitimos et clari nomen Acestae
excierat; laeto complerant litora coetu
uisuri Aeneadas, pars et certare parati.
munera principio ante oculos circoque locantur
in medio, sacri tripodes uiridesque coronae 110
et palmae pretium uictoribus, armaque et ostro
perfusae uestes, argenti aurique talenta;
et tuba commissos medio canit aggere ludos.

Prima pares ineunt grauibus certamina remis
quattuor ex omni delectae classe carinae. 115
uelocem Mnestheus agit acri remige Pristim,
mox Italus Mnestheus, genus a quo nomine Memmi,
ingentemque Gyas ingenti mole Chimaeram,
urbis opus, triplici pubes quam Dardana uersu
impellunt, terno consurgunt ordine remi; 120
Sergestusque, domus tenet a quo Sergia nomen,
Centauro inuehitur magna, Scyllaque Cloanthus
caerulea, genus unde tibi, Romane Cluenti.

Est procul in pelago saxum spumantia contra
litora, quod tumidis summersum tunditur olim 125
fluctibus, hiberni condunt ubi sidera Cauri;
tranquillo silet immotaque attollitur unda
campus et apricis statio gratissima mergis.
hic uiridem Aeneas frondenti ex ilice metam
constituit signum nautis pater, unde reuerti 130
scirent et longos ubi circumflectere cursus.
tum loca sorte legunt ipsique in puppibus auro
ductores longe effulgent ostroque decori;
cetera populea uelatur fronde iuuentus
nudatosque umeros oleo perfusa nitescit. 135
considunt transtris, intentaque bracchia remis;
intenti exspectant signum, exsultantiaque haurit
corda pauor pulsans laudumque arrecta cupido.
inde ubi clara dedit sonitum tuba, finibus omnes,
haud mora, prosiluire suis; ferit aethera clamor 140

nauticus, adductis spumant freta uersa lacertis.
infindunt pariter sulcos, totumque dehiscit
conuulsum remis rostrisque tridentibus aequor.
non tam praecipites biugo certamine campum
corripuere ruuntque effusi carcere currus, 145
nec sic immissis aurigae undantia lora
concussere iugis pronique in uerbera pendent.
tum plausu fremituque uirum studiisque fauentum
consonat omne nemus, uocemque inclusa uolulant
litora, pulsati colles clamore resultant. 150

Effugit ante alios primisque elabitur undis
turbam inter fremitumque Gyas; quem deinde Cloanthus
consequitur, melior remis, sed pondere pinus
tarda tenet. post hos aequo discrimine Pristis
Centaurusque locum tendunt superare priorem; 155
et nunc Pristis habet, nunc uictam praeterit ingens
Centaurus, nunc una ambae iunctisque feruntur
frontibus et longa sulcant uada salsa carina.
iamque propinquabant scopulo metamque tenebant,
cum princeps medioque Gyas in gurgite uictor 160
rectorem nauis compellat uoce Menoeten:
'quo tantum mihi dexter abis? huc derige cursum;
litus ama et laeua stringat sine palmula cautes;
altum alii teneant.' dixit; sed caeca Menoetes
saxa timens proram pelagi detorquet ad undas. 165
'quo diuersus abis?' iterum 'pete saxa, Menoete!'
cum clamore Gyas reuocabat, et ecce Cloanthum
respicit instantem tergo et propiora tenentem.
ille inter nauemque Gyaee scopulosque sonantis
radit iter laeuum interior subitoque priorem 170
praeterit et metis tenet aequora tuta relictis.
tum uero exarsit iuueni dolor ossibus ingens
nec lacrimis caruere genae, segnemque Menoeten
oblitus decorisque sui sociumque salutis
in mare praecipitem puppi deturbat ab alta; 175
ipse gubernaclo rector subit, ipse magister

hortaturque uiros clauumque ad litora torquet.
at grauis ut fundo uix tandem redditus imo est
iam senior madidaque fluens in ueste Menoetes
summa petit scopuli siccaque in rupe resedit. 180
illum et labentem Teucris et risere natantem
et salsos rident reuoluentem pectore fluctus.

Hic laeta extremis spes est accensa duobus,
Sergesto Mnestheique, Gyan superare morantem.
Sergestus capit ante locum scopuloque propinquat, 185
nec tota tamen ille prior praeceunte carina;
parte prior, partim rostro premit aemula Pristis.
at media socios incedens naue per ipsos
hortatur Mnestheus: 'nunc, nunc insurgite remis,
Hectorei socii, Troiae quos sorte suprema 190
delegi comites; nunc illas promite uiris,
nunc animos, quibus in Gaetulis Syrtibus usi
Ionioque mari Maleaeque sequacibus undis.
non iam prima peto Mnestheus neque uincere certo
(quamquam o! — sed superent quibus hoc, Neptune, dedisti); 195
extremos pudeat rediisse: hoc uincite, ciues,
et prohibete nefas.' olli certamine summo
procumbunt: uastis tremit ictibus aerea puppis
subtrahiturque solum, tum creber anhelitus artus
aridaque ora quatit, sudor fluit undique riuus. 200
attulit ipse uiris optatum casus honorem:
namque furens animi dum proram ad saxa suburget
interior spatiumque subit Sergestus iniquo,
infelix saxis in procurrentibus haesit.
concussae cautes et acuto in murice remi 205
obnixi crepuere inlisaque prora pependit.
consurgunt nautae et magno clamore morantur
ferratasque trudes et acuta cuspide contos
expediunt fractosque legunt in gurgite remos.
at laetus Mnestheus successuque acrior ipso 210
agmine remorum celeri uentisque uocatis
prona petit maria et pelago decurrit aperto.

qualis spelunca subito commota columba,
cui domus et dulces latebroso in pumice nidi,
fertur in arua uolans plausumque exterrita pennis 215
dat tecto ingentem, mox aere lapsa quieto
radit iter liquidum celeris neque commouet alas:
sic Mnesteus, sic ipsa fuga secat ultima Pristis
aequora, sic illam fert impetus ipse uolantem.
et primum in scopulo luctantem deserit alto 220
Sergestum breuibisque uadis frustraue uocantem
auxilia et fractis discentem currere remis.
inde Gyan ipsamque ingenti mole Chimaeram
consequitur; cedit, quoniam spoliata magistro est.
solus iamque ipso superest in fine Cloanthus, 225
quem petit et summis adnexus uiribus urget.

Tum uero ingeminat clamor cunctique sequentem
instigant studiis, resonatque fragoribus aether.
hi proprium decus et partum indignantur honorem
ni teneant, uitamque uolunt pro laude pacisci; 230
hos successus alit: possunt, quia posse uidentur.
et fors aequatis cepissent praemia rostris,
ni palmas ponto tendens utrasque Cloanthus
fudisset preces diuosque in uota uocasset:
'di, quibus imperium est pelagi, quorum aequora curro, 235
uobis laetus ego hoc candentem in litore taurum
constituam ante aras uoti reus, extaque salsos
proiciam in fluctus et uina liquentia fundam.'
dixit, eumque imis sub fluctibus audiit omnis
Nereidum Phorcique chorus Panopeaque uirgo, 240
et pater ipse manu magna Portunus euntem
impulit: illa Noto citius uolucrique sagitta
ad terram fugit et portu se condidit alto.
tum satus Anchisa cunctis ex more uocatis
uictorem magna praeconis uoce Cloanthum 245
declarat uiridique aduelat tempora lauro,
muneraque in nauis ternos optare iuuenkos
uinaque et argenti magnum dat ferre talentum.

ipsis praecipuos ductoribus addit honores:
uictori chlamydem auratam, quam plurima circum 250
purpura maeandro duplici Meliboea cucurrit,
intextusque puer frondosa regius Ida
uelocis iaculo ceruos cursuque fatigat
acer, anhelanti similis, quem praepes ab Ida
sublimem pedibus rapuit Iouis armiger uncis; 255
longaeui palmas nequiquam ad sidera tendunt
custodes, saeuitque canum latratus in auras.
at qui deinde locum tenuit uirtute secundum,
leuibz huic hamis consertam auroque trilicem
loricam, quam Demoleo detraxerat ipse 260
uictor apud rapidum Simoenta sub Ilio alto,
donat habere, uiro decus et tutamen in armis.
uix illam famuli Phegeus Sagarisque ferebant
multiplicem conixi umeris; indutus at olim
Demoleos cursu palantis Troas agebat. 265
tertia dona facit geminos ex aere lebetas
cymbiaque argento perfecta atque aspera signis.
iamque adeo donati omnes opibusque superbi
puniceis ibant euincti tempora taenis,
cum saeuo e scopulo multa uix arte reuulsus 270
amissis remis atque ordine debilis uno
inrisam sine honore ratem Sergestus agebat.
qualis saepe uiae deprensus in aggere serpens,
aerea quem obliquum rota transiit aut grauis ictu
seminecem liquit saxo lacerumque uiator; 275
nequiquam longos fugiens dat corpore tortus
parte ferox ardensque oculis et sibila colla
arduus attollens; pars uulnere clauda retentat
nexantem nodis seque in sua membra plicantem:
tali remigio nauis se tarda mouebat; 280
uela facit tamen et uelis subit ostia plenis.
Sergestum Aeneas promisso munere donat
seruatam ob nauem laetus sociosque reductos.
olli serua datur operum haud ignara Mineruae,
Cressa genus, Pholoe, geminique sub ubere nati. 285

Hoc pius Aeneas misso certamine tendit
gramineum in campum, quem collibus undique curuis
cingebant siluae, mediaque in ualle theatri
circus erat; quo se multis cum milibus heros
consessu medium tulit exstructoque resedit. 290
hic, qui forte uelint rapido contendere cursu,
inuitat pretiis animos, et praemia ponit.
undique conueniunt Teucri mixtique Sicani,
Nisus et Euryalus primi,
Euryalus forma insignis uiridique iuuenta, 295
Nisus amore pio pueri; quos deinde secutus
regius egregia Priami de stirpe Diores;
hunc Salius simul et Patron, quorum alter Acarnan,
alter ab Arcadio Tegeaeae sanguine gentis;
tum duo Trinacrii iuuenes, Helymus Panopesque 300
adsueti siluis, comites senioris Acestae;
multi praeterea, quos fama obscura recondit.
Aeneas quibus in mediis sic deinde locutus:
‘accipite haec animis laetasque aduertite mentes.
nemo ex hoc numero mihi non donatus abibit. 305
Cnosia bina dabo leuato lucida ferro
spicula caelatamque argento ferre bipennem;
omnibus hic erit unus honos. tres praemia primi
accipient flauaque caput nectentur oliua.
primus equum phaleris insignem uictor habeto; 310
alter Amazoniam pharetram plenamque sagittis
Threiciis, lato quam circum amplectitur auro
balteus et tereti subnectit fibula gemma;
tertius Argolica hac galea contentus abito.’

Haec ubi dicta, locum capiunt signoque repente 315
corripiunt spatia audito limenque relinquunt,
effusi nimbo similes. simul ultima signant,
primus abit longeque ante omnia corpora Nisus
emicat et uentis et fulminis ocior alis;
proximus huic, longo sed proximus interuallo, 320
insequitur Salius; spatio post deinde relicto

tertius Euryalus;
Euryalumque Helymus sequitur; quo deinde sub ipso
ecce uolat calcemque terit iam calce Diores
incumbens umero, spatia et si plura supersint 325
transeat elapsus prior ambiguumque relinquat.
iamque fere spatio extremo fessique sub ipsam
finem aduentabant, leui cum sanguine Nisus
labitur infelix, caesis ut forte iuuentis
fusus humum uiridisque super madefecerat herbas. 330
hic iuuenis iam uictor ouans uestigia presso
haud tenuit titubata solo, sed pronus in ipso
concidit immundoque fimo sacroque cruore.
non tamen Euryali, non ille oblitus amorum:
nam sese opposuit Salio per lubrica surgens; 335
ille autem spissa iacuit reuolutus harena,
emicat Euryalus et munere uictor amici
prima tenet, plausuque uolat fremituque secundo.
post Helymus subit et nunc tertia palma Diores.
hic totum caueae consessum ingentis et ora 340
prima patrum magnis Salius clamoribus implet,
ereptumque dolo reddi sibi poscit honorem.
tutatur fauor Euryalum lacrimaeque decorae,
gratior et pulchro ueniens in corpore uirtus.
adiuuat et magna proclamat uoce Diores, 345
qui subiit palmae frustra ad praemia uenit
ultima, si primi Salio reddentur honores.
tum pater Aeneas 'uestra' inquit 'munera uobis
certa manent, pueri et palmam mouet ordine nemo;
me liceat casus miserari insontis amici.' 350
sic fatus tergum Gaetuli immane leonis
dat Salio uillis onerosum atque unguibus aureis.
hic Nisus 'si tanta' inquit 'sunt praemia uictis,
et te lapsorum miseret, quae munera Niso
digna dabis, primam merui qui laude coronam 355
ni me, quae Salium, fortuna inimica tulisset?'
et simul his dictis faciem ostentabat et udo
turpia membra fimo. risit pater optimus olli

et clipeum efferri iussit, Didymaonis artes,
Neptuni sacro Danaïs de poste refixum. 360
hoc iuuenem egregium praestanti munere donat.

Post, ubi confecti cursus et dona peregit,
‘nunc, si cui uirtus animusque in pectore praesens,
adsit et euinctis attollat bracchia palmis’:
sic ait, et geminum pugnae proponit honorem, 365
uictori uelatum auro uittisque iuuenicum,
ensem atque insignem galeam solacia uicto.
nec mora; continuo uastis cum uiribus effert
ora Daes magnoque uirum se murmure tollit,
solus qui Paridem solitus contendere contra, 370
idemque ad tumulum quo maximus occubat Hector
uictorem Buten immani corpore, qui se
Bebrycia ueniens Amyci de gente ferebat,
perculit et fulua moribundum extendit harena.
talis prima Daes caput altum in proelia tollit, 375
ostenditque umeros latos alternaque iactat
bracchia protendens et uerberat ictibus auras.
quaeritur huic alius; nec quisquam ex agmine tanto
audet adire uirum manibusque inducere caestus.
ergo alacris cunctosque putans excedere palma 380
Aeneae stetit ante pedes, nec plura moratus
tum laeua taurum cornu tenet atque ita fatur:
‘nate dea, si nemo audet se credere pugnae,
quae finis standi? quo me decet usque teneri?
ducere dona iube.’ cuncti simul ore fremebant 385
Dardanidae reddique uiro promissa iuebant.

Hic grauis Entellum dictis castigat Acestes,
proximus ut uiridante toro consederat herbae:
‘Entelle, heroum quondam fortissime frustra,
tantane tam patiens nullo certamine tolli 390
dona sines? ubi nunc nobis deus ille, magister
nequiquam memoratus, Eryx? ubi fama per omnem
Trinacriam et spolia illa tuis pendencia tectis?’

ille sub haec: 'non laudis amor nec gloria cessit
pulsa metu; sed enim gelidus tardante senecta 395
sanguis hebet, frigentque effetae in corpore uires.
si mihi quae quondam fuerat quaque improbus iste
exultat fidens, si nunc foret illa iuuentas,
haud equidem pretio inductus pulchroque iuuenco
uenissem, nec dona moror.' sic deinde locutus 400
in medium geminos immani pondere caestus
proiecit, quibus acer Eryx in proelia suetus
ferre manum duroque intendere bracchia tergo.
obstipuerunt animi: tantorum ingentia septem
terga bouum plumbo insuto ferroque rigeant. 405
ante omnis stupet ipse Dares longeque recusat,
magnanimusque Anchisiades et pondus et ipsa
huc illuc uinculorum immensa uolumina uersat.
tum senior talis referebat pectore uoces:
'quid, si quis caestus ipsius et Herculis arma 410
uidisset tristemque hoc ipso in litore pugnam?
haec germanus Eryx quondam tuus arma gerebat
(sanguine cernis adhuc sparsoque infecta cerebro),
his magnum Alciden contra stetit, his ego suetus,
dum melior uiris sanguis dabat, aemula necdum 415
temporibus geminis caneant sparsa senectus.
sed si nostra Dares haec Troius arma recusat
idque pio sedet Aeneae, probat auctor Acestes,
aequemus pugnas. Erycis tibi terga remitto
(solue metus), et tu Troianos exue caestus.' 420
haec fatus duplicem ex umeris reiecit amictum
et magnos membrorum artus, magna ossa lacertosque
exiit atque ingens media consistit harena.
tum satus Anchisa caestus pater extulit aequos
et paribus palmas amborum innexuit armis. 425
constitit in digitos extemplo arrectus uterque
bracchiaque ad superas interritus extulit auras.
abduxere retro longe capita ardua ab ictu
immiscentque manus manibus pugnamque lacessunt,
ille pedum melior motu fretusque iuuenta, 430

hic membris et mole ualens; sed tarda trementi
genua labant, uastos quatit aeger anhelitus artus.
multa uiri nequiquam inter se uulnera iactant,
multa cauo lateri ingeminant et pectore uastos
dant sonitus, erratque auris et tempora circum 435
crebra manus, duro crepitant sub uulnere malae.
stat grauis Entellus nisuque immotus eodem
corpore tela modo atque oculis uigilantibus exit.
ille, uelut celsam oppugnat qui molibus urbem
aut montana sedet circum castella sub armis, 440
nunc hos, nunc illos aditus, omnemque pererrat
arte locum et uariis adsultibus inritus urget.
ostendit dextram insurgens Entellus et alte
extulit, ille ictum uenientem a uertice uelox
praeuidit celerique elapsus corpore cessit; 445
Entellus uiris in uentum effudit et ultro
ipse grauis grauiterque ad terram pondere uasto
concidit, ut quondam caua concidit aut Erymantho
aut Ida in magna radicibus eruta pinus.
consurgunt studiis Teucris et Trinacria pubes; 450
it clamor caelo primusque accurrit Acestes
aequaeuumque ab humo miserans attollit amicum.
at non tardatus casu neque territus heros
acrior ad pugnam redit ac uim suscitatur ira;
tum pudor incendit uiris et conscia uirtus, 455
praecipitemque Dares ardens agit aequore toto
nunc dextra ingeminans ictus, nunc ille sinistra.
nec mora nec requies: quam multa grandine nimbi
culminibus crepitant, sic densis ictibus heros
creber utraque manu pulsatur uersatur Dareta. 460

Tum pater Aeneas procedere longius iras
et saeuire animis Entellum haud passus acerbis,
sed finem imposuit pugnae fessumque Dareta
eripuit mulcens dictis ac talia fatur:
'infelix, quae tanta animum dementia cepit? 465
non uiris alias conuersaque numina sentis?

cede deo.' dixitque et proelia uoce diremit.
ast illum fidi aequales genua aegra trahentem
iactantemque utroque caput crassumque cruorem
ore eiectantem mixtosque in sanguine dentes 470
ducunt ad nauis; galeamque ensemque uocati
accipiunt, palmam Entello taurumque relinquunt.
hic uictor superans animis tauroque superbus
'nate dea, uosque haec' inquit 'cognoscite, Teucri,
et mihi quae fuerint iuuenali in corpore uires 475
et qua seruetis reuocatum a morte Dareta.'
dixit, et aduersi contra stetit ora iuueni
qui donum astat pugnae, durosque reducta
librauit dextra media inter cornua caestus
arduus, effractoque inlisit in ossa cerebro: 480
sternitur exanimisque tremens procumbit humi bos.
ille super talis effundit pectore uoces:
'hanc tibi, Eryx, meliorem animam pro morte Daretis
persoluo; hic uictor caestus artemque repono.'

Protinus Aeneas celeri certare sagitta 485
inuitat qui forte uelint et praemia dicit,
ingentique manu malum de naue Seresti
erigit et uolucrum traiecto in fune columbam,
quo tendant ferrum, malo suspendit ab alto.
conuenere uiri deiectamque aerea sortem 490
accepit galea, et primus clamore secundo
Hyrtacidae ante omnis exit locus Hippocoontis;
quem modo nauali Mnestheus certamine uictor
consequitur, uiridi Mnestheus euinctus oliua.
tertius Eurytion, tuus, o clarissime, frater, 495
Pandare, qui quondam iussus confundere foedus
in medios telum torsisti primus Achiuos.
extremus galeaque ima subsedit Acestes,
ausus et ipse manu iuuenum temptare laborem.
tum ualidis flexos incuruant uiribus arcus 500
pro se quisque uiri et depromunt tela pharetris,
primaque per caelum neruo stridente sagitta

Hyrtaeidae iuuenis uolucris diuerberat auras,
et uenit aduersique infigitur arbore mali.
intremuit malus micuitque exterrita pennis 505
ales, et ingenti sonuerunt omnia plausu.
post acer Mnestheus adducto constitit arcu
alta petens, pariterque oculos telumque tetendit.
ast ipsam miserandus auem contingere ferro
non ualuit; nodos et uincula linea rupit 510
quis innexa pedem malo pendebat ab alto;
illa Notos atque atra uolans in nubila fugit.
tum rapidus, iamdudum arcu contenta parato
tela tenens, fratrem Eurytion in uota uocauit,
iam uacuo laetam caelo speculatus et alis 515
plaudentem nigra figit sub nube columbam.
decidit exanimis uitamque reliquit in astris
aetheriis fixamque refert delapsa sagittam.
Amissa solus palma superabat Acestes,
qui tamen aerias telum contendit in auras 520
ostentans artemque pater arcumque sonantem.
hic oculis subitum obicitur magnoque futurum
augurio monstrum; docuit post exitus ingens
seraque terrifici cecinerunt omina uates.
namque uolans liquidis in nubibus arsit harundo 525
signauitque uiam flammis tenuisque recessit
consumpta in uentos, caelo ceu saepe refixa
transcurren crinemque uolantia sidera ducunt.
attonitis haesere animis superosque precati
Trinacrii Teucrique uiri, nec maximus omen 530
abnuat Aeneas, sed laetum amplexus Acesten
muneribus cumulat magnis ac talia fatur:
'sume, pater, nam te uoluit rex magnus Olympi
talibus auspiciis exsortem ducere honores.
ipsius Anchisae longaeui hoc munus habebis, 535
cratera impressum signis, quem Thracius olim
Anchisae genitori in magno munere Cisseus
ferre sui dederat monimentum et pignus amoris.'
sic fatus cingit uiridanti tempora lauro

et primum ante omnis uictorem appellat Acesten. 540
nec bonus Eurytion praelato inuidit honori,
quamuis solus auem caelo deiecit ab alto.
proximus ingreditur donis qui uincula rupit,
extremus uolucris qui fixit harundine malum.

At pater Aeneas nondum certamine misso 545
custodem ad sese comitemque impubis Iuli
Epytiden uocat, et fidam sic fatur ad aurem:
‘uade age et Ascanio, si iam puerile paratum
agmen habet secum cursusque instruxit equorum,
ducat auo turmas et sese ostendat in armis 550
dic’ ait. ipse omnem longo decedere circo
infusum populum et campos iubet esse patentis.
incedunt pueri pariterque ante ora parentum
frenatis lucent in equis, quos omnis euntis
Trinacriae mirata fremit Troiaeque iuuentus. 555
omnibus in morem tonsa coma pressa corona;
cornea bina ferunt praefixa hastilia ferro,
pars leuis umero pharetras; it pectore summo
flexilis obtorti per collum circulus auri.
tres equitum numero turmae ternique uagantur 560
ductores; pueri bis seni quemque secuti
agmine partito fulgent paribusque magistris.
una acies iuuenum, ducit quam paruus ouantem
nomen aui referens Priamus, tua clara, Polite,
progenies, auctura Italos; quem Thracius albis 565
portat equus bicolor maculis, uestigia primi
alba pedis frontemque ostentans arduus albam.
alter Atys, genus unde Atii duxere Latini,
paruus Atys pueroque puer dilectus Iulo.
extremus formaque ante omnis pulcher Iulus 570
Sidonio est inuectus equo, quem candida Dido
esse sui dederat monimentum et pignus amoris.
cetera Trinacriis pubes senioris Acestae
fertur equis.
excipiunt plausu pauidos gaudentque tuentes 575

Dardanidae, ueterumque agnoscunt ora parentum.
postquam omnem laeti consessum oculosque suorum
lustrauere in equis, signum clamore paratis
Epytides longe dedit insonuitque flagello.
olli discurrere pares atque agmina terni 580
diductis soluere choris, rursusque uocati
conuertere uias infestaque tela tulere.
inde alios ineunt cursus aliosque recursus
aduersi spatiis, alternosque orbibus orbis
impediunt pugnaeque cient simulacra sub armis; 585
et nunc terga fuga nudant, nunc spicula uertunt
infensi, facta pariter nunc pace feruntur.
ut quondam Creta fertur Labyrinthus in alta
parietibus textum caecis iter ancipitemque
mille uiis habuisse dolum, qua signa sequendi 590
frangeret indeprensus et inremeabilis error;
haud alio Teucrum nati uestigia cursu
impediunt texuntque fugas et proelia ludo,
delphinum similes qui per maria umida nando
Carpathium Libycumque secant. 595
hunc morem cursus atque haec certamina primus
Ascanius, Longam muris cum cingeret Albam,
rettulit et priscos docuit celebrare Latinos,
quo puer ipse modo, secum quo Troia pubes;
Albani docuere suos; hinc maxima porro 600
accepit Roma et patrium seruauit honorem;
Troiaque nunc pueri, Troianum dicitur agmen.
hac celebrata tenus sancto certamina patri.

Hinc primum Fortuna fidem mutata nouauit.
dum uariis tumulo referunt sollemnia ludis, 605
Irim de caelo misit Saturnia Iuno
Iliacam ad classem uentosque aspirat eunti,
multa mouens necdum antiquum saturata dolorem.
illa uiam celerans per mille coloribus arcum
nulli uisa cito decurrit tramite uirgo. 610
conspicit ingentem concursum et litora lustrat

desertosque uidet portus classemque relictam.
at procul in sola secretae Troades acta
amissum Anchisen flebant, cunctaeque profundum
pontum aspectabant flentes. heu tot uada fessis 615
et tantum superesse maris, uox omnibus una;
urbem orant, taedet pelagi perferre laborem.
ergo inter medias sese haud ignara nocendi
conicit et faciemque deae uestemque reponit;
fit Beroe, Tmarii coniunx longaeua Dorycli, 620
cui genus et quondam nomen natiue fuissent,
ac sic Dardanidum mediam se matribus infert.
‘o miserae, quas non manus’ inquit ‘Achaica bello
traxerit ad letum patriae sub moenibus! o gens
infelix, cui te exitio Fortuna reseruat? 625
septima post Troiae excidium iam uertitur aestas,
cum freta, cum terras omnis, tot inhospita saxa
sideraque emensae ferimur, dum per mare magnum
Italiam sequimur fugientem et uoluimur undis.
hic Erycis fines fraterni atque hospes Acestes: 630
quis prohibet muros iacere et dare ciuibus urbem?
o patria et rapti nequiquam ex hoste penates,
nullane iam Troiae dicentur moenia? nusquam
Hectoreos amnis, Xanthum et Simoenta, uidebo?
quin agite et mecum infaustas exurite puppis. 635
nam mihi Cassandrae per somnum uatis imago
ardentis dare uisa faces: “hic quaerite Troiam;
hic domus est” inquit “uobis.” iam tempus agi res,
nec tantis mora prodigiis. en quattuor arae
Neptuno; deus ipse faces animumque ministrat.’ 640
haec memorans prima infensum ui corripit ignem
sublataque procul dextra conixa coruscat
et iacit. arrectae mentes stupefactaque corda
Iliadum. hic una e multis, quae maxima natu,
Pyrgo, tot Priami natorum regia nutrix: 645
‘non Beroe uobis, non haec Rhoeteia, matres,
est Dorycli coniunx; diuini signa decoris
ardentisque notate oculos, qui spiritus illi,

qui uultus uocisque sonus uel gressus eunti.
ipsa egomet dudum Beroen digressa reliqui 650
aegram, indignantem tali quod sola careret
munere nec meritos Anchisae inferret honores.’
haec effata.
at matres primo ancipites oculisque malignis
ambiguae spectare rates miserum inter amorem 655
praesentis terrae fatisque uocantia regna,
cum dea se paribus per caelum sustulit alis
ingentemque fuga secuit sub nubibus arcum.
tum uero attonitae monstis actaeque furore
conclamant, rapiuntque focus penetralibus ignem, 660
pars spoliant aras, frondem ac uirgulta facesque
conciunt. furit immissis Volcanus habenis
transtra per et remos et pictas abiete puppis.
Nuntius Anchisae ad tumulum cuneosque theatri
incensas perfert nauis Eumelus, et ipsi 665
respiciunt atram in nimbo uolitare fauillam.
primus et Ascanius, cursus ut laetus equestris
ducebat, sic acer equo turbata petiuit
castra, nec exanimis possunt retinere magistri.
‘quis furor iste nouus? quo nunc, quo tenditis’ inquit 670
‘heu miserae ciues? non hostem inimicaque castra
Argium, uestras spes uritis. en, ego uester
Ascanius!’ — galeam ante pedes proiecit inanem,
qua ludo indutus belli simulacra ciebat.
accelerat simul Aeneas, simul agmina Teucrum. 675
ast illae diuersa metu per litora passim
diffugiunt, siluasque et sicubi concaua furtim
saxa petunt; piget incepti lucisque, suosque
mutatae agnoscunt excussa pectore Iuno est.

Sed non idcirco flamma atque incendia uiris 680
indomitas posuere; udo sub robore uiuit
stuppa uomens tardum fumum, lentusque carinas
est uapor et toto descendit corpore pestis,
nec uires heroum infusaque flumina prosunt.

tum pius Aeneas umeris abscindere uestem 685
auxilioque uocare deos et tendere palmas:
‘Iuppiter omnipotens, si nondum exosus ad unum
Troianos, si quid pietas antiqua labores
respicit humanos, da flammam euadere classi
nunc, pater, et tenuis Teucrum res eripe leto. 690
uel tu, quod superest, infesto fulmine morti,
si mereor, demitte tuaque hic obrue dextra.’
uix haec ediderat cum effusis imbribus atra
tempestas sine more furit tonitruque tremescunt
ardua terrarum et campi; ruit aethere toto 695
turbidus imber aqua densisque nigerrimus Austris,
implenturque super puppes, semusta madescunt
robora, restinctus donec uapor omnis et omnes
quattuor amissis seruatae a peste carinae.

At pater Aeneas casu concussus acerbo 700
nunc huc ingentis, nunc illuc pectore curas
mutabat uersans, Siculisne resideret aruis
oblitus fatorum, Italasne capesseret oras.
tum senior Nautes, unum Tritonia Pallas
quem docuit multaque insignem reddidit arte — 705
haec responsa dabat, uel quae portenderet ira
magna deum uel quae fatorum posceret ordo;
isque his Aenean solatus uocibus inquit:
‘nate dea, quo fata trahunt retrahuntque sequamur;
quidquid erit, superanda omnis fortuna ferendo est. 710
est tibi Dardanius diuinae stirpis Acestes:
hunc cape consiliis socium et coniunge uolentem,
huic trade amissis superant qui nauibus et quos
pertaesum magni incepti rerumque tuarum est.
longaeuosque senes ac fessas aequore matres 715
et quidquid tecum inualidum metuensque pericli est
delige, et his habeant terris sine moenia fessi;
urbem appellabunt permisso nomine Acestam.’

Talibus incensus dictis senioris amici

tum uero in curas animo diducitur omnis; 720
et Nox atra polum bigis subuecta tenebat.
uisa dehinc caelo facies delapsa parentis
Anchisae subito talis effundere uoces:
‘nate, mihi uita quondam, dum uita manebat,
care magis, nate Iliacis exercite fati, 725
imperio Iouis huc uenio, qui classibus ignem
depulit, et caelo tandem miseratus ab alto est.
consiliis pare quae nunc pulcherrima Nautes
dat senior; lectos iuuenes, fortissima corda,
defer in Italiam. gens dura atque aspera cultu 730
debellanda tibi Latio est. Ditis tamen ante
infernus accede domos et Auerna per alta
congressus pete, nate, meos. non me impia namque
Tartara habent, tristes umbrae, sed amoena piorum
concilia Elysiumque colo. huc casta Sibylla 735
nigrarum multo pecudum te sanguine ducet.
tum genus omne tuum et quae dentur moenia disces.
iamque uale; torquet medios Nox umida cursus
et me saeuus equis Oriens adflauit anhelis.’
dixerat et tenuis fugit ceu fumus in auras. 740
Aeneas ‘quo deinde ruis? quo proripis?’ inquit,
‘quem fugis? aut quis te nostris complexibus arcet?’
haec memorans cinerem et sopitos suscitatur ignis,
Pergameumque Larem et canae penetralia Vestae
farre pio et plena supplex ueneratur acerra. 745

Extemplo socios primumque accersit Acesten
et Iouis imperium et cari praecepta parentis
edocet et quae nunc animo sententia constet.
haud mora consiliis, nec iussa recusat Acestes:
transcribunt urbi matres populumque uolentem 750
deponunt, animos nil magnae laudis egentis.
ipsi transtra nouant flammisque ambesa reponunt
robora nauigiis, aptant remosque rudentisque,
exigui numero, sed bello uiuida uirtus.
interea Aeneas urbem designat aratro 755

sortiturque domos; hoc Ilium et haec loca Troiam
esse iubet. gaudet regno Troianus Acestes
indicitque forum et patribus dat iura uocatis.
tum uicina astris Erycino in uertice sedes
fundatur Veneri Idaliae, tumuloque sacerdos 760
ac lucus late sacer additus Anchiseo.

Iamque dies epulata nouem gens omnis, et aris
factus honos: placidi strauerunt aequora uenti
creber et aspirans rursus uocat Auster in altum.
exoritur procurua ingens per litora fletus; 765
complexi inter se noctemque diemque morantur.
ipsae iam matres, ipsi, quibus aspera quondam
uisa maris facies et non tolerabile numen,
ire uolunt omnemque fugae perferre laborem.
quos bonus Aeneas dictis solatur amicis 770
et consanguineo lacrimans commendat Acestae.
tris Eryci uitulos et Tempestatibus agnam
caedere deinde iubet soluique ex ordine funem.
ipse caput tonsae foliis euinctus oliuae
stans procul in prora pateram tenet, extaque salsos 775
proicit in fluctus ac uina liquentia fundit.
certatim socii feriunt mare et aequora uerrunt; 778
prosequitur surgens a puppi uentus euntis. 777

At Venus interea Neptunum exercita curis 779
adloquitur talisque effundit pectore questus:
‘Iunonis grauis ira neque exsaturabile pectus
cogunt me, Neptune, preces descendere in omnis;
quam nec longa dies pietas nec mitigat ulla,
nec Iouis imperio fatisque infracta quiescit.
non media de gente Phrygum exedissee nefandis 785
urbem odiis satis est nec poenam traxe per omnem
reliquias Troiae: cineres atque ossa peremptae
insequitur. causas tanti sciat illa furoris.
ipse mihi nuper Libycis tu testis in undis
quam molem subito excierit: maria omnia caelo 790

miscuit Aeoliis nequiquam freta procellis,
in regnis hoc ausa tuis.
per scelus ecce etiam Troianis matribus actis
exussit foede puppis et classe subegit
amissa socios ignotae linquere terrae. 795
quod superest, oro, liceat dare tuta per undas
uela tibi, liceat Laurentem attingere Thybrim,
si concessa peto, si dant ea moenia Parcae.’
tum Saturnius haec domitor maris edidit alti:
‘fas omne est, Cytherea, meis te fidere regnis, 800
unde genus ducis. merui quoque; saepe furores
compressi et rabiem tantam caelique marisque.
nec minor in terris, Xanthum Simoentaque testor,
Aeneae mihi cura tui. cum Troia Achilles
exanimata sequens impingeret agmina muris, 805
milia multa daret leto, gementque repleti
amnes nec reperire uiam atque euoluere posset
in mare se Xanthus, Pelidae tunc ego forti
congressum Aenean nec dis nec uiribus aequis
nube caua rapui, cuperem cum uertere ab imo 810
structa meis manibus periurae moenia Troiae.
nunc quoque mens eadem perstat mihi; pelle timores.
tutus, quos optas, portus accedet Auerni.
unus erit tantum amissum quem gurgite quaeres;
unum pro multis dabitur caput.’ 815
his ubi laeta deae permulsit pectora dictis,
iungit equos auro genitor, spumantiaque addit
frena feris manibusque omnis effundit habenas.
caeruleo per summa leuis uolat aequora curru;
subsidunt undae tumidumque sub axe tonanti 820
sternitur aequor aquis, fugiunt uasto aethere nimbi.
tum uariae comitum facies, immania cete,
et senior Glauci chorus Inousque Palaemon
Tritonesque citi Phorcique exercitus omnis;
laeua tenet Thetis et Melite Panopeaque uirgo, 825
Nisae Spioque Thaliaque Cymodoceque.

Hic patris Aeneae suspensam blanda uicissim
 gaudia pertemptant mentem; iubet ocus omnis
 attolli malos, intendi bracchia uelis.
 una omnes fecere pedem pariterque sinistros, 830
 nunc dextros soluere sinus; una ardua torquent
 cornua detorquentque; ferunt sua flamina classem.
 princeps ante omnis densum Palinurus agebat
 agmen; ad hunc alii cursum contendere iussi.
 iamque fere mediam caeli Nox umida metam 835
 contigerat, placida laxabant membra quiete
 sub remis fusi per dura sedilia nautae,
 cum leuis aetheriis delapsus Somnus ab astris
 aera dimouit tenebrosum et dispulit umbras,
 te, Palinure, petens, tibi somnia tristia portans 840
 insonti; puppique deus consedit in alta
 Phorbanti similis funditque has ore loquelas:
 'Iaside Palinure, ferunt ipsa aequora classem,
 aequatae spirant aerae, datur hora quieti.
 pone caput fessosque oculos furare labori. 845
 ipse ego paulisper pro te tua munera inibo.'
 cui uix attollens Palinurus lumina fatur:
 'mene salis placidi uultum fluctusque quietos
 ignorare iubes? mene huic confidere monstro?
 Aenean credam (quid enim?) fallacibus auris 850
 et caeli totiens deceptus fraude sereni?'
 talia dicta dabat, clauumque adfixus et haerens
 nusquam amittebat oculosque sub astra tenebat.
 ecce deus ramum Lethaeo rore madentem
 uique soporatum Stygia super utraque quassat 855
 tempora, cunctantique natantia lumina soluit.
 uix primos inopina quies laxauerat artus,
 et super incumbens cum puppis parte reuulsa
 cumque gubernaculo liquidas proiecit in undas
 praecipitem ac socios nequiquam saepe uocantem; 860
 ipse uolans tenuis se sustulit ales ad auras.
 currit iter tutum non setius aequare classis
 promissisque patris Neptuni interrta fertur.

iamque adeo scopulos Sirenum aduecta subibat,
difficilis quondam multorumque ossibus albos 865
(tum rauca adsiduo longe sale saxa sonabant),
cum pater amisso fluitantem errare magistro
sensit, et ipse ratem nocturnis rexit in undis
multa gemens casuque animum concussus amici:
'o nimium caelo et pelago confise sereno, 870
nudus in ignota, Palinure, iacebis harena.'

LIBER VI

Sic fatur lacrimans, classique immittit habenas
et tandem Euboicis Cumarum adlabitur oris.
obuertunt pelago proras; tum dente tenaci
ancora fundabat nauis et litora curuae
praetexunt puppes. iuuenum manus emicat ardens 5
litus in Hesperium; quaerit pars semina flammae
abstrusa in uenis silicis, pars densa ferarum
tecta rapit siluas inuentaue flumina monstrat.
at pius Aeneas arces quibus altus Apollo
praesidet horrendaeque procul secreta Sibyllae, 10
antrum immane, petit, magnam cui mentem animumque
Delius inspirat uates aperitque futura.
iam subeunt Triuiæ lucos atque aurea tecta.

Daedalus, ut fama est, fugiens Minoia regna
praepetibus pennis ausus se credere caelo 15
insuetum per iter gelidas enauit ad Arctos,
Chalcidicaque leuis tandem super astitit arce.
redditus his primum terris tibi, Phoebe, sacrauit
remigium alarum posuitque immania templa.
in foribus letum Androgeo; tum pendere poenas 20
Cecropidae iussi (miserum!) septena quotannis
corpora natorum; stat ductis sortibus urna.
contra elata mari respondet Cnosia tellus:
hic crudelis amor tauri suppostaque furto
Pasiphae mixtumque genus prolesque biformis 25
Minotaurus inest, Veneris monimenta nefandae,
hic labor ille domus et inextricabilis error;
magnum reginae sed enim miseratus amorem
Daedalus ipse dolos tecti ambagesque resoluit,
caeca regens filo uestigia. tu quoque magnam 30
partem opere in tanto, sineret dolor, Icare, haberes.
bis conatus erat casus effingere in auro,
bis patriae cecidere manus. quin protinus omnia

perlegerent oculis, ni iam praemissus Achates
adforet atque una Phoebi Triuiaequae sacerdos, 35
Deiphobe Glauci, fatur quae talia regi:
‘non hoc ista sibi tempus spectacula poscit;
nunc grege de intacto septem mactare iuuenos
praestiterit, totidem lectas ex more bidentis.’
talibus adfata Aenean (nec sacra morantur 40
iussa uiri) Teucros uocat alta in templa sacerdos.

Excisum Euboicae latus ingens rupis in antrum,
quo lati ducunt aditus centum, ostia centum,
unde ruunt totidem uoces, responsa Sibyllae.
uentum erat ad limen, cum uirgo ‘poscere fata 45
tempus’ ait; ‘deus ecce deus!’ cui talia fanti
ante fores subito non uultus, non color unus,
non comptae mansere comae; sed pectus anhelum,
et rabie fera corda tument, maiorque uideri
nec mortale sonans, adflata est numine quando 50
iam propiore dei. ‘cessas in uota precesque,
Tros’ ait ‘Aenea? cessas? neque enim ante dehiscent
attonitae magna ora domus.’ et talia fata
conticuit. gelidus Teucris per dura cucurrit
ossa tremor, funditque preces rex pectore ab imo: 55
‘Phoebe, grauis Troiae semper miserate labores,
Dardana qui Paridis derexti tela manusque
corpus in Aeacidæ, magnas obeuntia terras
tot maria intraui duce te penitusque repostas
Massylum gentis praetentaque Syrtibus arua: 60
iam tandem Italiae fugientis prendimus oras.
hac Troiana tenuis fuerit fortuna secuta;
uos quoque Pergameae iam fas est parcere genti,
dique deaeque omnes, quibus obstitit Ilium et ingens
gloria Dardaniae. tuque, o sanctissima uates, 65
praescia uenturi, da (non indebita posco
regna meis fati) Latio considerare Teucros
errantisque deos agitataque numina Troiae.
tum Phoebo et Triuiae solido de marmore templum

instituiam festosque dies de nomine Phoebi. 70
te quoque magna manent regnis penetralia nostris:
hic ego namque tuas sortis arcanaque fata
dicta meae genti ponam, lectosque sacrabo,
alma, uiros. foliis tantum ne carmina manda,
ne turbata uolent rapidis ludibria uentis; 75
ipsa canas oro.’ finem dedit ore loquendi.

At Phoebi nondum patiens immanis in antro
bacchatur uates, magnum si pectore possit
excussisse deum; tanto magis ille fatigat
os rabidum, fera corda domans, fingitque premendo. 80
ostia iamque domus patuere ingentia centum
sponte sua uatisque ferunt responsa per auras:
‘o tandem magnis pelagi defuncte periclis
(sed terrae grauiora manent), in regna Lauini
Dardanidae uenient (mitte hanc de pectore curam), 85
sed non et uenisse uolent. bella, horrida bella,
et Thybrim multo spumantem sanguine cerno.
non Simois tibi nec Xanthus nec Dorica castra
defuerint; alius Latio iam partus Achilles,
natus et ipse dea; nec Teucris addita Iuno 90
usquam aberit, cum tu supplex in rebus egenis
quas gentis Italum aut quas non oraueris urbes!
causa mali tanti coniunx iterum hospita Teucris
externique iterum thalami.
tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito, 95
qua tua te Fortuna sinet. uia prima salutis
(quod minime reris) Graia pandetur ab urbe.’

Talibus ex adyto dictis Cumaea Sibylla
horrendas canit ambages antroque remugit,
obscuris uera inuoluens: ea frena furenti 100
concutit et stimulos sub pectore uertit Apollo.
ut primum cessit furor et rabida ora quierunt,
incipit Aeneas heros: ‘non ulla laborum,
o uirgo, noua mi facies inopinaue surgit;

omnia praecepi atque animo mecum ante peregi. 105
unum oro: quando hic inferni ianua regis
dicitur et tenebrosa palus Acheronte refuso,
ire ad conspectum cari genitoris et ora
contingat; doceas iter et sacra ostia pandas.
illum ego per flammas et mille sequentia tela 110
eripui his umeris medioque ex hoste recepi;
ille meum comitatus iter maria omnia mecum
atque omnis pelagique minas caelique ferebat,
inualidus, uiris ultra sortemque senectae.
quin, ut te supplex peterem et tua limina adirem, 115
idem orans mandata dabat. gnatique patrisque,
alma, precor, miserere (potes namque omnia, nec te
nequiquam lucis Hecate praefecit Auernis),
si potuit manis accersere coniugis Orpheus
Threicia fretus cithara fidibusque canoris, 120
si fratrem Pollux alterna morte redemit
itque reditque uiam totiens. quid Thesea, magnum
quid memorem Alciden? et mi genus ab Ioue summo.'

Talibus orabat dictis arasque tenebat,
cum sic orsa loqui uates: 'sate sanguine diuum, 125
Tros Anchisiade, facilis descensus Auerno:
noctes atque dies patet atri ianua Ditis;
sed reuocare gradum superasque euadere ad auras,
hoc opus, hic labor est. pauci, quos aequus amauit
Iuppiter aut ardens euexit ad aethera uirtus, 130
dis geniti potuere. tenent media omnia siluae,
Cocytusque sinu labens circumuenit atro.
quod si tantus amor menti, si tanta cupido est
bis Stygios innare lacus, bis nigra uidere
Tartara, et insano iuuat indulgere labori, 135
accipe quae peragenda prius. latet arbore opaca
aureus et foliis et lento uimine ramus,
Iunoni infernae dictus sacer; hunc tegit omnis
lucus et obscuris claudunt conuallibus umbrae.
sed non ante datur telluris operta subire 140

auricomos quam quis decerpserit arbore fetus.
hoc sibi pulchra suum ferri Proserpina munus
instituit. primo auulso non deficit alter
aureus, et simili frondescit uirga metallo.
ergo alte uestiga oculis et rite repertum 145
carpe manu; namque ipse uolens facilisque sequetur,
si te fata uocant; aliter non uiribus ullis
uincere nec duro poteris conuellere ferro.
praeterea iacet exanimum tibi corpus amici
(heu nescis) totamque incestat funere classem, 150
dum consulta petis nostroque in limine pendes.
sedibus hunc refer ante suis et conde sepulcro.
duc nigras pecudes; ea prima piacula sunt.
sic demum lucos Stygis et regna inuia uiuis
aspicies.' dixit, pressoque obmutuit ore. 155

Aeneas maesto defixus lumina uultu
ingreditur linquens antrum, caecosque uolutat
euentus animo secum. cui fidus Achates
it comes et paribus curis uestigia figit.
multa inter sese uario sermone serebant, 160
quem socium exanimum uates, quod corpus humanum
diceret. atque illi Misenum in litore sicco,
ut uenere, uident indigna morte preemptum,
Misenum Aeoliden, quo non praestantior alter
aere ciere uiros Martemque accendere cantu. 165
Hectoris hic magni fuerat comes, Hectora circum
et lituo pugnans insignis obibat et hasta.
postquam illum uita uictor spoliauit Achilles,
Dardanio Aeneae sese fortissimus heros
addiderat socium, non inferiora secutus. 170
sed tum, forte caua dum personat aequora concha,
demens, et cantu uocat in certamina diuos,
aemulus exceptum Triton, si credere dignum est,
inter saxa uirum spumosa immerserat unda.
ergo omnes magno circum clamore fremebant, 175
praecipue pius Aeneas. tum iussa Sibyllae,

haud mora, festinant flentes aramque sepulcri
congerere arboribus caeloque educere certant.
itur in antiquam siluam, stabula alta ferarum;
procumbunt piceae, sonat icta securibus ilex 180
fraxineaeque trabes cuneis et fissile robur
scinditur, aduoluunt ingentis montibus ornos.

Nec non Aeneas opera inter talia primus
hortatur socios paribusque accingitur armis.
atque haec ipse suo tristi cum corde uolutat 185
aspectans siluam immensam, et sic forte precatur:
‘si nunc se nobis ille aureus arbore ramus
ostendat nemore in tanto! quando omnia uere
heu nimium de te uates, Misene, locuta est.’
uix ea fatus erat, geminae cum forte columbae 190
ipsa sub ora uiri caelo uenere uolantes,
et uiridi sedere solo. tum maximus heros
maternas agnouit auis laetusque precatur:
‘este duces, o, si qua uia est, cursumque per auras
derigite in lucos ubi pinguem diues opacat 195
ramus humum. tuque, o, dubiis ne defice rebus,
diua parens.’ sic effatus uestigia pressit
obseruans quae signa ferant, quo tendere pergant.
pascentes illae tantum prodire uolando
quantum acie possent oculi seruare sequentum. 200
inde ubi uenere ad fauces graue olentis Auerni,
tollunt se celeres liquidumque per aera lapsae
sedibus optatis gemina super arbore sidunt,
discolor unde auri per ramos aura refulsit.
quale solet siluis brumali frigore uiscum 205
fronde uirere noua, quod non sua seminat arbos,
et croceo fetu teretis circumdare truncos,
talis erat species auri frondentis opaca
ilice, sic leni crepitabat brattea uento.
corripit Aeneas extemplo auidusque refringit 210
cunctantem, et uatis portat sub tecta Sibyllae.

Nec minus interea Misenum in litore Teucri
flebant et cineri ingrato suprema ferebant.
principio pinguem taedis et robore secto
ingentem struxere pyram, cui frondibus atris 215
intexunt latera et feralis ante cupressos
constituunt, decorantque super fulgentibus armis.
pars calidos latices et aena undantia flammis
expediunt, corpusque lauant frigentis et unguunt.
fit gemitus. tum membra toro defleta reponunt 220
purpureasque super uestis, uelamina nota,
coniciunt. pars ingenti subiere feretro,
triste ministerium, et subiectam more parentum
auersi tenuere facem. congesta cremantur
turea dona, dapes, fuso crateres oliuo. 225
postquam conlapsi cineres et flamma quieuit,
reliquias uino et bibulam lauere fauillam,
ossaue lecta cado textit Corynaeus aeno.
idem ter socios pura circumtulit unda
spargens rore leui et ramo felicis oliuae, 230
lustrauitque uiros dixitque nouissima uerba.
at pius Aeneas ingenti mole sepulcrum
imponit suaue arma uiro remumque tubamque
monte sub aereo, qui nunc Misenus ab illo
dicitur aeternumque tenet per saecula nomen. 235

His actis propere exsequitur praecepta Sibyllae.
spelunca alta fuit uastoque immanis hiatu,
scrupea, tuta lacu nigro nemorumque tenebris,
quam super haud ullae poterant impune uolantes
tendere iter pennis: talis sese halitus atris 240
faucibus effundens supera ad conuexa ferebat.
[unde locum Grai dixerunt nomine Aornum.]
quattuor hic primum nigrantis terga iuuenos
constituit frontique inuergit uina sacerdos,
et summas carpens media inter cornua saetas 245
ignibus imponit sacris, libamina prima,
uoce uocans Hecaten caeloque Ereboque potentem.

supponunt alii cultros tepidumque cruorem
succipiunt pateris. ipse atri uelleris agnam
Aeneas matri Eumenidum magnaеque sorori 250
ense ferit, sterilemque tibi, Proserpina, uaccam;
tum Stygio regi nocturnas incohat aras
et solida imponit taurorum uiscera flammis,
pingue super oleum fundens ardentibus extis.
ecce autem primi sub limina solis et ortus 255
sub pedibus mugire solum et iuga coepta moueri
siluarum, uisaeque canes ululare per umbram
aduentante dea. 'procul, o procul este, profani,'
conclamat uates, 'totoque absistite luco;
tuque inuade uiam uaginaque eripe ferrum: 260
nunc animis opus, Aenea, nunc pectore firmo.'
tantum effata furens antro se immisit aperto;
ille ducem haud timidis uadentem passibus aequat.

Di, quibus imperium est animarum, umbraeque silentes
et Chaos et Phlegethon, loca nocte tacentia late, 265
sit mihi fas audita loqui, sit numine uestro
pandere res alta terra et caligine mersas.

Ibant obscuri sola sub nocte per umbram
perque domos Ditis uacuas et inania regna:
quale per incertam lunam sub luce maligna 270
est iter in siluis, ubi caelum condidit umbra
Iuppiter, et rebus nox abstulit atra colorem.
uestibulum ante ipsum primisque in faucibus Orci
Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia Curae,
pallentesque habitant Morbi tristicque Senectus, 275
et Metus et malesuada Fames ac turpis Egestas,
terribiles uisu formae, Letumque Labosque;
tum consanguineus Leti Sopor et mala mentis
Gaudia, mortiferumque aduerso in limine Bellum,
ferreique Eumenidum thalami et Discordia demens 280
uipereum crinem uittis innexa cruentis.
in medio ramos annosaque bracchia pandit

ulmus opaca, ingens, quam sedem Somnia uulgo
uana tenere ferunt, foliisque sub omnibus haerent.
multaque praeterea uariarum monstra ferarum, 285
Centauri in foribus stabulant Scyllaeque bifformes
et centumgeminus Briareus ac belua Lerneae
horrendum stridens, flammisque armata Chimaera,
Gorgones Harpyiaeque et forma tricorporis umbrae.
corripit hic subita trepidus formidine ferrum 290
Aeneas strictamque aciem uenientibus offert,
et ni docta comes tenuis sine corpore uitas
admoneat uolitare caua sub imagine formae,
inruat et frustra ferro diuerberet umbras.

Hinc uia Tartarei quae fert Acherontis ad undas. 295
turbidus hic caeno uastaque uoragine gurgēs
aestuat atque omnem Cocyto eructat harenam.
portitor has horrendus aquas et flumina seruat
terribili squalore Charon, cui plurima mento
canities inculta iacet, stant lumina flamma, 300
sordidus ex umeris nodo dependet amictus.
ipse ratem conto subigit uelisque ministrat
et ferruginea subuectat corpora cumba,
iam senior, sed cruda deo uiridisque senectus.
huc omnis turba ad ripas effusa ruebat, 305
matres atque uiri defunctaque corpora uita
magnanimum heroum, pueri innuptaeque puellae,
impositique rogis iuuenes ante ora parentum:
quam multa in siluis autumnī frigore primo
lapsa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto 310
quam multae glomerantur aues, ubi frigidus annus
trans pontum fugat et terris immittit apricis.
stabant orantes primi transmittere cursum
tendebantque manus ripae ulterioris amore.
nauita sed tristis nunc hos nunc accipit illos, 315
ast alios longe summotos arcet harena.
Aeneas miratus enim motusque tumultu
‘dic,’ ait, ‘o uirgo, quid uult concursus ad amnem?

quidue petunt animae? uel quo discrimine ripas
hae linquunt, illae remis uada liuida uerrunt?’ 320
olli sic breuiter fata est longaeua sacerdos:
‘Anchisa generate, deum certissima proles,
Cocyti stagna alta uides Stygiamque paludem,
di cuius iurare timent et fallere numen.
haec omnis, quam cernis, inops inhumataque turba est; 325
portitor ille Charon; hi, quos uehit unda, sepulti.
nec ripas datur horrendas et rauca fluenta
transportare prius quam sedibus ossa quierunt.
centum errant annos uolitantque haec litora circum;
tum demum admissi stagna exoptata reuisunt.’ 330
constitit Anchisa satus et uestigia pressit
multa putans sortemque animo miseratus iniquam.
cernit ibi maestos et mortis honore carentis
Leucaspim et Lyciae ductorem classis Oronten,
quos simul a Troia uentosa per aequora uectos 335
obruit Auster, aqua inuoluens nauemque uirosque.

Ecce gubernator sese Palinurus agebat,
qui Libyco nuper cursu, dum sidera seruat,
exciderat puppi mediis effusus in undis.
hunc ubi uix multa maestum cognouit in umbra, 340
sic prior adloquitur: ‘quis te, Palinure, deorum
eripuit nobis medioque sub aequore mersit?
dic age. namque mihi, fallax haud ante repertus,
hoc uno responso animum delusit Apollo,
qui fore te ponto incolumem finisque canebat 345
uenturum Ausonios. en haec promissa fides est?’
ille autem: ‘neque te Phoebi cortina fefellit,
dux Anchisiade, nec me deus aequore mersit.
namque gubernaculum multa ui forte reuulsum,
cui datus haerebam custos cursusque regebam, 350
praecipitans traxi mecum. maria aspera iuro
non ullum pro me tantum cepisse timorem,
quam tua ne spoliata armis, excussa magistro,
deficeret tantis nauis surgentibus undis.

tris Notus hibernas immensa per aequora noctes 355
uexit me uiolentus aqua; uix lumine quarto
prospexi Italiam summa sublimis ab unda.
paulatim adnabam terrae; iam tuta tenebam,
ni gens crudelis madida cum ueste grauatum
prensantemque uncis manibus capita aspera montis 360
ferro inuasisset praedamque ignara putasset.
nunc me fluctus habet uersantque in litore uenti.
quod te per caeli iucundum lumen et auras,
per genitorem oro, per spes surgentis Iuli,
eripe me his, inuicte, malis: aut tu mihi terram 365
inice, namque potes, portusque require Velinos;
aut tu, si qua uia est, si quam tibi diua creatrix
ostendit (neque enim, credo, sine numine diuum
flumina tanta paras Stygiamque innare paludem),
da dextram misero et tecum me tolle per undas, 370
sedibus ut saltem placidis in morte quiescam.’
taliam fatus erat coepit cum talia uates:
‘unde haec, o Palinure, tibi tam dira cupido?
tu Stygias inhumatus aquas amnemque seuerum
Eumenidum aspicies, ripamue iniussus adibis? 375
desine fata deum flecti sperare precando,
sed cape dicta memor, duri solacia casus.
nam tua finitimi, longe lateque per urbes
prodigiis acti caelestibus, ossa piabunt
et statuent tumulum et tumulo sollemnia mittent, 380
aeternumque locus Palinuri nomen habebit.’
his dictis curae emotae pulsusque parumper
corde dolor tristi; gaudet cognomine terra.

Ergo iter inceptum peragunt fluuioque propinquant.
nauita quos iam inde ut Stygia prospexit ab unda 385
per tacitum nemus ire pedemque aduertere ripae,
sic prior adgreditur dictis atque increpat ultro:
‘quisquis es, armatus qui nostra ad flumina tendis,
fare age, quid uenias, iam istinc et comprime gressum.
umbrarum hic locus est, somni noctisque soporae: 390

corpora uiua nefas Stygia uectare carina.
nec uero Alciden me sum laetatus euntem
accepisse lacu, nec Thesea Pirithoumque,
dis quamquam geniti atque inuicti uiribus essent.
Tartareum ille manu custodem in uincla petiuit 395
ipsius a solio regis traxitque trementem;
hi dominam Ditis thalamo deducere adorti.
quae contra breuiter fata est Amphrysia uates:
‘nullae hic insidiae tales (absiste moueri),
nec uim tela ferunt; licet ingens ianitor antro 400
aeternum latrans exsanguis terreat umbras,
casta licet patruī seruet Proserpina limen.
Troius Aeneas, pietate insignis et armis,
ad genitorem imas Erebi descendit ad umbras.
si te nulla mouet tantae pietatis imago, 405
at ramum hunc’ (aperit ramum qui ueste latebat)
‘agnoscas.’ tumida ex ira tum corda residunt;
nec plura his. ille admirans uenerabile donum
fatalis uirgae longo post tempore uisum
caeruleam aduertit puppim ripaeque propinquat. 410
inde alias animas, quae per iuga longa sedebant,
deturbat laxatque foros; simul accipit alueo
ingentem Aenean. gemit sub pondere cumba
sutilis et multam accepit rimosa paludem.
tandem trans fluuium incolumis uatemque uirumque 415
informi limo glaucaque exponit in ulua.

Cerberus haec ingens latratu regna trifauci
personat aduerso recubans immanis in antro.
cui uates horrere uidens iam colla colubris
melle soporatam et medicatis frugibus offam 420
obicit. ille fame rabida tria guttura pandens
corripit obiectam, atque immania terga resoluit
fusus humi totoque ingens extenditur antro.
occupat Aeneas aditum custode sepulto
euaditque celer ripam inremeabilis undae. 425

Continuo auditae uoces uagitus et ingens
infantumque animae flentes, in limine primo
quos dulcis uitae exsortis et ab ubere raptos
abstulit atra dies et funere mersit acerbo;
hos iuxta falso damnati crimine mortis. 430
nec uero hae sine sorte datae, sine iudice, sedes:
quaesitor Minos urnam mouet; ille silentum
consiliumque uocat uitasque et crimina discit.
proxima deinde tenent maesti loca, qui sibi letum
insontes peperere manu lucemque perosi 435
proiecere animas. quam uellent aethere in alto
nunc et pauperiem et duros perferre labores!
fas obstat, tristisque palus inamabilis undae
alligat et nouies Styx interfusa coercet.
nec procul hinc partem fusi monstrantur in omnem 440
Lugentes campi; sic illos nomine dicunt.
hic quos durus amor crudeli tabe peredit
secreti celant calles et myrtea circum
silua tegit; curae non ipsa in morte relinquunt.
his Phaedram Procrinque locis maestamque Eriphylen 445
crudelis nati monstrantem uulnera cernit,
Euadnenque et Pasiphaen; his Laodamia
it comes et iuuenis quondam, nunc femina, Caeneus
rursus et in ueterem fato reuoluta figuram.
inter quas Phoenissa recens a uulnere Dido 450
errabat silua in magna; quam Troius heros
ut primum iuxta stetit agnouitque per umbras
obscuram, qualem primo qui surgere mense
aut uidet aut uidisse putat per nubila lunam,
demisit lacrimas dulcique adfatus amore est: 455
‘infelix Dido, uerus mihi nuntius ergo
uenerat exstinctam ferroque extrema secutam?
funeris heu tibi causa fui? per sidera iuro,
per superos et si qua fides tellure sub ima est,
inuitus, regina, tuo de litore cessi. 460
sed me iussa deum, quae nunc has ire per umbras,
per loca senta situ cogunt noctemque profundam,

imperiis egere suis; nec credere quiui
hunc tantum tibi me discessu ferre dolorem.
siste gradum teque aspectu ne subtrahe nostro. 465
quem fugis? extremum fato quod te adloquor hoc est.
talibus Aeneas ardentem et torua tuentem
lenibat dictis animum lacrimasque ciebat.
illa solo fixos oculos auersa tenebat
nec magis incepto uultum sermone mouetur 470
quam si dura silex aut stet Marpesia cautes.
tandem corripuit sese atque inimica refugit
in nemus umbriferum, coniunx ubi pristinus illi
respondet curis aequatque Sychaeus amorem.
nec minus Aeneas casu percussus iniquo 475
prosequitur lacrimis longe et miseratur euntem.

Inde datum molitur iter. iamque arua tenebant
ultima, quae bello clari secreta frequentant.
hic illi occurrit Tydeus, hic inclutus armis
Parthenopaeus et Adrasti pallentis imago, 480
hic multum fleti ad superos belloque caduci
Dardanidae, quos ille omnis longo ordine cernens
ingemuit, Glaucumque Medontaque Thersilochumque,
tris Antenoridas Cererique sacrum Polyboeten,
Idaeumque etiam currus, etiam arma tenentem. 485
circumstant animae dextra laeuaque frequentes,
nec uidisse semel satis est; iuuat usque morari
et conferre gradum et ueniendi discere causas.
at Danaum procures Agamemnoniaeque phalanges
ut uidere uirum fulgentiaque arma per umbras, 490
ingenti trepidare metu; pars uertere terga,
ceu quondam petiere rates, pars tollere uocem
exiguam: inceptus clamor frustratur hiantis.

Atque hic Priamiden laniatum corpore toto
Deiphobum uidet et lacerum crudeliter ora, 495
ora manusque ambas, populataque tempora raptis
auribus et truncas inhonesto uulnere naris.

uix adeo agnouit pautantem ac dira tegentem
supplicia, et notis compellat uocibus ultro:
‘Deiphobe armipotens, genus alto a sanguine Teucri, 500
quis tam crudelis optauit sumere poenas?
cui tantum de te licuit? mihi fama suprema
nocte tulit fessum uasta te caede Pelasgum
procubuisse super confusae stragis aceruum.
tunc egomet tumulum Rhoeteo in litore inanem 505
constitui et magna manis ter uoce uocaui.
nomen et arma locum seruant; te, amice, nequiu
conspicere et patria decedens ponere terra.’
ad quae Priamides: ‘nihil o tibi, amice, relictum;
omnia Deiphobo soluisti et funeris umbris. 510
sed me fata mea et scelus exitiale Lacaenae
his mersere malis; illa haec monimenta reliquit.
namque ut supremam falsa inter gaudia noctem
egerimus, nosti: et nimium meminisse necesse est.
cum fatalis equus saltu super ardua uenit 515
Pergama et armatum peditem grauis attulit aluo,
illa chorum simulans euhantis orgia circum
ducebat Phrygias; flammam media ipsa tenebat
ingentem et summa Danaos ex arce uocabat.
tum me confectum curis somnoque grauatum 520
infelix habuit thalamus, pressitque iacentem
dulcis et alta quies placidaeque simillima morti.
egregia interea coniunx arma omnia tectis
emouet, et fidum capiti subduxerat ensem:
intra tecta uocat Menelaum et limina pandit, 525
scilicet id magnum sperans fore munus amanti,
et famam exstingui ueterum sic posse malorum.
quid moror? inrumpunt thalamo, comes additus una
hortator scelerum Aeolides. di, talia Grais
instaurate, pio si poenas ore reposco. 530
sed te qui uiuum casus, age fare uicissim,
attulerint. pelagine uenis erroribus actus
an monitu diuum? an quae te fortuna fatigat,
ut tristis sine sole domos, loca turbida, adires?’

Hac uice sermonum roseis Aurora quadrigis 535
iam medium aetherio cursu traiecerat axem;
et fors omne datum traherent per talia tempus,
sed comes admonuit breuiterque adfata Sibylla est:
‘nox ruit, Aenea; nos flendo ducimus horas.
hic locus est, partis ubi se uia findit in ambas: 540
dextera quae Ditis magni sub moenia tendit,
hac iter Elysium nobis; at laeua malorum
exercet poenas et ad impia Tartara mittit.’
Deiphobus contra: ‘ne saeui, magna sacerdos;
discedam, explebo numerum reddarque tenebris. 545
i decus, i, nostrum; melioribus utere fatis.’
tantum effatus, et in uerbo uestigia torsit.

Respicit Aeneas subito et sub rupe sinistra
moenia lata uidet triplici circumdata muro,
quae rapidus flammis ambit torrentibus amnis, 550
Tartareus Phlegethon, torquetque sonantia saxa.
porta aduersa ingens solidoque adamante columnae,
uis ut nulla uirum, non ipsi excindere bello
caelicolae ualeant; stat ferrea turris ad auras,
Tisiphoneque sedens palla succincta cruenta 555
uestibulum exsomnis seruat noctesque diesque.
hinc exaudiri gemitus et saeua sonare
uerbera, tum stridor ferri tractaeque catenae.
constitit Aeneas strepitumque exterritus hausit.
‘quae scelerum facies? o uirgo, effare; quibusue 560
urgentur poenis? quis tantus plangor ad auras?’
tum uates sic orsa loqui: ‘dux inclute Teucrum,
nulli fas casto sceleratum insistere limen;
sed me cum lucis Hecate praefecit Auernis,
ipsa deum poenas docuit perque omnia duxit. 565
Cnosius haec Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna
castigatque auditque dolos subigitque fateri
quae quis apud superos furto laetatus inani
distulit in seram commissa piacula mortem.
continuo sontis ultrix accincta flagello 570

Tisiphone quatit insultans, toruosque sinistra
intentans anguis uocat agmina saeua sororum.
tum demum horrissono stridentes cardine sacrae
panduntur portae. cernis custodia qualis
uestibulo sedeat, facies quae limina seruet? 575
quinquaginta atris immanis hiatibus Hydra
saeuior intus habet sedem. tum Tartarus ipse
bis patet in praeceps tantum tenditque sub umbras
quantus ad aetherium caeli suspectus Olympum.
hic genus antiquum Terrae, Titania pubes, 580
fulmine deiecti fundo uoluuntur in imo.
hic et Aloidas geminos immania uidi
corpora, qui manibus magnum rescindere caelum
adgressi superisque Iouem detrudere regnis.
uidi et crudelis dantem Salmonea poenas, 585
dum flammis Iouis et sonitus imitatur Olympi.
quattuor hic inuectus equis et lampada quassans
per Graium populos mediaeque per Elidis urbem
ibat ouans, diuumque sibi poscebat honorem,
demens, qui nimbos et non imitabile fulmen 590
aere et cornipedum pulsu simularet equorum.
at pater omnipotens densa inter nubila telum
contorsit, non ille faces nec fumea taedis
lumina, praecipitemque immani turbine adegit.
nec non et Tityon, Terrae omniparentis alumnum, 595
cernere erat, per tota nouem cui iugera corpus
porrigitur, rostroque immanis uultur obunco
immortale iecur tondens fecundaque poenis
uiscera rimaturque epulis habitatque sub alto
pectore, nec fibris requies datur ulla renatis. 600
quid memorem Lapithas, Ixiona Pirithoumque?
quos super atra silex iam iam lapsura cadentique
imminet adsimilis; lucent genialibus altis
aurea fulcra toris, epulaeque ante ora paratae
regifico luxu; Furiarum maxima iuxta 605
accubat et manibus prohibet contingere mensas,
exurgitque facem attollens atque intonat ore.

hic, quibus inuisi fratres, dum uita manebat,
pulsatusue parens et fraus innexa clienti,
aut qui diuitiis soli incubuere repertis 610
nec partem posuere suis (quae maxima turba est),
quique ob adulterium caesi, quique arma secuti
impia nec ueriti dominorum fallere dextras,
inclusi poenam exspectant. ne quaere doceri
quam poenam, aut quae forma uiros fortunaue mersit. 615
saxum ingens uoluunt alii, radiisque rotarum
districti pendent; sedet aeternumque sedebit
infelix Theseus, Phlegyasque miserrimus omnis
admonet et magna testatur uoce per umbras:
“discite iustitiam moniti et non temnere diuos.” 620
uendidit hic auro patriam dominumque potentem
imposuit; fixit leges pretio atque refixit;
hic thalamum inuasit natae uetitosque hymenaeos:
ausi omnes immane nefas ausoque potiti.
non, mihi si linguae centum sint oraque centum, 625
ferrea uox, omnis scelerum comprehendere formas,
omnia poenarum percurrere nomina possim.’

Haec ubi dicta dedit Phoebi longaeua sacerdos,
‘sed iam age, carpe uiam et susceptum perforce munus;
acceleremus’ ait; ‘Cyclopum educta caminis 630
moenia conspicio atque aduerso fornice portas,
haec ubi nos praecepta iubent deponere dona.’
dixerat et pariter gressi per opaca uiarum
corripiunt spatium medium foribusque propinquant.
occupat Aeneas aditum corpusque recenti 635
spargit aqua ramumque aduerso in limine figit.

His demum exactis, perfecto munere diuae,
deuenere locos laetos et amoena uirecta
fortunatorum nemorum sedesque beatas.
largior hic campos aether et lumine uestit 640
purpureo, solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.
pars in gramineis exercent membra palaestris,

contendunt ludo et fulua luctantur harena;
pars pedibus plaudunt choreas et carmina dicunt.
nec non Threicius longa cum ueste sacerdos 645
obloquitur numeris septem discrimina uocum,
iamque eadem digitis, iam pectine pulsat eburno.
hic genus antiquum Teucri, pulcherrima proles,
magnanimi heroes nati melioribus annis,
Ilusque Assaracusque et Troiae Dardanus auctor. 650
arma procul currusque uirum miratur inanis;
stant terra defixae hastae passimque soluti
per campum pascuntur equi. quae gratia currum
armorumque fuit uiuis, quae cura nitentis
pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos. 655
conspicit, ecce, alios dextra laeuaque per herbam
uescentis laetumque choro paeana canentis
inter odoratum lauris nemus, unde superne
plurimus Eridani per siluam uoluitur amnis.
hic manus ob patriam pugnando uulnera passi, 660
quique sacerdotes casti, dum uita manebat,
quique pii uates et Phoebos digna locuti,
inuentas aut qui uitam excoluere per artis
quique sui memores aliquos fecere merendo:
omnibus his niuea cinguntur tempora uitta. 665
quos circumfusus sic est adfata Sibylla,
Musaeum ante omnis (medium nam plurima turba
hunc habet atque umeris exstantem suspicit altis):
‘dicite, felices animae tuque optime uates,
quae regio Anchisen, quis habet locus? illius ergo 670
uenimus et magnos Erebi tranauimus amnis.’
atque huic responsum paucis ita reddidit heros:
‘nulli certa domus; lucis habitamus opacis,
riparumque toros et prata recentia riuis
incolimus. sed uos, si fert ita corde uoluntas, 675
hoc superate iugum, et facili iam tramite sistam.’
dixit, et ante tulit gressum camposque nitentis
desuper ostentat; dehinc summa cacumina linqunt.

At pater Anchises penitus conualle uirenti
inclusas animas superumque ad lumen ituras 680
lustrabat studio recolens, omnemque suorum
forte recensebat numerum, carosque nepotes
fataque fortunasque uirum moresque manusque.
isque ubi tendentem aduersum per gramina uidit
Aenean, alacris palmas utrasque tetendit, 685
effusaeque genis lacrimae et uox excidit ore:
‘uenisti tandem, tuaque exspectata parenti
uicit iter durum pietas? datur ora tueri,
nate, tua et notas audire et reddere uoces?
sic equidem ducebam animo rebarque futurum 690
tempora dinumerans, nec me mea cura fefellit.
quas ego te terras et quanta per aequora uectum
accipio! quantis iactatum, nate, periclis!
quam metui ne quid Libyae tibi regna nocerent!’
ille autem: ‘tua me, genitor, tua tristis imago 695
saepius occurrens haec limina tendere adegit;
stant sale Tyrrheno classes. da iungere dextram,
da, genitor, teque amplexu ne subtrahe nostro.’
sic memorans largo fletu simul ora rigabat.
ter conatus ibi colo dare bracchia circum; 700
ter frustra comprehensa manus effugit imago,
par leuibus uentis uolucrique simillima somno.

Interea uidet Aeneas in ualle reducta
seclusum nemus et uirgulta sonantia siluae,
Lethaeumque domos placidas qui praenatat amnem. 705
hunc circum innumerae gentes populique uolabant:
ac ueluti in pratis ubi apes aestate serena
floribus insidunt uariis et candida circum
lilia funduntur, strepit omnis murmure campus.
horrescit uisu subito causasque requirit 710
inscius Aeneas, quae sint ea flumina porro,
quique uiri tanto complerint agmine ripas.
tum pater Anchises: ‘animae, quibus altera fato
corpora debentur, Lethaei ad fluminis undam

securos latices et longa obliuia potant. 715
has equidem memorare tibi atque ostendere coram
iampridem, hanc prolem cupio enumerare meorum,
quo magis Italia mecum laetere reperta.’
‘o pater, anne aliquas ad caelum hinc ire putandum est
sublimis animas iterumque ad tarda reuerti 720
corpora? quae lucis miseris tam dira cupido?’
‘dicam equidem nec te suspensum, nate, tenebo’
suscipit Anchises atque ordine singula pandit.

‘Principio caelum ac terras camposque liquentis
lucentemque globum lunae Titaniaque astra 725
spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus
mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet.
inde hominum pecudumque genus uitaeque uolantum
et quae marmoreo fert monstra sub aequore pontus.
igneus est ollis uigor et caelestis origo 730
seminibus, quantum non noxia corpora tardant
terrenique hebetant artus moribundaque membra.
hinc metuunt cupiuntque, dolent gaudentque, neque auras
dispiciunt clausae tenebris et carcere caeco.
quin et supremo cum lumine uita reliquit, 735
non tamen omne malum miseris nec funditus omnes
corporeae excedunt pestes, penitusque necesse est
multa diu concreta modis inolescere miris.
ergo exercentur poenis ueterumque malorum
supplicia expendunt: aliae panduntur inanes 740
suspensae ad uentos, aliis sub gurgite uasto
infectum eluitur scelus aut exuritur igni:
quisque suos patimur manis. exinde per amplum
mittimur Elysium et pauci laeta arua tenemus,
donec longa dies perfecto temporis orbe 745
concretam exemit labem, purumque relinquit
aetherium sensum atque aurai simplicis ignem.
has omnis, ubi mille rotam uoluere per annos,
Lethaeum ad fluuium deus euocat agmine magno,
scilicet immemores supera ut conuexa reuisant 750

rursus, et incipiant in corpora uelle reuerti.’

Dixerat Anchises natumque unaque Sibyllam
conuentus trahit in medios turbamque sonantem,
et tumulum capit unde omnis longo ordine posset
aduersos legere et uenientum discere uultus. 755

‘Nunc age, Dardanium prolem quae deinde sequatur
gloria, qui maneant Itala de gente nepotes,
inlustris animas nostrumque in nomen ituras,
expediam dictis, et te tua fata docebo.
ille, uides, pura iuuenis qui nititur hasta, 760
proxima sorte tenet lucis loca, primus ad auras
aetherias Italo commixtus sanguine surget,
Siluius, Albanum nomen, tua postuma proles,
quem tibi longaeuo serum Lauinia coniunx
educet siluis regem regumque parentem, 765
unde genus Longa nostrum dominabitur Alba.
proximus ille Procas, Troianae gloria gentis,
et Capys et Numitor et qui te nomine reddet
Siluius Aeneas, pariter pietate uel armis
egregius, si umquam regnandam acceperit Albam. 770
qui iuuenes! quantas ostentant, aspice, uiris
atque umbrata gerunt ciuili tempora quercu!
hi tibi Nomentum et Gabios urbemque Fidenam,
hi Collatinas imponent montibus arces,
Pometios Castrumque Inui Bolamque Coramque; 775
haec tum nomina erunt, nunc sunt sine nomine terrae.
quin et auo comitem sese Mauortius addet
Romulus, Assaraci quem sanguinis Ilia mater
educet. uiden, ut geminae stant uertice cristae
et pater ipse suo superum iam signat honore? 780
en huius, nate, auspiciis illa incluta Roma
imperium terris, animos aequabit Olympo,
septemque una sibi muro circumdabit arces,
felix prole uirum: qualis Berecynthia mater
inuehitur curru Phrygias turrita per urbes 785

laeta deum partu, centum complexa nepotes,
omnis caelicolas, omnis supera alta tenentis.
huc geminas nunc flecte acies, hanc aspice gentem
Romanosque tuos. hic Caesar et omnis Iuli
progenies magnum caeli uentura sub axem. 790
hic uir, hic est, tibi quem promitti saepius audis,
Augustus Caesar, diui genus, aurea condet
saecula qui rursus Latio regnata per arua
Saturno quondam, super et Garamantas et Indos
proferet imperium; iacet extra sidera tellus, 795
extra anni solisque uias, ubi caelifer Atlas
axem umero torquet stellis ardentibus aptum.
huius in aduentum iam nunc et Caspia regna
responsis horrent diuum et Maeotia tellus,
et septemgemini turbant trepida ostia Nili. 800
nec uero Alcides tantum telluris obiuit,
fixerit aeripedem ceruam licet, aut Erymanthi
pacarit nemora et Lernam tremefecerit arcu;
nec qui pampineis uictor iuga flectit habenis
Liber, agens celso Nysae de uertice tigris. 805
et dubitamus adhuc uirtutem extendere factis,
aut metus Ausonia prohibet consistere terra?
quis procul ille autem ramis insignis oliuae
sacra ferens? nosco crinis incanaque menta
regis Romani primam qui legibus urbem 810
fundabit, Curibus paruus et paupere terra
missus in imperium magnum. cui deinde subibit
otia qui rumpet patriae residesque mouebit
Tullus in arma uiros et iam desueta triumphis
agmina. quem iuxta sequitur iactantior Ancus 815
nunc quoque iam nimium gaudens popularibus auris.
uis et Tarquinius reges animamque superbam
ultoris Bruti, fascisque uidere receptos?
consulis imperium hic primus saeuasque securis
accipiet, natosque pater noua bella mouentis 820
ad poenam pulchra pro libertate uocabit,
infelix, utcumque ferent ea facta minores:

uincet amor patriae laudumque immensa cupido.
quin Decios Drususque procul saeuumque securi
aspice Torquatum et referentem signa Camillum. 825
illae autem paribus quas fulgere cernis in armis,
concordes animae nunc et dum nocte prementur,
heu quantum inter se bellum, si lumina uitae
attigerint, quantas acies stragemque ciebunt,
aggeribus socer Alpinis atque arce Monoeci 830
descendens, gener aduersis instructus Eois!
ne, pueri, ne tanta animis adsuescite bella
neu patriae ualidas in uiscera uertite uiris;
tuque prior, tu parce, genus qui ducis Olympo,
proice tela manu, sanguis meus! — 835
ille triumphata Capitolia ad alta Corintho
uictor aget currum caesis insignis Achiuis.
eruet ille Argos Agamemnoniasque Mycenae
ipsumque Aeaciden, genus armipotentis Achilli,
ultus auos Troiae templa et temerata Mineruae. 840
quis te, magne Cato, tacitum aut te, Cosse, relinquat?
quis Gracchi genus aut geminos, duo fulmina belli,
Scipiadas, cladem Libyae, paruoque potentem
Fabricium uel te sulco, Serrane, serentem?
quo fessum rapitis, Fabii? tu Maximus ille es, 845
unus qui nobis cunctando restituis rem.
excudent alii spirantia mollius aera
(credo equidem), uiuos ducent de marmore uultus,
orabunt causas melius, caelique meatus
describent radio et surgentia sidera dicent: 850
tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento
(hae tibi erunt artes), pacique imponere morem,
parcere subiectis et debellare superbos.’

Sic pater Anchises, atque haec mirantibus addit:
‘aspice, ut insignis spoliis Marcellus opimis 855
ingreditur uictorque uiros supereminet omnis.
hic rem Romanam magno turbante tumultu
sistet eques, sternet Poenos Gallumque rebellem,

tertiaque arma patri suspendet capta Quirino.
atque hic Aeneas (una namque ire uidebat 860
egregium forma iuuenem et fulgentibus armis,
sed frons laeta parum et deiecto lumina uultu)
'quis, pater, ille, uirum qui sic comitatur euntem?
filius, ane aliquis magna de stirpe nepotum?
qui strepitus circa comitum! quantum instar in ipso! 865
sed nox atra caput tristi circumuolat umbra.'
tum pater Anchises lacrimis ingressus obortis:
'o gnate, ingentem luctum ne quaere tuorum;
ostendent terris hunc tantum fata nec ultra
esse sinent. nimium uobis Romana propago 870
uisa potens, superi, propria haec si dona fuissent.
quantos ille uirum magnam Mauortis ad urbem
campus aget gemitus! uel quae, Tiberine, uidebis
funera, cum tumulum praeterlabere recentem!
nec puer Iliaca quisquam de gente Latinos 875
in tantum spe tollet auos, nec Romula quondam
ullo se tantum tellus iactabit alumno.
heu pietas, heu prisca fides inuictaque bello
dextera! non illi se quisquam impune tulisset
obuius armato, seu cum pedes iret in hostem 880
seu spumantis equi foderet calcaribus armos.
heu, miserande puer, si qua fata aspera rumpas,
tu Marcellus eris. manibus date lilia plenis
purpureos spargam flores animamque nepotis
his saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani 885
munere.' sic tota passim regione uagantur
aeris in campis latis atque omnia lustrant.
quae postquam Anchises natum per singula duxit
incenditque animum famae uenientis amore,
exim bella uiro memorat quae deinde gerenda, 890
Laurentisque docet populos urbemque Latini,
et quo quemque modo fugiatque feratque laborem.

Sunt geminae Somni portae, quarum altera fertur
cornea, qua ueris facilis datur exitus umbris,

altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto, 895
sed falsa ad caelum mittunt insomnia Manes.
his ibi tum natum Anchises unaque Sibyllam
prosequitur dictis portaque emittit eburna,
ille uiam secat ad nauis sociosque reuisit.

Tum se ad Caietae recto fert limite portum. 900
ancora de prora iacitur; stant litore puppes.

LIBER VII

Tu quoque litoribus nostris, Aeneia nutrix,
aeternam moriens famam, Caieta, dedisti;
et nunc seruat honos sedem tuus, ossaque nomen
Hesperia in magna, si qua est ea gloria, signat.

At pius exsequiis Aeneas rite solutis, 5
aggere composito tumuli, postquam alta quierunt
aequora, tendit iter uelis portumque relinquit.
aspirant aurae in noctem nec candida cursus
luna negat, splendet tremulo sub lumine pontus.
proxima Circaeae raduntur litora terrae, 10
diues inaccessos ubi Solis filia lucos
adsiduo resonat cantu, tectisque superbis
urit odoratam nocturna in lumina cedrum
arguto tenuis percurrrens pectine telas.
hinc exaudiri gemitus iraeque leonum 15
uincla recusantum et sera sub nocte rudentum,
saetigerique sues atque in praesepibus ursi
saeuire ac formae magnorum ululare luporum,
quos hominum ex facie dea saeua potentibus herbis
induerat Circe in uultus ac terga ferarum. 20
quae ne monstra pii paterentur talia Troes
delati in portus neu litora dira subirent,
Neptunus uentis impleuit uela secundis,
atque fugam dedit et praeter uada feruida uexit.

Iamque rubescebat radiis mare et aethere ab alto 25
Aurora in roseis fulgebat lutea bigis,
cum uenti posuere omnisque repente resedit
flatus, et in lento luctantur marmore tonsae.
atque hic Aeneas ingentem ex aequore lucum
prospicit. hunc inter fluuio Tiberinus amoeno 30
uerticibus rapidis et multa flauus harena
in mare prorumpit. uariae circumque supraque

adsuetae ripis uolucres et fluminis alueo
aethera mulcebant cantu lucoque uolabant.
flectere iter sociis terraeque aduertere proras 35
imperat et laetus fluuio succedit opaco.

Nunc age, qui reges, Erato, quae tempora, rerum
quis Latio antiquo fuerit status, aduena classem
cum primum Ausoniis exercitus appulit oris,
expediam, et primae reuocabo exordia pugnae. 40
tu uatem, tu, diua, mone. dicam horrida bella,
dicam acies actosque animis in funera reges,
Tyrrhenamque manum totamque sub arma coactam
Hesperiam. maior rerum mihi nascitur ordo,
maius opus moueo. 45

Rex arua Latinus et urbes
iam senior longa placidas in pace regebat.
hunc Fauno et nympha genitum Laurente Marica
accipimus; Fauno Picus pater, isque parentem
te, Saturne, refert, tu sanguinis ultimus auctor.
filius huic fato diuum prolesque uirilis 50
nulla fuit, primaque oriens erepta iuuenta est.
sola domum et tantas seruabat filia sedes
iam matura uiro, iam plenis nubilis annis.
multi illam magno e Latio totaque petebant
Ausonia; petit ante alios pulcherrimus omnis 55
Turnus, auis atausque potens, quem regia coniunx
adiungi generum miro properabat amore;
sed uariis portenta deum terroribus obstant.
laurus erat tecti medio in penetralibus altis
sacra comam multosque metu seruata per annos, 60
quam pater inuentam, primas cum conderet arces,
ipse ferebatur Phoebo sacrasse Latinus,
Laurentisque ab ea nomen posuisse colonis.
huius apes summum densae (mirabile dictu)
stridore ingenti liquidum trans aethera uectae 65
obsedere apicem, et pedibus per mutua nexis

examen subitum ramo frondente pependit.
continuo uates 'externum cernimus' inquit
'aduentare uirum et partis petere agmen easdem
partibus ex isdem et summa dominarier arce.' 70
praeterea, castis adolet dum altaria taedis,
et iuxta genitorem astat Lauinia uirgo,
uisa (nefas) longis comprehendere crinibus ignem
atque omnem ornatum flamma crepitante cremari,
regalisque accensa comas, accensa coronam 75
insignem gemmis; tum fumida lumine fuluo
inuolui ac totis Vulcanum spargere tectis.
id uero horrendum ac uisu mirabile ferri:
namque fore inlustrem fama fatisque canebant
ipsam, sed populo magnum portendere bellum. 80

At rex sollicitus monstris oracula Fauni,
fatidici genitoris, adit lucosque sub alta
consult Albunea, nemorum quae maxima sacro
fonte sonat saeuamque exhalat opaca mephitim.
hinc Italiae gentes omnisque Oenotria tellus 85
in dubiis responsa petunt; huc dona sacerdos
cum tulit et caesarum ouium sub nocte silenti
pellibus incubuit stratis somnosque petiuit,
multa modis simulacra uidet uolitantia miris
et uarias audit uoces fruiturque deorum 90
conloquio atque imis Acheronta adfatur Auernis.
hic et tum pater ipse petens responsa Latinus
centum lanigeras mactabat rite bidentis,
atque harum effultus tergo stratisque iacebat
uelleribus: subita ex alto uox reddita luco est: 95
'ne pete conubiis natam sociare Latinis,
o mea progenies, thalamis neu crede paratis;
externi uenient generi, qui sanguine nostrum
nomen in astra ferant, quorumque a stirpe nepotes
omnia sub pedibus, qua sol utrumque recurrens 100
aspicit Oceanum, uertique regique uidebunt.'
haec responsa patris Fauni monitusque silenti

nocte datos non ipse suo premit ore Latinus,
sed circum late uolitans iam Fama per urbes
Ausonias tulerat, cum Laomedontia pubes 105
gramineo ripae religauit ab aggere classem.

Aeneas primique duces et pulcher Iulus
corpora sub ramis deponunt arboris altae,
instituuntque dapes et adorea liba per herbam
subiciunt epulis (sic Iuppiter ipse monebat) 110
et Cereale solum pomis agrestibus augment.
consumptis hic forte aliis, ut uertere morsus
exiguam in Cererem penuria adegit edendi,
et uiolare manu malisque audacibus orbem
fatalis crusti patulis nec parcere quadris: 115
‘heus, etiam mensas consumimus?’ inquit Iulus,
nec plura, adludens. ea uox audita laborum
prima tulit finem, primamque loquentis ab ore
eripuit pater ac stupefactus numine pressit.
continuo ‘salue fatis mihi debita tellus 120
uosque’ ait ‘o fidi Troiae saluete penates:
hic domus, haec patria est. genitor mihi talia namque
(nunc repeto) Anchises fatorum arcana reliquit:
“cum te, nate, fames ignota ad litora uectum
accisis coget dapibus consumere mensas, 125
tum sperare domos defessus, ibique memento
prima locare manu molirique aggere tecta.”
haec erat illa fames, haec nos suprema manebat
exitii positura modum.
quare agite et primo laeti cum lumine solis 130
quae loca, quique habeant homines, ubi moenia gentis,
uestigemus et a portu diuersa petamus.
nunc pateras libate Ioui precibusque uocate
Anchisen genitorem, et uina reponite mensis.’
Sic deinde effatus frondenti tempora ramo 135
implicat et geniumque loci primamque deorum
Tellurem Nymphasque et adhuc ignota precatur
flumina, tum Noctem Noctisque orientia signa

Idaeumque Iouem Phrygiamque ex ordine matrem
inuocat, et duplicis caeloque Ereboque parentis. 140
hic pater omnipotens ter caelo clarus ab alto
intonuit, radiisque ardentem lucis et auro
ipse manu quatiens ostendit ab aethere nubem.
diditur hic subito Troiana per agmina rumor
aduenisse diem quo debita moenia condant. 145
certatim instaurant epulas atque omine magno
crateras laeti statuunt et uina coronant.

Postera cum prima lustrabat lampade terras
orta dies, urbem et finis et litora gentis
diuersi explorant: haec fontis stagna Numici, 150
hunc Thybrim fluuium, hic fortis habitare Latinos.
tum satus Anchisa delectos ordine ab omni
centum oratores augusta ad moenia regis
ire iubet, ramis uelatos Palladis omnis,
donaque ferre uiro pacemque exposcere Teucris. 155
haud mora, festinant iussi rapidisque feruntur
passibus. ipse humili designat moenia fossa
moliturque locum, primasque in litore sedes
castrorum in morem pinnis atque aggere cingit.
iamque iter emensi turris ac tecta Latinorum 160
ardua cernebant iuuenes muroque subibant.
ante urbem pueri et primaueo flore iuuentus
exercentur equis domitantque in puluere currus,
aut acris tendunt arcus aut lenta lacertis
spicula contorquent, cursuque ictuque lacescunt: 165
cum praeuectus equo longaeui regis ad auris
nuntius ingentis ignota in ueste reportat
aduenisse uiros. ille intra tecta uocari
imperat et solio medius consedit auito.

Tectum augustum, ingens, centum sublime columnis 170
urbe fuit summa, Laurentis regia Pici,
horrendum siluis et religione parentum.
hic sceptrum accipere et primos attollere fascis

regibus omen erat; hoc illis curia templum,
hae sacris sedes epulis; hic ariete caeso 175
perpetuis soliti patres considerare mensis.
quin etiam ueterum effigies ex ordine auorum
antiqua e cedro, Italusque paterque Sabinus
uitisator curuam seruans sub imagine falcem,
Saturnusque senex Ianique bifrontis imago 180
uestibulo astabant, aliique ab origine reges,
Martiaque ob patriam pugnando uulnera passi.
multaque praeterea sacris in postibus arma,
captiui pendent currus curuaeque secures
et cristae capitum et portarum ingentia claustra 185
spiculaque clipeique ereptaque rostra carinis.
ipse Quirinali lituo paruaque sedebat
succinctus trabea laeuaque ancile gerebat
Picus, equum domitor, quem capta cupidine coniunx
aurea percussum uirga uersumque uenenis 190
fecit auem Circe sparsitque coloribus alas.

Tali intus templo diuum patriaue Latinus
sede sedens Teucros ad sese in tecta uocauit,
atque haec ingressis placido prior edidit ore:
‘dicite, Dardanidae (neque enim nescimus et urbem 195
et genus, auditique aduertitis aequore cursum),
quid petitis? quae causa rates aut cuius egentis
litus ad Ausonium tot per uada caerula uexit?
siue errore uiae seu tempestatibus acti,
qualia multa mari nautae patiuntur in alto, 200
fluminis intrastis ripas portuque sedetis,
ne fugite hospitium, neue ignorete Latinos
Saturni gentem haud uinclo nec legibus aequam,
sponte sua ueterisque dei se more tenentem.
atque equidem memini (fama est obscurior annis) 205
Auruncos ita ferre senes, his ortus ut agris
Dardanus Idaeas Phrygiae penetrarit ad urbes
Threiciamque Samum, quae nunc Samothracia fertur.
hinc illum Corythi Tyrrhena ab sede profectum

aurea nunc solio stellantis regia caeli 210
accipit et numerum diuorum altaribus auget.’

Dixerat, et dicta Ilioneus sic uoce secutus:
‘rex, genus egregium Fauni, nec fluctibus actos
atra subegit hiems uestris succedere terris,
nec sidus regione uiae litusue fefellit: 215
consilio hanc omnes animisque uolentibus urbem
adferimur pulsi regnis, quae maxima quondam
extremo ueniens sol aspiciebat Olympo.
ab Ioue principium generis, Ioue Dardana pubes
gaudet auo, rex ipse Iouis de gente suprema: 220
Troius Aeneas tua nos ad limina misit.
quanta per Idaeos saeuis effusa Mycenis
tempestas ierit campos, quibus actus uterque
Europae atque Asiae fatis concurrerit orbis,
audiit et si quem tellus extrema refuso 225
summouet Oceano et si quem extenta plagarum
quattuor in medio dirimit plaga solis iniqui.
diluuiio ex illo tot uasta per aequora uecti
dis sedem exiguum patriis litusque rogamus
innocuum et cunctis undamque auramque patentem. 230
non erimus regno indecores, nec uestra feretur
fama leuis tantique abolescet gratia facti,
nec Troiam Ausonios gremio excepisse pigebit.
fata per Aeneae iuro dextramque potentem,
siue fide seu quis bello est expertus et armis: 235
multi nos populi, multae (ne temne, quod ultro
praeferimus manibus uittas ac uerba precantia)
et petiere sibi et uoluere adiungere gentes;
sed nos fata deum uestras exquirere terras
imperiiis egere suis. hinc Dardanus ortus, 240
huc repetit iussisque ingentibus urget Apollo
Tyrrhenum ad Thybrim et fontis uada sacra Numici.
dat tibi praeterea fortunae parua prioris
munera, reliquias Troia ex ardente receptas.
hoc pater Anchises auro libabat ad aras, 245

hoc Priami gestamen erat cum iura uocatis
more daret populis, sceptrumque sacerque tiaras
Iliadumque labor uestes.'

Talibus Ilionei dictis defixa Latinus
obtutu tenet ora soloque immobilis haeret, 250
intentos uoluens oculos. nec purpura regem
picta mouet nec sceptrum mouent Priameia tantum
quantum in conubio natae thalamoque moratur,
et ueteris Fauni uoluit sub pectore sortem:
hunc illum fatis externa ab sede profectum 255
portendi generum paribusque in regna uocari
auspiciis, huic progeniem uirtute futuram
egregiam et totum quae uiribus occupet orbem.
tandem laetus ait: 'di nostra incepta secudent
auguriumque suum! dabitur, Troiane, quod optas. 260
munera nec sperno: non uobis rege Latino
diuitis uber agri Troiaeue opulentia deerit.
ipse modo Aeneas, nostri si tanta cupido est,
si iungi hospitio properat sociusque uocari,
adueniat, uultus neue exhorrescat amicos: 265
pars mihi pacis erit dextram tetigisse tyranni.
uos contra regi mea nunc mandata referte:
est mihi nata, uiro gentis quam iungere nostrae
non patrio ex adyto sortes, non plurima caelo
monstra sinunt; generos externis adfore ab oris, 270
hoc Latio restare canunt, qui sanguine nostrum
nomen in astra ferant. hunc illum poscere fata
et reor et, si quid ueri mens augurat, opto.'
haec effatus equos numero pater eligit omni
(stabant ter centum nitidi in praeseptibus altis); 275
omnibus extemplo Teucris iubet ordine duci
instratos ostro alipedes pictisque tapetis
(aurea pectoribus demissa monilia pendent,
tecti auro fuluum mandunt sub dentibus aurum),
absenti Aeneae currum geminosque iugalis 280
semine ab aetherio spirantis naribus ignem,

illorum de gente patri quos daedala Circe
supposita de matre nothos furata creauit.
talibus Aeneadae donis dictisque Latini
sublimes in equis redeunt pacemque reportant. 285

Ecce autem Inachiis sese referebat ab Argis
saeua Iouis coniunx aurasque inuecta tenebat,
et laetum Aenean classemque ex aethere longe
Dardaniam Siculo prospexit ab usque Pachyno.
moliri iam tecta uidet, iam fidere terrae, 290
deseruisse rates: stetit acri fixa dolore.
tum quassans caput haec effundit pectore dicta:
‘heu stirpem inuisam et fatis contraria nostris
fata Phrygum! num Sigeis occumbere campis,
num capti potuere capi? num incensa cremauit 295
Troia uiros? medias acies mediosque per ignis
inuenere uiam. at, credo, mea numina tandem
fessa iacent, odiis aut exsaturata quieui.
quin etiam patria excussos infesta per undas
ausa sequi et profugis toto me opponere ponto. 300
absumptae in Teucros uires caelique marisque.
quid Syrtes aut Scylla mihi, quid uasta Charybdis
profuit? optato conduntur Thybridis alueo
securi pelagi atque mei. Mars perdere gentem
immanem Lapithum ualuit, concessit in iras 305
ipse deum antiquam genitor Calydonia Dianae,
quod scelus aut Lapithas tantum aut Calydonia merentem?
ast ego, magna Iouis coniunx, nil linquere inausum
quae potui infelix, quae memet in omnia uerti,
uincor ab Aenea. quod si mea numina non sunt 310
magna satis, dubitem haud equidem implorare quod usquam est:
flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta mouebo.
non dabitur regnis, esto, prohibere Latinis,
atque immota manet fatis Lauinia coniunx:
at trahere atque moras tantis licet addere rebus, 315
at licet amborum populos excindere regum.
hac gener atque socer coeant mercede suorum:

sanguine Troiano et Rutulo dotabere, uirgo,
et Bellona manet te pronuba. nec face tantum
Cisseis praegnas ignis enixa iugalis; 320
quin idem Veneri partus suus et Paris alter,
funestaeque iterum recidiua in Pergama taedae.’
Haec ubi dicta dedit, terras horrenda petiuit;
luctificam Allecto dirarum ab sede dearum
infernisque ciet tenebris, cui tristia bella 325
iraeque insidiaeque et crimina noxia cordi.
odit et ipse pater Pluton, odere sorores
Tartareae monstrum: tot sese uertit in ora,
tam saeuae facies, tot pullulat atra colubris.
quam Iuno his acuit uerbis ac talia fatur: 330
‘hunc mihi da proprium, uirgo sata Nocte, laborem,
hanc operam, ne noster honos infractae cedat
fama loco, neu conubiis ambire Latinum
Aeneadae possint Italosue obsidere finis.
tu potes unanimos armare in proelia fratres 335
atque odiis uersare domos, tu uerbera tectis
funereasque inferre faces, tibi nomina mille,
mille nocendi artes. fecundum concute pectus,
dissice compositam pacem, sere crimina belli;
arma uelit poscatque simul rapiatque iuuentus.’ 340

Exim Gorgoneis Allecto infecta uenenis
principio Latium et Laurentis tecta tyranni
celsa petit, tacitumque obsedit limen Amatae,
quam super aduentu Teucrum Turnique hymenaeis
femineae ardentem curaeque iraeque coquebant. 345
huic dea caeruleis unum de crinibus anguem
conicit, inque sinum praecordia ad intima subdit,
quo furibunda domum monstro permisceat omnem.
ille inter uestis et leuia pectora lapsus
uoluitur attactu nullo, fallitque furem 350
uipeream inspirans animam; fit tortile collo
aurum ingens coluber, fit longae taenia uittae
innectitque comas et membris lubricus errat.

ac dum prima lues udo sublapsa ueneno
pertemptat sensus atque ossibus implicat ignem 355
necdum animus toto percepit pectore flammam,
mollius et solito matrum de more locuta est,
multa super natae lacrimans Phrygiisque hymenaeis:
‘exsulibusne datur ducenda Lauinia Teucris,
o genitor, nec te miseret nataeque tuique? 360
nec matris miseret, quam primo Aquilone relinquet
perfidus alta petens abducta uirgine praedo?
at non sic Phrygius penetrat Lacedaemona pastor,
Ledaeamque Helenam Troianas uexit ad urbes?
quid tua sancta fides? quid cura antiqua tuorum 365
et consanguineo totiens data dextera Turno?
si gener externa petitur de gente Latinis,
idque sedet, Faunisque premunt te iussa parentis,
omnem equidem sceptris terram quae libera nostris
dissidet externam reor et sic dicere diuos. 370
et Turno, si prima domus repetatur origo,
Inachus Acrisiusque patres mediaeque Mycenae.’

His ubi nequiquam dictis experta Latinum
contra stare uidet, penitusque in uiscera lapsum
serpentis furiale malum totamque pererrat, 375
tum uero infelix ingentibus excita monstribus
immensam sine more furit lymphata per urbem.
ceu quondam torto uolitans sub uerbere turbo,
quem pueri magno in gyro uacua atria circum
intenti ludo exercent — ille actus habena 380
curuatis fertur spatiis; stupet inscia supra
impubesque manus mirata uolubile buxum;
dant animos plagae: non cursu segnior illo
per medias urbes agitur populosque ferocis.
quin etiam in siluas simulato numine Bacchi 385
maius adorta nefas maioremque orsa furorem
euolat et natam frondosis montibus abdit,
quo thalamum eripiat Teucris taedasque moretur,
euhoe Bacche fremens, solum te uirgine dignum

uociferans: etenim mollis tibi sumere thyrsos, 390
te lustrare choro, sacrum tibi pascere crinem.
fama uolat, furiisque accensas pectore matres
idem omnis simul ardor agit noua quaerere tecta.
deseruere domos, uentis dant colla comasque;
ast aliae tremulis ululatibus aethera complent 395
pampineasque gerunt incinctae pellibus hastas.
ipsa inter medias flagrantem feruida pinum
sustinet ac natae Turnique canit hymenaeos
sanguineam torquens aciem, toruumque repente
clamat: 'io matres, audite, ubi quaeque, Latinae: 400
si qua piis animis manet infelicis Amatae
gratia, si iuris materni cura remordet,
soluite crinalis uittas, capite orgia mecum.'
talem inter siluas, inter deserta ferarum
reginam Allecto stimulis agit undique Bacchi. 405

Postquam uisa satis primos acuisse furores
consiliumque omnemque domum uertisse Latini,
protinus hinc fuscis tristis dea tollitur alis
audacis Rutuli ad muros, quam dicitur urbem
Acrisioneis Danae fundasse colonis 410
praecipiti delata Noto. locus Ardea quondam
dictus auis, et nunc magnum manet Ardea nomen,
sed fortuna fuit. tectis hic Turnus in altis
iam mediam nigra carpebat nocte quietem.
Allecto toruam faciem et furialia membra 415
exuit, in uultus sese transformat anilis
et frontem obscenam rugis arat, induit albos
cum uitta crinis, tum ramum innectit oliuae;
fit Calybe Iunonis anus templique sacerdos,
et iuueni ante oculos his se cum uocibus offert: 420
'Turne, tot incassum fusos pati laboribus,
et tua Dardaniis transcribi sceptrum colonis?
rex tibi coniugium et quaesitas sanguine dotes
abnegat, externusque in regnum quaeritur heres.
i nunc, ingratis offer te, inrise, periculis; 425

Tyrrhenas, i, sterne acies, tege pace Latinos.
haec adeo tibi me, placida cum nocte iaceres,
ipsa palam fari omnipotens Saturnia iussit.
quare age et armari pubem portisque moueri
laetus in arua para, et Phrygios qui flumine pulchro 430
consedere duces pictasque exure carinas.
caelestum uis magna iubet. rex ipse Latinus,
ni dare coniugium et dicto parere fatetur,
sentiat et tandem Turnum experiatur in armis.’

Hic iuuenis uatem inridens sic orsa uicissim 435
ore refert: ‘classis inuectas Thybridis undam
non, ut rere, meas effugit nuntius auris;
ne tantos mihi finge metus. nec regia Iuno
immemor est nostri.
sed te uicta situ uerique effeta senectus, 440
o mater, curis nequiquam exercet, et arma
regum inter falsa uatem formidine ludit.
cura tibi diuum effigies et templa tueri;
bella uiri pacemque gerent quis bella gerenda.’

Talibus Allecto dictis exarsit in iras. 445
at iuueni oranti subitus tremor occupat artus,
deriguere oculi: tot Erinys sibilat hydris
tantaque se facies aperit; tum flammea torquens
lumina cunctantem et quaerentem dicere plura
reppulit, et geminos erexit crinibus anguis, 450
uerberaque insonuit rabidoque haec addidit ore:
‘en ego uicta situ, quam ueri effeta senectus
arma inter regum falsa formidine ludit.
respice ad haec: adsum dirarum ab sede sororum,
bella manu letumque gero.’ 455
sic effata facem iuueni coniecit et atro
lumine fumantis fixit sub pectore taedas.
olli somnum ingens rumpit pauor, ossaque et artus
perfundit toto proruptus corpore sudor.
arma amens fremit, arma toro tectisque requirit; 460

saeuit amor ferri et scelerata insania belli,
ira super: magno ueluti cum flamma sonore
uirgea suggeritur costis undantis aeni
exsultantque aestu latices, furit intus aquai
fumidus atque alte spumis exuberat amnis, 465
nec iam se capit unda, uolat uapor ater ad auras.
ergo iter ad regem polluta pace Latinum
indicit primis iuuenum et iubet arma parari,
tutari Italiam, detrudere finibus hostem;
se satis ambobus Teucrisque uenire Latinisque. 470
haec ubi dicta dedit diuosque in uota uocauit,
certatim sese Rutuli exhortantur in arma.
hunc decus egregium formae mouet atque iuuentae,
hunc atau reges, hunc claris dextera factis.

Dum Turnus Rutulos animis audacibus implet, 475
Allecto in Teucros Stygiis se concitat alis,
arte noua, speculata locum, quo litore pulcher
insidiis cursuque feras agitabat Iulus.
hic subitam canibus rabiem Cocytia uirgo
obicit et noto naris contingit odore, 480
ut ceruum ardentes agerent; quae prima laborum
causa fuit belloque animos accendit agrestis.
ceruus erat forma praestanti et cornibus ingens,
Tyrrhidae pueri quem matris ab ubere raptum
nutribant Tyrrhusque pater, cui regia parent 485
armenta et late custodia credita campi.
adsuetum imperiis soror omni Siluia cura
mollibus intexens ornabat cornua sertis,
pectebatque ferum puroque in fonte lauabat.
ille manum patiens mensaeque adsuetus erili 490
errabat siluis rursusque ad limina nota
ipse domum sera quamuis se nocte ferebat.
hunc procul errantem rabidae uenantis Iuli
commouere canes, fluuio cum forte secundo
deflueret ripaque aestus uiridante leuaret. 495
ipse etiam eximiae laudis succensus amore

Ascanius curuo derexit spicula cornu;
nec dextrae erranti deus afuit, actaque multo
perque uterum sonitu perque ilia uenit harundo.
saucius at quadripes nota intra tecta refugit 500
successitque gemens stabulis, questuque cruentus
atque imploranti similis tectum omne replebat.
Siluia prima soror palmis percussa lacertos
auxilium uocat et duros conclamat agrestis.
olli (pestis enim tacitis latet aspera siluis) 505
improvisi adsunt, hic torre armatus obusto,
stipitis hic grauidi nodis; quod cuique repertum
rimanti telum ira facit. uocat agmina Tyrrhus,
quadrifidam quercum cuneis ut forte coactis
scindebat rapta spirans immane securi. 510
At saeua e speculis tempus dea nacta nocendi
ardua tecta petit stabuli et de culmine summo
pastorale canit signum cornuque recuruo
Tartaream intendit uocem, qua protinus omne
contremuit nemus et siluae insonuere profundae; 515
audiit et Triuia longe lacus, audiit amnis
sulpurea Nar albus aqua fontesque Velini,
et trepidae matres pressere ad pectora natos.
tum uero ad uocem celeres, qua bucina signum
dira dedit, raptis concurrunt undique telis 520
indomiti agricolae, nec non et Troia pubes
Ascanio auxilium castris effundit apertis.
derexere acies. non iam certamine agresti
stipitibus duris agitur sudibusue praeustis,
sed ferro ancipiti decernunt atraque late 525
horrescit strictis seges ensibus, aeraque fulgent
sole lacessita et lucem sub nubila iactant:
fluctus uti primo coepit cum albescere uento,
paulatim sese tollit mare et altius undas
erigit, inde imo consurgit ad aethera fundo. 530
hic iuuenis primam ante aciem stridente sagitta,
natorum Tyrrhi fuerat qui maximus, Almo,
sternitur; haesit enim sub gutture uulnus et udae

uocis iter tenuemque inclusit sanguine uitam.
corpora multa uirum circa seniorque Galaesus, 535
dum paci medium se offert, iustissimus unus
qui fuit Ausoniisque olim ditissimus aruis:
quinque greges illi balantum, quina redibant
armenta, et terram centum uertebat aratris.

Atque ea per campos aequo dum Marte geruntur, 540
promissi dea facta potens, ubi sanguine bellum
imbuit et primae commisit funera pugnae,
deserit Hesperiam et caeli conuersa per auras
Iunonem uictrix adfatur uoce superba:
'en, perfecta tibi bello discordia tristi; 545
dic in amicitiam coeant et foedera iungant.
quandoquidem Ausonio respersi sanguine Teucros,
hoc etiam his addam, tua si mihi certa uoluntas:
finitimas in bella feram rumoribus urbes,
accendamque animos insani Martis amore 550
undique ut auxilio ueniant; spargam arma per agros.'
tum contra Iuno: 'terrorum et fraudis abunde est:
stant belli causae, pugnatur comminus armis,
quae fors prima dedit sanguis nouus imbuit arma.
talìa coniugia et talis celebrent hymenaeos 555
egregium Veneris genus et rex ipse Latinus.
te super aetherias errare licentius auras
haud pater ille uelit, summi regnator Olympi.
cede locis. ego, si qua super fortuna laborum est,
ipsa regam.' talis dederat Saturnia uoces; 560
illa autem attollit stridentis anguibus alas
Cocytique petit sedem supera ardua linquens.
est locus Italiae medio sub montibus altis,
nobilis et fama multis memoratus in oris,
Amsancti ualles; densis hunc frondibus atrum 565
urget utrimque latus nemoris, medioque fragosus
dat sonitum saxis et torto uertice torrens.
hic specus horrendum et saeui spiracula Ditis
monstrantur, ruptoque ingens Acheronte uorago

pestiferas aperit fauces, quis condita Erinys, 570
inuisum numen, terras caelumque leuabat.

Nec minus interea extremam Saturnia bello
imponit regina manum. ruit omnis in urbem
pastorum ex acie numerus, caesosque reportant
Almonem puerum foedatique ora Galaesi, 575
implorantque deos obtestanturque Latinum.
Turnus adest medioque in crimine caedis et igni
terrorem ingeminat: Teucros in regna uocari,
stirpem admisceri Phrygiam, se limine pelli.
tum quorum attonitae Baccho nemora auia matres 580
insultant thiasis (neque enim leue nomen Amatae)
undique collecti coeunt Martemque fatigant.
ilicet infandum cuncti contra omina bellum,
contra fata deum peruerso numine poscunt.
certatim regis circumstant tecta Latini; 585
ille uelut pelago rupes immota resistit,
ut pelagi rupes magno ueniente fragore,
quae sese multis circum latrantibus undis
mole tenet; scopuli nequiquam et spumea circum
saxa fremunt laterique inlisa refunditur alga. 590
uerum ubi nulla datur caecum exsuperare potestas
consilium, et saeuae nutu Iunonis eunt res,
multa deos aurasque pater testatus inanis
‘frangimur heu fatis’ inquit ‘ferimurque procella!
ipsi has sacrilego pendetis sanguine poenas, 595
o miseri. te, Turne, nefas, te triste manebit
supplicium, uotisque deos uenerabere seris.
nam mihi parta quies, omnisque in limine portus
funere felici spoliior.’ nec plura locutus
saepsit se tectis rerumque reliquit habenas. 600

Mos erat Hesperio in Latio, quem protinus urbes
Albae coluere sacrum, nunc maxima rerum
Roma colit, cum prima mouent in proelia Martem,
siue Getis inferre manu lacrimabile bellum

Hyrcanisue Arabisue parant, seu tendere ad Indos 605
Auroramque sequi Parthosque reposcere signa:
sunt geminae Belli portae (sic nomine dicunt)
religione sacrae et saeui formidine Martis;
centum aerei claudunt uectes aeternaque ferri
robora, nec custos absistit limine Ianus. 610
has, ubi certa sedet patribus sententia pugnae,
ipse Quirinali trabea cinctuque Gabino
insignis reserat stridentia limina consul,
ipse uocat pugnas; sequitur tum cetera pubes,
aereaque adsensu conspirant cornua rauco. 615
hoc et tum Aeneadis indicere bella Latinus
more iubebatur tristisque recludere portas.
abstinuit tactu pater auersusque refugit
foeda ministeria, et caecis se condidit umbris.
tum regina deum caelo delapsa morantis 620
impulit ipsa manu portas, et cardine uerso
Belli ferratos rumpit Saturnia postis.
ardet inexcita Ausonia atque immobilis ante;
pars pedes ire parat campis, pars arduus altis
puluerulentus equis furit; omnes arma requirunt. 625
pars leuis clipeos et spicula lucida tergent
aruina pingui subiguntque in cote securis;
signaque ferre iuuat sonitusque audire tubarum.
quinque adeo magnae positae incudibus urbes
tela nouant, Atina potens Tiburque superbum, 630
Ardea Crustumerique et turrigerae Antemnae.
tegmina tuta cauant capitum flectuntque salignas
umbonum cratis; alii thoracas aenos
aut leuis ocreas lento ducunt argento;
uomeris huc et falcis honos, huc omnis aratri 635
cessit amor; recoquunt patrios fornacibus ensis.
classica iamque sonant, it bello tessera signum;
hic galeam tectis trepidus rapit, ille trementis
ad iuga cogit equos, clipeumque auroque tralicem
loricam induitur fidoque accingitur ense. 640

Pandite nunc Helicon, deae, cantusque mouete,
qui bello exciti reges, quae quemque secutae
complerint campos acies, quibus Itala iam tum
floruerit terra alma uiris, quibus arserit armis;
et meministis enim, diuae, et memorare potestis; 645
ad nos uix tenuis famae perlabitur aura.

Primus init bellum Tyrrhenis asper ab oris
contemptor diuum Mezentius agminaque armat.
filius huic iuxta Lausus, quo pulchrior alter
non fuit excepto Laurentis corpore Turni; 650
Lausus, equum domitor debellatorque ferarum,
ducit Agyllina nequiquam ex urbe secutos
mille uiros, dignus patriis qui laetior esset
imperiiis et cui pater haud Mezentius esset.

Post hos insignem palma per gramina currum 655
uictoresque ostentat equos satus Hercule pulchro
pulcher Auentinus, clipeoque insigne paternum
centum anguis cinctamque gerit serpentibus Hydram;
collis Auentini silua quem Rhea sacerdos
furtiuum partu sub luminis edidit oras, 660
mixta deo mulier, postquam Laurentia uictor
Geryone extincto Tirynthius attigit arua,
Tyrrhenoque boues in flumine lauit Hiberas.
pila manu saeuosque gerunt in bella dolones,
et tereti pugnant mucrone uerunque Sabello. 665
ipse pedes, tegimen torquens immane leonis,
terribili impexum saeta cum dentibus albis
indutus capiti, sic regia tecta subibat,
horridus Herculeoque umeros innexus amictu.

Tum gemini fratres Tiburtia moenia linquunt, 670
fratris Tiburti dictam cognomine gentem,
Catillusque acerque Coras, Argiua iuuentus,
et primam ante aciem densa inter tela feruntur:
ceu duo nubigenae cum uertice montis ab alto

descendunt Centauri Homolen Othrymque niualem 675
linquentes cursu rapido; dat euntibus ingens
silua locum et magno cedunt uirgulta fragore.

Nec Praenestinae fundator defuit urbis,
Volcano genitum pecora inter agrestia regem
inuentumque focus omnis quem credidit aetas, 680
Caeculus. hunc legio late comitatur agrestis:
quique altum Praeneste uiri quique arua Gabinae
Iunonis gelidumque Anienem et roscida riuis
Hernica saxa colunt, quos diues Anagnia pascis,
quos Amasene pater. non illis omnibus arma 685
nec clipei currusue sonant; pars maxima glandes
liuentis plumbi spargit, pars spicula gestat
bina manu, fuluosque lupi de pelle galeros
tegmen habent capiti; uestigia nuda sinistri
instituere pedis, crudus tegit altera pero. 690

At Messapus, equum domitor, Neptunia proles,
quem neque fas igni cuiquam nec sternere ferro,
iam pridem resides populos desuetaque bello
agmina in arma uocat subito ferrumque retractat.
hi Fescenninas acies Aequosque Faliscos, 695
hi Soractis habent arces Flauiniaque arua
et Cimini cum monte lacum lucosque Capenos.
ibant aequati numero regemque canebant:
ceu quondam niuei liquida inter nubila cycni
cum sese e pastu referunt et longa canoros 700
dant per colla modos, sonat amnis et Asia longe
pulsa palus.
nec quisquam aeratas acies examine tanto
misceri putet, aeriam sed gurgite ab alto
urgeri uolucrum raucarum ad litora nubem. 705

Ecce Sabinorum prisco de sanguine magnum
agmen agens Clausus magnique ipse agminis instar,
Claudia nunc a quo diffunditur et tribus et gens

per Latium, postquam in partem data Roma Sabinis.
una ingens Amiterna cohors priscique Quirites, 710
Ereti manus omnis oliuiferaeque Mutuscae;
qui Nomentum urbem, qui Rosea rura Velini,
qui Tetricae horrentis rupes montemque Seuerum
Casperiamque colunt Forulosque et flumen Himellae,
qui Tiberim Fabarimque bibunt, quos frigida misit 715
Nursia, et Ortinae classes populique Latini,
quosque secans infaustum interluit Allia nomen:
quam multi Libyco uoluuntur marmore fluctus
saeuus ubi Orion hibernis conditur undis,
uel cum sole nouo densae torrentur aristae 720
aut Hermi campo aut Lyciae flauentibus aruis.
scuta sonant pulsuque pedum conterrita tellus.

Hinc Agamemnonius, Troiani nominis hostis,
curru iungit Halaesus equos Turnoque ferocis
mille rapit populos, uertunt felicia Baccho 725
Massica qui rastris, et quos de collibus altis
Aurunci misere patres Sidicinaque iuxta
aequora, quique Cales linquunt amnisque uadosi
accola Volturni, pariterque Saticulus asper
Oscorumque manus. teretes sunt aclydes illis 730
tela, sed haec lento mos est aptare flagello.
laeuas caetra tegit, falcati comminus enses.

Nec tu carminibus nostris indictus abibis,
Oebale, quem generasse Telon Sebethide nympha
fertur, Teleboum Capreas cum regna teneret, 735
iam senior; patriis sed non et filius aruis
contentus late iam tum dicione premebat
Sarrastis populos et quae rigat aequora Sarnus,
quique Rufras Batulumque tenent atque arua Celemnae,
et quos maliferae despectant moenia Abellae, 740
Teutonico ritu soliti torquere cateias;
tegmina quis capitum raptus de subere cortex
aerataeque micant peltae, micat aereus ensis.

Et te montosae misere in proelia Nersae,
Vfens, insignem fama et felicibus armis, 745
horrida praecipue cui gens adsuetaque multo
uenatu nemorum, duris Aequicula glaebis.
armati terram exercent semperque recentis
conuectare iuuat praedas et uiuere rapto.

Quin et Marruua uenit de gente sacerdos 750
fronde super galeam et felici comptus oliua
Archippi regis missu, fortissimus Vmbro,
uipereo generi et grauitur spirantibus hydrys
spargere qui somnos cantuque manuque solebat,
mulcebatque iras et morsus arte leuabat. 755
sed non Dardaniae medicari cuspidis ictum
eualuit neque eum iuuere in uulnera cantus
somniaferi et Marsis quaesitae montibus herbae.
te nemus Angitia, uitrea te Fucinus unda,
te liquidi fleuere lacus. 760

Ibat et Hippolyti proles pulcherrima bello,
Virbius, insignem quem mater Aricia misit,
eductum Egeriae lucis umentia circum
litora, pinguis ubi et placabilis ara Dianae.
namque ferunt fama Hippolytum, postquam arte nouercae 765
occiderit patriasque explevit sanguine poenas
turbatis distractus equis, ad sidera rursus
aetheria et superas caeli uenisse sub auras,
Paeoniis reuocatum herbis et amore Dianae.
tum pater omnipotens aliquem indignatus ab umbris 770
mortalem infernis ad lumina surgere uitae,
ipse repertorem medicinae talis et artis
fulmine Phoebigenam Stygias detrusit ad undas.
at Triuia Hippolytum secretis alma recondit
sedibus et nymphae Egeriae nemorique relegat, 775
solus ubi in siluis Italis ignobilis aeuum
exigeret uersoque ubi nomine Virbius esset.
unde etiam templo Triuia lucisque sacratis

cornipedes arcentur equi, quod litore currum
et iuuenem monstris pauidi effudere marinis. 780
filius ardentis haud setius aequore campi
exercebat equos curruque in bella ruebat.

Ipse inter primos praestanti corpore Turnus
uertitur arma tenens et toto uertice supra est.
cui triplici crinita iuba galea alta Chimaeram 785
sustinet Aetnaeos efflantem faucibus ignis;
tam magis illa fremens et tristibus effera flammis
quam magis effuso crudescunt sanguine pugnae.
at leuem clipeum sublatis cornibus Io
auro insignibat, iam saetis obsita, iam bos, 790
argumentum ingens, et custos uirginis Argus,
caelataque amnem fundens pater Inachus urna.
insequitur nimbus peditum clipeataque totis
agmina densentur campis, Argiuaque pubes
Auruncaeque manus, Rutuli ueteresque Sicani, 795
et Sacrae acies et picti scuta Labici;
qui saltus, Tiberine, tuos sacrumque Numici
litus arant Rutulosque exercent uomere collis
Circaeumque iugum, quis Iuppiter Anxurus aruis
praesidet et uiridi gaudens Feronia luco; 800
qua Saturae iacet atra palus gelidusque per imas
quaerit iter uallis atque in mare conditur Vfens.

Hos super aduenit Volsca de gente Camilla
agmen agens equitum et florentis aere cateruas,
bellatrix, non illa colo calathisue Mineruae 805
femineas adsueta manus, sed proelia uirgo
dura pati cursuque pedum praeuertere uentos.
illa uel intactae segetis per summa uolaret
gramina nec teneras cursu laessisset aristas,
uel mare per medium fluctu suspensa tumentis 810
ferret iter celeris nec tingeret aequore plantas.
illam omnis tectis agrisque effusa iuuentus
turbaque miratur matrum et prospectat euntem,

attonitis inhians animis ut regius ostro
uelet honos leuis umeros, ut fibula crinem 815
auro internectat, Lyciam ut gerat ipsa pharetram
et pastorem praefixa cuspide myrtum.

LIBER VIII

Vt belli signum Laurenti Turnus ab arce
extulit et rauco strepuerunt cornua cantu,
utque acris concussit equos utque impulit arma,
extemplo turbati animi, simul omne tumultu
coniurat trepido Latium saeuitque iuuentus 5
effera. ductores primi Messapus et Vfens
contemptorque deum Mezentius undique cogunt
auxilia et latos uastant cultoribus agros.
mittitur et magni Venulus Diomedis ad urbem
qui petat auxilium, et Latio consistere Teucros, 10
aductum Aenean classi uictosque penatis
inferre et fatis regem se dicere posci
edoceat, multasque uiro se adiungere gentis
Dardanio et late Latio increbrescere nomen:
quid struat his coeptis, quem, si fortuna sequatur, 15
euentum pugnae cupiat, manifestius ipsi
quam Turno regi aut regi apparere Latino.

Talia per Latium. quae Laomedontius heros
cuncta uidens magno curarum fluctuat aestu,
atque animum nunc huc celerem nunc diuidit illuc 20
in partisque rapit uarias perque omnia uersat,
sicut aquae tremulum labris ubi lumen aenis
sole percussum aut radiantis imagine lunae
omnia peruolitat late loca, iamque sub auras
erigitur summique ferit laquearia tecti. 25
nox erat et terras animalia fessa per omnis
alituum pecudumque genus sopor altus habebat,
cum pater in ripa gelidique sub aetheris axe
Aeneas, tristi turbatus pectora bello,
procubuit seramque dedit per membra quietem. 30
huic deus ipse loci fluuio Tiberinus amoeno
populeas inter senior se attollere frondes
uisus (eum tenuis glauco uelabat amictu

carbasus, et crinis umbrosa tegebat harundo),
tum sic adfari et curas his demere dictis: 35

‘O sate gente deum, Troianam ex hostibus urbem
qui reuehis nobis aeternaque Pergama seruas,
exspectate solo Laurenti aruisque Latinis,
hic tibi certa domus, certi (ne absiste) penates.
neu belli terrere minis; tumor omnis et irae 40
concessere deum.

iamque tibi, ne uana putes haec fingere somnum,
litoreis ingens inuenta sub ilicibus sus
triginta capitum fetus enixa iacebit,
alba solo recubans, albi circum ubera nati. 45

[hic locus urbis erit, requies ea certa laborum,]
ex quo ter denis urbem redeuntibus annis
Ascanius clari condet cognominis Albam.
haud incerta cano. nunc qua ratione quod instat
expedias uictor, paucis (aduerte) docebo. 50
Arcades his oris, genus a Pallante profectum,
qui regem Euandrum comites, qui signa secuti,
delegere locum et posuere in montibus urbem
Pallantis proauis de nomine Pallanteum.

hi bellum adsidue ducunt cum gente Latina; 55
hos castris adhibe socios et foedera iunge.

ipse ego te ripis et recto flumine ducam,
aduersum remis superes subuectus ut amnem.
surge age, nate dea, primisque cadentibus astris
Iunoni fer rite preces, iramque minasque 60
supplicibus supera uotis. mihi uictor honorem
persolues. ego sum pleno quem flumine cernis
stringentem ripas et pinguis culta secantem,
caeruleus Thybris, caelo gratissimus amnis.

hic mihi magna domus, celsis caput urbibus exit.’ 65

Dixit, deinde lacu fluuius se condidit alto
ima petens; nox Aenean somnusque reliquit.
surgit et aetherii spectans orientia solis

lumina rite cauis undam de flumine palmis
sustinet ac talis effundit ad aethera uoces: 70
‘Nymphae, Laurentes Nymphae, genus omnibus unde est,
tuque, o Thybri tuo genitor cum flumine sancto,
accipite Aenean et tandem arcete periclis.
quo te cumque lacus miserantem incommoda nostra
fonte tenent, quocumque solo pulcherrimus exis, 75
semper honore meo, semper celebrare donis
corniger Hesperidum fluuius regnator aquarum.
adsis o tantum et propius tua numina firmes.’
sic memorat, geminasque legit de classe biremis
remigioque aptat, socios simul instruit armis. 80

Ecce autem subitum atque oculis mirabile monstrum,
candida per siluam cum fetu concolor albo
procubuit uiridique in litore conspicitur sus;
quam pius Aeneas tibi enim, tibi, maxima Iuno,
mactat sacra ferens et cum grege sistit ad aram. 85
Thybris ea fluuium, quam longa est, nocte tumentem
leniit, et tacita refluens ita substitit unda,
mitis ut in morem stagni placidaeque paludis
sterneret aequor aquis, remo ut luctamen abesset.
ergo iter inceptum celerant rumore secundo: 90
labitur uncta uadis abies; mirantur et undae,
miratur nemus insuetum fulgentia longe
scuta uirum fluuio pictasque innare carinas.
olli remigio noctemque diemque fatigant
et longos superant flexus, uariisque teguntur 95
arboribus, uiridisque secant placido aequore siluas.
sol medium caeli conscenderat igneus orbem
cum muros arcemque procul ac rara domorum
tectata uident, quae nunc Romana potentia caelo
aequauit, tum res inopes Euandrus habebat. 100
ocius aduertunt proras urbique propinquant.

Forte die sollemnem illo rex Arcas honorem
Amphitryoniadae magno diuisque ferebat

ante urbem in luco. Pallas huic filius una,
una omnes iuuenum primi pauperque senatus 105
tura dabant, tepidusque cruor fumabat ad aras.
ut celsas uidere rates atque inter opacum
adlabi nemus et tacitos incumbere remis,
terrentur uisu subito cunctique relictis
consurgunt mensis. audax quos rumpere Pallas 110
sacra uetat raptoque uolat telo obuius ipse,
et procul e tumulo: 'iuuenes, quae causa subegit
ignotas temptare uias? quo tenditis?' inquit.
'qui genus? unde domo? pacemne huc fertis an arma?'
tum pater Aeneas puppi sic fatur ab alta 115
paciferaeque manu ramum praetendit oliuae:
'Troiukenas ac tela uides inimica Latinis,
quos illi bello profugos egere superbo.
Euandrum petimus. ferte haec et dicite lectos
Dardaniae uenisse duces socia arma rogantis.' 120
obstupuit tanto percussus nomine Pallas:
'egredere o quicumque es' ait 'coramque parentem
adloquere ac nostris succede penatibus hospes.'
excepitque manu dextramque amplexus inhaesit;
progressi subeunt luco fluuiumque relinquunt. 125

Tum regem Aeneas dictis adfatur amicis:
'optime Graiugenum, cui me Fortuna precari
et uita comptos uoluit praetendere ramos,
non equidem extimui Danaum quod ductor et Arcas
quodque a stirpe fores geminis coniunctus Atridis; 130
sed mea me uirtus et sancta oracula diuum
cognatique patres, tua terris didita fama,
coniunxere tibi et fatis egere uolentem.
Dardanus, Iliacae primus pater urbis et auctor,
Electra, ut Grai perhibent, Atlantide cretus, 135
aduehitur Teucros; Electram maximus Atlas
edidit, aetherios umero qui sustinet orbis.
uobis Mercurius pater est, quem candida Maia
Cyllenae gelido conceptum uertice fudit;

at Maiam, auditis si quicquam credimus, Atlas, 140
idem Atlas generat caeli qui sidera tollit.
sic genus amborum scindit se sanguine ab uno.
his fretus non legatos neque prima per artem
temptamenta tui pepigi; me, me ipse meumque
obieci caput et supplex ad limina ueni. 145
gens eadem, quae te, crudeli Daunia bello
insequitur; nos si pellant nihil afore credunt
quin omnem Hesperiam penitus sua sub iuga mittant,
et mare quod supra teneant quodque adluit infra.
accipe daque fidem. sunt nobis fortia bello 150
pectora, sunt animi et rebus spectata iuuentus.’

Dixerat Aeneas. ille os oculosque loquentis
iamdudum et totum lustrabat lumine corpus.
tum sic pauca refert: ‘ut te, fortissime Teucrum,
accipio agnoscoque libens! ut uerba parentis 155
et uocem Anchisae magni uultumque recordor!
nam memini Hesioneae uisentem regna sororis
Laomedontiaden Priamum Salamina petentem
protinus Arcadiae gelidos inuisere finis.
tum mihi prima genas uestibat flore iuuentas, 160
mirabarque duces Teucros, mirabar et ipsum
Laomedontiaden; sed cunctis altior ibat
Anchises. mihi mens iuuenali ardebat amore
compellare uirum et dextrae coniungere dextram;
accessi et cupidus Phenei sub moenia duxi. 165
ille mihi insignem pharetram Lyciasque sagittas
discedens chlamydemque auro dedit intertextam,
frenaque bina meus quae nunc habet aurea Pallas.
ergo et quam petitis iuncta est mihi foedere dextra,
et lux cum primum terris se crastina reddet, 170
auxilio laetos dimittam opibusque iuuabo.
interea sacra haec, quando huc uenistis amici,
annua, quae differre nefas, celebrate fauentes
nobiscum, et iam nunc sociorum adsuescite mensis.’

Haec ubi dicta, dapes iubet et sublata reponi 175
pocula gramineoque uiros locat ipse sedili,
praecipuumque toro et uillosi pelle leonis
accipit Aenean solioque inuitat acerno.
tum lecti iuuenes certatim araeque sacerdos
uiscera tosta ferunt taurorum, onerantque canistris 180
dona laboratae Cereris, Bacchumque ministrant.
uescitur Aeneas simul et Troiana iuuentus
perpetui tergo bouis et lustralibus extis.
Postquam exempta fames et amor compressus edendi,
rex Euandrus ait: 'non haec sollemnia nobis, 185
has ex more dapes, hanc tanti numinis aram
uana superstitio ueterumque ignara deorum
imposuit: saeuis, hospes Troiane, periclis
seruati facimus meritosque nouamus honores.
iam primum saxis suspensam hanc aspice rupem, 190
disiectae procul ut moles desertaque montis
stat domus et scopuli ingentem traxere ruinam.
hic spelunca fuit uasto summota recessu,
semihominis Caci facies quam dira tenebat
solis inaccessam radiis; semperque recenti 195
caede tepebat humus, foribusque adfixa superbis
ora uirum tristi pendebant pallida tabo.
huic monstro Volcanus erat pater: illius atros
ore uomens ignis magna se mole ferebat.
attulit et nobis aliquando optantibus aetas 200
auxilium aduentumque dei. nam maximus ultor
tergemini nece Geryonae spoliisque superbus
Alcides aderat taurosque hac uictor agebat
ingentis, uallemque boues amnemque tenebant.
at furis Caci mens effera, ne quid inausum 205
aut intractatum scelerisue doliue fuisset,
quattuor a stabulis praestanti corpore tauros
auertit, totidem forma superante iuuenecas.
atque hos, ne qua forent pedibus uestigia rectis,
cauda in speluncam tractos uersisque uiarum 210
indiciis raptor saxo occultabat opaco;

quaerenti nulla ad speluncam signa ferebant.
interea, cum iam stabulis saturata moueret
Amphitryoniades armenta abitumque pararet,
discessu mugire boues atque omne querelis 215
impleri nemus et colles clamore relinqui.
reddidit una bouum uocem uastoque sub antro
mugit et Caci spem custodita fefellit.
hic uero Alcidae furiis exarserat atro
felle dolor: rapit arma manu nodisque grauatum 220
robur, et aërii cursu petit ardua montis.
tum primum nostri Cacus uidere timentem
turbatumque oculis; fugit ilicet ocior Euro
speluncamque petit, pedibus timor addidit alas.
ut sese inclusit ruptisque immane catenis 225
deiecit saxum, ferro quod et arte paterna
pendebat, fultosque emuniit obice postis,
ecce furens animis aderat Tirynthius omnemque
accessum lustrans huc ora ferebat et illuc,
dentibus infrendens. ter totum feruidus ira 230
lustrat Auentini montem, ter saxea temptat
limina nequiquam, ter fessus ualle resedit.
stabat acuta silex praecisis undique saxis
speluncae dorso insurgens, altissima uisu,
dirarum nidis domus opportuna uolucrum. 235
hanc, ut prona iugo laeuum incumbibat ad amnem,
dexter in aduersum nitens concussit et imis
auulsam soluit radicibus, inde repente
impulit; impulsu quo maximus intonat aether,
dissultant ripae refluitque exterritus amnis. 240
at specus et Caci detecta apparuit ingens
regia, et umbrosae penitus patuere cauernae,
non secus ac si qua penitus ui terra dehiscens
infernus reseret sedes et regna recludat
pallida, dis inuisa, superque immane barathrum 245
cernatur, trepident immisso lumine Manes.
ergo insperata deprensam luce repente
inclusumque cauo saxo atque insueta rudentem

desuper Alcides telis premit, omniaque arma
aduocat et ramis uastisque molaribus instat. 250
ille autem, neque enim fuga iam super ulla pericli,
faucibus ingentem fumum (mirabile dictu)
euomit inuoluitque domum caligine caeca
prospectum eripiens oculis, glomeratque sub antro
fumiferam noctem commixtis igne tenebris. 255
non tulit Alcides animis, seque ipse per ignem
praecipiti iecit saltu, qua plurimus undam
fumus agit nebulaque ingens specus aestuat atra.
hic Cacum in tenebris incendia uana uomentem
corripit in nodum complexus, et angit inhaerens 260
elisos oculos et siccum sanguine guttur.
panditur extemplo foribus domus atra reuulsis
abstractaeque boues abiurataeque rapinae
caelo ostenduntur, pedibusque informe cadauer
protrahitur. nequeunt expleri corda tuendo 265
terribilis oculos, uultum uillosaque saetis
pectora semiferi atque exstinctos faucibus ignis.
ex illo celebratus honos laetique minores
seruauere diem, primusque Potitius auctor
et domus Herculei custos Pinaria sacri 270
hanc aram luco statuit, quae maxima semper
dicetur nobis et erit quae maxima semper.
quare agite, o iuuenes, tantarum in munere laudum
cingite fronde comas et pocula porcite dextris,
communemque uocate deum et date uina uolentes.’ 275
dixerat, Herculea bicolor cum populus umbra
uelauitque comas foliisque innexa pependit,
et sacer impleuit dextram scyphus. ocius omnes
in mensam laeti libant diuosque precantur.
Deuexo interea propior fit Vesper Olympo. 280
iamque sacerdotes primusque Potitius ibant
pellibus in morem cincti, flammisque ferebant.
instaurant epulas et mensae grata secundae
dona ferunt cumulantque oneratis lancibus aras.
tum Salii ad cantus incensa altaria circum 285

populeis adsunt euincti tempora ramis,
hic iuuenum chorus, ille senum, qui carmine laudes
Herculeas et facta ferunt: ut prima nouercae
monstra manu geminosque premens eliserit anguis,
ut bello egregias idem disiecerit urbes, 290
Troiamque Oechaliamque, ut duros mille labores
rege sub Eurystheo fatis Iunonis iniquae
pertulerit. 'tu nubigenas, inuicte, bimembris
Hylaeumque Pholumque manu, tu Cresia mactas
prodigia et uastum Nemeae sub rupe leonem. 295
te Stygii tremuere lacus, te ianitor Orci
ossa super recubans antro semesa cruento;
nec te ullae facies, non terruit ipse Typhoeus
arduus arma tenens; non te rationis egentem
Lernaeus turba caputum circumstetit anguis. 300
salue, uera Iouis proles, decus addite diuis,
et nos et tua dexter adi pede sacra secundo.'
taliam carminibus celebrant; super omnia Caci
speluncam adiciunt spirantemque ignibus ipsum.
consonat omne nemus strepitu collesque resultant. 305

Exim se cuncti diuinis rebus ad urbem
perfectis referunt. ibat rex obsitus aeuo,
et comitem Aenean iuxta natumque tenebat
ingrediens uarioque uiam sermone leuabat.
miratur facilisque oculos fert omnia circum 310
Aeneas, capiturque locis et singula laetus
exquiratque auditque uirum monimenta priorum.
tum rex Euandrus Romanae conditor arcis:
'haec nemora indigenae Fauni Nymphaeque tenebant
gensque uirum truncis et duro robore nata, 315
quis neque mos neque cultus erat, nec iungere tauros
aut componere opes norant aut parcere parto,
sed rami atque asper uictu uenatus alebat.
primus ab aetherio uenit Saturnus Olympo
arma Iouis fugiens et regnis exsul adeptis. 320
is genus indocile ac dispersum montibus altis

composuit legesque dedit, Latiumque uocari
maluit, his quoniam latuisset tutus in oris.
aurea quae perhibent illo sub rege fuere
saecula: sic placida populos in pace regebat, 325
deterior donec paulatim ac decolor aetas
et belli rabies et amor successit habendi.
tum manus Ausonia et gentes uenere Sicanae,
saepius et nomen posuit Saturnia tellus;
tum reges asperque immani corpore Thybris, 330
a quo post Itali fluuium cognomine Thybrim
diximus; amisit uerum uetus Albula nomen.
me pulsum patria pelagique extrema sequentem
Fortuna omnipotens et ineluctabile fatum
his posuere locis, matrisque egere tremenda 335
Carmentis nymphae monita et deus auctor Apollo.’

Vix ea dicta, dehinc progressus monstrat et aram
et Carmentalem Romani nomine portam
quam memorant, nymphae priscum Carmentis honorem,
uatis fatidicae, cecinit quae prima futuros 340
Aeneadas magnos et nobile Pallanteum.
hinc lucum ingentem, quem Romulus acer asylum
rettulit, et gelida monstrat sub rupe Luperca
Parrhasio dictum Panos de more Lycae.
nec non et sacri monstrat nemus Argileti 345
testaturque locum et letum docet hospitis Argi.
hinc ad Tarpeiam sedem et Capitolia ducit
aurea nunc, olim siluestribus horrida dumis.
iam tum religio pauidos terrebat agrestis
dira loci, iam tum siluam saxumque tremebant. 350
‘hoc nemus, hunc’ inquit ‘frondoso uertice collem
(quis deus incertum est) habitat deus; Arcades ipsum
credunt se uidisse Iouem, cum saepe nigrantem
aegida concuteret dextra nimbosque cieret.
haec duo praeterea disiectis oppida muris, 355
reliquias ueterumque uides monimenta uirorum.
hanc Ianus pater, hanc Saturnus condidit arcem;

Ianiculum huic, illi fuerat Saturnia nomen.
talibus inter se dictis ad tecta subibant
pauperis Euandri, passimque armenta uidebant 360
Romanoque foro et lautis mugire Carinis.
ut uentum ad sedes, 'haec' inquit 'limina uictor
Alcides subiit, haec illum regia cepit.
aude, hospes, contemnere opes et te quoque dignum
finge deo, rebusque ueni non asper egenis.' 365
dixit, et angusti subter fastigia tecti
ingentem Aenean duxit stratisque locauit
effultum foliis et pelle Libystidis ursae:
nox ruit et fuscis tellurem amplectitur alis.

At Venus haud animo nequiquam exterrita mater 370
Laurentumque minis et duro mota tumultu
Volcanum adloquitur, thalamoque haec coniugis aureo
incipit et dictis diuinum aspirat amorem:
'dum bello Argolici uastabant Pergama reges
debita casurasque inimicis ignibus arces, 375
non ullum auxilium miseris, non arma rogau
artis opisque tuae, nec te, carissime coniunx,
incassumue tuos uolui exercere labores,
quamuis et Priami deberem plurima natis,
et durum Aeneae fleuissem saepe laborem. 380
nunc Iouis imperiis Rutulorum constitit oris:
ergo eadem supplex uenio et sanctum mihi numen
arma rogo, genetrix nato. te filia Nerei,
te potuit lacrimis Tithonia flectere coniunx.
aspice qui coeant populi, quae moenia clausis 385
ferrum acuant portis in me excidiumque meorum.'
dixerat et niueis hinc atque hinc diua lacertis
cunctantem amplexu molli fouet. ille repente
accepit solitam flammam, notusque medullas
intrauit calor et labefacta per ossa cucurrit, 390
non secus atque olim tonitru cum rupta corusco
igne rima micans percurrit lumine nimbos;
sensit laeta dolis et formae conscia coniunx.

tum pater aeterno fatur deuinctus amore:
'quid causas petis ex alto? fiducia cessit 395
quo tibi, diua, mei? similis si cura fuisset,
tum quoque fas nobis Teucros armare fuisset;
nec pater omnipotens Troiam nec fata uetabant
stare decemque alios Priamum superesse per annos.
et nunc, si bellare paras atque haec tibi mens est, 400
quidquid in arte mea possum promittere curae,
quod fieri ferro liquidoue potest electro,
quantum ignes animaeque ualent, absiste precando
uiribus indubitare tuis.' ea uerba locutus
optatos dedit amplexus placidumque petiuit 405
coniugis infusus gremio per membra soporem.

Inde ubi prima quies medio iam noctis abactae
curriculo expulerat somnum, cum femina primum,
cui tolerare colo uitam tenuique Minerua
impositum, cinerem et sopitos suscitatur ignis 410
noctem addens operi, famulasque ad lumina longo
exercent penso, castum ut seruare cubile
coniugis et possit paruos educere natos:
haud secus ignipotens nec tempore segnior illo
mollibus e stratis opera ad fabrilia surgit. 415
insula Sicanium iuxta latus Aeoliamque
erigitur Liparen fumantibus ardua saxis,
quam subter specus et Cyclopum exesa caminis
antra Aetnaea tonant, ualidique incudibus ictus
auditi referunt gemitus, striduntque cauernis 420
stricturae Chalybum et fornacibus ignis anhelat,
Volcani domus et Volcania nomine tellus.
hoc tunc ignipotens caelo descendit ab alto.
ferrum exercebant uasto Cyclopes in antro,
Brontesque Steropesque et nudus membra Pyragmon. 425
his informatum manibus iam parte polita
fulmen erat, toto genitor quae plurima caelo
deicit in terras, pars imperfecta manebat.
tris imbris torti radios, tris nubis aquosae

addiderant, rutuli tris ignis et alitis Austri. 430
fulgores nunc terrificos sonitumque metumque
miscebant operi flammisque sequacibus iras.
parte alia Marti currumque rotasque uolucris
instabant, quibus ille uiros, quibus excitat urbes;
aegidaque horriferam, turbatae Palladis arma, 435
certatim squamis serpentum auroque polibant
conexosque anguis ipsamque in pectore diuae
Gorgona desecto uertentem lumina collo.
'tollite cuncta' inquit 'coeptosque auferte labores,
Aetnaei Cyclopes, et huc aduertite mentem: 440
arma acri facienda uiro. nunc uiribus usus,
nunc manibus rapidis, omni nunc arte magistra.
praecipitate moras.' nec plura effatus, at illi
ocius incubuere omnes pariterque laborem
sortiti. fluit aes riuus aurique metallum 445
uulnificusque chalybs uasta fornace liquescit.
ingentem clipeum informant, unum omnia contra
tela Latinorum, septenosque orbibus orbis
impediunt. alii uentosis follibus auras
accipiunt redduntque, alii stridentia tingunt 450
aera lacu; gemit impositis incudibus antrum;
illi inter sese multa ui bracchia tollunt
in numerum, uersantque tenaci forcipe massam.

Haec pater Aeoliis properat dum Lemnius oris,
Euandrum ex humili tecto lux suscitatur alma 455
et matutini uolucrum sub culmine cantus.
consurgit senior tunicaque inducitur artus
et Tyrrhena pedum circumdat uincula plantis.
tum lateri atque umeris Tegeaeum subligat ensem
demissa ab laeua pantherae terga retorquens. 460
nec non et gemini custodes limine ab alto
praecedunt gressumque canes comitantur erilem.
hospitis Aeneae sedem et secreta petebat
sermonum memor et promissi muneris heros.
nec minus Aeneas se matutinus agebat; 465

filius huic Pallas, illi comes ibat Achates.
congressi iungunt dextras mediisque residunt
aedibus et licito tandem sermone fruuntur.
rex prior haec:
‘maxime Teucrorum ductor, quo sospite numquam 470
res equidem Troiae uictas aut regna fatebor,
nobis ad belli auxilium pro nomine tanto
exiguae uires; hinc Tusco claudimur amni,
hinc Rutulus premit et murum circumsonat armis.
sed tibi ego ingentis populos opulentaque regnis 475
iungere castra paro, quam fors inopina salutem
ostentat: fatis huc te poscentibus adfers.
haud procul hinc saxo incolitur fundata uetusto
urbis Agyllinae sedes, ubi Lydia quondam
gens, bello praeclara, iugis insedit Etruscis. 480
hanc multos florentem annos rex deinde superbo
imperio et saeuis tenuit Mezentius armis.
quid memorem infandas caedes, quid facta tyranni
effera? di capiti ipsius generique reseruent!
mortua quin etiam iungebat corpora uiuis 485
componens manibusque manus atque oribus ora,
tormenti genus, et sanie taboque fluentis
complexu in misero longa sic morte necabat.
at fessi tandem ciues infanda furentem
armati circumsistunt ipsumque domumque, 490
obtruncant socios, ignem ad fastigia iactant.
ille inter caedem Rutulorum elapsus in agros
confugere et Turni defendier hospitibus armis.
ergo omnis furiis surrexit Etruria iustis,
regem ad supplicium praesenti Marte reposcunt. 495
his ego te, Aenea, ductorem milibus addam.
toto namque fremunt condensae litore puppes
signaque ferre iubent, retinet longaeuus haruspex
fata canens: “o Maeoniae delecta iuuentus,
flos ueterum uirtusque uirum, quos iustus in hostem 500
fert dolor et merita accendit Mezentius ira,
nulli fas Italo tantam subiungere gentem:

externos optate duces.” tum Etrusca resedit
hoc acies campo monitis exterrita diuum.
ipse oratores ad me regnique coronam 505
cum sceptro misit mandatque insignia Tarchon,
succedam castris Tyrrhenaque regna capessam.
sed mihi tarda gelu saeculisque effeta senectus
inuidet imperium seraeque ad fortia uires.
natum exhortarer, ni mixtus matre Sabella 510
hinc partem patriae traheret. tu, cuius et annis
et generi fatum indulget, quem numina poscunt,
ingredere, o Teucrum atque Italum fortissime ductor.
hunc tibi praeterea, spes et solacia nostri,
Pallanta adiungam; sub te tolerare magistro 515
militiam et graue Martis opus, tua cernere facta
adsuescat, primis et te miretur ab annis.
Arcadas huic equites bis centum, robora pubis
lecta dabo, totidemque suo tibi nomine Pallas.’
Vix ea fatus erat, defixique ora tenebant 520
Aeneas Anchisiades et fidus Achates,
multaque dura suo tristi cum corde putabant,
ni signum caelo Cytherea dedisset aperto.
namque improuiso uibratus ab aethere fulgor
cum sonitu uenit et ruere omnia uisa repente, 525
Tyrrhenusque tubae mugire per aethera clangor.
suspiciunt, iterum atque iterum fragor increpat ingens.
arma inter nubem caeli in regione serena
per sudum rutilare uident et pulsa tonare.
obstupere animis alii, sed Troius heros 530
agnouit sonitum et diuae promissa parentis.
tum memorat: ‘ne uero, hospes, ne quaere profecto
quem casum portenta ferant: ego poscor Olympo.
hoc signum cecinit missuram diua creatrix,
si bellum ingrueret, Volcaniaque arma per auras 535
laturam auxilio.
heu quantae miseris caedes Laurentibus instant!
quas poenas mihi, Turne, dabis! quam multa sub undas
scuta uirum galeasque et fortia corpora uolues,

Thyбри pater! poscant acies et foedera rumpant.’ 540

Haec ubi dicta dedit, solio se tollit ab alto
et primum Herculeis sopitas ignibus aras
excitat, hesternumque larem paruosque penatis
laetus adit; mactat lectas de more bidentis
Euandrus pariter, pariter Troiana iuuentus. 545
post hinc ad naus graditur sociosque reuisit,
quorum de numero qui sese in bella sequantur
praestantis uirtute legit; pars cetera prona
fertur aqua segnisque secundo defluit amni,
nuntia uentura Ascanio rerumque patrisque. 550
dantur equi Teucris Tyrrhena petentibus arua;
ducunt exsortem Aeneae, quem fulua leonis
pellis obit totum praefulgens unguibus aureis.

Fama uolat paruam subito uulgata per urbem
ocius ire equites Tyrrheni ad limina regis. 555
uota metu duplicant matres, propiusque periclo
it timor et maior Martis iam apparet imago.
tum pater Euandrus dextram complexus euntis
haeret inexpletus lacrimans ac talia fatur:
‘o mihi praeteritos referat si Iuppiter annos, 560
qualis eram cum primam aciem Praeneste sub ipsa
strauī scutorumque incendi uictor acruos
et regem hac Erulum dextra sub Tartara misi,
nascenti cui tris animas Feronia mater
(horrendum dictu) dederat, terna arma mouenda — 565
ter leto sternendus erat; cui tunc tamen omnis
abstulit haec animas dextra et totidem exuit armis:
non ego nunc dulci amplexu diuellerer usquam,
nate, tuo, neque finitimo Mezentius umquam
huic capiti insultans tot ferro saeua dedisset 570
funera, tam multis uiduasset ciuibus urbem.
at uos, o superi, et diuum tu maxime rector
Iuppiter, Arcadii, quaeso, miserescite regis
et patrias audite preces. si numina uestra

incolumem Pallanta mihi, si fata reseruant, 575
si uisurus eum uiuo et uenturus in unum,
uitam oro, patior quemuis durare laborem.
sin aliquem infandum casum, Fortuna, minaris,
nunc, nunc o liceat crudelem abrumpere uitam,
dum curae ambiguae, dum spes incerta futuri, 580
dum te, care puer, mea sola et sera uoluptas,
complexu teneo, grauior neu nuntius auris
uulneret.' haec genitor digressu dicta supremo
fundebat; famuli conlapsum in tecta ferebant.

Iamque adeo exierat portis equitatus apertis 585
Aeneas inter primos et fidus Achates,
inde alii Troiae proceres; ipse agmine Pallas
it medio chlamyde et pictis conspectus in armis,
qualis ubi Oceani perfusus Lucifer unda,
quem Venus ante alios astrorum diligit ignis, 590
extulit os sacrum caelo tenebrasque resoluit.
stant pauidae in muris matres oculisque sequuntur
pulueream nubem et fulgentis aere cateruas.
olli per dumos, qua proxima meta uiarum,
armati tendunt; it clamor, et agmine facto 595
quadripedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.
est ingens gelidum lucus prope Caeritis amnem,
religione patrum late sacer; undique colles
inclusere caui et nigra nemus abiete cingunt.
Siluano fama est ueteres sacrasse Pelasgos, 600
aruorum pecorisque deo, lucumque diemque,
qui primi finis aliquando habuere Latinos.
haud procul hinc Tarcho et Tyrrheni tuta tenebant
castra locis, celsoque omnis de colle uideri
iam poterat legio et latis tendebat in aruis. 605
huc pater Aeneas et bello lecta iuuentus
succedunt, fessique et equos et corpora curant.

At Venus aetherios inter dea candida nimbos
dona ferens aderat; natumque in ualle reducta

ut procul egelido secretum flumine uidit, 610
talibus adfata est dictis seque obtulit ultro:
‘en perfecta mei promissa coniugis arte
munera. ne mox aut Laurentis, nate, superbos
aut acrem dubites in proelia poscere Turnum.’
dixit, et amplexus nati Cytherea petiuit, 615
arma sub aduersa posuit radiantia quercu.
ille deae donis et tanto laetus honore
expleri nequit atque oculos per singula uoluit,
miraturque interque manus et brachia uersat
terribilem cristis galeam flammasque uomentem, 620
fatiferumque ensem, loricam ex aere rigentem,
sanguineam, ingentem, qualis cum caerula nubes
solis inardescit radiis longeque refulget;
tum leuis ocreas electro auroque recocto,
hastamque et clipei non enarrabile textum. 625
illic res Italas Romanorumque triumphos
haud uatum ignarus uenturique inscius aeu
fecerat ignipotens, illic genus omne futurae
stirpis ab Ascanio pugnataque in ordine bella.
fecerat et uiridi fetam Mauortis in antro 630
procubuisse lupam, geminos huic ubera circum
ludere pendentis pueros et lambere matrem
impauidos, illam tereti ceruice reflexa
mulcere alternos et corpora fingere lingua.
nec procul hinc Romam et raptas sine more Sabinas 635
consessu caueae, magnis Circensibus actis,
addiderat, subitoque nouum consurgere bellum
Romulidis Tatioque seni Curibusque seueris.
post idem inter se posito certamine reges
armati Iouis ante aram paterasque tenentes 640
stabant et caesa iungebant foedera porca.
haud procul inde citae Mettum in diuersa quadrigae
distulerant (at tu dictis, Albane, maneres!),
raptabatque uiri mendacis uiscera Tullus
per siluam, et sparsi rorabant sanguine uepres. 645
nec non Tarquinius eiectum Porsenna iubebat

accipere ingentique urbem obsidione premebat;
Aeneadae in ferrum pro libertate ruebant.
illum indignanti similem similemque minanti
aspiceres, pontem auderet quia uellere Cocles 650
et fluuium uinclis innaret Cloelia ruptis.
in summo custos Tarpeiae Manlius arcis
stabat pro templo et Capitolia celsa tenebat,
Romuleoque recens horrebat regia culmo.
atque hic auratis uolitans argenteus anser 655
porticibus Gallos in limine adesse canebat;
Galli per dumos aderant arcemque tenebant
defensi tenebris et dono noctis opacae.
aurea caesaries ollis atque aurea uestis,
uigatis lucent sagulis, tum lactea colla 660
auro innectuntur, duo quisque Alpina coruscant
gaesa manu, scutis protecti corpora longis.
hic exsultantis Salios nudosque Lupercos
lanigerosque apices et lapsa ancilia caelo
extuderat, castae ducebant sacra per urbem 665
pilentis matres in mollibus. hinc procul addit
Tartareas etiam sedes, alta ostia Ditis,
et scelerum poenas, et te, Catilina, minaci
pendentem scopulo Furiarumque ora trementem,
secretosque pios, his dantem iura Catonem. 670
haec inter tumidi late maris ibat imago
aurea, sed fluctu spumabant caerulea cano,
et circum argento clari delphines in orbem
aequora uerrebant caudis aestumque secabant.
in medio classis aeratas, Actia bella, 675
cernere erat, totumque instructo Marte uideres
feruere Leucaten auroque effulgere fluctus.
hinc Augustus agens Italos in proelia Caesar
cum patribus populoque, penatibus et magnis dis,
stans celsa in puppi, geminas cui tempora flammas 680
laeta uomunt patriumque aperitur uertice sidus.
parte alia uentis et dis Agrippa secundis
arduus agmen agens, cui, belli insigne superbum,

tempora nauali fulgent rostrata corona.
hinc ope barbarica uariisque Antonius armis, 685
uictor ab Aurorae populis et litore rubro,
Aegyptum uirisque Orientis et ultima secum
Bactra uehit, sequiturque (nefas) Aegyptia coniunx.
una omnes ruere ac totum spumare reductis
conuulsum remis rostrisque tridentibus aequor. 690
alta petunt; pelago credas innare reuulsas
Cycladas aut montis concurrere montibus altos,
tanta mole uiri turritis puppibus instant.
stuppea flamma manu telisque uolatile ferrum
spargitur, arua noua Neptunia caede rubescunt. 695
regina in mediis patrio uocat agmina sistro,
necdum etiam geminos a tergo respicit anguis.
omnigenumque deum monstra et latrator Anubis
contra Neptunum et Venerem contraque Mineruam
tela tenent. saeuit medio in certamine Mauors 700
caelatus ferro, tristesque ex aethere Dirae,
et scissa gaudens uadit Discordia palla,
quam cum sanguineo sequitur Bellona flagello.
Actius haec cernens arcum intendebat Apollo
desuper; omnis eo terrore Aegyptus et Indi, 705
omnis Arabs, omnes uertebant terga Sabaei.
ipsa uidebatur uentis regina uocatis
uela dare et laxos iam iamque immittere funis.
illam inter caedes pallentem morte futura
fecerat ignipotens undis et Iapyge ferri, 710
contra autem magno maerentem corpore Nilum
pandentemque sinus et tota ueste uocantem
caeruleum in gremium latebrosaue flumina uictos.
at Caesar, triplici inuectus Romana triumpho
moenia, dis Italis uotum immortale sacrabat, 715
maxima ter centum totam delubra per urbem.
laetitia ludisque uiae plausuque fremebant;
omnibus in templis matrum chorus, omnibus arae;
ante aras terram caesi strauere iuueni.
ipse sedens niueo candentis limine Phoebi 720

dona recognoscit populorum aptatque superbis
postibus; incedunt uictae longo ordine gentes,
quam uariae linguis, habitu tam uestis et armis.
hic Nomadum genus et discinctos Mulciber Afros,
hic Lelegas Carasque sagittiferosque Gelonos 725
finxerat; Euphrates ibat iam mollior undis,
extremique hominum Morini, Rhenusque bicornis,
indomitique Dahae, et pontem indignatus Araxes.

Talia per clipeum Volcani, dona parentis,
miratur rerumque ignarus imagine gaudet 730
attollens umero famamque et fata nepotum.

LIBER IX

Atque ea diuersa penitus dum parte geruntur,
Irim de caelo misit Saturnia Iuno
audacem ad Turnum. luco tum forte parentis
Pilumni Turnus sacrata ualle sedebat.
ad quem sic roseo Thaumantias ore locuta est: 5
‘Turne, quod optanti diuum promittere nemo
auderet, uoluenda dies en attulit ultro.
Aeneas urbe et sociis et classe relicta
sceptrā Palatini sedemque petit Euandri.
nec satis: extremas Corythi penetrauit ad urbes 10
Lydorumque manum, collectos armat agrestis.
quid dubitas? nunc tempus equos, nunc poscere currus.
 rumpe moras omnis et turbata arripe castra.’
dixit, et in caelum paribus se sustulit alis
ingentemque fuga secuit sub nubibus arcum. 15
agnouit iuuenis duplicisque ad sidera palmas
sustulit ac tali fugientem est uoce secutus:
‘Iri, decus caeli, quis te mihi nubibus actam
detulit in terras? unde haec tam clara repente
tempestas? medium uideo discedere caelum 20
palantisque polo stellas. sequor omina tanta,
quisquis in arma uocas.’ et sic effatus ad undam
processit summoque hausit de gurgite lymphas
multa deos orans, onerauitque aethera uotis.

Iamque omnis campis exercitus ibat apertis 25
diues equum, diues pictai uestis et auri;
Messapus primas acies, postrema coercent
Tyrrhidae iuuenes, medio dux agmine Turnus:
ceu septem surgens sedatis amnibus altus 30
per tacitum Ganges aut pingui flumine Nilus
cum refluit campis et iam se condidit alueo.
hic subitam nigro glomerari puluere nubem
prospiciunt Teucri ac tenebras insurgere campis.

primus ab aduersa conclamat mole Caicus: 35
'quis globus, o ciues, caligine uoluitur atra?
ferte citi ferrum, date tela, ascendite muros,
hostis adest, heia!' ingenti clamore per omnis
condunt se Teucri portas et moenia complent.
namque ita discedens praeceperat optimus armis 40
Aeneas: si qua interea fortuna fuisset,
neu struere auderent aciem neu credere campo;
castra modo et tutos seruarent aggere muros.
ergo etsi conferre manum pudor iraque monstrat,
obiciunt portas tamen et praecepta facessunt, 45
armatique cauis exspectant turribus hostem.

Turnus, ut ante uolans tardum praecesserat agmen
uiginti lectis equitum comitatus et urbi
improvisus adest, maculis quem Thracius albis
portat equus cristaque tegit galea aurea rubra, 50
'ecquis erit mecum, iuuenes, qui primus in hostem — ?
en,' ait et iaculum attorquens emittit in auras,
principium pugnae, et campo sese arduus infert.
clamorem excipiunt socii fremituque sequuntur
horrisono; Teucrum mirantur inertia corda, 55
non aequo dare se campo, non obuia ferre
arma uiros, sed castra fouere. huc turbidus atque huc
lustrat equo muros aditumque per auia quaerit.
ac ueluti pleno lupo insidiatus ouili
cum fremit ad caulas uentos perpessus et imbris 60
nocte super media; tuti sub matribus agni
balatum exercent, ille asper et improbus ira
saeuit in absentis; collecta fatigat edendi
ex longo rabies et siccae sanguine fauces:
haud aliter Rutulo muros et castra tuenti 65
ignescunt irae, duris dolor ossibus ardet.
qua temptet ratione aditus, et quae uia clausos
excutiat Teucros uallo atque effundat in aequum?
classem, quae lateri castrorum adiuncta latebat,
aggeribus saeptam circum et fluuialibus undis, 70

inuadit sociosque incendia poscit ouantis
atque manum pinu flagranti feruidus implet.
tum uero incumbunt (urget praesentia Turni),
atque omnis facibus pubes accingitur atris.
diripuerunt focos: piceum fert fumida lumen 75
taeda et commixtam Volcanus ad astra fauillam.

Quis deus, o Musae, tam saeua incendia Teucris
auertit? tantos ratibus quis depulit ignis?
dicite: prisca fides facto, sed fama perennis.
tempore quo primum Phrygia formabat in Ida 80
Aeneas classem et pelagi petere alta parabat,
ipsa deum fertur genetrix Berecynthia magnum
uocibus his adfata Iouem: 'da, nate, petenti,
quod tua cara parens domito te poscit Olympo.
pineae siluae mihi multos dilecta per annos, 85
lucus in arce fuit summa, quo sacra ferebant,
nigranti picea trabibusque obscurus acernis.
has ego Dardanio iuueni, cum classis egeret,
laeta dedi; nunc sollicitam timor anxius angit.
solue metus atque hoc precibus sine posse parentem, 90
ne cursu quassatae ullo neu turbine uenti
uincantur: prosit nostris in montibus ortas.'
filius huic contra, torquet qui sidera mundi:
'o genetrix, quo fata uocas? aut quid petis istis?
mortali manu factae immortale carinae 95
fas habeant? certusque incerta pericula lustret
Aeneas? cui tanta deo permissa potestas?
immo, ubi defunctae finem portusque tenebunt
Ausonios olim, quaecumque euaserit undis
Dardanumque ducem Laurentia uexerit arua, 100
mortalem eripiam formam magnique iubebo
aequoris esse deas, qualis Nereia Doto
et Galatea secant spumantem pectore pontum.'
dixerat idque ratum Stygii per flumina fratris,
per pice torrentis atraque uoragine ripas 105
adnuat, et totum nutu tremefecit Olympum.

Ergo aderat promissa dies et tempora Parcae
debita complerant, cum Turni iniuria Matrem
admonuit ratibus sacris depellere taedas.
hic primum noua lux oculis offulsit et ingens 110
uisus ab Aurora caelum transcurrere nimbus
Idaeique chori; tum uox horrenda per auras
excidit et Troum Rutulorumque agmina complet:
‘ne trepidate meas, Teucris, defendere nauis
neue armate manus; maria ante exurere Turno 115
quam sacras dabitur pinus. uos ite solutae,
ite deae pelagi; genetrix iubet.’ et sua quaeque
continuo puppes abrumpunt uincula ripis
delphinumque modo demersis aequora rostris
ima petunt. hinc uirgineae (mirabile monstrum) 120
reddunt se totidem facies pontoque feruntur. 122

Obstipuere animis Rutuli, conterritus ipse
turbatis Messapus equis, cunctatur et amnis
rauca sonans reuocatque pedem Tiberinus ab alto. 125
at non audaci Turno fiducia cessit;
ultro animos tollit dictis atque increpat ultro:
‘Troianos haec monstra petunt, his Iuppiter ipse
auxilium solitum eripuit: non tela neque ignis
exspectant Rutulos. ergo maria inuia Teucris, 130
nec spes ulla fugae: rerum pars altera adempta est,
terra autem in nostris manibus, tot milia gentes
arma ferunt Italiae. nil me fatalia terrent,
si qua Phryges prae se iactant, responsa deorum;
sat fatis Venerique datum, tetigere quod arua 135
fertilis Ausoniae Troes. sunt et mea contra
fata mihi, ferro sceleratam exscindere gentem
coniuge praerepta; nec solos tangit Atridas
iste dolor, solisque licet capere arma Mycenis.
“sed periisse semel satis est”: peccare fuisset 140
ante satis, penitus modo non genus omne perosos
femineum. quibus haec medii fiducia ualli
fossarumque morae, leti discrimina parua,

dant animos; at non uiderunt moenia Troiae
Neptuni fabricata manu considerare in ignis? 145
sed uos, o lecti, ferro qui scindere uallum
apparat et mecum inuadit trepidantia castra?
non armis mihi Volcani, non mille carinis
est opus in Teucros. addant se protinus omnes
Etrusci socios. tenebras et inertia furta 150
Palladii caesis late custodibus arcis
ne timeant, nec equi caeca condemur in aluo:
luce palam certum est igni circumdare muros.
haud sibi cum Danaïs rem faxo et pube Pelasga
esse ferant, decimum quos distulit Hector in annum. 155
nunc adeo, melior quoniam pars acta diei,
quod superest, laeti bene gestis corpora rebus
procurate, uiri, et pugnam sperate parari.’
interea uigilum excubiis obsidere portas
cura datur Messapo et moenia cingere flammis. 160
bis septem Rutuli muros qui milite seruent
delecti, ast illos centeni quemque sequuntur
purpurei cristis iuuenes auroque corusci.
discurrunt uariantque uices, fusique per herbam
indulgent uino et uertunt crateras aenos. 165
conlucent ignes, noctem custodia ducit
insomnem ludo.

Haec super e uallo prospectant Troes et armis
alta tenent, nec non trepidi formidine portas
explorant pontisque et propugnacula iungunt, 170
tela gerunt. instat Mnestheus acerque Serestus,
quos pater Aeneas, si quando aduersa uocarent,
rectores iuuenum et rerum dedit esse magistros.
omnis per muros legio sortita periculum
excubat exercetque uices, quod cuique tuendum est. 175

Nisus erat portae custos, acerrimus armis,
Hyrtacides, comitem Aeneae quem miserat Ida
uenatrix iaculo celerem leuibusque sagittis,

et iuxta comes Euryalus, quo pulchrior alter
non fuit Aeneadum Troiana neque induit arma, 180
ora puer prima signans intonsa iuuenta.
his amor unus erat pariterque in bella ruebant;
tum quoque communi portam statione tenebant.
Nisus ait: 'dine hunc ardorem mentibus addunt,
Euryale, an sua cuique deus fit dira cupido? 185
aut pugnam aut aliquid iamdudum inuadere magnum
mens agitat mihi, nec placida contenta quiete est.
cernis quae Rutulos habeat fiducia rerum:
lumina rara micant, somno uinoque soluti
procubuere, silent late loca. percipe porro 190
quid dubitem et quae nunc animo sententia surgat.
Aenean acciri omnes, populusque patresque,
exposcunt, mittique uiros qui certa reportent.
si tibi quae posco promittunt (nam mihi facti
fama sat est), tumulto uideor reperire sub illo 195
posse uiam ad muros et moenia Pallantea.'
obstipuit magno laudum percussus amore
Euryalus, simul his ardentem adfatur amicum:
'mene igitur socium summis adiungere rebus,
Nise, fugis? solum te in tanta pericula mittam? 200
non ita me genitor, bellis adsuetus Opheltes,
Argolicum terrorem inter Troiaeque labores
sublatum erudiit, nec tecum talia gessi
magnanimum Aenean et fata extrema secutus:
est hic, est animus lucis contemptor et istum 205
qui uita bene credat emi, quo tendis, honorem.'
Nisus ad haec: 'equidem de te nil tale uerebar,
nec fas; non ita me referat tibi magnus ouantem
Iuppiter aut quicumque oculis haec aspicit aequis.
sed si quis (quae multa uides discrimine tali) 210
si quis in aduersum rapiat casusue deusue,
te superesse uelim, tua uita dignior aetas.
sit qui me raptum pugna pretioe redemptum
mandet humo, solita aut si qua id Fortuna uetabit,
absenti ferat inferias decoretque sepulcro. 215

neu matri miserae tanti sim causa doloris,
quae te sola, puer, multis e matribus ausa
persequitur, magni nec moenia curat Acestae.’
ille autem: ‘causas nequiquam nectis inanis
nec mea iam mutata loco sententia cedit. 220
acceleremus’ ait, uigiles simul excitat. illi
succedunt seruantque uices; statione relicta
ipse comes Niso graditur regemque requirunt.

Cetera per terras omnis animalia somno
laxabant curas et corda oblita laborum: 225
ductores Teucrum primi, delecta iuuentus,
consilium summis regni de rebus habebant,
quid facerent quisue Aeneae iam nuntius esset.
stant longis adnixa hastis et scuta tenentes
castrorum et campi medio. tum Nisus et una 230
Euryalus confestim alacres admittier orant:
rem magnam pretiumque morae fore. primus Iulus
accepit trepidos ac Nisum dicere iussit.
tum sic Hyrtacides: ‘audite o mentibus aequis
Aeneadae, neue haec nostris spectentur ab annis 235
quae ferimus. Rutuli somno uinoque soluti
conticuere. locum insidiis conspeximus ipsi,
qui patet in biuio portae quae proxima ponto.
interrupti ignes aterque ad sidera fumus
erigitur. si fortuna permittitis uti 240
quaesitum Aenean et moenia Pallantea,
mox hic cum spoliis ingenti caede peracta
adfore cernetis. nec nos uia fallit euntis:
uidimus obscuris primam sub uallibus urbem
uenatu adsiduo et totum cognouimus amnem.’ 245
hic annis grauis atque animi maturus Aletes:
‘di patrii, quorum semper sub numine Troia est,
non tamen omnino Teucros delere paratis,
cum talis animos iuuenum et tam certa tulistis
pectora.’ sic memorans umeros dextrasque tenebat 250
amborum et uultum lacrimis atque ora rigabat.

‘quae uobis, quae digna, uiri, pro laudibus istis
praemia posse rear solui? pulcherrima primum
di moresque dabunt uestri: tum cetera reddet
actutum pius Aeneas atque integer aeui 255
Ascanius meriti tanti non immemor umquam.’
‘immo ego uos, cui sola salus genitore reducto,’
excipit Ascanius ‘per magnos, Nise, penatis
Assaracique larem et canae penetralia Vestae
obtestor, quaecumque mihi fortuna fidesque est, 260
in uestris pono gremiis. reuocate parentem,
reddite conspectum; nihil illo triste recepto.
bina dabo argento perfecta atque aspera signis
pocula, deuicta genitor quae cepit Arisba,
et tripodas geminos, auri duo magna talenta, 265
cratera antiquum quem dat Sidonia Dido.
si uero capere Italiam sceptrisque potiri
contigerit uictori et praedae dicere sortem,
uidisti, quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis
aureus; ipsum illum, clipeum cristasque rubentis 270
excipiam sorti, iam nunc tua praemia, Nise.
praeterea bis sex genitor lectissima matrum
corpora captiuosque dabit suaque omnibus arma,
insuper his campi quod rex habet ipse Latinus.
te uero, mea quem spatiis propioribus aetas 275
insequitur, uenerande puer, iam pectore toto
accipio et comitem casus complector in omnis.
nulla meis sine te quaeretur gloria rebus:
seu pacem seu bella geram, tibi maxima rerum
uerborumque fides.’ contra quem talia fatur 280
Euryalus: ‘me nulla dies tam fortibus ausis
dissimilem arguerit; tantum fortuna secunda
haud aduersa cadat. sed te super omnia dona
unum oro: genetrix Priami de gente uetusta
est mihi, quam miseram tenuit non Ilia tellus 285
mecum excedentem, non moenia regis Acestae.
hanc ego nunc ignaram huius quodcumque pericli
inque salutatam linquo (nox et tua testis

dextera), quod nequeam lacrimas perferre parentis.
at tu, oro, solare inopem et succurre relictæ. 290
hanc sine me spem ferre tui, audentior ibo
in casus omnis.' percussa mente dedere
Dardanidæ lacrimas, ante omnis pulcher Iulus,
atque animum patriæ strinxit pietatis imago.
tum sic effatur: 295

'sponde digna tuis ingentibus omnia coeptis.
namque erit ista mihi genetrix nomenque Creusæ
solum defuerit, nec partum gratia talem
parua manet. casus factum quicumque sequentur,
per caput hoc iuro, per quod pater ante solebat: 300
quæ tibi polliceor reduci rebusque secundis,
haec eadem matricæ tuæ generique manebunt.'
sic ait inlacrimans; umero simul exiit ensem
auratum, mira quem fecerat arte Lycaon
Cnosius atqueabilem uagina aptarat eburna. 305
dat Niso Mnestheus pellem horrentisque leonis
exuuias, galeam fidus permutat Aletes.
protinus armati incedunt; quos omnis euntis
primorum manus ad portas, iuuenumque senumque,
prosequitur uotis. nec non et pulcher Iulus, 310
ante annos animumque gerens curamque uirilem,
multa patri mandata dabat portanda; sed auræ
omnia discerpunt et nubibus inrita donant.

Egressi superant fossas noctisque per umbram
castra inimica petunt, multis tamen ante futuri 315
exitio. passim somno uinoque per herbam
corpora fusa uident, arrectos litore currus,
inter lora rotasque uiros, simul arma iacere,
uina simul. prior Hyrtacides sic ore locutus:
'Euryale, audendum dextra: nunc ipsa uocat res. 320
hac iter est. tu, ne qua manus se attollere nobis
a tergo possit, custodi et consule longe;
haec ego uasta dabo et lato te limite ducam.'
sic memorat uocemque premit, simul ense superbum

Rhamnetem adgreditur, qui forte tapetibus altis 325
exstructus toto proflabat pectore somnum,
rex idem et regi Turno gratissimus augur,
sed non augurio potuit depellere pestem.
tris iuxta famulos temere inter tela iacentis
armigerumque Remi premit aurigamque sub ipsis 330
nactus equis ferroque secat pendentia colla.
tum caput ipsi aufert domino truncumque relinquit
sanguine singultantem; atro tepefacta cruore
terra torique madent. nec non Lamyrumque Lamumque
et iuuenem Serranum, illa qui plurima nocte 335
luserat, insignis facie, multoque iacebat
membra deo uictus — felix, si protinus illum
aequasset nocti ludum in lucemque tulisset:
impastus ceu plena leo per ouilia turbans
(suadet enim uesana fames) manditque trahitque 340
molle pecus mutumque metu, fremit ore cruento.
nec minor Euryali caedes; incensus et ipse
perfurit ac multam in medio sine nomine plebem,
Fadumque Herbesumque subit Rhoetumque Abarimque
ignaros; Rhoetum uigilantem et cuncta uidentem, 345
sed magnum metuens se post cratera tegebat.
pectore in aduerso totum cui cominus ensem
condidit adsurgenti et multa morte recepit.
purpuream uomit ille animam et cum sanguine mixta
uina refert moriens, hic furto feruidus instat. 350
iamque ad Messapi socios tendebat; ibi ignem
deficere extremum et religatos rite uidebat
carpere gramen equos, breuiter cum talia Nisus
(sensit enim nimia caede atque cupidine ferri)
'absistamus' ait, 'nam lux inimica propinquat. 355
poenarum exhaustum satis est, uia facta per hostis.'
multa uirum solido argento perfecta relinquunt
armaque craterasque simul pulchrosque tapetas.
Euryalus phaleras Rhamnetis et aurea bullis
cingula, Tiburti Remulo ditissimus olim 360
quae mittit dona, hospitio cum iungeret absens,

Caedicus; ille suo moriens dat habere nepoti;
post mortem bello Rutuli pugnaque potiti:
haec rapit atque umeris nequiquam fortibus aptat.
tum galeam Messapi habilem cristisque decoram 365
induit. excedunt castris et tuta capessunt.

Interea praemissi equites ex urbe Latina,
cetera dum legio campis instructa moratur,
ibant et Turno regi responsa ferebant,
ter centum, scutati omnes, Volcente magistro. 370
iamque propinquabant castris murosque subibant
cum procul hos laeue flectentis limite cernunt,
et galea Euryalum sublustri noctis in umbra
prodidit immemorem radiisque aduersa refulsit.
haud temere est uisum. conclamat ab agmine Volcens: 375
‘state, uiri. quae causa uiae? quiae estis in armis?
quoque tenetis iter?’ nihil illi tendere contra,
sed celerare fugam in siluas et fidere nocti.
obiciunt equites sese ad diuortia nota
hinc atque hinc, omnemque aditum custode coronant. 380
silua fuit late dumis atque ilice nigra
horrida, quam densi complerant undique sentes;
rara per occultos lucebat semita callis.
Euryalum tenebrae ramorum onerosaque praeda
impediunt, fallitque timor regione uiarum. 385
Nisus abit; iamque imprudens euaserat hostis
atque locos qui post Albae de nomine dicti
Albani (tum rex stabula alta Latinus habebat),
ut stetit et frustra absentem respexit amicum:
‘Euryale infelix, qua te regione reliqui? 390
quaue sequar?’ rursus perplexum iter omne reuoluens
fallacis siluae simul et uestigia retro
obseruata legit dumisque silentibus errat.
audit equos, audit strepitus et signa sequentum;
nec longum in medio tempus, cum clamor ad auris 395
peruenit ac uidet Euryalum, quem iam manus omnis
fraude loci et noctis, subito turbante tumultu,

oppressum rapit et conantem plurima frustra.
quid faciat? qua ui iuuenem, quibus audeat armis
eripere? an sese medios moriturus in enses 400
inferat et pulchram properet per uulnera mortem?
ocius adducto torquet hastile lacerto
suspiciens altam Lunam et sic uoce precatur:
‘tu, dea, tu praesens nostro succurre labori,
astrorum decus et nemorum Latonia custos. 405
si qua tuis umquam pro me pater Hyrtacus aris
dona tulit, si qua ipse meis uenatibus auxi
suspendiue tholo aut sacra ad fastigia fixi,
hunc sine me turbare globum et rege tela per auras.’
dixerat et toto conixus corpore ferrum 410
conicit. hasta uolans noctis diuerberat umbras
et uenit auersi in tergum Sulmonis ibique
frangitur, ac fisso transit praecordia ligno.
uoluitur ille uomens calidum de pectore flumen
frigidus et longis singultibus ilia pulsat. 415
diuersi circumspiciunt. hoc acrior idem
ecce aliud summa telum librabat ab aure.
dum trepidant, it hasta Tago per tempus utrumque
stridens traiectoque haesit tepefacta cerebro.
saeuit atrox Volcens nec teli conspicit usquam 420
auctorem nec quo se ardens immittere possit.
‘tu tamen interea calido mihi sanguine poenas
persolues amborum’ inquit; simul ense recluso
ibat in Euryalum. tum uero exterritus, amens,
conclamat Nisus nec se celare tenebris 425
amplius aut tantum potuit perferre dolorem:
‘me, me, adsum qui feci, in me conuertite ferrum,
o Rutuli! mea fraus omnis, nihil iste nec ausus
nec potuit; caelum hoc et conscia sidera testor;
tantum infelicem nimium dilexit amicum.’ 430
talìa dicta dabat, sed uiribus ensis adactus
transadigit costas et candida pectora rumpit.
uoluitur Euryalus leto, pulchrosque per artus
it cruor inque umeros ceruix conlapsa recumbit:

purpureus ueluti cum flos succisus aratro 435
languescit moriens, lassoue papauera collo
demisere caput pluuiam cum forte grauantur.
at Nisus ruit in medios solumque per omnis
Volcentem petit, in solo Volcente moratur.
quem circum glomerati hostes hinc comminus atque hinc 440
proturbant. instat non setius ac rotat ensem
fulmineum, donec Rutuli clamantis in ore
condidit aduerso et moriens animam abstulit hosti.
tum super exanimum sese proiecit amicum
confossus, placidaque ibi demum morte quieuit. 445

Fortunati ambo! si quid mea carmina possunt,
nulla dies umquam memori uos eximet aeuo,
dum domus Aeneae Capitoli immobile saxum
accolet imperiumque pater Romanus habebit.

Victores praeda Rutuli spoliisque potiti 450
Volcentem exanimum flentes in castra ferebant.
nec minor in castris luctus Rhamnete reperto
exsanguis et primis una tot caede peremptis,
Serranoque Numaque. ingens concursus ad ipsa
corpora seminecisque uiros, tepidaque recentem 455
caede locum et pleno spumantis sanguine riuos.
agnoscunt spolia inter se galeamque nitentem
Messapi et multo phaleras sudore receptas.

Et iam prima nouo spargebat lumine terras
Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile. 460
iam sole infuso, iam rebus luce retectis
Turnus in arma uiros armis circumdatus ipse
suscitat: aeratasque acies in proelia cogunt,
quisque suos, uariisque acuunt rumoribus iras.
quin ipsa arrectis (uisu miserabile) in hastis 465
praefigunt capita et multo clamore sequuntur
Euryali et Nisi.
Aeneadae duri murorum in parte sinistra

opposuere aciem (nam dextera cingitur amni),
ingentisque tenent fossas et turribus altis 470
stant maesti; simul ora uirum praefixa mouebant
nota nimis miseris atroque fluentia tabo.
Interea pauidam uolitans pennata per urbem
nuntia Fama ruit matrisque adlabitur auris
Euryali. at subitus miserae calor ossa reliquit, 475
excussi manibus radii reuolutaque pensa.
euolat infelix et femineo ululatu
scissa comam muros amens atque agmina cursu
prima petit, non illa uirum, non illa pericli
telorumque memor, caelum dehinc questibus implet: 480
‘hunc ego te, Euryale, aspicio? tune ille senectae
sera meae requies, potuisti linquere solam,
crudelis? nec te sub tanta pericula missum
adfari extremum miserae data copia matri?
heu, terra ignota canibus data praeda Latinis 485
alitibusque iaces! nec te tua funere mater
produxi pressius oculos aut uulnera laui,
ueste tegens tibi quam noctes festina diesque
urgebam, et tela curas solabar anilis.
quo sequar? aut quae nunc artus auulsaque membra 490
et funus lacerum tellus habet? hoc mihi de te,
nate, refers? hoc sum terraque marique secuta?
figite me, si qua est pietas, in me omnia tela
conicite, o Rutuli, me primam absumite ferro;
aut tu, magne pater diuum, miserere, tuoque 495
inuisum hoc detrude caput sub Tartara telo,
quando aliter nequeo crudelem abrumpere uitam.’
hoc fletu concussi animi, maestusque per omnis
it gemitus, torpent infractae ad proelia uires.
illam incendentem luctus Idaeus et Actor 500
Ilionei monitu et multum lacrimantis Iuli
corripiunt interque manus sub tecta reponunt.

At tuba terribilem sonitum procul aere canoro
increpuit, sequitur clamor caelumque remugit.

accelerant acta pariter testudine Volsci 505
et fossas implere parant ac uellere uallum;
quaerunt pars aditum et scalis ascendere muros,
qua rara est acies interlucetque corona
non tam spissa uiris. telorum effundere contra
omne genus Teucris ac duris detrudere contis, 510
adsueti longo muros defendere bello.
saxa quoque infesto uoluebant pondere, si qua
possent tectam aciem perrumpere, cum tamen omnis
ferre iuuat subter densa testudine casus.
nec iam sufficiunt. nam qua globus imminet ingens, 515
immanem Teucris molem uoluuntque ruuntque,
quae strauit Rutulos late armorumque resouit
tegmina. nec curant caeco contendere Marte
amplius audaces Rutuli, sed pelleret uallo
missilibus certant. 520
parte alia horrendus uisu quassabat Etruscam
pinum et fumiferos infert Mezentius ignis;
at Messapus equum domitor, Neptunia proles,
rescindit uallum et scalas in moenia poscit.

Vos, o Calliope, precor, aspirate canenti 525
quas ibi tum ferro strages, quae funera Turnus
ediderit, quem quisque uirum demiserit Orco,
et mecum ingentis oras euoluite belli.

Turris erat uasto suspectu et pontibus altis, 530
opportuna loco, summis quam uiribus omnes
expugnare Itali summaque euertere opum ui
certabant, Troes contra defendere saxis
perque cauas densi tela intorquere fenestras.
princeps ardentem coniecit lampada Turnus 535
et flammam adfixit lateri, quae plurima uento
corripuit tabulas et postibus haesit adesis.
turbati trepidare intus frustra malorum
uelle fugam. dum se glomerant retroque residunt
in partem quae peste caret, tum pondere turris 540

procubuit subito et caelum tonat omne fragore.
semineces ad terram immani mole secuta
confixique suis telis et pectora duro
transfossi ligno ueniunt. uix unus Helenor
et Lycus elapsi; quorum primaueus Helenor, 545
Maeonio regi quem serua Licymnia furtim
sustulerat uetitisque ad Troiam miserat armis,
ense leuis nudo parmaque inglorius alba.
isque ubi se Turni media inter milia uidit,
hinc acies atque hinc acies astare Latinas, 550
ut fera, quae densa uenantum saepta corona
contra tela furit seseque haud nescia morti
inicit et saltu supra uenabula fertur —
haud aliter iuuenis medios moriturus in hostis
inruit et qua tela uidet densissima tendit. 555
at pedibus longe melior Lycus inter et hostis
inter et arma fuga muros tenet, altaque certat
prendere tecta manu sociumque attingere dextras.
quem Turnus pariter cursu teloque secutus
increpat his uictor: ‘nostrasne euadere, demens, 560
sperasti te posse manus?’ simul arripit ipsum
pendentem et magna muri cum parte reuellit:
qualis ubi aut leporem aut candenti corpore cycnum
sustulit alta petens pedibus Iouis armiger uncis,
quaesitum aut matri multis balatibus agnum 565
Martius a stabulis rapuit lupo. undique clamor
tollitur: inuadunt et fossas aggere complent,
ardentis taedas alii ad fastigia iactant.
Ilioneus saxo atque ingenti fragmine montis
Lucetium portae subeuntem ignisque ferentem, 570
Emathiona Liger, Corynaeum sternit Asilas,
hic iaculo bonus, hic longe fallente sagitta,
Ortygium Caeneus, uictorem Caenea Turnus,
Turnus Ityn Cloniumque, Dioxippum Promolumque
et Sagarim et summis stantem pro turribus Idan, 575
Priuernum Capys. hunc primo leuis hasta Themillae
strinxerat, ille manum proiecto tegmine demens

ad uulnus tulit; ergo alis adlapsa sagitta
et laeuo infixata est alte lateri, abditaque intus
spiramenta animae letali uulnere rupit. 580
stabat in egregiis Arcentis filius armis
pictus acu chlamydem et ferrugine clarus Hibera,
insignis facie, genitor quem miserat Arcens
eductum Martis luco Symaethia circum
flumina, pinguis ubi et placabilis ara Palici: 585
stridentem fundam positis Mezentius hastis
ipse ter adducta circum caput egit habena
et media aduersi liquefacto tempora plumbo
diffidit ac multa porrectum extendit harena.

Tum primum bello celerem intendisse sagittam 590
dicitur ante feras solitus terrere fugacis
Ascanius, fortemque manu fudisse Numanum,
cui Remulo cognomen erat, Turnique minorem
germanam nuper thalamo sociatus habebat.
is primam ante aciem digna atque indigna relatu 595
uociferans tumidusque nouo praecordia regno
ibat et ingentem sese clamore ferebat:
‘non pudet obsidione iterum ualloque teneri,
bis capti Phryges, et morti praetendere muros?
en qui nostra sibi bello conubia poscunt! 600
quis deus Italiam, quae uos dementia adegit?
non hic Atridae nec fandi fictor Vlixes:
durum a stirpe genus natos ad flumina primum
deferimus saeueque gelu duramus et undis;
uenatu inuigilant pueri siluasque fatigant, 605
flectere ludus equos et spicula tendere cornu.
at patiens operum paruoque adsueta iuuentus
aut rastris terram domat aut quatit oppida bello.
omne aeuum ferro teritur, uersaque iuuentum
terga fatigamus hasta, nec tarda senectus 610
debilitat uiris animi mutatque uigorem:
canitiem galea premimus, semperque recentis
comportare iuuat praedas et uiuere raptu.

uobis picta croco et fulgenti murice uestis,
desidiaē cordi, iuuat indulgere choreis, 615
et tunicae manicas et habent redimicula mitrae.
o uere Phrygiae, neque enim Phryges, ite per alta
Dindyma, ubi adsuetis bifoŕem dat tibia cantum.
tympana uos buxusque uocat Berecynthia Matris
Idaēae; sinite arma uiris et cedite ferro.’ 620

Talia iactantem dictis ac dira canentem
non tulit Ascanius, neruoque obuŕsus equino
contendit telum diuersaque bracchia ducens
constitit, ante Iouem supplex per uota precatus:
‘Iuppiter omnipotens, audacibus adnue coeptis. 625
ipse tibi ad tua templa feram sollemnia dona,
et statuam ante aras aurata fronte iuuen-
candentem pariterque caput cum matre ferentem,
iam cornu petat et pedibus qui spargat harenam.’
audiit et caeli genitor de parte serena 630
intonuit laeuum, sonat una fatifer arcus.
effugit horrendum stridens adducta sagitta
perque caput Remuli uenit et caua tempora ferro
traicit. ‘i, uerbis uirtutem inlude superbis!
bis capti Phryges haec Rutulis responsa remittunt’: 635
hoc tantum Ascanius. Teucŕi clamore sequuntur
laetitiaque fremunt animosque ad sidera tollunt.

Aetheria tum forte plaga crinitus Apollo
desuper Ausonias acies urbemque uidebat
nube sedens, atque his uictorem adfatur Iulum: 640
‘macte noua uirtute, puer, sic itur ad astra,
dis genite et geniture deos. iure omnia bella
gente sub Assaraci fato uentura resident,
nec te Troia capit.’ simul haec effatus ab alto
aethere se mittit, spirantis dimouet auras 645
Ascaniumque petit; forma tum uertitur oris
antiquum in Buten. hic Dardanio Anchisae
armiger ante fuit fidusque ad limina custos;

tum comitem Ascanio pater addidit. ibat Apollo
omnia longaeuo similis uocemque coloremque 650
et crinis albos et saeua sonoribus arma,
atque his ardentem dictis adfatur Iulum:
'sit satis, Aenide, telis impune Numanum
oppetiisse tuis. primam hanc tibi magnus Apollo
concedit laudem et paribus non inuidet armis; 655
cetera parce, puer, bello.' sic orsus Apollo
mortalis medio aspectus sermone reliquit
et procul in tenuem ex oculis euanuit auram.
agnouere deum proceres diuinaque tela
Dardanidae pharetramque fuga sensere sonantem. 660
ergo auidum pugnae dictis ac numine Phoebi
Ascanium prohibent, ipsi in certamina rursus
succedunt animasque in aperta pericula mittunt.
it clamor totis per propugnacula muris,
intendunt acris arcus amentaque torquent. 665
sternitur omne solum telis, tum scuta cauaeque
dant sonitum flictu galeae, pugna aspera surgit:
quantus ab occasu ueniens pluuiialibus Haedis
uerberat imber humum, quam multa grandine nimbi
in uada praecipitant, cum Iuppiter horridus Austris 670
torquet aquosam hiemem et caelo caua nubila rumpit.

Pandarus et Bitias, Idaeo Alcanore creti,
quos Iouis eduxit luco siluestris Iaera
abietibus iuuenes patriis et montibus aequos,
portam, quae ducis imperio commissa, recludunt 675
freti armis, ultroque inuitant moenibus hostem.
ipsi intus dextra ac laeua pro turribus astant
armati ferro et cristis capita alta corusci:
quales aeriae liquentia flumina circum
siue Padi ripis Athesim seu propter amoenum 680
consurgunt geminae quercus intonsaque caelo
attollunt capita et sublimi uertice nutant.
inrumpunt aditus Rutuli ut uidere patentis:
continuo Quercens et pulcher Aquiculus armis

et praeceps animi Tmarus et Mauortius Haemon 685
agminibus totis aut uersi terga dedere
aut ipso portae posuere in limine uitam.
tum magis increscunt animis discordibus irae,
et iam collecti Troes glomerantur eodem
et conferre manum et procurrere longius audent. 690

Ductori Turno diuersa in parte furenti
turbantique uiros perfertur nuntius, hostem
feruere caede noua et portas praebere patentis.
deserit inceptum atque immani concitus ira
Dardanium ruit ad portam fratresque superbos. 695
et primum Antiphaten (is enim se primus agebat),
Thebana de matre nothum Sarpedonis alti,
coniecto sternit iaculo: uolat Italia cornus
aera per tenerum stomachoque infixam sub altum
pectus abit; reddit specus atri uulneris undam 700
spumantem, et fixo ferrum in pulmone tepescit.
tum Meropem atque Erymanta manu, tum sternit Aphidnum,
tum Bitian ardentem oculis animisque frementem,
non iaculo (neque enim iaculo uitam ille dedisset),
sed magnum stridens contorta phalarica uenit 705
fulminis acta modo, quam nec duo taurea terga
nec duplici squama lorica fidelis et auro
sustinuit; conlapsa ruunt immania membra,
dat tellus gemitum et clipeum super intonat ingens.
talis in Euboico Baiarum litore quondam 710
saxea pila cadit, magnis quam molibus ante
constructam ponto iaciunt, sic illa ruinam
prona trahit penitusque uadis inlisa recumbit;
miscent se maria et nigrae attolluntur harenae,
tum sonitu Prochyta alta tremit durumque cubile 715
Inarime Iouis imperiis imposta Typhoeo.

Hic Mars armipotens animum uirisque Latinis
addidit et stimulos acris sub pectore uertit,
immisitque Fugam Teucris atrumque Timorem.

undique conueniunt, quoniam data copia pugnae, 720
bellatorque animo deus incidit.
Pandarus, ut fuso germanum corpore cernit
et quo sit fortuna loco, qui casus agat res,
portam ui multa conuerso cardine torquet
obnixus latis umeris, multosque suorum 725
moenibus exclusos duro in certamine linquit;
ast alios secum includit recipitque ruentis,
demens, qui Rutulum in medio non agmine regem
uiderit inrumpentem ultroque incluserit urbi,
immanem ueluti pecora inter inertia tigrim. 730
continuo noua lux oculis effulsit et arma
horrendum sonuere, tremunt in uertice cristae
sanguineae clipeoque micantia fulmina mittit.
agnoscunt faciem inuisam atque immania membra
turbati subito Aeneadae. tum Pandarus ingens 735
emicat et mortis fraternae feruidus ira
effatur: 'non haec dotalis regia Amatae,
nec muris cohibet patriis media Ardea Turnum.
castra inimica uides, nulla hinc exire potestas.'
olli subridens sedato pectore Turnus: 740
'incipere, si qua animo uirtus, et consere dextram,
hic etiam inuentum Priamo narrabis Achillem.'
dixerat. ille rudem nodis et cortice crudo
intorquet summis adnixus uiribus hastam;
excepere auras, uulnus Saturnia Iuno 745
detorsit ueniens, portaeque infigitur hasta.
'at non hoc telum, mea quod ui dextera uersat,
effugies, neque enim is teli nec uulneris auctor':
sic ait, et sublatum alte consurgit in ensem
et mediam ferro gemina inter tempora frontem 750
diuidit impubisque immani uulnere malas.
fit sonus, ingenti concussa est pondere tellus;
conlapsos artus atque arma cruenta cerebro
sternit humi moriens, atque illi partibus aequis
huc caput atque illuc umero ex utroque pendit. 755

Diffugiunt uersi trepida formidine Troes,
et si continuo uictorem ea cura subisset,
rumpere claustra manu sociosque immittere portis,
ultimus ille dies bello gentique fuisset.
sed furor ardentem caedisque insana cupido 760
egit in aduersos.
principio Phalerim et succiso poplite Gygen
excipit, hinc raptas fugientibus ingerit hastas
in tergus, Iuno uiris animumque ministrat.
addit Halyn comitem et confixa Phegea parma, 765
ignaros deinde in muris Martemque cientis
Alcandrumque Haliumque Noemonaque Prytanimque.
Lyncea tendentem contra sociosque uocantem
uibranti gladio conixus ab aggere dexter
occupat, huic uno deiectum comminus ictu 770
cum galea longe iacuit caput. inde ferarum
uastatorem Amycum, quo non felicius alter
unguere tela manu ferrumque armare ueneno,
et Clytium Aeoliden et amicum Crethea Musis,
Crethea Musarum comitem, cui carmina semper 775
et citharae cordi numerosque intendere neruis,
semper equos atque arma uirum pugnasse canebat.

Tandem ductores audita caede suorum
conueniunt Teucris, Mnestheus acerque Serestus,
palantisque uident socios hostemque receptum. 780
et Mnestheus: 'quo deinde fugam, quo tenditis?' inquit.
'quos alios muros, quaeue ultra moenia habetis?
unus homo et uestris, o ciues, undique saeptus
aggeribus tantas strages impune per urbem
ediderit? iuuenum primos tot miserit Orco? 785
non infelicitis patriae ueterumque deorum
et magni Aeneae, segnes, miseretque pudetque?'
talibus accensi firmantur et agmine denso
consistunt. Turnus paulatim excedere pugna
et fluuium petere ac partem quae cingitur unda. 790
acrius hoc Teucris clamore incumbere magno

et glomerare manum, ceu saeuum turba leonem
cum telis premit infensis; at territus ille,
asper, acerba tuens, retro redit et neque terga
ira dare aut uirtus patitur, nec tendere contra 795
ille quidem hoc cupiens potis est per tela uirosque.
haud aliter retro dubius uestigia Turnus
improperata refert et mens exaestuat ira.
quin etiam bis tum medios inuaserat hostis,
bis confusa fuga per muros agmina uertit; 800
sed manus e castris propere coit omnis in unum
nec contra uiris audet Saturnia Iuno
sufficere; aeriam caelo nam Iuppiter Irim
demisit germanae haud mollia iussa ferentem,
ni Turnus cedat Teucrorum moenibus altis. 805
ergo nec clipeo iuuenis subsistere tantum
nec dextra ualet, iniectis sic undique telis
obruitur. strepit adsiduo caua tempora circum
tinnitu galea et saxis solida aera fatiscunt
discussaeque iubae, capiti nec sufficit umbo 810
ictibus; ingeminant hastis et Troes et ipse
fulmineus Mnestheus. tum toto corpore sudor
liquitur et piceum (nec respirare potestas)
flumen agit, fessos quatit aeger anhelitus artus.
tum demum praeceps saltu sese omnibus armis 815
in fluuium dedit. ille suo cum gurgite flauo
accepit uenientem ac mollibus extulit undis
et laetum sociis abluta caede remisit.

LIBER X

Panditur interea domus omnipotentis Olympi
conciliumque uocat diuum pater atque hominum rex
sideream in sedem, terras unde arduus omnis
castraque Dardanidum aspectat populosque Latinos.
considunt tectis bipatientibus, incipit ipse: 5
‘caelicolae magni, quianam sententia uobis
uersa retro tantumque animis certatis iniquis?
abnueram bello Italiam concurrere Teucris.
quae contra uetitum discordia? quis metus aut hos
aut hos arma sequi ferrumque lacescere suasit? 10
adueniet iustum pugnae (ne arcessite) tempus,
cum fera Karthago Romanis arcibus olim
exitium magnum atque Alpīs immittet apertas:
tum certare odiis, tum res rapuisse licebit.
nunc sinite et placitum laeti componite foedus.’ 15

Iuppiter haec paucis; at non Venus aurea contra
pauca refert:
‘o pater, o hominum rerumque aeterna potestas
(namque aliud quid sit quod iam implorare queamus?),
cernis ut insultent Rutuli, Turnusque feratur 20
per medios insignis equis tumidusque secundo
Marte ruat? non clausa tegunt iam moenia Teucros;
quin intra portas atque ipsis proelia miscent
aggeribus murorum et inundant sanguine fossae.
Aeneas ignarus abest. numquamne leuari 25
obsidione sines? muris iterum imminet hostis
nascentis Troiae nec non exercitus alter,
atque iterum in Teucros Aetolis surgit ab Arpis
Tydides. equidem credo, mea uulnera restant
et tua progenies mortalia demoror arma. 30
si sine pace tua atque inuito numine Troes
Italiam petiere, luant peccata neque illos
iuueris auxilio; sin tot responsa secuti

quae superi manesque dabant, cur nunc tua quisquam
uertere iussa potest aut cur noua condere fata? 35
quid repetam exustas Erycino in litore classis,
quid tempestatum regem uentosque furentis
Aeolia excitos aut actam nubibus Irim?
nunc etiam manis (haec intemptata manebat
sors rerum) mouet et superis immissa repente 40
Allecto medias Italum bacchata per urbes.
nil super imperio moueor. sperauimus ista,
dum fortuna fuit. uincant, quos uincere mauis.
si nulla est regio Teucris quam det tua coniunx
dura, per euersae, genitor, fumantia Troiae 45
excidia obtestor: liceat dimittere ab armis
incolumem Ascanium, liceat superesse nepotem.
Aeneas sane ignotis iactetur in undis
et quacumque uiam dederit Fortuna sequatur:
hunc tegere et dirae ualeam subducere pugnae. 50
est Amathus, est celsa mihi Paphus atque Cythera
Idaliaeque domus: positis inglorius armis
exigat hic aeuum. magna dicione iubeto
Karthago premat Ausoniam; nihil urbibus inde
obstabit Tyriis. quid pestem euadere belli 55
iuuit et Argolicos medium fugisse per ignis
totque maris uastaeque exhausta pericula terrae,
dum Latium Teucris recidiuaque Pergama quaerunt?
non satius cineres patriae insedissem supremos
atque solum quo Troia fuit? Xanthum et Simoenta 60
redde, oro, miseris iterumque reuoluere casus
da, pater, Iliacos Teucris.' tum regia Iuno
acta furore graui: 'quid me alta silentia cogis
rumpere et obductum uerbis uulgare dolorem?
Aenean hominum quisquam diuumque subegit 65
bella sequi aut hostem regi se inferre Latino?
Italiam petiit fatis auctoribus (esto)
Cassandrae impulsus furiis: num linquere castra
hortati sumus aut uitam committere uentis?
num puero summam belli, num credere muros, 70

Tyrrhenamque fidem aut gentis agitare quietas?
quis deus in fraudem, quae dura potentia nostra
egit? ubi hic Iuno demissaue nubibus Iris?
indignum est Italos Troiam circumdare flammis
nascentem et patria Turnum consistere terra, 75
cui Pilumnus auus, cui diua Venilia mater:
quid face Troianos atra uim ferre Latinis,
arua aliena iugo premere atque auertere praedas?
quid soceros legere et gremiis abducere pactas,
pacem orare manu, praefigere puppibus arma? 80
tu potes Aenean manibus subducere Graium
proque uiro nebulam et uentos obtendere inanis,
et potes in totidem classem conuertere nymphas:
nos aliquid Rutulos contra iuuisse nefandum est?
“Aeneas ignarus abest”: ignarus et absit. 85
est Paphus Idaliumque tibi, sunt alta Cythera:
quid grauidam bellis urbem et corda aspera temptas?
nosne tibi fluxas Phrygiae res uertere fundo
conamur? nos? an miseros qui Troas Achiuis
obiecit? quae causa fuit consurgere in arma 90
Europamque Asiamque et foedera soluere furto?
me duce Dardanius Spartam expugnauit adulter,
aut ego tela dedi fouiue Cupidine bella?
tum decuit metuisse tuis: nunc sera querelis
haud iustis adsurgis et inrita iurgia iactas.’ 95

Talibus orabat Iuno, cunctique fremebant
caelicolae adsensu uario, ceu flamina prima
cum deprensa fremunt siluis et caeca uolutant
murmura uenturos nautis prodentia uentos.
tum pater omnipotens, rerum cui prima potestas, 100
infit (eo dicente deum domus alta silescit
et tremefacta solo tellus, silet arduus aether,
tum Zephyri posuere, premit placida aequora pontus):
‘accipite ergo animis atque haec mea figite dicta.
quandoquidem Ausonios coniungi foedere Teucris 105
haud licitum, nec uestra capit discordia finem,

quae cuique est fortuna hodie, quam quisque secat spem,
Tros Rutulusne fuat, nullo discrimine habebo,
seu fatis Italum castra obsidione tenentur
siue errore malo Troiae monitisque sinistris. 110
nec Rutulos soluo. sua cuique exorsa laborem
fortunamque ferent. rex Iuppiter omnibus idem.
fata uiam inuenient.' Stygii per flumina fratris,
per pice torrentis atraque uoragine ripas
adruit et totum nutu tremefecit Olympum. 115
hic finis fandi. solio tum Iuppiter aureo
surgit, caelicolae medium quem ad limina ducunt.

Interea Rutuli portis circum omnibus instant
sternere caede uiros et moenia cingere flammis.
at legio Aeneadam uallis obsessa tenetur 120
nec spes ulla fugae. miseri stant turribus altis
nequiquam et rara muros cinxere corona
Asius Imbrasides Hicetaoniusque Thymoetes
Assaracique duo et senior cum Castore Thymbris,
prima acies; hos germani Sarpedonis ambo 125
et Clarus et Thaemon Lycia comitantur ab alta.
fert ingens toto conixus corpore saxum,
haud partem exiguum montis, Lynesius Acmon,
nec Clytio genitore minor nec fratre Menestheo.
hi iaculis, illi certant defendere saxis 130
molirique ignem neruoque aptare sagittas.
ipse inter medios, Veneris iustissima cura,
Dardanius caput, ecce, puer detectus honestum,
qualis gemma micat fuluum quae diuidit aurum,
aut collo decus aut capiti, uel quale per artem 135
inclusum buxo aut Oricia terebintho
lucet ebur; fusos ceruix cui lactea crinis
accipit et molli subnectens circulus auro.
te quoque magnanimae uiderunt, Ismare, gentes
uulnera derigere et calamos armare ueneno, 140
Maeonia generose domo, ubi pingua culta
exercentque uiri Pactolusque inrigat auro.

adfuit et Mnestheus, quem pulsi pristina Turni
aggere murorum sublimem gloria tollit,
et Capys: hinc nomen Campanae ducitur urbi. 145

Illi inter sese duri certamina belli
contulerant: media Aeneas freta nocte secabat.
namque ut ab Euandro castris ingressus Etruscis
regem adit et regi memorat nomenque genusque
quidue petat quidue ipse ferat, Mezentius arma 150
quae sibi conciliet, uiolentaque pectora Turni
edocet, humanis quae sit fiducia rebus
admonet immiscetque preces, haud fit mora, Tarchon
iungit opes foedusque ferit; tum libera fati
classem conscendit iussis gens Lydia diuum 155
externo commissa duci. Aeneia puppis
prima tenet rostro Phrygios subiuncta leones,
imminet Ida super, profugis gratissima Teucris.
hic magnus sedet Aeneas secumque uolutat
euentus belli uarios, Pallasque sinistro 160
adfixus lateri iam quaerit sidera, opacae
noctis iter, iam quae passus terraque marique.

Pandite nunc Helicon, deae, cantusque mouete,
quae manus interea Tuscis comitetur ab oris
Aenean armetque rates pelagoque uehatur. 165

Massicus aerata princeps secat aequora Tigri,
sub quo mille manus iuuenum, qui moenia Clusi
quique urbem liquere Cosas, quis tela sagittae
gorytique leues umeris et letifer arcus.
una toruus Abas: huic totum insignibus armis 170
agmen et aurato fulgebat Apolline puppis.
sescentos illi dederat Populonia mater
expertos belli iuuenes, ast Ilua trecentos
insula inexhaustis Chalybum generosa metallis.
tertius ille hominum diuumque interpret Asilas, 175
cui pecudum fibrae, caeli cui sidera parent

et linguae uolucrum et praesagi fulminis ignes,
mille rapit densos acie atque horrentibus hastis.
hos parere iubent Alphea ab origine Pisae,
urbs Etrusca solo. sequitur pulcherrimus Astyr, 180
Astyr equo fidens et uersicoloribus armis.
ter centum adiciunt (mens omnibus una sequendi)
qui Caerete domo, qui sunt Minionis in aruis,
et Pyrgi ueteres intempestaeque Grauiscae.
Non ego te, Ligurum ductor fortissime bello, 185
transierim, Cunare, et paucis comitate Cupauo,
cuius olorinae surgunt de uertice pennae
(crimen, Amor, uestrum) formaeque insigne paternae.
namque ferunt luctu Cycnum Phaethontis amati,
populeas inter frondes umbramque sororum 190
dum canit et maestum Musa solatur amorem,
canentem molli pluma duxisse senectam
linquentem terras et sidera uoce sequentem.
filius aequalis comitatus classe cateruas
ingentem remis Centaurum promouet: ille 195
instat aquae saxumque undis immane minatur
arduus, et longa sulcat maria alta carina.

Ille etiam patriis agmen ciet Ocnus ab oris,
fatidicae Mantus et Tusci filius amnis,
qui muros matrisque dedit tibi, Mantua, nomen, 200
Mantua diues auis, sed non genus omnibus unum:
gens illi triplex, populi sub gente quaterni,
ipsa caput populis, Tusco de sanguine uires.
hinc quoque quingentos in se Mezentius armat,
quos patre Benaco uelatus harundine glauca 205
Mincius infesta ducebat in aequora pinu.
it grauis Aulestes centenaque arbore fluctum
uerberat adsurgens, spumant uada marmore uerso.
hunc uehit immanis Triton et caerula concha
exterrens freta, cui laterum tenuis hispida nanti 210
frons hominem praefert, in pristim desinit aluus,
spumea semifero sub pectore murmurat unda.

Tot lecti procures ter denis nauibus ibant
subsidio Troiae et campos salis aere secabant.

Iamque dies caelo concesserat almaque curru 215
noctiuago Phoebe medium pulsabat Olympon:
Aeneas (neque enim membris dat cura quietem)
ipse sedens clauumque regit uelisque ministrat.
atque illi medio in spatio chorus, ecce, suarum
occurrit comitum: nymphae, quas alma Cybebe 220
numen habere maris nymphasque e nauibus esse
iusserat, innabant pariter fluctusque secabant,
quot prius aeratae steterant ad litora prorae.
agnoscunt longe regem lustrantque choreis;
quarum quae fandi doctissima Cymodocea 225
pone sequens dextra puppim tenet ipsaque dorso
eminet ac laeua tacitis subremigat undis.
tum sic ignarum adloquitur: 'uigilasne, deum gens,
Aenea? uigila et uelis immitte rudentis.
nos sumus, Idaeae sacro de uertice pinus, 230
nunc pelagi nymphae, classis tua. perfidus ut nos
praecipitis ferro Rutulus flammaque premebat,
rupimus inuitae tua uincula teque per aequor
quaerimus. hanc genetrix faciem miserata refecit
et dedit esse deas aeuumque agitare sub undis. 235
at puer Ascanius muro fossisque tenetur
tela inter media atque horrentis Marte Latinos.
iam loca iussa tenent forti permixtus Etrusco
Arcas eques; medias illis opponere turmas,
ne castris iungant, certa est sententia Turno. 240
surge age et Aurora socios ueniente uocari
primus in arma iube, et clipeum cape quem dedit ipse
inuictum ignipotens atque oras ambiit auro.
crastina lux, mea si non inrita dicta putaris,
ingentis Rutulae spectabit caedis aceruos.' 245
dixerat et dextra discedens impulit altam
haud ignara modi puppim: fugit illa per undas
ocior et iaculo et uentos aequante sagitta.

inde aliae celerant cursus. stupet inscius ipse
Tros Anchisiades, animos tamen omine tollit. 250
tum breuiter supera aspectans conuexa precatur:
‘alma parens Idaea deum, cui Dindyma cordi
turrigeraeque urbes biuigique ad frena leones,
tu mihi nunc pugnae princeps, tu rite propinques
augurium Phrygibusque adsis pede, diua, secundo.’ 255
tantum effatus, et interea reuoluta ruebat
matura iam luce dies noctemque fugarat;
principio sociis edicit signa sequantur
atque animos aptent armis pugnaeque parent se.

Iamque in conspectu Teucros habet et sua castra 260
stans celsa in puppi, clipeum cum deinde sinistra
extulit ardentem. clamorem ad sidera tollunt
Dardanidae e muris, spes addita suscitatur iras,
tela manu iaciunt, quales sub nubibus atris
Strymoniae dant signa grues atque aethera tranant 265
cum sonitu, fugiuntque Notos clamore secundo.
at Rutulo regi ducibusque ea mira uideri
Ausoniis, donec uersas ad litora puppis
respiciunt totumque adlabi classibus aequor.
ardet apex capiti cristisque a uertice flamma 270
funditur et uastos umbo uomit aureus ignis:
non secus ac liquida si quando nocte cometae
sanguinei lugubre rubent, aut Sirius ardor
ille sitim morbosque ferens mortalibus aegris
nascitur et laeue contristat lumine caelum. 275

Haud tamen audaci Turno fiducia cessit
litora praecipere et uenientis pellere terra.
[ultra animos tollit dictis atque increpat ultra:]
‘quod uotis optastis adest, perfringere dextra.
in manibus Mars ipse uiris. nunc coniugis esto 280
quisque suae tectique memor, nunc magna referto
facta, patrum laudes. ultra occurramus ad undam
dum trepidi egressisque labant uestigia prima.

audentis Fortuna iuuat.’

haec ait, et secum uersat quos ducere contra 285
uel quibus obsessos possit concredere muros.

Interea Aeneas socios de puppibus altis
pontibus exponit. multi seruare recursus
languentis pelagi et breuibus se credere saltu,
per remos alii. speculatus litora Tarchon, 290
qua uada non sperat nec fracta remurmurat unda,
sed mare inoffensum crescenti adlabitur aestu,
aduertit subito proras sociosque precatur:
‘nunc, o lecta manus, ualidis incumbite remis;
tollite, ferte rates, inimicam findite rostris 295
hanc terram, sulcumque sibi premat ipsa carina.
frangere nec tali puppim statione recuso
arrepta tellure semel.’ quae talia postquam
effatus Tarchon, socii consurgere tonsis
spumantisque rates aruis inferre Latinis, 300
donec rostra tenent siccum et sedere carinae
omnes innocuae. sed non puppis tua, Tarchon:
namque inflicta uadis, dorso dum pendet iniquo
anceps sustentata diu fluctusque fatigat,
soluitur atque uiros mediis exponit in undis, 305
fragmina remorum quos et fluitantia transtra
impediunt retrahitque pedes simul unda relabens.

Nec Turnum segnis retinet mora, sed rapit acer
totam aciem in Teucros et contra in litore sistit.
signa canunt. primus turmas inuasit agrestis 310
Aeneas, omen pugnae, strauitque Latinos
occiso Therone, uirum qui maximus ultro
Aenean petit. huic gladio perque aerea suta,
per tunicam squalentem auro latus haurit apertum.
inde Lichan ferit exsectum iam matre perempta 315
et tibi, Phoebe, sacrum: casus euadere ferri
quo licuit paruo? nec longe Cissea durum
immanemque Gyan sternentis agmina claua

deiecit leto; nihil illos Herculis arma
nec ualidae iuuere manus genitorque Melampus, 320
Alcidae comes usque grauis dum terra labores
praebuit. ecce Pharo, uoces dum iactat inertis,
intorquens iaculum clamanti sistit in ore.
tu quoque, flauentem prima lanugine malas
dum sequeris Clytium infelix, noua gaudia, Cydon, 325
Dardania stratus dextra, securus amorum
qui iuuenum tibi semper erant, miserande iaceres,
ni fratrum stipata cohors foret obuia, Phorci
progenies, septem numero, septenaque tela
coniciunt; partim galea clipeoque resultant 330
inrita, deflexit partim stringentia corpus
alma Venus. fidum Aeneas adfatur Achaten:
'suggere tela mihi, non ullum dextera frustra
torserit in Rutulos, steterunt quae in corpore Graium
Iliacis campis.' tum magnam corripit hastam 335
et iacit: illa uolans clipei transuerberat aera
Maeonis et thoraca simul cum pectore rumpit.
huic frater subit Alcanor fratremque ruentem
sustentat dextra: traiecto missa lacerto
protinus hasta fugit seruatque cruenta tenorem, 340
dexteraque ex umero neruis moribunda pendit.
tum Numitor iaculo fratris de corpore rapto
Aenean petiit: sed non et figere contra
est licitum, magnique femur perstrinxit Achatae.

Hic Curibus fidens primaueo corpore Clausus 345
aduenit et rigida Dryopem ferit eminus hasta
sub mentum grauiter pressa, pariterque loquentis
uocem animamque rapit traiecto gutture; at ille
fronte ferit terram et crassum uomit ore cruorem.
tris quoque Threicios Boreae de gente suprema 350
et tris quos Idas pater et patria Ismara mittit,
per uarios sternit casus. accurrit Halaesus
Auruncaeque manus, subit et Neptunia proles,
insignis Messapus equis. expellere tendunt

nunc hi, nunc illi: certatur limine in ipso 355
Ausoniae. magno discordes aethere uenti
proelia ceu tollunt animis et uiribus aequis;
non ipsi inter se, non nubila, non mare cedit;
anceps pugna diu, stant obnixa omnia contra:
haud aliter Troianae acies aciesque Latinae 360
concurrunt, haeret pede pes densusque uiro uir.

At parte ex alia, qua saxa rotantia late
intulerat torrens arbustaque diruta ripis,
Arcadas insuetos acies inferre pedestris
ut uidit Pallas Latio dare terga sequaci, 365
aspera aquis natura loci dimittere quando
suasit equos, unum quod rebus restat egenis,
nunc prece, nunc dictis uirtutem accendit amaris;
'quo fugitis, socii? per uos et fortia facta,
per ducis Euandri nomen deuictaque bella 370
spemque meam, patriae quae nunc subit aemula laudi,
fidite ne pedibus. ferro rumpenda per hostis
est uia. qua globus ille uirum densissimus urget,
hac uos et Pallanta ducem patria alta reposcit.
numina nulla premunt, mortali urgemur ab hoste 375
mortales; totidem nobis animaeque manusque.
ecce maris magna claudit nos obice pontus,
deest iam terra fugae: pelagus Troiamne petamus?'
haec ait, et medius densos prorumpit in hostis.

Obuius huic primum fatis adductus iniquis 380
fit Lagus. hunc, uellit magno dum pondere saxum,
intorto figit telo, discrimina costis
per medium qua spina dabat, hastamque recepat
ossibus haerentem. quem non super occupat Hisbo,
ille quidem hoc sperans; nam Pallas ante ruentem, 385
dum furit, incautum crudeli morte sodalis
excipit atque ensem tumido in pulmone recondit.
hinc Sthenium petit et Rhoeti de gente uetusta
Anchemolum thalamos ausum incestare nouercae.

uos etiam, gemini, Rutulis cecidistis in aruis, 390
Daucia, Laride Thymberque, simillima proles,
indiscreta suis gratusque parentibus error;
at nunc dura dedit uobis discrimina Pallas.
nam tibi, Thymbre, caput Euandrius abstulit ensis;
te decisa suum, Laride, dextera quaerit 395
semianimesque micant digiti ferrumque retractant.
Arcadas accensos monitu et praeclara tuentis
facta uiri mixtus dolor et pudor armat in hostis.

Tum Pallas biiugis fugientem Rhoetea praeter
traicit. hoc spatium tantumque morae fuit Ilo; 400
Ilo namque procul ualidam derexerat hastam,
quam medius Rhoeteus intercipit, optime Teuthra,
te fugiens fratremque Tyren, curruque uolutus
caedit semianimis Rutulorum calcibus arua.
ac uelut optato uentis aestate coortis 405
dispersa immittit siluis incendia pastor,
correptis subito mediis extenditur una
horrida per latos acies Volcania campos,
ille sedens uictor flammam despectat ouantis:
non aliter socium uirtus coit omnis in unum 410
teque iuuat, Palla. sed bellis acer Halaesus
tendit in aduersos seque in sua colligit arma.
hic mactat Ladona Pheretaque Demodocumque,
Strymonio dextram fulgenti deripit ense
elatum in iugulum, saxo ferit ora Thoantis 415
ossaque dispersit cerebro permixta cruento.
fata canens siluis genitor celarat Halaesum;
ut senior leto canentia lumina soluit,
iniecere manum Parcae telisque sacrarunt
Euandri. quem sic Pallas petit ante precatus: 420
‘da nunc, Thybri pater, ferro, quod missile libro,
fortunam atque uiam duri per pectus Halaesi.
haec arma exuiasque uiri tua quercus habebit.’
audiit illa deus; dum textit Imaona Halaesus,
Arcadio infelix telo dat pectus inermum. 425

At non caede uiri tanta perterrita Lausus,
pars ingens belli, sinit agmina: primus Abantem
oppositum interimit, pugnae nodumque moramque.
sternitur Arcadiae proles, sternuntur Etrusci
et uos, o Graiis imperdita corpora, Teucri. 430
agmina concurrunt ducibusque et uiribus aequis;
extremi addensent acies nec turba moueri
tela manusque sinit. hinc Pallas instat et urget,
hinc contra Lausus, nec multum discrepat aetas,
egregii forma, sed quis Fortuna negarat 435
in patriam reditus. ipsos concurrere passus
haud tamen inter se magni regnator Olympi;
mox illos sua fata manent maiore sub hoste.

Interea soror alma monet succedere Lauso
Turnum, qui uolucris curru medium secat agmen. 440
ut uidit socios: 'tempus desistere pugnae;
solus ego in Pallanta feror, soli mihi Pallas
debetur; cuperem ipse parens spectator adesset.'
haec ait, et socii cesserunt aequore iusso.
at Rutulum abscessu iuuenis tum iussa superba 445
miratus stupet in Turno corpusque per ingens
lumina uoluit obitque truci procul omnia uisu,
talibus et dictis it contra dicta tyranni:
'aut spoliis ego iam raptis laudabor opimis
aut leto insigni: sorti pater aequus utrique est. 450
tolle minas.' fatus medium procedit in aequor;
frigidus Arcadibus coit in praecordia sanguis.
desiluit Turnus biiugis, pedes apparat ire
comminus; utque leo, specula cum uidit ab alta
stare procul campis meditantem in proelia taurum, 455
aduolat, haud alia est Turni uenientis imago.
hunc ubi contiguum missae fore credidit hastae,
ire prior Pallas, si qua fors adiuuet ausum
uiribus imparibus, magnumque ita ad aethera fatur:
'per patris hospitium et mensas, quas aduena adisti, 460
te precor, Alcide, coeptis ingentibus adsis.

cernat semineci sibi me rapere arma cruenta
uictoremque ferant morientia lumina Turni.
audiit Alcides iuuenem magnumque sub imo
corde premit gemitum lacrimasque effundit inanis. 465
tum genitor natum dictis adfatur amicis:
‘stat sua cuique dies, breue et inreparabile tempus
omnibus est uitae; sed famam extendere factis,
hoc uirtutis opus. Troiae sub moenibus altis
tot gnati cecidere deum, quin occidit una 470
Sarpedon, mea progenies; etiam sua Turnum
fata uocant metasque dati peruenit ad aevi.’
sic ait, atque oculos Rutulorum reicit aruis.

At Pallas magnis emittit uiribus hastam
uaginaque caua fulgentem deripit ensem. 475
illa uolans umeri surgunt qua tegmina summa
incidit, atque uiam clipei molita per oras
tandem etiam magno strinxit de corpore Turni.
hic Turnus ferro praefixum robur acuto
in Pallanta diu librans iacit atque ita fatur: 480
‘aspice num mage sit nostrum penetrabile telum.’
dixerat; at clipeum, tot ferri terga, tot aeris,
quem pellis totiens obeat circumdata tauri,
uibranti cuspis medium transuerberat ictu
loricaeque moras et pectus perforat ingens. 485
ille rapit calidum frustra de uulnere telum:
una eademque uia sanguis animusque sequuntur.
corrui in uulnus (sonitum super arma dedere)
et terram hostilem moriens petit ore cruento.
quem Turnus super adsistens: 490
‘Arcades, haec’ inquit ‘memores mea dicta referte
Euandro: qualem meruit, Pallanta remitto.
quisquis honos tumuli, quidquid solamen humandi est,
largior. haud illi stabunt Aeneia paruo
hospitia.’ et laeuo pressit pede talia fatus 495
exanimem rapiens immania pondera baltei
impressumque nefas: una sub nocte iugali

caesa manus iuuenum foede thalamique cruenti,
quae Clonus Eurytides multo caelauerat auro;
quo nunc Turnus ouat spolio gaudetque potitus. 500
nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futurae
et seruare modum rebus sublata secundis!
Turno tempus erit magno cum optauerit emptum
intactum Pallanta, et cum spolia ista diemque
oderit. at socii multo gemitu lacrimisque 505
impositum scuto referunt Pallanta frequentes.
o dolor atque decus magnum rediture parenti,
haec te prima dies bello dedit, haec eadem aufert,
cum tamen ingentis Rutulorum linquis acervos!

Nec iam fama mali tanti, sed certior auctor 510
aduolat Aeneae tenui discrimine leti
esse suos, tempus uersis succurrere Teucris.
proxima quaeque metit gladio latumque per agmen
ardens limitem agit ferro, te, Turne, superbum
caede noua quaerens. Pallas, Euander, in ipsis 515
omnia sunt oculis, mensae quas aduena primas
tunc adiit, dextraeque datae. Sulmone creatos
quattuor hic iuuenes, totidem quos educat Vfers,
uiuentis rapit, inferias quos immolet umbris
captiuoque rogi perfundat sanguine flammis. 520
inde Mago procul infensam contenderat hastam:
ille astu subit, at tremibunda superuolat hasta,
et genua amplectens effatur talia supplex:
'per patrios manis et spes surgentis Iuli
te precor, hanc animam serues gnatoque patrique. 525
est domus alta, iacent penitus defossa talenta
caelati argenti, sunt auri pondera facti
infectique mihi. non hic uictoria Teucrum
uertitur aut anima una dabit discrimina tanta.'
dixerat. Aeneas contra cui talia reddit: 530
'argenti atque auri memoras quae multa talenta
gnatis parce tuis. belli commercia Turnus
sustulit ista prior iam tum Pallante perempto.

hoc patris Anchisae manes, hoc sentit Iulus.’
sic fatus galeam laeua tenet atque reflexa 535
ceruice orantis capulo tenus applicat ensem.
nec procul Haemonides, Phoebi Triuiaequae sacerdos,
infula cui sacra redimibat tempora uitta,
totus conlucens ueste atque insignibus albis.
quem congressus agit campo, lapsumque superstans 540
immolat ingentique umbra tegit, arma Serestus
lecta refert umeris tibi, rex Gradiue, tropaeum.

Instaurant acies Volcani stirpe creatus
Caeculus et ueniens Marsorum montibus Vmbro.
Dardanides contra furit: Anxuris ense sinistram 545
et totum clipei ferro deiecerat orbem
(dixerat ille aliquid magnum uimque adfore uerbo
crediderat, caeloque animum fortasse ferebat
canitiemque sibi et longos promiserat annos);
Tarquitus exsultans contra fulgentibus armis, 550
siluicolae Fauno Dryope quem nympa crearat,
obuius ardenti sese obtulit. ille reducta
loricam clipeique ingens onus impedit hasta,
tum caput orantis nequiquam et multa parantis
dicere deturbat terrae, truncumque tepentem 555
prouoluens super haec inimico pectore fatur:
‘istic nunc, metuende, iace. non te optima mater
condet humi patrioque onerabit membra sepulcro:
alitibus linquere feris, aut gurgite mersum
unda feret piscesque impasti uulnera lambent.’ 560
protinus Antaeum et Lucam, prima agmina Turni,
persequitur, fortemque Numam fuluumque Camertem,
magnanimo Volcente satum, ditissimus agri
qui fuit Ausonidum et tacitis regnauit Amyclis.
Aegaeon qualis, centum cui bracchia dicunt 565
centenasque manus, quinquaginta oribus ignem
pectoribusque arsisse, Iouis cum fulmina contra
tot paribus streperet clipeis, tot stringeret ensis:
sic toto Aeneas desaeuit in aequore uictor

ut semel intepuit mucro. quin ecce Niphaei 570
quadriiugis in equos aduersaque pectora tendit.
atque illi longe gradientem et dira frementem
ut uidere, metu uersi retroque ruentes
effunduntque ducem rapiuntque ad litora currus.

Interea biiugis infert se Lucagus albis 575
in medios fraterque Liger; sed frater habenis
flectit equos, strictum rotat acer Lucagus ensem.
haud tulit Aeneas tanto feruore furentis;
inruit aduersaque ingens apparuit hasta.
cui Liger: 580
‘non Diomedis equos nec currum cernis Achilli
aut Phrygiae campos: nunc belli finis et aevi
his dabitur terris.’ uesano talia late
dicta uolant Ligeri. sed non et Troius heros
dicta parat contra, iaculum nam torquet in hostis. 585
Lucagus ut pronus pendens in uerbera telo
admonuit biiugos, proiecto dum pede laeuo
aptat se pugnae, subit oras hasta per imas
fulgentis clipei, tum laeuum perforat inguen;
excussus curru moribundus uoluitur aruis. 590
quem pius Aeneas dictis adfatur amaris:
‘Lucage, nulla tuos currus fuga segnis equorum
prodidit aut uanae uertere ex hostibus umbrae:
ipse rotis saliens iuga deseris.’ haec ita fatus
arripuit biiugos; frater tendebat inertis 595
infelix palmas curru delapsus eodem:
‘per te, per qui te talem genuere parentes,
uir Troiane, sine hanc animam et miserere precantis.’
pluribus oranti Aeneas: ‘haud talia dudum
dicta dabas. morere et fratrem ne desere frater.’ 600
tum latebras animae pectus mucrone recludit.
taliam per campos edebat funera ductor
Dardanius torrentis aquae uel turbinis atri
more furens. tandem erumpunt et castra relinquunt
Ascanius puer et nequiquam obsessa iuuentus. 605

Iunonem interea compellat Iuppiter ultro:
‘o germana mihi atque eadem gratissima coniunx,
ut rebare, Venus (nec te sententia fallit)
Troianas sustentat opes, non uiuida bello
dextra uiris animusque ferox patiensque pericli.’ 610
cui Iuno summissa: ‘quid, o pulcherrime coniunx,
sollicitas aegram et tua tristia dicta timentem?
si mihi, quae quondam fuerat quamque esse decebat,
uis in amore foret, non hoc mihi namque negares,
omnipotens, quin et pugnae subducere Turnum 615
et Dauno possem incolumem seruare parenti.
nunc pereat Teucrisque pio det sanguine poenas.
ille tamen nostra deducit origine nomen
Pilumnusque illi quartus pater, et tua larga
saepe manu multisque oneravit limina donis.’ 620
cui rex aetherii breuiter sic fatur Olympi:
‘si mora praesentis leti tempusque caduco
oratur iuueni meque hoc ita ponere sentis,
tolle fuga Turnum atque instantibus eripe fati:
hactenus indulsisse uacat. sin altior istis 625
sub precibus uenia ulla latet totumque moueri
mutariue putas bellum, spes pascis inanis.’
et Iuno adlacrimans: ‘quid si, quae uoce grauaris,
mente dares atque haec Turno rata uita maneret?
nunc manet insontem grauis exitus, aut ego ueri 630
uana feror. quod ut o potius formidine falsa
ludar, et in melius tua, qui potes, orsa reflectas!’

Haec ubi dicta dedit, caelo se protinus alto
misit agens hiemem nimbo succincta per auras,
Iliacamque aciem et Laurentia castra petiuit. 635
tum dea nube caua tenuem sine uiribus umbram
in faciem Aeneae (uisu mirabile monstrum)
Dardaniis ornat telis, clipeumque iubasque
diuini adsimulat capitis, dat inania uerba,
dat sine mente sonum gressusque effingit euntis, 640
morte obita qualis fama est uolitare figuras

aut quae sopitos deludunt somnia sensus.
at primas laeta ante acies exsultat imago
inirratque uirum telis et uoce lacessit.
instat cui Turnus stridentemque eminus hastam 645
conicit; illa dato uertit uestigia tergo.
tum uero Aenean auersum ut cedere Turnus
credidit atque animo spem turbidus hausit inanem:
'quo fugis, Aenea? thalamos ne desere pactos;
hac dabitur dextra tellus quaesita per undas.' 650
taliam uociferans sequitur strictumque coruscat
mucronem, nec ferre uidet sua gaudia uentos.

Forte ratis celsi coniuncta crepidine saxi
expositis stabat scalis et ponte parato,
qua rex Clusinis aduectus Osinius oris. 655
huc sese trepida Aeneae fugientis imago
conicit in latebras, nec Turnus segnior instat
exsuperatque moras et pontis transilit altos.
uix proram attigerat, rumpit Saturnia funem
auulsamque rapit reuoluta per aequora nauem. 660
tum leuis haud ultra latebras iam quaerit imago, 663
sed sublime uolans nubi se immiscuit atrae,
illum autem Aeneas absentem in proelia poscit; 661
obuia multa uirum demittit corpora morti,
cum Turnum medio interea fert aequore turbo. 665
respicit ignarus rerum ingratusque salutis
et duplicis cum uoce manus ad sidera tendit:
'omnipotens genitor, tanton me crimine dignum
duxisti et talis uoluisti expendere poenas?
quo feror? unde abii? quae me fuga quemue reducit? 670
Laurentisne iterum muros aut castra uidebo?
quid manus illa uirum, qui me meaque arma secuti?
quosque (nefas) omnis infanda in morte reliqui
et nunc palantis uideo, gemitumque cadentum
accipio? quid ago? aut quae iam satis ima dehiscat 675
terra mihi? uos o potius miserescite, uenti;
in rupes, in saxa (uolens uos Turnus adoro)

ferre ratem saevisque uadis immittite syrtis,
quo nec me Rutuli nec conscia fama sequatur.'
haec memorans animo nunc huc, nunc fluctuat illuc, 680
an sese mucrone ob tantum dedecus amens
induat et crudum per costas exigit ensem,
fluctibus an iaciat mediis et litora nando
curua petat Teucrumque iterum se reddat in arma.
ter conatus utramque uiam, ter maxima Iuno 685
continuit iuuenemque animi miserata repressit.
labitur alta secans fluctuque aestuque secundo
et patris antiquam Dauni defertur ad urbem.

At Iouis interea monitis Mezentius ardens
succedit pugnae Teucrosque inuadit ouantis. 690
concurrunt Tyrrhenae acies atque omnibus uni,
uni odiisque uiro telisque frequentibus instant.
ille (uelut rupes uastum quae prodit in aequor,
obuia uentorum furiis expostaque ponto,
uim cunctam atque minas perfert caelique marisque 695
ipsa immota manens) prolem Dolichaonis Hebrum
sternit humi, cum quo Latagum Palmumque fugacem,
sed Latagum saxo atque ingenti fragmine montis
occupat os faciemque aduersam, poplite Palmum
succiso uolui segnem sinit, armaque Lauso 700
donat habere umeris et uertice figere cristas.
nec non Euanthen Phrygium Paridisque Mimanta
aequalem comitemque, una quem nocte Theano
in lucem genitore Amyco dedit et face praegnas
Cisseis regina Parim; Paris urbe paterna 705
occubat, ignarum Laurens habet ora Mimanta.
ac uelut ille canum morsu de montibus altis
actus aper, multos Vesulus quem pinifer annos
defendit multosque palus Laurentia silua
pascit harundinea, postquam inter retia uentum est, 710
substitit infremuitque ferox et inhorruit amos,
nec cuiquam irasci propiusue accedere uirtus,
sed iaculis tutisque procul clamoribus instant;

ille autem impavidus partis cunctatur in omnis 717
dentibus infrendens et tergo decutit hastas:
haud aliter, iustae quibus est Mezentius irae, 714
non ulli est animus stricto concurrere ferro,
missilibus longe et uasto clamore lacesunt.

Venerat antiquis Corythi de finibus Acron, 719
Graius homo, infectos linquens profugus hymenaeos.
hunc ubi miscentem longe media agmina uidit,
purpureum pennis et pactae coniugis ostro,
impastus stabula alta leo ceu saepe peragrans
(suadet enim uesana fames), si forte fugacem
conspexit capream aut surgentem in cornua ceruum, 725
gaudet hians immane comasque arrexit et haeret
uisceribus super incumbens; lauit improba taeter
ora cruor —

sic ruit in densos alacer Mezentius hostis.
sternitur infelix Acron et calcibus atram 730
tundit humum exspirans infractaque tela cruentat.
atque idem fugientem haud est dignatus Oroden
sternere nec iacta caecum dare cuspidē uulnus;
obuius aduersoque occurrit seque uiro uir
contulit, haud furto melior sed fortibus armis. 735
tum super abiectum posito pede nixus et hasta:
‘pars belli haud temnenda, uiri, iacet altus Orodes.’
conclamant socii laetum paeana secuti;
ille autem exspirans: ‘non me, quicumque es, inulto,
uictor, nec longum laetabere; te quoque fata 740
prospectant paria atque eadem mox arua tenebis.’
ad quem subridens mixta Mezentius ira:
‘nunc morere. ast de me diuum pater atque hominum rex
uiderit.’ hoc dicens eduxit corpore telum.
olli dura quies oculos et ferreus urget 745
somnia, in aeternam clauduntur lumina noctem.

Caedicus Alcathoum obtruncat, Sacrator Hydaspen
partheniumque Rapo et praedurum uiribus Orsen,

Messapus Cloniumque Lycaoniumque Erichaeten,
illum infrenis equi lapsu tellure iacentem, 750
hunc peditem. pedes et Lycius processerat Agis,
quem tamen haud expers Valerus uirtutis auitae
deicit; at Thronium Salius Saliumque Nealces
insidiis, iaculo et longe fallente sagitta.

Iam grauis aequabat luctus et mutua Mauors 755
funera; caedebant pariter pariterque ruebant
uictores uictique, neque his fuga nota neque illis.
di Iouis in tectis iram miserantur inanem
amborum et tantos mortalibus esse labores;
hinc Venus, hinc contra spectat Saturnia Iuno. 760
pallida Tisiphone media inter milia saeuit.

At uero ingentem quatiens Mezentius hastam
turbidus ingreditur campo. quam magnus Orion,
cum pedes incedit medii per maxima Nerei
stagna uiam scindens, umero supereminet undas, 765
aut summis referens annosam montibus ornum
ingrediturque solo et caput inter nubila condit,
talis se uastis infert Mezentius armis.
huic contra Aeneas speculatus in agmine longo
obuius ire parat. manet imperterritus ille 770
hostem magnanimum opperiens, et mole sua stat;
atque oculis spatium emensus quantum satis hastae:
'dextra mihi deus et telum, quod missile libro,
nunc adsint! uoueo praedonis corpore raptis
indutum spoliis ipsum te, Lause, tropaeum 775
Aeneae.' dixit, stridentemque eminus hastam
iecit. at illa uolans clipeo est excussa proculque
egregium Antoren latus inter et ilia figit,
Herculis Antoren comitem, qui missus ab Argis
haeserat Euandro atque Itala consederat urbe. 780
sternitur infelix alieno uulnere, caelumque
aspicit et dulcis moriens reminiscitur Argos.
tum pius Aeneas hastam iacit; illa per orbem

aere cauum triplici, per linea terga tribusque
transiit intextum tauris opus, imaque sedit 785
inguine, sed uiris haud pertulit. ocius ensem
Aeneas uiso Tyrrheni sanguine laetus
eripit a femine et trepidanti feruidus instat.
ingemuit cari grauiter genitoris amore,
ut uidit, Lausus, lacrimaeque per ora uolutae — 790
hic mortis durae casum tuaque optima facta,
si qua fidem tanto est operi latura uetustas,
non equidem nec te, iuuenis memorande, silebo —
ille pedem referens et inutilis inque ligatus
cedebat clipeoque inimicum hastile trahebat. 795
proripuit iuuenis seseque immiscuit armis,
iamque adsurgentis dextra plagamque ferentis
Aeneae subiit mucronem ipsumque morando
sustinuit; socii magno clamore sequuntur,
dum genitor nati parma protectus abiret, 800
telaque coniciunt perturbantque eminus hostem
missilibus. furit Aeneas tectusque tenet se.
ac uelut effusa si quando grandine nimbi
praecipitant, omnis campis diffugit arator
omnis et agricola, et tuta latet arce uiator 805
aut amnis ripis aut alti fornice saxi,
dum pluit in terris, ut possint sole reducto
exercere diem: sic obrutus undique telis
Aeneas nubem belli, dum detonet omnis,
sustinet et Lausum increpitat Lausoque minatur: 810
‘quo moriture ruis maioraque uiribus audes?
fallit te incautum pietas tua.’ nec minus ille
exsultat demens, saeuae iamque altius irae
Dardanio surgunt ductori, extremaque Lauso
Parcae fila legunt. ualidum namque exigit ensem 815
per medium Aeneas iuuenem totumque recondit;
transiit et parmam mucro, leuia arma minacis,
et tunicam molli mater quam neuerat auro,
impleuitque sinum sanguis; tum uita per auras
concessit maesta ad Manis corpusque reliquit. 820

At uero ut uultum uidit morientis et ora,
ora modis Anchisiades pallentia miris,
ingemuit miserans grauitex dextramque tetendit,
et mentem patriae subiit pietatis imago.
'quid tibi nunc, miserande puer, pro laudibus istis, 825
quid pius Aeneas tanta dabit indole dignum?
arma, quibus laetatus, habes tua; teque parentum
manibus et cineri, si qua est ea cura, remitto.
hoc tamen infelix miseram solabere mortem:
Aeneae magni dextra cadis.' increpat ultro 830
cunctantis socios et terra subleuat ipsum
sanguine turpantem comptos de more capillos.

Interea genitor Tiberini ad fluminis undam
uulnera siccat lymphis corpusque leuabat
arboris acclinis trunco. procul aerea ramis 835
dependet galea et prato grauius arma quiescunt.
stant lecti circum iuuenes; ipse aeger anhelans
colla fouet fusus propexam in pectore barbam;
multa super Lauso rogitat, multumque remittit
qui reuocent maestique ferant mandata parentis. 840
at Lausum socii exanimem super arma ferebant
flentes, ingentem atque ingenti uulnere uictum.
agnouit longe gemitum praesaga mali mens.
canitiem multo deformat puluere et ambas
ad caelum tendit palmas et corpore inhaeret. 845
'tantane me tenuit uiuendi, nate, uoluptas,
ut pro me hostili paterer succedere dextrae,
quem genui? tuane haec genitor per uulnera seruator
morte tua uiuens? heu, nunc misero mihi demum
exitium infelix, nunc alte uulnus adactum! 850
idem ego, nate, tuum maculaui crimine nomen,
pulsus ob inuidiam solio sceptrisque paternis.
debueram patriae poenas odiisque meorum:
omnis per mortis animam sontem ipse dedissem!
nunc uiuo neque adhuc homines lucemque relinquo. 855
sed linquam.' simul hoc dicens attollit in aegrum

se femur et, quamquam uis alto uulnere tardat,
haud deiectus equum duci iubet. hoc decus illi,
hoc solamen erat, bellis hoc uictor abibat
omnibus. adloquitur maerentem et talibus inquit: 860
‘Rhaebe, diu, res si qua diu mortalibus ulla est,
uiximus. aut hodie uictor spolia illa cruenti
et caput Aeneae referes Lausique dolorum
ultor eris mecum, aut, aperit si nulla uiam uis,
occumbes pariter; neque enim, fortissime, credo, 865
iussa aliena pati et dominos dignabere Teucros.’
dixit, et exceptus tergo consueta locauit
membra manusque ambas iaculis onerauit acutis,
aere caput fulgens cristaque hirsutus equina.
sic cursum in medios rapidus dedit. aestuat ingens 870
uno in corde pudor mixtoque insania luctu.
atque hic Aenean magna ter uoce uocauit. 873
Aeneas agnouit enim laetusque precatur:
‘sic pater ille deum faciat, sic altus Apollo!
incipias conferre manum.’
tantum effatus et infesta subit obuius hasta.
ille autem: ‘quid me erepto, saeuissime, nato
terres? haec uia sola fuit qua perdere posses:
nec mortem horremus nec diuum parcimus ulli. 880
desine, nam uenio moriturus et haec tibi porto
dona prius.’ dixit, telumque intorsit in hostem;
inde aliud super atque aliud figitque uolatque
ingenti gyro, sed sustinet aureus umbo.
ter circum astantem laeuos equitauit in orbis 885
tela manu iaciens, ter secum Troius heros
immanem aerato circumfert tegmine siluam.
inde ubi tot traxisse moras, tot spicula taedet
uellere, et urgetur pugna congressus iniqua,
multa mouens animo iam tandem erumpit et inter 890
bellatoris equi caua tempora conicit hastam.
tollit se arrectum quadripes et calcibus auras
uerberat, effusumque equitem super ipse secutus
implicat eiectoque incumbit cernuus armo.

clamore incendunt caelum Troesque Latinique. 895
aduolat Aeneas uaginaque eripit ensem
et super haec: 'ubi nunc Mezentius acer et illa
effera uis animi?' contra Tyrrhenus, ut auras
suspiciens hausit caelum mentemque recepit:
'hostis amare, quid increpitas mortemque minaris? 900
nullum in caede nefas, nec sic ad proelia ueni,
nec tecum meus haec pepigit mihi foedera Lausus.
unum hoc per si qua est uictis uenia hostibus oro:
corpus humo patiare tegi. scio acerba meorum
circumstare odia: hunc, oro, defende furorem 905
et me consortem nati concede sepulcro.'
haec loquitur, iuguloque haud inscius accipit ensem
undantique animam diffundit in arma cruore.

LIBER XI

Oceanum interea surgens Aurora relinquit:
Aeneas, quamquam et sociis dare tempus humanidis
praecipitant curae turbataque funere mens est,
uota deum primo uictor soluebat Eoo.
ingentem quercum decisis undique ramis 5
constituit tumulo fulgentiaque induit arma,
Mezenti ducis exuuias, tibi magne tropaeum
bellipotens; aptat rorantis sanguine cristas
telaque trunca uiri, et bis sex thoraca petitem
perfossumque locis, clipeumque ex aere sinistrae 10
subligat atque ensem collo suspendit eburnum.
tum socios (namque omnis eum stipata tegebat
turba ducum) sic incipiens hortatur ouantis:
'maxima res effecta, uiri; timor omnis abesto,
quod superest; haec sunt spolia et de rege superbo 15
primitiae manibusque meis Mezentius hic est.
nunc iter ad regem nobis murosque Latinos.
arma parate, animis et spe praesumite bellum,
ne qua mora ignaros, ubi primum uellere signa
adnuerint superi pubemque educere castris, 20
impediat segnisue metu sententia tardet.
interea socios inhumataque corpora terrae
mandemus, qui solus honos Acheronte sub imo est.
ite,' ait 'egregias animas, quae sanguine nobis
hanc patriam peperere suo, decorate supremis 25
muneribus, maestamque Euandri primus ad urbem
mittatur Pallas, quem non uirtutis egentem
abstulit atra dies et funere mersit acerbo.'

Sic ait inlacrimans, recipitque ad limina gressum
corpus ubi exanimi positum Pallantis Acoetes 30
seruabat senior, qui Parrhasio Euandro
armiger ante fuit, sed non felicibus aequum
comes auspiciis caro datus ibat alumno.

circum omnis famulumque manus Troianaque turba
et maestum Iliades crinem de more solutae. 35
ut uero Aeneas foribus sese intulit altis
ingentem gemitum tunsis ad sidera tollunt
pectoribus, maestoque immugit regia luctu.
ipse caput niuei fultum Pallantis et ora
ut uidit leuique patens in pectore uulnus 40
cuspidis Ausoniae, lacrimis ita fatur obortis:
'tene,' inquit 'miserande puer, cum laeta ueniret,
inuidit Fortuna mihi, ne regna uideres
nostra neque ad sedes uictor ueherere paternas?
non haec Euandro de te promissa parenti 45
discedens dederam, cum me complexus euntem
mitteret in magnum imperium metuensque moneret
acris esse uiros, cum dura proelia gente.
et nunc ille quidem spe multum captus inani
fors et uota facit cumulatque altaria donis, 50
nos iuuenem exanimum et nil iam caelestibus ullis
debentem uano maesti comitamur honore.
infelix, nati funus crudele uidebis!
hi nostri reditus exspectatique triumphi?
haec mea magna fides? at non, Euandre, pudendis 55
uulneribus pulsum aspicias, nec sospite dirum
optabis nato funus pater. ei mihi quantum
praesidium, Ausonia, et quantum tu perdis, Iule!'

Haec ubi defleuit, tolli miserabile corpus
imperat, et toto lectos ex agmine mittit 60
mille uiros qui supremum comitentur honorem
intersintque patris lacrimis, solacia luctus
exigua ingentis, misero sed debita patri.
haud segnes alii cratis et molle feretrum
arbutis texunt uirgis et uimine querno 65
exstructosque toros obtentu frondis inumbrant.
hic iuuenem agresti sublimem stramine ponunt:
qualem uirgineo demessum pollice florem
seu mollis uiolae seu languentis hyacinthi,

cui neque fulgor adhuc nec dum sua forma recessit, 70
non iam mater alit tellus uirisque ministrat.
tum geminas uestis auroque ostroque rigentis
extulit Aeneas, quas illi laeta laborum
ipsa suis quondam manibus Sidonia Dido
fecerat et tenui telas discreuerat auro. 75
harum unam iuueni supremum maestus honorem
induit arsurasque comas obnubit amictu,
multaque praeterea Laurentis praemia pugnae
aggerat et longo praedam iubet ordine duci;
addit equos et tela quibus spoliauerat hostem. 80
uinxerat et post terga manus, quos mitteret umbris
inferias, caeso sparsurus sanguine flammās,
indutosque iubet truncos hostilibus armis
ipsos ferre duces inimicaque nomina figi.
ducitur infelix aeuo confectus Acoetes, 85
pectora nunc foedans pugnis, nunc unguibus ora,
sternitur et toto proiectus corpore terrae;
ducunt et Rutulo perfusos sanguine currus.
post bellator equus positus insignibus Aethon
it lacrimans guttisque umectat grandibus ora. 90
hastam alii galeamque ferunt, nam cetera Turnus
uictor habet. tum maesta phalanx Teucrique sequuntur
Tyrrhenique omnes et uersis Arcades armis.
postquam omnis longe comitum praecesserat ordo,
substitit Aeneas gemituque haec addidit alto: 95
'nos alias hinc ad lacrimas eadem horrida belli
fata uocant: salue aeternum mihi, maxime Palla,
aeternumque uale.' nec plura effatus ad altos
tendebat muros gressumque in castra ferebat.

Iamque oratores aderant ex urbe Latina 100
uelati ramis oleae ueniamque rogantes:
corpora, per campos ferro quae fusa iacebant,
redderet ac tumulo sineret succedere terrae;
nullum cum uictis certamen et aethere cassis;
parceret hospitibus quondam socerisque uocatis. 105

quos bonus Aeneas haud aspernanda precantis
prosequitur uenia et uerbis haec insuper addit:
‘quaenam uos tanto fortuna indigna, Latini,
implicuit bello, qui nos fugiatis amicos?
pacem me exanimis et Martis sorte peremptis 110
oratis? equidem et uiuis concedere uellem.
nec ueni, nisi fata locum sedemque dedissent,
nec bellum cum gente gero; rex nostra reliquit
hospitia et Turni potius se credidit armis.
aequius huic Turnum fuerat se opponere morti. 115
si bellum finire manu, si pellere Teucros
apparat, his mecum decuit concurrere telis:
uixet cui uitam deus aut sua dextra dedisset.
nunc ite et miseris supponite ciuibus ignem.’
dixerat Aeneas. illi obstipuerunt silentes 120
conuersique oculos inter se atque ora tenebant.

Tum senior semperque odiis et crimine Drances
infensus iuueni Turno sic ore uicissim
orsa refert: ‘o fama ingens, ingentior armis,
uir Troiane, quibus caelo te laudibus aequem? 125
iustitiaene prius mirer belline laborum?
nos uero haec patriam grati referemus ad urbem
et te, si qua uiam dederit Fortuna, Latino
iungemus regi. quaerat sibi foedera Turnus.
quin et fatalis murorum attollere moles 130
saxaque subuectare umeris Troiana iuuabit.’
dixerat haec unoque omnes eadem ore fremebant.
bis senos pepigere dies, et pace sequestra
per siluas Teucris mixtique impune Latini
errauere iugis. ferro sonat alta bipenni 135
fraxinus, euertunt actas ad sidera pinus,
roborum nec cuneis et olentem scindere cedrum
nec plaustris cessant uectare gementibus ornos.
Et iam Fama uolans, tanti praenuntia luctus,
Euandrum Euandrique domos et moenia replet, 140
quae modo uictorem Latio Pallanta ferebat.

Arcades ad portas ruere et de more uetusto
funereas rapuere faces; lucet uia longo
ordine flammarum et late discriminat agros.
contra turba Phrygum ueniens plangentia iungit 145
agmina. quae postquam matres succedere tectis
uiderunt, maestam incendunt clamoribus urbem.
at non Euandrum potis est uis ulla tenere,
sed uenit in medios. feretro Pallante reposto
procubuit super atque haeret lacrimansque gemensque, 150
et uia uix tandem uoci laxata dolore est:
'non haec, o Palla, dederas promissa parenti,
cautius ut saeuo uelles te credere Marti.
haud ignarus eram quantum noua gloria in armis
et praedulce decus primo certamine posset. 155
primitiae iuuenis miserae bellique propinqui
dura rudimenta, et nulli exaudita deorum
uota precesque meae! tuque, o sanctissima coniunx,
felix morte tua neque in hunc seruata dolorem!
contra ego uiuendo uici mea fata, superstes 160
restarem ut genitor. Troum socia arma secutum
obruerent Rutuli telis! animam ipse dedissem
atque haec pompa domum me, non Pallanta, referret!
nec uos arguerim, Teucris, nec foedera nec quas
iunximus hospitio dextras: sors ista senectae 165
debita erat nostrae. quod si immatura manebat
mors gnatum, caesis Volscorum milibus ante
ducentem in Latium Teucros cecidisse iuuabit.
quin ego non alio digner te funere, Palla,
quam pius Aeneas et quam magni Phryges et quam 170
Tyrrhenique duces, Tyrrhenum exercitus omnis.
magna tropaea ferunt quos dat tua dextera leto;
tu quoque nunc stares immanis truncus in aruis,
esset par aetas et idem si robur ab annis,
Turne. sed infelix Teucros quid demoror armis? 175
uadite et haec memores regi mandata referte:
quod uitam moror inuisam Pallante preempto
dextera causa tua est, Turnum gnatoque patrique

quam debere uides. meritis uacat hic tibi solus
fortunaque locus. non uitae gaudia quaero, 180
nec fas, sed gnato manis perferre sub imos.’

Aurora interea miseris mortalibus almam
extulerat lucem referens opera atque labores:
iam pater Aeneas, iam curuo in litore Tarchon
constituere pyras. huc corpora quisque suorum 185
more tulere patrum, subiectisque ignibus atris
conditur in tenebras altum caligine caelum.
ter circum accensos cincti fulgentibus armis
decurrere rogos, ter maestum funeris ignem
lustrauere in equis ululatusque ore dedere. 190
spargitur et tellus lacrimis, sparguntur et arma,
it caelo clamorque uirum clangorque tubarum.
hic alii spolia occisis derepta Latinis
coniciunt igni, galeas ensisque decoros
frenaque feruentisque rotas; pars munera nota, 195
ipsorum clipeos et non felicia tela.
multa boum circa mactantur corpora Morti,
saetigerosque sues raptasque ex omnibus agris
in flammam iugulant pecudes. tum litore toto
ardentis spectant socios semustaque seruant 200
busta, neque auelli possunt, nox umida donec
inuertit caelum stellis ardentibus aptum.

Nec minus et miseri diuersa in parte Latini
innumeras struxere pyras, et corpora partim
multa uirum terrae infodiunt, auectaque partim 205
finitimos tollunt in agros urbique remittunt.
cetera confusaeque ingentem caedis aceruum
nec numero nec honore cremant; tunc undique uasti
certatim crebris conlucent ignibus agri.
tertia lux gelidam caelo dimouerat umbram: 210
maerentes altum cinerem et confusa ruebant
ossa focus tepidoque onerabant aggere terrae.
iam uero in tectis, praediuitis urbe Latini,

praecipuus fragor et longi pars maxima luctus.
hic matres miseraeque nurus, hic cara sororum 215
pectora maerentum puerique parentibus orbi
dirum exsecrantur bellum Turnique hymenaeos;
ipsum armis ipsumque iubent decernere ferro,
qui regnum Italiae et primos sibi poscat honores.
ingrauat haec saeuus Drances solumque uocari 220
testatur, solum posci in certamina Turnum.
multa simul contra uariis sententia dictis
pro Turno, et magnum reginae nomen obumbrat,
multa uirum meritis sustentat fama tropaeis.

Hos inter motus, medio in flagrante tumultu, 225
ecce super maesti magna Diomedis ab urbe
legati responsa ferunt: nihil omnibus actum
tantorum impensis operum, nil dona neque aurum
nec magnas ualuisse preces, alia arma Latinis
quaerenda, aut pacem Troiano ab rege petendum. 230
deficit ingenti luctu rex ipse Latinus:
fatalem Aenean manifesto numine ferri
admonet ira deum tumulique ante ora recentes.
ergo concilium magnum primosque suorum
imperio accitos alta intra limina cogit. 235
olli conuenere fluuntque ad regia plenis
tectis uiis. sedet in mediis et maximus aevo
et primus sceptris haud laeta fronte Latinus.
atque hic legatos Aetola ex urbe remissos
quae referant fari iubet, et responsa reposcit 240
ordine cuncta suo. tum facta silentia linguis,
et Venulus dicto parens ita farier infit:

‘Vidimus, o ciues, Diomedem Argiuaque castra,
atque iter emensi casus superauimus omnis,
contigimusque manum qua concidit Ilia tellus. 245
ille urbem Argyripam patriae cognomine gentis
uictor Gargani condebat Iapygis agris.
postquam introgressi et coram data copia fandi,

munera praeferimus, nomen patriamque docemus,
qui bellum intulerint, quae causa attraxerit Arpos. 250
auditis ille haec placido sic reddidit ore:
“o fortunatae gentes, Saturnia regna,
antiqui Ausonii, quae uos fortuna quietos
sollicitat suadetque ignota lacessere bella?
quicumque Iliacos ferro uiolauimus agros 255
(mitto ea quae muris bellando exhausta sub altis,
quos Simois premat ille uiros) infanda per orbem
supplicia et scelerum poenas expendimus omnes,
uel Priamo miseranda manus; scit triste Mineruae
sidus et Euboicae cautes ultorque Caphereus. 260
militia ex illa diuersum ad litus abacti
Atrides Protei Menelaus adusque columnas
exsulat, Aetnaeos uidit Cyclophas Vlixes.
regna Neoptolemi referam uersosque penatis
Idomenei? Libycone habitantis litore Locros? 265
ipse Mycenaeus magnorum ductor Achium
coniugis infandae prima inter limina dextra
oppetiit, deuictam Asiam subsedit adulter.
inuidisse deos, patriis ut redditus aris
coniugium optatum et pulchram Calydona uiderem? 270
nunc etiam horribili uisu portenta sequuntur
et socii amissi petierunt aethera pennis
fluminibusque uagantur aues (heu, dira meorum
supplicia!) et scopulos lacrimosis uocibus implent.
haec adeo ex illo mihi iam speranda fuerunt 275
tempore cum ferro caelestia corpora demens
appetii et Veneris uiolaui uulnere dextram.
ne uero, ne me ad talis impellite pugnas.
nec mihi cum Teucris ullum post eruta bellum
Pergama nec ueterum memini laetorue malorum. 280
munera quae patriis ad me portatis ab oris
uertite ad Aenean. stetimus tela aspera contra
contulimusque manus: experto credite quantus
in clipeum adsurgat, quo turbine torqueat hastam.
si duo praeterea talis Idaea tulisset 285

terra uiros, ultro Inachias uenisset ad urbes
Dardanus, et uersis lugeret Graecia fatis.
quidquid apud durae cessatum est moenia Troiae,
Hectoris Aeneaeque manu uictoria Graium
haesit et in decimum uestigia rettulit annum. 290
ambo animis, ambo insignes praestantibus armis,
hic pietate prior. coeant in foedera dextrae,
qua datur; ast armis concurrant arma cauete.”
et responsa simul quae sint, rex optime, regis
audisti et quae sit magno sententia bello.’ 295

Vix ea legati, uariusque per ora cucurrit
Ausonidum turbata fremor, ceu saxa morantur
cum rapidos amnis, fit clauso gurgite murmur
uicinaeque fremunt ripae crepitantibus undis.
ut primum placati animi et trepida ora quierunt, 300
praefatus diuos solio rex infit ab alto:

‘Ante equidem summa de re statuisset, Latini,
et uellem et fuerat melius, non tempore tali
cogere concilium, cum muros adsidet hostis.
bellum importunum, ciues, cum gente deorum 305
inuictisque uiris gerimus, quos nulla fatigant
proelia nec uicti possunt absistere ferro.
spem si quam ascitis Aetolum habuistis in armis,
ponite. spes sibi quisque; sed haec quam angusta uidetis.
cetera qua rerum iaceant perculsa ruina, 310
ante oculos interque manus sunt omnia uestras.
nec quemquam incuso: potuit quae plurima uirtus
esse, fuit; toto certatum est corpore regni.
nunc adeo quae sit dubiae sententia menti,
expediam et paucis (animos adhibete) docebo. 315
est antiquus ager Tusco mihi proximus amni,
longus in occasum, finis super usque Sicanos;
Aurunci Rutulique serunt, et uomere duros
exercent collis atque horum asperrima pascunt.
haec omnis regio et celsi plaga pinea montis 320

cedat amicitiae Teucrorum, et foederis aequas
dicamus leges sociosque in regna uocemus:
considant, si tantus amor, et moenia condant.
sin alios finis aliamque capessere gentem
est animus possuntque solo decedere nostro, 325
bis denas Italo texamus robore nauis;
seu pluris complere ualent, iacet omnis ad undam
materies: ipsi numerumque modumque carinis
praecipiant, nos aera, manus, naualia demus.
praeterea, qui dicta ferant et foedera firment 330
centum oratores prima de gente Latinos
ire placet pacisque manu praetendere ramos,
munera portantis aurique eborisque talenta
et sellam regni trabeamque insignia nostri.
consulite in medium et rebus succurrite fessis.’ 335

Tum Drances idem infensus, quem gloria Turni
obliqua inuidia stimulisque agitabat amaris,
largus opum et lingua melior, sed frigida bello
dextera, consiliis habitus non futilis auctor,
seditione potens (genus huic materna superbum 340
nobilitas dabat, incertum de patre ferebat),
surgit et his onerat dictis atque aggerat iras:
‘rem nulli obscuram nostrae nec uocis egentem
consulis, o bone rex: cuncti se scire fatentur
quid fortuna ferat populi, sed dicere mussant. 345
det libertatem fandi flatusque remittat,
cuius ob auspiciu infaustum moresque sinistros
(dicam equidem, licet arma mihi mortemque minetur)
lumina tot cecidisse ducum totamque uidemus
consedis urbem luctu, dum Troia temptat 350
castra fugae fidens et caelum territat armis.
unum etiam donis istis, quae plurima mitti
Dardanidis dicique iubes, unum, optime regum,
adicias, nec te ullius uiolentia uincat
quin natam egregio genero dignisque hymenaeis 355
des pater, et pacem hanc aeterno foedere iungas.

quod si tantus habet mentes et pectora terror,
ipsum obtestemur ueniamque oremus ab ipso:
cedat, ius proprium regi patriaeque remittat.
quid miseros totiens in aperta pericula ciuis 360
proicis, o Latio caput horum et causa malorum?
nulla salus bello, pacem te poscimus omnes,
Turne, simul pacis solum inuiolabile pignus.
primus ego, inuisum quem tu tibi fingis (et esse
nil moror), en supplex uenio. miserere tuorum, 365
pone animos et pulsus abi. sat funera fusi
uidimus ingentis et desolauimus agros.
aut, si fama mouet, si tantum pectore robur
concupis et si adeo dotalis regia cordi est,
aude atque aduersum fidens fer pectus in hostem. 370
scilicet ut Turno contingat regia coniunx,
nos animae uiles, inhumata infletaque turba,
sternamur campis. etiam tu, si qua tibi uis,
si patrii quid Martis habes, illum aspice contra
qui uocat.’ 375

Talibus exarsit dictis uiolentia Turni.
dat gemitum rumpitque has imo pectore uoces:
‘larga quidem semper, Drance, tibi copia fandi
tum cum bella manus poscunt, patribusque uocatis
primus ades. sed non replenda est curia uerbis, 380
quae tuto tibi magna uolant, dum distinet hostem
agger murorum nec inundant sanguine fossae.
proinde tona eloquio (solitum tibi) meque timoris
argue tu, Drance, quando tot stragis acervos
Teucrorum tua dextra dedit, passimque tropaeis 385
insignis agros. possit quid uiuida uirtus
experiare licet, nec longe scilicet hostes
quaerendi nobis; circumstant undique muros.
imus in aduersos — quid cessas? an tibi Mauors
uentosa in lingua pedibusque fugacibus istis 390
semper erit?
pulsus ego? aut quisquam merito, foedissime, pulsum
arguet, Iliaco tumidum qui crescere Thybrim

sanguine et Euandri totam cum stirpe uidebit
procubuisse domum atque exutos Arcadas armis? 395
haud ita me experti Bitias et Pandarus ingens
et quos mille die uictor sub Tartara misi,
inclusus muris hostile aggere saeptus.
nulla salus bello? capiti cane talia, demens,
Dardanio rebusque tuis. proinde omnia magno 400
ne cessa turbare metu atque extollere uiris
gentis bis uictae, contra premere arma Latini.
nunc et Myrmidonum proceres Phrygia arma tremescunt,
nunc et Tydides et Larisaeus Achilles,
amnis et Hadriacas retro fugit Aufidus undas. 405
uel cum se pavidum contra mea iurgia fingit,
artificis scelus, et formidine crimen acerbat.
numquam animam talem dextra hac (absiste moueri)
amittes: habitet tecum et sit pectore in isto.
nunc ad te et tua magna, pater, consulta reuertor. 410
si nullam nostris ultra spem ponis in armis,
si tam deserti sumus et semel agmine uerso
funditus occidimus neque habet Fortuna regressum,
oremus pacem et dextras tendamus inertis.
quamquam o si solitae quicquam uirtutis adesset! 415
ille mihi ante alios fortunatusque laborum
egregiusque animi, qui, ne quid tale uideret,
procubuit moriens et humum semel ore momordit.
sin et opes nobis et adhuc intacta iuuentus
auxilioque urbes Italae populique supersunt, 420
sin et Troianis cum multo gloria uenit
sanguine (sunt illis sua funera, parque per omnis
tempestas), cur indecores in limine primo
deficimus? cur ante tubam tremor occupat artus?
multa dies uariique labor mutabilis aeui 425
rettulit in melius, multos alterna reuisens
lusit et in solido rursus Fortuna locauit.
non erit auxilio nobis Aetolus et Arpi:
at Messapus erit felixque Tolumnius et quos
tot populi misere duces, nec parua sequetur 430

gloria delectos Latio et Laurentibus agris.
est et Volscorum egregia de gente Camilla
agmen agens equitum et florentis aere cateruas.
quod si me solum Teucri in certamina poscunt
idque placet tantumque bonis communibus obsto, 435
non adeo has exosa manus Victoria fugit
ut tanta quicquam pro spe temptare recusem.
ibo animis contra, uel magnum praestet Achillem
factaque Volcani manibus paria induat arma
ille licet. uobis animam hanc soceroque Latino 440
Turnus ego, haud ulli ueterum uirtute secundus,
deuoui. solum Aeneas uocat? et uocet oro;
nec Drances potius, siue est haec ira deorum,
morte luat, siue est uirtus et gloria, tollat.’

Illi haec inter se dubiis de rebus agebant 445
certantes: castra Aeneas aciemque mouebat.
nuntius ingenti per regia tecta tumultu
ecce ruit magnisque urbem terroribus implet:
instructos acie Tiberino a flumine Teucros
Tyrrhenamque manum totis descendere campis. 450
extemplo turbati animi concussaue uulgi
pectora et arrectae stimulis haud mollibus irae.
arma manu trepidi poscunt, fremit arma iuuentus,
flent maesti mussantque patres. hic undique clamor
dissensu uario magnus se tollit in auras, 455
haud secus atque alto in luco cum forte cateruae
consedere auium, piscosoue amne Padusae
dant sonitum rauci per stagna loquacia cycni.
‘immo,’ ait ‘o ciues,’ arrepto tempore Turnus,
‘cogite concilium et pacem laudate sedentes; 460
illi armis in regna ruunt.’ nec plura locutus
corripuit sese et tectis citus extulit altis.
‘tu, Voluse, armari Volscorum edice manipulis,
duc’ ait ‘et Rutulos. equitem Messapus in armis,
et cum fratre Coras latis diffundite campis. 465
pars aditus urbis firment turrisque capessant;

cetera, qua iusso, mecum manus inferat arma.’

Ilicet in muros tota discurritur urbe.
concilium ipse pater et magna incepta Latinus
deserit ac tristi turbatus tempore differt, 470
multaque se incusat qui non acceperit ultro
Dardanium Aenean generumque asciverit urbi.
praefodiunt alii portas aut saxa sudesque
subuectant. bello dat signum rauca cruentum
bucina. tum muros uaria cinxere corona 475
matronae puerique, uocat labor ultimus omnis.
nec non ad templum summasque ad Palladis arces
subuehitur magna matrum regina caterua
dona ferens, iuxtaque comes Lauinia uirgo,
causa mali tanti, oculos deiecta decoros. 480
succedunt matres et templum ture uaporant
et maestas alto fundunt de limine uoces:
‘armipotens, praeses belli, Tritonia uirgo,
frange manu telum Phrygii praedonis, et ipsum
prorum sterne solo portisque effunde sub altis.’ 485
cingitur ipse furens certatim in proelia Turnus.
iamque adeo rutilum thoraca indutus aenis
horrebat squamis surasque incluserat auro,
tempora nudus adhuc, laterique accinxerat ensem,
fulgebatque alta decurrens aureus arce 490
exsultatque animis et spe iam praecipit hostem:
qualis ubi abruptis fugit praesepia uinclis
tandem liber equus, campoque potitus aperto
aut ille in pastus armentaque tendit equarum
aut adsuetus aquae perfundi flumine noto 495
emicat, arrectisque fremit ceruicibus alte
luxurians luduntque iubae per colla, per amos.

Obuia cui Volscorum acie comitante Camilla
occurrit portisque ab equo regina sub ipsis
desiluit, quam tota cohors imitata relictis 500
ad terram defluxit equis; tum talia fatur:

‘Turne, sui merito si qua est fiducia forti,
audeo et Aeneadam promitto occurrere turmae
solaque Tyrrhenos equites ire obuia contra.
me sine prima manu temptare pericula belli, 505
tu pedes ad muros subsiste et moenia serua.’
Turnus ad haec oculos horrenda in uirgine fixus:
‘o decus Italiae uirgo, quas dicere grates
quasue referre parem? sed nunc, est omnia quando
iste animus supra, mecum partire laborem. 510
Aeneas, ut fama fidem missique reportant
exploratores, equitum leuia improbus arma
praemisit, quaterent campos; ipse ardua montis
per deserta iugo superans aduentat ad urbem.
furta paro belli conuexo in tramite siluae, 515
ut biuias armato obsidam milite fauces.
tu Tyrrhenum equitem conlatis excipe signis;
tecum acer Messapus erit turmaeque Latinae
Tiburtique manus, ducis et tu concipe curam.’
sic ait, et paribus Messapum in proelia dictis 520
hortatur sociosque duces et pergit in hostem.

Est curuo anfractu ualles, accommoda fraudi
armorumque dolis, quam densis frondibus atrum
urget utrimque latus, tenuis quo semita ducit
angustaeque ferunt fauces aditusque maligni. 525
hanc super in speculis summoque in uertice montis
planities ignota iacet tutique receptus,
seu dextra laeuaque uelis occurrere pugnae
siue instare iugis et grandia uoluere saxa.
huc iuuenis nota fertur regione uiarum 530
arripuitque locum et siluis insedit iniquis.

Velocem interea superis in sedibus Opim,
unam ex uirginibus sociis sacraque caterua,
compellabat et has tristis Latonia uoces
ore dabat: ‘graditur bellum ad crudele Camilla, 535
o uirgo, et nostris nequiquam cingitur armis,

cara mihi ante alias. neque enim nouus iste Dianae
uenit amor subitaque animum dulcedine mouit.
pulsus ob inuidiam regno uirisque superbas
Priuerno antiqua Metabus cum excederet urbe, 540
infantem fugiens media inter proelia belli
sustulit exsilio comitem, matrisque uocauit
nomine Casmillae mutata parte Camillam.
ipse sinu prae se portans iuga longa petebat
solorum nemorum: tela undique saeua premebant 545
et circumfuso uolitabant milite Volsci.
ecce fugae medio summis Amasenus abundans
spumabat ripis, tantus se nubibus imber
ruperat. ille innare parans infantis amore
tardatur caroque oneri timet. omnia secum 550
uersanti subito uix haec sententia sedit:
telum immane manu ualida quod forte gerebat
bellator, solidum nodis et robore cocto,
huic natam libro et siluestri subere clausam
implicat atqueabilem mediae circumligat hastae; 555
quam dextra ingenti librans ita ad aethera fatur:
“alma, tibi hanc, nemorum cultrix, Latonia uirgo,
ipse pater famulam uoueo; tua prima per auras
tela tenens supplex hostem fugit. accipe, testor,
diua tuam, quae nunc dubiis committitur auris.” 560
dixit, et adducto contortum hastile lacerto
immittit: sonuere undae, rapidum super amnem
infelix fugit in iaculo stridente Camilla.
at Metabus magna propius iam urgente caterua
dat sese fluuiio, atque hastam cum uirgine uictor 565
gramineo, donum Triuiuae, de caespite uellit.
non illum tectis ullae, non moenibus urbes
acceperere (neque ipse manus feritate dedisset),
pastorum et solis exegit montibus aeuum.
hic natam in dumis interque horrentia lustra 570
armentalis equae mammis et lacte ferino
nutribat teneris immulgens ubera labris.
utque pedum primis infans uestigia plantis

institerat, iaculo palmas armauit acuto
spiculaque ex umero paruae suspendit et arcum. 575
pro crinali auro, pro longae tegmine pallae
tigridis exuuiæ per dorsum a uertice pendent.
tela manu iam tum tenera puerilia torsit
et fundam tereti circum caput egit habena
Strymoniamque gruem aut album deiecit olorem. 580
multae illam frustra Tyrrhena per oppida matres
optauere nurum; sola contenta Diana
aeternum telorum et uirginitatis amorem
intemerata colit. uellem haud correpta fuisset
militia tali conata lacessere Teucros: 585
cara mihi comitumque foret nunc una mearum.
uerum age, quandoquidem fati urgetur acerbis,
labere, nympha, polo finisque inuise Latinos,
tristis ubi infausto committitur omine pugna.
haec cape et ultricem pharetra deprome sagittam: 590
hac, quicumque sacrum uiolarit uulnere corpus,
Tros Italusque, mihi pariter det sanguine poenas.
post ego nube caua miserandæ corpus et arma
inspoliata feram tumulo patriæque reponam.’
dixit, at illa leuis caeli delapsa per auras 595
insonuit nigro circumdata turbine corpus.

At manus interea muris Troiana propinquat,
Etruscique duces equitumque exercitus omnis
compositi numero in turmas. fremit aequore toto
insultans sonipes et pressis pugnat habenis 600
huc conuersus et huc; tum late ferreus hastis
horret ager campique armis sublimibus ardent.
nec non Messapus contra celeresque Latini
et cum fratre Coras et uirginis ala Camillae
aduersi campo apparent, hastasque reductis 605
protendunt longe dextris et spicula uibrant,
aduentusque uirum fremitusque ardescit equorum.
iamque intra iactum teli progressus uterque
substiterat: subito erumpunt clamore furentisque

exhortantur equos, fundunt simul undique tela 610
crebra niuis ritu, caelumque obtexitur umbra.
continuo aduersis Tyrrhenus et acer Aconteus
conixi incurrunt hastis primique ruinam
dant sonitu ingenti perfractaque quadripedantum
pectora pectoribus rumpunt; excussus Aconteus 615
fulminis in morem aut tormento ponderis acti
praecipitat longe et uitam dispergit in auras.

Extemplo turbatae acies, uersique Latini
reiciunt parmas et equos ad moenia uertunt;
Troes agunt, princeps turmas inducit Asilas. 620
iamque propinquabant portis rursusque Latini
clamorem tollunt et mollia colla reflectunt;
hi fugiunt penitusque datis referuntur habenis.
qualis ubi alterno procurrens gurgite pontus
nunc ruit ad terram scopulosque superiacit unda 625
spumeus extremamque sinu perfundit harenam,
nunc rapidus retro atque aestu reuoluta resorbens
saxa fugit litusque uado labente relinquit:
bis Tusci Rutulos egere ad moenia uersos,
bis reiecti armis respectant terga tegentes. 630
tertia sed postquam congressi in proelia totas
implicuere inter se acies legitque uirum uir,
tum uero et gemitus morientum et sanguine in alto
armaque corporaque et permixti caede uirorum
semianimes uoluuntur equi, pugna aspera surgit. 635
Orsilochus Remuli, quando ipsum horrebat adire,
hastam intorsit equo ferrumque sub aure reliquit;
quo sonipes ictu furit arduus altaque iactat
uulneris impatiens arrecto pectore crura,
uoluitur ille excussus humi. Catillus Iollan 640
ingentemque animis, ingentem corpore et armis
deicit Herminium, nudo cui uertice fulua
caesaries nudique umeri nec uulnera terrent;
tantus in arma patet. latos huic hasta per armos
acta tremit duplicatque uirum transfixa dolore. 645

funditur ater ubique cruor; dant funera ferro
certantes pulchramque petunt per uulnera mortem.

At medias inter caedes exsultat Amazon
unum exserta latus pugnae, pharetrata Camilla,
et nunc lenta manu spargens hastilia denset, 650
nunc ualidam dextra rapit indefessa bipennem;
aureus ex umero sonat arcus et arma Dianae.
illa etiam, si quando in tergum pulsa recessit,
spicula conuerso fugientia derigit arcu.
at circum lectae comites, Larinaque uirgo 655
Tullaque et aeratam quatiens Tarpeia securim,
Italides, quas ipsa decus sibi dia Camilla
delegit pacisque bonas bellicae ministras:
quales Threiciae cum flumina Thermodontis
pulsant et pictis bellantur Amazones armis, 660
seu circum Hippolyten seu cum se Martia curru
Penthesilea refert, magnoque ululante tumultu
feminea exsultant lunatis agmina peltis.

Quem telo primum, quem postremum, aspera uirgo,
deicis? aut quot humi morientia corpora fundis? 665
Eunaeum Clytio primum patre, cuius apertum
aduersi longa transuerberat abiete pectus.
sanguinis ille uomens riuos cadit atque cruentam
mandit humum moriensque suo se in uulnere uersat.
tum Lirim Pagasumque super, quorum alter habenas 670
suffuso reuolutus equo dum colligit, alter
dum subit ac dextram labenti tendit inermem,
praecipites pariterque ruunt. his addit Amastrum
Hippotaden, sequiturque incumbens eminus hasta
Tereaque Harpalycumque et Demophoonta Chromimque; 675
quotque emissa manu contorsit spicula uirgo,
tot Phrygii cecidere uiri. procul Ornytus armis
ignotis et equo uenator Iapyge fertur,
cui pellis latosumeros erepta iuueno
pugnatori operit, caput ingens oris hiatus 680

et malae texere lupi cum dentibus albis,
agrestisque manus armat sparus; ipse cateruis
uertitur in mediis et toto uertice supra est.
hunc illa exceptum (neque enim labor agmine uerso)
traicit et super haec inimico pectore fatur: 685
‘siluis te, Tyrrhene, feras agitare putasti?
aduenit qui uestra dies muliebribus armis
uerba redargueret. nomen tamen haud leue patrum
manibus hoc referes, telo cecidisse Camillae.’

Protinus Orsilochem et Buten, duo maxima Teucrum 690
corpora, sed Buten auersum cuspide fixit
loricam galeamque inter, qua colla sedentis
lucent et laeuo dependet parma lacerto;
Orsilochem fugiens magnumque agitata per orbem
eludit gyro interior sequiturque sequentem; 695
tum ualidam perque arma uiro perque ossa securim
altior exsurgens oranti et multa precanti
congeminat; uulnus calido rigat ora cerebro.
incidit huic subitoque aspectu territus haesit
Appenninicolae bellator filius Auni, 700
haud Ligurum extremus, dum fallere fata sinebant.
isque ubi se nullo iam cursu euadere pugnae
posse neque instantem reginam auertere cernit,
consilio uersare dolos ingressus et astu
incipit haec: ‘quid tam egregium, si femina forti 705
fidis equo? dimitte fugam et te comminus aequo
mecum crede solo pugnaeque accinge pedestri:
iam nosces uentosa ferat cui gloria fraudem.’
dixit, at illa furens acrique accensa dolore
tradit equum comiti paribusque resistit in armis 710
ense pedes nudo puraque interrita parma.
at iuuenis uicisse dolo ratus auolat ipse
(haud mora), conuersisque fugax aufertur habenis
quadripedemque citum ferrata calce fatigat.
‘uane Ligus frustraque animis elate superbis, 715
nequiquam patrias temptasti lubricus artis,

nec fraus te incolumem fallaci perferet Auno.
haec fatur uirgo, et pernicipibus ignea plantis
transit equum cursu frenisque aduersa prehensis
concreditur poenasque inimico ex sanguine sumit: 720
quam facile accipiter saxo sacer ales ab alto
consequitur pennis sublimem in nube columbam
comprehensamque tenet pedibusque euiscerat uncis;
tum cruor et uulsae labuntur ab aethere plumae.

At non haec nullis hominum sator atque deorum 725
obseruans oculis summo sedet altus Olympo.
Tyrrhenum genitor Tarchonem in proelia saeua
suscitat et stimulis haud mollibus inicit iras.
ergo inter caedes cedentiaque agmina Tarchon
fertur equo uariisque instigat uocibus alas 730
nomine quemque uocans, reficitque in proelia pulsos.
‘quis metus, o numquam dolituri, o semper inertes
Tyrrheni, quae tanta animis ignauia uenit?
femina palantis agit atque haec agmina uertit!
quo ferrum quidue haec gerimus tela inrita dextris? 735
at non in Venerem segnes nocturnaque bella,
aut ubi curua choros indixit tibia Bacchi.
exspectate dapes et plenae pocula mensae
(hic amor, hoc studium) dum sacra secundus haruspex
nuntiet ac lucos uocet hostia pinguis in altos!’ 740
haec effatus equum in medios moriturus et ipse
concitatur, et Venulo aduersum se turbidus infert
dereptumque ab equo dextra complectitur hostem
et gremium ante suum multa ui concitus aufert.
tollitur in caelum clamor cunctique Latini 745
conuertere oculos. uolat igneus aequore Tarchon
arma uirumque ferens; tum summa ipsius ab hasta
defringit ferrum et partis rimatur apertas,
qua uulnus letale ferat; contra ille repugnans
sustinet a iugulo dextram et uim uiribus exit. 750
utque uolans alte raptum cum fulua draconem
fert aquila implicuitque pedes atque unguibus haesit,

saucius at serpens sinuosa uolumina uersat
arrectisque horret squamis et sibilat ore
arduus insurgens, illa haud minus urget obunco 755
luctantem rostro, simul aethera uerberat alis:
haud aliter praedam Tiburtum ex agmine Tarchon
portat ouans. ducis exemplum euentumque secuti
Maeonidae incurrunt. tum fatis debitus Arruns
uelocem iaculo et multa prior arte Camillam 760
circuit, et quae sit fortuna facillima temptat.
qua se cumque furens medio tulit agmine uirgo,
hac Arruns subit et tacitus uestigia lustrat;
qua uictrix redit illa pedemque ex hoste reportat,
hac iuuenis furtim celeris detorquet habenas. 765
hos aditus iamque hos aditus omnemque pererrat
undique circuitum et certam quatit improbus hastam.

Forte sacer Cybelo Chloreus olimque sacerdos
insignis longe Phrygiis fulgebat in armis
spumantemque agitabat equum, quem pellis aenis 770
in plumam squamis auro conserta tegebat.
ipse peregrina ferrugine clarus et ostro
spicula torquebat Lycio Gortynia cornu;
aureus ex umeris erat arcus et aurea uati
cassida; tum croceam chlamydemque sinusque crepantis 775
carbaseos fuluo in nodum collegerat auro
pictus acu tunicas et barbara tegmina crurum.
hunc uirgo, siue ut templis praefigeret arma
Troia, captiuo siue ut se ferret in auro
uenatrix, unum ex omni certamine pugnae 780
caeca sequebatur totumque incauta per agmen
femineo praedae et spoliorum ardebat amore,
telum ex insidiis cum tandem tempore capto
concitat et superos Arruns sic uoce precatur:
'summe deum, sancti custos Soractis Apollo, 785
quem primi colimus, cui pineus ardor aceruo
pascitur, et medium freti pietate per ignem
cultores multa premimus uestigia pruna,

da, pater, hoc nostris aboleri dedecus armis,
omnipotens. non exuias pulsaeue tropaeum 790
uirginis aut spolia ulla peto, mihi cetera laudem
facta ferent; haec dira meo dum uulnere pestis
pulsa cadat, patrias remeabo inglorius urbes.'

Audiit et uoti Phoebus succedere partem
mente dedit, partem uolucris dispersit in auras: 795
sterneret ut subita turbatam morte Camillam
adnuat oranti; reducem ut patria alta uideret
non dedit, inque Notos uocem uertere procellae.
ergo ut missa manu sonitum dedit hasta per auras,
conuertere animos acris oculosque tulere 800
cuncti ad reginam Volsci. nihil ipsa nec aurae
nec sonitus memor aut uenientis ab aethere teli,
hasta sub exsertam donec perlata papillam
haesit uirgineumque alte bibit acta cruorem.
concurrunt trepidae comites dominamque ruentem 805
suscipiunt. fugit ante omnis exterritus Arruns
laetitia mixtoque metu, nec iam amplius hastae
credere nec telis occurrere uirginis audet.
ac uelut ille, prius quam tela inimica sequantur,
continuo in montis sese auius abdidit altos 810
occiso pastore lupo magnouo iuueno,
consciis audacis facti, caudamque remulcens
subiecit pauitantem utero siluasque petiuit:
haud secus ex oculis se turbidus abstulit Arruns
contentusque fuga mediis se immiscuit armis. 815
illa manu moriens telum trahit, ossa sed inter
ferreus ad costas alto stat uulnere mucro.
labitur exsanguis, labuntur frigida leto
lumina, purpureus quondam color ora reliquit.
tum sic exspirans Accam ex aequalibus unam 820
adloquitur, fida ante alias quae sola Camillae
quicum partiri curas, atque haec ita fatur:
'hactenus, Acca soror, potui: nunc uulnus acerbum
conficit, et tenebris nigrescunt omnia circum.

effuge et haec Turno mandata nouissima perfer: 825
succedat pugnae Troianosque arceat urbe.
iamque uale.’ simul his dictis linquebat habenas
ad terram non sponte fluens. tum frigida toto
paulatim exsoluit se corpore, lentaque colla
et captum leto posuit caput, arma relinquens, 830
uitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras.
tum uero immensus surgens ferit aurea clamor
sidera: deiecta crudescit pugna Camilla;
incurrunt densi simul omnis copia Teucrum
Tyrrenique duces Euandrique Arcades alae. 835

At Triuiæ custos iamdudum in montibus Opis
alta sedet summis spectatque interrita pugnās.
utque procul medio iuuenum in clamore furentum
prospexit tristi mulcatam morte Camillam,
ingemuitque deditque has imo pectore uoces: 840
‘heu nimium, uirgo, nimium crudele luisti
supplicium Teucros conata lacessere bello!
nec tibi desertæ in dumis coluisse Dianam
profuit aut nostras umero gessisse pharetras.
non tamen indecorem tua te regina reliquit 845
extrema iam in morte, neque hoc sine nomine letum
per gentis erit aut famam patieris inultæ.
nam quicumque tuum uiolauit uulnere corpus
morte luet merita.’ fuit ingens monte sub alto
regis Dercenni terreno ex aggere bustum 850
antiqui Laurentis opacaque ilice tectum;
hic dea se primum rapido pulcherrima nisu
sistit et Arruntem tumulo speculatur ab alto.
ut uidit fulgentem armis ac uana tumentem,
‘cur’ inquit ‘diuersus abis? huc derige gressum, 855
huc periture ueni, capias ut digna Camillæ
praemia. tune etiam telis moriere Dianæ?’
dixit, et aurata uolucrum Threissa sagittam
deprompsit pharetra cornuque infensa tetendit
et duxit longe, donec curuata coirent 860

inter se capita et manibus iam tangeret aequis,
laeua aciem ferri, dextra neruoque papillam.
extemplo teli stridorem aurasque sonantis
audiit una Arruns haesitque in corpore ferrum.
illum expirantem socii atque extrema gementem 865
obliti ignoto camporum in puluere linquunt;
Opis ad aetherium pennis aufertur Olympum.

Prima fugit domina amissa leuis ala Camillae,
turbati fugiunt Rutuli, fugit acer Atinas,
disiectique duces desolatique manipuli 870
tuta petunt et equis auersi ad moenia tendunt.
nec quisquam instantis Teucros letumque ferentis
sustentare ualet telis aut sistere contra,
sed laxos referunt umeris languentibus arcus,
quadripedumque putrem cursu quatit ungula campum. 875
uoluitur ad muros caligine turbidus atra
pulis, et e speculis percussae pectora matres
femineum clamorem ad caeli sidera tollunt.
qui cursu portas primi inrupere patentis,
hos inimica super mixto premit agmine turba, 880
nec miseram effugiunt mortem, sed limine in ipso,
moenibus in patriis atque inter tuta domorum
confixi expirant animas. pars claudere portas,
nec sociis aperire uiam nec moenibus audent
accipere orantis, oriturque miserrima caedes 885
defendentum armis aditus inque arma ruentum.
exclusi ante oculos lacrimantumque ora parentum
pars in praecipitis fossas urgente ruina
uoluitur, immissis pars caeca et concita frenis
arietat in portas et duros obice postis. 890
ipsae de muris summo certamine matres
(monstrat amor uerus patriae, ut uidere Camillam)
tela manu trepidae iaciunt ac robore duro
stipitibus ferrum sudibusque imitantur obustis
praecipites, primaeque mori pro moenibus ardent. 895

Interea Turnum in siluis saeuissimus implet
nuntius et iuueni ingentem fert Acca tumultum:
deletas Volscorum acies, cecidisse Camillam,
ingruere infensos hostis et Marte secundo
omnia corripuisse, metum iam ad moenia ferri. 900
ille furens (et saeua Iouis sic numina poscunt)
deserit obsessos collis, nemora aspera linquit.
uix e conspectu exierat campumque tenebat,
cum pater Aeneas saltus ingressus apertos
exsuperatque iugum siluaque euadit opaca. 905
sic ambo ad muros rapidi totoque feruntur
agmine nec longis inter se passibus absunt;
ac simul Aeneas fumantis puluere campos
prospexit longe Laurentiaque agmina uidit,
et saeuum Aenean agnouit Turnus in armis 910
aduentumque pedum flatusque audiuit equorum.
continuoque ineant pugnas et proelia temptent,
ni roseus fessos iam gurgite Phoebus Hiberno
tingat equos noctemque die labente reducat.
considunt castris ante urbem et moenia uallant.

LIBER XII

Turnus ut infractos aduerso Marte Latinos
defecisse uidet, sua nunc promissa reposci,
se signari oculis, ultro implacabilis ardet
attollitque animos. Poenorum qualis in aruis
saucius ille graui uenantum uulnere pectus 5
tum demum mouet arma leo, gaudetque comantis
excutiens ceruice toros fixumque latronis
impavidus frangit telum et fremit ore cruento:
haud secus accenso gliscit uiolentia Turno.
tum sic adfatur regem atque ita turbidus inquit: 10
‘nulla mora in Turno; nihil est quod dicta retractent
ignauī Aeneadae, nec quae pepigere recusent:
congregior. fer sacra, pater, et concipe foedus.
aut hac Dardanium dextra sub Tartara mittam
desertorem Asiae (sedeant spectentque Latini), 15
et solus ferro crimen commune refellam,
aut habeat uictos, cedat Lauinia coniunx.’

Olli sedato respondit corde Latinus:
‘o praestans animi iuuenis, quantum ipse feroci
uirtute exsuperas, tanto me impensius aequum est 20
consulere atque omnis metuentem expendere casus.
sunt tibi regna patris Dauni, sunt oppida capta
multa manu, nec non aurumque animusque Latino est;
sunt aliae innuptae Latio et Laurentibus aruis
nec genus indecores. sine me haec haud mollia fatu 25
sublatis aperire dolis, simul hoc animo hauri:
me natam nulli ueterum sociare procorum
fas erat, idque omnes diuique hominesque canebant.
uictus amore tui, cognato sanguine uictus
coniugis et maestae lacrimis, uincla omnia rupi; 30
promissam eripui genero, arma impia sumpsī.
ex illo qui me casus, quae, Turne, sequantur
bella, uides, quantos primus patiare labores.

bis magna uicti pugna uix urbe tuemur
spes Italas; recalent nostro Thybrina fluenta 35
sanguine adhuc campique ingentes ossibus al bent.
quo referor totiens? quae mentem insania mutat?
si Turno exstincto socios sum ascire paratus,
cur non incolumi potius certamina tollo?
quid consanguinei Rutuli, quid cetera dicet 40
Italia, ad mortem si te (fors dicta refutet!)
prodiderim, natam et conubia nostra petentem?
respice res bello uarias, miserere parentis
longaevi, quem nunc maestum patria Ardea longe
diuidit.' haudquaquam dictis uiolentia Turni 45
flectitur; exsuperat magis aegrescitque medendo.
ut primum fari potuit, sic institit ore:
'quam pro me curam geris, hanc precor, optime, pro me
deponas letumque sinas pro laude pacisci.
et nos tela, pater, ferrumque haud debile dextra 50
spargimus, et nostro sequitur de uulnere sanguis.
longe illi dea mater erit, quae nube fugacem
feminea tegat et uanis sese occulat umbris.'

At regina noua pugnae conterrita sorte
flebat et ardentem generum moritura tenebat: 55
'Turne, per has ego te lacrimas, per si quis Amatae
tangit honos animum: spes tu nunc una, senectae
tu requies miserae, decus imperiumque Latini
te penes, in te omnis domus inclinata recumbit.
unum oro: desiste manum committere Teucris. 60
qui te cumque manent isto certamine casus
et me, Turne, manent; simul haec inuisa relinquam
lumina nec generum Aenean captiua uidebo.'
accepit uocem lacrimis Lauinia matris
flagrantis perfusa genas, cui plurimus ignem 65
subiecit rubor et calefacta per ora cucurrit.
Indum sanguineo ueluti uiolauerit ostro
si quis ebur, aut mixta rubent ubi lilia multa
alba rosa, talis uirgo dabat ore colores.

illum turbat amor figitque in uirgine uultus; 70
ardet in arma magis paucisque adfatur Amatam:
‘ne, quaeso, ne me lacrimis neuē omine tanto
prosequere in duri certamina Martis euntem,
o mater; neque enim Turno mora libera mortis.
nuntius haec, Idmon, Phrygio mea dicta tyranno 75
haud placitura refer. cum primum crastina caelo
puniceis inuecta rotis Aurora rubebit,
non Teucros agat in Rutulos, Teucrum arma quiescant
et Rutuli; nostro dirimamus sanguine bellum,
illo quaeratur coniunx Lauinia campo.’ 80

Haec ubi dicta dedit rapidusque in tecta recessit,
poscit equos gaudetque tuens ante ora frementis,
Pylum quos ipsa decus dedit Orithyia,
qui candore niues anteirent, cursibus auras.
circumstant properi aurigae manibusque lacessunt 85
pectora plausa cauis et colla comantia pectunt.
ipse dehinc auro squalentem alboque orichalco
circumdat loricam umeris, simul aptat habendo
ensemque clipeumque et rubrae cornua cristae,
ensem quem Dauno ignipotens deus ipse parenti 90
fecerat et Stygia candentem tinxerat unda.
exim quae mediis ingenti adnixa columnae
aedibus astabat, ualidam ui corripit hastam,
Actoris Aurunci spoliū, quassatque trementem
uociferans: ‘nunc, o numquam frustrata uocatus 95
hasta meos, nunc tempus adest: te maximus Actor,
te Turni nunc dextra gerit; da sternere corpus
loricamque manu ualida lacerare reuulsam
seuiuri Phrygis et foedare in puluere crinis
uibatos calido ferro murraque madentis.’ 100
his agitur furiis, totoque ardentis ab ore
scintillae absistunt, oculis micat acribus ignis,
mugitus ueluti cum prima in proelia taurus
terrificos ciet aut irasci in cornua temptat
arboris obnixus trunco, uentosque lacessit 105

ictibus aut sparsa ad pugnam proludit harena.

Nec minus interea maternis saeuus in armis
Aeneas acuit Martem et se suscitāt ira,
oblato gaudens componi foedere bellum.
tum socios maestique metum solatur Iuli 110
fata docens, regique iubet responsa Latino
certa referre uiros et pacis dicere leges.

Postera uix summos spargebat lumine montis
orta dies, cum primum alto se gurgite tollunt
Solis equi lucemque elatis naribus efflant: 115
campum ad certamen magnae sub moenibus urbis
dimensi Rutulique uiri Teucrique parabant
in medioque focos et dis communibus aras
gramineas. alii fontemque ignemque ferebant
uelati limo et uerbena tempora uincti. 120
procedit legio Ausonidum, pilataque plenis
agmina se fundunt portis. hinc Troius omnis
Tyrrhenusque ruit uariis exercitus armis,
haud secus instructi ferro quam si aspera Martis
pugna uocet. nec non mediis in milibus ipsi 125
ductores auro uolitant ostroque superbi,
et genus Assaraci Mnestheus et fortis Asilas
et Messapus equum domitor, Neptunia proles;
utque dato signo spatia in sua quisque recessit,
defigunt tellure hastas et scuta reclinant. 130
tum studio effusae matres et uulgus inermum
inualidique senes turris ac tecta domorum
obsedere, alii portis sublimibus astant.

At Iuno ex summo (qui nunc Albanus habetur;
tum neque nomen erat neque honos aut gloria monti) 135
prospiciens tumulo campum aspectabat et ambas
Laurentum Troumque acies urbemque Latini.
extemplo Turni sic est adfata sororem
diua deam, stagnis quae fluminibusque sonoris

praesidet (hunc illi rex aetheris altus honorem 140
Iuppiter erepta pro uirginitate sacrauit):
‘nympha, decus fluuiorum, animo gratissima nostro,
scis ut te cunctis unam, quaecumque Latinae
magnanimi Iouis ingratum ascendere cubile,
praetulerim caelique libens in parte locarim: 145
disce tuum, ne me incuses, Iuturna, dolorem.
qua uisa est Fortuna pati Parcaeque sinebant
cedere res Latio, Turnum et tua moenia texi;
nunc iuuenem imparibus uideo concurrere fatis,
Parcarumque dies et uis inimica propinquat. 150
non pugnam aspicere hanc oculis, non foedera possum.
tu pro germano si quid praesentius audes,
perge; decet. forsan miseros meliora sequentur.’
uix ea, cum lacrimas oculis Iuturna profundit
terque quaterque manu pectus percussit honestum. 155
‘non lacrimis hoc tempus’ ait Saturnia Iuno:
‘accelera et fratrem, si quis modus, eripe morti;
aut tu bella cie conceptumque excute foedus.
auctor ego audendi.’ sic exhortata reliquit
incertam et tristi turbatam uulnere mentis. 160

Interea reges ingenti mole Latinus
quadriiugo uehitur curru (cui tempora circum
aurati bis sex radii fulgentia cingunt,
Solis aui specimen), bigis it Turnus in albis,
bina manu lato crispans hastilia ferro. 165
hinc pater Aeneas, Romanae stirpis origo,
sidereo flagrans clipeo et caelestibus armis
et iuxta Ascanius, magnae spes altera Romae,
procedunt castris, puraque in ueste sacerdos
saetigeri fetum suis intonsamque bidentem 170
attulit admouitque pecus flagrantibus aris.
illi ad surgentem conuersi lumina solem
dant fruges manibus salsas et tempora ferro
summa notant pecudum, paterisque altaria libant.

Tum pius Aeneas stricto sic ense precatur: 175
‘esto nunc Sol testis et haec mihi terra uocanti,
quam propter tantos potui perferre labores,
et pater omnipotens et tu Saturnia coniunx
(iam melior, iam, diua, precor), tuque inclute Mauors,
cuncta tuo qui bella, pater, sub numine torques; 180
fontisque fluuiosque uoco, quaeque aetheris alti
religio et quae caeruleo sunt numina ponto:
cesserit Ausonio si fors uictoria Turno,
conuenit Euandri uictos discedere ad urbem,
cedet Iulus agris, nec post arma ulla rebelles 185
Aeneadae referent ferroue haec regna lacescent.
sin nostrum adnuerit nobis uictoria Martem
(ut potius reor et potius di numine firment),
non ego nec Teucris Italos parere iubebo
nec mihi regna peto: paribus se legibus ambae 190
inuictae gentes aeterna in foedera mittant.
sacra deosque dabo; socer arma Latinus habeto,
imperium sollemne socer; mihi moenia Teucri
constituent urbique dabit Lauinia nomen.’

Sic prior Aeneas, sequitur sic deinde Latinus 195
suspiciens caelum, tenditque ad sidera dextram:
‘haec eadem, Aenea, terram, mare, sidera, iuro
Latoniaeque genus duplex Ianumque bifrontem,
uimque deum infernam et duri sacraria Ditis;
audiat haec genitor qui foedera fulmine sancit. 200
tango aras, medios ignis et numina testor:
nulla dies pacem hanc Italis nec foedera rumpet,
quo res cumque cadent; nec me uis ulla uolentem
auertet, non, si tellurem effundat in undas
diluuium miscens caelumque in Tartara soluat, 205
ut sceptrum hoc’ (dextra sceptrum nam forte gerebat)
‘numquam fronde leui fundet uirgulta nec umbras,
cum semel in siluis imo de stirpe recisum
matre caret posuitque comas et bracchia ferro,
olim arbos, nunc artificis manus aere decoro 210

inclusit patribusque dedit gestare Latinis.
talibus inter se firmabant foedera dictis
conspectu in medio procerum. tum rite sacratas
in flammam iugulant pecudes et uiscera uiuis
eripiunt, cumulantque oneratis lancibus aras. 215

At uero Rutulis impar ea pugna uideri
iamdudum et uario misceri pectora motu,
tum magis ut propius cernunt non uiribus aequos.
adiuuat incessu tacito progressus et aram
suppliciter uenerans demisso lumine Turnus 220
pubentesque genae et iuuenali in corpore pallor.
quem simul ac Iuturna soror crebrescere uidit
sermonem et uulgi uariare labantia corda,
in medias acies formam adsimulata Camerti,
cui genus a proauis ingens clarumque paternae 225
nomen erat uirtutis, et ipse acerrimus armis,
in medias dat sese acies haud nescia rerum
rumoresque serit uarios ac talia fatur:
‘non pudet, o Rutuli, pro cunctis talibus unam
obiectare animam? numerone an uiribus aequi 230
non sumus? en, omnes et Troes et Arcades hi sunt,
fatalisque manus, infensa Etruria Turno:
uix hostem, alterni si congregiamur, habemus.
ille quidem ad superos, quorum se deuouet aris,
succedet fama uiuusque per ora feretur; 235
nos patria amissa dominis parere superbis
cogemur, qui nunc lenti consedimus aruis.’

Talibus incensa est iuuenum sententia dictis
iam magis atque magis, serpitque per agmina murmur:
ipsi Laurentes mutati ipsique Latini. 240
qui sibi iam requiem pugnae rebusque salutem
sperabant, nunc arma uolunt foedusque precantur
infectum et Turni sortem miserantur iniquam.
his aliud maius Iuturna adiungit et alto
dat signum caelo, quo non praesentius ullum 245

turbauit mentes Italas monstroque fefellit.
namque uolans rubra fuluus Iouis ales in aethra
litoreas agitabat auis turbamque sonantem
agminis aligeri, subito cum lapsus ad undas
cycnum excellentem pedibus rapit improbus uncis. 250
arrexere animos Itali, cunctaeque uolucres
conuertunt clamore fugam (mirabile uisu),
aetheraque obscurant pennis hostemque per auras
facta nube premunt, donec ui uictus et ipso
pondere defecit praedamque ex unguibus ales 255
proiecit fluuio, penitusque in nubila fugit.

Tum uero augurium Rutuli clamore salutant
expediuntque manus, primusque Tolumnius augur
'hoc erat, hoc uotis' inquit 'quod saepe petiui.
accipio agnoscoque deos; me, me duce ferrum 260
corripite, o miseri, quos improbus aduena bello
territat inualidas ut auis, et litora uestra
ui populat. petet ille fugam penitusque profundo
uela dabit. uos unanimi densete cateruas
et regem uobis pugna defendite raptum.' 265
dixit, et aduersos telum contorsit in hostis
procurrens; sonitum dat stridula cornus et auras
certa secat. simul hoc, simul ingens clamor et omnes
turbati cunei calefactaque corda tumultu.
hasta uolans, ut forte nouem pulcherrima fratrum 270
corpora constiterant contra, quos fida creatur
una tot Arcadio coniunx Tyrrhena Gylippo,
horum unum ad medium, teritur qua sutilis aluo
balteus et laterum iuncturas fibula mordet,
egregium forma iuuenem et fulgentibus armis, 275
transadigit costas fuluaque effundit harena.
at fratres, animosa phalanx accensaque luctu,
pars gladios stringunt manibus, pars missile ferrum
corripiunt caecique ruunt. quos agmina contra
procurrunt Laurentum, hinc densi rursus inundant 280
Troes Agyllinique et pictis Arcades armis:

sic omnis amor unus habet decernere ferro.
diripuerunt aras, ita toto turbida caelo
tempestas telorum ac ferreus ingruit imber,
craterasque focosque ferunt. fugit ipse Latinus 285
pulsatos referens infecto foedere diuos.
infrenant alii currus aut corpora saltu
subiciunt in equos et strictis ensibus adsunt.
Messapus regem regisque insigne gerentem
Tyrrhenum Aulesten, audax confundere foedus, 290
aduerso proterret equo; ruit ille recedens
et miser oppositis a tergo inuoluitur aris
in caput inque umeros. at feruidus aduolat hasta
Messapus teloque orantem multa trabali
desuper altus equo grauiter ferit atque ita fatur: 295
'hoc habet, haec melior magnis data uictima diuis.'
concurrunt Itali spoliantque calentia membra.
obuius ambustum torrem Corynaeus ab ara
corripit et uenienti Ebyso plagamque ferenti
occupat os flammis: olli ingens barba reluxit 300
nidoremque ambusta dedit. super ipse secutus
caesariem laeua turbati corripit hostis
impressoque genu nitens terrae applicat ipsum;
sic rigido latus ense ferit. Podalirius Alsum
pastorem primaque acie per tela ruentem 305
ense sequens nudo superimminet; ille securi
aduersi frontem mediam mentumque reducta
dissicit et sparso late rigat arma cruore.
olli dura quies oculos et ferreus urget
somnus, in aeternam conduntur lumina noctem. 310

At pius Aeneas dextram tendebat inermem
nudato capite atque suos clamore uocabat:
'quo ruitis? quaeue ista repens discordia surgit?
o cohibete iras! ictum iam foedus et omnes
compositae leges. mihi ius concurrere soli; 315
me sinite atque auferte metus. ego foedera faxo
firma manu; Turnum debent haec iam mihi sacra.'

has inter uoces, media inter talia uerba
ecce uiro stridens alis adlapsa sagitta est,
incertum qua pulsa manu, quo turbine adacta, 320
quis tantam Rutulis laudem, casusne deusne,
attulerit; pressa est insignis gloria facti,
nec sese Aeneae iactauit uulnere quisquam.
Turnus ut Aenean cedentem ex agmine uidit
turbatosque duces, subita spe feruidus ardet; 325
poscit equos atque arma simul, saltuque superbus
emicat in currum et manibus molitur habenas.
multa uirum uolitans dat fortia corpora leto.
seminecis uoluit multos: aut agmina curru
proterit aut raptas fugientibus ingerit hastas. 330
qualis apud gelidi cum flumina concitus Hebri
sanguineus Mauors clipeo increpat atque furentis
bella mouens immittit equos, illi aequore aperto
ante Notos Zephyrumque uolant, gemit ultima pulsu
Thrace pedum circumque atrae Formidinis ora 335
Iraeque Insidiaeque, dei comitatus, aguntur:
talis equos alacer media inter proelia Turnus
fumantis sudore quatit, miserabile caesis
hostibus insultans; spargit rapida ungula rores
sanguineos mixtaque cruor calcatur harena. 340
iamque neci Sthenelumque dedit Thamyrumque Pholumque,
hunc congressus et hunc, illum eminus; eminus ambo
Imbrasidas, Glaucum atque Laden, quos Imbrasmus ipse
nutrierat Lycia paribusque ornauerat armis
uel conferre manum uel equo praeuertere uentos. 345

Parte alia media Eumedes in proelia fertur,
antiqui proles bello praeclara Dolonis,
nomine auum referens, animo manibusque parentem,
qui quondam, castra ut Danaum speculator adiret,
ausus Pelidae pretium sibi poscere currus; 350
illum Tydides alio pro talibus ausis
adfecit pretio nec equis aspirat Achilli.
hunc procul ut campo Turnus prospexit aperto,

ante leui iaculo longum per inane secutus
sistit equos biiugis et curru desilit atque 355
semianimi lapsoque superuenit, et pede collo
impresso dextrae mucronem extorquet et alto
fulgentem tingit iugulo atque haec insuper addit:
'en agros et, quam bello, Troiane, petisti,
Hesperiam metire iacens: haec praemia, qui me 360
ferro ausi temptare, ferunt, sic moenia condunt.'
huic comitem Asbyten coniecta cuspide mittit
Chloreaque Sybarimque Daretaque Thersilochumque
et sternacis equi lapsum ceruice Thymoeten.
ac uelut Edoni Boreae cum spiritus alto 365
insonat Aegaeo sequiturque ad litora fluctus,
qua uenti incubuere, fugam dant nubila caelo:
sic Turno, quacumque uiam secat, agmina cedunt
conuersaeque ruunt acies; fert impetus ipsum
et cristam aduerso curru quatit aura uolantem. 370
non tulit instantem Phegeus animisque frementem
obiecit sese ad currum et spumantia frenis
ora citatorum dextra detorsit equorum.
dum trahitur pendetque iugis, hunc lata reiectum
lancea consequitur rumpitque infixam bilicem 375
loricam et summum degustat uulnere corpus.
ille tamen clipeo obiecto conuersus in hostem
ibat et auxilium ducto mucrone petebat,
cum rota praecipitem et procursu concitus axis
impulit effunditque solo, Turnusque secutus 380
imam inter galeam summi thoracis et oras
abstulit ense caput truncumque reliquit harenae.

Atque ea dum campis uictor dat funera Turnus,
interea Aenean Mnestheus et fidus Achates
Ascaniusque comes castris statuere cruentum 385
alternos longa nitentem cuspide gressus.
saeuit et infracta luctatur harundine telum
eripere auxilioque uiam, quae proxima, poscit:
ense secant lato uulnus telique latebram

rescindant penitus, seseque in bella remittant. 390
iamque aderat Phoebo ante alios dilectus Iapyx
Iasides, acri quondam cui captus amore
ipse suas artis, sua munera, laetus Apollo
augurium citharamque dabat celerisque sagittas.
ille, ut depositi proferret fata parentis, 395
scire potestates herbarum usumque medendi
maluit et mutas agitare inglorius artis.
stabat acerba fremens ingentem nixus in hastam
Aeneas magno iuuenum et maerentis Iuli
concurso, lacrimis immobilis. ille retorto 400
Paeonium in morem senior succinctus amictu
multa manu medica Phoebique potentibus herbis
nequiquam trepidat, nequiquam spicula dextra
sollicitat prensatque tenaci forcipe ferrum.
nulla uiam Fortuna regit, nihil auctor Apollo 405
subuenit, et saeuus campis magis ac magis horror
crebrescit propiusque malum est. iam puluere caelum
stare uident: subeunt equites et spicula castris
densa cadunt mediis. it tristis ad aethera clamor
bellantum iuuenum et duro sub Marte cadentum. 410

Hic Venus indigno nati concussa dolore
dictamnum genetrix Cretaea carpit ab Ida,
puberibus caulem foliis et flore comantem
purpureo; non illa feris incognita capris
gramina, cum tergo uolucres haesere sagittae. 415
hoc Venus obscuro faciem circumdata nimbo
detulit, hoc fusum labris splendentibus amnem
inficit occulte medicans, spargitque salubris
ambrosiae sucos et odoriferam panaceam.
fouit ea uulnus lymph a longaeuus Iapyx 420
ignorans, subitoque omnis de corpore fugit
quippe dolor, omnis stetit imo uulnere sanguis.
iamque secuta manum nullo cogente sagitta
excidit, atque nouae rediere in pristina uires.
'arma citi properate uiro! quid statis?' Iapyx 425

conclamat primusque animos accendit in hostem.
‘non haec humanis opibus, non arte magistra
proueniunt, neque te, Aenea, mea dextera seruat:
maior agit deus atque opera ad maiora remittit.’
ille audius pugnae suras incluserat auro 430
hinc atque hinc oditque moras hastamque coruscat.
postquam habilis lateri clipeus loricaque tergo est,
Ascanium fuis circum complectitur armis
summaque per galeam delibans oscula fatur:
‘disce, puer, uirtutem ex me uerumque laborem, 435
fortunam ex aliis. nunc te mea dextera bello
defensum dabit et magna inter praemia ducet.
tu facito, mox cum matura adoleuerit aetas,
sis memor et te animo repetentem exempla tuorum
et pater Aeneas et auunculus excitet Hector.’ 440

Haec ubi dicta dedit, portis sese extulit ingens
telum immane manu quatiens; simul agmine denso
Antheusque Mnestheusque ruunt, omnisque relictis
turba fluit castris. tum caeco puluere campus
miscetur pulsuque pedum tremit excita tellus. 445
uidit ab aduerso uenientis aggere Turnus,
uidere Ausonii, gelidusque per ima cucurrit
ossa tremor; prima ante omnis Iuturna Latinos
audiit agnoui que sonum et tremefacta refugit.
ille uolat campoque atrum rapit agmen aperto. 450
qualis ubi ad terras abrupto sidere nimbus
it mare per medium (miseris, heu, praescia longe
horrescunt corda agricolis: dabit ille ruinas
arboribus stragemque satis, ruet omnia late),
ante uolant sonitumque ferunt ad litora uenti: 455
talis in aduersos ductor Rhoeteius hostis
agmen agit, densi cuneis se quisque coactis
adglomerant. ferit ense grauem Thymbraeus Osirim,
Arcetium Mnestheus, Epulonem obtruncat Achates
Vfentemque Gyas; cadit ipse Tolumnius augur, 460
primus in aduersos telum qui torserat hostis.

tollitur in caelum clamor, uersique uicissim
puluerulenta fuga Rutuli dant terga per agros.
ipse neque auersos dignatur sternere morti
nec pede congressos aequo nec tela ferentis 465
insequitur: solum densa in caligine Turnum
uestigat lustrans, solum in certamina poscit.
Hoc concussa metu mentem Iuturna uirago
aurigam Turni media inter lora Metiscum
excutit et longe lapsum temone reliquit; 470
ipsa subit manibusque undantis flectit habenas
cuncta gerens, uocemque et corpus et arma Metisci.
nigra uelut magnas domini cum diuitis aedes
peruolat et pennis alta atria lustrat hirundo
pabula parua legens nidisque loquacibus escas, 475
et nunc porticibus uacuis, nunc umida circum
stagna sonat: similis medios Iuturna per hostis
fertur equis rapidoque uolans obit omnia curru,
iamque hic germanum iamque hic ostentat ouantem
nec conferre manum patitur, uolat auia longe. 480
haud minus Aeneas tortos legit obuius orbis,
uestigatque uirum et disiecta per agmina magna
uoce uocat. quotiens oculos coniecit in hostem
alipedumque fugam cursu temptauit equorum,
auersos totiens currus Iuturna retorsit. 485
heu, quid agat? uario nequiquam fluctuat aestu,
diuersaeque uocant animum in contraria curae.
huic Messapus, uti laeua duo forte gerebat
lenta, leuis cursu, praefixa hastilia ferro,
horum unum certo contorquens derigit ictu. 490
substitit Aeneas et se collegit in arma
poplite subsidens; apicem tamen incita summum
hasta tulit summasque excussit uertice cristas.
tum uero adsurgunt irae, insidiisque subactus,
diuersos ubi sensit equos currumque referri, 495
multa Iouem et laesi testatus foederis aras
iam tandem inuadit medios et Marte secundo
terribilis saeuam nullo discrimine caedem

suscitat, irarumque omnis effundit habenas.

Quis mihi nunc tot acerba deus, quis carmine caedes 500

diuersas obitumque ducum, quos aequore toto
inque uicem nunc Turnus agit, nunc Troius heros,
expediat? tanton placuit concurrere motu,
Iuppiter, aeterna gentis in pace futuras?

Aeneas Rutulum Sucronem (ea prima ruentis 505
pugna loco statuit Teucros) haud multa morantem
excipit in latus et, qua fata celerrima, crudum
transadigit costas et cratis pectoris ense.

Turnus equo deiectum Amycum fratremque Dioren,
congressus pedes, hunc uenientem cuspidе longa, 510
hunc mucrone ferit, curruque abscisa duorum
suspendit capita et rorantia sanguine portat.

ille Talon Tanaimque neci fortemque Cethegum,
tris uno congressu, et maestum mittit Oniten,
nomen Echionium matrisque genus Peridiaе; 515
hic fratres Lycia missos et Apollinis agris
et iuuenem exosum nequiquam bella Menoeten,

Arcada, piscosae cui circum flumina Lernae
ars fuerat pauperque domus nec nota potentum
munera, conductaque pater tellure serebat. 520

ac uelut immissi diuersis partibus ignes
arentem in siluam et uirgulta sonantia lauro,
aut ubi decursu rapido de montibus altis
dant sonitum spumosi amnes et in aequora currunt
quisque suum populatus iter: non segnius ambo 525
Aeneas Turnusque ruunt per proelia; nunc, nunc
fluctuat ira intus, rumpuntur nescia uinci
pectora, nunc totis in uulnera uiribus itur.

Murranum hic, ataus et auorum antiqua sonantem
nomina per regesque actum genus omne Latinos, 530
praecipitem scopulo atque ingentis turbine saxi
excutit effunditque solo; hunc lora et iuga subter
prouoluere rotae, crebro super ungula pulsu

incita nec domini memorum proculcat equorum.
ille ruenti Hyllō animisque immane frementi 535
occurrit telumque aurata ad tempora torquet:
olli per galeam fixo stetit hasta cerebro.
dextera nec tua te, Graium fortissime Cretheu,
eripuit Turno, nec di texere Cupencum
Aenea ueniente sui: dedit obuia ferro 540
pectora, nec misero clipei mora profuit aerei.
te quoque Laurentes uiderunt, Aeole, campi
oppetere et late terram consternere tergo.
occidis, Argiuae quem non potuere phalanges
sternere nec Priami regnorum euersor Achilles; 545
hic tibi mortis erant metae, domus alta sub Ida,
Lyrnesi domus alta, solo Laurente sepulcrum.
totae adeo conuersae acies omnesque Latini,
omnes Dardanidae, Mnestheus acerque Serestus
et Messapus equum domitor et fortis Asilas 550
Tuscorumque phalanx Euandrique Arcades alae,
pro se quisque uiri summa nituntur opum ui;
nec mora nec requies, uasto certamine tendunt.

Hic mentem Aeneae genetrix pulcherrima misit
iret ut ad muros urbique aduerteret agmen 555
ocius et subita turbaret clade Latinos.
ille ut uestigans diuersa per agmina Turnum
huc atque huc acies circumtulit, aspicit urbem
immunem tanti belli atque impune quietam.
continuo pugnae accendit maioris imago: 560
Mnesthea Sergestumque uocat fortemque Serestum
ductores, tumultumque capit quo cetera Teucrum
concurrit legio, nec scuta aut spicula densi
deponunt. celso medius stans aggere fatur:
'ne qua meis esto dictis mora, Iuppiter hac stat, 565
neu quis ob inceptum subitum mihi segnior ito.
urbem hodie, causam belli, regna ipsa Latini,
ni frenum accipere et uicti parere fatentur,
eruam et aequa solo fumantia culmina ponam.

scilicet exspectem libeat dum proelia Turno 570
nostra pati rursusque uelit concurrere uictus?
hoc caput, o ciues, haec belli summa nefandi.
ferre faces propere foedusque reposcite flammis.
dixerat, atque animis pariter certantibus omnes
dant cuneum densaque ad muros mole feruntur; 575
scalae improviso subitusque apparuit ignis.
discurrunt alii ad portas primosque trucidant,
ferrum alii torquent et obumbrant aethera telis.
ipse inter primos dextram sub moenia tendit
Aeneas, magnaue incusat uoce Latinum 580
testaturque deos iterum se ad proelia cogi,
bis iam Italos hostis, haec altera foedera rumpi.
exoritur trepidos inter discordia ciuis:
urbem alii reserare iubent et pandere portas
Dardanidis ipsumque trahunt in moenia regem; 585
arma ferunt alii et pergunt defendere muros,
inclusas ut cum latebroso in pumice pastor
uestigauit apes fumoque impleuit amaro;
illae intus trepidae rerum per cerea castra
discurrunt magnisque acuunt stridoribus iras; 590
uoluitur ater odor tectis, tum murmure caeco
intus saxa sonant, uacuas it fumus ad auras.

Accidit haec fessis etiam fortuna Latinis,
quae totam luctu concussit funditus urbem.
regina ut tectis uenientem prospicit hostem, 595
incessi muros, ignis ad tecta uolare,
nusquam acies contra Rutulas, nulla agmina Turni,
infelix pugnae iuuenem in certamine credit
exstinctum et subito mentem turbata dolore
se causam clamat crimenque caputque malorum, 600
multaque per maestum demens effata furorem
purpureos moritura manu discindit amictus
et nodum informis leti trabe nectit ab alta.
quam cladem miserae postquam accepere Latinae,
filia prima manu flauos Lauinia crinis 605

et roseas laniata genas, tum cetera circum
turba furit, resonant late plangoribus aedes.
hinc totam infelix uulgatur fama per urbem:
demittunt mentes, it scissa ueste Latinus
coniugis attonitus fati urbisque ruina, 610
canitiem immundo perfusam puluere turpans.

Interea extremo bellator in aequore Turnus 614
palantis sequitur paucos iam segnior atque
iam minus atque minus successu laetus equorum.
attulit hunc illi caecis terroribus aura
commixtum clamorem, arrectasque impulit auris
confusae sonus urbis et inlaetabile murmur.
'ei mihi! quid tanto turbantur moenia luctu? 620
quisue ruit tantus diuersa clamor ab urbe?'
sic ait, adductisque amens subsistit habenis.
atque huic, in faciem soror ut conuersa Metisci
aurigae currumque et equos et lora regebat,
talibus occurrit dictis: 'hac, Turne, sequamur 625
Troiu genas, qua prima uiam uictoria pandit;
sunt alii qui tecta manu defendere possint.
ingruit Aeneas Italis et proelia miscet,
et nos saeua manu mittamus funera Teucris.
nec numero inferior pugnae neque honore recedes.' 630
Turnus ad haec:
'o soror, et dudum agnoui, cum prima per artem
foedera turbasti teque haec in bella dedisti,
et nunc nequiquam fallis dea. sed quis Olympo
demissam tantos uoluit te ferre labores? 635
an fratris miseri letum ut crudele uideres?
nam quid ago? aut quae iam spondet Fortuna salutem?
uidi oculos ante ipse meos me uoce uocantem
Muranum, quo non superat mihi carior alter,
oppetere ingentem atque ingenti uulnere uictum. 640
occidit infelix ne nostrum dedecus Vfers
aspiceret; Teucris potiuntur corpore et armis.
exscindine domos (id rebus defuit unum)

perpetiar, dextra nec Drancis dicta refellam?
terga dabo et Turnum fugientem haec terra uidebit? 645
usque adeone mori miserum est? uos o mihi, Manes,
este boni, quoniam superis auersa uoluntas.
sancta ad uos anima atque istius inscia culpa
descendam magnorum haud umquam indignus auorum.'

Vix ea fatus erat: medios uolat ecce per hostis 650
uectus equo spumante Saces, aduersa sagitta
saucius ora, ruitque implorans nomine Turnum:
'Turne, in te suprema salus, miserere tuorum.
fulminat Aeneas armis summasque minatur
deiecturum arces Italum excidioque daturum, 655
iamque faces ad tecta uolant. in te ora Latini,
in te oculos referunt; mussat rex ipse Latinus
quos generos uocet aut quae sese ad foedera flectat.
praeterea regina, tui fidissima, dextra
occidit ipsa sua lucemque exterrita fugit. 660
soli pro portis Messapus et acer Atinas
sustentant acies. circum hos utrimque phalanges
stant densae strictisque seges mucronibus horret
ferrea; tu currum deserto in gramine uersas.'
obstipuit uaria confusus imagine rerum 665
Turnus et obtutu tacito stetit; aestuat ingens
uno in corde pudor mixtoque insania luctu
et furiis agitatus amor et conscia uirtus.
ut primum discussae umbrae et lux reddita menti,
ardentis oculorum orbis ad moenia torsit 670
turbidus eque rotis magnam respexit ad urbem.

Ecce autem flammis inter tabulata uolutus
ad caelum undabat uertex turrimque tenebat,
turrim compactis trabibus quam eduxerat ipse
subdideratque rotas pontisque instrauerat altos. 675
'iam iam fata, soror, superant, absiste morari;
quo deus et quo dura uocat Fortuna sequamur.
stat conferre manum Aeneae, stat, quidquid acerbi est,

morte pati, neque me indecorem, germana, uidebis
amplius. hunc, oro, sine me furere ante furorem.’ 680
dixit, et e curru saltum dedit ocus aruis
perque hostis, per tela ruit maestamque sororem
deserit ac rapido cursu media agmina rumpit.
ac ueluti montis saxum de uertice praeceps
cum ruit auulsum uento, seu turbidus imber 685
proluit aut annis soluit sublapsa uetustas;
fertur in abruptum magno mons improbus actu
exultatque solo, siluas armenta uirosque
inuoluens secum: disiecta per agmina Turnus
sic urbis ruit ad muros, ubi plurima fuso 690
sanguine terra madet striduntque hastilibus auras,
significatque manu et magno simul incipit ore:
‘parcite iam, Rutuli, et uos tela inhibete, Latini.
quaecumque est fortuna, mea est; me uerius unum
pro uobis foedus luere et decernere ferro.’ 695
discessere omnes medii spatiumque dedere.

At pater Aeneas audito nomine Turni
deserit et muros et summas deserit arces
praecipitatque moras omnis, opera omnia rumpit
laetitia exsultans horrendumque intonat armis: 700
quantus Athos aut quantus Eryx aut ipse coruscis
cum fremit ilicibus quantus gaudetque niuali
uertice se attollens pater Appenninus ad auras.
iam uero et Rutuli certatim et Troes et omnes
conuertere oculos Itali, quique alta tenebant 705
moenia quique imos pulsabant ariete muros,
armaque deposuere umeris. stupet ipse Latinus
ingentis, genitos diuersis partibus orbis,
inter se coiisse uiros et cernere ferro.
atque illi, ut uacuo patuerunt aequore campi, 710
procursu rapido coniectis eminus hastis
inuadunt Martem clipeis atque aere sonoro.
dat gemitum tellus; tum crebros ensibus ictus
congeminant, fors et uirtus miscetur in unum.

ac uelut ingenti Sila summoque Taburno 715
cum duo conuersis inimica in proelia tauri
frontibus incurrunt, pauidi cessere magistri,
stat pecus omne metu mutum, mussantque iuuencae
quis nemori imperitet, quem tota armenta sequantur;
illi inter sese multa uis uulnera miscent 720
cornuaque obnixa infigunt et sanguine largo
colla armosque lauant, gemitu nemus omne remugit:
non aliter Tros Aeneas et Daunius heros
concurrunt clipeis, ingens fragor aethera complet.
Iuppiter ipse duas aequato examine lances 725
sustinet et fata imponit diuersa duorum,
quem damnet labor et quo uergat pondere letum.

Emicat hic impune putans et corpore toto
alte sublatum consurgit Turnus in ensem
et ferit; exclamant Troes trepidique Latini, 730
arrectaeque amborum acies. at perfidus ensis
frangitur in medioque ardentem deserit ictu,
ni fuga subsidio subeat. fugit oclor Euro
ut capulum ignotum dextramque aspexit inermem.
fama est praecipitem, cum prima in proelia iunctos 735
conscendebat equos, patrio mucrone relicto,
dum trepidat, ferrum aurigae rapuisse Metisci;
idque diu, dum terga dabant palantia Teucris,
suffecit; postquam arma dei ad Volcania uentum est,
mortalis mucro glacies ceu futilis ictu 740
dissiluit, fulua resplendent fragmina harena.
ergo amens diuersa fuga petit aequora Turnus
et nunc huc, inde huc incertos implicat orbis;
undique enim densa Teucris inclusere corona
atque hinc uasta palus, hinc ardua moenia cingunt. 745

Nec minus Aeneas, quamquam tardata sagitta
interdum genua impediunt cursumque recusant,
insequitur trepidique pedem pede feruidus urget:
inclusum ueluti si quando flumine nactus

ceruum aut puniceae saeptum formidine pennae 750
uenator cursu canis et latratibus instat;
ille autem insidiis et ripa territus alta
mille fugit refugitque uias, at uiuidus Vmber
haeret hians, iam iamque tenet similisque tenenti
increpuit malis morsuque elusus inani est; 755
tum uero exoritur clamor ripaeque lacusque
responsant circa et caelum tonat omne tumultu.
ille simul fugiens Rutulos simul increpat omnis
nomine quemque uocans notumque efflagitat ensem.
Aeneas mortem contra praesensque minatur 760
exitium, si quisquam adeat, terretque trementis
excisurum urbem minitans et saucius instat.
quinque orbis explent cursu totidemque retexunt
huc illuc; neque enim leuia aut ludicra petuntur
praemia, sed Turni de uita et sanguine certant. 765

Forte sacer Fauno foliis oleaster amaris
hic steterat, nautis olim uenerabile lignum,
seruati ex undis ubi figere dona solebant
Laurenti diuo et uotas suspendere uestis;
sed stirpem Teucris nullo discrimine sacrum 770
sustulerant, puro ut possent concurrere campo.
hic hasta Aeneae stabat, huc impetus illam
detulerat fixam et lenta radice tenebat.
incubuit uoluitque manu conuellere ferrum
Dardanides, teloque sequi quem prendere cursu 775
non poterat. tum uero amens formidine Turnus
‘Faune, precor, miserere’ inquit ‘tuque optima ferrum
Terra tene, colui uestros si semper honores,
quos contra Aeneadae bello fecere profanos.’
dixit, opemque dei non cassa in uota uocauit. 780
namque diu luctans lentoque in stirpe moratus
uiribus haud ullis ualuit discludere morsus
roboris Aeneas. dum nititur acer et instat,
rursus in aurigae faciem mutata Metisci
procurrit fratrique ensem dea Daunian reddidit. 785

quod Venus audaci nymphae indignata licere
accessit telumque alta ab radice reuellit.
olli sublimes armis animisque relecti,
hic gladio fidens, hic acer et arduus hasta,
adsistunt contra certamina Martis anhelī. 790

Iunonem interea rex omnipotentis Olympi
adloquitur fulua pugnās de nube tuentem:
‘quae iam finis erit, coniunx? quid denique restat?
indigetem Aenean scis ipsa et scire fateris
deberi caelo fatisque ad sidera tolli. 795
quid struis? aut qua spe gelidis in nubibus haeres?
mortalin decuit uiolari uulnere diuum?
aut ensem (quid enim sine te Iuturna ualeret?)
ereptum reddi Turno et uim crescere uictis?
desine iam tandem precibusque inflectere nostris, 800
ne te tantus edit tacitam dolor et mihi curae
saepe tuo dulci tristes ex ore recursent.
uentum ad supremum est. terris agitare uel undis
Troianos potuisti, infandum accendere bellum,
deformare domum et luctu miscere hymenaeos: 805
ulterius temptare ueto.’ sic Iuppiter orsus;
sic dea summisso contra Saturnia uultu:
‘ista quidem quia nota mihi tua, magne, uoluntas,
Iuppiter, et Turnum et terras inuita reliqui;
nec tu me aëria solam nunc sede uideres 810
digna indigna pati, sed flammis cincta sub ipsa
starem acie traheremque inimica in proelia Teucros.
Iuturnam misero (fateor) succurrere fratri
suasi et pro uita maiora audere probaui,
non ut tela tamen, non ut contenderet arcum; 815
adiuro Stygii caput implacabile fontis,
una superstitio superis quae reddita diuis.
et nunc cedo equidem pugnāsque exosa relinquo.
illud te, nulla fati quod lege tenetur,
pro Latio obtestor, pro maiestate tuorum: 820
cum iam conubiis pacem felicibus (esto)

component, cum iam leges et foedera iungent,
ne uetus indigenas nomen mutare Latinos
neu Troas fieri iubeas Teucrosque uocari
aut uocem mutare uiros aut uertere uestem. 825
sit Latium, sint Albani per saecula reges,
sit Romana potens Itala uirtute propago:
occidit, occideritque sinas cum nomine Troia.’
olli subridens hominum rerumque repertor:
‘es germana Iouis Saturnique altera proles, 830
irarum tantos uoluis sub pectore fluctus.
uerum age et inceptum frustra summitte furorem:
do quod uis, et me uictusque uolensque remitto.
sermonem Ausonii patrium moresque tenebunt,
utque est nomen erit; commixti corpore tantum 835
subsident Teucri. morem ritusque sacrorum
adiciam faciamque omnis uno ore Latinos.
hinc genus Ausonio mixtum quod sanguine surget,
supra homines, supra ire deos pietate uidebis,
nec gens ulla tuos aequae celebrabit honores.’ 840
adnuat his Iuno et mentem laetata retorsit;
interea excedit caelo nubemque relinquit.

His actis aliud genitor secum ipse uolutat
Iuturnamque parat fratris dimittere ab armis.
dicuntur geminae pestes cognomine Dirae, 845
quas et Tartaream Nox intempesta Megaeram
uno eodemque tulit partu, paribusque reuinxit
serpentum spiris uentosasque addidit alas.
hae Iouis ad solium saeuique in limine regis
apparent acuuntque metum mortalibus aegris, 850
si quando letum horrificum morbosque deum rex
molitur, meritas aut bello territat urbes.
harum unam celerem demisit ab aethere summo
Iuppiter inque omen Iuturnae occurrere iussit:
illa uolat celerique ad terram turbine fertur. 855
non secus ac neruo per nubem impulsa sagitta,
armatam saeui Parthus quam felle uenenii,

Parthus siue Cydon, telum immedicabile, torsit,
stridens et celeris incognita transilit umbras:
talis se sata Nocte tulit terrasque petiuit. 860
postquam acies uidet Iliacas atque agmina Turni,
alitis in paruae subitam collecta figuram,
quae quondam in bustis aut culminibus desertis
nocte sedens serum canit importuna per umbras —
hanc uersa in faciem Turni se pestis ob ora 865
fertque refertque sonans clipeumque euerberat alis.
illi membra nouus soluit formidine torpor,
arrectaeque horrore comae et uox faucibus haesit.

At procul ut Dirae stridorem agnouit et alas,
infelix crinis scindit Iuturna solutos 870
unguibus ora soror foedans et pectora pugnis:
‘quid nunc te tua, Turne, potest germana iuuare?
aut quid iam durae superat mihi? qua tibi lucem
arte morer? talin possum me opponere monstro?
iam iam linquo acies. ne me terrete timentem, 875
obscae uolucres: alarum uerbera nosco
letalemque sonum, nec fallunt iussa superba
magnanimi Iouis. haec pro uirginitate reponit?
quo uitam dedit aeternam? cur mortis adempta est
condicio? possem tantos finire dolores 880
nunc certe, et misero fratri comes ire per umbras!
immortalis ego? aut quicquam mihi dulce meorum
te sine, frater, erit? o quae satis ima dehiscat
terra mihi, Manisque deam demittat ad imos?’
tantum effata caput glauco contextit amictu 885
multa gemens et se fluuio dea condidit alto.

Aeneas instat contra telumque coruscat
ingens arboreum, et saeuo sic pectore fatur:
‘quae nunc deinde mora est? aut quid iam, Turne, retractas?
non cursu, saeuis certandum est comminus armis. 890
uerte omnis tete in facies et contrahe quidquid
siue animis siue arte uales; opta ardua pennis

astra sequi clausumque caua te condere terra.’
ille caput quassans: ‘non me tua feruida terrent
dicta, ferox; di me terrent et Iuppiter hostis.’ 895
nec plura effatus saxum circumspicit ingens,
saxum antiquum ingens, campo quod forte iacebat,
limes agro positus litem ut discerneret aruis.
uix illum lecti bis sex ceruice subirent,
qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus; 900
ille manu raptum trepida torquebat in hostem
altior insurgens et cursu concitus heros.
sed neque currentem se nec cognoscit euntem
tollentemue manu saxumue immane mouentem;
genua labant, gelidus concreuit frigore sanguis. 905
tum lapis ipse uiri uacuum per inane uolutus
nec spatium euasit totum neque pertulit ictum.
ac uelut in somnis, oculos ubi languida pressit
nocte quies, nequiquam auidos extendere cursus
uelle uidemur et in mediis conatibus aegri 910
succidimus; non lingua ualet, non corpore notae
sufficiunt uires nec uox aut uerba sequuntur:
sic Turno, quacumque uiam uirtute petiuit,
successum dea dira negat. tum pectore sensus
uertuntur uarii; Rutulos aspectat et urbem 915
cunctaturque metu letumque instare tremescit,
nec quo se eripiat, nec qua ui tendat in hostem,
nec currus usquam uidet aurigamue sororem.

Cunctanti telum Aeneas fatale coruscat,
sortitus fortunam oculis, et corpore toto 920
eminus intorquet. murali concita numquam
tormento sic saxa fremunt nec fulmine tanti
dissultant crepitus. uolat atri turbinis instar
exitium dirum hasta ferens orasque recludit
loricae et clipei extremos septemplicis orbis; 925
per medium stridens transit femur. incidit ictus
ingens ad terram duplicato poplite Turnus.
consurgunt gemitu Rutuli totusque remugit

mons circum et uocem late nemora alta remittunt.
ille humilis supplex oculos dextramque precantem 930
protendens 'equidem merui nec deprecor' inquit;
'utere sorte tua. miseri te si qua parentis
tangere cura potest, oro (fuit et tibi talis
Anchises genitor) Dauni miserere senectae
et me, seu corpus spoliatum lumine mauis, 935
redde meis. uicisti et uictum tendere palmas
Ausonii uidere; tua est Lauinia coniunx,
ulterius ne tende odiis.' stetit acer in armis
Aeneas uoluens oculos dextramque repressit;
et iam iamque magis cunctantem flectere sermo 940
coeperat, infelix umero cum apparuit alto
balteus et notis fulserunt cingula bullis
Pallantis pueri, uictum quem uulnere Turnus
strauerat atque umeris inimicum insigne gerebat.
ille, oculis postquam saeui monimenta doloris 945
exuuiasque hausit, furiis accensus et ira
terribilis: 'tunc hinc spoliis indute meorum
eripiare mihi? Pallas te hoc uulnere, Pallas
immolat et poenam scelerato ex sanguine sumit.'
hoc dicens ferrum aduerso sub pectore condit 950
feruidus; ast illi soluuntur frigore membra
uitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras.

The Dual Text



Ruins at ancient Megara — according to tradition, Virgil travelled to Greece in 19 BC. After meeting Augustus in Athens and deciding to return home, Virgil caught a fever while visiting a town near Megara.

DUAL LATIN AND ENGLISH TEXT



Translated by William Morris

In this section, readers can view a line by line text of Virgil's epic poem, alternating between the original Latin and Morris' English translation. Virgil's line numbers, in divisions of five, have been included to assist in the studying of the text.



'Aeneas Flees Burning Troy' by Federico Barocci, 1598 — a key moment of Book II

DUAL LATIN AND ENGLISH TRANSLATION

CONTENTS

LIBER I
LIBER II
LIBER III
LIBER IV
LIBER V
LIBER VI
LIBER VII
LIBER VIII
LIBER IX
LIBER X
LIBER XI
LIBER XII



'Dido Building Carthage' by J. M. W Turner, 1815

LIBER I

BOOK I.

Arma virumque cano, Troiae qui primus ab oris
I sing of arms, I sing of him, who from the Trojan land
Italiam, fato profugus, Laviniaque venit
Thrust forth by Fate, to Italy and that Lavinian strand
litora, multum ille et terris iactatus et alto
First came: all tost about was he on earth and on the deep
vi superum saevae memorem Iunonis ob iram;
By heavenly might for Juno's wrath, that had no mind to sleep:
multa quoque et bello passus, dum conderet urbem, 5
And plenteous war he underwent ere he his town might frame
inferretque deos Latio, genus unde Latinum,
And set his Gods in Latian earth, whence is the Latin name,
Albanique patres, atque altae moenia Romae.
And father-folk of Alba-town, and walls of mighty Rome.
Musa, mihi causas memora, quo numine laeso,
Say, Muse, what wound of godhead was whereby all this must come,
quidve dolens, regina deum tot volvere casus
How grieving, she, the Queen of Gods, a man so pious drave
insignem pietate virum, tot adire labores 10
To win such toil, to welter on through such a troublous wave:
impulerit. Tantaene animis caelestibus irae?
— Can anger in immortal minds abide so fierce and fell?
Urbs antiqua fuit, Tyrii tenuere coloni,
There was a city of old time where Tyrian folk did dwell,
Karthago, Italiam contra Tiberinaque longe
Called Carthage, facing far away the shores of Italy
ostia, dives opum studiisque asperrima belli;
And Tiber-mouth; fulfilled of wealth and fierce in arms was she,
quam Iuno fertur terris magis omnibus unam 15
And men say Juno loved her well o'er every other land,
posthabita coluisse Samo; hic illius arma,
Yea e'en o'er Samos: there were stored the weapons of her hand,

hic currus fuit; hoc regnum dea gentibus esse,
And there her chariot: even then she cherished the intent
si qua fata sinant, iam tum tenditque fovetque.
To make her Lady of all Lands, if Fate might so be bent;
Progeniem sed enim Troiano a sanguine duci
Yet had she heard how such a stem from Trojan blood should grow,
audierat, Tyrias olim quae verteret arces; 20
As, blooming fair, the Tyrian towers should one day overthrow,
hinc populum late regem belloque superbum
That thence a folk, kings far and wide, most noble lords of fight,
venturum excidio Libyae: sic volvere Parcas.
Should come for bane of Libyan land: such web the Parcae dight.
Id metuens, veterisque memor Saturnia belli,
The Seed of Saturn, fearing this, and mindful how she erst
prima quod ad Troiam pro caris gesserat Argis —
For her beloved Argive walls by Troy the battle nursed —
necdum etiam causae irarum saevique dolores 25
— Nay neither had the cause of wrath nor all those hurts of old
exciderant animo: manet alta mente repostum
Failed from her mind: her inmost heart still sorely did enfold
iudicium Paridis spretaeque iniuria formae,
That grief of body set at nought in Paris' doomful deed,
et genus invisum, et rapti Ganymedis honores.
The hated race, and honour shed on heaven-rapt Ganymede —
His accensa super, iactatos aequore toto
So set on fire, that Trojan band o'er all the ocean tossed,
Troas, reliquias Danaum atque immitis Achilli, 30
Those gleanings from Achilles' rage, those few the Greeks had lost,
arcebat longe Latio, multosque per annos
She drave far off the Latin Land: for many a year they stray
errabant, acti fati, maria omnia circum.
Such wise as Fate would drive them on by every watery way.
Tantae molis erat Romanam condere gentem!
— Lo, what there was to heave aloft in fashioning of Rome!
Vix e conspectu Siculae telluris in altum
Now out of sight of Sicily the Trojans scarce were come
vela dabant laeti, et spumas salis aere ruebant, 35

And merry spread their sails abroad and clave the sea with brass,
 cum Iuno, aeternum servans sub pectore volnus,
 When Juno's heart, who nursed the wound that never thence would
 pass,
 haec secum: 'Mene incepto desistere victam,
 Spake out: "And must I, vanquished, leave the deed I have begun,
 nec posse Italia Teucrorum avertere regem?
 Nor save the Italian realm a king who comes of Teucer's son?
 Quippe vetor fatis. Pallasne exurere classem
 The Fates forbid it me forsooth? And Pallas, might not she
 Argivom atque ipsos potuit submergere ponto, 40
 Burn up the Argive fleet and sink the Argives in the sea
 unius ob noxam et furias Aiakis Oilei?
 For Oileus' only fault and fury that he wrought?
 Ipsa, Iovis rapidum iaculata e nubibus ignem,
 She hurled the eager fire of Jove from cloudy dwelling caught,
 disiecitque rates evertitque aequora ventis,
 And rent the ships and with the wind the heaped-up waters drew,
 illum expirantem transfixo pectore flammas
 And him a-dying, and all his breast by wildfire smitten through,
 turbine corripuit scopuloque infixit acuto. 45
 The whirl of waters swept away on spiky crag to bide.
 Ast ego, quae divom incedo regina, Iovisque
 While I, who go forth Queen of Gods, the very Highest's bride
 et soror et coniunx, una cum gente tot annos
 And sister, must I wage a war for all these many years
 bella gero! Et quisquam numen Iunonis adoret
 With one lone race? What! is there left a soul that Juno fears
 praeterea, aut supplex aris imponet honorem?"
 Henceforth? or will one suppliant hand gifts on mine altar lay?"
 Talia flammato secum dea corde volutans 50
 So brooding in her fiery heart the Goddess went her way
 nimborum in patriam, loca feta furentibus austris,
 Unto the fatherland of storm, full fruitful of the gale,
 Aeoliam venit. Hic vasto rex Aeolus antro
 Æolia hight, where Æolus is king of all avail,
 luctantes ventos tempestatesque sonoras

And far adown a cavern vast the bickering of the winds
imperio premit ac vinclis et carcere frenat.

And roaring tempests of the world with bolt and fetter binds:

Illi indignantes magno cum murmure montis 55

They set the mountains murmuring much, a-growling angrily
circum claustra fremunt; celsa sedet Aeolus arce

About their bars, while Æolus sits in his burg on high,
sceptrā tenens, mollitque animos et temperat iras.

And, sceptre-holding, softeneth them, and strait their wrath doth
keep:

Ni faciat, maria ac terras caelumque profundum

Yea but for that the earth and sea, and vault of heaven the deep,
quippe ferant rapidi secum verrantque per auras.

They eager-swift would roll away and sweep adown of space:

Sed pater omnipotens speluncis abdidit atris, 60

For fear whereof the Father high in dark and hollow place

hoc metuens, molemque et montis insuper altos

Hath hidden them, and high above a world of mountains thrown
imposuit, regemque dedit, qui foedere certo

And given them therewithal a king, who, taught by law well known,
et premere et laxas sciret dare iussus habenas.

Now draweth, and now casteth loose the reins that hold them in:

Ad quem tum Iuno supplex his vocibus usa est:

To whom did suppliant Juno now in e'en such words begin:

‘Aeole, namque tibi divom pater atque hominum rex 65

“The Father of the Gods and men hath given thee might enow,
et mulcere dedit fluctus et tollere vento,

O Æolus, to smooth the sea, and make the storm-wind blow.

gens inimica mihi Tyrrhenum navigat aequor,

Hearken! a folk, my very foes, saileth the Tyrrhene main

Ilium in Italiam portans victosque Penates:

Bearing their Troy to Italy, and Gods that were but vain:

incute vim ventis submersasque obrue puppes,

Set on thy winds, and overwhelm their sunken ships at sea,

aut age diversos et disiice corpora ponto. 70

Or prithee scattered cast them forth, things drowned diversedly.

Sunt mihi bis septem praestanti corpore nymphae,

Twice seven nymphs are in my house of body passing fair:
quarum quae forma pulcherrima Deïopea,
Of whom indeed Deïopea is fairest fashioned there.
conubio iungam stabili propriamque dicabo,
I give her thee in wedlock sure, and call her all thine own
omnis ut tecum meritis pro talibus annos
To wear away the years with thee, for thy deserving shown
exigat, et pulchra faciat te prole parentem.’ 75
To me this day; of offspring fair she too shall make thee sire.”
Aeolus haec contra: ‘Tuus, O regina, quid optes
To whom spake Æolus: “O Queen, to search out thy desire
explorare labor; mihi iussa capessere fas est.
Is all thou needest toil herein; from me the deed should wend.
Tu mihi, quodcumque hoc regni, tu sceptrâ Iovemque
Thou mak’st my realm; the sway of all, and Jove thou mak’st my
friend,
concilias, tu das epulis accumbere divom,
Thou givest me to lie with Gods when heavenly feast is dight,
nimborumque facis tempestatumque potentem.’ 80
And o’er the tempest and the cloud thou makest me of might.”
Haec ubi dicta, cavum conversa cuspide montem
Therewith against the hollow hill he turned him spear in hand
impulit in latus: ac venti, velut agmine facto,
And hurled it on the flank thereof, and as an ordered band
qua data porta, ruunt et terras turbine perfant.
By whatso door the winds rush out o’er earth in whirling blast,
Incubuerunt mari, totumque a sedibus imis
And driving down upon the sea its lowest deeps upcast.
una Eurusque Notusque ruunt creberque procellis 85
The East, the West together there, the Afric, that doth hold
Africus, et vastos volvunt ad litora fluctus.
A heart fulfilled of stormy rain, huge billows shoreward rolled.
Insequitur clamorque virum stridorque rudentum.
Therewith came clamour of the men and whistling through the
shrouds
Eripiunt subito nubes caelumque diemque
And heaven and day all suddenly were swallowed by the clouds

Teucrorum ex oculis; ponto nox incubat atra.
Away from eyes of Teucrian men; night on the ocean lies,
Intonuere poli, et crebris micat ignibus aether, 90
Pole thunders unto pole, and still with wildfire glare the skies,
praesentemque viris intentant omnia mortem.
And all things hold the face of death before the seamen's eyes.
Extemplo Aeneae solvuntur frigore membra:
Now therewithal Æneas' limbs grew weak with chilly dread,
ingemit, et duplicis tendens ad sidera palmas
He groaned, and lifting both his palms aloft to heaven, he said:
talìa voce refert: 'O terque quaterque beati,
"O thrice and four times happy ye, that had the fate to fall
quis ante ora patrum Troiae sub moenibus altis 95
Before your fathers' faces there by Troy's beloved wall!
contigit oppetere! O Danaum fortissime gentis
Tydides, thou of Danaan folk the mightiest under shield,
Tydide! Mene Iliacis occumbere campis
Why might I never lay me down upon the Ilian field,
non potuisse, tuaque animam hanc effundere dextra,
Why was my soul forbid release at thy most mighty hand,
saevus ubi Aeacidae telo iacet Hector, ubi ingens
Where eager Hector stooped and lay before Achilles' wand,
Sarpedon, ubi tot Simois correpta sub undis 100
Where huge Sarpedon fell asleep, where Simois rolls along
scuta virum galeasque et fortia corpora volvit?'
The shields of men, and helms of men, and bodies of the strong?"
Talia iactanti stridens Aquilone procella
Thus as he cried the whistling North fell on with sudden gale
velum adversa ferit, fluctusque ad sidera tollit.
And drave the seas up toward the stars, and smote aback the sail;
Franguntur remi; tum prora avertit, et undis
Then break the oars, the bows fall off, and beam on in the trough
dat latus; insequitur cumulo praeeruptus aquae mons. 105
She lieth, and the sea comes on a mountain huge and rough.
Hi summo in flucta pendent; his unda dehiscens
These hang upon the topmost wave, and those may well discern
terram inter fluctus aperit; furit aestus harenis.

The sea's ground mid the gaping whirl: with sand the surges churn.

Tris Notus abreptas in saxa latentia torquet —

Three keels the South wind cast away on hidden reefs that lie
saxa vocant Itali mediis quae in fluctibus aras —

Midmost the sea, the Altars called by men of Italy,
dorsum immane mari summo; tris Euris ab alto 110

A huge back thrusting through the tide: three others from the deep
in brevia et Syrtis urguet, miserabile visu,

The East toward straits, and swallowing sands did miserably sweep,
inliduntque vadis atque aggere cingit harenae.

And dashed them on the shoals, and heaped the sand around in ring:

Unam, quae Lycios fidumque vehebat Oronten,

And one, a keel the Lycians manned, with him, the trusty King
ipsius ante oculos ingens a vertice pontus

Orontes, in Æneas' sight a toppling wave o'erhung,

in puppim ferit: excutitur pronusque magister 115

And smote the poop, and headlong rolled, adown the helmsman
flung;

volvitur in caput; ast illam ter fluctus ibidem

Then thrice about the driving flood hath hurled her as she lay,
torquet agens circum, et rapidus vorat aequore vortex.

The hurrying eddy swept above and swallowed her from day:

Adparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto,

And lo! things swimming here and there, scant in the unmeasured
seas,

arma virum, tabulaeque, et Troia gaza per undas.

The arms of men, and painted boards, and Trojan treasures.

Iam validam Ilionei navem, iam fortis Achatæ, 120

And now Ilioneus' stout ship, her that Achates leal

et qua vectus Abas, et qua grandaevus Aletes,

And Abas ferried o'er the main, and old Aletes' keel

vicit hiems; laxis laterum compagibus omnes

The storm hath overcome; and all must drink the baneful stream

accipiunt inimicum imbrem, rimisque fatiscunt.

Through opening leaky sides of them that gape at every seam.

Interea magno misceri murmure pontum,

But meanwhile Neptune, sorely moved, hath felt the storm let go,

emissamque hiemem sensit Neptunus, et imis 125

And all the turmoil of the main with murmur great enow;
stagna refusa vadis, graviter commotus; et alto
The deep upheaved from all abodes the lowest that there be:
prospiciens, summa placidum caput extulit unda.

So forth he put his placid face o'er topmost of the sea,
Disiectam Aeneae, toto videt aequore classem,
And there he saw Æneas' ships o'er all the main besprent,
fluctibus oppressos Troas caelique ruina,
The Trojans beaten by the flood and ruin from heaven sent.

nec latuere doli fratrem Iunonis et irae. 130

But Juno's guile and wrathful heart her brother knew full well:
Eurum ad se Zephyrumque vocat, dehinc talia fatur:
So East and West he called to him, and spake such words to tell:
'Tantane vos generis tenuit fiducia vestri?

"What mighty pride of race of yours hath hold upon your minds,
Iam caelum terramque meo sine numine, venti,
That earth and sea ye turmoil so without my will, O winds;
miscere, et tantas audetis tollere moles?

That such upheaval and so great ye dare without my will?

Quos ego — sed motos praestat componere fluctus. 135

Whom I — But first it comes to hand the troubled flood to still:
Post mihi non simili poena commissa luetis.

For such-like fault henceforward though with nought so light ye pay.

Maturate fugam, regique haec dicite vestro:

Go get you gone, and look to it this to your king to say:

non illi imperium pelagi saevumque tridentem,

That ocean's realm and three-tined spear of dread are given by Fate

sed mihi sorte datum. Tenet ille immania saxa,

Not unto him but unto me? he holds the cliffs o'ergreat,

vestras, Eure, domos; illa se iactet in aula 140

Thine houses, Eurus; in that hall I bid him then be bold,

Aeolus, et clauso ventorum carcere regnet.'

Thine Æolus, and lord it o'er his winds in barred hold."

Sic ait, et dicto citius tumida aequora placat,

So saying and swifter than his word he layed the troubled main,
collectasque fugat nubes, solemque reducit.

And put to flight the gathered clouds, and brought the sun again;
 Cymothoe simul et Triton adnexus acuto
 And with him Triton fell to work, and fair Cymothoë,
 detrudent navis scopulo; levat ipse tridenti; 145
 And thrust the ships from spiky rocks; with triple spear wrought he
 et vastas aperit syrtis, et temperat aequor,
 To lift, and opened swallowing sands, and laid the waves alow.
 atque rotis summas levibus perlabitur undas.
 Then on light wheels o'er ocean's face soft gliding did he go.
 Ac veluti magno in populo cum saepe coorta est
 And, like as mid a people great full often will arise
 seditio, saevitque animis ignobile volgus,
 Huge riot, and all the low-born herd to utter anger flies,
 iamque faces et saxa volant — furor arma ministrat; 150
 And sticks and stones are in the air, and fury arms doth find:
 tum, pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
 Then, setting eyes perchance on one of weight for noble mind,
 conspexere, silent, arrectisque auribus adstant;
 And noble deeds, they hush them then and stand with pricked-up
 ears,
 ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet, —
 And he with words becomes their lord, and smooth their anger
 wears;
 sic cunctus pelagi cecidit fragor, aequora postquam
 — In such wise fell all clash of sea when that sea-father rose,
 prospiciens genitor caeloque invectus aperto 155
 And looked abroad: who turned his steeds, and giving rein to those,
 flectit equos, curruque volans dat lora secundo.
 Flew forth in happy-gliding car through heaven's all-open way.
 Defessi Aeneadae, quae proxima litora, cursu
 Æneas' sore forewearied host the shores that nearest lay
 contendunt petere, et Libyae vertuntur ad oras.
 Stretch out for o'er the sea, and turn to Libyan land this while.
 Est in secessu longo locus: insula portum
 There goes a long firth of the sea, made haven by an isle,
 efficit obiectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto 160
 Against whose sides thrust out abroad each wave the main doth send

frangitur inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos.

Is broken, and must cleave itself through hollow bights to wend:

Hinc atque hinc vastae rupes geminique minantur

Huge rocks on this hand and on that, twin horns of cliff, cast dread
in caelum scopuli, quorum sub vertice late

On very heaven; and far and wide beneath each mighty head

aequora tuta silent; tum silvis scaena coruscis

Hushed are the harmless waters; lo, the flickering wood above
desuper horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbra. 165

And wavering shadow cast adown by darksome hanging grove:

Fronte sub adversa scopulis pendentibus antrum,

In face hereof a cave there is of rocks o'erhung, made meet
intus aquae dulces vivoque sedilia saxo,

With benches of the living stone and springs of water sweet,
nympharum domus: hic fessas non vincula navis

The house of Nymphs: a-riding there may way-worn ships be bold
ulla tenent, unco non alligat ancora morsu.

To lie without the hawser's strain or anchor's hookèd hold.

Huc septem Aeneas collectis navibus omni 170

That bight with seven of all his tale of ships Æneas gained,
ex numero subit; ac magno telluris amore

And there, by mighty love of land the Trojans sore constrained,
egressi optata potiuntur Troes harena,

Leap off-board straight, and gain the gift of that so longed-for sand,
et sale tabentis artus in litore ponunt.

And lay their limbs with salt sea fouled adown upon the strand:

Ac primum silici scintillam excudit Achates,

And first Achates smote alive the spark from out the flint,
succepitque ignem foliis, atque arida circum 175

And caught the fire in tinder-leaves, and never gift did stint
nutrimenta dedit, rapuitque in fomite flammam.

Of feeding dry; and flame enow in kindled stuff he woke;

Tum Cererem corruptam undis Cerealiaque arma

Then Ceres' body spoilt with sea, and Ceres' arms they took,
expediunt fessi rerum, frugesque receptas

And sped the matter spent with toil, and fruit of furrows found
et torrere parant flammis et frangere saxo.

They set about to parch with fire and 'twixt of stones to pound.

Aeneas scopulum interea conscendit, et omnem 180

Meanwhile Æneas scaled the cliff and far and wide he swept

prospectum late pelago petit, Anthea si quem

The main, if anywhere perchance the sea his Antheus kept,

iactatum vento videat Phrygiasque biremis,

Tossed by the wind, if he might see the two-banked Phrygians row;

aut Capyn, aut celsis in puppibus arma Caici.

If Capys, or Caïcus' arms on lofty deck might show.

Navem in conspectu nullam, tris litore cervos

Nor any ship there was in sight, but on the strand he saw

prospicit errantis; hos tota armenta sequuntur 185

Three stags a-wandering at their will, and after them they draw

a tergo, et longum per vallis pascitur agmen.

The whole herd following down the dales long strung out as they feed:

Constitit hic, arcumque manu celerisque sagittas

So still he stood, and caught in hand his bow and shafts of speed,

corripuit, fidus quae tela gerebat Achates;

The weapons that Achates staunch was bearing then and oft;

ductoresque ipsos primum, capita alta ferentis

And first the very lords of those, that bore their heads aloft

cornibus arboreis, sternit, tum volgus, et omnem 190

With branching horns, he felled, and then the common sort, and so

miscet agens telis nemora inter frondea turbam;

Their army drave he with his darts through leafy woods to go:

nec prius absistit, quam septem ingentia victor

Nor held his hand till on the earth were seven great bodies strown,

corpora fundat humi, et numerum cum navibus aequet.

And each of all his ships might have one head of deer her own.

Hinc portum petit, et socios partitur in omnes.

Thence to the haven gat he gone with all his folk to share,

Vina bonus quae deinde cadis onerarat Acestes 195

And that good wine which erst the casks Acestes made to bear,

litore Trinacrio dederatque abeuntibus heros,

And gave them as they went away on that Trinacrian beach,

dividit, et dictis maerentia pectora mulcet:

He shared about; then fell to soothe their grieving hearts with speech:
 'O socii — neque enim ignari sumus ante malorum —
 "O fellows, we are used ere now by evil ways to wend;
 O passi graviora, dabit deus his quoque finem.
 O ye who erst bore heavier loads, this too the Gods shall end.
 Vos et Scyllaeam rabiem penitusque sonantis 200
 Ye, ye have drawn nigh Scylla's rage and rocks that inly roar,
 accestis scopulos, vos et Cyclopea saxa
 And run the risk of storm of stones upon the Cyclops' shore:
 experti: revocate animos, maestumque timorem
 Come, call aback your ancient hearts and put your fears away!
 mittite: forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit.
 This too shall be for joy to you remembered on a day.
 Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum
 Through diverse haps, through many risks wherewith our way is
 strown,
 tendimus in Latium; sedes ubi fata quietas 205
 We get us on to Latium, the land the Fates have shown
 ostendunt; illic fas regna resurgere Troiae.
 To be for peaceful seats for us: there may we raise up Troy.
 Durate, et vosmet rebus servate secundis.'
 Abide, endure, and keep yourselves for coming days of joy."
 Talia voce refert, curisque ingentibus aeger
 So spake his voice: but his sick heart did mighty trouble rack,
 spem voltu simulat, premit altum corde dolorem.
 As, glad of countenance, he thrust the heavy anguish back.
 Illi se praedae accingunt, dapibusque futuris; 210
 But they fall to upon the prey, and feast that was to dight,
 tergora deripiunt costis et viscera nudant;
 And flay the hide from off the ribs, and bare the flesh to sight.
 pars in frusta secant veribusque trementia figunt;
 Some cut it quivering into steaks which on the spits they run,
 litore aena locant alii, flammasque ministrant.
 Some feed the fire upon the shore, and set the brass thereon.
 Tum victu revocant vires, fusique per herbam
 And so meat bringeth might again, and on the grass thereby,
 implentur veteris Bacchi pinguisque ferinae. 215

Fulfilled with fat of forest deer and ancient wine, they lie.
 Postquam exempta fames epulis mensaeque remotae,
 But when all hunger was appeased and tables set aside,
 amissos longo socios sermone requirunt,
 Of missing fellows how they fared the talk did long abide;
 spemque metumque inter dubii, seu vivere credant,
 Whom, weighing hope and weighing fear, either alive they trow,
 sive extrema pati nec iam exaudire vocatos.
 Or that the last and worst has come, that called they hear not now.
 Praecipue pius Aeneas nunc acris Oronti, 220
 And chief of all the pious King Æneas moaned the pass
 nunc Amyci casum gemit et crudelia secum
 Of brisk Orontes, Amycus, and cruel fate that was
 fata Lyci, fortemque Gyan, fortemque Cloanthum.
 Of Lycus, and of Bias strong, and strong Cloanthus gone.
 Et iam finis erat, cum Iuppiter aethere summo
 But now an end of all there was, when Jove a-looking down
 despiciens mare velivolum terrasque iacentis
 From highest lift on sail-skimmed sea, and lands that round it lie,
 litoraue et latos populos, sic vertice caeli 225
 And shores and many folk about, in topmost burg of sky
 constitit, et Libyae defixit lumina regnis.
 Stood still, and fixed the eyes of God on Libya's realm at last:
 Atque illum talis iactantem pectore curas
 To whom, as through his breast and mind such cares of godhead
 passed,
 tristior et lacrimis oculos suffusa nitentis
 Spake Venus, sadder than her due with bright eyes gathering tears:
 adloquitur Venus: 'O qui res hominumque deumque
 "O thou, who rulest with a realm that hath no days nor years,
 aeternis regis imperiis, et fulmine terres, 230
 Both Gods and men, and mak'st them fear thy thunder lest it fall,
 quid meus Aeneas in te committere tantum,
 What then hath mine Æneas done so great a crime to call?
 quid Troes potuere, quibus, tot funera passis,
 What might have Trojan men to sin? So many deaths they bore
 cunctus ob Italiam terrarum clauditur orbis?

'Gainst whom because of Italy is shut the wide world's door.
 Certe hinc Romanos olim, volventibus annis,
 Was it not surely promised me that as the years rolled round
 hinc fore ductores, revocato a sanguine Teucri, ²³⁵
 The blood of Teucer come again should spring from out the ground,
 qui mare, qui terras omni dicione tenerent,
 The Roman folk, such very lords, that all the earth and sea
 pollicitus, quae te, genitor, sententia vertit?
 Their sway should compass? Father, doth the counsel shift in thee?
 Hoc equidem occasum Troiae tristisque ruinas
 This thing indeed atoned to me for Troy in ashes laid,
 solabar, fatis contraria fata rependens;
 And all the miserable end, as fate 'gainst fate I weighed:
 nunc eadem fortuna viros tot casibus actos ²⁴⁰
 But now the self-same fortune dogs men by such troubles driven
 insequitur. Quem das finem, rex magne, laborum?
 So oft and oft. What end of toil then giv'st thou, King of heaven?
 Antenor potuit, mediis elapsus Achivis,
 Antenor was of might enow to 'scape the Achæan host,
 Illyricos penetrare sinus, atque intima tutus
 And safe to reach the Illyrian gulf and pierce Liburnia's coast,
 regna Liburnorum, et fontem superare Timavi,
 And through the inmost realms thereof to pass Timavus' head,
 unde per ora novem vasto cum murmure montis ²⁴⁵
 Whence through nine mouths midst mountain roar is that wild water
 shed,
 it mare proruptum et pelago premit arva sonanti.
 To cast itself on fields below with all its sounding sea:
 Hic tamen ille urbem Patavi sedesque locavit
 And there he made Patavium's town and Teucrian seats to be,
 Teucrorum, et genti nomen dedit, armaque fixit
 And gave the folk their very name and Trojan arms did raise:
 Troia; nunc placida compostus pace quiescit:
 Now settled in all peace and rest he passeth quiet days.
 nos, tua progenies, caeli quibus adnuis arcem, ²⁵⁰
 But we, thy children, unto whom thou giv'st with bowing head
 navibus (infandum!) amissis, unius ob iram

The heights of heaven, our ships are lost, and we, O shame! betrayed,
prodium atque Italiam longe disiungimur oris.
Are driven away from Italy for anger but of one.
Hic pietatis honos? Sic nos in sceptrum reponis?’
Is this the good man’s guerdon then? is this the promised throne?’
Olli subridens hominum sator atque deorum,
The Sower of the Gods and men a little smiled on her
vultu, quo caelum tempestatesque serenat, 255
With such a countenance as calms the storms and upper air;
oscula libavit natae, dehinc talia fatur:
He kissed his daughter on the lips, and spake such words to tell:
‘Parce metu, Cytherea: manent immota tuorum
“O Cytherean, spare thy dread! unmoved the Fates shall dwell
fata tibi; cernes urbem et promissa Lavini
Of thee and thine, and thou shalt see the promised city yet,
moenia, sublimemque feres ad sidera caeli
E’en that Lavinium’s walls, and high amidst the stars shalt set
magnanimum Aeneas; neque me sententia vertit. 260
Great-souled Æneas: nor in me doth aught of counsel shift
Hic tibi (fabor enim, quando haec te cura remordet,
But since care gnaws upon thine heart, the hidden things I lift
longius et volvens fatorum arcana movebo)
Of Fate, and roll on time for thee, and tell of latter days.
bellum ingens geret Italia, populosque feroces
Great war he wars in Italy, and folk full wild of ways
contundet, moresque viris et moenia ponet,
He weareth down, and lays on men both laws and wallèd steads,
tertia dum Latio regnantem viderit aestas, 265
Till the third summer seeth him King o’er the Latin heads,
ternaque transierint Rutulis hiberna subactis.
And the third winter’s wearing brings the fierce Rutulians low.
At puer Ascanius, cui nunc cognomen Iulus
Thereon the lad Ascanius, Iulus by-named now,
additur, — Ilus erat, dum res stetit Ilia regno, —
(And Ilus was he once of old, when Ilium’s city was,)
triginta magnos volvendis mensibus orbis
Fulfilleth thirty orbs of rule with rolling months that pass,

imperio explebit, regnumque ab sede Lavini 270

And from the town Lavinium shifts the dwelling of his race,
transferet, et longam multa vi muniet Albam.

And maketh Alba-town the Long a mighty fenced place.

Hic iam ter centum totos regnabitur annos

Here when for thrice an hundred years untouched the land hath been
gente sub Hectorea, donec regina sacerdos,

Beneath the rule of Hector's folk, lo Ilia, priestess-queen,

Marte gravis, geminam partu dabit Ilia prolem.

Goes heavy with the love of Mars, and bringeth twins to birth.

Inde lupae fulvo nutricis tegmine laetus 275

'Neath yellow hide of foster-wolf thence, mighty in his mirth,

Romulus excipiet gentem, et Mavortia condet

Comes Romulus to bear the folk, and Mavors' walls to frame,
moenia, Romanosque suo de nomine dicet.

And by the word himself was called the Roman folk to name.

His ego nec metas rerum nec tempora pono;

On them I lay no bonds of time, no bonds of earthly part;

imperium sine fine dedi. Quin aspera Iuno,

I give them empire without end: yea, Juno, hard of heart,

quae mare nunc terrasque metu caelumque fatigat, 280

Who wearieth now with fear of her the heavens and earth and sea,

consilia in melius referet, mecumque fovebit

Shall gather better counsel yet, and cherish them with me;

Romanos rerum dominos gentemque togatam:

The Roman folk, the togaed men, lords of all worldly ways.

sic placitum. Veniet lustris labentibus aetas,

Such is the doom. As weareth time there come those other days,

cum domus Assaraci Phthiam clarasque Mycenae

Wherein Assaracus shall bind Mycenæ of renown,

servitio premet, ac victis dominabitur Argis. 285

And Phthia, and shall lord it o'er the Argives beaten down.

Nascetur pulchra Troianus origine Caesar,

Then shall a Trojan Cæsar come from out a lovely name,

imperium oceano, famam qui terminet astris, —

The ocean-stream shall bound his rule, the stars of heaven his fame,

Iulius, a magno demissum nomen Iulo.

Julius his name from him of old, the great Iulus sent:
 Hunc tu olim caelo, spoliis Orientis onustum,
 Him too in house of heaven one day 'neath spoils of Eastlands bent
 accipies securā; vocabitur hic quoque votis. 290
 Thou, happy, shalt receive; he too shall have the prayers of men.
 Aspera tum positis mitescent saecula bellis;
 The wars of old all laid aside, the hard world bettereth then,
 cana Fides, et Vesta, Remo cum fratre Quirinus,
 And Vesta and the hoary Faith, Quirinus and his twin
 iura dabunt; dirae ferro et compagibus artis
 Now judge the world; the dreadful doors of War now shut within
 claudentur Belli portae; Furor impius intus,
 Their iron bolts and strait embrace the godless Rage of folk,
 saeva sedens super arma, et centum vinctus aenis 295
 Who, pitiless, on weapons set, and bound in brazen yoke
 post tergum nodis, fremet horridus ore cruento.'
 Of hundred knots aback of him foams fell from bloody mouth."
 Haec ait, et Maia genitum demittit ab alto,
 Such words he spake, and from aloft he sent down Maia's youth
 ut terrae, utque novae pateant Karthaginis arces
 To cause the lands and Carthage towers new-built to open gate
 hospitio Teucris, ne fati nescia Dido
 And welcome in the Teucrian men; lest Dido, fooled of fate,
 finibus arceret: volat ille per aera magnum 300
 Should drive them from her country-side. The unmeasured air he
 beat
 remigio alarum, ac Libyae citus adstitit oris.
 With flap of wings, and speedily in Libya set his feet:
 Et iam iussa facit, ponuntque ferocia Poeni
 And straightway there his bidding wrought, and from the Tyrians
 fall,
 corda volente deo; in primis regina quietum
 God willing it, their hearts of war; and Dido first of all
 accipit in Teucros animum mentemque benignam.
 Took peace for Teucrians to her soul, and quiet heart and kind.
 At pius Aeneas, per noctem plurima volvens, 305
 Now good Æneas through the night had many things in mind,

ut primum lux alma data est, exire locosque
 And set himself to fare abroad at first of holy day
 explorare novos, quas vento accesserit oras,
 To search the new land what it was, and on what shore he lay
 qui teneant, nam inculta videt, hominesne feraene,
 Driven by the wind; if manfolk there abode, or nought but deer,
 quaerere constituit, sociisque exacta referre
 (For waste it seemed), and tidings true back to his folk to bear.
 Classem in convexo nemorum sub rupe cavata 310
 So in that hollow bight of groves beneath the cavern cleft,
 arboribus clausam circum atque horrentibus umbris
 All hidden by the leafy trees and quavering shades, he left
 occulit; ipse uno graditur comitatus Achate,
 His ships: and he himself afoot went with Achates lone,
 bina manu lato crispans hastilia ferro.
 Shaking in hand two slender spears with broad-beat iron done.
 Cui mater media sese tulit obvia silva,
 But as he reached the thicket's midst his mother stood before,
 virginis os habitumque gerens, et virginis arma 315
 Who virgin face, and virgin arms, and virgin habit bore,
 Spartanae, vel qualis equos Threissa fatigat
 A Spartan maid; or like to her who tames the Thracian horse,
 Harpalyce, volucremque fuga praevertitur Hebrum.
 Harpalyce, and flies before the hurrying Hebrus' course.
 Namque umeris de more habilem suspenderat arcum
 For huntress-wise on shoulder she had hung the handy bow,
 venatrix, dederatque comam diffundere ventis,
 And given all her hair abroad for any wind to blow,
 nuda genu, nodoque sinus collecta fluentis. 320
 And, naked-kneed, her kirtle long had gathered in a lap:
 Ac prior, 'Heus' inquit 'iuvenes, monstrate mearum
 She spake the first: "Ho youths," she said, "tell me by any hap
 vidistis si quam hic errantem forte sororum,
 If of my sisters any one ye saw a wandering wide
 succinctam pharetra et maculosae tegmine lyncis,
 With quiver girt, and done about with lynx's spotted hide,
 aut spumantis apri cursum clamore prementem.'

Or following of the foaming boar with shouts and eager feet?"

Sic Venus; et Veneris contra sic filius orsus: 325

So Venus; and so Venus' son began her words to meet:

'Nulla tuarum audita mihi neque visa sororum —

"I have not seen, nor have I heard thy sisters nigh this place,

O quam te memorem, virgo? Namque haud tibi voltus

O maid: — and how to call thee then? for neither is thy face
mortalis, nec vox hominem sonat: O, dea certe —

Of mortals, nor thy voice of men: O very Goddess thou!

an Phoebi soror? an nympharum sanguinis una? —

What! Phoebus' sister? or of nymphs whom shall I call thee now?

sis felix, nostrumque leves, quaecumque, laborem, 330

But whosoe'er thou be, be kind and lighten us our toil,

et, quo sub caelo tandem, quibus orbis in oris

And teach us where beneath the heavens, which spot of earthly soil
iactemur, doceas. Ignari hominumque locorumque

We are cast forth; unlearned of men, unlearned of land we stray,
erramus, vento huc vastis et fluctibus acti:

By might of wind and billows huge here driven from out our way.

multa tibi ante aras nostra cadet hostia dextra.'

Our right hands by thine altar-horns shall fell full many a host."

Tum Venus: 'Haud equidem tali me dignor honore; 335

Spake Venus: "Nowise am I worth so much of honour's cost:

virginibus Tyriis mos est gestare pharetram,

The Tyrian maids are wont to bear the quiver even as I,
purpureoque alte suras vincire cothurno.

And even so far upon the leg the purple shoe-thong tie.

Punica regna vides, Tyrios et Agenoris urbem;

The Punic realm thou seest here, Agenor's town and folk,

sed fines Libyici, genus intractabile bello.

But set amidst of Libyan men unused to bear the yoke.

Imperium Dido Tyria regit urbe profecta, 340

Dido is Lady of the Land, who fled from Tyre the old,

germanum fugiens. Longa est iniuria, longae

And from her brother: weary long were all the ill deed told,

ambages; sed summa sequar fastigia rerum.

And long its winding ways, but I light-foot will overpass.

'Huic coniunx Sychaeus erat, ditissimus agri
 Her husband was Sychæus hight, of land most rich he was
 Phoenicum, et magno miserae dilectus amore,
 Of all Phoenicians: she, poor wretch! loved him with mighty love,
 cui pater intactam dederat, primisque iugarat 345
 Whose father gave her, maid, to him, and first the rites did move
 ominibus. Sed regna Tyri germanus habebat
 Of wedlock: but as King of Tyre her brother did abide,
 Pygmalion, scelere ante alios immanior omnes.
 Pygmalion, more swollen up in sin than any man beside:
 Quos inter medius venit furor. Ille Sychaeum
 Mad hatred yoked the twain of them, he blind with golden lust,
 impius ante aras, atque auri caecus amore,
 Godless with stroke of iron laid Sychæus in the dust
 clam ferro incautum superat, securus amorum 350
 Unwares before the altar-horns; nor of the love did reck
 germanae; factumque diu celavit, et aegram,
 His sister had, but with vain hope played on the lover sick,
 multa malus simulans, vana spe lusit amantem.
 And made a host of feignings false, and hid the matter long.
 Ipsa sed in somnis inhumati venit imago
 Till in her sleep the image came of that unburied wrong,
 coniugis, ora modis attollens pallida miris,
 Her husband dead; in wondrous wise his face was waxen pale:
 crudeles aras traiectaque pectora ferro 355
 His breast with iron smitten through, the altar of his bale,
 nudavit, caecumque domus scelus omne retexit.
 The hooded sin of evil house, to her he open laid,
 Tum celerare fugam patriaque excedere suadet,
 And speedily to flee away from fatherland he bade;
 auxiliumque viae veteres tellure recludit
 And for the help of travel showed earth's hidden wealth of old,
 thesauros, ignotum argenti pondus et auri.
 A mighty mass that none might tell of silver and of gold.
 His commota fugam Dido sociosque parabat: 360
 Sore moved hereby did Dido straight her flight and friends prepare:
 conveniunt, quibus aut odium crudele tyranni

They meet together, such as are or driven by biting fear,
 aut metus acer erat; navis, quae forte paratae,
 Or bitter hatred of the wretch: such ships as hap had dight
 corripiunt, onerantque auro: portantur avari
 They fall upon and lade with gold; forth fare the treasures bright
 Pygmalionis opes pelago; dux femina facti.
 Of wretch Pygmalion o'er the sea, a woman first therein.
 Devenere locos, ubi nunc ingentia cernis 365
 And so they come unto the place where ye may see begin
 moenia surgentemque novae Karthaginis arcem,
 The towers of Carthage, and the walls new built that mighty grow,
 mercatique solum, facti de nomine Byrsam,
 And bought the Byrsa-field good cheap, as still the name shall show,
 taurino quantum possent circumdare tergo.
 So much of land as one bull's hide might scantily go about
 Sed vos qui tandem, quibus aut venistis ab oris,
 — But ye forsooth, what men are ye, from what land fare ye out,
 quove tenetis iter? 'Quaerenti talibus ille 370
 And whither go ye on your ways?" Her questioning in speech
 suspirans, imoque trahens a pectore vocem:
 He answered, and a heavy sigh from inmost heart did reach:
 'O dea, si prima repetens ab origine pergam,
 "O Goddess, might I tread again first footsteps of our way,
 et vacet annalis nostrorum audire laborum,
 And if the annals of our toil thine hearkening ears might stay,
 ante diem clauso componat Vesper Olympo.
 Yet Vesper first on daylight dead should shut Olympus' door.
 Nos Troia antiqua, si vestras forte per auris 375
 From Troy the old, if yet perchance your ears have felt before
 Troiae nomen iit, diversa per aequora vectos
 That name go by, do we come forth, and, many a water past,
 forte sua Libycis tempestas adpulit oris.
 A chance-come storm hath drifted us on Libyan shores at last.
 Sum pius Aeneas, raptos qui ex hoste Penates
 I am Æneas, God-lover; I snatched forth from the foe
 classe veho mecum, fama super aethera notus.
 My Gods to bear aboard with me, a fame for heaven to know.

Italiam quaero patriam et genus ab Iove summo. 380
 I seek the Italian fatherland, and Jove-descended line;
 Bis denis Phrygium conscendi navibus aequor,
 Twice ten the ships were that I manned upon the Phrygian brine,
 matre dea monstrante viam, data fata secutus;
 My Goddess-mother led the way, we followed fate god-given;
 vix septem convolsae undis Euroque supersunt.
 And now scarce seven are left to me by wave and east-wind riven;
 Ipse ignotus, egens, Libyae deserta peragro,
 And I through Libyan deserts stray, a man unknown and poor,
 Europa atque Asia pulsus.' Nec plura querentem 385
 From Asia cast, from Europe cast," She might abide no more
 passa Venus medio sic interfata dolore est:
 To hear his moan: she thrusts a word amidst his grief and saith:
 'Quisquis es, haud, credo, invisus caelestibus auras
 "Nay thou art not God's castaway, who drawest mortal breath,
 vitalis carpis, Tyriam qui adveneris urbem.
 And fairest to the Tyrian town, if aught thereof I know.
 Perge modo, atque hinc te reginae ad limina perfer,
 Set on to Dido's threshold then e'en as the way doth show.
 Namque tibi reduces socios classemque relatam 390
 For take the tidings of thy ships and folk brought back again
 nuntio, et in tutum versis aquilonibus actam,
 By shifting of the northern wind all safe from off the main:
 ni frustra augurium vani docuere parentes.
 Unless my parents learned me erst of soothsaying to wot
 Aspice bis senos laetantis agmine cynos,
 But idly. Lo there twice seven swans disporting in a knot,
 aetheria quos lapsa plaga Iovis ales aperto
 Whom falling from the plain of air drave down the bird of Jove
 turbabat caelo; nunc terras ordine longo 395
 From open heaven: strung out at length they hang the earth above,
 aut capere, aut captas iam despectare videntur:
 And now seem choosing where to pitch, now on their choice to gaze,
 ut reduces illi ludunt stridentibus alis,
 As wheeling round with whistling wings they sport in diverse ways
 et coetu cinxere polum, cantusque dedere,

And with their band ring round the pole and cast abroad their song.
 haud aliter puppesque tuae pubesque tuorum
 Nought otherwise the ships and youth that unto thee belong
 aut portum tenet aut pleno subit ostia velo. 400
 Hold haven now, or else full sail to harbour-mouth are come.
 Perge modo, et, qua te ducit via, dirige gressum.
 Set forth, set forth and tread the way e'en as it leadeth home."
 Dixit, et avertens rosea cervice refulsit,
 She spake, she turned, from rosy neck the light of heaven she cast,
 ambrosiaeque comae divinum vertice odorem
 And from her hair ambrosial the scent of Gods went past
 spiravere, pedes vestis defluxit ad imos,
 Upon the wind, and o'er her feet her skirts fell shimmering down,
 et vera incessu patuit dea. Ille ubi matrem 405
 And very God she went her ways. Therewith his mother known,
 agnovit, tali fugientem est voce secutus:
 With such a word he followed up a-fleeing from his eyes:
 'Quid natum totiens, crudelis tu quoque, falsis
 "Ah cruel as a God! and why with images and lies
 ludis imaginibus? Cur dextrae iungere dextram
 Dost thou beguile me? wherefore then is hand to hand not given
 non datur, ac veras audire et reddere voces?"
 And we to give and take in words that come from earth and heaven?"
 Talibus incusat, gressumque ad moenia tendit: 410
 Such wise he chided her, and then his footsteps townward bent:
 at Venus obscuro gradientes aere saepsit,
 But Venus with a dusky air did hedge them as they went,
 et multo nebulae circum dea fudit amictu,
 And widespread cloak of cloudy stuff the Goddess round them
 wrapped,
 cernere ne quis eos, neu quis contingere posset,
 Lest any man had seen them there, or bodily had happed
 molirive moram, aut veniendi poscere causas.
 Across their road their steps to stay, and ask their dealings there.
 Ipsa Paphum sublimis abit, sedesque revisit 415
 But she to Paphos and her home went glad amidst the air:
 laeta suas, ubi templum illi, centumque Sabaeo

There is her temple, there they stand, an hundred altars meet,
ture calent arae, sertisque recentibus halant.

Warm with Sabæan incense-smoke, with new-pulled blossoms
sweet.

Corripuere viam interea, qua semita monstrat.

But therewithal they speed their way as led the road along;

Iamque ascendebant collem, qui plurimus urbi

And now they scale a spreading hill that o'er the town is hung,
imminet, adversasque adspectat desuper arces. 420

And looking downward thereupon hath all the burg in face.

Miratur molem Aeneas, magalia quondam,

Æneas marvels how that world was once a peasants' place,
miratur portas strepitumque et strata viarum.

He marvels at the gates, the roar and rattle of the ways.

Instant ardentes Tyrii pars ducere muros,

Hot-heart the Tyrians speed the work, and some the ramparts raise,
molirique arcem et manibus subvolvere saxa,

Some pile the burg high, some with hand roll stones up o'er the
ground;

pars optare locum tecto et concludere sulco. 425

Some choose a place for dwelling-house and draw a trench around;

[Iura magistratusque legunt sanctumque senatum;]

Some choose the laws, and lords of doom, the holy senate choose.

hic portus alii effodiunt; hic alta theatris

These thereaway the havens dig, and deep adown sink those
fundamenta locant alii, immanisque columnas

The founding of the theatre walls, or cleave the living stone
rupibus excidunt, scaenis decora alta futuris.

In pillars huge, one day to show full fair the scene upon.

Qualis apes aestate nova per florea rura 430

As in new summer 'neath the sun the bees are wont to speed
exercet sub sole labor, cum gentis adultos

Their labour in the flowery fields, whereover now they lead
educunt fetus, aut cum liquentia mella

The well-grown offspring of their race, or when the cells they store
stipant et dulci distendunt nectare cellas,

With flowing honey, till fulfilled of sweets they hold no more;

aut onera accipiunt venientum, aut agmine facto
 Or take the loads of new-comers, or as a watch well set
 ignavom fucos pecus a praesepibus arcent: 435
 Drive off the lazy herd of drones that they no dwelling get;
 fervet opus, redolentque thymo fragrantia mella.
 Well speeds the work, and thymy sweet the honey's odour is.
 'O fortunati, quorum iam moenia surgunt!'
 "Well favoured of the Fates are ye, whose walls arise in bliss!"
 Aeneas ait, et fastigia suspicit urbis.
 Æneas cries, a-looking o'er the housetops spread below;
 Infert se saeptus nebula, mirabile dictu,
 Then, wonderful to tell in tale, hedged round with cloud doth go
 per medios, miscetque viris, neque cernitur ulli. 440
 Amid the thickest press of men, and yet of none is seen.
 Lucus in urbe fuit media, laetissimus umbra,
 A grove amid the town there is, a pleasant place of green,
 quo primum iactati undis et turbine Poeni
 Where erst the Tyrians, beat by waves and whirling of the wind,
 effodere loco signum, quod regia Iuno
 Dug out the token Juno once had bidden them hope to find,
 monstrarat, caput acris equi; sic nam fore bello
 An eager horse's head to wit: for thus their folk should grow
 egregiam et facilem victu per saecula gentem. 445
 Far-famed in war for many an age, of victual rich enow.
 Hic templum Iunoni ingens Sidonia Dido
 There now did Dido, Sidon-born, uprear a mighty fane
 condebat, donis opulentum et numine divae,
 To Juno, rich in gifts, and rich in present godhead's gain:
 aerea cui gradibus surgebant limina, nexaeque
 On brazen steps its threshold rose, and brass its lintel tied,
 aere trabes, foribus cardo stridebat aenis.
 And on their hinges therewithal the brazen door-leaves cried.
 Hoc primum in luco nova res oblata timorem 450
 And now within that grove again a new thing thrusting forth
 leniit, hic primum Aeneas sperare salutem
 'Gan lighten fear; for here to hope Æneas deemed it worth,
 ausus, et adflctis melius confidere rebus.

And trust his fortune beaten down that yet it might arise.
Namque sub ingenti lustrat dum singula templo,
For there while he abode the Queen, and wandered with his eyes
reginam opperiens, dum, quae fortuna sit urbi,
O'er all the temple, musing on the city's fate to be,
artificumque manus inter se operumque laborem 455
And o'er the diverse handicraft and works of mastery,
miratur, videt Iliacas ex ordine pugnās,
Lo there, set out before his face the battles that were Troy's,
bellaque iam fama totum volgata per orbem,
And wars, whereof all folk on earth had heard the fame and noise;
Atridas, Priamumque, et saevum ambobus Achillem.
King Priam, the Atridae twain, Achilles dire to both.
Constitit, et lacrimans, 'Quis iam locus' inquit 'Achate,
He stood, and weeping spake withal: "Achates, lo! forsooth
quae regio in terris nostri non plena laboris? 460
What place, what land in all the earth but with our grief is stored?
En Priamus! Sunt hic etiam sua praemia laudi;
Lo Priam! and even here belike deed hath its own reward.
sunt lacrimae rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.
Lo here are tears for piteous things that touch men's hearts anigh:
Solve metus; feret haec aliquam tibi fama salutem.'
Cast off thy fear! this fame today shall yet thy safety buy."
Sic ait, atque animum pictura pascit inani,
And with the empty painted thing he feeds his mind withal,
multa gemens, largoque umectat flumine voltum. 465
Sore groaning, and a very flood adown his face did fall.
Namque videbat, uti bellantes Pergama circum
For there he saw, as war around of Pergamus they cast,
hac fugerent Graii, premeret Troiana iuventus,
Here fled the Greeks, the Trojan youth for ever following fast;
hac Phryges, instaret curru cristatus Achilles.
There fled the Phrygians, on their heels high-helmed Achilles' car;
Nec procul hinc Rhesi niveis tentoria velis
Not far off, fair with snowy cloths, the tents of Rhesus are;
adgnoscit lacrimans, primo quae prodita somno 470
He knew them weeping: they of old in first of sleep betrayed,

Tydides multa vastabat caede cruentus,
Tydides red with many a death a waste of nothing made,
ardentisque avertit equos in castra, prius quam
And led those fiery steeds to camp ere ever they might have
pabula gustassent Troiae Xanthumque bibissent.
One mouthful of the Trojan grass, or drink of Xanthus' wave.
Parte alia fugiens amissis Troilus armis,
And lo again, where Troilus is fleeing weaponless,
infelix puer atque impar congressus Achilli, ⁴⁷⁵
Unhappy youth, and all too weak to bear Achilles' stress,
fertur equis, curruque haeret resupinus inani,
By his own horses, fallen aback, at empty chariot borne,
lora tenens tamen; huic cervixque comaeque trahuntur
Yet holding on the reins thereof; his neck, his tresses torn
per terram, et versa pulvis inscribitur hasta.
O'er face of earth, his wrested spear a-writing in the dust.
Interea ad templum non aequae Palladis ibant
Meanwhile were faring to the fane of Pallas little just
crinibus Iliades passis peplumque ferebant, ⁴⁸⁰
The wives of Troy with scattered hair, bearing the gown refused,
suppliciter tristes et tunsae pectora palmis;
Sad they and suppliant, whose own hands their very bosoms bruised,
diva solo fixos oculos aversa tenebat.
While fixed, averse, the Goddess kept her eyes upon the ground.
Ter circum Iliacos raptaverat Hectora muros,
Thrice had Achilles Hector dragged the walls of Troy around,
exanimumque auro corpus vendebat Achilles.
And o'er his body, reft of soul, was chaffering now for gold.
Tum vero ingentem gemitum dat pectore ab imo, ⁴⁸⁵
Deep groaned Æneas from his heart in such wise to behold
ut spolia, ut currus, utque ipsum corpus amici,
The car, the spoils, the very corpse of him, his fellow dead,
tendentemque manus Priamum conspexit inermis.
To see the hands of Priam there all weaponless outspread.
Se quoque principibus permixtum adgnovit Achivis,
Yea, thrust amidst Achæan lords, his very self he knew;
Eoasque acies et nigri Memnonis arma.

The Eastland hosts he saw, and arms of Memnon black of hue.

Ducit Amazonidum lunatis agmina peltis 490

There mad Penthesilea leads the maids of moony shield,

Penthesilea furens, mediisque in milibus ardet,

The Amazons, and burns amidst the thousands of the field,

aurea subnectens exsertae cingula mammae,

And with her naked breast thrust out above the golden girth,

bellatrix, audetque viris concurrere virgo.

The warrior maid hath heart to meet the warriors of the earth.

Haec dum Dardanio Aeneae miranda videntur,

But while Æneas, Dardan lord, beholds the marvels there,

dum stupet, obtutuque haeret defixus in uno, 495

And, all amazed, stands moving nought with eyes in one set stare,

regina ad templum, forma pulcherrima Dido,

Lo cometh Dido, very queen of fairest fashion wrought,

incessit magna iuvenum stipante caterva.

By youths close thronging all about unto the temple brought.

Qualis in Eurotae ripis aut per iuga Cynthi

Yea, e'en as on Eurotas' rim or Cynthus' ridges high

exercet Diana choros, quam mille secutae

Diana leadeth dance about, a thousandfold anigh

hinc atque hinc glomerantur oreades; illa pharetram 500

The following Oreads gather round, with shoulder quiver-hung

fert umero, gradiensque deas supereminet omnis:

She overbears the Goddesses her swift feet fare among,

Latonae tacitum pertemptant gaudia pectus:

And great Latona's silent breast the joys of godhead touch.

talis erat Dido, talem se laeta ferebat

Lo, such was Dido; joyously she bore herself e'en such

per medios, instans operi regnisque futuris.

Amidst them, eager for the work and ordered rule to come;

Tum foribus divae, media testudine templi, 505

Then through the Goddess' door she passed, and midmost 'neath the dome,

saepta armis, solioque alte subnixa resedit.

High raised upon a throne she sat, with weapons hedged about,

Iura dabat legesque viris, operumque laborem

And doomed, and fashioned laws for men, and fairly sifted out
partibus aequabat iustis, aut sorte trahebat:

And dealt their share of toil to them, or drew the lot as happed.

cum subito Aeneas concursu accedere magno

There suddenly Æneas sees amidst a concourse wrapped

Anthea Sergestumque videt fortemque Cloanthum, 510

Antheus, Sergestus, and the strong Cloanthus draw anigh,

Teucrorumque alios, ater quos aequore turbo

And other Teucrians whom the whirl, wild, black, all utterly
dispulerat penitusque alias avexerat oras.

Had scattered into other lands afar across the sea.

Obstipuit simul ipse simul percussus Achates

Amazed he stood, nor stricken was Achates less than he

laetitiaque metuque; avidi coniungere dextras

By joy, by fear: they hungered sore hand unto hand to set;

ardebant; sed res animos incognita turbat. 515

But doubt of dealings that might be stirred in their hearts as yet;

Dissimulant, et nube cava speculantur amicti,

So lurking, cloaked in hollow cloud they note what things betide

quae fortuna viris, classem quo litore linquant,

Their fellows there, and on what shore the ships they manned may
bide,

quid veniant; cunctis nam lecti navibus ibant,

And whence they come; for chosen out of all the ships they bear

orantes veniam, et templum clamore petebant.

Bidding of peace, and, crying out, thus temple-ward they fare.

Postquam introgressi et coram data copia fandi, 520

But now when they were entered in, and gained the grace of speech,

maximus Ilioneus placido sic pectore coepit:

From placid heart Ilioneus the elder ‘gan beseech:

‘O Regina, novam cui condere Iuppiter urbem

“O Queen, to whom hath Jove here given a city new to raise,

iustitiaque dedit gentis frenare superbas,

And with thy justice to draw rein on men of wilful ways,

Troes te miseri, ventis maria omnia vecti,

We wretched Trojans, tossed about by winds o’er every main,

oramus, prohibe infandos a navibus ignis, 525

Pray thee forbid it from our ships, the dreadful fiery bane.
 parce pio generi, et propius res aspice nostras.
 Spare pious folk, and look on us with favouring kindly eyes!
 Non nos aut ferro Libycos populare Penatis
 We are not come with sword to waste the Libyan families,
 venimus, aut raptas ad litora vertere praedas;
 Nor drive adown unto the strand the plunder of the strong:
 non ea vis animo, nec tanta superbia victis.
 No such high hearts, such might of mind to vanquished folk belong.
 Est locus, Hesperiam Grai cognomine dicunt, 530
 There is a place, Hesperia called of Greeks in days that are,
 terra antiqua, potens armis atque ubere glabrae;
 An ancient land, a fruitful soil, a mighty land in war.
 Oenotri coluere viri; nunc fama minores
 Oenotrian folk first tilled the land, whose sons, as rumours run,
 Italiam dixisse ducis de nomine gentem.
 Now call it nought but Italy from him who led them on.
 Hic cursus fuit:
 And thitherward our course was turned,
 cum subito adsurgens fluctu nimbosus Orion 535
 When sudden, stormy, tumbling seas, Orion rose on us,
 in vada caeca tulit, penitusque procacibus austris
 And wholly scattering us abroad with fierce blasts from the south,
 perque undas, superante salo, perque invia saxa
 Drave us, sea-swept, by shallows blind, to straits with wayless
 mouth:
 dispulit; huc pauci vestris adnavimus oris.
 But to thy shores we few have swum, and so betake us here.
 Quod genus hoc hominum? Quaeve hunc tam barbara morem
 What men among men are ye then? what country's soil may bear
 permittit patria? Hospitio prohibemur harenae; 540
 Such savage ways? ye grudge us then the welcome of your sand,
 bella cient, primaque vetant consistere terra.
 And fall to arms, and gainsay us a tide-washed strip of strand.
 Si genus humanum et mortalia temnit is arma
 But if men-folk and wars of men ye wholly set at nought,
 at sperate deos memores fandi atque nefandi.

Yet deem the Gods bear memory still of good and evil wrought
 'Rex erat Aeneas nobis, quo iustior alter,
 Æneas was the king of us; no juster was there one,
 nec pietate fuit, nec bello maior et armis. 545
 No better lover of the Gods, none more in battle shone:
 Quem si fata virum servant, si vescitur aura
 And if the Fates have saved that man, if earthly air he drink,
 aetheria, neque adhuc crudelibus occubat umbris,
 Nor 'neath the cruel deadly shades his fallen body shrink,
 non metus; officio nec te certasse priorem
 Nought need we fear, nor ye repent to strive in kindly deed
 poeniteat. Sunt et Siculis regionibus urbes
 With us: we have in Sicily fair cities to our need.
 armaque, Troianoque a sanguine clarus Acestes. 550
 And fields we have; Acestes high of Trojan blood is come.
 Quassatam ventis liceat subducere classem,
 Now suffer us our shattered ships in haven to bring home,
 et silvis aptare trabes et stringere remos:
 To cut us timber in thy woods, and shave us oars anew.
 si datur Italiam, sociis et rege recepto,
 Then if the Italian cruise to us, if friends and king are due,
 tendere, ut Italiam laeti Latiumque petamus;
 To Italy and Latium then full merry wend we on.
 sin absumpta salus, et te, pater optime Teucrum, 555
 But if, dear father of our folk, hope of thy health be gone,
 pontus habet Libyae, nec spes iam restat Iuli,
 And thee the Libyan water have, nor hope Iulus give,
 at freta Sicaniae saltem sedesque paratas,
 Then the Sicanian shores at least, and seats wherein to live,
 unde huc advecti, regemque petamus Acesten.'
 Whence hither came we, and the King Acestes let us seek."
 Talibus Ilioneus; cuncti simul ore fremebant
 So spake he, and the others made as they the same would speak,
 Dardanidae. 560
 The Dardan-folk with murmuring mouth.
 Tum breviter Dido, voltum demissa, profatur:
 But Dido, with her head hung down, in few words answer gave:

'Solvite corde metum, Teucri, secludite curas.
 "Let fear fall from you, Teucrian men, and set your cares aside;
 Res dura et regni novitas me talia cogunt
 Hard fortune yet constraineth me and this my realm untried
 moliri, et late finis custode tueri.
 To hold such heed, with guard to watch my marches up and down.
 Quis genus Aeneadum, quis Troiae nesciat urbem, ⁵⁶⁵
 Who knoweth not Æneas' folk? who knoweth not Troy-town,
 virtutesque virosque, aut tanti incendia belli?
 The valour, and the men, and all the flame of such a war?
 Non obtusa adeo gestamus pectora Poeni,
 Nay, surely nought so dull as this the souls within us are,
 nec tam aversus equos Tyria Sol iungit ab urbe.
 Nor turns the sun from Tyrian town, so far off yoking steed.
 Seu vos Hesperiam magnam Saturniaque arva,
 So whether ye Hesperia great, and Saturn's acres need,
 sive Erycis finis regemque optatis Acesten, ⁵⁷⁰
 Or rather unto Eryx turn, and King Acestes' shore,
 auxilio tutos dimittam, opibusque iuvabo.
 Safe, holpen will I send you forth, and speed you with my store:
 Voltis et his mecum pariter considerare regnis;
 Yea and moreover, have ye will in this my land to bide.
 urbem quam statuo vestra est, subducite navis;
 This city that I build is yours: here leave your ships to ride:
 Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.
 Trojan and Tyrian no two wise at hands of me shall fare.
 Atque utinam rex ipse Noto compulsus eodem ⁵⁷⁵
 And would indeed the King himself, Æneas, with us were,
 adforet Aeneas! Equidem per litora certos
 Driven by that self-same southern gale: but sure men will I send,
 dimittam et Libyae lustrare extrema iubebo,
 And bid them search through Libya from end to utmost end,
 si quibus eiectus silvis aut urbibus errat.'
 Lest, cast forth anywhere, he stray by town or forest part."
 His animum arrecti dictis et fortis Achates
 Father Æneas thereupon high lifted up his heart,
 et pater Aeneas iamdudum erumpere nubem ⁵⁸⁰

Nor stout Achates less, and both were fain the cloud to break;
ardebant. Prior Aenean compellat Achates:
And to Æneas first of all the leal Achates spake:
‘Nate dea, quae nunc animo sententia surgit?
“O Goddess-born, what thought hereof ariseth in thy mind?
omnia tuta vides, classem sociosque receptos.
All safe thou seest thy ships; thy folk fair welcomed dost thou find:
Unus abest, medio in fluctu quem vidimus ipsi
One is away, whom we ourselves saw sunken in the deep;
submersum; dictis respondent cetera matris.’ 585
But all things else the promised word thy mother gave us keep.”
Vix ea fatus erat, cum circumfusa repente
Lo, even as he spake the word the cloud that wrapped them cleaves,
scindit se nubes et in aethera purgat apertum.
And in the open space of heaven no dusk behind it leaves;
Restitit Aeneas claraque in luce refulsit,
And there Æneas stood and shone amid the daylight clear,
os umerosque deo similis; namque ipsa decoram
With face and shoulders of a God: for loveliness of hair
caesariem nato genetrix lumenque iuventae 590
His mother breathed upon her son, and purple light of youth,
purpureum et laetos oculis adflarat honores:
And joyful glory of the eyes: e’en as in very sooth
quale manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flavo
The hand gives ivory goodliness, or when the Parian stone,
argentum Pariusve lapis circumdatur auro.
Or silver with the handicraft of yellow gold is done:
Tum sic reginam adloquitur, cunctisque repente
And therewithal unto the Queen doth he begin to speak,
improvisus ait: ‘Coram, quem quaeritis, adsum, 595
Unlooked-for of all men: “Lo here the very man ye seek,
Troius Aeneas, Libycis ereptus ab undis.
Trojan Æneas, caught away from Libyan seas of late!
O sola infandos Troiae miserata labores,
Thou, who alone of toils of Troy hast been compassionate,
quae nos, reliquias Danaum, terraeque marisque
Who takest us, the leavings poor of Danaan sword, outworn

omnibus exhaustos iam casibus, omnium egenos,
 With every hap of earth and sea, of every good forlorn,
 urbe, domo, socias, grates persolvere dignas 600
 To city and to house of thine: to thank thee to thy worth,
 non opis est nostrae, Dido, nec quicquid ubique est
 Dido, my might may compass not; nay, scattered o'er the earth
 gentis Dardaniae, magnum quae sparsa per orbem.
 The Dardan folk, for what thou dost may never give thee meed:
 Di tibi, si qua pios respectant numina, si quid
 But if somewhere a godhead is the righteous man to heed,
 usquam iustitia est et mens sibi conscia recti,
 If justice is, or any soul to note the right it wrought,
 praemia digna ferant. Quae te tam laeta tulerunt 605
 May the Gods give thee due reward. What joyful ages brought
 saecula? Qui tanti talem genuere parentes?
 Thy days to birth? what mighty ones gave such an one today?
 In freta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbrae
 Now while the rivers seaward run, and while the shadows stray
 lustrabunt convexa, polus dum sidera pascet,
 O'er hollow hills, and while the pole the stars is pasturing wide,
 semper honos nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt,
 Still shall thine honour and thy name, still shall thy praise abide
 quae me cumque vocant terrae.' Sic fatus, amicum 610
 What land soever calleth me." Therewith his right hand sought
 Ilionea petit dextra, laevaque Serestum,
 His very friend Ilioneus, his left Serestus caught,
 post alios, fortemque Gyan fortemque Cloanthum.
 And then the others, Gyan strong, Cloanthus strong in fight.
 Obstipuit primo aspectu Sidonia Dido,
 Sidonian Dido marvelled much, first at the hero's sight,
 casu deinde viri tanto, et sic ore locuta est:
 Then marvelled at the haps he had, and so such word doth say:
 'Quis te, nate dea, per tanta pericula casus 615
 "O Goddess-born, what fate is this that ever dogs thy way
 insequitur? Quae vis immanibus applicat oris?
 With such great perils? What hath yoked thy life to this wild shore?
 Tune ille Aeneas, quem Dardanio Anchisae

And art thou that Æneas then, whom holy Venus bore
alma Venus Phrygii genuit Simoentis ad undam?
Unto Anchises, Dardan lord, by Phrygian Simoïs' wave?
Atque equidem Teucrum memini Sidona venire
Of Teucer unto Sidon come a memory yet I have,
finibus expulsum patriis, nova regna petentem 620
Who, driven from out his fatherland, was seeking new abode
auxilio Beli; genitor tum Belus opimam
By Belus' help: but Belus then, my father, over-rode
vastabat Cyprum, et victor dicione tenebat.
Cyprus the rich, and held the same as very conquering lord:
Tempore iam ex illo casus mihi cognitus urbis
So from that tide I knew of Troy and bitter Fate's award,
Troianae nomenque tuum regesque Pelasgi.
I knew of those Pelasgian kings — yea, and I knew thy name.
Ipse hostis Teucros insigni laude ferebat, 625
He then, a foeman, added praise to swell the Teucrian fame,
seque ortum antiqua Teucrorum ab stirpe volebat.
And oft was glad to deem himself of ancient Teucer's line.
Quare agite, O tectis, iuvenes, succedite nostris.
So hasten now to enter in 'neath roofs of me and mine.
Me quoque per multos similis fortuna labores
Me too a fortune such as yours, me tossed by many a toil,
iactatam hac demum voluit consistere terra.
Hath pleased to give abiding-place at last upon this soil,
Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.' 630
Learned in illhaps full wise am I unhappy men to aid."
Sic memorat; simul Aenean in regia ducit
Such tale she told, and therewith led to house full kingly made
tectis, simul divom templis indicit honorem.
Æneas, bidding therewithal the Gods with gifts to grace;
Nec minus interea sociis ad litora mittit
Nor yet their fellows she forgot upon the sea-beat place,
viginti tauros, magnorum horrentia centum
But sendeth them a twenty bulls, an hundred bristling backs
terga suum, pinguis centum cum matribus agnos, 635
Of swine, an hundred fatted lambs, whereof his ewe none lacks,

munera laetitiamque dii.

And gifts and gladness of the God.

At domus interior regali splendida luxu

Meanwhile the gleaming house within with kingly pomp is dight,
instruitur, mediisque parant convivia tectis:

And in the midmost of the hall a banquet they prepare:

arte laboratae vestes ostroque superbo,

Cloths laboured o'er with handicraft, and purple proud is there;

ingens argentum mensis, caelataque in auro ⁶⁴⁰

Great is the silver on the board, and carven out of gold

fortia facta patrum, series longissima rerum

The mighty deeds of father-folk, a long-drawn tale, is told,

per tot ducta viros antiqua ab origine gentis.

Brought down through many and many an one from when their race
began.

Aeneas (neque enim patrius consistere mentem

Aeneas, through whose father's heart unquiet love there ran,

passus amor) rapidum ad navis praemittit Achaten,

Sent on the swift Achates now unto the ships to speed,

Ascanio ferat haec, ipsumque ad moenia ducat; ⁶⁴⁵

To bear Ascanius all these haps, and townward him to lead;

omnis in Ascanio cari stat cura parentis.

For on Ascanius well beloved was all his father's thought:

Munera praeterea, Iliacis erepta ruinis,

And therewithal gifts good to give from Ilium's ruin caught

ferre iubet, pallam signis auroque rigentem,

He bade him bring: a cope all stiff with golden imagery;

et circumtextum croceo velamen acantho,

With saffron soft acanthus twine a veil made fair to see;

ornatus Argivae Helenae, quos illa Mycenis, ⁶⁵⁰

The Argive Helen's braveries, brought from Mycenæ erst,

Pergama cum peteret inconcessosque hymenaeos,

When she was seeking Pergamos and wedding all accursed:

extulerat, matris Ledae mirabile donum:

Her mother Leda gave her these and marvellous they were.

praeterea sceptrum, Ilione quod gesserat olim,

A sceptre too that Ilione in days ago did bear,

maxima natarum Priami, colloque monile
 The eldest-born of Priam's maids; a neckchain pearl bestrown,
 bacatum, et duplicem gemmis auroque coronam. 655
 And, doubly wrought with gold and gems, a kingly-fashioned crown.
 Haec celerans ita ad naves tendebat Achates.
 So to the ships Achates went these matters forth to speed.
 At Cytherea novas artes, nova pectore versat
 But Cytherea in her heart turned over new-wrought rede,
 Consilia, ut faciem mutatus et ora Cupido
 New craft; how, face and fashion changed, her son the very Love
 pro dulci Ascanio veniat, donisque furentem
 For sweet Ascanius should come forth, and, gift-giving, should move
 incendat reginam, atque ossibus implicet ignem; 660
 The Queen to madness, make her bones the yoke-fellows of flame.
 quippe domum timet ambiguum Tyriosque bilinguis;
 Forsooth the doubtful house she dreads, the two-tongued Tyrian
 name;
 urit atrox Iuno, et sub noctem cura recursat.
 And bitter Juno burneth her, and care the night doth wake:
 Ergo his aligerum dictis adfatur Amorem:
 Now therefore to the winged Love such words as this she spake:
 'Nate, meae vires, mea magna potentia solus,
 "O son, my might, my only might, who fearest nought at all
 nate, patris summi qui tela Typhoia temnis, 665
 How his, the highest Father's bolts, Typhoeus' bane, may fall,
 ad te confugio et supplex tua numina posco.
 To thee I flee, and suppliant so thy godhead's power beseech:
 Frater ut Aeneas pelago tuus omnia circum
 Thy brother, e'en Æneas, tossed on every sea-side beach
 litora iactetur odiis Iunonis iniquae,
 Thou knowest; all the fashioning of wrongful Juno's hate
 nota tibi, et nostro doluisti saepe dolore.
 Thou knowest; oft upon my grief with sorrow wouldst thou wait.
 Hunc Phoenissa tenet Dido blandisque moratur 670
 Him now Phoenician Dido holds, and with kind words enow
 vocibus; et vereor, quo se Iunonia vertant
 Delays him there, but unto what Junonian welcomes grow

hospitia; haud tanto cessabit cardine rerum.

I fear me: will she hold her hand when thus the hinge is dight?

Quocirca capere ante dolis et cingere flamma

Now therefore am I compassing to catch their craft in flight,

reginam meditor, ne quo se numine mutet,

To ring the Queen about with flame that her no power may turn,

sed magno Aeneae mecum teneatur amore. 675

That she may cling to me and sore for mine Æneas yearn.

Qua facere id possis, nostram nunc accipe mentem.

Now hearken how I counsel thee to bring about my will:

Regius accitu cari genitoris ad urbem

The kingly boy his father calls, he whom I cherish still,

Sidoniam puer ire parat, mea maxima cura,

To that Sidonian city now is ready dight to fare,

dona ferens, pelago et flammis restantia Troiae:

And gifts, the gleanings of the sea and flames of Troy, doth bear,

hunc ego sopitum somno super alta Cythera 680

Whom soaked in sleep forthwith will I in high Cythera hide,

aut super Idalium sacrata sede recondam,

Or in Idalium's holy place where I am wont to bide,

ne qua scire dolos mediusve occurrere possit.

Lest any one the guile should know and thrust themselves between:

Tu faciem illius noctem non amplius unam

But thou with craft his fashion feign, and with his face be seen

falle dolo, et notos pueri puer indue voltus,

Well known of all, for no more space than one night's wearing by;

ut, cum te gremio accipiet laetissima Dido 685

And so, when Dido, gladdest grown, shall take thee up to lie

regalis inter mensas laticemque Lyæum,

Upon her breast 'twixt queenly board and great Lyæus' wave,

cum dabit amplexus atque oscula dulcia figet,

And thou the winding of her arms and kisses sweet shalt have,

occultum inspires ignem fallasque veneno.'

Then breathe the hidden flame in her and forge thy venom'd guile."

Paret Amor dictis carae genetricis, et alas

His lovesome mother Love obeyed, and doffed his wings awhile,

exuit, et gressu gaudens incedit Iuli. 690

And as Iulus goeth now rejoicing on his way.
At Venus Ascanio placidam per membra quietem
But Venus all Ascanius' limbs in quiet rest doth lay,
inrigat, et fotum gremio dea tollit in altos
And cherished in her goddess' breast unto Idalian groves
Idaliae lucos, ubi mollis amaracus illum
She bears him, where the marjoram still soft about him moves
floribus et dulci adspirans complectitur umbra.
And breatheth sweet from scented shade and blossoms on the air.
Iamque ibat dicto parens et dona Cupido 695
Love wrought her will, and bearing now those royal gifts and rare,
regia portabat Tyriis, duce laetus Achate.
Unto the Tyrians joyous went, e'en as Achates led.
Cum venit, aulaeis iam se regina superbis
But when he came into the house, there on her golden bed
aurea composuit sponda mediamque locavit.
With hangings proud Queen Dido lay amidmost of the place:
Iam pater Aeneas et iam Troiana iuventus
The father then, Æneas, then the youth of Trojan race,
conveniunt, stratoque super discumbitur ostro. 700
There gather, and their bodies cast on purple spread abroad.
Dant famuli manibus lymphas, Cereremque canistris
Folk serve them water for their hands, and speed the baskets stored
expediunt, tonsisque ferunt mantelia villis.
With Ceres, and the towels soft of close-clipped nap they bear.
Quinquaginta intus famulae, quibus ordine longam
Within were fifty serving-maids, whose long array had care
cura penum struere, et flammis adolere Penatis;
To furnish forth the meat and drink, and feed the house-gods' flame;
centum aliae totidemque pares aetate ministri, 705
An hundred more, and youths withal of age and tale the same,
qui dapibus mensas onerent et pocula ponant.
Set on the meat upon the board and lay the cups about.
Nec non et Tyrii per limina laeta frequentes
And now through that wide joyous door came thronging from
without
convenere, toris iussi discumbere pictis.

The Tyrians, and, so bidden, lie on benches painted fair.
 Mirantur dona Aeneae, mirantur Iulum
 They wonder at Æneas' gifts, and at Iulus there,
 flagrantisque dei voltus simulataque verba, ⁷¹⁰
 The flaming countenance of God, and speech so feigned and fine;
 [pallamque et pictum croceo velamen acantho.]
 They wonder at the cope and veil with that acanthus twine.
 Praecipue infelix, pesti devota futurae,
 And chiefly that unhappy one doomed to the coming ill,
 expleri mentem nequit ardescitque tuendo
 Nor hungry hollow of her heart nor burning eyes may fill
 Phoenissa, et pariter puero donisque movetur.
 With all beholding: gifts and child alike her heart do move.
 Ille ubi complexu Aeneae colloque pependit ⁷¹⁵
 But he, when he had satisfied his feignèd father's love,
 et magnum falsi implevit genitoris amorem,
 And clipped Æneas all about, and round his neck had hung,
 reginam petit haec oculis, haec pectore toto
 Went to the Queen, who with her eyes and heart about him clung,
 haeret et interdum gremio fovet, inscia Dido,
 And whiles would strain him to her breast — poor Dido! knowing
 nought
 insadat quantus miserae deus; at memor ille
 What God upon her bosom sat; who ever had in thought
 matris Acidaliae paulatim abolere Sychaeum ⁷²⁰
 His Acidalian mother's word, and slowly did begin
 incipit, et vivo temptat praevertere amore
 To end Sychæus quite, and with a living love to win
 iam pridem resides animos desuetaque corda.
 Her empty soul at rest, and heart unused a weary tide.
 Postquam prima quies epulis, mensaeque remotae,
 But when the feasting first was stayed, and boards were done aside,
 crateras magnos statuunt et vina coronant.
 Great beakers there they set afoot, and straight the wine they
 crowned.
 Fit strepitus tectis, vocemque per ampla volutant ⁷²⁵
 A shout goes up within the house, great noise they roll around

atria; dependent lychni laquearibus aureis

The mighty halls: the candles hang adown from golden roof
incensi, et noctem flammis funalia vincunt.

All lighted, and the torches' flame keeps dusky night aloof.

Hic regina gravem gemmis auroque poposcit

And now a heavy bowl of gold and gems the Queen bade bring
implevitque mero pateram, quam Belus et omnes

And fill with all unwatered wine, which erst used Belus king,
a Belo soliti; tum facta silentia tectis: 730

And all from Belus come: therewith through the hushed house she
said:

‘Iuppiter, hospitibus nam te dare iura loquuntur,

“O Jupiter! they say by thee the guesting laws were made;

hunc laetum Tyriisque diem Troiaque profectis

Make thou this day to Tyrian folk, and folk come forth from Troy,
esse velis, nostrosque huius meminisse minores.

A happy day, and may our sons remember this our joy!

Adsit laetitiae Bacchus dator, et bona Iuno;

Mirth-giver Bacchus, fail thou not from midst our mirth! be kind,
et vos, O, coetum, Tyrii, celebrate faventes.’ 735

O Juno! and ye Tyrian folk, be glad this bond to bind!”

Dixit, et in mensam laticum libavit honorem,

She spake, and on the table poured the glorious wave of wine,
primaque, libato, summo tenuis attigit ore,

Then touched the topmost of the bowl with dainty lip and fine,
tum Bitiae dedit increpitans; ille impiger hausit

And, egging on, to Bitias gave: nought slothful to be told
spumantem pateram, et pleno se proluit auro

The draught he drained, who bathed himself within the foaming
gold;

post alii procures. Cithara crinitus Iopas 740

Then drank the other lords of them: long-haired Iopas then
personat aurata, docuit quem maximus Atlas.

Maketh the golden harp to sing, whom Atlas most of men

Hic canit errantem lunam solisque labores;

Erst taught: he sings the wandering moon and toiling of the sun,
unde hominum genus et pecudes; unde imber et ignes;

And whence the kind of men and beasts, how rain and fire begun,
Arcturum pluviasque Hyadas geminosque Triones;
Arcturus, the wet Hyades, and twin-wrought Northern Bears:
quid tantum Oceano properent se tingere soles 745
And why so swift the winter sun unto his sea-bath fares,
hiberni, vel quae tardis mora noctibus obstet.
And what delayeth night so long upon the daylight's hem.
Ingeminant plausu Tyrii, Troesque sequuntur.
Then praise on praise the Tyrians shout, the Trojans follow them.
Nec non et vario noctem sermone trahebat
Meanwhile unhappy Dido wore the night-tide as it sank
infelix Dido, longumque bibebat amorem,
In diverse talk, and evermore long draughts of love she drank,
multa super Priamo rogitant, super Hectore multa; 750
And many a thing of Priam asked, of Hector many a thing:
nunc quibus Aurorae venisset filius armis,
With what-like arms Aurora's son had come unto the King;
nunc quales Diomedis equi, nunc quantus Achilles.
What were the steeds of Diomed, how great Achilles was.
'Immo age, et a prima dic, hospes, origine nobis
At last she said: "But come, O guest, tell all that came to pass
insidias,' inquit, 'Danaum, casusque tuorum,
From earliest tide; of Danaan craft, and how thy land was lorn,
erroresque tuos; nam te iam septima portat 755
And thine own wanderings; for as now the seventh year is worn
omnibus errantem terris et fluctibus aestas.'
That thee a-straying wide away o'er earth and sea hath borne."



The Meeting of Dido and Aeneas by Nathaniel Dance Holland, 1801

LIBER II

BOOK II.

Conticuere omnes intentique ora tenebant
All hearkened hushed, and fixed on him was every face of man,
inde toro pater Aeneas sic orsus ab alto:
As from the couch high set aloft Æneas thus began:
Infandum, regina, iubes renouare dolorem,
“Unutterable grief, O Queen, thou biddest me renew
Troianas ut opes et lamentabile regnum
The falling of the Trojan weal and realm that all shall rue
eruerint Danaï, quaeque ipse miserrima uidi 5
‘Neath Danaan might; which thing myself unhappy did behold,
et quorum pars magna fui. quis talia fando
Yea, and was no small part thereof. What man might hear it told
Myrmidonum Dolopumue aut duri miles Vlixī
Of Dolopes, or Myrmidons, or hard Ulysses’ band,
temperet a lacrimis? et iam nox umida caelo
And keep the tears back? Dewy night now falleth from the land
praecipitat suadentque cadentia sidera somnos.
Of heaven, and all the setting stars are bidding us to sleep:
sed si tantus amor casus cognoscere nostros 10
But if to know our evil hap thy longing is so deep,
et breuiter Troiae supremum audire laborem,
If thou wilt hear a little word of Troy’s last agony,
quamquam animus meminisse horret luctuque refugit,
Though memory shuddereth, and my heart shrunk up in grief doth
lie,
incipiam. fracti bello fatisque repulsi
I will begin. By battle broke, and thrust aback by Fate
ductores Danaum tot iam labentibus annis
Through all the wearing of the years, the Danaan lords yet wait
instar montis equum diuina Palladis arte 15
And build a horse up mountain-huge by Pallas’ art divine,
aedificant, sectaque intexunt abiete costas;

Fair fashioning the ribs thereof with timbers of the pine,
uotum pro reditu simulant; ea fama uagatur.

And feign it vowed for safe return, and let the fame fly forth.

huc delecta uirum sortiti corpora furtim

Herein by stealth a sort of men chosen for bodies' worth
includunt caeco lateri penitusque cauernas

Amid its darkness do they shut; the caverns inly lost
ingentis utrumque armato milite complent. 20

Deep in the belly of the thing they fill with armed host.

est in conspectu Tenedos, notissima fama

In sight of Troy lies Tenedos, an island known of all,

insula, diues opum Priami dum regna manebant,

And rich in wealth before the realm of Priam had its fall,

nunc tantum sinus et statio male fida carinis:

Now but a bay and roadstead poor, where scarcely ships may ride.

huc se prouecti deserto in litore condunt;

So thither now they sail away in desert place to hide.

nos abiisse rati et uento petiisse Mycenae. 25

We thought them gone, and that they sought Mycenæ on a wind,

ergo omnis longo soluit se Teucra luctu;

Whereat the long-drawn grief of Troy fell off from every mind.

panduntur portae, iuuat ire et Dorica castra

The gates are opened; sweet it is the Dorian camp to see,

desertosque uidere locos litusque relictum:

The dwellings waste, the shore all void where they were wont to be:

hic Dolopum manus, hic saeuus tendebat Achilles;

Here dwelt the band of Dolopes, here was Achilles set,

classibus hic locus, hic acie certare solebant. 30

And this was where their ships were beached; here edge to edge we
met.

pars stupet innuptae donum exitiale Mineruae

Some wonder at unwedded maid Minerva's gift of death,

et molem mirantur equi; primusque Thymoetes

That baneful mountain of a horse; and first Thymoetes saith

duci intra muros hortatur et arce locari,

'Twere good in walls to lead the thing, on topmost burg to stand;

siue dolo seu iam Troiae sic fata ferebant.

Whether such word the fate of Troy or evil treason planned
 at Capys, et quorum melior sententia menti, 35
 I know not: Capys and the rest, who better counsel have,
 aut pelago Danaum insidias suspectaque dona
 Bid take the fashioned guile of Greeks, the doubtful gift they gave,
 praecipitare iubent subiectisque urere flammis,
 To tumble it adown to sea, with piled-up fire to burn,
 aut terebrare cauas uteri et temptare latebras.
 Or bore the belly of the beast its hidden holes to learn;
 scinditur incertum studia in contraria uulgus.
 So cleft atwain is rede of men abiding there in doubt.
 Primus ibi ante omnis magna comitante caterua 40
 But first before all others now with much folk all about
 Laocoon ardens summa decurrit ab arce,
 Laocoon the fiery man runs from the burg adown,
 et procul 'o miseri, quae tanta insania, ciues?
 And shouts from far: 'O wretched men, how hath such madness
 grown?
 creditis auectos hostis? aut ulla putatis
 Deem ye the foe hath fared away? Deem ye that Danaan gifts
 dona carere dolis Danaum? sic notus Vlixes?
 May ever lack due share of guile? Are these Ulysses' shifts?
 aut hoc inclusi ligno occultantur Achiui, 45
 For either the Achæans lurk within this fashioned tree,
 aut haec in nostros fabricata est machina muros,
 Or 'tis an engine wrought with craft bane of our walls to be,
 inspectura domos uenturaque desuper urbi,
 To look into our very homes, and scale the town perforce:
 aut aliquis latet error; equo ne credite, Teucri.
 Some guile at least therein abides: Teucrians, trust not the horse!
 quidquid id est, timeo Danaos et dona ferentis.'
 Whatso it is, the Danaan folk, yea gift-bearing I fear.'
 sic fatus ualidis ingentem uiribus hastam 50
 Thus having said, with valiant might he hurled a huge-wrought spear
 in latus inque feri curuam compagibus aluum
 Against the belly of the beast swelled out with rib and stave;
 contorsit. stetit illa tremens, uteroque recusso

It stood a-trembling therewithal; its hollow caverns gave
insonuere cauae gemitumque dedere cauernae.
From womb all shaken with the stroke a mighty sounding groan.
et, si fata deum, si mens non laeua fuisset,
And but for God's heart turned from us, for God's fate fixed and
known,
impulerat ferro Argolicas foedare latebras, 55
He would have led us on with steel to foul the Argive den,
Troiaque nunc staret, Priamique arx alta maneres.
And thou, O Troy, wert standing now, thou Priam's burg as then!
Ecce, manus iuuenem interea post terga reuinctum
But lo, where Dardan shepherds lead, with plenteous clamour round,
pastores magno ad regem clamore trahebant
A young man unto Priam's place with hands behind him bound,
Dardanidae, qui se ignotum uenientibus ultro,
Who privily had thrust himself before their way e'en now
hoc ipsum ut strueret Troiamque aperiret Achiuis, 60
The work to crown, and into Troy an open way to show
obtulerat, fidens animi atque in utrumque paratus,
Unto the Greeks; a steadfast soul, prepared for either end,
seu uersare dolos seu certae occumbere morti.
Or utterly to work his craft or unto death to bend.
undique uisendi studio Troiana iuuentus
Eager to see him as he went around the Trojans flock
circumfusa ruit certantque inludere capto.
On every side, and each with each contend the man to mock.
accipe nunc Danaum insidias et crimine ab uno 65
Lo now, behold the Danaan guile, and from one wrong they wrought
disce omnis.
Learn ye what all are like to be. For as he stood in sight of all,
bewildered, weaponless,
namque ut conspectu in medio turbatus, inermis
And let his eyes go all around the gazing Phrygian press,
constitit atque oculis Phrygia agmina circumspexit,
He spake: 'What land shall have me now, what sea my head shall
hide?
'heu, quae nunc tellus,' inquit, 'quae me aequora possunt

What then is left of deed to do that yet I must abide?
 accipere? aut quid iam misero mihi denique restat, 70
 No place I have among the Greeks, and Dardan folk withal
 cui neque apud Danaos usquam locus, et super ipsi
 My foemen are, and bloody end, due doom, upon me call.'
 Dardanidae infensi poenas cum sanguine poscunt?'
 And with that wail our hearts were turned, and somewhat backward
 hung
 quo gemitu conuersi animi compressus et omnis
 The press of men: we bade him say from whence his blood was
 sprung,
 impetus. hortamur fari quo sanguine cretus,
 And what he did, and if indeed a captive we might trust;
 quidue ferat; memoret quae sit fiducia capto. 75
 So thus he spake when now all fear from off his heart was thrust:
 'Cuncta equidem tibi, rex, fuerit quodcumque, fatebor 77
 'Whatso betide, to thee, O King, the matter's verity
 uera,' inquit; 'neque me Argolica de gente negabo.
 Will I lay bare unto the end, nor Argive blood deny:
 hoc primum; nec, si miserum Fortuna Sinonem
 This firstly; for if Fate indeed shaped Sinon for all bale
 finxit, uanum etiam mendacemque improba finget. 80
 To make him liar and empty fool her worst may not avail.
 fando aliquod si forte tuas peruenit ad auris
 Perchance a rumour of men's talk about your ears hath gone,
 Belidae nomen Palamedis et incluta fama
 Telling of Palamedes' fame and glory that he won,
 gloria, quem falsa sub prodicione Pelasgi
 The son of Belus: traitors' word undid him innocent;
 insontem infando indicio, quia bella uetabat,
 By unjust doom for banning war the way of death he went,
 demisere neci, nunc cassum lumine lugent: 85
 Slain by Pelasgian men, that now his quenched light deplore.
 illi me comitem et consanguinitate propinquum
 Fellow to him, and nigh akin, I went unto the war,
 pauper in arma pater primis huc misit ab annis.
 Sent by my needy father forth, e'en from my earliest years;

dum stabat regno incolumis regumque uigebat
 Now while he reigned in health, a king fair blooming mid his peers
 conciliis, et nos aliquod nomenque decusque
 In council of the kings, I too had share of name and worth.
 gessimus. inuidia postquam pellacis Vlixī 90
 But after he had gone his way from land of upper earth,
 (haud ignota loquor) superis concessit ab oris,
 Thrust down by sly Ulysses' hate, (I tell all men's belief),
 adflictus uitam in tenebris luctuque trahebam
 Then beaten down I dragged my life through shadowy ways of grief,
 et casum insontis mecum indignabar amici.
 And heavily I took the death of him my sackless friend,
 nec tacui demens et me, fors si qua tulisset,
 Nor held my peace, O fool! but vowed revenge if time should send
 si patrios umquam remeassem uictor ad Argos, 95
 A happy tide; if I should come to Argos any more,
 promisi ultorem et uerbis odia aspera moui.
 A victor then: so with my words I drew down hatred sore.
 hinc mihi prima mali labes, hinc semper Vlixes
 This was the first fleck of my ill; Ulysses ever now
 criminibus terrere nouis, hinc spargere uoces
 Would threaten with some new-found guilt, and mid the folk would
 sow
 in uulgum ambiguas et quaerere conscius arma.
 Dark sayings, and knowing what was toward, sought weapons new at
 need;
 nec requieuit enim, donec Calchante ministro — 100
 Nor wearied till with Calchas now to help him to the deed. —
 sed quid ego haec autem nequiquam ingrata reuoluo,
 — But why upturn these ugly things, or spin out time for nought?
 quidue moror? si omnis uno ordine habetis Achiuos,
 For if ye deem all Greekish men in one same mould are wrought:
 idque audire sat est, iamdudum sumite poenas:
 It is enough. Come make an end; Ulysses' hope fulfil!
 hoc Ithacus uelit et magno mercentur Atridae.'
 With great price would the Atridae buy such working of their will.'
 Tum uero ardemus scitari et quaerere causas, 105

Then verily to know the thing and reach it deep we burned,
ignari scelerum tantorum artisque Pelasgae.
So little in Pelasgian guile and evil were we learned.
prosequitur pauitans et ficto pectore fatur:
He takes the tale up; fluttering-voiced from lying heart he speaks:
‘Saepe fugam Danai Troia cupiere relictā
‘The longing to be gone from Troy fell oft upon the Greeks,
moliri et longo fessi discedere bello;
And oft they fain had turned their backs on war without an end,
fecissentque utinam! saepe illos aspera ponti 110
(I would they had), and oft as they were e’en at point to wend
interclusit hiems et terruit Auster euntis.
A tempest would forbid the sea, or southern gale would scare,
praecipue cum iam hic trabibus contextus acernis
And chiefly when with maple-beams this horse that standeth here
staret equus, toto sonuerunt aethere nimbi.
They fashioned, mighty din of storm did all the heavens fulfil.
suspensi Eurypylum scitatum oracula Phoebi
So held aback, Eurypylus we sent to learn the will
mittimus, isque adytis haec tristia dicta reportat: 115
Of Phoebus: from the shrine he brought such heavy words as these:
“sanguine placastis uentos et uirgine caesa,
With blood and with a virgin’s death did ye the winds appease
cum primum Iliacas, Danai, uenistis ad oras;
When first ye came, O Danaan folk, unto the Ilian shore;
sanguine quaerendi reditus animaque litandum
With blood and with an Argive soul the Gods shall ye adore
Argolica.” uulgi quae uox ut uenit ad auris,
For your return. ‘Now when that word men’s ears had gone about
obstipuerunt animi gelidusque per ima cucurrit 120
Their hearts stood still, and tremors cold took all their bones for
doubt
ossa tremor, cui fata parent, quem poscat Apollo.
What man the Fates had doomed thereto, what man Apollo would.
hic Ithacus uatem magno Calchanta tumultu
Amidst us then the Ithacan drags in with clamour rude
protrahit in medios; quae sint ea numina diuum

Calchas the seer, and wearieth him the Gods' will to declare.

flagitat. et mihi iam multi crudele caneant

Of that craftsman's cruel guile had many bade beware

artificis scelus, et taciti uentura uidebant. 125

In words, and many silently foresaw the coming death.

bis quinos silet ille dies tectusque recusat

Twice five days Calchas holdeth peace and, hidden, gainsayeth

prodere uoce sua quemquam aut opponere morti.

To speak the word that any man to very death should cast,

uix tandem, magnis Ithaci clamoribus actus,

Till hardly, by Ulysses' noise sore driven, at the last

composito rumpit uocem et me destinat arae.

He brake out with the speech agreed, and on me laid the doom;

adsensere omnes et, quae sibi quisque timebat, 130

All cried assent, and what each man feared on himself might come,

unius in miseri exitium conuersa tulere.

'Gainst one poor wretch's end of days with ready hands they bear.

iamque dies infanda aderat; mihi sacra parari

Now came the evil day; for me the rites do men prepare,

et salsae fruges et circum tempora uittae.

The salted cakes, the holy strings to do my brows about.

eripui, fateor, leto me et uincula rupi,

I needs must say I brake my bonds, from Death's house gat me out,

limosoque lacu per noctem obscurus in ulua 135

And night-long lay amid the sedge by muddy marish side

delitui dum uela darent, si forte dedissent.

Till they spread sail, if they perchance should win their sailing tide.

nec mihi iam patriam antiquam spes ulla uidendi

Nor have I hope to see again my fatherland of old;

nec dulcis natos exoptatumque parentem,

My longed-for father and sweet sons I never shall behold;

quos illi fors et poenas ob nostra reposcent

On whom the guilt of me who fled may happen men will lay,

effugia, et culpam hanc miserorum morte piabunt. 140

And with their death for my default the hapless ones shall pay.

quod te per superos et conscia numina ueri,

But by the might of very God, all sooth that knoweth well,

per si qua est quae restet adhuc mortalibus usquam
 By all the unstained faith that yet mid mortal men doth dwell,
 intemerata fides, oro, miserere laborum
 If aught be left, I pray you now to pity such distress!
 tantorum, miserere animi non digna ferentis.
 Pity a heart by troubles tried beyond its worthiness!
 His lacrimis uitam damus et miserescimus ultro. 145
 His weeping won his life of us, and pity thereunto,
 ipse uiro primus manicas atque arta leuari
 And Priam was the first who bade his irons to undo,
 uincla iubet Priamus dictisque ita fatur amicis:
 And hand-bonds, and in friendly words unto the man he speaks:
 ‘quisquis es, amissos hinc iam obliuiscere Graios
 ‘Whoso thou art, henceforward now forget thy missing Greeks;
 (noster eris) mihi quae haec edissere uera roganti:
 Thou shalt be ours: but learn me now, who fain the sooth would wot,
 quo molem hanc immanis equi statuere? quis auctor? 150
 Wherefore they built this world of horse, what craftsman him begot,
 quidue petunt? quae religio? aut quae machina belli?’
 And what to do? What gift for Gods; what gin of war is he?’
 dixerat. ille dolis instructus et arte Pelasga
 He spake. The other, wise in guile and Greekish treachery,
 sustulit exutas uinclis ad sidera palmas:
 Both palms of his from bonds new-freed raised toward the stars
 above,
 ‘uos, aeterni ignes, et non uiolabile uestrum
 And, ‘O eternal fires!’ he cried, ‘O might that none may move,
 testor numen,’ ait, ‘uos arae ensesque nefandi, 155
 Bear witness now! ye altar-stones, ye wicked swords I fled,
 quos fugi, uitaeque deum, quas hostia gessi:
 Ye holy fillets of the Gods bound round my fore-doomed head,
 fas mihi Graiorum sacrata resolvere iura,
 That I all hallowed Greekish rites may break and do aright,
 fas odisse uiros atque omnia ferre sub auras,
 That I may hate the men and bring all hidden things to light
 si qua tegunt, teneor patriae nec legibus ullis.
 If aught lie hid; nor am I held by laws my country gave!

tu modo promissis maneat seruataque serues 160

But thou, O Troy, abide by troth, and well thy saviour save,
Troia fidem, si uera feram, si magna rependam.

If truth I bear thee, if great things for great I pay thee o'er!
omnis spes Danaum et coepti fiducia belli

'All hope the Danaans had, all trust for speeding on the war
Palladis auxiliis semper stetit. impius ex quo

On Pallas' aid was ever set: yet came a day no less

Tydidēs sed enim scelerumque inuentor Vlixēs,

When godless Diomed and he, well-spring of wickedness,
fatale adgressi sacrato auellere templo 165

Ulysses, brake the holy place that they by stealth might gain
Palladium caesis summae custodibus arcis,

The fate-fulfilled Palladium, when, all the burg-guards slain,
corripuere sacram effigiem manibusque cruentis

They caught the holy image up, and durst their bloody hands
uirgineas ausi diuiae contingere uittas,

Lay on the awful Goddess there and touch her holy bands:
ex illo fluere ac retro sublapsa referri

The flood-tide of the Danaan hope ebbed from that very day;
spes Danaum, fractae uires, auersa deae mens. 170

Might failed them, and the Goddess-maid turned all her heart away:
nec dubiis ea signa dedit Tritonia monstis.

Token whereof Tritonia gave by portent none might doubt:
uix positum castris simulacrum: arsere coruscae

Scarce was the image set in camp when suddenly flashed out
luminibus flammae arrectis, salsusque per artus

Fierce fire from staring eyes of her, and salt sweat oozed and fell
sudor iit, terque ipsa solo (mirabile dictu)

O'er all her limbs, and she from earth, O wonderful to tell!
emicuit parmamque ferens hastamque tementem. 175

Leapt thrice, still holding in her hand the quivering spear and shield:
extemplo temptanda fuga canit aequora Calchas,

Then Calchas bade us turn to flight across the wavy field,
nec posse Argolicis exscindi Pergama telis

Singing how ruin of Pergamos the Argive steel shall lack,
omina ni repetant Argis numenque reducant

Till Argos give the signs again, and we the God bring back
 quod pelago et curuis secum auexere carinis.
 In hollow of the curved keel across the tumbling main.
 et nunc quod patrias uento petiere Mycenae, ¹⁸⁰
 And this is why they sought their home, Mycenæ's land, again,
 arma deosque parant comites pelagoque remenso
 And there they dight them arms and God, and presently unwares
 improuisi aderunt; ita digerit omina Calchas.
 Will be on you across the sea — Calchas such doom declares.
 hanc pro Palladio moniti, pro numine laeso
 So warned hereby for Godhead's hurt, in stolen Palladium's stead,
 effigiem statuere, nefas quae triste piaret.
 Atonement for their heavy guilt, this horse they fashionèd.
 hanc tamen immensam Calchas attollere molem ¹⁸⁵
 But him indeed did Calchas bid to pile so mountain-high
 roboribus textis caeloque educere iussit,
 With such a might of mingled beams, and lead up to the sky,
 ne recipi portis aut duci in moenia posset,
 Lest it within the gates should come, or mid the walls, and lest
 neu populum antiqua sub religione tueri.
 Beneath their ancient Pallas-faith the people safe should rest.
 nam si uestra manus uiolasset dona Mineruae,
 For if upon Minerva's gift ye lay a godless hand,
 tum magnum exitium (quod di prius omen in ipsum ¹⁹⁰
 Then mighty ruin (and would to God before his face might stand
 conuertant!) Priami imperio Phrygibusque futurum;
 That ruin instead) on Priam's might, and Phrygian folk shall fall.
 sin manibus uestris uestram ascendisset in urbem,
 But if your hands shall lead it up within the city wall,
 ultro Asiam magno Pelopea ad moenia bello
 Then Asia, free and willing it, to Pelops' house shall come
 uenturam, et nostros ea fata manere nepotes.'
 With mighty war; and that same fate our sons shall follow home.'
 Talibus insidiis periurique arte Sinon ¹⁹⁵
 Caught by such snares and crafty guile of Sinon the forsworn,
 credita res, captique dolis lacrimisque coactis
 By lies and lies, and tears forced forth there were we overborne;

quos neque Tydides nec Larisaeus Achilles,
We, whom Tydides might not tame, nor Larissæan king
non anni domuere decem, non mille carinae.
Achilles; nor the thousand ships, and ten years' wearying.
Hic aliud maius miseris multoque tremendum
But now another, greater hap, a very birth of fear,
obicitur magis atque improuida pectora turbat. 200
Was thrust before us wretched ones, our sightless hearts to stir.
Laocoon, ductus Neptuno sorte sacerdos,
Laocoon, chosen out by lot for mighty Neptune's priest,
sollemnis taurum ingentem mactabat ad aras.
Would sacrifice a mighty bull at altars of the feast;
ecce autem gemini a Tenedo tranquilla per alta
When lo, away from Tenedos, o'er quiet of the main
(horresco referens) immensis orbibus angues
(I tremble in the tale) we see huge coils of serpents twain
incumbunt pelago pariterque ad litora tendunt; 205
Breasting the sea, and side by side swift making for the shore;
pectora quorum inter fluctus arrecta iubaeque
Whose fronts amid the flood were strained, and high their crests
upbore
sanguineae superant undas, pars cetera pontum
Blood-red above the waves, the rest swept o'er the sea behind,
pone legit sinuatque immensa uolumine terga.
And all the unmeasured backs of them coil upon coil they wind,
fit sonitus spumante salo; iamque arua tenebant
While sends the sea great sound of foam. And now the meads they
gained,
ardentisque oculos suffecti sanguine et igni 210
The burning eyes with flecks of blood and streaks of fire are stained,
sibila lambebant linguis uibrantibus ora.
Their mouths with hisses all fulfilled are licked by flickering tongue.
diffugimus uisu exsanguis. illi agmine certo
Bloodless we flee the sight, but they fare steadfastly along
Laocoonta petunt; et primum parua duorum
Unto Laocoon; and first each serpent round doth reach
corpora natorum serpens amplexus uterque

One little body of his sons, and knitting each to each,
 implicat et miseros morsu depascitur artus; 215
 And winding round and round about, the unhappy body gnaws:
 post ipsum auxilio subeuntem ac tela ferentem
 And then himself, as sword in hand anigh for help he draws,
 corripiunt spirisque ligant ingentibus; et iam
 They seize and bind about in coils most huge, and presently
 bis medium amplexi, bis collo squamea circum
 Are folded twice about his midst, twice round his neck they tie
 terga dati superant capite et ceruicibus altis.
 Their scaly backs, and hang above with head and toppling mane,
 ille simul manibus tendit diuellere nodos 220
 While he both striveth with his hands to rend their folds atwain,
 perfusus sanie uittas atroque ueneno,
 His fillets covered o'er with blood and venom black and fell,
 clamores simul horrendos ad sidera tollit:
 And starward sendeth forth withal a cry most horrible,
 qualis mugitus, fugit cum saucius aram
 The roaring of a wounded bull who flees the altar-horn
 taurus et incertam excussit ceruice securim.
 And shaketh from his crest away the axe unhandy borne.
 at gemini lapsu delubra ad summa dracones 225
 But fleeing to the shrines on high do those two serpents glide,
 effugiunt saeuaeque petunt Tritonidis arcem,
 And reach the hard Tritonia's house, and therewithin they hide
 sub pedibusque deae clipeique sub orbe teguntur.
 Beneath the Goddess' very feet and orbèd shield of dread;
 tum uero tremefacta nouus per pectora cunctis
 Then through our quaking hearts indeed afresh the terror spread,
 insinuat paupor, et scelus expendisse merentem
 And all men say Laocoon hath paid but worthily
 Laocoonta ferunt, sacrum qui cuspidè robur 230
 For guilt of his, and hurt of steel upon the holy tree,
 laeserit et tergo sceleratam intorserit hastam.
 When that unhappy wicked spear against its flank he threw.
 ducendum ad sedes simulacrum orandaque diuæ
 They cry to lead the image on to holy house and due,

numina conclamant.

And Pallas' godhead to adore.

diuidimus muros et moenia pandimus urbis.

We break adown our rampart walls and bare the very town:

accingunt omnes operi pedibusque rotarum 235

All gird themselves unto the work, set wheels that it may glide
subiciunt lapsus, et stuppea uincula collo

Beneath his feet, about his neck the hempen bond is tied
intendunt; scandit fatalis machina muros

To warp it on: up o'er the walls so climbs the fateful thing
feta armis. pueri circum innuptaeque puellae

Fruitful of arms; and boys about and unwed maidens sing
sacra canunt funemque manu contingere gaudent;

The holy songs, and deem it joy hand on the ropes to lay.
illa subit mediaeque minans inlabitur urbi. 240

It enters; through the city's midst it wends its evil way.

o patria, o diuum domus Ilium et incluta bello

O land! O Ilium, house of Gods! O glorious walls of war!

moenia Dardanidum! quater ipso in limine portae

Dardan walls! — four times amidst the threshold of our door
substitit atque utero sonitum quater arma dedere;

It stood: four times with sound of arms the belly of it rung;
instamus tamen immemores caecique furore

But heedless, maddened hearts and blind, hard on the ropes we hung,
et monstrum infelix sacrata sistimus arce. 245

Nor but amidst the holy burg the monster's feet we stay.

tunc etiam fatis aperit Cassandra futuris

And then Cassandra oped her mouth to tell the fateful day, —
ora dei iussu non umquam credita Teucris.

Her mouth that by the Gods' own doom the Teucrians ne'er might
trow.

nos delubra deum miseri, quibus ultimus esset

Then on this day that was our last we bear the joyous bough,
ille dies, festa uelamus fronde per urbem.

Poor wretches! through the town to deck each godhead's holy place.
Vertitur interea caelum et ruit Oceano nox 250

Meanwhile the heavens are faring round, night falls on ocean's face,

inuoluens umbra magna terramque polumque
Enwrapping in her mighty shade all earthly things and sky,
Myrmidonumque dolos; fusi per moenia Teucri
And all the guile of Myrmidons: silent the Teucrians lie
conticuere; sopor fessos complectitur artus.
Through all the town, and Sleep her arms o'er wearied bodies slips.
et iam Argiua phalanx instructis nauibus ibat
And now the Argive host comes forth upon its ordered ships
a Tenedo tacitae per amica silentia lunae 255
From Tenedos, all hushed amid the kind moon's silent ways,
litora nota petens, flammas cum regia puppis
Seeking the well-known strand, when forth there breaks the bale-
fire's blaze
extulerat, fatisque deum defensus iniquis
On the king's deck: and Sinon, kept by Gods' unequal fate,
inclusos utero Danaos et pinea furtim
For Danaans hid in horse's womb undoes the piny gate
laxat claustra Sinon. illos patefactus ad auras
In stealthy wise: them now the horse, laid open to the air,
reddit equus laetique cauo se robore promunt 260
Gives forth again, and glad from out the hollow wood they fare;
Thessandrus Sthenelusque duces et dirus Vlixes,
Thessandrus, Sthenelus, the dukes, and dire Ulysses pass;
demissum lapsi per funem, Acamasque Thoasque
Slipped down along a hanging rope, Thoas and Acamas,
Pelidesque Neoptolemus primusque Machaon
Peleian Neoptolemus, and Machaon the first,
et Menelaus et ipse doli fabricator Epeos.
And Menelaüs, and the man who forged the guile accursed,
inuadunt urbem somno uinoque sepultam; 265
Epeos. Through the city sunk in sleep and wine they break,
caeduntur uigiles, portisque patentibus omnis
Slain are the guards, at gates all oped their fellows in they take,
accipiunt socios atque agmina conscia iungunt.
Till all their bands confederate are met at last in one.
Tempus erat quo prima quies mortalibus aegris
It was the time when that first peace of sick men hath begun,

incipit et dono diuum gratissima serpit.

By very gift of God o'er all in sweetest wise to creep,
in somnis, ecce, ante oculos maestissimus Hector 270

When Hector comes before mine eyes amid the dreams of sleep,
uisus adesse mihi largosque effundere fletus,

Most sorrowful to see he was, and weeping plenteous flood,
raptatus bigis ut quondam, aterque cruento

And e'en as torn behind the car, black with the dust and blood,
puluere perque pedes traiectus lora tumentis.

His feet all swollen with the thong that pierced them through and
through.

ei mihi, qualis erat, quantum mutatus ab illo

Woe worth the while for what he was! How changed from him we
knew!

Hectore qui redit exuuias indutus Achilli 275

The Hector come from out the fight in arms Achilles lost,

uel Danaum Phrygios iaculatus puppibus ignis!

The Hector that on Danaan decks the Phrygian firebrands tost.

squalentem barbam et concretos sanguine crinis

Foul was his beard, and all his hair was matted up with gore,

uulneraque illa gerens, quae circum plurima muros

And on his body were the wounds, the many wounds he bore

accepit patrios. ultro flens ipse uidebar

Around his Troy. I seemed in sleep, I weeping e'en as he,

compellare uirum et maestas expromere uoces: 280

To speak unto the hero first in voice of misery:

'o lux Dardaniae, spes o fidissima Teucrum,

'O Light of Troy, most faithful hope of all the Teucrian men,

quae tantae tenuere morae? quibus Hector ab oris

What stay hath held thee back so long? from what shore com'st thou
then,

exspectate uenis? ut te post multa tuorum

Long-looked-for Hector? that at last, so many died away,

funera, post uarios hominumque urbisque labores

Such toil of city, toil of men, we see thy face today,

defessi aspiciamus! quae causa indigna serenosis 285

We so forewearied? What hath fouled in such an evil wise

foedauit uultus? aut cur haec uulnera cerno?’

Thy cheerful face? what mean these hurts thou showest to mine eyes?’

ille nihil, nec me quaerentem uana moratur,

Nought: nor my questions void and vain one moment turned his speech;

sed grauitur gemitus imo de pectore ducens,

Who from the inmost of his heart a heavy groan did reach:

‘heu fuge, nate dea, teque his’ ait ‘eripe flammis.

‘O Goddess-born, flee forth,’ he said, ‘and snatch thee from the fire!

hostis habet muros; ruit alto a culmine Troia. 290

The foeman hath the walls, and Troy is down from topmost spire.

sat patriae Priamoque datum: si Pergama dextra

For Priam and for country now enough. If any hand

defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent.

Might have kept Pergamos, held up by mine it yet should stand.

sacra suosque tibi commendat Troia penatis;

Her holy things and household gods Troy gives in charge to thee;

hos cape fatorum comites, his moenia quaere

Take these as fellows of thy fate: go forth the walls to see,

magna pererrato statues quae denique ponto.’ 295

The great walls thou shalt build, when thou the sea hast wandered o’er.’

sic ait et manibus uittas Vestamque potentem

He spake, and from the inner shrine forth in his hands he bore

aeternumque adytis effert penetralibus ignem.

Great Vesta, and the holy bands, and fire that never dies.

Diuerso interea miscentur moenia luctu,

Meanwhile the city’s turmoiled woe was wrought in diverse wise,

et magis atque magis, quamquam secreta parentis

And though my father’s house aback apart from all was set,

Anchisae domus arboribusque oblecta recessit, 300

And hedged about with many trees, clearer and clearer yet

clarescunt sonitus armorumque ingruit horror.

The sounds grew on us, ever swelled the weapons’ dread and din.

excutor somno et summi fastigia tecti

I shake off sleep and forthwithal climb up aloft and win

ascensu supero atque arrectis auribus asto:
 To topmost roof: with ears pricked up I stand to hearken all.
 in segetem ueluti cum flamma furentibus Austris
 As when before the furious South the driven flame doth fall
 incidit, aut rapidus montano flumine torrens 305
 Among the corn: or like as when the hill-flood rolls in haste
 sternit agros, sternit sata laeta boumque labores
 To waste the fields and acres glad, the oxen's toil to waste,
 praecipitisque trahit siluas; stupet inscius alto
 Tearing the headlong woods along, while high upon a stone
 accipiens sonitum saxi de uertice pastor.
 The unready shepherd stands amazed, and hears the sound come on.
 tum uero manifesta fides, Danaumque patescunt
 Then was their faith made manifest, then Danaan guile lay bare;
 insidiae. iam Deiphobi dedit ampla ruinam 310
 Deïphobus' wide house e'en now, o'ertopped by Vulcan's flare,
 Volcano superante domus, iam proximus ardet
 Shows forth its fall; Ucalegon's is burning by its side:
 Vcalegon; Sigea igni freta lata relucet.
 The narrow seas Sigæum guards gleam litten far and wide.
 exoritur clamorque uirum clangorque tubarum.
 The shout of men ariseth now, and blaring of the horn,
 arma amens capio; nec sat rationis in armis,
 And mad, I catch my weapons up though idly they be borne;
 sed glomerare manum bello et concurrere in arcem 315
 But burned my heart to gather folk for battle, and set forth
 cum sociis ardent animi; furor iraque mentem
 Upon the burg in fellowship; for fury and great wrath
 praecipitat, pulchrumque mori succurrit in armis.
 Thrust on my heart: to die in arms, it seemed a good reward.
 Ecce autem telis Panthus elapsus Achium,
 But lo, now Panthus newly slipped from 'neath the Achean sword,
 Panthus Othryades, arcis Phoebique sacerdos,
 Panthus the son of Othrys, priest of Phoebus' house on high;
 sacra manu uictosque deos paruumque nepotem 320
 His holy things and vanquished Gods, his little lad thereby
 ipse trahit cursuque amens ad limina tendit.

He drags, and as a madman runs, to gain our doorway set.
'quo res summa loco, Panthu? quam prendimus arcem?'
'Panthus, how fares it at the worst? what stronghold keep we yet?'
uix ea fatus eram gemitu cum talia reddit:
Scarce had I said, when from his mouth a groan and answer fares:
'uenit summa dies et ineluctabile tempus
'Troy's latest day has come on us, a tide no struggling wears:
Dardaniae. fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium et ingens 325
Time was, the Trojans were; time was, and Ilium stood; time was,
gloria Teucrorum; feros omnia Iuppiter Argos
And glory of the Teucrian folk! Jove biddeth all to pass
transtulit; incensa Danaï dominantur in urbe.
To Argos now: in Troy afire the Danaans now are lords;
arduus armatos mediis in moenibus astans
The horse high set amidst the town pours forth a flood of swords,
fundit equus uictorque Sinon incendia miscet
And Sinon, of the victors now, the flame is driving home
insultans. portis alii bipatentibus adsunt, 330
High mocking: by the open gates another sort is come,
milia quot magnis umquam uenere Mycenis;
As many thousands as ere flocked from great Mycenæ yet:
obsedere alii telis angusta uiarum
Others with weapons ready dight the narrow ways beset,
oppositis; stat ferri acies mucrone corusco
And ban all passage; point and edge are glittering drawn and bare
stricta, parata neci; uix primi proelia temptant
Ready for death: and scarcely now the first few gatewards dare
portarum uigiles et caeco Marte resistunt.' 335
The battle, and blind game of Mars a little while debate.'
talibus Othryadae dictis et numine diuum
Spurred by such speech of Othrys' son, and force of godhead great,
in flammis et in arma feror, quo tristis Erinys,
Mid fire and steel I follow on as grim Erinnys shows,
quo fremitus uocat et sublatus ad aethera clamor.
Where call the cries, where calls the shout that ever heavenward
goes,
addunt se socios Rhipeus et maximus armis

Rhipheus therewith, and Epytus the mighty under shield,
 Epytus, oblatus per lunam, Hypanisque Dymasque 340
 Dymas and Hypanis withal their fellowship now yield;
 et lateri adglomerant nostro, iuuenisque Coroebus
 Met by the moon they join my side with young Coroebus; he
 Mygdonides — illis ad Troiam forte diebus
 The son of Mygdon, at that tide in Troy-town chanced to be;
 uenerat insano Cassandrae incensus amore
 Drawn thither by Cassandra's love that burned within his heart.
 et gener auxilium Priamo Phrygibusque ferebat,
 So he to Priam service gave, and helped the Phrygian part:
 infelix qui non sponsae praecepta furentis 345
 Unhappy! that the warning word of his God-maddened love
 audierit!
 He might not hearken on that day.
 quos ubi confertos ardere in proelia uidi,
 Now when I see them gathered so to dare the battle's pain,
 incipio super his: 'iuuenes, fortissima frustra
 Thus I begin: 'O fellows fair, O hardy hearts in vain!
 pectora, si uobis audentem extrema cupido
 If now ye long to follow me who dares the utterance
 certa sequi, quae sit rebus fortuna uidetis: 350
 And certain end, ye see indeed what wise our matters chance.
 excessere omnes adytis arisque relictis
 The Gods, who in the other days our lordship mighty made,
 di quibus imperium hoc steterat; succurritis urbi
 Are gone from altar and from shrine: a town of flames ye aid.
 incensae. moriamur et in media arma ruamus.
 Fall on a very midst the fire and die in press of war!
 una salus uictis nullam sperare salutem.'
 One hope there is for vanquished men, to cherish hope no more.'
 sic animis iuuenum furor additus. inde, lupi ceu 355
 Therewith the fury of their minds I feed, and thence away,
 raptos atra in nebula, quos improba uentris
 As ravening wolves by night and cloud their bellies' lust obey,
 exegit caecos rabies catulique relictis
 That bitter-sharp is driving on, the while their whelps at home

faucibus expectant siccis, per tela, per hostis
 Dry-jawed await them, so by steel, by crowd of foes we come
 uadimus haud dubiam in mortem mediaeque tenemus
 Into the very death; we hold the city's midmost street,
 urbis iter; nox atra caua circumuolat umbra. 360
 Black night-tide's wings with hollow shade about our goings meet.
 quis cladem illius noctis, quis funera fando
 O ruin and death of that ill night, what tongue may set it forth!
 explicet aut possit lacrimis aequare labores?
 Or who may pay the debt of tears that agony was worth!
 urbs antiqua ruit multos dominata per annos;
 The ancient city overthrown, lord for so many a year,
 plurima perque uias sternuntur inertia passim
 The many bodies of the slain, that, moveless, everywhere
 corpora perque domos et religiosa deorum 365
 Lie in the street, in houses lie, lie round the holy doors
 limina. nec soli poenas dant sanguine Teucri;
 Of Gods. But not alone that night the blood of Teucrians pours,
 quondam etiam uictis redit in praecordia uirtus
 For whiles the valour comes again in vanquished hearts to bide,
 uictoresque cadunt Danaï. crudelis ubique
 And conquering Danaans fall and die: grim grief on every side,
 luctus, ubique pauor et plurima mortis imago.
 And fear on every side there is, and many-faced is death.
 Primus se Danaum magna comitante caterua 370
 Androgeus, whom a mighty band of Danaans followeth,
 Androgeos offert nobis, socia agmina credens
 First falleth on the road of us, and, deeming us to be
 inscius, atque ultro uerbis compellat amicus:
 His fellow-folk, in friendly words he speaketh presently:
 'festinate, uiri! nam quae tam sera moratur
 'Haste on, O men! what sloth is this delayeth so your ways?
 segnities? alii rapiunt incensa feruntque
 While others hand and haul away in Pergamos ablaze;
 Pergama: uos celsis nunc primum a nauibus itis?' 375
 What! fellows, from the lofty ships come ye but even now?'
 dixit, et extemplo (neque enim responsa dabantur

But with the word, no answer had wherein at all to trow,
 fida satis) sensit medios delapsus in hostis.
 He felt him fallen amid the foe, and taken in the snare;
 obstipuit retroque pedem cum uoce repressit.
 Then foot and voice aback he drew, and stood amazèd there,
 improuisum aspris ueluti qui sentibus anguem
 As one who through the thicket thrusts, and unawares doth tread
 pressit humi nitens trepidusque repente refugit 380
 Upon a snake, and starts aback with sudden rush of dread
 attollentem iras et caerulea colla tumentem,
 From gathering anger of the thing and swelling neck of blue:
 haud secus Androgeos uisu tremefactus abibat.
 So, quaking at the sight of us, Androgeus backward drew.
 inruimus densis et circumfundimur armis,
 But we fall on with serried arms and round their rout we crowd,
 ignarosque loci passim et formidine captos
 And fell them knowing nought the place, and with all terror cowed:
 sternimus; aspirat primo Fortuna labori. 385
 So sweet the breath of fortune was on our first handicraft.
 atque hic successu exsultans animisque Coroebus
 But with good-hap and hardihood Coroebus' spirit laughed;
 'o socii, qua prima' inquit 'Fortuna salutis
 'Come, fellows, follow up,' he cries, 'the way that fortune shows
 monstrat iter, quaque ostendit se dextra, sequamur:
 This first of times, and where belike a little kind she grows.
 mutemus clipeos Danaumque insignia nobis
 Change we our shields, and do on us the tokens of the Greeks;
 aptemus. dolus an uirtus, quis in hoste requirat? 390
 Whether with fraud or force he play what man of foeman seeks,
 arma dabunt ipsi.' sic fatus deinde comantem
 Yea, these themselves shall give us arms.' He spake, and forth did
 bear
 Androgei galeam clipeique insigne decorum
 Androgeus' high-crested helm and shield emblazoned fair,
 induitur laterique Argiium accommodat ensem.
 And did it on, and Argive sword he girt unto his thigh:
 hoc Rhipeus, hoc ipse Dymas omnisque iuuentus

So Rhipeus did, and Dymas did, and all did joyously,
laeta facit: spoliis se quisque recentibus armat. 395

And each man wholly armed himself with plunder newly won.
uadimus immixti Danais haud numine nostro

Then mingled with the Greeks we fare, and no God helps us on,
multaque per caecam congressi proelia noctem

And many a battle there we join amid the eyeless night,
conserimus, multos Danaum demittimus Orco.

And many a Danaan send adown to Orcus from the light:
diffugiunt alii ad nauis et litora cursu

Some fled away unto the ships, some to the safe sea-shore,
fida petunt; pars ingentem formidine turpi 400

Or smitten with the coward's dread climbed the great horse once
more

scandunt rursus equum et nota conduntur in aluo.

And there they lie all close within the well-known womb of wood.

Heu nihil inuitis fas quemquam fidere diuis!

Alas! what skills it man to trust in Gods compelled to good?

ecce trahebatur passis Priameia uirgo

For lo, Cassandra, Priam's maid, with hair cast all about,

crinibus a templo Cassandra adytisque Mineruae

From Pallas' house and innermost of holy place dragged out,

ad caelum tendens ardentia lumina frustra, 405

And straining with her burning eyes in vain to heaven aloft;

lumina, nam teneras arcebant uincula palmas.

Her eyes, for they in bonds had bound her tender palms and soft.

non tulit hanc speciem furiata mente Coroebus

Nought bore Coroebus' maddened mind to see that show go by,

et sese medium iniecit periturus in agmen;

And in the middle of their host he flung himself to die,

consequimur cuncti et densis incurrimus armis.

And all we follow and fall on with points together set.

hic primum ex alto delubri culmine telis 410

And first from that high temple-top great overthrow we get

nostrorum obruimur oriturque miserrima caedes

From weapons of our friends, and thence doth hapless death arise

armorum facie et Graiarum errore iubarum.

From error of the Greekish crests and armour's Greekish guise;
 tum Danai gemitu atque ereptae uirginis ira
 Then crying out for taken maid, fulfilled thereat with wrath,
 undique collecti inuadunt, acerrimus Ajax
 The gathered Greeks fall in on us: comes keenest Ajax forth;
 et gemini Atridae Dolopumque exercitus omnis: 415
 The sons of Atreus, all the host of Dolopes are there: —
 aduersi rupto ceu quondam turbine uenti
 As whiles, the knit whirl broken up, the winds together bear
 confligunt, Zephyrusque Notusque et laetus Eois
 And strive, the West wind and the South, the East wind glad and free
 Eurus equis; stridunt siluae saeuitque tridenti
 With Eastland steeds; sore groan the woods; and Nereus stirs the sea
 spumeus atque imo Nereus ciet aequora fundo.
 From lowest deeps, and trident shakes, and foams upon the wave: —
 illi etiam, si quos obscura nocte per umbram 420
 They even to whom by night and cloud great overthrow we gave,
 fudimus insidiis totaque agitauimus urbe,
 Through craft of ours, and drave about through all the town that
 while,
 apparent; primi clipeos mentitaque tela
 Now show themselves, and know our shields and weapons worn for
 guile
 agnoscunt atque ora sono discordia signant.
 The first of all; our mouths unmeet for Greekish speech they tell
 ilicet obruimur numero, primusque Coroebus
 Then o'er us sweeps the multitude; and first Coroebus fell
 Penelei dextra diuae armipotentis ad aram 425
 By Peneleus before the Maid who ever in the fight
 procumbit; cadit et Rhipeus, iustissimus unus
 Prevaileth most; fell Rhipeus there, the heedfullest of right
 qui fuit in Teucris et seruantissimus aequi
 Of all among the Teucrian folk, the justest man of men;
 (dis aliter uisum); pereunt Hypanisque Dymasque
 The Gods deemed otherwise. Dymas and Hypanis died then,
 confixi a sociis; nec te tua plurima, Panthu,
 Shot through by friends, and not a whit availed to cover thee,

labentem pietas nec Apollinis infula textit. 430

O Panthus, thine Apollo's bands or plenteous piety.

Iliaci cineres et flamma extrema meorum,

Ashes of Ilium, ye last flames where my beloved ones burned,

testor, in occasu uestro nec tela nec ullas

Bear witness mid your overthrow my face was never turned

uitauisse uices, Danaum et, si fata fuissent

From Danaan steel and Danaan deed! if fate had willed it so

ut caderem, meruisse manu. diuellimur inde,

That I should fall, I earned my wage. Borne thence away, we go

Iphitus et Pelias mecum (quorum Iphitus aevo 435

Pelias and Iphitus and I; but Iphitus was spent

iam grauior, Pelias et uulnere tardus Vlixi),

By eld, and by Ulysses' hurt half halting Pelias went.

protinus ad sedes Priami clamore uocati.

So unto Priam's house we come, called by the clamour there,

hic uero ingentem pugnam, ceu cetera nusquam

Where such a mighty battle was as though none otherwhere

bella forent, nulli tota morerentur in urbe,

Yet burned: as though none others fell in all the town beside.

sic Martem indomitum Danaosque ad tecta ruentis 440

There all unbridled Mars we saw, the Danaans driving wide

cernimus obsessumque acta testudine limen.

Against the house; with shield-roofs' rush the doors thereof beset.

haerent parietibus scalae postisque sub ipsos

The ladders cling unto the walls, men by the door-posts get

nituntur gradibus clipeosque ad tela sinistris

Some foothold up; with shielded left they meet the weapons' rain,

protecti obiciunt, prensant fastigia dextris.

While on the battlements above grip with the right they gain.

Dardanidae contra turreis ac tota domorum 445

The Dardans on the other side pluck roof and pinnacle

culmina conuellunt; his se, quando ultima cernunt,

From off the house; with such-like shot they now, beholding well

extrema iam in morte parant defendere telis,

The end anigh, all death at hand, make ready for the play:

auratasque trabes, ueterum decora alta parentum,

And gilded beams, the pomp and joy of fathers passed away.
 deuoluunt; alii strictis mucronibus imas
 They roll adown, and other some with naked point and edge
 obsedere fores, has seruant agmine denso. 450
 The nether doorways of the place in close arrayment hedge.
 instaurati animi regis succurrere tectis
 Blazed up our hearts again to aid this palace of a king,
 auxilioque leuare uiros uimque addere uictis.
 To stead their toil, to vanquished men a little help to bring.
 Limen erat caecaeque fores et peruius usus
 A door there was, a secret pass into the common way
 tectorum inter se Priami, postesque relictis
 Of all King Priam's houses there, that at the backward lay
 a tergo, infelix qua se, dum regna manebant, 455
 As one goes by: in other days, while yet the lordship was,
 saepius Andromache ferre incommitata solebat
 Hapless Andromache thereby unto the twain would pass
 ad soceros et auo puerum Astyanacta trahebat.
 Alone, or leading to the king Astyanax her boy.
 euado ad summi fastigia culminis, unde
 And thereby now I gain the tower, whence wretched men of Troy
 tela manu miseri iactabant inrita Teucris.
 In helpless wise from out their hands were casting darts aloof.
 turrim in praecipiti stantem summisque sub astra 460
 There was a tower, a sheer height down, builded from highest roof
 eductam tectis, unde omnis Troia uideri
 Up toward the stars; whence we were wont on Troy to look adown,
 et Danaum solitae naues et Achaica castra,
 And thence away the Danaan ships, the Achæan tented town.
 aggressi ferro circum, qua summa labantis
 Against the highest stage hereof the steel about we bear,
 iuncturas tabulata dabant, conuellimus altis
 Just where the joints do somewhat give: this from its roots we tear,
 sedibus impulimusque; ea lapsa repente ruinam 465
 And heave it up and over wall, whose toppling at the last
 cum sonitu trahit et Danaum super agmina late
 Bears crash and ruin, and wide away the Danaans are down cast

incidit. ast alii subeunt, nec saxa nec ullum
Beneath its fall: but more come on: nor drift of stones doth lack,
telorum interea cessat genus.

Nor doth all kind of weapon-shot at any while grow slack.

Vestibulum ante ipsum primoque in limine Pyrrhus

Lo, Pyrrhus in the very porch forth to the door doth pass
exsultat telis et luce coruscus aena: 470

Exulting; bright with glittering points and flashing of the brass;
qualis ubi in lucem coluber mala gramina pastus,

— E'en as a snake to daylight come, on evil herbage fed,
frigida sub terra tumidum quem bruma tegebat,

Who, swollen, 'neath the chilly soil hath had his winter bed,
nunc, positus nouus exuuiis nitidusque iuuenta,

And now, his ancient armour doffed, and sleek with youth new
found,

lubrica conuoluit sublato pectore terga

With front upreared his slippery back he coileth o'er the ground
arduus ad solem, et linguis micat ore trisulcis. 475

Up 'neath the sun; his three-cleft tongue within his mouth gleams
clear: —

una ingens Periphas et equorum agitator Achillis,

And with him Periphas the huge, Achilles' charioteer,
armiger Automedon, una omnis Scyria pubes

Now shield-bearer Automedon and all the Scyrian host
succedunt tecto et flammas ad culmina iactant.

Closed on the walls and on the roof the blazing firebrands tost.

ipse inter primos correpta dura bipenni

Pyrrhus in forefront of them all catches a mighty bill,

limina perrumpit postisque a cardine uellit 480

Beats in the hardened door, and tears perforce from hinge and sill
aeratos; iamque excisa trabe firma cauauit

The brazen leaves; a beam hewn through, wide gaped the oak hard
knit

robora et ingentem lato dedit ore fenestram.

Into a great-mouthed window there, and through the midst of it
apparet domus intus et atria longa patescunt;

May men behold the inner house; the long halls open lie;

apparent Priami et ueterum penetralia regum,
 Bared is the heart of Priam's home, the place of kings gone by;
 armatosque uident stantis in limine primo. 485
 And close against the very door all armed men they see.
 at domus interior gemitu miseroque tumultu
 That inner house indeed was mazed with wail and misery,
 miscetur, penitusque cauae plangoribus aedes
 The inmost chambers of the place an echoing hubbub hold
 femineis ululant; ferit aurea sidera clamor.
 Of women's cries, whose clamour smites the far-off stars of gold,
 tum pauidae tectis matres ingentibus errant
 And through the house so mighty great the fearful mothers stray,
 amplexaeque tenent postis atque oscula figunt. 490
 And wind their arms about the doors, and kisses on them lay.
 instat ui patria Pyrrhus; nec claustra nec ipsi
 But Pyrrhus with his father's might comes on; no bolt avails,
 custodes sufferre ualent; labat ariete crebro
 No man against the might of him; the door all battered fails,
 ianua, et emoti procumbunt cardine postes.
 The door-leaves torn from off of hinge tumble and lie along:
 fit uia ui; rumpunt aditus primosque trucidant
 Might maketh road; through passage forced the entering Danaans
 throng,
 immissi Danai et late loca milite complent. 495
 And slay the first and fill the place with armour of their ranks.
 non sic, aggeribus ruptis cum spumeus amnis
 Nay nought so great is foaming flood that through its bursten banks
 exiit oppositasque euicit gurgite moles,
 Breaks forth, and beateth down the moles that 'gainst its going stand.
 fertur in arua furens cumulo camposque per omnis
 And falls a fierce heap on the plain, and over all the land
 cum stabulis armenta trahit. uidi ipse furentem
 Drags off the herds and herd-houses. There saw I Pyrrhus wild
 caede Neoptolemum geminosque in limine Atridas, 500
 With death of men amidst the door, and either Atreus' child;
 uidi Hecubam centumque nurus Priamumque per aras
 And Hecuba and hundred wives her sons wed saw I there,

sanguine foedantem quos ipse sacrauerat ignis.
 And Priam fouling with his blood the very altars fair
 quinquaginta illi thalami, spes tanta nepotum,
 Whose fires he hallowed: fifty beds the hope of house to be,
 barbarico postes auro spoliisque superbi
 The doorways proud with outland gold and war-got bravery
 procubuere; tenent Danai qua deficit ignis. 505
 Sunk into ash; where fire hath failed the Danaans are enow.
 Forsitan et Priami fuerint quae fata requiras.
 Belike what fate on Priam fell thou askest me to show:
 urbis uti captae casum conuulsaque uidit
 For when he saw the city lost, and his own house-door stormed,
 limina tectorum et medium in penetralibus hostem,
 And how in bowels of his house the host of foemen swarmed,
 arma diu senior desueta trementibus aevo
 The ancient man in vain does on the arms long useless laid
 circumdat nequiquam umeris et inutile ferrum 510
 About his quaking back of eld, and girds himself with blade
 cingitur, ac densos fertur moriturus in hostis.
 Of no avail, and fareth forth amid the press to die.
 aedibus in mediis nudoque sub aetheris axe
 A very midmost of the courts beneath the naked sky
 ingens ara fuit iuxtaque ueterrima laurus
 A mighty altar stood: anear a bay exceeding old,
 incumbens arae atque umbra complexa penatis.
 The altar and the Gods thereof did all in shadow hold;
 hic Hecuba et natae nequiquam altaria circum, 515
 And round about that altar-stead sat Hecuba the queen,
 praecipites atra ceu tempestate columbae,
 And many daughters: e'en as doves all huddled up are seen
 condensae et diuum amplexae simulacra sedebant.
 'Neath the black storm they cling about the dear God's images.
 ipsum autem sumptis Priamum iuuenalibus armis
 But when in arms of early days King Priam now she sees,
 ut uidit, 'quae mens tam dira, miserrime coniunx,
 She crieth: 'O unhappy spouse! what evil heart hast thou,
 impulit his cingi telis? aut quo ruis?' inquit. 520

With weapons thus to gird thyself, or whither wilt thou now?
 'non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis
 Today availeth no such help, and no such warder's stay
 tempus eget; non, si ipse meus nunc adforet Hector.
 May better aught; not even were my Hector here today.
 huc tandem concede; haec ara tuebitur omnis,
 But come thou hither unto me; this altar all shall save,
 aut moriere simul.' sic ore effata recepit
 Or we shall die together here!' Her arms about she gave
 ad sese et sacra longaeuum in sede locauit. 525
 And took him, and the elder set adown in holy stead.
 Ecce autem elapsus Pyrrhi de caede Polites,
 But lo! now one of Priam's sons, Polites, having fled
 unus natorum Priami, per tela, per hostis
 From Pyrrhus' murder through the swords and through the foeman's
 throng,
 porticibus longis fugit et uacua atria lustrat
 Runs wounded through the empty hall from out the cloister long,
 saucius. illum ardens infesto uulnere Pyrrhus
 And burning Pyrrhus, hard at heel, the deadly hurt doth bear,
 insequitur, iam iamque manu tenet et premit hasta. 530
 And grip of hand is on him now, and now the point of spear.
 ut tandem ante oculos euasit et ora parentum,
 But as he rushed before their eyes, his parents' face beneath
 concidit ac multo uitam cum sanguine fudit.
 He fell, and with most plenteous blood shed forth his latest breath;
 hic Priamus, quamquam in media iam morte tenetur,
 Then Priam, howsoever nigh the very death might grip,
 non tamen abstinuit nec uoci iraeque pepercit:
 Refrained him nothing at the sight, but voice and wrath let slip:
 'at tibi pro scelere,' exclamat, 'pro talibus ausis 535
 'Ah, for such wickedness,' he cried, 'for daring such a deed,
 di, si qua est caelo pietas quae talia curet,
 If aught abide in heaven as yet such things as this to heed,
 persoluant grates dignas et praemia reddant
 May the Gods give thee worthy thanks, and pay thee well-earned
 prize,

debita, qui nati coram me cernere letum
 That thou hast set the death of sons before my father's eyes,
 fecisti et patrios foedasti funere uultus.
 That thou thy murder's fouling thus in father's face hast flung.
 at non ille, satum quo te mentiris, Achilles 540
 Not he, Achilles, whence indeed thou liar hast never sprung,
 talis in hoste fuit Priamo; sed iura fidemque
 Was such a foe to Priam erst; for shamfast meed he gave
 supplicis erubuit corpusque exsanguie sepulcro
 To law and troth of suppliant men, and rendered to the grave
 reddidit Hectoreum meque in mea regna remisit.
 The bloodless Hector dead, and me sent to mine own again.
 sic fatus senior telumque imbelle sine ictu
 So spake the elder, and cast forth a toothless spear and vain,
 coniecit, rauco quod protinus aere repulsum, 545
 That forthwith from the griding brass was put aback all spent,
 et summo clipei nequiquam umbone pependit.
 And from the shield-boss' outer skin hung down, for nothing sent.
 cui Pyrrhus: 'referes ergo haec et nuntius ibis
 Then Pyrrhus cried: 'Yea tell him this, go take the tidings down
 Pelidae genitori. illi mea tristia facta
 To Peleus' son my father then, of Pyrrhus worsen grown
 degeneremque Neoptolemum narrare memento.
 And all these evil deeds of mine! take heed to tell the tale!
 nunc morere.' hoc dicens altaria ad ipsa trementem 550
 Now die!' And to the altar-stone him quivering did he hale,
 traxit et in multo lapsantem sanguine nati,
 And sliding in his own son's blood so plenteous: in his hair
 implicuitque comam laeua, dextraque coruscum
 Pyrrhus his left hand wound, his right the gleaming sword made
 bare,
 extulit ac lateri capulo tenus abdidit ensem.
 That even to the hilts thereof within his flank he hid.
 haec finis Priami factorum, hic exitus illum
 Such was the end of Priam's day, such faring forth fate bid,
 sorte tulit Troiam incensam et prolapsa uidentem 555
 Troy all aflame upon the road, all Pergamus adown.

Pergama, tot quondam populis terrisque superbum
He, of so many peoples once the mighty lord and crown,
regnatorem Asiae. iacet ingens litore truncus,
So many lands of Asia once, a trunk beside the sea
auulsumque umeris caput et sine nomine corpus.
Huge with its headless shoulders laid, a nameless corpse is he.
At me tum primum saeuus circumstetit horror.
Then first within the compassing of bitter fear I was;
obstipui; subiit cari genitoris imago, 560
The image of my father dear by me all mazed did pass,
ut regem aequaeuum crudeli uulnere uidi
When I beheld the like-aged king gasping his life away
uitam exhalantem, subiit deserta Creusa
Through cruel wound: upon mine eyes forlorn Creusa lay,
et direpta domus et parui casus Iuli.
The wasted house, my little one, Iulus', evil end.
respicio et quae sit me circum copia lustrō.
I look aback to see what folk about me yet do wend,
deseruere omnes defessi, et corpora saltu 565
But all, foredone, had fallen away, their weary bodies spent,
ad terram misere aut ignibus aegra dedere.
Some all amid the fire had cast, some unto earth had sent.
[Iamque adeo super unus eram, cum limina Vestae
Alone was I of all men now, when lo, in Vesta's house
seruantem et tacitam secreta in sede latentem
Abiding, and in inmost nook silent and lurking close,
Tyndarida aspicio; dant claram incendia lucem
Helen the seed of Tyndarus! the clear fires give her light
erranti passimque oculos per cuncta ferenti. 570
As there she strayeth, turning eyes on every shifting sight;
illa sibi infestos euersa ob Pergama Teucros
She, fearful of the Teucrian wrath for Pergamus undone,
et Danaum poenam et deserti coniugis iras
And fearful of the Danaan wrath and husband left alone,
praemetuens, Troiae et patriae communis Erinys,
The wasting fury both of Troy and land where she was born,
abdiderat sese atque aris inuisa sedebat.

She hid her by the altar-stead, a thing of Gods forlorn.

exarsere ignes animo; subit ira cadentem 575

Forth blazed the wildfire in my soul, wrath stirred me up to slake
ulcisci patriam et sceleratas sumere poenas.

My vengeance for my dying home, and ill's atonement take.

‘*scilicet haec Spartam incolumis patriasque Mycenae*

What! should she come to Sparta safe, and her Mycenæ then,
aspiciet, partoque ibit regina triumpho?

And in the hard-won triumphing go forth a Queen of men,

coniugiumque domumque patris natosque uidebit

And see her husband and her home, her parents and her sons,

Iliadum turba et Phrygiis comitata ministris? 580

Served by the throng of Ilian wives and Phrygian vanquished ones?

occiderit ferro Priamus? Troia arserit igni?

Shall Priam so be slain with sword; shall Troy so blaze aloft;

Dardanium totiens sudarit sanguine litus?

Shall the sea-beach the Dardan blood have sweat so oft and oft

non ita. namque etsi nullum memorabile nomen

For this? Nay, nay: and though forsooth no deed to blaze abroad

feminea in poena est, habet haec uictoria laudem;

The slaying of a woman be, nor gaineth fame's reward,

exstinxisse nefas tamen et sumpsisse merentis 585

Yet still to quench an evil thing and pay the well-earned meed

laudabor poenas, animumque explesse iuuabit

Is worthy praise, and joy it were unto the full to feed

ultricis ~famam et cineres satiasset meorum.

My heart's fell flame, and satisfy these ashes well beloved.

talia iactabam et furiata mente ferebar,]

Such things my soul gave forth; such things in furious heart I moved.

cum mihi se, non ante oculis tam clara, uidendam

When lo, my holy mother now, ne'er seen by eyes of mine

obtulit et pura per noctem in luce refulsit 590

So clear before, athwart the dark in simple light did shine;

alma parens, confessa deam qualisque uideri

All God she was; of countenance and measure was she nought,

caelicolis et quanta solet, dextraque prehensum

But her the heaven-abiders see; so my right hand she caught,

continuit roseoque haec insuper addidit ore:
And held me, and from rosy mouth moreover added word:
'nate, quis indomitas tantus dolor excitat iras?
'O son, what anger measureless thy mighty grief hath stirred?
quid furis? aut quonam nostri tibi cura recessit? 595
Why ragest thou? or whither then is gone thy heed of me?
non prius aspicias ubi fessum aetate parentem
Wilt thou not first behold the place where worn by eld is he,
liqueris Anchisen, superet coniunxne Creusa
Anchises, left? Wilt thou not see if yet thy wife abide
Ascaniusque puer? quos omnis undique Graiae
Creusa, or Ascanius yet? The Greekish bands fare wide
circum errant acies et, ni mea cura resistat,
About them now on every hand, and but my care withstood
iam flammae tulerint inimicus et hauserit ensis. 600
The fire had wafted them away or sword had drunk their blood.
non tibi Tyndaridis facies inuisa Lacaenae
Laconian Helen's beauty cursed this overthrow ne'er wrought.
culpatusue Paris, diuum inclementia, diuum
Nor guilty Paris; nay, the Gods, the Gods who pity nought,
has evertit opes sternitque a culmine Troiam.
Have overturned your lordship fair, and laid your Troy alow.
aspice (namque omnem, quae nunc obducta tuenti
Behold! I draw aside the cloud that all abroad doth flow,
mortalis hebetat uisus tibi et umida circum 605
Dulling the eyes of mortal men, and darkening dewily
caligat, nubem eripiam; tu ne qua parentis
The world about. And look to it no more afeard to be
iussa time neu praeceptis parere recusa):
Of what I bid, nor evermore thy mother's word disown.
hic, ubi disiectas moles auulsaque saxis
There where thou seest the great walls cleft, and stone torn off from
stone,
saxa uides, mixtoque undantem puluere fumum,
And seest the waves of smoke go by with mingled dust-cloud rolled,
—
Neptunus muros magnoque emota tridenti 610

There Neptune shakes the walls and stirs the foundings from their hold

fundamenta quatit totamque a sedibus urbem

With mighty trident, tumbling down the city from its base.

eruit. hic Iuno Scaeas saeuissima portas

There by the Scæan gates again hath bitter Juno place

prima tenet sociumque furens a nauibus agmen

The first of all, and wild and mad, herself begirt with steel,

ferro accincta uocat.

Calls up her fellows from the ships.

iam summas arces Tritonia, respice, Pallas 615

Look back! Tritonian Pallas broods o'er topmost burg on high,

insedit nimbo effulgens et Gorgone saeua.

All flashing bright with Gorgon grim from out her stormy sky;

ipse pater Danais animos uirisque secundas

The very Father hearteneth on, and stays with happy might

sufficit, ipse deos in Dardana suscitāt arma.

The Danaans, crying on the Gods against the Dardan fight.

eripe, nate, fugam finemque impone labori;

Snatch flight, O son, whiles yet thou may'st, and let thy toil be o'er,

nusquam abero et tutum patrio te limine sistam.' 620

I by thy side will bring thee safe unto thy father's door.'

dixerat et spissis noctis se condidit umbris.

She spake, and hid herself away where thickest darkness poured.

apparent dirae facies inimicaque Troiae

Then dreadful images show forth, great Godheads are abroad,

numina magna deum.

The very haters of our Troy.

Tum uero omne mihi uisum considerare in ignis

And then indeed before mine eyes all Ilium sank in flame,

Ilium et ex imo uerti Neptunia Troia: 625

And overturned was Neptune's Troy from its foundations deep.

ac ueluti summis antiquam in montibus ornum

E'en as betideth with an ash upon the mountain steep,

cum ferro accisam crebrisque bipennibus instant

Round which sore smitten by the steel the acre-biders throng,

eruere agricolae certatim, illa usque minatur

And strive in speeding of the axe: and there it threateneth long,
 et tremefacta comam concusso uertice nutat,
 And, shaken, trembleth nodding still with heavy head of leaf;
 uulneribus donec paulatim euicta supremum 630
 Till overcome by many hurts it groans its latest grief,
 congemuit traxitque iugis auulsa ruinam.
 And torn from out the ridgy hill, drags all its ruin alow.
 descendo ac ducente deo flammam inter et hostis
 I get me down, and, Goddess-led, speed on 'twixt fire and foe,
 expedior: dant tela locum flammaeque recedunt.
 And point and edge give place to me, before me sinks the flame;
 Atque ubi iam patriae peruentum ad limina sedis
 But when unto my father's door and ancient house I came,
 antiquasque domos, genitor, quem tollere in altos 635
 And I was fain of all things first my father forth to bear
 optabam primum montis primumque petebam,
 Unto the mountain-tops, and first I sought to find him there,
 abnegat excisa uitam producere Troia
 Still he gainsayed to spin out life now Troy was lost and dead,
 exsiliumque pati. 'uos o, quibus integer aevi
 Or suffer exile: 'Ye whose blood is hale with youth,' he said,
 sanguis,' ait, 'solidaeque suo stant robore uires,
 'Ye other ones, whose might and main endureth and is stout,
 uos agitate fugam. 640
 See ye to flight while yet ye may!
 me si caelicolae uoluissent ducere uitam,
 Full surely if the heavenly ones my longer life had willed,
 has mihi seruassent sedes. satis una superque
 They would have kept me this abode: the measure is fulfilled
 uidimus excidia et captae superauimus urbi.
 In that the murder I have seen, and lived when Troy-town fell.
 sic o sic positum adfati discedite corpus.
 O ye, depart, when ye have bid my body streaked farewell.
 ipse manu mortem inueniam; miserebitur hostis 645
 My hand itself shall find out death, or pity of my foes,
 exuiuiasque petet. facilis iactura sepulcri.
 Who seek my spoils: the tomb methinks a little thing to lose.

iam pridem inuisus diuis et inutilis annos
 Forsooth I tarry overlong, God-cursed, a useless thing,
 demoror, ex quo me diuum pater atque hominum rex
 Since when the Father of the Gods, the earth-abiders' King,
 fulminis adflauit uentis et contigit igni.'
 Blew on me blast of thunder-wind and touched me with his flame.'
 Talia perstabat memorans fixusque manebat. 650
 His deed was stubborn as his word, no change upon him came.
 nos contra effusi lacrimis coniunxque Creusa
 But all we weeping many tears, my wife Creusa there,
 Ascaniusque omnisque domus, ne uertere secum
 Ascanius, yea and all the house, besought him not to bear
 cuncta pater fatoque urgenti incumbere uellet.
 All things to wrack with him, nor speed the hastening evil tide.
 abnegat inceptoque et sedibus haeret in isdem.
 He gainsaith all, and in his will and home will yet abide.
 rursus in arma feror mortemque miserrimus opto. 655
 So wretchedly I rush to arms with all intent to die;
 nam quod consilium aut quae iam fortuna dabatur?
 For what availeth wisdom now, what hope in fate may lie?
 'mene efferre pedem, genitor, te posse relicto
 'And didst thou hope, O father, then, that thou being left behind,
 sperasti tantumque nefas patrio excidit ore?
 My foot would fare? Woe worth the word that in thy mouth I find!
 si nihil ex tanta superis placet urbe relinqui,
 But if the Gods are loth one whit of such a town to save,
 et sedet hoc animo perituraeque addere Troiae 660
 And thou with constant mind wilt cast on dying Troy-town's grave
 teque tuosque iuuat, patet isti ianua leto,
 Both thee and thine, wide is the door to wend adown such ways;
 iamque aderit multo Priami de sanguine Pyrrhus,
 For Pyrrhus, red with Priam's blood, is hard at hand, who slays
 natum ante ora patris, patrem qui obtruncat ad aras.
 The son before the father's face, the father slays upon
 hoc erat, alma parens, quod me per tela, per ignis
 The altar. Holy Mother, then, for this thou ledst me on
 eripis, ut mediis hostem in penetralibus utque 665

Through fire and sword! — that I might see our house filled with the foe,

Ascanium patremque meum iuxtaque Creusam

My father old, Ascanius, Creusa lying low,
alterum in alterius mactatos sanguine cernam?

All weltering in each other's blood, and murdered wretchedly.

arma, uiri, ferte arma; uocat lux ultima uictos.

Arms, fellows, arms! the last day's light on vanquished men doth cry.

reddite me Danais; sinite instaurata reuisam

Ah! give me to the Greeks again, that I may play the play
proelia. numquam omnes hodie moriemur inulti.' 670

Another while: not unavenged shall all we die today.'

Hinc ferro accingor rursus clipeoque sinistram

So was I girt with sword again, and in my shield would set
insertabam aptans meque extra tecta ferebam.

My left hand now, and was in point from out of doors to get,
ecce autem complexa pedes in limine coniunx

When lo, my wife about my feet e'en in the threshold clung,
haerebat, paruumque patri tendebat Iulum:

Still to his father reaching out Iulus tender-young:

'si periturus abis, et nos rape in omnia tecum; 675

'If thou art on thy way to die, then bear us through it all;

sin aliquam expertus sumptis spem ponis in armis,

But if to thee the wise in arms some hope of arms befall,

hanc primum tutare domum. cui paruus Iulus,

Then keep this house first! Unto whom giv'st thou Iulus' life,
cui pater et coniunx quondam tua dicta relinquer?'

Thy father's, yea and mine withal, that once was called thy wife?'

Talia uociferans gemitu tectum omne replebat,

So crying out, the house she filled with her exceeding moan,
cum subitum dictuque oritur mirabile monstrum. 680

When sudden, wondrous to be told, a portent was there shown;
namque manus inter maestorumque ora parentum

For as his woeful parents' hands and lips he hangs between,
ecce leuis summo de uertice uisus Iuli

On topmost of Iulus' head a thin peaked flame is seen,

fundere lumen apex, tactuque innoxia mollis
That with the harmless touch of fire, whence clearest light is shed,
lambere flamma comas et circum tempora pasci.
Licks his soft locks and pastures round the temples of his head.
nos pauidi trepidare metu crinemque flagrantem 685
Quaking with awe from out his hair we fall the fire to shake,
excutere et sanctos restinguere fontibus ignis.
And bring the water of the well the holy flame to slake.
at pater Anchises oculos ad sidera laetus
But joyous to the stars aloft Anchises raiseth eyes,
extulit et caelo palmas cum uoce tetendit:
And with his hands spread out abroad to very heaven he cries:
'Iuppiter omnipotens, precibus si flecteris ullis,
'Almighty Jove, if thou hast will toward any prayers to turn,
aspice nos, hoc tantum, et si pietate meremur, 690
Look down on us this while alone; if aught our goodness earn,
da deinde auxilium, pater, atque haec omina firma.'
Father, give help and strengthen us these omens from the sky!'
Vix ea fatus erat senior, subitoque fragore
Scarce had the elder said the word ere crashing suddenly
intonuit laeuum, et de caelo lapsa per umbras
It thundered on the left, and down across the shades of night
stella facem ducens multa cum luce cucurrit.
Ran forth a great brand-bearing star with most abundant light;
illam summa super labentem culmina tecti 695
And clear above the topmost house we saw it how it slid
cernimus Idaea claram se condere silua
Lightening the ways, and at the last in Ida's forest hid.
signantemque uias; tum longo limite sulcus
Then through the sky a furrow ran drawn out a mighty space,
dat lucem et late circum loca sulphure fumant.
Giving forth light, and sulphur-fumes rose all about the place.
hic uero uictus genitor se tollit ad auras
My father vanquished therewithal his visage doth upraise,
adfaturque deos et sanctum sidus adorat. 700
And saith a word unto the Gods that holy star to praise:
'iam iam nulla mora est; sequor et qua ducitis adsum,

‘Now, now, no tarrying is at all, I follow where ye lead;
di patrii; seruate domum, seruate nepotem.
O Father-Gods heed ye our house and this my son’s son heed!
uestrum hoc augurium, uestroque in numine Troia est.
This is your doom; and Troy is held beneath your majesty.
cedo equidem nec, nate, tibi comes ire recuso.’
I yield, O son, nor more gainsay to go my ways with thee.’
dixerat ille, et iam per moenia clarior ignis 705
He spake; and mid the walls meanwhile we hear the fire alive
auditur, propiusque aestus incendia uoluunt.
Still clearer, and the burning place more nigh the heat doth drive.
‘ergo age, care pater, ceruici imponere nostrae;
‘O hasten, father well-beloved, to hang about my neck!
ipse subibo umeris nec me labor iste grauabit;
Lo, here my shoulders will I stoop, nor of the labour reck.
quo res cumque cadent, unum et commune periculum,
And whatsoever may befall, the two of us shall bide
una salus ambobus erit. mihi paruus Iulus 710
One peril and one heal and end: Iulus by my side
sit comes, et longe seruet uestigia coniunx.
Shall wend, and after us my wife shall follow on my feet
uos, famuli, quae dicam animis aduertite uestris.
Ye serving-folk, turn ye your minds these words of mine to meet:
est urbe egressis tumulus templumque uetustum
Scant from the city is a mound and temple of old tide,
desertae Cereris, iuxtaque antiqua cupressus
Of Ceres’ lone, a cypress-tree exceeding old beside.
religione patrum multos seruata per annos; 715
Kept by our fathers’ worshipping through many years ago:
hanc ex diuerso sedem ueniemus in unam.
Thither by divers roads go we to meet at last in one.
tu, genitor, cape sacra manu patriosque penatis;
Now, father, take thy fathers’ Gods and holy things to hold,
me bello e tanto digressum et caede recenti
For me to touch them fresh from fight and murder were o’erbold,
attractare nefas, donec me flumine uiuo
A misdeed done against the Gods, till in the living flood

abluero.' 720

I make a shift to wash me clean.'

haec fatus latos umeros subiectaque colla

I stooped my neck and shoulders broad e'en as the word I said,
ueste super fuluique insternor pelle leonis,

A forest lion's yellow fell for cloth upon them laid,
succedoque oneri; dextrae se paruus Iulus

And took my burden up: my young Iulus by my side,
implicuit sequiturque patrem non passibus aequis;

Holding my hand, goes tripping short unto his father's stride;
pone subit coniunx. ferimur per opaca locorum, 725

My wife comes after: on we fare amidst a mirky world.

et me, quem dudum non ulla iniecta mouebant

And I, erewhile as nothing moved by storm of weapons hurled,
tela neque aduerso glomerati examine Grai,

I, who the gathering of the Greeks against me nothing feared,
nunc omnes terrent aerae, sonus excitat omnis

Now tremble at each breath of wind, by every sound am stirred,
suspensum et pariter comitique onerique timentem.

Sore troubled for my fellows both, and burden that I bore.

iamque propinquabam portis omnemque uidebar 730

And now we draw anigh the gates, and all the way seemed o'er,
euasisse uiam, subito cum creber ad auris

When sudden sound of falling feet was borne upon our ears,
uisus adesse pedum sonitus, genitorque per umbram

And therewithal my father cries, as through the dusk he peers,
prospiciens 'nate,' exclamat, 'fuge, nate; propinquant.

'Haste, son, and get thee swift away, for they are on us now;
ardentis clipeos atque aera micantia cerno.'

I see the glittering of the brass and all their shields aglow.'

hic mihi nescio quod trepido male numen amicum 735

What Godhead nought a friend to me amidst my terror there
confusam eripuit mentem. namque auia cursu

Snatched wit away I nothing know: for while I swiftly fare
dum sequor et nota excedo regione uiarum,

By wayless places, wandering wide from out the road I knew,
heu misero coniunx fatone erepta Creusa

Creusa, whether her the Fates from me unhappy drew,
 substitit, errauitne uia seu lapsa resedit,
 Whether she wandered from the way, or weary lagged aback,
 incertum; nec post oculis est reddita nostris. 740
 Nought know I, but that her henceforth mine eyes must ever lack.
 nec prius amissam respexi animumue reflexi
 Nor turned I round to find her lost, nor had it in my thought,
 quam tumulum antiquae Cereris sedemque sacratam
 Till to that mound and ancient house of Ceres we were brought;
 uenimus: hic demum collectis omnibus una
 Where, all being come together now, there lacked but her alone,
 defuit, et comites natumque uirumque fefellit.
 And there her fellows' hopes, her son's, her husband's were undone.
 quem non incusauī amens hominumque deorumque, 745
 On whom of men, on whom of Gods, then laid I not the guilt?
 aut quid in euersa uidi crudelius urbe?
 What saw I bitterer to be borne in all the city spilt?
 Ascanium Anchisenque patrem Teucrosque penatis
 Ascanius and Anchises set the Teucrian Gods beside,
 commendo sociis et curua ualle recondo;
 I give unto my fellows there in hollow dale to hide,
 ipse urbem repeto et cingor fulgentibus armis.
 But I unto the city turn with glittering weapons girt;
 stat casus renouare omnis omnemque reuerti 750
 Needs must I search all Troy again, and open every hurt,
 per Troiam et rursus caput obiectare periclis.
 And into every peril past must thrust my head once more.
 principio muros obscuraque limina portae,
 And first I reach the walls again and mirk ways of the door
 qua gressum extuleram, repeto et uestigia retro
 Whereby I wended out erewhile; and my old footsteps' track
 obseruata sequor per noctem et lumine lustrō:
 I find, and mid the dusk of night with close eyes follow back;
 horror ubique animo, simul ipsa silentia terrent. 755
 While on the heart lies weight of fear, and e'en the hush brings
 dread,
 inde domum, si forte pedem, si forte tulisset,

Thence to the house, if there perchance, if there again she tread,
me refero: inruerant Danai et tectum omne tenebant.

I go: infall of Greeks had been, and all the house they hold,
ilicet ignis edax summa ad fastigia uento

And 'neath the wind the ravening fire to highest ridge is rolled.
uoluitur; exsuperant flammae, furit aestus ad auras.

The flames hang o'er, with raging heat the heavens are hot withal;
procedo et Priami sedes arcemque reuiso: 760

Still on: I look on Priam's house and topmost castle-wall;
et iam porticibus uacuis Iunonis asylo

And in the desert cloisters there and Juno's very home
custodes lecti Phoenix et dirus Vlixes

Lo, Phoenix and Ulysses cursed, the chosen wards, are come
praedam adseruabant. huc undique Troia gaza

To keep the spoil; fair things of Troy, from everywhither brought,
incensis erepta adytis, mensaeque deorum

Rapt from the burning of the shrines, Gods' tables rudely caught,
crateresque auro solidi, captiuaque uestis 765

And beakers utterly of gold and raiment snatched away
congeritur. pueri et pauidae longo ordine matres

Are there heaped up; and boys and wives drawn out in long array
stant circum.

Stand trembling round about the heap.

ausus quin etiam uoces iactare per umbram

And now withal I dared to cast my cries upon the dark,
impleui clamore uias, maestusque Creusam

I fill the streets with clamour great, and, groaning woefully,
nequiquam ingeminans iterumque iterumque uocaui. 770

'Creusa,' o'er and o'er again without avail I cry.

quaerenti et tectis urbis sine fine ruenti

But as I sought and endlessly raved all the houses through
infelix simulacrum atque ipsius umbra Creusae

A hapless shape, Creusa's shade, anigh mine eyen drew,
uisa mihi ante oculos et nota maior imago.

And greater than the body known her image fashioned was;
obstupui, steteruntque comae et uox faucibus haesit.

I stood amazed, my hair rose up, nor from my jaws would pass

tum sic adfari et curas his demere dictis: 775

My frozen voice, then thus she spake my care to take away:

‘quid tantum insano iuuat indulgere dolori,

‘Sweet husband, wherefore needest thou with such mad sorrow play?

o dulcis coniunx? non haec sine numine diuum

Without the dealing of the Gods doth none of this betide;

eueniunt; nec te comitem hinc portare Creusam

And they, they will not have thee bear Creusa by thy side,

fas, aut ille sinit superi regnator Olympi.

Nor will Olympus’ highest king such fellowship allow.

longa tibi exsilia et uastum maris aequor arandum, 780

Long exile is in store for thee, huge plain of sea to plough,

et terram Hesperiam uenies, ubi Lydius arua

Then to Hesperia shalt thou come, where Lydian Tiber’s wave

inter opima uirum leni fluit agmine Thybris.

The wealthiest meads of mighty men with gentle stream doth lave:

illic res laetae regnumque et regia coniunx

There happy days and lordship great, and kingly wife, are born

parta tibi; lacrimas dilectae pelle Creusae.

For thee. Ah! do away thy tears for loved Creusa lorn.

non ego Myrmidonum sedes Dolopumue superbas 785

I shall not see the Myrmidons’ nor Dolopes’ proud place,

aspiciam aut Graias seruitum matribus ibo,

Nor wend my ways to wait upon the Greekish women’s grace;

Dardanias et diuiae Veneris nurus;

I, daughter of the Dardan race, I, wife of Venus’ son;

sed me magna deum genetrix his detinet oris.

Me the great Mother of the Gods on Trojan shore hath won.

iamque uale et nati serua communis amorem.’

Farewell, and love the son we loved together once, we twain.’

haec ubi dicta dedit, lacrimantem et multa uolentem 790

She left me when these words were given, me weeping sore, and fain

dicere deseruit, tenuisque recessit in auras.

To tell her much, and forth away amid thin air she passed:

ter conatus ibi collo dare bracchia circum;

And there three times about her neck I strove mine arms to cast,

ter frustra comprehensa manus effugit imago,

And thrice away from out my hands the gathered image streams,
par leuibus uentis uolucrique simillima somno.

E'en as the breathing of the wind or wingèd thing of dreams.

sic demum socios consumpta nocte reuiso. 795

And so at last, the night all spent, I meet my folk anew;

Atque hic ingentem comitum adfluxisse nouorum

And there I found great multitude that fresh unto us drew,

inuenio admirans numerum, matresque uirosque,

And wondered thereat: wives were there, and men, and plenteous
youth;

collectam exsilio pubem, miserabile uulgus.

All gathered for the faring forth, a hapless crowd forsooth:

undique conuenere animis opibusque parati

From everywhere they draw to us, with goods and courage set,

in quascumque uelim pelago deducere terras. 800

To follow o'er the sea where'er my will may lead them yet.

iamque iugis summae surgebat Lucifer Idae

And now o'er Ida's topmost ridge at last the day-star rose

ducebatque diem, Danaïque obsessa tenebant

With dawn in hand: all gates and doors by host of Danaan foes

limina portarum, nec spes opis ulla dabatur.

Were close beset, and no more hope of helping may I bide.

cessi et sublato montis genitore petiui.

I turned and took my father up and sought the mountain-side.



'Aeneas Tells Dido About the Fall of Troy' by Baron Pierre-Narcisse Guérin, 1815

LIBER III

BOOK III.

Postquam res Asiae Priamique euertere gentem
Now after it had pleased the Gods on high to overthrow
immeritam uisum superis, ceciditque superbum
The Asian weal and sackless folk of Priam, and alow
Ilium et omnis humo fumat Neptunia Troia,
Proud Ilium lay, and Neptune's Troy was smouldering on the
ground,
diuersa exsilia et desertas quaerere terras
For diverse outlands of the earth and waste lands are we bound,
auguriis agimur diuum, classemque sub ipsa 5
Driven by omens of the Gods. Our fleet we built beneath
Antandro et Phrygiae molimur montibus Idae,
Antandros, and the broken steeps of Phrygian Ida's heath,
incerti quo fata ferant, ubi sistere detur,
Unwitting whither Fate may drive, or where the Gods shall stay
contrahimusque uiros. uix prima inceperat aestas
And there we draw together men. Now scarce upon the way
et pater Anchises dare fatis uela iubebat,
Was summer when my father bade spread sails to Fate at last.
litora cum patriae lacrimans portusque relinquo 10
Weeping I leave my fatherland, and out of haven passed
et campos ubi Troia fuit. feror exsul in altum
Away from fields where Troy-town was, an outcast o'er the deep,
cum sociis natoque penatibus et magnis dis.
With folk and son and Household Gods and Greater Gods to keep.
Terra procul uastis colitur Mauortia campis
Far off a peopled land of Mars lies midst its mighty plain,
(Thraces arant) acri quondam regnata Lycurgo,
Tilled of the Thracians; there whilom did fierce Lycurgus reign.
hospitium antiquum Troiae sociique penates 15
'Twas ancient guesting-place of Troy: our Gods went hand in hand
dum fortuna fuit. feror huc et litore curuo

While bloomed our weal: there are we borne, and on the hollow
strand
moenia prima loco fatis ingressus iniquis
I set my first-born city down, 'neath evil fates begun,
Aeneadasque meo nomen de nomine fingo.
And call the folk Æneadæ from name myself had won.
sacra Dionaee matri diuisque ferebam
Unto Dione's daughter there, my mother, and the rest,
auspibus coeptorum operum, superoque nitentem 20
I sacrificed upon a day to gain beginning blest,
caelicolum regi mactabam in litore taurum.
And to the King of Heavenly folk was slaying on the shore
forte fuit iuxta tumulus, quo cornea summo
A glorious bull: at hand by chance a mound at topmost bore
uirgulta et densis hastilibus horrida myrtus.
A cornel-bush and myrtle stiff with shafts close set around:
accessi uiridemque ab humo conuellere siluam
Thereto I wend and strive to pluck a green shoot from the ground,
conatus, ramis tegerem ut frondentibus aras, 25
That I with leafy boughs thereof may clothe the altars well;
horrendum et dictu uideo mirabile monstrum.
When lo, a portent terrible and marvellous to tell!
nam quae prima solo ruptis radicibus arbos
For the first stem that from the soil uprooted I tear out
uellitur, huic atro liquuntur sanguine guttae
Oozes black drops of very blood, that all the earth about
et terram tabo maculant. mihi frigidus horror
Is stained with gore: but as for me, with sudden horror chill
membra quatit gelidusque coit formidine sanguis. 30
My limbs fall quaking, and my blood with freezing fear stands still.
rursus et alterius lentum conuellere uimen
Yet I go on and strive from earth a new tough shoot to win,
insequor et causas penitus temptare latentis;
That I may search out suddenly what causes lurk within;
ater et alterius sequitur de cortice sanguis.
And once again from out the bark blood followeth as before.
multa mouens animo Nymphas uenerabar agrestis

I turn the matter in my mind: the Field-Nymphs I adore,
 Gradiumque patrem, Geticis qui praesidet aruis, 35
 And him, Gradivus, father dread, who rules the Thracian plain,
 rite secundarent uisus omenque leuant.
 And pray them turn the thing to good and make its threatenings vain.
 tertia sed postquam maiore hastilia nisu
 But when upon a third of them once more I set my hand,
 adgredior gignibusque aduersae obluctor harenae,
 And striving hard thrust both my knees upon the opposing sand —
 (eloquar an sileam?) gemitus lacrimabilis imo
 — Shall I speak now or hold my peace? — a piteous groan is heard
 auditur tumulo et uox reddita fertur ad auris: 40
 From out the mound, and to mine ears is borne a dreadful word:
 ‘quid miserum, Aenea, laceras? iam parce sepulto,
 ‘Why manglest thou a wretched man? O spare me in my tomb!
 parce pias scelerare manus. non me tibi Troia
 Spare to beguile thy righteous hand, Æneas! Troy’s own womb
 externum tulit aut cruor hic de stipite manat.
 Bore me, thy kinsman; from this stem floweth no alien gore:
 heu fuge crudelis terras, fuge litus auarum:
 Woe’s me! flee forth the cruel land, flee forth the greedy shore;
 nam Polydorus ego. hic confixum ferrea textit 45
 For I am Polydore: pierced through, by harvest of the spear
 telorum seges et iaculis increuit acutis.’
 O’ergrown, that such a crop of shafts above my head doth bear.’
 tum uero ancipiti mentem formidine pressus
 I stood amazed: the wildering fear the heart in me down-weighed.
 obstipui steteruntque comae et uox faucibus haesit.
 My hair rose up, my frozen breath within my jaws was stayed.
 Hunc Polydorum auri quondam cum pondere magno
 Unhappy Priam privily had sent this Polydore,
 infelix Priamus furtim mandarant alendum 50
 For fostering to the Thracian king with plenteous golden store.
 Threicio regi, cum iam diffideret armis
 In those first days when he began to doubt the Dardan might,
 Dardaniae cingique urbem obsidione uideret.
 Having the leaguered walls of Troy for ever in his sight.

ille, ut opes fractae Teucrum et Fortuna recessit,
This king, as failed the weal of Troy and fortune fell away,
res Agamemnonias uictriciaque arma secutus
Turned him about to conquering arms and Agamemnon's day.
fas omne abrupit: Polydorum obruncat, et auro 55
He brake all right, slew Polydore, and all the gold he got
ui potitur. quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Perforce: O thou gold-hunger cursed, and whither driv'st thou not
auri sacra fames! postquam pauor ossa reliquit,
The hearts of men? But when at length the fear from me did fall,
delectos populi ad procures primumque parentem
Unto the chosen of the folk, my father first of all,
monstra deum refero, et quae sit sententia posco.
I show those portents of the Gods and ask them of their will,
omnibus idem animus, scelerata excedere terra, 60
All deem it good that we depart that wicked land of ill,
linqui pollutum hospitium et dare classibus Austros.
And leave that blighted guesting-place and give our ships the breeze.
ergo instauramus Polydoro funus, et ingens
Therefore to Polydore we do the funeral services,
aggeritur tumulo tellus; stant Manibus arae
The earth is heaped up high in mound; the Death-Gods' altars stand
caeruleis maestae uittis atraque cupresso,
Woeful with bough of cypress black and coal-blue holy band;
et circum Iliades crinem de more solutae; 65
The wives of Ilium range about with due dishevelled hair;
inferimus tepido spumantia cymbia lacte
Cups of the warm and foaming milk unto the dead we bear,
sanguinis et sacri pateras, animamque sepulcro
And bowls of holy blood we bring, and lay the soul in grave,
condimus et magna supremum uoce ciemus.
And cry a great farewell to him, the last that he shall have.
Inde ubi prima fides pelago, placataque uenti
But now, when we may trust the sea and winds the ocean keep
dant maria et lenis crepitans uocat Auster in altum, 70
Unangered, and the South bids on light whispering to the deep,
deducunt socii nauis et litora complent;

Our fellows crowd the sea-beach o'er and run the ships adown,
prouehimur portu terraeque urbesque recedunt.

And from the haven are we borne, and fadeth field and town.

sacra mari colitur medio gratissima tellus

Amid the sea a land there lies, sweet over everything,

Nereidum matri et Neptuno Aegaeo,

Loved of the Nereids' mother, loved by that Ægean king

quam pius arquiteuens oras et litora circum 75

Great Neptune: this, a-wandering once all coasts and shores around,

errantem Mycono e celsa Gyaroque reuinxit,

The Bow-Lord good to Gyaros and high Myconos bound,

immotamque coli dedit et contemnere uentos.

And bade it fixed to cherish folk nor fear the wind again:

huc feror, haec fessos tuto placidissima portu

There come we; and that gentlest isle receives us weary men;

accipit; egressi ueneramur Apollinis urbem.

In haven safe we land, and thence Apollo's town adore;

rex Anius, rex idem hominum Phoebique sacerdos, 80

King Anius, who, a king of men, Apollo's priesthood bore,

uittis et sacra redimitus tempora lauro

His temples with the fillets done and crowned with holy bays,

occurrit; ueterem Anchisen agnouit amicum.

Meets us, and straight Anchises knows, his friend of early days.

iungimus hospitio dextras et tecta subimus.

So therewith hand to hand we join and houseward get us gone.

Templa dei saxo uenerabar structa uetusto:

There the God's fane I pray unto, the place of ancient stone:

'da propriam, Thymbraee, domum; da moenia fessis 85

'Thymbræan, give us house and home, walls to the weary give,

et genus et mansuram urbem; serua altera Troiae

In folk and city to endure: let Pergamus twice live,

Pergama, reliquias Danaum atque immitis Achilli.

In Troy twice built, left of the Greeks, left of Achilles' wrath!

quem sequimur? quoue ire iubes? ubi ponere sedes?

Ah, whom to follow? where to go? wherein our home set forth?

da, pater, augurium atque animis inlabere nostris.'

O Father, give us augury and sink into our heart!

uix ea fatus eram: tremere omnia uisa repente, 90
 Scarce had I said the word, when lo all doors with sudden start
 liminaque laurusque dei, totusque moueri
 Fell trembling, and the bay of God, and all the mountain side,
 mons circum et mugire adytis cortina reclusis.
 Was stirred, and in the opened shrine the holy tripod cried:
 summissi petimus terram et uox fertur ad auris:
 There as a voice fell on our ears we bowed ourselves to earth:
 ‘Dardanidae duri, quae uos a stirpe parentum
 ‘O hardy folk of Dardanus, the land that gave you birth
 prima tulit tellus, eadem uos ubere laeto 95
 From root and stem of fathers old, its very bosom kind,
 accipiet reduces. antiquam exquirite matrem.
 Shall take you back: go fare ye forth, your ancient mother find:
 hic domus Aeneae cunctis dominabitur oris
 There shall Æneas’ house be lords o’er every earth and sea,
 et nati natorum et qui nascentur ab illis.’
 The children of his children’s sons, and those that thence shall be.’
 haec Phoebus; mixtoque ingens exorta tumultu
 So Phoebus spake, and mighty joy arose with tumult mixed,
 laetitia, et cuncti quae sint ea moenia quaerunt, 100
 As all fell wondering where might be that seat of city fixed,
 quo Phoebus uocet errantis iubeatque reuerti.
 Where Phoebus called us wandering folk, bidding us turn again.
 tum genitor ueterum uoluens monimenta uirorum
 Thereat my father, musing o’er the tales of ancient men,
 ‘audite, o proceres,’ ait ‘et spes discite uestras.
 Saith: ‘Hearken, lords, and this your hope a little learn of me!
 Creta Iouis magni medio iacet insula ponto,
 There is an isle of mightiest Jove called Crete amid the sea;
 mons Idaeus ubi et gentis cunabula nostrae. 105
 An hundred cities great it hath, that most abundant place;
 centum urbes habitant magnas, uberrima regna,
 And there the hill of Ida is, and cradle of our race.
 maximus unde pater, si rite audita recordor,
 Thence Teucer our first father came, if right the tale they tell,
 Teucus Rhoeteas primum est aduectus in oras,

When borne to those Rhoetean shores he chose a place to dwell
 optauitque locum regno. nondum Ilium et arces
 A very king: no Ilium was, no Pergamus rose high;
 Pergameae steterant; habitabant uallibus imis. 110
 He and his folk abode as then in dales that lowly lie:
 hinc mater cultrix Cybeli Corybantiaque aera
 Thence came Earth-mother Cybele and Corybantian brass,
 Idaeumque nemus, hinc fida silentia sacris,
 And Ida's thicket; thence the hush all hallowed came to pass,
 et iuncti currum dominae subiere leones.
 And thence the lions yoked and tame, the Lady's chariot drag.
 ergo agite et diuum ducunt qua iussa sequamur:
 On then! and led by God's command for nothing let us lag!
 placemus uentos et Cnosia regna petamus. 115
 Please we the winds, and let our course for Gnosian land be laid;
 nec longo distant cursu: modo Iuppiter adsit,
 Nor long the way shall be for us: with Jupiter to aid,
 tertia lux classem Cretaeis sistet in oris.'
 The third-born sun shall stay our ships upon the Cretan shore.'
 sic fatus meritos aris mactauit honores,
 So saying, all the offerings due he to the altar bore,
 taurum Neptuno, taurum tibi, pulcher Apollo,
 A bull to Neptune, and a bull to thee, Apollo bright,
 nigram Hiemi pecudem, Zephyris felicibus albam. 120
 A black ewe to the Storm of sea, to Zephyr kind a white.
 Fama uolat pulsum regnis cessisse paternis
 Fame went that Duke Idomeneus, thrust from his fathers' land,
 Idomenea ducem, desertaque litora Cretae,
 Had gone his ways, and desert now was all the Cretan strand,
 hoste uacare domum sedesque astare relictas.
 That left all void of foes to us those habitations lie.
 linquimus Ortygiae portus pelagoque uolamus
 Ortygia's haven then we leave, and o'er the sea we fly
 bacchatamque iugis Naxon uiridemque Donusam, 125
 By Naxos of the Bacchus ridge, Donusa's green-hued steep,
 Olearon niueamque Paron sparsasque per aequor
 And Olearon, and Paros white, and scattered o'er the deep

Cycladas, et crebris legimus freta concita terris.

All Cyclades; we skim the straits besprent with many a folk;
nauticus exoritur uario certamine clamor:

And diverse clamour mid the ships seafarers striving woke;
hortantur socii Cretam proauosque petamus.

Each eggs his fellow; On for Crete, and sires of time agone!
prosequitur surgens a puppi uentus euntis, 130

And rising up upon our wake a fair wind followed on.
et tandem antiquis Curetum adlabimur oris.

And so at last we glide along the old Curetes' strand,
ergo audius muros optatae molior urbis

And straightway eager do I take the city wall in hand,
Pergameamque uoco, et laetam cognomine gentem

And call it Pergamea, and urge my folk that name who love,
hortor amare focos arcemque attollere tectis.

For love of hearth and home to raise a burg their walls above.
Iamque fere sicco subductae litore puppes, 135

And now the more part of the ships are hauled up high and dry,
conubiis aruisque nouis operata iuuentus,

To wedding and to work afield the folk fall presently,
iura domosque dabam, subito cum tabida membris

And I give laws and portion steads; when suddenly there fell
corrupto caeli tractu miserandaque uenit

From poisoned heaven a wasting plague, a wretched thing to tell,
arboribusque satisque lues et letifer annus.

On limbs of men, on trees and fields; and deadly was the year,
linquebant dulcis animas aut aegra trahebant 140

And men must leave dear life and die, or weary sick must bear
corpora; tum sterilis exurere Sirius agros,

Their bodies on: then Sirius fell to burn the acres dry;
arebant herbae et uictum seges aegra negabat.

The grass was parched, the harvest sick all victual did deny.
rursus ad oraclum Ortygiae Phoebumque remenso

Then bids my father back once more o'er the twice-measured main,
hortatur pater ire mari ueniamque precari,

To Phoebus and Ortygia's strand, some grace of prayer to gain:
quam fessis finem rebus ferat, unde laborum 145

What end to our outworn estate he giveth? whence will he
 temptare auxilium iubeat, quo uertere cursus.
 That we should seek us aid of toil; where turn to o'er the sea?
 Nox erat et terris animalia somnus habebat:
 Night falleth, and all lives of earth doth sleep on bosom bear,
 effigies sacrae diuum Phrygiiue penates,
 When lo, the holy images, the Phrygian House-gods there,
 quos mecum a Troia mediisque ex ignibus urbis
 E'en them I bore away from Troy and heart of burning town,
 extuleram, uisi ante oculos astare iacentis 150
 Were present to the eyes of me in slumber laid adown,
 in somnis multo manifesti lumine, qua se
 Clear shining in the plenteous light that over all was shed
 plena per insertas fundebat luna fenestras;
 By the great moon anigh her full through windows fashioned.
 tum sic adfari et curas his demere dictis:
 Then thus they fall to speech with me, end of my care to make:
 'quod tibi delato Ortygiam dicturus Apollo est,
 'The thing that in Ortygia erst the seer Apollo spake
 hic canit et tua nos en ultro ad limina mittit. 155
 Here telleth he, and to thy doors come we of his good will:
 nos te Dardania incensa tuaque arma secuti,
 Thee and thine arms from Troy aflame fast have we followed still.
 nos tumidum sub te permensi classibus aequor,
 We 'neath thy care and in thy keel have climbed the swelling sea,
 idem uenturos tollemus in astra nepotes
 And we shall bear unto the stars thy sons that are to be,
 imperiumque urbi dabimus. tu moenia magnis
 And give thy city majesty: make ready mighty wall
 magna para longumque fugae ne linque laborem. 160
 For mighty men, nor toil of way leave thou, though long it fall.
 mutandae sedes. non haec tibi litora suasit
 Shift hence abode; the Delian-born Apollo ne'er made sweet
 Delius aut Cretae iussit considerare Apollo.
 These shores for thee, nor bade thee set thy city down in Crete:
 est locus, Hesperiam Grai cognomine dicunt,
 There is a place, the Westland called of Greeks in days that are,

terra antiqua, potens armis atque ubere glabrae;
 An ancient land, a fruitful soil, a mighty land of war;
 Oenotri coluere uiri; nunc fama minores 165
 Oenotrian folk first tilled the land, whose sons, as rumours run,
 Italiam dixisse ducis de nomine gentem.
 Now call it nought but Italy, from him who led them on.
 hae nobis propriae sedes, hinc Dardanus ortus
 This is our very due abode: thence Dardanus outbroke,
 Iasiusque pater, genus a quo principe nostrum.
 Iasius our father thence, beginner of our folk.
 surge age et haec laetus longaeuo dicta parenti
 Come rise, and glad these tidings tell unto thy father old,
 haud dubitanda refer: Corythum terrasque requirat 170
 No doubtful tale: now Corythus, Ausonian field and fold
 Ausonias; Dictaea negat tibi Iuppiter arua.
 Let him go seek, for Jupiter banneth Dictæan mead.
 talibus attonitus uisis et uoce deorum
 All mazed was I with sight and voice of Gods; because indeed
 (nec sopor illud erat, sed coram agnoscere uultus
 This was not sleep, but face to face, as one a real thing sees.
 uelatasque comas praesentiaque ora uidebar;
 I seemed to see their coifed hair and very visages,
 tum gelidus toto manabat corpore sudor) 175
 And over all my body too cold sweat of trembling flowed.
 corripio e stratis corpus tendoque supinas
 I tore my body from the bed, and, crying out aloud,
 ad caelum cum uoce manus et munera libo
 I stretched my upturned hands to heaven and unstained gifts I spilled
 intemerata focis. perfecto laetus honore
 Upon the hearth, and joyfully that worship I fulfilled.
 Anchisen facio certum remque ordine pando.
 Anchises next I do to wit and all the thing unlock;
 agnouit prolem ambiguam geminosque parentis, 180
 And he, he saw the twi-branched stem, twin fathers of our stock,
 seque nouo ueterum deceptum errore locorum.
 And how by fault of yesterday through steads of old he strayed.
 tum memorat: 'nate, Iliacis exercite fatis,

‘O son, well learned in all the lore of Ilium’s fate,’ he said,
sola mihi talis casus Cassandra canebat.

‘Cassandra only of such hap would sing; I mind me well
nunc repeto haec generi portendere debita nostro
Of like fate meted to our folk full oft would she foretell;
et saepe Hesperiam, saepe Italia regna uocare. 185

And oft would call to Italy and that Hesperian home.

sed quis ad Hesperiae uenturos litora Teucros

But who believed that Teucrian folk on any day might come
crederet? aut quem tum uates Cassandra moueret?

Unto Hesperia’s shores? or who might trow Cassandra then?
cedamus Phoebos et moniti meliora sequamur.’

Yield we to Phoebus, follow we as better counselled men
sic ait, et cuncti dicto paremus ouantes.

The better part.’ We, full of joy, obey him with one mind;
hanc quoque deserimus sedem paucisque relictis 190

From this seat too we fare away and leave a few behind;
uela damus uastumque caua trabe currimus aequor.

With sail abroad in hollow tree we skim the ocean o’er.

Postquam altum tenuere rates nec iam amplius ullae

But when our keels the deep sea made, nor had we any more

apparent terrae, caelum undique et undique pontus,

The land in sight, but sea around, and sky around was spread,
tum mihi caeruleus supra caput astitit imber

A coal-blue cloud drew up to us that, hanging overhead,

noctem hiememque ferens, et inhorruit unda tenebris. 195

Bore night and storm, and mirky gloom o’er all the waters cast:
continuo uenti uoluunt mare magnaue surgunt

Therewith the winds heap up the waves, the seas are rising fast
aequora, dispersi iactamur gurgite uasto;

And huge; and through the mighty whirl scattered we toss about;
inuoluere diem nimbi et nox umida caelum

The storm-clouds wrap around the day, and wet mirk blotteth out
abstulit, ingeminant abruptis nubibus ignes,

The heavens, and mid the riven clouds the ceaseless lightnings live.
excutimur cursu et caecis erramus in undis. 200

So are we blown from out our course, through might of seas we

drive,
ipse diem noctemque negat discernere caelo
Nor e'en might Palinurus self the day from night-tide sift,
nec meminisse uiae media Palinurus in unda.
Nor have a deeming of the road atwixt the watery drift.
tris adeo incertos caeca caligine soles
Still on for three uncertain suns, that blind mists overlay,
erramus pelago, totidem sine sidere noctes.
And e'en so many starless nights, across the sea we stray;
quarto terra die primum se attollere tandem 205
But on the fourth day at the last afar upon us broke
uisa, aperire procul montis ac uoluere fumum.
The mountains of another land, mid curling wreaths of smoke.
uela cadunt, remis insurgimus; haud mora, nautae
Then fall the sails, we rise on oars, no sloth hath any place,
adnixi torquent spumas et caerula uerrunt.
The eager seamen toss the spray and sweep the blue sea's face;
seruatum ex undis Strophadum me litora primum
And me first saved from whirl of waves the Strophades on strand
excipiunt. Strophades Graio stant nomine dictae 210
Now welcome; named by Greekish name Isles of the Sea, they stand
insulae Ionio in magno, quas dira Celaeno
Amid the great Ionian folk: Celæno holds the shores,
Harpyiaeque colunt aliae, Phineia postquam
And others of the Harpies grim, since shut were Phineus' doors
clausa domus mensasque metu liquere priores.
Against them, and they had to leave the tables they had won.
tristius haud illis monstrum, nec saeuior ulla
No monster woefuller than they, and crueller is none
pestis et ira deum Stygiis sese extulit undis. 215
Of all God's plagues and curses dread from Stygian waters sent.
uirginei uolucrum uultus, foedissima uentris
A wingèd thing with maiden face, whose bellies' excrement
proluuiis uncaeque manus et pallida semper
Is utter foul; and hookèd hands, and face for ever pale
ora fame.
With hunger that no feeding stints.

huc ubi delati portus intrauimus, ecce
 Borne thither, into haven come, we see how everywhere
 laeta boum passim campis armenta uidemus 220
 The merry wholesome herds of neat feed down the meadows fair,
 caprigenumque pecus nullo custode per herbas.
 And all untended goatish flocks amid the herbage bite.
 inruimus ferro et diuos ipsumque uocamus
 With point and edge we fall on them, and all the Gods invite,
 in partem praedamque louem; tum litore curuo
 Yea very Jove, to share the spoil, and on the curvèd strand
 exstruimusque toros dapibusque epulamur opimis.
 We strew the beds, and feast upon rich dainties of the land.
 at subitae horrifico lapsu de montibus adsunt 225
 When lo, with sudden dreadful rush from out the mountains hap
 Harpyiae et magnis quatiunt clangoribus alas,
 The Harpy folk, and all about their clanging wings they flap,
 diripiuntque dapes contactuque omnia foedant
 And foul all things with filthy touch as at the food they wrench,
 immundo; tum uox taetrum dira inter odorem.
 And riseth up their grisly voice amid the vilest stench.
 rursum in secessu longo sub rupe cauata
 Once more then 'neath a hollow rock at a long valley's head,
 [arboribus clausam circum atque horrentibus umbris] 230
 Where close around the boughs of trees their quavering shadows
 shed,
 instruimus mensas arisque reponimus ignem;
 We dight the boards, and once again flame on the altars raise.
 rursum ex diuerso caeli caecisque latebris
 Again from diverse parts of heaven, from dusky lurking-place,
 turba sonans praedam pedibus circumuolat uncis,
 The shrieking rout with hookèd feet about the prey doth fly,
 polluit ore dapes. sociis tunc arma capessant
 Fouling the feast with mouth: therewith I bid my company
 edico, et dira bellum cum gente gerendum. 235
 To arms, that with an evil folk the war may come to pass.
 haud secus ac iussi faciunt tectosque per herbam
 They do no less than my commands, and lay along the grass

disponunt ensis et scuta latentia condunt.
 Their hidden swords, and therewithal their bucklers cover o'er.
 ergo ubi delapsae sonitum per curua dedere
 Wherefore, when swooping down again, they fill the curvèd shore
 litora, dat signum specula Misenus ab alta
 With noise, Misenus blows the call from off a watch-stead high
 aere cauo. inuadunt socii et noua proelia temptant, 240
 With hollow brass; our folk fall on and wondrous battle try,
 obscenas pelagi ferro foedare uolucris.
 Striving that sea-fowl's filthy folk with point and edge to spill.
 sed neque uim plumis ullam nec uulnera tergo
 But nought will bite upon their backs, and from their feathers still
 accipiunt, celerique fuga sub sidera lapsae
 Glanceth the sword, and swift they flee up 'neath the stars of air,
 semesam praedam et uestigia foeda relinquunt.
 Half-eaten meat and token foul leaving behind them there.
 una in praecelsa consedit rupe Celaeno, 245
 But on a rock exceeding high yet did Celæno rest,
 infelix uates, rumpitque hanc pectore uocem;
 Unhappy seer! there breaks withal a voice from out her breast:
 'bellum etiam pro caede boum stratisque iuuentis,
 'What, war to pay for slaughtered neat, war for our heifers slain?
 Laomedontiadae, bellumne inferre paratis
 O children of Laomedon, the war then will ye gain?
 et patrio Harpyias insontis pellere regno?
 The sackless Harpies will ye drive from their own land away?
 accipite ergo animis atque haec mea figite dicta, 250
 Then let this sink into your souls, heed well the words I say;
 quae Phoebus pater omnipotens, mihi Phoebus Apollo
 The Father unto Phoebus told a tale that Phoebus told
 praedixit, uobis Furiarum ego maxima pando.
 To me, and I the first-born fiend that same to you unfold:
 Italiam cursu petitis uentisque uocatis:
 Ye sail for Italy, and ye, the winds appeased by prayer,
 ibitis Italiam portusque intrare licebit.
 Shall come to Italy, and gain the grace of haven there:
 sed non ante datam cingetis moenibus urbem 255

Yet shall ye gird no wall about the city granted you,
 quam uos dira fames nostraeque iniuria caedis
 Till famine, and this murder's wrong that ye were fain to do,
 ambasas subigat malis absumere mensas.'
 Drive you your tables gnawed with teeth to eat up utterly.'
 dixit, et in siluam pennis ablata refugit.
 She spake, and through the woody deeps borne off on wings did fly.
 at sociis subita gelidus formidine sanguis
 But sudden fear fell on our folk, and chilled their frozen blood;
 deriguit: cecidere animi, nec iam amplius armis, 260
 Their hearts fell down; with weapon-stroke no more they deem it
 good
 sed uotis precibusque iubent exposcere pacem,
 To seek for peace: but rather now sore prayers and vows they will,
 siue deae seu sint dirae obscenaeque uolucres.
 Whether these things be goddesses or filthy fowls of ill.
 et pater Anchises passis de litore palmis
 Father Anchises on the strand stretched both his hands abroad,
 numina magna uocat meritosque indicit honores:
 And, bidding all their worship due, the Mighty Ones adored:
 'di, prohibete minas; di, talem auertite casum 265
 'Gods, bring their threats to nought! O Gods, turn ye the curse, we
 pray!
 et placidi seruate pios.' tum litore funem
 Be kind, and keep the pious folk!' Then bade he pluck away
 deripere excussosque iubet laxare rudentis.
 The hawser from the shore and slack the warping cable's strain:
 tendunt uela Noti: fugimus spumantibus undis
 The south wind fills the sails, we fare o'er foaming waves again,
 qua cursum uentusque gubernatorque uocabat.
 E'en as the helmsman and the winds have will that we should fare.
 iam medio apparet fluctu nemorosa Zacynthos 270
 And now amidmost of the flood Zacynthus' woods appear,
 Dulichiumque Sameque et Neritos ardua saxis.
 Dulichium, Samos, Neritos, with sides of stony steep:
 effugimus scopulos Ithacae, Laertia regna,
 Wide course from cliffs of Ithaca, Laertes' land, we keep,

et terram altricem saeui exsecramur Vlixī.
 Cursing the soil that bore and nursed Ulysses' cruelty.
 mox et Leucatae nimbose cacumina montis
 Now open up Leucata's peaks, that fare so cloudy high
 et formidatus nautis aperitur Apollo. 275
 Over Apollo, mighty dread to all seafarers grown;
 hunc petimus fessi et paruae succedimus urbi;
 But weary thither do we steer and make the little town,
 ancora de prora iacitur, stant litore puppes.
 We cast the anchors from the bows and swing the sterns a-strand.
 Ergo insperata tandem tellure potiti
 And therewithal since we at last have gained the longed-for land,
 lustramurque Ioui uotisque incendimus aras,
 We purge us before Jupiter and by the altars pray,
 Actiaque Iliacis celebramus litora ludis. 280
 Then on the shores of Actium's head the Ilian plays we play.
 exercent patrias oleo labente palaestras
 Anointed with the sleeking oil there strive our fellows stripped
 nudati socii: iuuat euasisse tot urbes
 In wrestling game of fatherland: it joys us to have slipped
 Argolicas mediosque fugam tenuisse per hostis.
 By such a host of Argive towns amidmost of the foe.
 interea magnum sol circumuoluitur annum
 Meanwhile, the sun still pressing on, the year about doth go,
 et glacialis hiems Aquilonibus asperat undas. 285
 And frosty winter with his north the sea's face rough doth wear;
 aere cauo clipeum, magni gestamen Abantis,
 A buckler of the hollow brass of mighty Abas' gear
 postibus aduersis figo et rem carmine signo:
 I set amid the temple-doors with singing scroll thereon,
 aeneas haec de danais victoribus arma;
 ÆNEAS HANGETH ARMOUR HERE FROM CONQUERING
 DANAANS WON.
 linquere tum portus iubeo et considerare transtris.
 And then I bid to leave the shore and man the thwarts again.
 certatim socii feriunt mare et aequora uerrunt: 290
 Hard strive the folk in smiting sea, and oar-blades brush the main.

protinus aerias Phaeacum abscondimus arces
The airy high Phæacian towers sink down behind our wake,
litoraue Epiri legimus portuque subimus
And coasting the Epirote shores Chaonia's bay we make,
Chaonio et celsam Buthroti accedimus urbem.
And so Buthrotus' city-walls high set we enter in.
Hic incredibilis rerum fama occupat auris,
There tidings hard for us to throw unto our ears do win,
Priamiden Helenum Graias regnare per urbis 295
How Helenus, e'en Priam's son, hath gotten wife and crown
coniugio Aeacidæ Pyrrhi sceptrisque potitum,
Of Pyrrhus come of Æacus, and ruleth Greekish town,
et patrio Andromachen iterum cecidisse marito.
And that Andromache hath wed one of her folk once more.
obstupui, miroque incensum pectus amore
All mazed am I; for wondrous love my heart was kindling sore
compellere uirum et casus cognoscere tantos.
To give some word unto the man, of such great things to learn:
progredior portu classis et litora linquens, 300
So from the haven forth I fare, from ships and shore I turn.
sollemnis cum forte dapes et tristia dona
But as it happened Andromache was keeping yearly day,
ante urbem in luco falsi Simoentis ad undam
Pouring sad gifts unto the dead, amidst a grove that lay
libabat cineri Andromache manisque uocabat
Outside the town, by wave that feigned the Simoïs that had been,
Hectoreum ad tumulum, uiridi quem caespitè inanem
Blessing the dead by Hector's mound empty and grassy green,
et geminas, causam lacrimis, sacrauerat aras. 305
Which she with altars twain thereby had hallowed for her tears.
ut me conspexit uenientem et Troia circum
But when she saw me drawing nigh with armour that Troy bears
arma amens uidit, magnis exterrita monstis
About me, senseless, throughly feared with marvels grown so great,
deriguit uisu in medio, calor ossa reliquit,
She stiffens midst her gaze; her bones are reft of life-blood's heat,
labitur, et longo uix tandem tempore fatur:

She totters, scarce, a long while o'er, this word comes forth from her:
 'uerane te facies, uerus mihi nuntius adfers, 310
 'Is the show true, O Goddess-born? com'st thou a messenger
 nate dea? uiuisne? aut, si lux alma recessit,
 Alive indeed? or if from thee the holy light is fled,
 Hector ubi est?' dixit, lacrimasque effudit et omnem
 Where then is Hector?' Flowed the tears e'en as the word she said,
 impleuit clamore locum. uix pauca furenti
 And with her wailing rang the place: sore moved I scarce may speak
 subicio et raris turbatus uocibus hisco:
 This word to her, grown wild with grief, in broken voice and weak:
 'uiuo equidem uitamque extrema per omnia duco; 315
 'I live indeed, I drag my life through outer ways of ill;
 ne dubita, nam uera uides.
 Doubt not, thou seest the very sooth.
 heu! quis te casus deiectam coniuge tanto
 Alas! what hap hath caught thee up from such a man downcast?
 excipit, aut quae digna satis fortuna reuisit,
 Hath any fortune worthy thee come back again at last?
 Hectoris Andromache? Pyrrhin conubia seruas?
 Doth Hector's own Andromache yet serve in Pyrrhus' bed?'
 deiecit uultum et demissa uoce locuta est: 320
 She cast her countenance adown, and in a low voice said:
 'o felix una ante alias Priameia uirgo,
 'O thou alone of Trojan maids that won a little joy,
 hostilem ad tumulum Troiae sub moenibus altis
 Bidden to die on foeman's tomb before the walls of Troy!
 iussa mori, quae sortitus non pertulit ullos
 Who died, and never had to bear the sifting lot's award,
 nec uictoris heri tetigit captiua cubile!
 Whose slavish body never touched the bed of victor lord!
 nos patria incensa diuersa per aequora uectae 325
 We from our burning fatherland carried o'er many a sea,
 stirpis Achilleae fastus iuuenemque superbum
 Of Achillæan offspring's pride the yoke-fellow must be,
 seruitio enixae tulimus; qui deinde secutus
 Must bear the childbed of a slave: thereafter he, being led

Ledaëam Hermionen Lacedaemoniosque hymenaeos
 To Leda's child Hermione and that Laconian bed,
 me famulo famulamque Heleno transmisit habendam.
 To Helenus his very thrall me very thrall gave o'er:
 ast illum ereptae magno flammatus amore 330
 But there Orestes, set on fire by all the love he bore
 coniugis et scelerum furiis agitatus Orestes
 His ravished wife, and mad with hate, comes on him unaware
 excipit incautum patriasque obtruncat ad aras.
 Before his fathers' altar-stead and slays him then and there.
 morte Neoptolemi regnorum reddita cessit
 By death of Neoptolemus his kingdom's leavings came
 pars Heleno, qui Chaonios cognomine campos
 To Helenus, who called the fields Chaonian fields by name,
 Chaoniamque omnem Troiano a Chaone dixit, 335
 And all the land Chaonia, from Chaon of Troy-town;
 Pergamaque Iliacamque iugis hanc addidit arcem.
 And Pergamus and Ilian burg on ridgy steep set down.
 sed tibi qui cursum uenti, quae fata dedere?
 What winds, what fates gave thee the road to cross the ocean o'er?
 aut quisnam ignarum nostris deus appulit oris?
 Or what of Gods hath borne thee on unwitting to our shore?
 quid puer Ascanius? superatne et uescitur aura?
 What of the boy Ascanius? lives he and breathes he yet?
 quem tibi iam Troia — 340
 Whom unto thee when Troy yet was ——
 ecqua tamen puero est amissae cura parentis?
 The boy then, of his mother lost, hath he a thought of her?
 ecquid in antiquam uirtutem animosque uirilis
 Do him Æneas, Hector gone, father and uncle, stir,
 et pater Aeneas et auunculus excitat Hector?
 To valour of the ancient days, and great hearts' glorious gain?
 talia fundebat lacrimans longosque ciebat
 Such tale she poured forth, weeping sore, and long she wept in vain
 incassum fletus, cum sese a moenibus heros 345
 Great floods of tears: when lo, from out the city draweth nigh
 Priamides multis Helenus comitantibus adfert,

Lord Helenus the Priam-born midst mighty company,
 agnoscitque suos laetusque ad limina ducit,
 And knows his kin, and joyfully leads onward to his door,
 et multum lacrimas uerba inter singula fundit.
 Though many a tear 'twixt broken words the while doth he outpour.
 procedo et paruam Troiam simulataque magnis
 So on; a little Troy I see feigned from great Troy of fame,
 Pergama et arentem Xanthi cognomine riuum 350
 A Pergamus, a sandy brook that hath the Xanthus name,
 agnosco, Scaeeaeque amplector limina portae;
 On threshold of a Scæan gate I stoop to lay a kiss.
 nec non et Teucri socia simul urbe fruuntur.
 Soon, too, all Teucrian folk are wrapped in friendly city's bliss,
 illos porticibus rex accipiebat in amplis:
 And them the King fair welcomes in amid his cloisters broad,
 aulai medio libabant pocula Bacchi
 And they amidmost of the hall the bowls of Bacchus poured,
 impositis auro dapibus, paterasque tenebant. 355
 The meat was set upon the gold, and cups they held in hand.
 Iamque dies alterque dies processit, et auræ
 So passed a day and other day, until the gales command
 uela uocant tumidoque inflatur carbasus Austro:
 The sails aloft, and canvas swells with wind from out the South:
 his uatem adgredior dictis ac talia quaeso:
 Therewith I speak unto the seer, such matters in my mouth:
 'Troiu gena, interpres diuum, qui numina Phoebi,
 'O Troy-born, O Gods' messenger, who knowest Phoebus' will,
 qui tripodas Clarii et laurus, qui sidera sentis 360
 The tripods and the Clarian's bay, and what the stars fulfil,
 et uolucrum linguas et praepectis omina pennae,
 And tongues of fowl, and omens brought by swift foreflying wing,
 fare age (namque omnis cursum mihi prospera dixit
 Come, tell the tale! for of my way a happy heartening thing
 religio, et cuncti suaserunt numine diui
 All shrines have said, and all the Gods have bid me follow on
 Italiam petere et terras temptare repostas;
 To Italy, till outland shores, far off, remote were won:

sola nouum dictuque nefas Harpyia Celaeno 365

Alone Celæno, Harpy-fowl, new dread of fate set forth,
prodigium canit et tristis denuntiat iras

Unmeet to tell, and bade us fear the grimmest day of wrath,
obsceamque famem), quae prima pericula uito?

And ugly hunger. How may I by early perils fare?
quidue sequens tantos possim superare labores?’

Or doing what may I have might such toil to overbear?’

hic Helenus caesis primum de more iuuenis

So Helenus, when he hath had the heifers duly slain,

exorat pacem diuum uittasque resouit 370

Prays peace of Gods, from hallowed head he doffs the bands again,
sacra capitis, meque ad tua limina, Phoebe,

And then with hand he leadeth me, O Phoebus, to thy door,
ipse manu multo suspensum numine ducit,

My fluttering soul with all thy might of godhead shadowed o’er.

atque haec deinde canit diuino ex ore sacerdos:

There forth at last from God-loved mouth the seer this word did
send:

‘Nate dea (nam te maioribus ire per altum

‘O Goddess-born, full certainly across the sea ye wend

auspiciis manifesta fides; sic fata deum rex 375

By mightiest bidding, such the lot the King of Gods hath found
sortitur uoluitque uices, is uertitur ordo),

All fateful; so he rolls the world, so turns its order round.

pauca tibi e multis, quo tutior hospita lustres

Few things from many will I tell that thou the outland sea

aequora et Ausonio possis considerare portu,

May’st sail the safer, and at last make land in Italy;

expediam dictis; prohibent nam cetera Parcae

The other things the Parcae still ban Helenus to wot,

scire Helenum farique uetat Saturnia Iuno. 380

Saturnian Juno’s will it is that more he utter not.

principio Italiam, quam tu iam rere propinquam

First, from that Italy, which thou unwitting deem’st anigh,

uicinosque, ignare, paras inuadere portus,

Thinking to make in little space the haven close hereby,

longa procul longis uia diuidit inuia terris.
 Long is the wayless way that shears, and long the length of land;
 ante et Trinacria lentandus remus in unda
 And first in the Trinacrian wave must bend the rower's wand.
 et salis Ausonii lustrandum nauibus aequor 385
 On plain of that Ausonian salt your ships must stray awhile,
 infernique lacus Aeaeaeque insula Circae,
 And thou must see the nether meres, Ææan Circe's isle,
 quam tuta possis urbem componere terra.
 Ere thou on earth assured and safe thy city may'st set down.
 signa tibi dicam, tu condita mente teneto:
 I show thee tokens; in thy soul store thou the tokens shown.
 cum tibi sollicito secreti ad fluminis undam
 When thou with careful heart shalt stray the secret stream anigh,
 litoreis ingens inuenta sub ilicibus sus 390
 And 'neath the holm-oaks of the shore shalt see a great sow lie,
 triginta capitum fetus enixa iacebit,
 That e'en now farrowed thirty head of young, long on the ground
 alba solo recubans, albi circum ubera nati,
 She lieth white, with piglings white their mother's dugs around, —
 is locus urbis erit, requies ea certa laborum.
 That earth shall be thy city's place, there rest from toil is stored.
 nec tu mensarum morsus horresce futuros:
 Nor shudder at the coming curse, the gnawing of the board,
 fata uiam inuenient aderitque uocatus Apollo. 395
 The Fates shall find a way thereto; Apollo called shall come.
 has autem terras Italique hanc litoris oram,
 But flee these lands of Italy, this shore so near our home,
 proxima quae nostri perfunditur aequoris aestu,
 That washing of the strand thereof our very sea-tide seeks;
 effuge; cuncta malis habitantur moenia Graiis.
 For in all cities thereabout abide the evil Greeks.
 hic et Narycii posuerunt moenia Locri,
 There now have come the Locrian folk Narycian walls to build;
 et Sallentinos obsedit milite campos 400
 And Lyctian Idomeneus Sallentine meads hath filled
 Lyctius Idomeneus; hic illa ducis Meliboei

With war-folk; Philoctetes there holdeth Petelia small,
 parua Philoctetae subnixa Petelia muro.
 Now by that Meliboean duke fenced round with mighty wall.
 quin ubi transmissae steterint trans aequora classes
 Moreover, when your ships have crossed the sea, and there do stay,
 et positis aris iam uota in litore solues,
 And on the altars raised thereto your vows ashore ye pay,
 purpureo uelare comas adopertus amictu, 405
 Be veiled of head, and wrap thyself in cloth of purple dye,
 ne qua inter sanctos ignis in honore deorum
 Lest 'twixt you and the holy fires ye light to God on high
 hostilis facies occurrat et omina turbet.
 Some face of foeman should thrust in the holy signs to spill.
 hunc socii morem sacrorum, hunc ipse teneto;
 Now let thy folk, yea and thyself, this worship thus fulfil,
 hac casti maneant in religione nepotes.
 And let thy righteous sons of sons such fashion ever mind.
 ast ubi digressum Siculae te admouerit orae 410
 But when, gone forth, to Sicily thou comest on the wind,
 uentus, et angusti rarescent claustra Pelori,
 And when Pelorus' narrow sea is widening all away,
 laeua tibi tellus et longo laeua petantur
 Your course for leftward lying land and leftward waters lay,
 aequora circuitu; dextrum fuge litus et undas.
 How long soe'er ye reach about: flee right-hand shore and wave.
 haec loca ui quondam et uasta conuulsa ruina
 In time agone some mighty thing this place to wrack down drave,
 (tantum aevi longinqua ualet mutare uetustas) 415
 So much for changing of the world doth lapse of time avail.
 dissiluisse ferunt, cum protinus utraque tellus
 It split atwain, when heretofore the two lands, saith the tale,
 una foret: uenit medio ui pontus et undis
 Had been but one, the sea rushed in and clave with mighty flood
 Hesperium Siculo latus abscidit, aruaque et urbes
 Hesperia's side from Italy, and field and city stood
 litore diductas angusto interluit aestu.
 Drawn back on either shore, along a sundering sea-race strait.

dextrum Scylla latus, laeuum implacata Charybdis 420

There Scylla on the right hand lurks, the left insatiate
obsidet, atque imo barathri ter gurgite uastos
Charybdis holds, who in her maw all whirling deep adown
sorbet in abruptum fluctus rursusque sub auras
Sucketh the great flood tumbling in thrice daily, which out-thrown
erigit alternos, et sidera uerberat unda.

Thrice daily doth she spout on high, smiting the stars with brine.
at Scyllam caecis cohibet spelunca latebris

But Scylla doth the hidden hole of mirky cave confine;
ora exsertantem et nauis in saxa trahentem. 425

With face thrust forth she draweth ships on to that stony bed;
prima hominis facies et pulchro pectore uirgo

Manlike above, with maiden breast and lovely fashioned
pube tenus, postrema immani corpore pistrix

Down to the midst, she hath below huge body of a whale,
delphinum caudas utero commissa luporum.

And unto maw of wolfish heads is knit a dolphin's tail.
praestat Trinacrii metas lustrare Pachyni

'Tis better far to win about Pachynus, outer ness
cessantem, longos et circumflectere cursus, 430

Of Sicily, and reach long round, despite the weariness,
quam semel informem uasto uidisse sub antro

Than have that ugly sight of her within her awful den,
Scyllam et caeruleis canibus resonantia saxa.

And hear her coal-blue baying dogs and rocks that ring again.
praeterea, si qua est Heleno prudentia uati,

Now furthermore if Helenus in anything have skill,
si qua fides, animum si ueris implet Apollo,

Or aught of trust, or if his soul with sooth Apollo fill,
unum illud tibi, nate dea, proque omnibus unum 435

Of one thing, Goddess-born, will I forewarn thee over all,
praedicam et repetens iterumque iterumque monebo,

And spoken o'er and o'er again my word on thee shall fall:
Iunonis magnae primum prece numen adora,

The mighty Juno's godhead first let many a prayer seek home;
Iunoni cane uota libens dominamque potentem

To Juno sing your vows in joy, with suppliant gifts o'ercome
 supplicibus supera donis: sic denique uictor
 That Lady of all Might; and so, Trinacria overpast,
 Trinacria finis Italos mittere relictæ. 440
 Shalt thou be sped to Italy victorious at the last.
 huc ubi delatus Cumæam accesseris urbem
 When there thou com'st and Cumæ's town amidst thy way hast
 found,
 diuinosque lacus et Auerna sonantia siluis,
 The Holy Meres, Avernus' woods fruitful of many a sound,
 insanam uatem aspicias, quæ rupe sub ima
 There the wild seer-maid shalt thou see, who in a rock-hewn cave
 fata canit foliisque notas et nomina mandat.
 Singeth of fate, and letteth leaves her names and tokens have:
 quaecumque in foliis descripsit carmina uirgo 445
 But whatso song upon those leaves the maiden seer hath writ
 digerit in numerum atque antro seclusa relinquit:
 She ordereth duly, and in den of live stone leaveth it:
 illa manent immota locis neque ab ordine cedunt.
 There lie the written leaves unmoved, nor shift their ordered rows.
 uerum eadem, uerso tenuis cum cardine uentus
 But when the hinge works round, and thence a light air on them
 blows,
 impulit et teneras turbauit ianua frondes,
 Then, when the door doth disarray among the frail leaves bear,
 numquam deinde cauo uolitantia prendere saxo 450
 To catch them fluttering in the cave she never hath a care,
 nec reuocare situs aut iungere carmina curat:
 Nor will she set them back again nor make the song-words meet;
 inconsulti abeunt sedemque odere Sibyllæ.
 So folk unanswered go their ways and loathe the Sibyl's seat.
 hic tibi ne qua moræ fuerint dispendia tanti,
 But thou, count not the cost of time that there thou hast to spend;
 quamuis increpitent socii et ui cursus in altum
 Although thy fellows blame thee sore, and length of way to wend
 uela uocet, possisque sinus implere secundos, 455
 Call on thy sails, and thou may'st fill their folds with happy gale,

quin adeas uatem precibusque oracula poscas
 Draw nigh the seer, and strive with prayers to have her holy tale;
 ipsa canat uocemque uolens atque ora resoluat.
 Beseech her sing, and that her words from willing tongue go free:
 illa tibi Italiae populos uenturaque bella
 So revered shall she tell thee tale of folk of Italy
 et quo quemque modo fugiasque ferasque laborem
 And wars to come; and how to 'scape, and how to bear each ill,
 expediet, cursusque dabit uenerata secundos. 460
 And with a happy end at last thy wandering shall fulfil.
 haec sunt quae nostra liceat te uoce moneri.
 Now is this all my tongue is moved to tell thee lawfully:
 uade age et ingentem factis fer ad aethera Troiam.'
 Go, let thy deeds Troy's mightiness exalt above the sky!'

Quae postquam uates sic ore effatus amico est,
 So when the seer from loving mouth such words as this had said,
 dona dehinc auro graui ac secto elephanto
 Then gifts of heavy gold and gifts of carven tooth he bade
 imperat ad nauis ferri, stipatque carinis 465
 Be borne a-shipboard; and our keels he therewithal doth stow
 ingens argentum Dodonaeosque lebetas,
 With Dodonæan kettle-ware and silver great enow,
 lorica consertam hamis auroque trilicem,
 A coat of hookèd woven mail and triple golden chain,
 et conum insignis galeae cristasque comantis,
 A helm with noble towering crest crowned with a flowing mane,
 arma Neoptolemi. sunt et sua dona parenti.
 The arms of Pyrrhus: gifts most meet my father hath withal;
 addit equos, additque duces, 470
 And steeds he gives and guides he gives,
 remigium supplet, socios simul instruit armis.
 Fills up the tale of oars, and arms our fellows to their need.
 Interea classem uelis aptare iubebat
 Anchises still was bidding us meanwhile to have a heed
 Anchises, fieret uento mora ne qua ferenti.
 Of setting sail, nor with the wind all fair to make delay;
 quem Phoebi interpret multo compellat honore:

To whom with words of worship now doth Phoebus' servant say:
'coniugio, Anchisa, Veneris dignate superbo, 475
'Anchises, thou whom Venus' bed hath made so glorious,
cura deum, bis Pergameis erepte ruinis,
Care of the Gods, twice caught away from ruin of Pergamus,
ecce tibi Ausoniae tellus: hanc arripe uelis.
Lo, there the Ausonian land for thee, set sail upon the chase:
et tamen hanc pelago praeterlabare necesse est:
Yet needs must thou upon the sea glide by its neighbouring face.
Ausoniae pars illa procul quam pandit Apollo.
Far off is that Ausonia yet that Phoebus open lays.
uade,' ait 'o felix nati pietate. quid ultra 480
Fare forth, made glad with pious son! why tread I longer ways
prouehor et fando surgentis demoror Austros?'
Of speech, and stay the rising South with words that I would tell?'
nec minus Andromache digressu maesta supremo
And therewithal Andromache, sad with the last farewell,
fert picturatas auri subtemine uestis
Brings for Ascanius raiment wrought with picturing wool of gold,
et Phrygiam Ascanio chlamydem (nec cedit honore)
And Phrygian coat; nor will she have our honour wax acold,
textilibusque onerat donis, ac talia fatur: 485
But loads him with the woven gifts, and such word sayeth she:
'accipe et haec, manuum tibi quae monimenta mearum
'Take these, fair boy; keep them to be my hands' last memory,
sint, puer, et longum Andromachae testentur amorem,
The tokens of enduring love thy younger days did win
coniugis Hectoreae. cape dona extrema tuorum,
From Hector's wife Andromache, the last gifts of thy kin.
o mihi sola mei super Astyanactis imago.
O thou, of my Astyanax the only image now!
sic oculos, sic ille manus, sic ora ferebat; 490
Such eyes he had, such hands he had, such countenance as thou,
et nunc aequali tecum pubesceret aeuo.'
And now with thee were growing up in equal tale of years.'
hos ego digrediens lacrimis adfabar obortis:
Then I, departing, spake to them amid my rising tears:

‘uiuie felices, quibus est fortuna peracta

‘Live happy! Ye with fortune’s game have nothing more to play,
iam sua: nos alia ex aliis in fata uocamur.

While we from side to side thereof are hurried swift away.

uobis parta quies: nullum maris aequor arandum, ⁴⁹⁵

Your rest hath blossomed and brought forth; no sea-field shall ye till,
arua neque Ausoniae semper cedentia retro

Seeking the fields of Italy that fade before you still.

quaerenda. effigiem Xanthi Troiamque uidetis

Ye see another Xanthus here, ye see another Troy,

quam uestrae fecere manus, melioribus, opto,

Made by your hands for better days me hopes, and longer joy:

auspiciis, et quae fuerit minus obuia Graiis.

And soothly less it lies across the pathway of the Greek,

si quando Thybrim uicinaque Thybridis arua ⁵⁰⁰

If ever I that Tiber flood and Tiber fields I seek

intraro gentique meae data moenia cernam,

Shall enter, and behold the walls our folk shall win of fate.

cognatas urbes olim populosque propinquos,

Twin cities some day shall we have, and folks confederate,

Epiro Hesperiam (quibus idem Dardanus auctor

Epirus and Hesperia; from Dardanus each came,

atque idem casus), unam faciemus utramque

One fate had each: them shall we make one city and the same,

Troiam animis: maneat nostros ea cura nepotes.’ ⁵⁰⁵

One Troy in heart: lo, let our sons of sons’ sons see to it!’

Prouehimur pelago uicina Ceraunia iuxta,

Past nigh Ceraunian mountain-sides thence o’er the sea we flit,

unde iter Italiam cursusque breuissimus undis.

Whence the sea-way to Italy the shortest may be made.

sol ruit interea et montes umbrantur opaci;

But in the meanwhile sets the sun, the dusk hills lie in shade,

sternimur optatae gremio telluris ad undam

And, choosing oar-wards, down we lie on bosom of the land

sortiti remos passimque in litore sicco ⁵¹⁰

So wished for: by the water-side and on the dry sea-strand

corpora curamus, fessos sopor inrigat artus.

We tend our bodies here and there; sleep floodeth every limb.

necdum orbem medium Nox Horis acta subibat:

But ere the hour-bedriven night in midmost orb did swim,

haud segnis strato surgit Palinurus et omnis

Nought slothful Palinurus rose, and wisdom strives to win

explorat uentos atque auribus aera captat;

Of all the winds: with eager ear the breeze he drinketh in;

sidera cuncta notat tacito labentia caelo, 515

He noteth how through silent heaven the stars soft gliding fare,

Arcturum pluuiasque Hyadas geminosque Triones,

Arcturus, the wet Hyades, and either Northern Bear,

armatumque auro circumspicit Oriona.

And through and through he searcheth out Orion girt with gold.

postquam cuncta uidet caelo constare sereno,

So when he sees how everything a peaceful sky foretold,

dat clarum e puppi signum; nos castra mouemus

He bloweth clear from off the poop, and we our campment shift,

temptamusque uiam et uelorum pandimus alas. 520

And try the road and spread abroad our sail-wings to the lift.

Iamque rubescebat stellis Aurora fugatis

And now, the stars all put to flight, Aurora's blushes grow,

cum procul obscuros collis humilemque uidemus

When we behold dim fells afar and long lands lying low,

Italiam. Italiam primus conclamat Achates,

— E'en Italy. Achates first cries out on Italy;

Italiam laeto socii clamore salutant.

To Italy our joyous folk glad salutation cry.

tum pater Anchises magnum cratera corona 525

Anchises then a mighty bowl crowned with a garland fair,

induit impleuitque mero, diuosque uocauit

And filled it with unwatered wine and called the Gods to hear,

stans celsa in puppi:

High standing on the lofty deck:

'di maris et terrae tempestatumque potentes,

'O Gods that rule the earth and sea, and all the tides of storm,

ferte uiam uento facilem et spirare secundi.'

Make our way easy with the wind, breathe on us kindly breath!'

crebrescunt optatae aurae portusque patescit 530

Then riseth up the longed-for breeze, the haven openeth
iam propior, templumque apparet in arce Mineruae;

As nigh we draw, and on the cliff a fane of Pallas shows:
uela legunt socii et proras ad litora torquent.

Therewith our fellow-folk furl sail and shoreward turn the prows.
portus ab euroo fluctu curuatus in arcum,

Bow-wise the bight is hollowed out by eastward-setting flood,
objectae salsa spumant aspergine cautes,

But over-foamed by salt-sea spray thrust out its twin horns stood,
ipse latet: gemino demittunt brachia muro 535

While it lay hidden; tower-like rocks let down on either hand
turriti scopuli refugitque ab litore templum.

Twin arms of rock-wall, and the fane lies backward from the stand.
quattuor hic, primum omen, equos in gramine uidi

But I beheld upon the grass four horses, snowy white,
tondentis campum late, candore niuali.

Grazing the meadows far and wide, first omen of my sight.
et pater Anchises 'bellum, o terra hospita, portas:

Father Anchises seeth and saith: 'New land, and bear'st thou war?
bello armantur equi, bellum haec armenta minantur. 540

For war are horses dight; so these war-threatening herd-beasts are.
sed tamen idem olim curru succedere sueti

Yet whiles indeed those four-foot things in car will well refrain,
quadripedes et frena iugo concordia ferre:

And tamed beneath the yoke will bear the bit and bridle's strain,
spes et pacis' ait. tum numina sancta precamur

So there is yet a hope of peace.' Then on the might we call
Palladis armisonae, quae prima accepit ouantis,

Of Pallas of the weapon-din, first welcomer of all,
et capita ante aras Phrygio uelamur amictu, 545

And veil our brows before the Gods with cloth of Phrygian dye;
praeceptisque Heleni, dederat quae maxima, rite

And that chief charge of Helenus we do all rightfully,
Iunoni Argiuae iussos adolemus honores.

And Argive Juno worship there in such wise as is willed.
Haud mora, continuo perfectis ordine uotis

We tarry not, but when all vows are duly there fulfilled,
cornua uelatarum obuertimus antemnarum,
Unto the wind our sail-yard horns we fall to turn about,
Graiugenumque domos suspectaque linquimus arua. 550
And leave the houses of the Greeks, and nursing fields of doubt.
hinc sinus Herculei (si uera est fama) Tarenti
And next is seen Tarentum's bay, the Herculean place
cernitur, attollit se diua Lacinia contra,
If fame tell true; Lacinia then, the house of Gods, we face;
Caulonisque arces et nauifragum Scylaceum.
And Caulon's towers, and Scylaceum, of old the shipman's bane.
tum procul e fluctu Trinacria cernitur Aetna,
Then see we Ætna rise far off above Trinacria's main;
et gemitum ingentem pelagi pulsataque saxa 555
Afar the mighty moan of sea, and sea-cliffs beaten sore,
audimus longe fractasque ad litora uoces,
We hearken, and the broken voice that cometh from the shore:
exsultantque uada atque aestu miscentur harenae.
The sea leaps high upon the shoals, the eddy churns the sand.
et pater Anchises 'nimirum hic illa Charybdis:
Then saith Anchises: 'Lo forsooth, Charybdis is at hand,
hos Helenus scopulos, haec saxa horrenda canebat.
Those rocks and stones the dread whereof did Helenus foretell.
eripite, o socii, pariterque insurgite remis.' 560
Save ye, O friends! swing out the oars together now and well!
haud minus ac iussi faciunt, primusque rudentem
Nor worser than his word they do, and first the roaring beaks
contorsit laeuas proram Palinurus ad undas;
Doth Palinurus leftward wrest; then all the sea-host seeks
laeuam cuncta cohors remis uentisque petiuit.
With sail and oar the waters wild upon the left that lie:
tollimur in caelum curuato gurgite, et idem
Upheaved upon the tossing whirl we fare unto the sky,
subducta ad Manis imos desedimus unda. 565
Then down unto the nether Gods we sink upon the wave:
ter scopuli clamorem inter caua saxa dedere,
Thrice from the hollow-carven rocks great roar the sea-cliffs gave;

ter spumam elisam et rorantia uidimus astra.

Thrice did we see the spray cast forth and stars with sea-dew done;
interea fessos uentus cum sole reliquit,

But the wind left us weary folk at sinking of the sun,
ignarique uiae Cyclopum adlabimur oris.

And on the Cyclops' strand we glide unwitting of the way.

Portus ab accessu uentorum immotus et ingens 570

Locked from the wind the haven is, itself an ample bay;

ipse: sed horrificis iuxta tonat Aetna ruinis,

But hard at hand mid ruin and fear doth Ætna thunder loud;

interdumque atram prorumpit ad aethera nubem

And whiles it blasteth forth on air a black and dreadful cloud,

turbine fumantem piceo et candente fauilla,

That rolleth on a pitchy wreath, where bright the ashes mix,

attollitque globos flammarum et sidera lambit;

And heaveth up great globes of flame and heaven's high star-world
licks,

interdum scopulos auulsaque uiscera montis 575

And other whiles the very cliffs, and riven mountain-maw

erigit eructans, liquefactaque saxa sub auras

It belches forth; the molten stones together will it draw

cum gemitu glomerat fundoque exaestuat imo.

Aloft with moan, and boileth o'er from lowest inner vale.

fama est Enceladi semustum fulmine corpus

This world of mountain presseth down, as told it is in tale,

urgeri mole hac, ingentemque insuper Aetnam

Enceladus the thunder-scorched; huge Ætna on him cast,

impositam ruptis flammam exspirare caminis, 580

From all her bursten furnaces breathes out his fiery blast;

et fessum quotiens mutet latus, intremere omnem

And whensoe'er his weary side he shifteth, all the shore

murmure Trinacriam et caelum subtexere fumo.

Trinacrian trembleth murmuring, and heaven is smoke-clad o'er.

noctem illam tecti siluis immania monstra

In thicket close we wear the night amidst these marvels dread,

perferimus, nec quae sonitum det causa uidemus.

Nor may we see what thing it is that all that noise hath shed:

nam neque erant astrorum ignes nec lucidus aethra 585

For neither showed the planet fires, nor was the heaven bright
siderea polus, obscuro sed nubila caelo,

With starry zenith; mirky cloud hung over all the night,
et lunam in nimbo nox intempesta tenebat.

In mist of dead untimely tide the moon was hidden close.

Postera iamque dies primo surgebat Eoo

But when from earliest Eastern dawn the following day arose,

umentemque Aurora polo dimouerat umbram,

And fair Aurora from the heaven the watery shades had cleared,

cum subito e siluis macie confecta suprema 590

Lo, suddenly from out the wood new shape of man appeared.

ignoti noua forma uiri miserandaque cultu

Unknown he was, most utter lean, in wretchedest of plight:

procedit supplexque manus ad litora tendit.

Shoreward he stretched his suppliant hands; we turn back at the
sight,

respicimus. dira inluuies immissaque barba,

And gaze on him: all squalor there, a mat of beard we see,

consertum tegimen spinis: at cetera Graius,

And raiment clasped with wooden thorns; and yet a Greek is he,

et quondam patriis ad Troiam missus in armis. 595

Yea, sent erewhile to leaguered Troy in Greekish weed of war.

isque ubi Dardanios habitus et Troia uidit

But when he saw our Dardan guise and arms of Troy afar,

arma procul, paulum aspectu conterritus haesit

Feared at the sight he hung aback at first a little space,

continuitque gradum; mox sese ad litora praeceps

But presently ran headlong down into our sea-side place

cum fletu precibusque tulit: ‘per sidera testor,

With tears and prayers: ‘O Teucrian men, by all the stars,’ he cried,

per superos atque hoc caeli spirabile lumen, 600

‘By all the Gods, by light of heaven ye breathe, O bear me wide

tollite me, Teucri. quascumque abducite terras:

Away from here! to whatso land henceforth ye lead my feet

hoc sat erit. scio me Danais e classibus unum

It is enough. That I am one from out the Danaan fleet,

et bello Iliacos fateor petiisse penatis.

And that I warred on Ilian house erewhile, most true it is;

pro quo, si sceleris tanta est iniuria nostri,

For which, if I must pay so much wherein I wrought amiss,

spargite me in fluctus uastoque immergite ponto; 605

Then strew me on the flood and sink my body in the sea!

si pereo, hominum manibus periisse iuuabit.’

To die by hands of very men shall be a joy to me.’

dixerat et genua amplexus genibusque uolutans

He spake with arms about our knees, and wallowing still he clung

haerebat. qui sit fari, quo sanguine cretus,

Unto our knees: but what he was and from what blood he sprung

hortamur, quae deinde agitet fortuna fateri.

We bade him say, and tell withal what fate upon him drave.

ipse pater dextram Anchises haud multa moratus 610

His right hand with no tarrying then Father Anchises gave

dat iuueni atque animum praesenti pignore firmat.

Unto the youth, and heartened him with utter pledge of peace.

ille haec deposita tandem formidine fatur:

So now he spake when fear of us amid his heart did cease:

‘sum patria ex Ithaca, comes infelicis Vlixī,

‘Luckless Ulysses’ man am I, and Ithaca me bore,

nomine Achaemenides, Troiam genitore Adamasto

Hight Achaemenides, who left that Adamastus poor

paupere (mansissetque utinam fortuna!) profectus. 615

My father (would I still were there!) by leaguered Troy to be.

hic me, dum trepidi crudelia limina linquunt,

Here while my mates aquake with dread the cruel threshold flee,

immemores socii uasto Cyclopi in antro

They leave me in the Cyclops’ den unmindful of their friend;

deseruere. domus sanie dapibusque cruentis,

A house of blood and bloody meat, most huge from end to end,

intus opaca, ingens. ipse arduus, altaque pulsat

Mirky within: high up aloft star-smiting to behold

sidera (di talem terris auertite pestem!) 620

Is he himself; — such bane, O God, keep thou from field and fold!

nec uisu facilis nec dictu adfabilis ulli;

Scarce may a man look on his face; no word to him is good;
 uisceribus miserorum et sanguine uescitur atro.
 On wretches' entrails doth he feed and black abundant blood.
 uidi egomet duo de numero cum corpora nostro
 Myself I saw him of our folk two hapless bodies take
 prensa manu magna medio resupinus in antro
 In his huge hand, whom straight he fell athwart a stone to break
 frangeret ad saxum, sanieque aspersa natarent 625
 As there he lay upon his back; I saw the threshold swim
 limina; uidi atro cum membra fluentia tabo
 With spouted blood, I saw him grind each bloody dripping limb,
 manderet et tepidi tremerent sub dentibus artus —
 I saw the joints amidst his teeth all warm and quivering still.
 haud impune quidem, nec talia passus Vlixes
 — He payed therefore, for never might Ulysses bear such ill,
 oblitusue sui est Ithacus discrimine tanto.
 Nor was he worser than himself in such a pinch bestead:
 nam simul expletus dapibus uinoque sepultus 630
 For when with victual satiate, deep sunk in wine, his head
 ceruicem inflexam posuit, iacuitque per antrum
 Fell on his breast, and there he lay enormous through the den,
 immensus sanie eructans et frustra cruento
 Snorting out gore amidst his sleep, with gobbets of the men
 per somnum commixta mero, nos magna precati
 And mingled blood and wine; then we sought the great Gods with
 prayer
 numina sortitique uices una undique circum
 And drew the lots, and one and all crowded about him there,
 fundimur, et telo lumen terebramus acuto 635
 And bored out with a sharpened pike the eye that used to lurk
 ingens quod torua solum sub fronte latebat,
 Enormous lonely 'neath his brow overhanging grim and mirk,
 Argolici clipei aut Phoebeae lampadis instar,
 As great a shield of Argolis, or Phoebus' lamp on high;
 et tandem laeti sociorum ulciscimur umbras.
 And so our murdered fellows' ghosts avenged we joyously.
 sed fugite, o miseri, fugite atque ab litore funem

— But ye, O miserable men, flee forth! make haste to pluck
rumpite. 640

The warping hawser from the shore!

nam qualis quantusque cauo Polyphemus in antro

For even such, and e'en so great as Polypheme in cave

lanigeras claudit pecudes atque ubera pressat,

Shuts in the wealth of woolly things and draws the udders' wave,

centum alii curua haec habitant ad litora uulgo

An hundred others commonly dwell o'er these curving bights,

infandi Cyclopes et altis montibus errant.

Unutterable Cyclop folk, or stray about the heights.

tertia iam lunae se cornua lumine complent 645

Thrice have the twin horns of the moon fulfilled the circle clear

cum uitam in siluis inter deserta ferarum

While I have dragged out life in woods and houses of the deer,

lustra domosque traho uastosque ab rupe Cyclopas

And gardens of the beasts; and oft from rocky place on high

prospicio sonitumque pedum uocemque tremesco.

Trembling I note the Cyclops huge, hear foot and voice go by.

uictum infelicem, bacas lapidosaque corna,

And evil meat of wood-berries, and cornel's flinty fruit

dant rami, et uulsis pascunt radicibus herbae. 650

The bush-boughs give; on grass at whiles I browse, and plucked-up
root

omnia conlustrans hanc primum ad litora classem

So wandering all about, at last I see unto the shore

conspexi uenientem. huic me, quaecumque fuisset,

Your ships a-coming: thitherward my steps in haste I bore:

addixi: satis est gentem effugisse nefandam.

Whate'er might hap enough it was to flee this folk of ill;

uos animam hanc potius quocumque absumite leto.'

Rather do ye in any wise the life within me spill.'

Vix ea fatus erat summo cum monte uidemus 655

And scarcely had he said the word ere on the hill above

ipsum inter pecudes uasta se mole mouentem

The very shepherd Polypheme his mountain mass did move,

pastorem Polyphemum et litora nota petentem,

A marvel dread, a shapeless trunk, an eyeless monstrous thing,
monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.
Who down unto the shore well known his sheep was shepherding;
trunca manum pinus regit et uestigia firmat;
A pine-tree in the hand of him leads on and stays his feet;
lanigeræ comitantur oues; ea sola uoluptas 660
The woolly sheep his fellows are, his only pleasure sweet,
solamenque mali.

The only solace of his ill.
postquam altos tetigit fluctus et ad æquora uenit,
But when he touched the waters deep, and mid the waves was come,
luminis effossi fluidum lauit inde cruorem
He falls to wash the flowing blood from off his eye dug out;
dentibus infrendens gemitu, graditurque per æquor
Gnashing his teeth and groaning sore he walks the sea about,
iam medium, necdum fluctus latera ardua tinxit. 665
But none the less no wave there was up to his flank might win.
nos procul inde fugam trepidi celerare recepto
Afeard from far we haste to flee, and, having taken in
supplice sic merito tacitique incidere funem,
Our suppliant, who had earned it well, cut cable silently,
uertimus et proni certantibus æquora remis.
And bending to the eager oars sweep out along the sea.
sensit, et ad sonitum uocis uestigia torsit.
He heard it, and his feet he set to follow on the sound;
uerum ubi nulla datur dextra adfectare potestas 670
But when his right hand failed to reach, and therewithal he found
nec potis Ionios fluctus æquare sequendo,
He might not speed as fast as fares the Ionian billow lithe,
clamorem immensum tollit, quo pontus et omnes
Then clamour measureless he raised, and ocean quaked therewith
intremuere undæ, penitusque exterrita tellus
Through every wave, and inwardly the land was terrified
Italiae curuisque immugiit Aetna cauernis.
Of Italy, and Ætna boomed from many-hollowed side.
at genus e siluis Cyclopum et montibus altis 675
But all the race of Cyclops stirred from woods and lofty hills,

excitum ruit ad portus et litora complent.
 Down rushes to the haven-side and all the haven fills;
 cernimus astantis nequiquam lumine toruo
 And Ætna's gathered brethren there we see; in vain they stand
 Aetnaeos fratres caelo capita alta ferentis,
 Glowering grim-eyed with heads high up in heaven, a dreadful band
 concilium horrendum: quales cum uertice celso
 Of councillors: they were as when on ridge aloft one sees
 aeriae quercus aut coniferae cyparissi 680
 The oaks stand thick against the sky, and cone-hung cypresses,
 constiterunt, silua alta Iouis lucusue Dianae.
 Jove's lofty woods, or thicket where Diana's footsteps stray.
 praecipitis metus acer agit quocumque rudentis
 Then headlong fear fell on our folk in whatsoever way
 excutere et uentis intendere uela secundis.
 To shake the reefs out spreading sail to any wind that blew;
 contra iussa monent Heleni, Scyllamque Charybdinque
 But Helenus had bid us steer a midmost course and true
 inter, utrimque uiam leti discrimine paruo, 685
 'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis, lest to death we sail o'er-close:
 ni teneam cursus: certum est dare lintea retro.
 So safest seemed for backward course to let the sails go loose.
 ecce autem Boreas angusta ab sede Pelori
 But lo, from out Pelorus' strait comes down the northern flaw,
 missus adest: uiuo praeteruehor ostia saxo
 And past Pantagia's haven-mouth of living stone we draw,
 Pantagiae Megarosque sinus Thapsumque iacentem.
 And through the gulf of Megara by Thapsus lying low.
 talia monstrabat relegens errata retrorsus 690
 Such names did Achemenides, Ulysses' fellow, show,
 litora Achaemenides, comes infelicis Vlixi.
 As now he coasted back again the shore erst wandered by.
 Sicanio praetenta sinu iacet insula contra
 In jaws of the Sicanian bay there doth an island lie
 Plemyrion undosum; nomen dixere priores
 Against Plemyrion's wavy face; folk called it in old days
 Ortygiam. Alpheum fama est huc Elidis amnem

Ortygia: there, as tells the tale, Alpheus burrowed ways
occultas egisse uias subter mare, qui nunc 695
 From his own Elis 'neath the sea, and now by mouth of thine,
 ore, Arethusa, tuo Siculis confunditur undis.
 O Arethusa, blendeth him with that Sicilian brine.
iussi numina magna loci ueneramur, et inde
 We pray the isle's great deities, e'en as we bidden were:
exsupero praepingue solum stagnantis Helori.
 And thence we pass the earth o'erfat about Helorus' mere;
hinc altas cautes proiectaque saxa Pachyni
 Then by Pachynus' lofty crags and thrust-forth rocks we skim,
radimus, et fatis numquam concessa moueri 700
 And Camarina showeth next a long way off and dim;
 apparet Camerina procul campique Geloi,
 Her whom the Fates would ne'er be moved: then comes the plain in
 sight
immanisque Gela fluuii cognomine dicta.
 Of Gela, yea, and Gela huge from her own river high:
arduus inde Acragas ostentat maxima longe
 Then Acragas the very steep shows great walls far away,
moenia, magnanimum quondam generator equorum;
 Begetter of the herds of horse high-couraged on a day.
teque datis linquo uentis, palmosa Selinus, 705
 Then thee, Selinus of the palms, I leave with happy wind,
et uada dura lego saxis Lilybeia caecis.
 And coast the Lilybean shoals and tangled skerries blind.
hinc Drepani me portus et inlaetabilis ora
 But next the firth of Drepanum, the strand without a joy,
accipit. hic pelagi tot tempestatibus actus
 Will have me. There I tossed so sore, the tempests' very toy,
heu, genitorem, omnis curae casusque leuamen,
 O woe is me! my father lose, lightener of every care,
amitto Anchisen. hic me, pater optime, fessum 710
 Of every ill: me all alone, me weary, father dear,
deseris, heu, tantis nequiquam erepte periclis!
 There wouldst thou leave; thou borne away from perils all for
 nought!

nec uates Helenus, cum multa horrenda moneret,
Ah, neither Helenus the seer, despite the fears he taught,
hos mihi praedixit luctus, non dira Celaeno.
Nor grim Celæno in her wrath, this grief of soul forebode.
hic labor extremus, longarum haec meta uiarum,
This was the latest of my toils, the goal of all my road,
hinc me digressum uestris deus appulit oris. 715
For me departed thence some God to this your land did bear.”
Sic pater Aeneas intentis omnibus unus
So did the Father Æneas, with all at stretch to hear,
fata renarrabat diuum cursusque docebat.
Tell o’er the fateful ways of God, and of his wanderings teach:
conticuit tandem factoque hic fine quieuit.
But here he hushed him at the last and made an end of speech.

LIBER IV

BOOK IV.

At regina graui iamdudum saucia cura
Meanwhile the Queen, long smitten sore with sting of all desire,
uulnus alit uenis et caeco carpitur igni.
With very heart's blood feeds the wound and wastes with hidden fire.
multa uiri uirtus animo multusque recursat
And still there runneth in her mind the hero's valiancy,
gentis honos; haerent infixi pectore uultus
And glorious stock; his words, his face, fast in her heart they lie:
uerbaque nec placidam membris dat cura quietem. 5
Nor may she give her body peace amid that restless pain.
postera Phoebea lustrabat lampade terras
But when the next day Phoebus' lamp lit up the lands again,
umentemque Aurora polo dimouerat umbram,
And now Aurora from the heavens had rent the mist apart,
cum sic unanimam adloquitur male sana sororem:
Sick-souled her sister she bespeaks, the sharer of her heart:
'Anna soror, quae me suspensam insomnia terrent!
"Sister, O me, this sleepless pain that fears me with unrest!
quis nouus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes, 10
O me, within our house and home this new-come wondrous guest!
quem sese ore ferens, quam forti pectore et armis!
Ah, what a countenance and mien! in arms and heart how strong!
credo equidem, nec uana fides, genus esse deorum.
Surely to throw him of the Gods it doth no wisdom wrong;
degeneres animos timor arguit. heu, quibus ille
For fear it is shows base-born souls. Woe's me! how tossed about
iactatus fatis! quae bella exhausta canebat!
By fortune was he! how he showed war's utter wearing out!
si mihi non animo fixum immotumque sederet 15
And, but my heart for ever now were set immovably
ne cui me uinclo uellem sociare iugali,
Never to let me long again the wedding bond to tie,

postquam primus amor deceptam morte fefellit;
Since love betrayed me first of all with him my darling dead,
si non pertaesum thalami taedaeque fuisset,
And were I not all weary-sick of torch and bridal bed,
huic uni forsán potui succumbere culpae.
This sin alone of all belike my falling heart might trap;
Anna (fatebor enim) miseri post fata Sychaei 20
For, Anna, I confess it thee, since poor Sychæus' hap,
coniugis et sparsos fraterna caede penatis
My husband dead, my hearth acold through murderous brother's
deed,
solus hic inflexit sensus animumque labantem
This one alone hath touched the quick; this one my heart may lead
impulit. agnosco ueteris uestigia flammae.
Unto its fall: I feel the signs of fire of long agony.
sed mihi uel tellus optem prius ima dehiscat
And yet I pray the deeps of earth beneath my feet may yawn,
uel pater omnipotens adigat me fulmine ad umbras, 25
I pray the Father send me down bolt-smitten to the shades,
pallentis umbras Erebo noctemque profundam,
The pallid shades of Erebus, the night that never fades,
ante, pudor, quam te uiolo aut tua iura resoluo.
Before, O Shame, I shame thy face, or loose what thou hast tied!
ille meos, primus qui me sibi iunxit, amores
He took away the love from me, who bound me to his side
abstulit; ille habeat secum seruetque sepulcro.'
That first of times. Ah, in the tomb let love be with him still!"
sic effata sinum lacrimis impleuit obortis. 30
The tears arisen as she spake did all her bosom fill.
Anna refert: 'o luce magis dilecta sorori,
But Anna saith: "Dearer to me than very light of day,
solane perpetua maerens carpere iuuenta
Must thou alone and sorrowing wear all thy youth away,
nec dulcis natos Veneris nec praemia noris?
Nor see sweet sons, nor know the joys that gentle Venus brings?
id cinerem aut manis credis curare sepultos?
Deem'st thou dead ash or buried ghosts have heed of such-like

things?

esto: aegram nulli quondam flexere mariti, 35

So be it that thy sickened soul no man to yield hath brought

non Libyae, non ante Tyro; despectus Iarbas

In Libya as in Tyre; let be Iarbas set at nought,

ductoresque alii, quos Africa terra triumphis

And other lords, whom Africa, the rich in battle's bliss,

diues alit: placitone etiam pugnabis amori?

Hath nursed: but now, with love beloved, — must thou be foe to this?

nec uenit in mentem quorum consederis aruis?

Yea, hast thou not within thy mind amidst whose bounds we are?

hinc Gaetulae urbes, genus insuperabile bello, 40

Here the Gætulian cities fierce, a folk unmatched in war,

et Numidae infreni cingunt et inhospita Syrtis;

And hard Numidia's bitless folk, and Syrtes' guestless sand

hinc deserta siti regio lateque furentes

Lie round thee: there Barcaeans wild, the rovers of the land,

Barcaei. quid bella Tyro surgentia dicam

Desert for thirst: what need to tell of wars new-born in Tyre, germanique minas?

And of thy murderous brother's threats?

dis equidem auspicibus reor et Iunone secunda 45

Meseems by very will of Gods, by Juno's loving mind,

hunc cursum Iliacas uento tenuisse carinas.

The Ilian keels run down their course before the following wind.

quam tu urbem, soror, hanc cernes, quae surgere regna

Ah, what a city shalt thou see! how shall the lordship wax

coniugio tali! Teucrum comitantibus armis

With such a spouse! with Teucrian arms our brothers at our backs

Punica se quantis attollet gloria rebus!

Unto what glory of great deeds the Punic realm may reach!

tu modo posce deos ueniam, sacrisque litatis 50

But thou, go seek the grace of Gods, with sacrifice beseech;

indulge hospitio causasque innecte morandi,

Then take thy fill of guest-serving; weave web of all delays:

dum pelago desaeuit hiems et aquosus Orion,

The wintry raging of the sea, Orion's watery ways,
 quassataeque rates, dum non tractabile caelum.'

The way-worn ships, the heavens unmeet for playing seaman's part."
 His dictis impenso animum flammauit amore

So saying, she blew the flame of love within her kindled heart,
 spemque dedit dubiae menti soluitque pudorem. 55

And gave her doubtful soul a hope and loosed the girth of shame.
 principio delubra adeunt pacemque per aras

Then straight they fare unto the shrines, by every altar's flame
 exquirunt; mactant lectas de more bidentis

Praying for peace; and hosts they slay, chosen as custom would,
 legiferae Cereri Phoeboque patrique Lyaeo,

To Phoebus, Ceres wise of law, Father Lyæus good,
 Iunoni ante omnis, cui uincla iugalia curae.

But chiefest unto Juno's might, that wedlock hath in care.
 ipsa tenens dextra pateram pulcherrima Dido 60

There bowl in hand stands Dido forth, most excellently fair,
 candentis uaccae media inter cornua fundit,

And pours between the sleek cow's horns; or to and fro doth pace
 aut ante ora deum pinguis spatiat ad aras,

Before the altars fat with prayer, 'neath very godhead's face,
 instauratque diem donis, pecudumque reclusis

And halloweth in the day with gifts, and, gazing eagerly
 pectoribus inhians spirantia consulit exta.

Amid the host's yet beating heart, for answering rede must try.
 heu, uatum ignarae mentes! quid uota furem, 65

— Woe's me! the idle mind of priests! what prayer, what shrine
 avails

quid delubra iuuant? est mollis flamma medullas

The wild with love! — and all the while the smooth flame never fails
 interea et tacitum uiuit sub pectore uulnus.

To eat her heart: the silent wound lives on within her breast:
 uritur infelix Dido totaque uagatur

Unhappy Dido burneth up, and, wild with all unrest,
 urbe furens, qualis coniecta cerua sagitta,

For ever strays the city through: as arrow-smitten doe,
 quam procul incautam nemora inter Cresia fixit 70

Unwary, whom some herd from far hath drawn upon with bow
pastor agens telis liquitque uolatile ferrum
Amid the Cretan woods, and left the swift steel in the sore,
nescius: illa fuga siluas saltusque peragrat
Unknowing: far in flight she strays the woods and thickets o'er,
Dictaeos; haeret lateri letalis harundo.
'Neath Dictæ's heights; but in her flank still bears the deadly reed.
nunc media Aenean secum per moenia ducit
Now midmost of the city-walls Æneas doth she lead,
Sidoniasque ostentat opes urbemque paratam, 75
And shows him the Sidonian wealth, the city's guarded ways;
incipit effari mediaque in uoce resistit;
And now she falls to speech, and now amidst a word she stays.
nunc eadem labente die conuiuia quaerit,
Then at the dying of the day the feast she dights again,
Ilicosque iterum demens audire labores
And, witless, once again will hear the tale of Ilium's pain;
exposcit pendetque iterum narrantis ab ore.
And once more hangeth on the lips that tell the tale aloud.
post ubi digressi, lumenque obscura uicissim 80
But after they were gone their ways, and the dusk moon did shroud
luna premit suadentque cadentia sidera somnos,
Her light in turn, and setting stars bade all to sleep away,
sola domo maeret uacua stratisque relictis
Lone in the empty house she mourns, broods over where he lay,
incubat. illum absens absentem auditque uidetque,
Hears him and sees him, she apart from him that is apart
aut gremio Ascanium genitoris imagine capta
Or, by his father's image smit, Ascanius to her heart
detinet, infandum si fallere possit amorem. 85
She taketh, if her utter love she may thereby beguile.
non coeptae adsurgunt turre, non arma iuuentus
No longer rise the walls begun, nor play the youth this while
exercet portusue aut propugnacula bello
In arms, or fashion havens forth, or ramparts of the war:
tuta parant: pendent opera interrupta minaeque
Broken is all that handicraft and mastery; idle are

murorum ingentes aequataque machina caelo.

The mighty threatenings of the walls and engines wrought heaven high.

Quam simul ac tali persensit peste teneri 90

Now when the holy wife of Jove beheld her utterly

cara Iouis coniunx nec famam obstare furori,

Held by that plague, whose madness now not e'en her fame might stay,

talibus adgreditur Venerem Saturnia dictis:

Then unto Venus, Saturn's seed began such words to say:

'egregiam uero laudem et spolia ampla refertis

"Most glorious praise ye carry off, meseems, most wealthy spoil,

tuque puerque tuus (magnum et memorabile numen),

Thou and thy Boy; wondrous the might, and long to tell the toil,

una dolo diuum si femina uicta duorum est. 95

Whereas two Gods by dint of craft one woman have o'erthrown.

nec me adeo fallit ueritam te moenia nostra

But well I wot, that through your fear of walls I call mine own,

suspectas habuisse domos Karthaginis altae.

In welcome of proud Carthage doors your hearts may never trow.

sed quis erit modus, aut quo nunc certamine tanto?

But what shall be the end hereof? where wends our contest now?

quin potius pacem aeternam pactosque hymenaeos

What if a peace that shall endure, and wedlock surely bound,

exercemus? habes tota quod mente petisti: 100

We fashion? That which all thine heart was set on thou hast found.

ardet amans Dido traxitque per ossa furorem.

For Dido burns: bone of her bone thy madness is today:

communem hunc ergo populum paribusque regamus

So let us rule these folks as one beneath an equal sway:

auspiciis; liceat Phrygio seruire marito

Let the doom be that she shall take a Phrygian man for lord,

dotalisque tuae Tyrios permittere dextrae.'

And to thine hand for dowry due her Tyrian folk award."

Olli (sensit enim simulata mente locutam, 105

But Venus felt that Juno's guile within the word did live,

quo regnum Italiae Libycas auerteret oras)

Who lordship due to Italy to Libya fain would give,
 sic contra est ingressa Venus: 'quis talia demens
 So thus she answered her again: "Who were so overbold
 abnuat aut tecum malit contendere bello?
 To gainsay this? or who would wish war against thee to hold,
 si modo quod memoras factum fortuna sequatur.
 If only this may come to pass, and fate the deed may seal?
 sed fatis incerta feror, si Iuppiter unam 110
 But doubtful drifts my mind of fate, if one same town and weal
 esse uelit Tyriis urbem Troiaque profectis,
 Jove giveth to the Tyrian folk and those from Troy outcast,
 misceriue probet populos aut foedera iungi.
 If he will have those folks to blend and bind the treaty fast
 tu coniunx, tibi fas animum temptare precando.
 Thou art his wife: by prayer mayst thou prove all his purpose
 weighed.
 perge, sequar.' tum sic excepit regia Iuno:
 Set forth, I follow." Juno then took up the word and said:
 'mecum erit iste labor. nunc qua ratione quod instat 115
 "Yea, that shall be my very work: how that which presseth now
 confieri possit, paucis (aduertere) docebo.
 May be encompassed, hearken ye, in few words will I show:
 uenatum Aeneas unaque miserrima Dido
 Æneas and the hapless queen are minded forth to fare
 in nemus ire parant, ubi primos crastinus ortus
 For hunting to the thicket-side, when Titan first shall bear
 extulerit Titan radiisque retexerit orbem.
 Tomorrow's light aloft, and all the glittering world unveil:
 his ego nigrantem commixta grandine nimbum, 120
 On them a darkening cloud of rain, blended with drift of hail,
 dum trepidant alae saltusque indagine cingunt,
 Will I pour down, while for the hunt the feathered snare-lines shake,
 desuper infundam et tonitru caelum omne ciebo.
 And toils about the thicket go: all heaven will I awake
 diffugient comites et nocte tegentur opaca:
 With thunder, and their scattered folk the mid-mirk shall enwrap:
 speluncam Dido dux et Troianus eandem

Then Dido and the Trojan lord on one same cave shall hap;
 deuenient. adero et, tua si mihi certa uoluntas, 125
 I will be there, and if to me thy heart be stable grown,
 conubio iungam stabili propriamque dicabo.
 In wedlock will I join the two and deem her all his own:
 hic hymenaeus erit.' non aduersata petenti
 And there shall be their bridal God." Then Venus nought gainsaid,
 adnuit atque dolis risit Cytherea repertis.
 But, nodding yea, she smiled upon the snare before her laid.
 Oceanum interea surgens Aurora reliquit.
 Meanwhile Aurora risen up had left the ocean stream,
 it portis iubare exorto delecta iuuentus, 130
 And gateway throng the chosen youth in first of morning's beam,
 retia rara, plagae, lato uenabula ferro,
 And wide-meshed nets, and cordage-toils and broad-steeled spears
 abound,
 Massylique ruunt equites et odora canum uis.
 Massylian riders go their ways with many a scenting hound.
 reginam thalamo cunctantem ad limina primi
 The lords of Carthage by the door bide till the tarrying queen
 Poenorum exspectant, ostroque insignis et auro
 Shall leave her chamber: there, with gold and purple well beseen,
 stat sonipes ac frena ferox spumantia mandit. 135
 The mettled courser stands, and champs the bit that bids him bide.
 tandem progreditur magna stipante caterua
 At last she cometh forth to them with many a man beside:
 Sidoniam picto chlamydem circumdata limbo;
 A cloak of Sidon wrapped her round with pictured border wrought,
 cui pharetra ex auro, crines nodantur in aurum,
 Her quiver was of fashioned gold, and gold her tresses caught;
 aurea purpuream subnectit fibula uestem.
 The gathering of her purple gown a golden buckle had.
 nec non et Phrygii comites et laetus Iulus 140
 Then come the Phrygian fellows forth; comes forth Iulus glad;
 incedunt. ipse ante alios pulcherrimus omnis
 Yea and Æneas' very self is of their fellowship,
 infert se socium Aeneas atque agmina iungit.

And joins their band: in goodliness all those did he outstrip:
 qualis ubi hibernam Lyciam Xanthique fluenta
 E'en such as when Apollo leaves the wintry Lycian shore,
 deserit ac Delum maternam inuisit Apollo
 And Xanthus' stream, and Delos sees, his mother's isle once more;
 instauratque choros, mixtique altaria circum 145
 And halloweth in the dance anew, while round the altars shout
 Cretesque Dryopesque fremunt pictique Agathyrsi;
 The Cretans and the Dryopes, and painted Scythian rout:
 ipse iugis Cynthi graditur mollique fluentem
 He steps it o'er the Cynthus' ridge, and leafy crown to hold
 fronde premit crinem fingens atque implicat auro,
 His flowing tresses doth he weave, and intertwines the gold,
 tela sonant umeris: haud illo segnior ibat
 And on his shoulders clang the shafts. Nor duller now passed on
 Aeneas, tantum egregio decus enitet ore. 150
 Æneas, from his noble face such wondrous glory shone.
 postquam altos uentum in montis atque inuia lustra,
 So come they to the mountain-side and pathless deer-fed ground,
 ecce ferae saxi deiectae uertice caprae
 And lo, from hill-tops driven adown, how swift the wild goats bound
 decurrere iugis; alia de parte patentis
 Along the ridges: otherwhere across the open lea
 transmittunt cursu campos atque agmina cerui
 Run hart and hind, and gathering up their hornèd host to flee,
 puluerulenta fuga glomerant montisque relinquunt. 155
 Amid a whirling cloud of dust they leave the mountain-sides.
 at puer Ascanius mediis in uallibus acri
 But here the boy Ascanius the midmost valley rides,
 gaudet equo iamque hos cursu, iam praeterit illos,
 And glad, swift-horsed, now these he leaves, now those he flees
 before,
 spumantemque dari pecora inter inertia uotis
 And fain were he mid deedless herds to meet a foaming boar,
 optat aprum, aut fuluum descendere monte leonem.
 Or see some yellow lion come the mountain-slopes adown.
 Interea magno misceri murmure caelum 160

Meanwhile with mighty murmuring sound confused the heavens are
grown,
incipit, insequitur commixta grandine nimbus,
And thereupon the drift of rain and hail upon them broke;
et Tyrii comites passim et Troiana iuuentus
Therewith the scattered Trojan youth, the Tyrian fellow-folk,
Dardaniusque nepos Veneris diuersa per agros
The son of Venus' Dardan son, scared through the meadows fly
tectata metu petiere; ruunt de montibus amnes.
To diverse shelter, while the streams rush from the mountains high.
speluncam Dido dux et Troianus eandem 165
Then Dido and the Trojan lord meet in the self-same cave;
deueniunt. prima et Tellus et pronuba Iuno
Then Earth, first-born of everything, and wedding Juno gave
dant signum; fulsere ignes et conscius aether
The token; then the wildfires flashed, and air beheld them wed,
conubiis summoque ulularunt uertice Nymphae.
And o'er their bridal wailed the nymphs in hill-tops overhead.
ille dies primus leti primusque malorum
That day began the tide of death; that day the evil came;
causa fuit; neque enim specie famaue mouetur 170
No more she heedeth eyes of men; no more she heedeth fame;
nec iam furtiuum Dido meditatur amorem:
No more hath Dido any thought a stolen love to win,
coniugium uocat, hoc praetexit nomine culpam.
But calls it wedlock: yea, e'en so she weaveth up the sin.
Extemplo Libyae magnas it Fama per urbes,
Straight through the mighty Libyan folks is Rumour on the wing —
Fama, malum qua non aliud uelocius ullum:
Rumour, of whom nought swifter is of any evil thing:
mobilitate uiget uirisque adquirat eundo, 175
She gathereth strength by going on, and bloometh shifting oft!
parua metu primo, mox sese attollit in auras
A little thing, afraid at first, she springeth soon aloft;
ingrediturque solo et caput inter nubila condit.
Her feet are on the worldly soil, her head the clouds o'erlay.
illam Terra parens ira irritata deorum

Earth, spurred by anger 'gainst the Gods, begot her as they say,
extremam, ut perhibent, Coeo Enceladoque sororem
Of Coeus and Enceladus the latest sister-birth.
progeniuit pedibus celerem et pernicious alis, 180
Swift are her wings to cleave the air, swift-foot she treads the earth:
monstrum horrendum, ingens, cui quot sunt corpore plumae,
A monster dread and huge, on whom so many as there lie
tot uigiles oculi subter (mirabile dictu),
The feathers, under each there lurks, O strange! a watchful eye;
tot linguae, totidem ora sonant, tot subrigit auris.
And there wag tongues, and babble mouths, and hearkening ears
upstand
nocte uolat caeli medio terraeque per umbram
As many: all a-dusk by night she flies 'twixt sky and land
stridens, nec dulci declinat lumina somno; 185
Loud clattering, never shutting eye in rest of slumber sweet.
luce sedet custos aut summi culmine tecti
By day she keepeth watch high-set on houses of the street,
turribus aut altis, et magnas territat urbes,
Or on the towers aloft she sits for mighty cities' fear!
tam ficti prauique tenax quam nuntia ueri.
And lies and ill she loves no less than sooth which she must bear.
haec tum multiplici populos sermone replebat
She now, rejoicing, filled the folk with babble many-voiced,
gaudens, et pariter facta atque infecta canebat: 190
And matters true and false alike sang forth as she rejoiced:
uenisse Aenean Troiano sanguine cretum,
How here was come Æneas now, from Trojan blood sprung forth,
cui se pulchra uiro dignetur iungere Dido;
Whom beauteous Dido deemed indeed a man to mate her worth:
nunc hiemem inter se luxu, quam longa, fouere
How winter-long betwixt them there the sweets of sloth they nursed,
regnum immemores turpique cupidine captos.
Unmindful of their kingdoms' weal, by ill desire accursed.
haec passim dea foeda uirum diffundit in ora. 195
This in the mouth of every man the loathly Goddess lays,
protinus ad regem cursus detorquet Iarban

And thence to King Iarbas straight she wendeth on her ways,
 incenditque animum dictis atque aggerat iras.
 To set his mind on fire with words, and high his wrath to lead.
 Hic Hammone satus rapta Garamantide nympha
 He, sprung from Garamantian nymph and very Ammon's seed,
 templa Ioui centum latis immania regnis,
 An hundred mighty fanes to Jove, an hundred altars fair,
 centum aras posuit uigilemque sacrauerat ignem, 200
 Had builded in his wide domain, and set the watch-fire there,
 excubias diuum aeternas, pecudumque cruore
 The everlasting guard of God: there fat the soil was grown
 pingue solum et uariis florentia limina sertis.
 With blood of beasts; the threshold bloomed with garlands diverse
 blown.
 isque amens animi et rumore accensus amaro
 He, saith the tale, all mad at heart, and fired with bitter fame,
 dicitur ante aras media inter numina diuum
 Amidmost of the might of God before the altars came,
 multa Iouem manibus supplex orasse supinis: 205
 And prayed a many things to Jove with suppliant hands outspread:
 'Iuppiter omnipotens, cui nunc Maurusia pictis
 "O Jupiter, almighty lord, to whom from painted bed
 gens epulata toris Lenaeum libat honorem,
 The banqueting Maurusian folk Lenæan joy pours forth,
 aspicias haec? an te, genitor, cum fulmina torques
 Dost thou behold? O Father, is our dread of nothing worth
 nequiquam horremus, caecique in nubibus ignes
 When thou art thundering? Yea, forsooth, a blind fire of the clouds,
 terrificant animos et inania murmura miscent? 210
 An idle hubbub of the sky, our souls with terror loads!
 femina, quae nostris errans in finibus urbem
 A woman wandering on our shore, who set her up e'en now
 exiguum pretio posuit, cui litus arandum
 A little money-cheapened town, to whom a field to plough
 cuique loci leges dedimus, conubia nostra
 And lordship of the place we gave, hath thrust away my word
 reppulit ac dominum Aenean in regna recepit.

Of wedlock, and hath taken in Æneas for her lord:

et nunc ille Paris cum semiuiro comitatu, 215

And now this Paris, hedged around with all his gelding rout,

Mæonia mentum mitra crinemque madentem

Mæonian mitre tied to chin, and wet hair done about,

subnexus, rapto potitur: nos munera templis

Sits on the prey while to thine house a many gifts we bear,

quippe tuis ferimus famamque fouemus inanem.’

Still cherishing an idle tale who our begetters were.”

Talibus orantem dictis arasque tenentem

The Almighty heard him as he prayed holding the altar-horns,

audiit Omnipotens, oculosque ad moenia torsit 220

And to the war-walls of the Queen his eyes therewith he turns,

regia et oblitos famaе melioris amantis.

And sees the lovers heeding nought the glory of their lives;

tum sic Mercurium adloquitur ac talia mandat:

Then Mercury he calls to him, and such a bidding gives:

‘uade age, nate, uoca Zephyros et labere pennis

“Go forth, O Son, the Zephyrs call, and glide upon the wing

Dardaniumque ducem, Tyria Karthagine qui nunc

Unto the duke of Dardan men in Carthage tarrying,

exspectat fatisque datas non respicit urbes, 225

Who hath no eyes to see the walls that fate to him hath given:

adloquere et celeris defer mea dicta per auras.

Speak to him, Son, and bear my words down the swift air of heaven:

non illum nobis genetrix pulcherrima talem

His fairest mother promised us no such a man at need,

promisit Graiumque ideo bis uindicat armis;

Nor claimed him twice from Greekish sword to live for such a deed.

sed fore qui grauidam imperiis belloque frementem

But Italy, the fierce in war, the big with empire’s brood,

Italiam regeret, genus alto a sanguine Teucri 230

Was he to rule; to get for us from glorious Teucer’s blood

proderet, ac totum sub leges mitteret orbem.

That folk of folks, and all the world beneath his laws to lay.

si nulla accendit tantarum gloria rerum

But if such glory of great deeds nought stirreth him today,

nec super ipse sua molitur laude laborem,
Nor for his own fame hath he heart the toil to overcome,
Ascanione pater Romanas inuidet arces?
Yet shall the father grudge the son the towered heights of Rome?
quid struit? aut qua spe inimica in gente moratur 235
What doth he? tarrying for what hope among the enemy?
nec prolem Ausoniam et Lauinia respicit arua?
And hath no eyes Ausonian sons, Lavinian land to see?
nauiget! haec summa est, hic nostri nuntius esto.’
Let him to ship! this is the doom; this word I bid thee bear.”
Dixerat. ille patris magni parere parabat
He spake: his mighty father’s will straight did the God prepare
imperio; et primum pedibus talaria nequit
To compass, and his golden shoes first bindeth on his feet,
aurea, quae sublimem alis siue aequora supra 240
E’en those which o’er the ocean plain aloft on feathers fleet,
seu terram rapido pariter cum flamine portant.
Or over earth swift bear him on before the following gale:
tum uirgam capit: hac animas ille euocat Orco
And then his rod he takes, wherewith he calleth spirits pale
pallentis, alias sub Tartara tristia mittit,
From Orcus, or those others sends sad Tartarus beneath,
dat somnos adimitque, et lumina morte resignat.
And giveth sleep and takes away, and openeth eyes to death;
illa fretus agit uentos et turbida tranat 245
The rod that sways the ocean-winds and rules the cloudy rack.
nubila. iamque uolans apicem et latera ardua cernit
Now winging way he comes in sight of peak and steepy back
Atlantis duri caelum qui uertice fulcit,
Of flinty Atlas, on whose head all heaven is set adown —
Atlantis, cinctum adsidue cui nubibus atris
Of Atlas with the piny head, and never-failing crown
piniferum caput et uento pulsatur et imbri,
Of mirky cloud, beat on with rain and all the winds that blow:
nix umeros infusa tegit, tum flumina mento 250
A snow-cloak o’er his shoulders falls, and headlong streams
overflow

praecipitant senis, et glacie riget horrida barba.
His ancient chin; his bristling beard with plenteous ice is done.
hic primum paribus nitens Cyllenius alis
There hovering on his poisèd wings stayed that Cyllenian one,
constitit; hinc toto praeceps se corpore ad undas
And all his gathered body thence sent headlong toward the waves;
misit aui similis, quae circum litora, circum
Then like a bird the shores about, about the fishy caves,
piscosos scopulos humilis uolat aequora iuxta. 255
Skims low adown upon the wing the sea-plain's face anigh,
haud aliter terras inter caelumque uolabat
Not otherwise 'twixt heaven and earth Cyllene's God did fly;
litus harenosum ad Libyae, uentosque secabat
And now, his mother's father great a long way left behind,
materno ueniens ab auo Cyllenia proles.
Unto the sandy Libya's shore he clave the driving wind.
ut primum alatis tetigit magalia plantis,
But when the cot-built place of earth he felt beneath his feet,
Aenean fundantem arces ac tecta nouantem 260
He saw Æneas founding towers and raising houses meet:
conspicit. atque illi stellatus iaspide fulua
Starred was the sword about him girt with yellow jasper stone,
ensis erat Tyrioque ardebat murice laena
The cloak that from his shoulders streamed with Tyrian purple
shone:
demissa ex umeris, diues quae munera Dido
Fair things that wealthy Dido's hand had given him for a gift,
fecerat, et tenui telas discreuerat auro.
Who with the gleam of thready gold the purple web did shift.
continuo inuadit: 'tu nunc Karthaginis altae 265
Then brake the God on him: "Forsooth, tall Carthage wilt thou
found,
fundamenta locas pulchramque uxori urbem
O lover, and a city fair raise up from out the ground?
exstruis? heu, regni rerumque oblite tuarum!
Woe's me! thy lordship and thy deeds hast thou forgotten quite?
ipse deum tibi me claro demittit Olympo

The very ruler of the Gods down from Olympus bright
 regnator, caelum et terras qui numine torquet,
 Hath sent me, he whose majesty the earth and heavens obey;
 ipse haec ferre iubet celeris mandata per auras: 270
 This was the word he bade me bear adown the windy way.
 quid struis? aut qua spe Libycis teris otia terris?
 What dost thou? hoping for what hope in Libya dost thou wear
 si te nulla mouet tantarum gloria rerum
 Thy days? if glorious fated things thine own soul may not stir,
 [nec super ipse tua moliris laude laborem,]
 And heart thou lackest for thy fame the coming toil to wed,
 Ascanium surgentem et spes heredis Iuli
 Think on Ascanius' dawn of days and hope inherited,
 respice, cui regnum Italiae Romanaque tellus 275
 To whom is due the Italian realm and all the world of Rome!"
 debetur.' tali Cyllenius ore locutus
 But when from out Cyllenius' mouth such word as this had come,
 mortalis uisus medio sermone reliquit
 Amidst his speech he left the sight of men that die from day,
 et procul in tenuem ex oculis euanuit auram.
 And mid thin air from eyes of folk he faded far away.
 At uero Aeneas aspectu obmutuit amens,
 But sore the sight Æneas feared, and wit from out him drave;
 arrectaeque horrore comae et uox faucibus haesit. 280
 His hair stood up, amidst his jaws the voice within him clave.
 ardet abire fuga dulcisque relinquere terras,
 Bewildered by that warning word, and by that God's command,
 attonitus tanto monitu imperioque deorum.
 He yearneth to depart and flee, and leave the lovely land.
 heu quid agat? quo nunc reginam ambire furem
 Ah, what to do? and with what word may he be bold to win
 audeat adfatu? quae prima exordia sumat?
 Peace of the Queen all mad with love? what wise shall he begin?
 atque animum nunc huc celerem nunc diuidit illuc 285
 Hither and thither now he sends his mind all eager-swift,
 in partisue rapit uarias perque omnia uersat.
 And bears it diversely away and runs o'er every shift:

haec alternanti potior sententia uisa est:

At last, as many things he weighed, this seemed the better rede.

Mnesthea Sergestumque uocat fortemque Serestum,

Mnestheus, Sergestus, straight he calls, Sergestus stout at need,

classem aptent taciti sociosque ad litora cogant,

And bids them dight ship silently and bring their folk to shore,

arma parent et quae rebus sit causa nouandis 290

And dight their gear, and cause thereof with lying cover o'er;

dissimulent; sese interea, quando optima Dido

While he himself, since of all this kind Dido knoweth nought,

nesciat et tantos rumpi non speret amores,

Nor of the ending of such love may ever have a thought,

temptaturum aditus et quae mollissima fandi

Will seek to draw anigh the Queen, seek time wherein the word

tempora, quis rebus dexter modus. ocius omnes

May softliest be said to her, the matter lightliest stirred.

imperio laeti parent et iussa facessunt. 295

So all they glad his bidding do, and get them to the work.

At regina dolos (quis fallere possit amantem?)

But who may hoodwink loving eyes? She felt the treason lurk

praesensit, motusque excepit prima futuros

About her life, and from the first saw all that was to be;

omnia tuta timens. eadem impia Fama furenti

Fearing indeed where no fear was. That Rumour wickedly

detulit armari classem cursumque parari.

Told her wild soul of ship-host armed and ready to set out;

saeuit inops animi totamque incensa per urbem 300

The heart died in her; all aflame she raves the town about,

bacchatur, qualis commotis excita sacris

E'en as a Thyad, who, soul-smit by holy turmoil, hears

Thyias, ubi audito stimulant trieterica Baccho

The voice of Bacchus on the day that crowns the triple years,

orgia nocturnusque uocat clamore Cithaeron.

And mirk Cithæron through the night hath called her clamorous.

tandem his Aenean compellat uocibus ultro:

Unto Æneas at the last herself she speaketh thus:

'dissimulare etiam sperasti, perfide, tantum 305

"O thou forsworn! and hast thou hoped with lies to cover o'er
 posse nefas tacitusque mea decedere terra?
 Such wickedness, and silently to get thee from my shore?
 nec te noster amor nec te data dextera quondam
 Our love, it hath not held thee back? nor right hand given in faith
 nec moritura tenet crudeli funere Dido?
 Awhile agone? nor Dido doomed to die a bitter death?
 quin etiam hiberno moliri sidere classem
 Yea, e'en beneath the winter heavens thy fleet thou gatherest
 et mediis properas Aquilonibus ire per altum, ³¹⁰
 In haste to fare across the main amid the north's unrest
 crudelis? quid, si non arua aliena domosque
 O cruel! What if land unknown and stranger field and fold
 ignotas peteres, et Troia antiqua maneret,
 Thou sought'st not; if the ancient Troy stood as in days of old;
 Troia per undosum peteretur classibus aequor?
 Wouldst thou not still be seeking Troy across the wavy brine?
 mene fugis? per ego has lacrimas dextramque tuam te
 — Yea, me thou fleest. O by these tears, by that right hand of thine,
 (quando aliud mihi iam miserae nihil ipsa reliqui), ³¹⁵
 Since I myself have left myself unhappy nought but this,
 per conubia nostra, per inceptos hymenaeos,
 And by our bridal of that day and early wedding bliss,
 si bene quid de te merui, fuit aut tibi quicquam
 If ever I were worthy thanks, if sweet in aught I were,
 dulce meum, miserere domus labentis et istam,
 Pity a falling house! If yet be left a space for prayer,
 oro, si quis adhuc precibus locus, exue mentem.
 O then I pray thee put away this mind of evil things!
 te propter Libycae gentes Nomadumque tyranni ³²⁰
 Because of thee the Libyan folks, and those Numidian kings,
 odere, infensi Tyrii; te propter eundem
 Hate me, and Tyrians are my foes: yea, and because of thee
 exstinctus pudor et, qua sola sidera adibam,
 My shame is gone, and that which was my heavenward road to be.
 fama prior. cui me moribundam deseris hospes
 My early glory. — Guest, to whom leav'st thou thy dying friend?

(hoc solum nomen quoniam de coniuge restat)?

Since of my husband nought but this is left me in the end.

quid moror? an mea Pygmalion dum moenia frater 325

Why bide I till Pygmalion comes to lay my walls alow,

destruat aut captam ducat Gaetulus Iarbas?

Till taken by Getulian kings, Iarbas' slave I go?

saltem si qua mihi de te suscepta fuisset

Ah! if at least ere thou wert gone some child of thee I had!

ante fugam suboles, si quis mihi paruulus aula

If yet Æneas in mine house might play a little lad,

luderet Aeneas, qui te tamen ore referret,

E'en but to bring aback the face of that beloved one,

non equidem omnino capta ac deserta uiderer.' 330

Then were I never vanquished quite, nor utterly undone."

Dixerat. ille Iouis monitis immota tenebat

She spake: he, warned by Jove's command, his eyes still steadfast held,

lumina et obnixus curam sub corde premebat.

And, striving, thrust his sorrow back, howso his heart-strings swelled:

tandem pauca refert: 'ego te, quae plurima fando

At last he answered shortly thus: "O Queen, though words may fail

enumerare uales, numquam, regina, negabo

To tell thy lovingkindness, ne'er my heart belies the tale:

promeritam, nec me meminisse pigebit Elissae 335

Still shall it be a joy to think of sweet Elissa's days

dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos regit artus.

While of myself I yet may think, while breath my body sways.

pro re pauca loquar. neque ego hanc abscondere furto

Few words about the deed in hand: ne'er in my mind it came

sperauī (ne finge) fugam, nec coniugis umquam

As flees a thief to flee from thee; never the bridal flame

praetendi taedas aut haec in foedera ueni.

Did I hold forth, or plight my troth such matters to fulfil.

me si fata meis paterentur ducere uitam 340

If fate would let me lead a life according to my will,

auspiciis et sponte mea componere curas,

Might I such wise as pleaseth me my troubles lay to rest,
 urbem Troianam primum dulcisque meorum
 By Troy-town surely would I bide among the ashes blest
 reliquias colerem, Priami tecta alta manerent,
 Of my beloved, and Priam's house once more aloft should stand;
 et recidiua manu posuissem Pergama uictis.
 New Pergamus for vanquished men should rise beneath my hand.
 sed nunc Italiam magnam Gryneus Apollo, ³⁴⁵
 But now Grynean Phoebus bids toward Italy the great
 Italiam Lyciae iussere capessere sortes;
 To reach my hand; to Italy biddeth the Lycian fate:
 hic amor, haec patria est. si te Karthaginis arces
 There is my love, there is my land. If Carthage braveries
 Phoenissam Libycaeque aspectus detinet urbis,
 And lovely look of Libyan walls hold fast thy Tyrian eyes,
 quae tandem Ausonia Teucros considerare terra
 Why wilt thou grudge the Teucrian men Ausonian dwelling-place?
 inuidia est? et nos fas extera quaerere regna. ³⁵⁰
 If we too seek the outland realm, for us too be there grace!
 me patris Anchisae, quotiens umentibus umbris
 Father Anchises, whensoever night covereth up the earth
 nox operit terras, quotiens astra ignea surgunt,
 With dewy dark, and whensoe'er the bright stars come to birth,
 admonet in somnis et turbida terret imago;
 His troubled image midst of sleep brings warning word and fear.
 me puer Ascanius capitisque iniuria cari,
 Ascanius weigheth on my heart with wrong of head so dear,
 quem regno Hesperiae fraudo et fatalibus aruis. ³⁵⁵
 Whom I beguile of fateful fields and realm of Italy.
 nunc etiam interpres diuum Ioue missus ab ipso
 Yea, even now God's messenger sent from the Jove on high,
 (testor utrumque caput) celeris mandata per auras
 (Bear witness either head of us!) bore doom of God adown
 detulit: ipse deum manifesto in lumine uidi
 The eager wind: I saw the God enter the fair-walled town
 intrans muros uocemque his auribus hausi.
 In simple light: I drank his voice, yea with these ears of mine.

desine meque tuis incendere teque querelis; 360

Cease then to burn up with thy wail my burdened heart and thine!

Italiam non sponte sequor.'

Perforce I follow Italy." But now this long while, as he spake,
athwart and wild she gazed,

Talia dicentem iamdudum auersa tuetur

And here and there her eyeballs rolled, and strayed with silent look
huc illuc uoluens oculos totumque pererrat

His body o'er; and at the last with heart of fire outbroke:

luminibus tacitis et sic accensa profatur:

"Traitor! no Goddess brought thee forth, nor Dardanus was first

'nec tibi diua parens generis nec Dardanus auctor, 365

Of thine ill race; but Caucasus on spiky crags accurst

perfide, sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens

Begot thee; and Hyrcanian dugs of tigers suckled thee.

Caucasus Hyrcanaeque admorunt ubera tiges.

Why hide it now? why hold me back lest greater evil be?

nam quid dissimulo aut quae me ad maiora reseruo?

For did he sigh the while I wept? his eyes — what were they moved?

num fletu ingemuit nostro? num lumina flexit?

Hath he been vanquished unto tears, or pitied her that loved?

num lacrimas uictus dedit aut miseratus amantem est? 370

— Ah, is aught better now than aught, when Juno utter great,

quae quibus anteferam? iam iam nec maxima Iuno

Yea and the Father on all this with evil eyen wait?

nec Saturnius haec oculis pater aspicit aequis.

All faith is gone! I took him in a stranded outcast, bare:

nusquam tuta fides. eiectum litore, egentem

Yea in my very throne and land, ah fool! I gave him share.

excepi et regni demens in parte locaui.

His missing fleet I brought aback; from death I brought his friends.

amissam classem, socios a morte reduxi 375

— Woe! how the furies burn me up! — Now seer Apollo sends,

(heu furiis incensa feror!): nunc augur Apollo,

Now bidding send the Lycian lots; now sendeth Jove on high

nunc Lyciae sortes, nunc et Ioue missus ab ipso

His messenger to bear a curse adown the windy sky!

interpres diuum fert horrida iussa per auras.
Such is the toil of Gods aloft; such are the cares that rack
scilicet is superis labor est, ea cura quietos
Their souls serene. — I hold thee not, nor cast thy words aback.
sollicitat. neque te teneo neque dicta refello: 380
Go down the wind to Italy! seek lordship o'er the sea!
i, sequere Italiam uentis, pete regna per undas.
Only I hope amid the rocks, if any God there be,
spero equidem mediis, si quid pia numina possunt,
Thou shalt drink in thy punishment and call on Dido's name
supplicia hausurum scopulis et nomine Dido
Full oft: and I, though gone away, will follow with black flame;
saepe uocaturum. sequar atris ignibus absens
And when cold death from out my limbs my soul hath won away,
et, cum frigida mors anima seduxerit artus, 385
I will be with thee everywhere; O wretch, and thou shalt pay.
omnibus umbra locis adero. dabis, improbe, poenas.
Ah, I shall hear; the tale of all shall reach me midst the dead.”
audiam et haec Manis ueniet mihi fama sub imos.’
Therewith she brake her speech athwart, and sick at heart she fled
his medium dictis sermonem abrumpit et auras
The outer air, and turned away, and gat her from his eyes;
aegra fugit seque ex oculis auertit et aufert,
Leaving him dallying with his fear, and turning many wise
linquens multa metu cunctantem et multa parantem 390
The words to say. Her serving-maids the fainting body weak,
dicere. suscipiunt famulae conlapsaque membra
Bear back unto the marble room and on the pillows streak.
marmoreo referunt thalamo stratisque reponunt.
But god-fearing Æneas now, however fain he were
At pious Aeneas, quamquam lenire dolentem
To soothe her grief and with soft speech assuage her weary care,
solando cupit et dictis auertere curas,
Much groaning, and the heart of him shaken with loving pain.
multa gemens magnoque animum labefactus amore 395
Yet went about the God's command and reached his ships again.
iussa tamen diuum exsequitur classemque reuisit.

Then fall the Teucrians on indeed, and over all the shore
tum uero Teucri incumbunt et litore celsas
Roll the tall ships; the pitchy keel swims in the sea once more:
deducunt toto nauis. natat uncta carina,
They bear the oars still leaf-bearing: they bring the might of wood,
frondentisque ferunt remos et robora siluis
Unwrought, so fain of flight they are,
infabricata fugae studio. 400

Lo now their flitting! how they run from all the town in haste!
migrantis cernas totaque ex urbe ruentis:
E'en as the ants, the winter-wise, are gathered whiles to waste
ac uelut ingentem formicae farris aceruum
A heap of corn, and toil that same beneath their roof to lay,
cum populant hiemis memores tectoque reponunt,
Forth goes the black troop mid the mead, and carries forth the prey
it nigrum campis agmen praedamque per herbas
Over the grass in narrow line: some strive with shoulder-might
conuectant calle angusto; pars grandia trudunt 405
And push along a grain o'ergreat, some drive the line aright,
obnixae frumenta umeris, pars agmina cogunt
Or scourge the loiterers: hot the work fares all along the road.
castigantque moras, opere omnis semita feruet.

Ah Dido, when thou sawest all what heart in thee abode!
quis tibi tum, Dido, cernenti talia sensus,
What groans thou gavest when thou saw'st from tower-top the long
strand

quosue dabas gemitus, cum litora feruere late
A-boil with men all up and down; the sea on every hand
prospiceres arce ex summa, totumque uideres 410
Before thine eyes by stir of men torn into all unrest!
misceri ante oculos tantis clamoribus aequor!
O evil Love, where wilt thou not drive on a mortal breast?
improbe Amor, quid non mortalia pectora cogis!
Lo, she is driven to weep again and pray him to be kind,
ire iterum in lacrimas, iterum temptare precando
And suppliant, in the bonds of love her lofty heart to bind,
cogitur et supplex animos summittere amori,

Lest she should leave some way untried and die at last for nought.
ne quid inexpertum frustra moritura relinquat. 415
“Anna, thou seest the strand astir, the men together brought
‘Anna, uides toto properari litore circum:
From every side, the canvas spread calling the breezes down.
undique conuenere; uocat iam carbasus auras,
While joyful on the quarter-deck the sea-folk lay the crown.
puppibus et laeti nautae imposuere coronas.
Sister, since I had might to think that such a thing could be,
hunc ego si potui tantum sperare dolorem,
I shall have might to bear it now: yet do one thing for me,
et perferre, soror, potero. miserae hoc tamen unum 420
Poor wretch, O Anna: for to thee alone would he be kind,
exsequere, Anna, mihi; solam nam perfidus ille
That traitor, and would trust to thee the inmost of his mind;
te colere, arcanos etiam tibi credere sensus;
And thou alone his softening ways and melting times dost know.
sola uiri mollis aditus et tempora noras.
O sister, speak a suppliant word to that high-hearted foe:
i, soror, atque hostem supplex adfare superbum:
I never swore at Aulis there to pluck up root and branch
non ego cum Danaïs Troianam excindere gentem 425
The Trojan folk; for Pergamus no war-ship did I launch:
Aulide iuraui classemue ad Pergama misi,
Anchises’ buried ghost from tomb I never tore away:
nec patris Anchisae cinerem manisue reuelli:
Why will his ears be ever deaf to any word I say?
cur mea dicta negat duras demittere in auris?
Where hurrieth he? O let him give his wretched love one gift;
quo ruit? extremum hoc miserae det munus amanti:
Let him but wait soft sailing-tide, when fair the breezes shift.
exspectet facilemque fugam uentosque ferentis. 430
No longer for the wedding past, undone, I make my prayer,
non iam coniugium antiquum, quod prodidit, oro,
Nor that he cast his lordship by, and promised Latium fair.
nec pulchro ut Latio careat regnumque relinquat:
For empty time, for rest and stay of madness now I ask,

tempus inane peto, requiem spatiumque furori,
 Till Fortune teach the overthrown to learn her weary task.
 dum mea me uictam doceat fortuna dolere.
 Sister, I pray this latest grace; O pity me today,
 extremam hanc oro ueniam (miserere sororis), 435
 And manifold when I am dead the gift will I repay."
 quam mihi cum dederit cumulata morte remittam."
 So prayed she: such unhappy words of weeping Anna bears,
 Talibus orabat, talisque miserrima fletus
 And bears again and o'er again: but him no weeping stirs,
 fertque refertque soror. sed nullis ille mouetur
 Nor any voice he hearkeneth now may turn him from his road:
 fletibus aut uoces ullas tractabilis audit;
 God shut the hero's steadfast ears; fate in the way abode.
 fata obstant placidasque uiri deus obstruit auris. 440
 As when against a mighty oak, strong growth of many a year,
 ac uelut annoso ualidam cum robore quercum
 On this side and on that the blasts of Alpine Boreas bear,
 Alpini Boreae nunc hinc nunc flatibus illinc
 Contending which shall root it up: forth goes the roar, deep lie
 eruere inter se certant; it stridor, et altae
 The driven leaves upon the earth from shaken bole on high.
 consternunt terram concusso stipite frondes;
 But fast it clingeth to the crag, and high as goes its head
 ipsa haeret scopulis et quantum uertice ad auras 445
 To heaven aloft, so deep adown to hell its roots are spread.
 aetherias, tantum radice in Tartara tendit:
 E'en so by ceaseless drift of words the hero every wise
 haud secus adsiduis hinc atque hinc uocibus heros
 Is battered, and the heavy care deep in his bosom lies;
 tunditur, et magno persentit pectore curas;
 Steadfast the will abides in him; the tears fall down for nought.
 mens immota manet, lacrimae uoluuntur inanes.
 Ah, and unhappy Dido then the very death besought,
 Tum uero infelix fatis exterrita Dido 450
 Outworn by fate: the hollow heaven has grown a sight to grieve.
 mortem orat; taedet caeli conuexa tueri.

And for the helping of her will, that she the light may leave,
 quo magis inceptum peragat lucemque relinquat,
 She seeth, when mid the frankincense her offering she would lay,
 uidit, turicremis cum dona imponeret aris,
 The holy water blackening there, O horrible to say!
 (horrendum dictu) latices nigrescere sacros
 The wine poured forth turned into blood all loathly as it fell.
 fusaque in obscenum se uertere uina cruorem; 455
 Which sight to none, not e'en unto her sister, would she tell.
 hoc uisum nulli, non ipsi effata sorori.
 Moreover, to her first-wed lord there stood amidst the house
 praeterea fuit in tectis de marmore templum
 A marble shrine, the which she loved with worship marvellous,
 coniugis antiqui, miro quod honore colebat,
 And bound it was with snowy wool and leafage of delight;
 uelleribus niueis et festa fronde reuinctum:
 Thence heard she, when the earth was held in mirky hand of night,
 hinc exaudiri uoces et uerba uocantis 460
 Strange sounds come forth, and words as if her husband called his
 own.
 uisa uiri, nox cum terras obscura teneret,
 And o'er and o'er his funeral song the screech-owl wailed alone,
 solaque culminibus ferali carmine bubo
 And long his lamentable tale from high aloft was rolled.
 saepe queri et longas in fletum ducere uoces;
 And many a saying furthermore of god-loved seers of old
 multaue praeterea uatum praedicta priorum
 Fears her with dreadful memory: all wild amid her dreams
 terribili monitu horrificant. agit ipse furem 465
 Cruel Æneas drives her on, and evermore she seems
 in somnis ferus Aeneas, semperque relinquit
 Left all alone; and evermore a road that never ends,
 sola sibi, semper longam incommitata uidetur
 Mateless, and seeking through the waste her Tyrian folk, she wends.
 ire uiam et Tyrios deserta quaerere terra,
 As raving Pentheus saw the rout of that Well-willing Folk,
 Eumenidum ueluti demens uidet agmina Pentheus

When twofold sun and twofold Thebes upon his eyes outbroke:
et solem geminum et duplices se ostendere Thebas, 470

Or like as Agamemnon's son is driven across the stage,
aut Agamemnonius scaenis agitatus Orestes,
Fleeing his mother's fiery hand that bears the serpent's rage,
armatam facibus matrem et serpentibus atris
While there the avenging Dreadful Ones upon the threshold sit.
cum fugit ultricesque sedent in limine Dirae.

But when she gave the horror birth, and, grief-worn, cherished it,
Ergo ubi concepit furias euicta dolore

And doomed her death, then with herself she planned its time and
guise,

decreuitque mori, tempus secum ipsa modumque 475

And to her sister sorrowing sore spake word in such a wise,
exigit, et maestam dictis adgressa sororem

Covering her end with cheerful face and calm and hopeful brow:
consilium uultu tegit ac spem fronte serenat:

"Kinswoman, I have found a way, (joy with thy sister now!)

'inueni, germana, uiam (gratare sorori)

Whereby to bring him back to me or let me loose from him.

quae mihi reddat eum uel eo me soluat amantem.

Adown beside the setting sun, hard on the ocean's rim,

Oceani finem iuxta solemque cadentem 480

Lies the last world of Æthiops, where Atlas mightiest grown
ultimus Aethiopum locus est, ubi maximus Atlas

Upon his shoulder turns the pole with burning stars bestrown.
axem umero torquet stellis ardentibus aptum:

A priestess thence I met erewhile, come of Massylian seed,

hinc mihi Massylae gentis monstrata sacerdos,

The warden of the West-maid's fane, and wont the worm to feed,

Hesperidum templi custos, epulasque draconi

Mingling for him the honey-juice with poppies bearing sleep,

quae dabat et sacros seruabat in arbore ramos, 485

Whereby she maketh shift on tree the hallowed bough to keep.

spargens umida mella soporiferumque papauer.

She by enchantment takes in hand to loose what hearts she will,

haec se carminibus promittit soluere mentes

But other ones at need will she with heavy sorrows fill;
 quas uelit, ast aliis duras immittere curas,
 And she hath craft to turn the stars and back the waters beat,
 sistere aquam fluuiis et uertere sidera retro,
 Call up the ghosts that fare by night, make earth beneath thy feet
 nocturnosque mouet Manis: mugire uidebis 490
 Cry out, and ancient ash-trees draw the mountain-side adown.
 sub pedibus terram et descendere montibus ornos.
 Dear heart, I swear upon the Gods, I swear on thee, mine own
 testor, cara, deos et te, germana, tuumque
 And thy dear head, that I am loath with magic craft to play.
 dulce caput, magicas inuitam accingier artis.
 But privily amid the house a bale for burning lay
 tu secreta pyram tecto interiore sub auras
 'Neath the bare heaven, and pile on it the arms that evil one
 erige, et arma uiri thalamo quae fixa reliquit 495
 Left in the chamber: all he wore, the bridal bed whereon
 impius exuuiasque omnis lectumque iugalem,
 My days were lost: for so 'tis good: the priestess showeth me
 quo perii, super imponas: abolere nefandi
 All tokens of the wicked man must perish utterly."
 cuncta uiri monimenta iuuat monstratque sacerdos.'
 No more she spake, but with the word her face grew deadly white.
 haec effata silet, pallor simul occupat ora.
 But Anna sees not how she veiled her death with new-found rite,
 non tamen Anna nouis praetexere funera sacris 500
 Nor any thought of such a deed her heart encompasseth;
 germanam credit, nec tantos mente furores
 Nor fears she heavier things to come than at Sychæus' death.
 concipit aut grauiora timet quam morte Sychaei.
 Wherefore she takes the charge in hand.
 ergo iussa parat.
 But now the Queen, that bale being built amid the inner house
 At regina, pyra penetrali in sede sub auras
 'Neath the bare heavens, piled high with fir and cloven oak enow,
 erecta ingenti taedis atque ilice secta, 505
 Hangeth the garlands round the place, and crowns the bale with

bough

intenditque locum sertis et fronde coronat

That dead men use: the weed he wore, his very effigy,

funerea; super exuuias ensemque relictum

His sword, she lays upon the bed, well knowing what shall be.

effigiemque toro locat haud ignara futuri.

There stand the altars, there the maid, wild with her scattered hair,

stant arae circum et crinis effusa sacerdos

Calls Chaos, Erebus, and those three hundred godheads there,

ter centum tonat ore deos, Erebumque Chaosque 510

And Hecate triply fashionèd to maiden Dian's look;

tergeminamque Hecaten, tria uirginis ora Dianae.

Water she scattered, would-be wave of dark Avernus' brook;

sparserat et latices simulatos fontis Auerni,

And herbs she brought, by brazen shears 'neath moonlight harvested,

falcibus et messae ad lunam quaeruntur aenis

All downy-young, though inky milk of venomèd ill they shed.

pubentes herbae nigri cum lacte ueneni;

She brings the love-charm snatchèd away from brow of new-born

foal

quaeritur et nascentis equi de fronte reuulsus 515

Ere yet the mother snatcheth it.

et matri praereptus amor.

Dido herself the altars nigh, meal in her hallowed hands,

ipsa mola manibusque piis altaria iuxta

With one foot of its bindings bare, and ungirt raiment stands,

unum exuta pedem uinclis, in ueste recincta,

And dying calls upon the Gods, and stars that fateful fare;

testatur moritura deos et conscia fati

And then if any godhead is, mindful and just to care

sidera; tum, si quod non aequo foedere amantis 520

For unloved lovers, unto that she sendeth up the prayer.

curae numen habet iustumque memorque, precatur.

Now night it was, and everything on earth had won the grace

Nox erat et placidum carpebant fessa soporem

Of quiet sleep: the woods had rest, the wilderèd waters' face:

corpora per terras, siluaeque et saeua quierant

It was the tide when stars roll on amid their courses due,
aequora, cum medio uoluuntur sidera lapsu,
And all the tilth is hushed, and beasts, and birds of many a hue;
cum tacet omnis ager, pecudes pictaeque uolucres, 525
And all that is in waters wide, and what the waste doth keep
quaeque lacus late liquidos quaeque aspera dumis
In thicket rough, amid the hush of night-tide lay asleep,
rura tenent, somno positae sub nocte silenti.
And slipping off the load of care forgot their toilsome part.
at non infelix animi Phoenissa, neque umquam 529
But ne'er might that Phoenician Queen, that most unhappy heart,
soluitur in somnos oculisue aut pectore noctem
Sink into sleep, or take the night unto her eyes and breast:
accipit: ingeminant curae rursusque resurgens
Her sorrows grow, and love again swells up with all unrest,
saeuit amor magnoque irarum fluctuat aestu.
And ever midst her troubled wrath rolls on a mighty tide;
sic adeo insistit secumque ita corde uolutat:
And thus she broods and turns it o'er and o'er on every side.
'en, quid ago? rursusne procos inrisa priores
"Ah, whither now? Shall I bemocked my early lovers try,
experiar, Nomadumque petam conubia supplex, 535
And go Numidian wedlock now on bended knee to buy:
quos ego sim totiens iam dedignata maritos?
I, who so often scorned to take their bridal-bearing hands?
Iliacas igitur classis atque ultima Teucrum
Or shall I, following Ilian ships, bear uttermost commands
iussa sequar? quiane auxilio iuuat ante leuatos
Of Teucrian men, because my help their lightened hearts makes kind;
et bene apud memores ueteris stat gratia facti?
Because the thank for deed I did lies ever on their mind?
quis me autem, fac uelle, sinet ratibusue superbis 540
But if I would, who giveth leave, or takes on scornful keel
inuisam accipiet? nescis heu, perdita, necdum
The hated thing? Thou knowest not, lost wretch, thou may'st not
feel,
Laomedontae sentis periuria gentis?

What treason of Laomedon that folk for ever bears.
 quid tum? sola fuga nautas comitabor ouantis?
 What then? and shall I follow lone the joyous mariners?
 an Tyriis omnique manu stipata meorum
 Or, hedged with all my Tyrian host, upon them shall I bear,
 inferar et, quos Sidonia uix urbe reuelli, 545
 Driving again across the sea those whom I scarce might tear
 rursus agam pelago et uentis dare uela iubebo?
 From Sidon's city, forcing them to spread their sails abroad?
 quin morere ut merita es, ferroque auerte dolorem.
 Nay, stay thy grief with steel, and die, and reap thy due reward!
 tu lacrimis euicta meis, tu prima furentem
 Thou, sister, conquered by my tears, wert first this bane to lay
 his, germana, malis oneras atque obicis hosti.
 On my mad soul, and cast my heart in that destroyer's way.
 non licuit thalami expertem sine crimine uitam 550
 Why was I not allowed to live without the bridal bed,
 degere more ferae, talis nec tangere curas;
 Sackless and free as beasts afield, with no woes wearied?
 non seruata fides cineri promissa Sychæo.
 Why kept I not the faith of old to my Sychæus sworn?"
 Tantos illa suo rumpebat pectore questus:
 Such wailing of unhappy words from out her breast was torn.
 Aeneas celsa in puppi iam certus eundi
 Æneas on the lofty deck meanwhile, assured of flight,
 carpebat somnos rebus iam rite paratis. 555
 Was winning sleep, since every need of his was duly dight;
 huic se forma dei uultu redeuntis eodem
 When lo! amid the dreams of sleep that shape of God come back,
 obtulit in somnis rursusque ita uisa monere est,
 Seemed once again to warn him thus: nor yet the face did lack
 omnia Mercurio similis, uocemque coloremque
 Nor anything of Mercury; both voice and hue was there,
 et crinis flauos et membra decora iuuenta:
 And loveliness of youthful limbs and length of yellow hair:
 'nate dea, potes hoc sub casu ducere somnos, 560
 "O Goddess-born, and canst thou sleep through such a tide as this?

nec quae te circum stent deinde pericula cernis,
And seest thou not how round about the peril gathered is?
demens, nec Zephyros audis spirare secundos?
And, witless, hear'st not Zephyr blow with gentle, happy wind?
illa dolos dirumque nefas in pectore uersat
For treason now and dreadful deed she turneth in her mind,
certa mori, uariosque irarum concitat aestus.
Assured of death; and diversely the tide of wrath sets in.
non fugis hinc praeceps, dum praecipitare potestas? 565
Why fleest thou not in haste away, while haste is yet to win?
iam mare turbari trabibus saeuasque uidebis
Thou shalt behold the sea beat up with oar-blade, and the brand
conlucere faces, iam feruere litora flammis,
Gleam dire against thee, and one flame shall run adown the strand,
si te his attigerit terris Aurora morantem.
If thee tomorrow's dawn shall take still lingering on this shore.
heia age, rumpe moras. uarium et mutabile semper
Up! tarry not! for woman's heart is shifting evermore."
femina.' sic fatus nocti se immiscuit atrae. 570
So saying, amid the mirk of night he mingled and was lost.
Tum uero Aeneas subitis exterritus umbris
And therewithal Æneas, feared by sudden-flitting ghost,
corripit e somno corpus sociosque fatigat
Snatching his body forth from sleep, stirs up his folk at need:
praecipitis: 'uigilate, uiri, et considite transtris;
"Wake ye, and hurry now, O men! get to the thwarts with speed,
soluite uela citi. deus aethere missus ab alto
And bustle to unfurl the sails! here sent from heaven again
festinare fugam tortosque incidere funis 575
A God hath spurred us on to flight, and biddeth hew atwain
ecce iterum instimulat. sequimur te, sancte deorum,
The hempen twine. O holy God, we follow on thy way,
quisquis es, imperioque iterum paremus ouantes.
Whatso thou art; and glad once more thy bidding we obey.
adsis o placidusque iuues et sidera caelo
O be with us! give gracious aid; set stars the heaven about
dextra feras.' dixit uaginaque eripit ensem

To bless our ways!" And from the sheath his lightning sword flew out

fulmineum strictoque ferit retinacula ferro. 580

E'en as he spake: with naked blade he smote the hawser through,

idem omnis simul ardor habet, rapiuntque ruuntque;

And all are kindled at his flame; they hurry and they do.

litora deseruere, latet sub classibus aequor,

The shore is left, with crowd of keels the sight of sea is dim;

adnixi torquent spumas et caerulea uerrunt.

Eager they whirl the spray aloft, as o'er the blue they skim.

Et iam prima nouo spargebat lumine terras

And now Aurora left alone Tithonus' saffron bed,

Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile. 585

And first light of another day across the world she shed.

regina e speculis ut primam albescere lucem

But when the Queen from tower aloft beheld the dawn grow white,

uidit et aequatis classem procedere uelis,

And saw the ships upon their way with fair sails trimmed aright,

litoraue et uacuos sensit sine remige portus,

And all the haven shipless left, and reach of empty strand,

terque quaterque manu pectus percussa decorum

Then thrice and o'er again she smote her fair breast with her hand,

flauentisque abscissa comas 'pro Iuppiter! ibit 590

And rent her yellow hair, and cried, "Ah, Jove! and is he gone?

hic,' ait 'et nostris inluserit aduena regnis?

And shall a very stranger mock the lordship I have won?

non arma expedient totaque ex urbe sequentur,

Why arm they not? Why gather not from all the town in chase?

diripientque rates alii naualibus? ite,

Ho ye! why run ye not the ships down from their standing-place?

ferte citi flammas, date tela, impellite remos!

Quick, bring the fire! shake out the sails! hard on the oars to sea!

quid loquor? aut ubi sum? quae mentem insania mutat? 595

— What words are these, or where am I? What madness changeth me?

infelix Dido, nunc te facta impia tangunt?

Unhappy Dido! now at last thine evil deed strikes home.

tum decuit, cum scepra dabas. en dextra fidesque,
 Ah, better when thou mad'st him lord — lo whereunto are come
 quem secum patrios aiunt portare penatis,
 His faith and troth who erst, they say, his country's house-gods held
 quem subiisse umeris confectum aetate parentem!
 The while he took upon his back his father spent with eld?
 non potui abreptum diuellere corpus et undis 600
 Why! might I not have shred him up, and scattered him piecemeal
 spargere? non socios, non ipsum absumere ferro
 About the sea, and slain his friends, his very son, with steel,
 Ascanium patriisque epulandum ponere mensis?
 Ascanius on his father's board for dainty meat to lay?
 uerum anceps pugnae fuerat fortuna. fuisset:
 But doubtful, say ye, were the fate of battle? Yea, O yea!
 quem metui moritura? faces in castra tulissem
 What might I fear, who was to die? — if I had borne the fire
 implessemque foros flammis natumque patremque 605
 Among their camp, and filled his decks with flame, and son and sire
 cum genere exstinxem, memet super ipsa dedissem.
 Quenched with their whole folk, and myself had cast upon it all!
 Sol, qui terrarum flammis opera omnia lustras,
 — O Sun, whose flames on every deed earth doeth ever fall,
 tuque harum interpretis curarum et conscia Iuno,
 O Juno, setter-forth and seer of these our many woes,
 nocturnisque Hecate triuiis ululata per urbes
 Hecate, whose name howled out a-nights o'er city crossway goes,
 et Dirae ultrices et di morientis Elissae, 610
 Avenging Dread Ones, Gods that guard Elissa perishing,
 accipite haec, meritumque malis aduertite numen
 O hearken! turn your might most meet against the evil thing!
 et nostras audite preces. si tangere portus
 O hearken these our prayers! and if the doom must surely stand,
 infandum caput ac terris adnare necesse est,
 And he, the wicked head, must gain the port and swim aland,
 et sic fata Iouis poscunt, hic terminus haeret,
 If Jove demand such fixèd fate and every change doth bar,
 at bello audacis populi uexatus et armis, 615

Yet let him faint mid weapon-strife and hardy folk of war!
 finibus extorris, complexu auulsus Iuli
 And let him, exiled from his house, torn from Iulus, wend,
 auxilium imploret uideatque indigna suorum
 Beseeching help mid wretched death of many and many a friend.
 funera; nec, cum se sub leges pacis iniquae
 And when at last he yieldeth him to pact of grinding peace,
 tradiderit, regno aut optata luce fruatur,
 Then short-lived let his lordship be, and lovèd life's increase.
 sed cadat ante diem mediaque inhumatus harena. 620
 And let him fall before his day, unburied on the shore!
 haec precor, hanc uocem extremam cum sanguine fundo.
 Lo this I pray, this last of words forth with my blood I pour.
 tum uos, o Tyrii, stirpem et genus omne futurum
 And ye, O Tyrians, 'gainst his race that is, and is to be,
 exercete odiis, cinerique haec mittite nostro
 Feed full your hate! When I am dead send down this gift to me:
 munera. nullus amor populis nec foedera sunt.
 No love betwixt the peoples twain, no troth for anything!
 exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor 625
 And thou, Avenger of my wrongs, from my dead bones outspring,
 qui face Dardanios ferroque sequare colonos,
 To bear the fire and the sword o'er Dardan-peopled earth
 nunc, olim, quocumque dabunt se tempore uires.
 Now or hereafter; whensoever the day brings might to birth.
 litora litoribus contraria, fluctibus undas
 I pray the shore against the shore, the sea against the sea,
 imprecor, arma armis: pugnent ipsique nepotesque.'
 The sword 'gainst sword — fight ye that are, and ye that are to be!"
 Haec ait, et partis animum uersabat in omnis, 630
 So sayeth she, and everywise she turns about her mind
 inuisam quaerens quam primum abrumpere lucem.
 How ending of the loathèd light she speediest now may find.
 tum breuiter Barcen nutricem adfata Sychaei,
 And few words unto Barce spake, Sychæus' nurse of yore;
 namque suam patria antiqua cinis ater habebat:
 For the black ashes held her own upon the ancient shore:

‘Annam, cara mihi nutrix, huc siste sororem:

“Dear nurse, my sister Anna now bring hither to my need,
dic corpus properet fluuiali spargere lympha, 635

And bid her for my sprinkling-tide the running water speed;
et pecudes secum et monstrata piacula ducat.

And bid her have the hosts with her, and due atoning things:
sic ueniat, tuque ipsa pia tege tempora uitta.

So let her come; but thou, thine head bind with the holy strings;
sacra Ioui Stygio, quae rite incepta paraui,

For I am minded now to end what I have set afoot,
perficere est animus finemque imponere curis

And worship duly Stygian Jove and all my cares uproot;
Dardanique rogam capitis permittere flammae.’ 640

Setting the flame beneath the bale of that Dardanian head.”
sic ait. illa gradum studio celebrabat anili.

She spake; with hurrying of eld the nurse her footsteps sped.
at trepida et coeptis immanibus effera Dido

But Dido, trembling, wild at heart with her most dread intent,
sanguineam uoluens aciem, maculisque trementis

Rolling her blood-shot eyes about, her quivering cheeks besprent
interfusa genas et pallida morte futura,

With burning flecks, and elsewhere dead white with death drawn
nigh

interiora domus inrumpit limina et altos 645

Burst through the inner doorways there and clomb the bale on high,
conscendit furibunda rogos ensemque recludit

Fulfilled with utter madness now, and bared the Dardan blade,
Dardanium, non hos quaesitum munus in usus.

Gift given not for such a work, for no such ending made.
hic, postquam Iliacas uestis notumque cubile

There, when upon the Ilian gear her eyen had been set,
conspexit, paulum lacrimis et mente morata

And bed well known, ‘twixt tears and thoughts awhile she lingered
yet;

incubuitque toro dixitque nouissima uerba: 650

Then brooding low upon the bed her latest word she spake:
‘dulces exuuias, dum fata deusque sinebat,

“O raiment dear to me while Gods and fate allowed, now take
accipite hanc animam meque his exsoluite curis.
This soul of mine and let me loose from all my woes at last!
uixi et quem dederat cursum Fortuna peregi,
I, I have lived, and down the way fate showed to me have passed;
et nunc magna mei sub terras ibit imago.
And now a mighty shade of me shall go beneath the earth!
urbem praeclaram statui, mea moenia uidi, 655
A glorious city have I raised, and brought my walls to birth,
ulta uirum poenas inimico a fratre recepi,
Avenged my husband, made my foe, my brother, pay the pain:
felix, heu nimium felix, si litora tantum
Happy, ah, happy overmuch were all my life-days’ gain,
numquam Dardaniae tetigissent nostra carinae.’
If never those Dardanian keels had drawn our shores anigh.”
dixit, et os impressa toro ‘moriemur inultae,
She spake: her lips lay on the bed: “Ah, unavenged to die!
sed moriamur’ ait. ‘sic, sic iuuat ire sub umbras. 660
But let me die! Thus, thus ’tis good to go into the night!
hauriat hunc oculis ignem crudelis ab alto
Now let the cruel Dardan eyes drink in the bale-fire’s light,
Dardanus, et nostrae secum ferat omina mortis.’
And bear for sign across the sea this token of my death.”
dixerat, atque illam media inter talia ferro
Her speech had end: but on the steel, amid the last word’s breath,
conlapsam aspiciunt comites, ensemque cruore
They see her fallen; along the blade they see her blood foam out,
spumantem sparsasque manus. it clamor ad alta 665
And all her hands besprent therewith: wild fly the shrieks about
atria: concussam bacchatur Fama per urbem.
The lofty halls, and Rumour runs mad through the smitten town.
lamentis gemituque et femineo ululatu
The houses sound with women’s wails and lamentable groan;
tectata fremunt, resonat magnis plangoribus aether,
The mighty clamour of their grief rings through the upper skies.
non aliter quam si immissis ruat hostibus omnis
’Twas e’en as if all Carthage fell mid flood of enemies,

Karthago aut antiqua Tyros, flammaeque furentes 670

Or mighty Tyre of ancient days, — as if the wildfire ran
culmina perque hominum uoluantur perque deorum.

Rolling about the roof of God and dwelling-place of man.

audiit exanimis trepidoque exterrita cursu

Half dead her sister heard, and rushed distraught and trembling there,
unguibus ora soror foedans et pectora pugnis

With nail and fist befouling all her face and bosom fair:

per medios ruit, ac morientem nomine clamat:

She thrust amidst them, and by name called on the dying Queen:

‘hoc illud, germana, fuit? me fraude petebas? 675

“O was it this my sister, then! guile in thy word hath been!

hoc rogos iste mihi, hoc ignes araeque parabant?

And this was what the bale, the fire, the altars wrought for me!

quid primum deserta querar? comitemne sororem

Where shall I turn so left alone? Ah, scorned was I to be

spreuisti moriens? eadem me ad fata uocasses,

For death-fellow! thou shouldst have called me too thy way to wend.

idem ambas ferro dolor atque eadem hora tulisset.

One sword-pang should have been for both, one hour to make an
end.

his etiam struxi manibus patriosque uocaui 680

Built I with hands, on Father-Gods with crying did I cry

uoce deos, sic te ut posita, crudelis, abessem?

To be away, a cruel heart, from thee laid down to die?

exstincti te meque, soror, populumque patresque

O sister, me and thee, thy folk, the fathers of the land,

Sidonios urbemque tuam. date, uulnera lymphis

Thy city hast thou slain —— O give, give water to my hand,

abluam et, extremus si quis super halitus errat,

And let me wash the wound, and if some last breath linger there,

ore legam.’ sic fata gradus euaserat altos, 685

Let my mouth catch it!” Saying so she reached the topmost stair,

semianimemque sinu germanam amplexa fouebat

And to her breast the dying one she fondled, groaning sore,

cum gemitu atque atros siccabat ueste cruores.

And with her raiment strove to staunch the black and flowing gore.

illa grauis oculos conata attollere rursus
Then Dido strove her heavy lids to lift, but back again
deficit; infixum stridit sub pectore uulnus.
They sank, and deep within her breast whispered the deadly bane:
ter sese attollens cubitoque adnixa leuauit, 690
Three times on elbow struggling up a little did she rise,
ter reuoluta toro est oculisque errantibus alto
And thrice fell back upon the bed, and sought with wandering eyes
quaesiuit caelo lucem ingemuitque reperta.
The light of heaven aloft, and moaned when it was found at last.
Tum Iuno omnipotens longum miserata dolorem
Then on her long-drawn agony did Juno pity cast,
difficilisque obitus Irim demisit Olympo
Her hard departing; Iris then she sent from heaven on high,
quae luctantem animam nexosque resolveret artus. 695
And bade her from the knitted limbs the struggling soul untie.
nam quia nec fato merita nec morte peribat,
For since by fate she perished not, nor waited death-doom given,
sed misera ante diem subitoque accensa furore,
But hapless died before her day by sudden fury driven,
nondum illi flauum Proserpina uertice crinem
Not yet the tress of yellow hair had Proserpine off-shred,
abstulerat Stygioque caput damnauerat Orco.
Nor unto Stygian Orcus yet had doomed her wandering head.
ergo Iris croceis per caelum roscida pennis 700
So Iris ran adown the sky on wings of saffron dew,
mille trahens uarios aduerso sole colores
And colours shifting thousandfold against the sun she drew,
deuolat et supra caput astitit. 'hunc ego Diti
And overhead she hung: "So bid, from off thee this I bear,
sacrum iussa fero teque isto corpore soluo':
Hallowed to Dis, and charge thee now from out thy body fare."
sic ait et dextra crinem secat, omnis et una
She spake and sheared the tress away; then failed the life-heat spent
dilapsus calor atque in uentos uita recessit.
And forth away upon the wind the spirit of her went.



'The Death of Dido' by Andrea Sacchi , 1661

LIBER V

BOOK V.

Interea medium Aeneas iam classe tenebat
Meanwhile Æneas with his ships the mid-sea way did hold
certus iter fluctusque atros Aquilone secabat
Steadfast, and cut the dusky waves before the north wind rolled,
moenia respiciens, quae iam infelicis Elissae
Still looking back upon the walls now litten by the flame
conlucent flammis. quae tantum accenderit ignem
Of hapless Dido: though indeed whence so great burning came
causa latet; duri magno sed amore dolores 5
They knew not; but the thought of grief that comes of love defiled
polluto, notumque furens quid femina possit,
How great it is, what deed may come of woman waxen wild,
triste per augurium Teucrorum pectora ducunt.
Through woeful boding of the sooth the Teucrians' bosoms bore.
ut pelagus tenuere rates nec iam amplius ulla
But when the ships the main sea held, nor had they any more
occurrit tellus, maria undique et undique caelum,
The land in sight, but sea around and sky around was spread,
olli caeruleus supra caput astitit imber 10
A coal-blue cloud drew up to them, that hanging overhead
noctem hiememque ferens et inhorruit unda tenebris.
Bore night and storm: feared 'neath the dark the waters trembling lie.
ipse gubernator puppi Palinurus ab alta:
Then called the helmsman Palinure from lofty deck on high:
'heu quianam tanti cinxerunt aethera nimbi?
"Ah, wherefore doth such cloud of storm gird all the heavens about?
quidue, pater Neptune, paras?" sic deinde locutus
What will ye, Father Neptune, now?" Therewith he crieth out
colligere arma iubet ualidisque incumbere remis, 15
To gather all the tackling in, and hard on oars to lay,
obliquatque sinus in uentum ac talia fatur:
And slopeth sail across the wind; and so such word doth say:

‘magnanime Aenea, non, si mihi Iuppiter auctor
“Great-souled Æneas, e’en if Jove my borrow now should be,
spondeat, hoc sperem Italiam contingere caelo.
‘Neath such a sky I might not hope to make our Italy:
mutati transuersa fremunt et uespere ab atro
The changed winds roar athwart our course, and from the west grown
black
consurgunt uenti, atque in nubem cogitur aer. 20
They rise; while o’er the face of heaven gathers the cloudy rack.
nec nos obniti contra nec tendere tantum
Nor have we might to draw a-head, nor e’en to hold our own.
sufficimus. superat quoniam Fortuna, sequamur,
Wherefore since Fortune hath prevailed, by way that she hath shown,
quoque uocat uertamus iter. nec litora longe
Whither she calleth, let us turn: methinks the way but short
fida reor fraterna Erycis portusque Sicanos,
To brother-land of Eryx leal and safe Sicanian port,
si modo rite memor seruata remetior astra.’ 25
If I may read the stars aright that erst I bare in mind.”
tum pius Aeneas: ‘equidem sic poscere uentos
Quoth good Æneas: “Now for long that suchwise would the wind
iamdudum et frustra cerno te tendere contra.
I saw, and how thou heldest head against it all in vain:
flecte uiam uelis. an sit mihi gratior ulla,
Shift sail and go about; what land may sweeter be to gain,
quoue magis fessas optem dimittere nauis,
Or whither would I liefer turn my keels from beat of sea,
quam quae Dardanium tellus mihi seruat Acesten 30
Than that which yet the Dardan lord Acestes holds for me,
et patris Anchisae gremio complectitur ossa?”
That holds my very father’s bones, Anchises, in its breast?”
haec ubi dicta, petunt portus et uela secundi
They seek the haven therewithal, and fair and happy west
intendunt Zephyri; fertur cita gurgite classis,
Swellleth the sails: o’er whirl of waves full speedily they wend,
et tandem laeti notae aduertuntur harenae.
And glad to that familiar sand they turn them in the end:

At procul ex celso miratus uertice montis 35

But there Acestes meeteth them, who from a mountain high
aduentum sociasque rates occurrit Acestes,

All wondering had seen afar the friendly ships draw nigh.

horridus in iaculis et pelle Libystidis ursae,

With darts he bristled, and was clad in fell of Libyan bear.

Troia Criniso conceptum flumine mater

Him erst unto Crimissus' flood a Trojan mother fair

quem genuit. ueterum non immemor ille parentum

Brought forth: and now, forgetting nought his mother's folk of old,

gratatur reduces et gaza laetus agresti 40

He welcomes them come back again with wealth of field and fold,
excipit, ac fessos opibus solatur amicis.

And solaces the weary men with plenteous friendly cheer.

Postera cum primo stellas Oriente fugarat

But when the stars in first of dawn fled from the morrow clear,

clara dies, socios in coetum litore ab omni

Æneas called upon the shore assembly of his folk,

aduocat Aeneas tumulique ex aggere fatur:

And standing high aloft on mound such words to tell he spoke:

'Dardanidae magni, genus alto a sanguine diuum, 45

"O mighty Dardan men, O folk from blood of Godhead born,

annuus exactis completur mensibus orbis,

The yearly round is all fulfilled, with lapse of months outworn,

ex quo reliquias diuinique ossa parentis

Since when my godlike father's husk and bones of him we laid

condidimus terra maestasque sacrauiumus aras;

Amid the mould, and heavy sad the hallowed altars made:

iamque dies, nisi fallor, adest, quem semper acerbum,

And now meseems the day is here, for evermore to me

semper honoratum (sic di uoluistis) habebo. 50

A bitter day, a worshipped day. — So God would have it be!

hunc ego Gaetulis agerem si Syrtibus exsul,

Yea should it find me outcast man on great Getulia's sand,

Argolicoue mari deprensus et urbe Mycenae,

Or take me in the Argive sea, or mid Mycenæ's land,

annua uota tamen sollempnisque ordine pompas

Yet yearly vows, and pomps that come in due recurring while,
exsequeretur strueremque suis altaria donis.

Still should I pay, and gifts most meet upon the altar pile.

nunc ultro ad cineres ipsius et ossa parentis 55

Now to my father's bones, indeed, and ashes are we brought
haud equidem sine mente, reor, sine numine diuum

By chance; yet not, meseems, without the Godhead's will and
thought

adsumus et portus delati intramus amicos.

Are we come here, to lie in peace within a friendly bay.

ergo agite et laetum cuncti celebremus honorem:

So come, and let all worship here the glory of the day;

poscamus uentos, atque haec me sacra quotannis

Pray we the winds, that year by year this worship may be done
urbe uelit posita templis sibi ferre dicatis. 60

In temples dedicate to him within my city won.

bina boum uobis Troia generatus Acestes

Troy-born Acestes giveth you two head of hornèd beasts

dat numero capita in nauis; adhibete penatis

For every ship; so see ye bid the House-gods to your feasts,
et patrios epulis et quos colit hospes Acestes.

Both them of Troy and them our host Acestes loveth here.

praeterea, si nona diem mortalibus alnum

Moreover, if the ninth dawn hence Aurora shall uprear

Aurora extulerit radiisque retexerit orbem, 65

For health of men, and with her rays earth's coverlit shall lift,

prima citae Teucris ponam certamina classis;

For Teucrians will I fast set forth the race for galleys swift:

quique pedum cursu ualet, et qui uiribus audax

Then whosoe'er is fleet of foot, or bold of might and main,

aut iaculo incedit melior leuibusque sagittis,

Or with the dart or eager shaft a better prize may gain,

seu crudo fidit pugnam committere caestu,

Or whoso hath the heart to play in fight-glove of raw hide,

cuncti adsint meritaque exspectent praemia palmae. 70

Let all be there, and victory's palm and guerdon due abide.

ore fauete omnes et cingite tempora ramis.'

Clean be all mouths! and gird with leaves the temple of the head.”
Sic fatus uelat materna tempora myrto.
His mother’s bush he did on brow e’en as the word he said;
hoc Helymus facit, hoc aeuī maturus Acestes,
The like did Helymus, the like Acestes ripe of eld,
hoc puer Ascanius, sequitur quos cetera pubes.
The like the boy Ascanius, yea, and all that manner held.
ille e concilio multis cum milibus ibat 75
Then from that council to the tomb that duke of men did pass;
ad tumulum magna medius comitante caterua.
Mid many thousands, he the heart of all that concourse was.
hic duo rite mero libans carchesia Baccho
There, worshipping, on earth he pours in such wise as was good
fundit humi, duo lacte nouo, duo sanguine sacro,
Two cups of mere wine, two of milk, and two of holy blood,
purpureosque iacit flores ac talia fatur:
And scatters purple flowers around; and then such words he said:
‘salue, sancte parens, iterum; saluete, recepti 80
“Hail, holy father! hail once more! hail, ashes visited
nequiquam cineres animaeque umbraeque paternae.
Once more for nought! hail, father-shade and spirit sweet in vain!
non licuit finis Italos fataliaque arua
Forbid with me that Italy to seek, that fated plain,
nec tecum Ausonium, quicumque est, quaerere Thybrim.’
With me Ausonian Tiber-flood, whereso it be, to seek.”
dixerat haec, adytis cum lubricus anguis ab imis
He spake: but from the lowest mound a mighty serpent sleek
septem ingens gyros, septena uolumina traxit 85
Drew seven great circles o’er the earth, and glided sevenfold,
amplexus placide tumulum lapsusque per aras,
Passing in peace the tomb around, and o’er the altars rolled:
caeruleae cui terga notae maculosus et auro
Blue stripèd was the back of him, and all his scales did glow
squamam incendebat fulgor, ceu nubibus arcus
With glitter of fine flecks of gold; e’en as the cloud-hung bow
mille iacit uarios aduerso sole colores.
A thousand shifting colours fair back from the sun he cast.

obstupuit uisu Aeneas. ille agmine longo 90
Æneas wondered at the sight; but on the serpent passed,
tandem inter pateras et leuia pocula serpens
And 'twixt the bowls and smoothèd cups his long array he wound,
libauitque dapes rursusque innoxius imo
Tasting the hallowed things; and so he gat him underground
successit tumulo et depasta altaria liquit.
Beneath the tomb again, and left the altars pastured o'er.
hoc magis inceptos genitori instaurat honores,
Heartened hereby, his father's soul Æneas worshipped more,
incertus geniumne loci famulumne parentis 95
And, doubtful, deemeth it to be Anchises' guardian ghost
esse putet; caedit binas de more bidentis
Or godhead of the place: so there he slayeth double host,
totque sues, totidem nigrantis terga iuuencos,
As custom would; two black-backed steers, and e'en as many swine,
uinaque fundebat pateris animamque uocabat
And calleth on his father's soul with pouring of the wine,
Anchisae magni manisque Acheronte remissos.
On great Anchises' glorious ghost from Acheron set free.
nec non et socii, quae cuique est copia, laeti 100
From out their plenty therewithal his fellows joyfully
dona ferunt, onerant aras mactantque iuuencos;
Give gifts, and load the altar-stead, and smite the steers adown.
ordine aena locant alii fusique per herbam
While others serve the seething brass, and o'er the herbage strown
subiciunt ueribus prunas et uiscera torrent.
Set coaly morsels 'neath the spit, and roast the inner meat.
Exspectata dies aderat nonamque serena
And now the looked-for day was come with simple light and sweet,
Auroram Phaethontis equi iam luce uehebant, 105
And Phaeton's horses shining bright the ninth dawn in did bear.
famaque finitimos et clari nomen Acestae
Fame and the name Acestes had the neighbouring people stir
excierat; laeto complerant litora coetu
To fill the shore with joyful throng, Æneas' folk to see:
uisuri Aeneadas, pars et certare parati.

But some were dight amid the games their strife-fellows to be.

munera principio ante oculos circoque locantur

There first before the eyes of men the gifts to come they lay

in medio, sacri tripodes uiridesque coronae 110

Amid the course; as hallowed bowls, and garlands of green bay,

et palmae pretium uictoribus, armaque et ostro

And palms, the prize of victory, weapons, and raiment rolled

perfusae uestes, argenti aurique talenta;

In purple, and a talent's weight of silver and of gold;

et tuba commissos medio canit aggere ludos.

Then blast of horn from midst the mound the great games halloweth
in:

Prima pares ineunt grauibus certamina remis

Four ships from all the fleet picked out will first the race begin

quattuor ex omni delectae classe carinae. 115

With heavy oars; well matched are they for speed and rowers' tale:

uelocem Mnestheus agit acri remige Pristim,

Hereof did Mnestheus' eager oars drive on the speedy Whale,

mox Italus Mnestheus, genus a quo nomine Memmi,

Mnestheus to be of Italy, whence cometh Memmius' name.

ingentemque Gyas ingenti mole Chimaeram,

The huge Chimæra's mountain mass was Gyas set to tame;

urbis opus, triplici pubes quam Dardana uersu

There on that city of a ship threesome its rowing plies

impellunt, terno consurgunt ordine remi; 120

The Dardan youth; the banks of oars in threefold order rise.

Sergestusque, domus tenet a quo Sergia nomen,

Sergestus next, the name whereof the Sergian house yet bears,

Centauro inuehitur magna, Scyllaque Cloanthus

Is ferried by the Centaur great: last in blue Scylla steers

caerulea, genus unde tibi, Romane Cluenti.

Cloanthus, whence the name of thee, Cluentius, man of Rome.

Est procul in pelago saxum spumantia contra

Far mid the sea a rock there is, facing the shore-line's foam,

litora, quod tumidis summersum tunditur olim 125

Which, beat by overtoppling waves, is drowned and hidden oft,

fluctibus, hiberni condunt ubi sidera Cauri;

What time the stormy North-west hides the stars in heaven aloft:
tranquillo silet immotaque attollitur unda

But otherwhiles it lies in peace when nought the sea doth move,
campus et apricis statio gratissima mergis.

And riseth up a meadow fair that sunning sea-gulls love.

hic uiridem Aeneas frondenti ex ilice metam

There a green goal Æneas raised, dight of a leafy oak,

constituit signum nautis pater, unde reuerti 130

To be a sign of turning back to that sea-faring folk,

scirent et longos ubi circumflectere cursus.

That fetching compass round the same their long course they might
turn.

tum loca sorte legunt ipsique in puppibus auro

So then by lot they take their place: there on the deck they burn.

ductores longe effulgent ostroque decori;

The captains, goodly from afar in gold and purple show:

cetera populea uelatur fronde iuuentus

The other lads with poplar-leaf have garlanded the brow,

nudatosque umeros oleo perfusa nitescit. 135

And with the oil poured over them their naked shoulders shine.

considunt transtris, intentaque bracchia remis;

They man the thwarts; with hearts a-stretch they hearken for the sign,

intenti exspectant signum, exsultantiaque haurit

With arms a-stretch upon the oars; hard tugs the pulse of fear

corda paupor pulsans laudumque arrecta cupido.

About their bounding hearts, hard strains the lust of glory dear.

inde ubi clara dedit sonitum tuba, finibus omnes,

But when the clear horn gives the sound, forthwith from where they
lie

haud mora, prosiluire suis; ferit aethera clamor 140

They leap away; the seamen's shouts smite up against the sky,

nauticus, adductis spumant freta uersa lacertis.

The upturned waters froth about as home the arms are borne:

infindunt pariter sulcos, totumque dehiscit

So timely they the furrows cut, and all the sea upturn

conuulsum remis rostrisque tridentibus aequor.

Is cloven by the sweep of oars and bows' three-headed push.

non tam praecipites biuugo certamine campum

— Nay, nought so swift in twi-yoke race forth from the barriers rush
corripuere ruuntque effusi carcere currus, 145

The scattered headlong chariots on to wear the space of plain,
nec sic immissis aurigae undantia lora

Nor eager so the charioteers shake waves along the rein
concussere iugis pronique in uerba pendent.

Above the hurrying yoke, as hung over the lash they go.
tum plausu fremituque uirum studiisque fauentum

— Then with the shouts and praise of men, and hope cast to and fro,
consonat omne nemus, uocemque inclusa uolitant

Rings all the grove; the cliff-walled shore rolleth great voice around,
litora, pulsati colles clamore resultant. 150

And beating 'gainst the mountain-side the shattering shouts rebound.
Effugit ante alios primisque elabitur undis

Before the others Gyas flies, and first the waves doth skim
turbam inter fremitumque Gyas; quem deinde Cloanthus

Betwixt the throng and roar, but hard Cloanthus presseth him;
consequitur, melior remis, sed pondere pinus

Who, better manned, is held aback by sluggish weight of pine.
tarda tenet. post hos aequo discrimine Pristis

'Twixt Whale and Centaur after these the edge of strife is fine,
Centaurusque locum tendunt superare priorem; 155

And hard they struggle each with each to win the foremost place.
et nunc Pristis habet, nunc uictam praeterit ingens

Now the Whale hath it; beaten now is foregone in the race
Centaurus, nunc una ambae iunctisque feruntur

By the huge Centaur; head and head now follow on the two,
frontibus et longa sulcant uada salsa carina.

As the long keel of either one the salt sea furrows through.
iamque propinquabant scopulo metamque tenebant,

But now they drew anigh the holm, the goal close on them gave,
cum princeps medioque Gyas in gurgite uictor 160

When Gyas first and conquering there amid the whirl of wave
rectorem nauis compellat uoce Menoeten:

Unto the helmsman of his ship, Menoetes, cries command:

'quo tantum mihi dexter abis? huc derige cursum;

“And why so far unto the right? turn hither to this hand!
 litus ama et laeua stringat sine palmula cautes;
 Hug thou the shore; let the blades graze the very rocks a-lee.
 altum alii teneant.’ dixit; sed caeca Menoetes
 Let others hold the deep!” No less unto the wavy sea
 saxa timens proram pelagi detorquet ad undas. 165
 Menoetes, fearing hidden rocks, still turns away the bow:
 ‘quo diuersus abis?’ iterum ‘pete saxa, Menoete!’
 Gyas would shout him back again: “Menoetes, whither now?
 cum clamore Gyas reuocabat, et ecce Cloanthum
 Steer for the rocks!” And therewithal, as back his eyes he cast.
 respicit instantem tergo et propiora tenentem.
 He sees Cloanthus hard at heel and gaining on him fast;
 ille inter nauemque Gyae scopulosque sonantis
 Who, grazing on this hand and that the rocks and Gyas’ ship,
 radit iter laeuum interior subitoque priorem 170
 Now suddenly by leeward course a-head of all doth slip,
 praeterit et metis tenet aequora tuta relictis.
 And leaving clear the goal behind hath open water’s gain.
 tum uero exarsit iuueni dolor ossibus ingens
 Then unto Gyas’ very bones deep burns the wrathful pain;
 nec lacrimis caruere genae, segnemque Menoeten
 Nor did his cheeks lack tears indeed: forgetting honour’s trust,
 oblitus decorisque sui sociumque salutis
 Forgetting all his fellows’ weal, Menoetes doth he thrust
 in mare praecipitem puppi deturbat ab alta; 175
 Headlong from off the lofty deck into the sea adown,
 ipse gubernaclo rector subit, ipse magister
 And takes the tiller, helmsman now and steering-master grown;
 hortaturque uiros clauumque ad litora torquet.
 He cheers his men, and toward the shore the rudder wresteth round.
 at grauis ut fundo uix tandem redditus imo est
 Menoetes, heavy, hardly won up from the ocean’s ground,
 iam senior madidaque fluens in ueste Menoetes
 (For he was old, and floods enow fulfilled his dripping gear,)
 summa petit scopuli siccaque in rupe resedit. 180
 Made for the holm and sat him down upon the dry rock there:

illum et labentem Teucri et risere natantem
 The Teucrians laughed to see him fall, and laughed to see him swim,
 et salsos rident reuomentem pectore fluctus.
 And laugh to see him spue the brine back from the heart of him.
 Hic laeta extremis spes est accensa duobus,
 Now Mnestheus' and Sergestus' hope began anew to spring,
 Sergesto Mnestheique, Gyan superare morantem.
 That they might outgo Gyas yet amid his tarrying:
 Sergestus capit ante locum scopuloque propinquat, 185
 Of whom Sergestus draws ahead and nears the rocky holm;
 nec tota tamen ille prior praeceunte carina;
 But not by all his keel indeed the other did o'ercome,
 parte prior, partim rostro premit aemula Pristis.
 But by the half; the eager Whale amidships held her place,
 at media socios incedens naue per ipsos
 Where Mnestheus midst the men themselves now to and fro did pace,
 hortatur Mnestheus: 'nunc, nunc insurgite remis,
 Egging them on: "Now, now!" he cries; "up, up, on oar-heft high!
 Hectorei socii, Troiae quos sorte suprema 190
 Fellows of Hector, whom I chose when Troy last threw the die!
 delegi comites; nunc illas promite uiris,
 Now put ye forth your ancient heart, put forth the might of yore,
 nunc animos, quibus in Gaetulis Syrtibus usi
 Wherewith amid Getulian sand, Ionian sea ye bore;
 Ionioque mari Maleaeque sequacibus undis.
 The heart and might ye had amidst Malea's following wave!
 non iam prima peto Mnestheus neque uincere certo
 I, Mnestheus, seek not victory now, nor foremost place to save.
 (quamquam o! — sed superent quibus hoc, Neptune, dedisti); 195
 — Yet, O my heart! but let them win to whom thou giv'st the
 crown,
 extremos pudeat rediisse: hoc uincite, ciues,
 O Neptune! — but the shameful last! O townsmen, beat it down.
 et prohibete nefas.' olli certamine summo
 And ban such horror!" Hard on oars they lie mid utter throes,
 procumbunt: uastis tremit ictibus aerea puppis
 And quivereth all the brazen ship beneath their mighty blows;

subtrahiturque solum, tum creber anhelitus artus

The sea's floor slippeth under them; the ceaseless pantings shake
aridaque ora quatit, sudor fluit undique riuus. 200

Their limbs and parchèd mouths, and still the sweat-streams never
slake.

attulit ipse uiris optatum casus honorem:

But very chance those strivers gave the prize they struggled for,
namque furens animi dum proram ad saxa suburget

Since now Sergestus, hot at heart, while to the stony shore
interior spatiaque subit Sergestus iniquo,

He clingeth innerward, is come into the treacherous strait,
infelix saxis in procurrentibus haesit.

And hapless driveth on the rocks thrust forth for such a fate:
concussae cautes et acuto in murice remi 205

The cliffs are shaken and the oars against the flinty spikes
obnixi crepuere inlisaque prora pependit.

Snap crashing, and the prow thrust up yet hangeth where it strikes:
consurgunt nautae et magno clamore morantur

Up start the seafarers, and raise great hubbub tarrying;
ferratasque trudes et acuta cuspidē contos

Then sprits all iron-shod and poles sharp-ended forth they bring
expediunt fractosque legunt in gurgite remos.

To bear her off, and gather oars a-floating in the wash.
at laetus Mnesteus successuque acrior ipso 210

But Mnesteus, whetted by his luck, joyful, with hurrying dash
agmine remorum celeri uentisque uocatis

Of timely-beating oars, speeds forth, and praying breezes on,
prona petit maria et pelago decurrit aperto.

O'er waters' slope adown the sea's all open way doth run:
qualis spelunca subito commota columba,

— E'en as a pigeon in a cave stirred suddenly from rest,
cui domus et dulces latebroso in pumice nidi,

Who in the shady pumice-rock hath house and happy nest;
fertur in arua uolans plausumque exterrita pennis 215

Scared 'neath the roof she beateth forth with mighty flap of wings,
dat tecto ingentem, mox aere lapsa quieto

And flieth, borne adown the fields, till in soft air she swings,

radit iter liquidum celeris neque commouet alas:

And floateth on the flowing way, nor scarce a wing doth move;
sic Mnestheus, sic ipsa fuga secat ultima Pristis

— So Mnestheus, so the Whale herself, the latter waters clove,
aequora, sic illam fert impetus ipse uolantem.

So with the way erst made on her she flew on swift and soft;
et primum in scopulo luctantem deserit alto 220

And first Sergestus doth she leave stayed on the rock aloft,
Sergestum breuibisque uadis frustraue uocantem

Striving in shallows' tanglement, calling for help in vain,
auxilia et fractis discentem currere remis.

And learning with his broken oars a little way to gain.

inde Gyan ipsamque ingenti mole Chimaeram

Then Gyas and Chimæra's bulk he holdeth hard in chase,
consequitur; cedit, quoniam spoliata magistro est.

Who, from her lack of helmsman lost, must presently give place.

solus iamque ipso superest in fine Cloanthus, 225

And now at very end of all Cloanthus is the last

quem petit et summis adnixus uiribus urget.

With whom to deal: his most he strives, and presseth on him fast.

Tum uero ingeminat clamor cunctique sequentem

Then verily shout thrusts on shout, and all with all goodwill
instigant studiis, resonatque fragoribus aether.

Cry on the chase; their echoing noise the very lift doth fill.

hi proprium decus et partum indignantur honorem

These, thinking shame of letting fall their hardly-gotten gain

ni teneant, uitamque uolunt pro laude pacisci; 230

Of glory's meed, to buy the praise with very life are fain;

hos successus alit: possunt, quia posse uidentur.

Those, fed on good-hap, all things may, because they deem they
may:

et fors aequatis cepissent praemia rostris,

The twain, perchance, head laid to head, had won the prize that day,

ni palmas ponto tendens utrasque Cloanthus

But if Cloanthus both his palms had stretched to seaward there,

fudissetque preces diuosque in uota uocasset:

And called upon the Gods to aid and poured forth eager prayer:

'di, quibus imperium est pelagi, quorum aequora curro, 235
 "O Gods, whose lordship is the sea, whose waters I run o'er,
 uobis laetus ego hoc candentem in litore taurum
 Now glad will I, your debtor bound, by altars on the shore
 constituam ante aras uoti reus, extaque salsos
 Bring forth for you a snow-white bull, and cast amid the brine
 proiciam in fluctus et uina liquentia fundam.'
 His inner meat, and pour abroad a flowing of fair wine."
 dixit, eumque imis sub fluctibus audiit omnis
 He spake, and all the Nereids' choir hearkened the words he said
 Nereidum Phorcique chorus Panopeaque uirgo, 240
 Down 'neath the waves, and Phorcus' folk, and Panopea the maid;
 et pater ipse manu magna Portunus euntem
 Yea, and the sire Portunus thrust the keel with mighty hand
 impulit: illa Noto citius uolucrique sagitta
 Upon its way, and arrow-swift it flew on toward the land,
 ad terram fugit et portu se condidit alto.
 Swift as the South, and there at rest in haven deep it lies.
 tum satus Anchisa cunctis ex more uocatis
 But now Anchises' seed, all men being summoned in due wise,
 uictorem magna praeconis uoce Cloanthum 245
 Proclaims Cloanthus victor there by loud-voiced herald's shout,
 declarat uiridique aduelat tempora lauro,
 And with green garland of the bay he does his brows about;
 muneraque in nauis ternos optare iuuenos
 Then biddeth them to choose the gifts, for every ship three steers,
 uinaque et argenti magnum dat ferre talentum.
 And wine, and every crew therewith great weight of silver bears.
 ipsis praecipuos ductoribus addit honores:
 And glorious gifts he adds withal to every duke of man:
 uictori chlamydem auratam, quam plurima circum 250
 A gold-wrought cloak the victor hath, about whose rim there ran
 purpura maeandro duplici Meliboea cucurrit,
 A plenteous double wavy stream of Meliboean shell,
 intextusque puer frondosa regius Ida
 And leafy Ida's kingly boy thereon was pictured well.
 uelocis iaculo ceruos cursuque fatigat

A-following up the fleeing hart with spear and running fleet;
 acer, anhelanti similis, quem praepes ab Ida
 Eager he seemed as one who pants; then him with hookèd feet
 sublimem pedibus rapuit Iouis armiger uncis; 255
 Jove's shield-bearer hath caught, and up with him from Ida flies,
 longaeui palmas nequiquam ad sidera tendunt
 And there the ancient masters stretch vain palms unto the skies,
 custodes, saeuitque canum latratus in auras.
 While bark of staring hunting-hound beats fierce at upper air.
 at qui deinde locum tenuit uirtute secundum,
 Then next for him who second place of might and valour bare
 leuibus huic hamis consertam auroque tralicem
 A mail-coat wove of polished rings with threefold wire of gold,
 loricam, quam Demoleo detraxerat ipse 260
 Which from Demoleos the King had stripped in days of old,
 uictor apud rapidum Simoenta sub Ilio alto,
 A conqueror then by Simoïs swift beneath high-builted Troy,
 donat habere, uiro decus et tutamen in armis.
 He giveth now that lord to have a safeguard and a joy;
 uix illam famuli Phegeus Sagarisque ferebant
 Its many folds his serving-men, Phegeus and Sagaris,
 multiplicem conixi umeris; indutus at olim
 Scarce bore on toiling shoulders joined, yet clad in nought but this
 Demoleos cursu palantis Troas agebat. 265
 Swift ran Demoleos following on the Trojans disarrayed.
 tertia dona facit geminos ex aere lebetas
 A third gift then he setteth forth, twin cauldrons brazen made,
 cymbiaque argento perfecta atque aspera signis.
 And silver bowls with picturing fret and wrought with utter pain.
 iamque adeo donati omnes opibusque superbi
 And now when all had gotten gifts, and glorying in their gain,
 puniceis ibant euincti tempora taenis,
 Were wending with the filleting of purple round the brow,
 cum saeue scopulo multa uix arte reuulsus 270
 Lo, gotten from the cruel rock with craft and toil enow,
 amissis remis atque ordine debilis uno
 With missing oars, and all one board unhandy and foredone,

inrisam sine honore ratem Sergestus agebat.

His ship inglorious and bemocked, Sergestus driveth on.

qualis saepe uiae depensus in aggere serpens,

— As with an adder oft it haps caught on the highway's crown,

aerea quem obliquum rota transiit aut grauis ictu

Aslant by brazen tire of wheel, or heavy pebble thrown

seminecem liquit saxo lacerumque uiator; 275

By wayfarer, hath left him torn and nigh unto his end:

nequiquam longos fugiens dat corpore tortus

Who writhings wrought for helpless flight through all his length doth send,

parte ferox ardensque oculis et sibila colla

And one half fierce with burning eyes uprears a hissing crest,

arduus attollens; pars uulnere clauda retentat

The other half, with wounds all halt, still holding back the rest;

nexantem nodis seque in sua membra plicantem:

He knitteth him in many a knot and on himself doth slip.

tali remigio nauis se tarda mouebat; 280

— E'en such the crawling of the oars that drave the tarrying ship.

uela facit tamen et uelis subit ostia plenis.

But they hoist sail on her, and so the harbour-mouth make shift

Sergestum Aeneas promisso munere donat

To win: and there Æneas gives Sergestus promised gift,

seruatam ob nauem laetus sociosque reductos.

Blithe at his saving of the ship, and fellows brought aback:

olli serua datur operum haud ignara Mineruae,

A maid he hath, who not a whit of Pallas' art doth lack.

Cressa genus, Pholoe, geminique sub ubere nati. 285

Of Crete she is, and Pholoë called, and twins at breast she bears.

Hoc pius Aeneas misso certamine tendit

Now all that strife being overpast, the good Æneas fares

gramineum in campum, quem collibus undique curuis

To grassy meads girt all about by hollow wooded hills,

cingebant siluae, mediaque in ualle theatri

Where theatre-wise the racing-course the midmost valley fills.

circus erat; quo se multis cum milibus heros

Thereto the hero, very heart of many a thousand men,

consessu medium tulit exstructoque resedit. 290

Now wendeth, and on seat high-piled he sits him down again.

hic, qui forte uelint rapido contendere cursu,

There whosoever may have will to strive in speedy race

inuitat pretiis animos, et praemia ponit.

He hearteneth on with hope of gift, and shows the prize and grace.

undique conueniunt Teucri mixtique Sicani,

So from all sides Sicilians throng, and Trojan fellowship.

Nisus et Euryalus primi,

Euryalus and Nisus first.

Euryalus forma insignis uiridique iuuenta, 295

Euryalus for goodness and youth's first blossom famed,

Nisus amore pio pueri; quos deinde secutus

Nisus for fair love of the youth; then after these are named

regius egregia Priami de stirpe Diores;

Diores, of the blood of kings from Priam's glorious race;

hunc Salius simul et Patron, quorum alter Acarnan,

Salius and Patron next; the one of Acarnanian place,

alter ab Arcadio Tegeaeae sanguine gentis;

The other from Arcadian blood of Tegeæa outsprung:

tum duo Trinacrii iuuenes, Helymus Panopesque 300

Then two Trinacrians, Helymus and Panopes the young,

adsueti siluis, comites senioris Acestae;

In woodcraft skilled, who ever went by old Acestes' side;

multi praeterea, quos fama obscura recondit.

And many others else there were whom rumour dimmed doth hide.

Aeneas quibus in mediis sic deinde locutus:

And now amidmost of all these suchwise Æneas spake:

‘accipite haec animis laetasque aduertite mentes.

“Now hearken; let your merry hearts heed of my saying take:

nemo ex hoc numero mihi non donatus abibit. 305

No man of all the tale of you shall henceforth giftless go;

Cnosia bina dabo leuato lucida ferro

Two Gnosian spears to each I give with polished steel aglow,

spicula caelatamque argento ferre bipennem;

An axe to carry in the war with silver wrought therein.

omnibus hic erit unus honos. tres praemia primi

This honour is for one and all: the three first prize shall win,
accipient flauaque caput nectentur oliua.

And round about their heads shall do the olive dusky-grey.
primus equum phaleris insignem uictor habeto; 310

A noble horse with trappings dight the first shall bear away;
alter Amazoniam pharetram plenamque sagittis

A quiver of the Amazons with Thracian arrows stored
Threiciis, lato quam circum amplectitur auro

The second hath; about it goes a gold belt broidered broad,
balteus et tereti subnectit fibula gemma;

With gem-wrought buckle delicate to clasp it at the end.
tertius Argolica hac galea contentus abito.'

But gladdened with this Argive helm content the third shall wend."
Haec ubi dicta, locum capiunt signoque repente 315

All said, they take their places due, and when the sign they hear,
corripiunt spatia audito limenque relinquunt,

Forthwith they leave the bar behind and o'er the course they bear,
effusi nimbo similes. simul ultima signant,

Like drift of storm-cloud; on the goal all set their eager eyes:
primus abit longequae ante omnia corpora Nisus

But far before all shapes of man shows Nisus, and outflies
emicat et uentis et fulminis ocior alis;

The very whistling of the winds or lightning on the wing.
proximus huic, longo sed proximus interuallo, 320

Then, though the space be long betwixt, comes Salius following;
insequitur Salius; spatium post deinde relicto

And after Salius again another space is left,
tertius Euryalus;

And then Euryalus is third;

Euryalumque Helymus sequitur; quo deinde sub ipso
And after him is Helymus: but lo, how hard on heel

ecce uolat calcemque terit iam calce Diore
Diores scuds! foot on his foot doth Helymus nigh feel,

incumbens umero, spatia et si plura supersint 325

Shoulder on shoulder: yea, and if the course held longer out,
transeat elapsus prior ambiguumque relinquat.

He would slip by him and be first, or leave the thing in doubt.

iamque fere spatio extremo fessique sub ipsam
 Now, spent, unto the utmost reach and very end of all
 finem aduentabant, leui cum sanguine Nisus
 They came, when in the slippery blood doth luckless Nisus fall,
 labitur infelix, caesis ut forte iuuenis
 E'en where the ground was all a-slop with bullocks slain that day,
 fusus humum uiridisque super madefecerat herbas. 330
 And all the topmost of the grass be-puddled with it lay:
 hic iuuenis iam uictor ouans uestigia presso
 There, as he went the victor now, exulting, failed his feet
 haud tenuit titubata solo, sed pronus in ipso
 From off the earth, and forth he fell face foremost down to meet
 concidit immundoque fimo sacroque cruore.
 The midst of all the filthy slime blent with the holy gore:
 non tamen Euryali, non ille oblitus amorum:
 Yet for Euryalus his love forgot he none the more,
 nam sese opposuit Salio per lubrica surgens; 335
 For rising from the slippery place in Salius' way he thrust,
 ille autem spissa iacuit reuolutus harena,
 Who, rolling over, lay along amid the thickened dust.
 emicat Euryalus et munere uictor amici
 Forth flies Euryalus, and flies to fame and foremost place,
 prima tenet, plausuque uolat fremituque secundo.
 His own friend's gift, mid beat of hands and shouts that bear him
 grace.
 post Helymus subit et nunc tertia palma Diores.
 Next came in Helymus, and next the palm Diores bore.
 hic totum caueae consessum ingentis et ora 340
 But over all the concourse set in hollow dale, and o'er
 prima patrum magnis Salio clamoribus implet,
 The heads of those first father-lords goes Salio's clamouring speech,
 ereptumque dolo reddi sibi poscit honorem.
 Who for his glory reft away by guile doth still beseech.
 tutatur fauor Euryalum lacrimaeque decorae,
 But safe goodwill and goodly tears Euryalus do bear,
 gratior et pulchro ueniens in corpore uirtus.
 And lovelier seemeth valour set in body wrought so fair.

adiuuat et magna proclamat uoce Diores, 345
 Him too Diores backeth now, and crieth out on high,
 qui subiit palmae frustra ad praemia uenit
 Whose palm of praise and third-won place shall fail and pass him by,
 ultima, si primi Salio reddentur honores.
 If the first glory once again at Salius' bidding shift.
 tum pater Aeneas 'uestra' inquit 'munera uobis
 Then sayeth Father Æneas: "O fellows, every gift
 certa manent, pueri et palmam mouet ordine nemo;
 Shall bide unmoved: the palm of praise shall no man now displace.
 me liceat casus miserari insontis amici.' 350
 Yet for my sackless friend's mishap give me some pity's grace."
 sic fatus tergum Gaetuli immane leonis
 He spake, and unto Salius gave a mighty lion's hide,
 dat Salio uillis onerosum atque unguibus aureis.
 Getulian born, with weight of hair and golden claws beside:
 hic Nisus 'si tanta' inquit 'sunt praemia uictis,
 Then Nisus spake: "If such great gifts are toward for beaten men,
 et te lapsorum miseret, quae munera Niso
 And thou must pity those that fall, what gift is worthy then
 digna dabis, primam merui qui laude coronam 355
 Of Nisus? I, who should have gained the very victory's crown,
 ni me, quae Salium, fortuna inimica tulisset?"
 If me, as Salius, Fate my foe had never overthrown."
 et simul his dictis faciem ostentabat et udo
 And even as he speaks the word he showeth face and limb
 turpia membra fimo. risit pater optimus olli
 Foul with the mud. The kindest lord, the Father, laughed on him,
 et clipeum efferri iussit, Didymaonis artes,
 And bade them bring a buckler forth, wrought of Didymaon,
 Neptuni sacro Danaï de poste refixum. 360
 Spoil of the Greeks, from Neptune's house and holy doors undone;
 hoc iuuenem egregium praestanti munere donat.
 And there unto the noble youth he gives that noble thing.
 Post, ubi confecti cursus et dona peregit,
 But now, the race all overpassed and all the gift-giving,
 'nunc, si cui uirtus animusque in pectore praesens,

Quoth he: "If any valour hath, or heart that may withstand,
 adsit et euinctis attollat bracchia palmis':
 Let him come forth to raise his arm with hide-begirded hand."
 sic ait, et geminum pugnae proponit honorem, 365
 So saying, for the fight to come he sets forth glories twain;
 uictori uelatum auro uittisque iuuentum,
 A steer gilt-horned and garlanded the conquering man should gain,
 ensem atque insignem galeam solacia uicto.
 A sword and noble helm should stay the vanquished in his woe.
 nec mora; continuo uastis cum uiribus effert
 No tarrying was there: Dares straight his face to all doth show,
 ora Dares magnoque uirum se murmure tollit,
 And riseth in his mighty strength amidst the murmur great:
 solus qui Paridem solitus contendere contra, 370
 He who alone of all men erst with Paris held debate,
 idemque ad tumulum quo maximus occubat Hector
 And he who at the mound wherein that mightiest Hector lay,
 uictorem Buten immani corpore, qui se
 Had smitten Butes' body huge, the winner of the day,
 Bebrycia ueniens Amyci de gente ferebat,
 Who called him come of Amycus and that Bebrycian land:
 perculit et fulua moribundum extendit harena.
 But Dares stretched him dying there upon the yellow sand.
 talis prima Dares caput altum in proelia tollit, 375
 Such was the Dares that upreared his head against the fight,
 ostenditque umeros latos alternaque iactat
 And showed his shoulders' breadth and drave his fists to left and
 right,
 bracchia protendens et uerberat ictibus auras.
 With arms cast forth, as heavy strokes he laid upon the air.
 quaeritur huic alius; nec quisquam ex agmine tanto
 But when they sought a man for him, midst all the concourse there
 audet adire uirum manibusque inducere caestus.
 Was none durst meet him: not a hand the fighting-glove would don:
 ergo alacris cunctosque putans excedere palma 380
 Wherefore, high-hearted, deeming now the prize from all was won,
 Aeneae stetit ante pedes, nec plura moratus

He stood before Æneas' feet nor longer tarrièd,
 tum laeua taurum cornu tenet atque ita fatur:
 But with his left hand took the steer about the horn and said:
 'nate dea, si nemo audet se credere pugnae,
 "O Goddess-born, if no man dares to trust him in the play,
 quae finis standi? quo me decet usque teneri?
 What end shall be of standing here; must I abide all day?
 ducere dona iube.' cuncti simul ore fremebant 385
 Bid them bring forth the gifts." Therewith they cried out one and all,
 Dardanidae reddique uiro promissa iubebant.
 The Dardan folk, to give the gifts that due to him did fall.
 Hic grauis Entellum dictis castigat Acestes,
 But with hard words Acestes now Entellus falls to chide,
 proximus ut uiridante toro consederat herbae:
 As on the bank of grassy green they sat there side by side,
 'Entelle, heroum quondam fortissime frustra,
 "Entellus, bravest hero once of all men, and for nought,
 tantane tam patiens nullo certamine tolli 390
 If thou wilt let them bear away without a battle fought
 dona sines? ubi nunc nobis deus ille, magister
 Such gifts as these. And where is he, thy master then, that God,
 nequiquam memoratus, Eryx? ubi fama per omnem
 That Eryx, told of oft in vain? where is thy fame sown broad
 Trinacriam et spolia illa tuis pendentia tectis?"
 Through all Trinacria, where the spoils hung up beneath thy roof?"
 ille sub haec: 'non laudis amor nec gloria cessit
 "Nay," said he, "neither love of fame nor glory holds aloof
 pulsa metu; sed enim gelidus tardante senecta 395
 Beaten by fear, but cold I grow with eld that holdeth back.
 sanguis hebet, frigentque effetae in corpore uires.
 My blood is dull, my might gone dry with all my body's lack.
 si mihi quae quondam fuerat quaque improbus iste
 Ah, had I that which once I had, that which the rascal there
 exsultat fidens, si nunc foret illa iuuentas,
 Trusts in with idle triumphing, the days of youth the dear,
 haud equidem pretio inductus pulchroque iuuenco
 Then had I come into the fight by no gift-giving led,

uenissem, nec dona moror.' sic deinde locutus 400

No goodly steer: nought heed I gifts." And with the last word said,
in medium geminos immani pondere caestus
His fighting gloves of fearful weight amidst of them he cast,
proiecit, quibus acer Eryx in proelia suetus
Wherewith the eager Eryx' hands amid the play had passed
ferre manum duroque intendere bracchia tergo.
Full oft; with hardened hide of them his arms he used to bind.
obstipuerunt animi: tantorum ingentia septem
Men's hearts were mazed; such seven bull-hides each other in them
lined,

terga bouum plumbo insuto ferroque rigeant. 405

So stiff they were with lead sewn in and iron laid thereby;
ante omnis stupet ipse Dares longeque recusat,
And chief of all was Dares mazed, and drew back utterly.
magnanimusque Anchisiades et pondus et ipsa
But the great-souled Anchises' seed that weight of gauntlets
weighed,
huc illuc uinculorum immensa uolumina uersat.

And here and there he turned about their mighty folds o'erlaid.
tum senior talis referebat pectore uoces:

Then drew the elder from his breast words that were like to these:

'quid, si quis caestus ipsius et Herculis arma 410

"Ah, had ye seen the gloves that armed the very Hercules,
uidisset tristemque hoc ipso in litore pugnam?

And that sad battle foughten out upon this country shore!

haec germanus Eryx quondam tuus arma gerebat

For these are arms indeed that erst thy kinsmen Eryx bore:

(sanguine cernis adhuc sparsoque infecta cerebro),

Lo, ye may see them even now flecked with the blood and brain.

his magnum Alciden contra stetit, his ego suetus,

With these Alcides he withstood; with these I too was fain

dum melior uiris sanguis dabat, aemula necdum 415

Of war, while mightier blood gave might, nor envious eld as yet
temporibus geminis canebat sparsa senectus.

On either temple of my head the hoary hairs had set.

sed si nostra Dares haec Troius arma recusat

But if this Dares out of Troy refuse our weapons still,
 idque pio sedet Aeneae, probat auctor Acestes,
 And good Æneas doom it so, and so Acestes will,
 aequemus pugnās. Erycis tibi terga remitto
 My fight-lord; make the weapons like: these gloves of Eryx here
 (solue metus), et tu Troianos exue caestus.' 420
 I take aback: be not afraid, but doff thy Trojan gear."
 haec fatus duplicem ex umeris reiecit amictum
 He spake, and from his back he cast his twifold cloak adown,
 et magnos membrorum artus, magna ossa lacertosque
 And naked his most mighty limbs and shoulders huge were shown,
 exuit atque ingens media consistit harena.
 And on the midmost of the sand a giant there he stood.
 tum satus Anchisa caestus pater extulit aequos
 Wherewith Anchises' seed brought forth gloves even-matched and
 good,
 et paribus palmas amborum innexuit armis. 425
 And so at last with gear alike the arms of each he bound,
 constitit in digitos extemplo arrectus uterque
 Then straightway each one stretched aloft on tip-toe from the ground:
 brachiaque ad superas interritus extulit auras.
 They cast their mighty arms abroad, nor any fear they know,
 abduxere retro longe capita ardua ab ictu
 The while their lofty heads they draw abackward from the blow:
 immiscentque manus manibus pugnamque lacesunt,
 And so they mingle hands with hands and fall to wake the fight.
 ille pedum melior motu fretusque iuuenta, 430
 The one a-trusting in his youth and nimbler feet and light;
 hic membris et mole ualens; sed tarda trementi
 The other's bulk of all avail, but, trembling, ever shrank
 genua labant, uastos quatit aeger anhelitus artus.
 His heavy knees, and breathing short for ever shook his flank.
 multa uiri nequiquam inter se uulnera iactant,
 Full many a stroke those mighty men cast each at each in vain;
 multa cauo lateri ingeminant et pectore uastos
 Thick fall they on the hollow sides; the breasts ring out again
 dant sonitus, erratque auris et tempora circum 435

With mighty sound; and eager-swift the hands full often stray
crebra manus, duro crepitant sub uulnere malae.
Round ears and temples; crack the jaws beneath that heavy play:
stat grauis Entellus nисуque immotus eodem
In one set strain, not moving aught, heavy Entellus stands,
corpore tela modo atque oculis uigilantibus exit.
By body's sway and watchful eye shunning the dart of hands:
ille, uelut celsam oppugnat qui molibus urbem
But Dares is as one who brings the gin 'gainst high-built town,
aut montana sedet circum castella sub armis, 440
Or round about some mountain-hold the leaguer setteth down:
nunc hos, nunc illos aditus, omnemque pererrat
Now here now there he falleth on, and putteth art to pain
arte locum et uariis adsultibus inritus urget.
At every place, and holds them strait with onset all in vain.
ostendit dextram insurgens Entellus et alte
Entellus, rising to the work, his right hand now doth show
extulit, ille ictum uenientem a uertice uelox
Upread; but he, the nimble one, foresaw the falling blow
praeuidit celerique elapsus corpore cessit; 445
Above him, and his body swift writhed skew-wise from the fall.
Entellus uiris in uentum effudit et ultro
Entellus spends his stroke on air, and, overborne withal,
ipse grauis grauiusque ad terram pondere uasto
A heavy thing, falls heavily to earth, a mighty weight:
concidit, ut quondam caua concidit aut Erymantho
As whiles a hollow-eaten pine on Erymanthus great,
aut Ida in magna radicibus eruta pinus.
Or mighty Ida, rooted up, to earthward toppling goes.
consurgunt studiis Teucris et Trinacria pubes; 450
Then Teucrian and Trinacrian folk with wondrous longing rose,
it clamor caelo primusque accurrit Acestes
And shouts went skyward: thither first the King Acestes ran,
aequaeuumque ab humo miserans attollit amicum.
And pitying his like-aged friend raised up the fallen man;
at non tardatus casu neque territus heros
Who neither slackened by his fall, nor smit by any fear,

acrior ad pugnam redit ac uim suscitāt ira;
Gets back the eagerer to the fight, for anger strength doth stir,
tum pudor incendit uiris et conscia uirtus, 455
And shame and conscious valour lights his ancient power again.
praecipitemque Daren ardens agit aequore toto
In headlong flight his fiery wrath drives Dares o'er the plain,
nunc dextra ingeminans ictus, nunc ille sinistra.
And whiles his right hand showereth strokes, his left hand raineth
whiles.

nec mora nec requies: quam multa grandine nimbi
No tarrying and no rest there is; as hail-storm on the tiles
culminibus crepitant, sic densis ictibus heros
Rattleth, so swift with either hand the eager hero now
creber utraque manu pulsāt uersatque Dareta. 460
Beats on and batters Dares down, and blow is laid on blow.
Tum pater Aeneas procedere longius iras
But now the Father Æneas no longer might abide
et saeuire animis Entellum haud passus acerbis,
Entellus' bitter rage of soul or lengthening anger's tide,
sed finem imposuit pugnae fessumque Dareta
But laid an end upon the fight therewith, and caught away
eripuit mulcens dictis ac talia fatur:
Dares foredone, and soothing words in such wise did he say:
'infelix, quae tanta animum dementia cepit? 465
"Unhappy man, what madness then hath hold upon thine heart?
non uiris alias conuersaque numina sentis?
Feel'st not another might than man's, and Heaven upon his part?
cede deo.' dixitque et proelia uoce diremit.
Yield to the Gods!" So 'neath his word the battle sank to peace.
ast illum fidi aequales genua aegra trahentem
But Dares his true fellows took, trailing his feeble knees,
iactantemque utroque caput crassumque cruorem
Lolling his head from side to side, the while his sick mouth sent
ore eiectantem mixtosque in sanguine dentes 470
The clotted blood from out of it wherewith the teeth were blent.
ducunt ad nauis; galeamque ensemque uocati
They lead him to the ships; then, called, they take the helm and

sword,
 accipiunt, palmam Entello taurumque relinquunt.
 But leave Entellus' bull and palm, the victory's due reward;
 hic uictor superans animis tauroque superbus
 Who, high of heart, proud in the beast his conquering hand did earn,
 'nate dea, uosque haec' inquit 'cognoscite, Teucri,
 "O Goddess-born," he said, "and ye, O Teucrians, look, and learn
 et mihi quae fuerint iuuenali in corpore uires 475
 What might was in my body once, ere youth it had to lack,
 et qua seruetis reuocatum a morte Dareta.'
 And what the death whence Dares saved e'en now ye draw aback."
 dixit, et aduersi contra stetit ora iuueni
 He spake, and at the great bull's head straightway he took his stand,
 qui donum astabat pugnae, duosque reducta
 As there it bode the prize of fight, and drawing back his hand
 libruit dextra media inter cornua caestus
 Rose to the blow, and 'twixt the horns sent forth the hardened glove,
 arduus, effractoque inlinit in ossa cerebro: 480
 And back upon his very brain the shattered skull he drove.
 sternitur exanimisque tremens procumbit humi bos.
 Down fell the beast and on the earth lay quivering, outstretched,
 dead,
 ille super talis effundit pectore uoces:
 While over him from his inmost breast such words Entellus said:
 'hanc tibi, Eryx, meliorem animam pro morte Daretis
 "Eryx, this soul, a better thing, for Dares doomed to die,
 persoluo; hic uictor caestus artemque repono.'
 I give thee, and victorious here my gloves and craft lay by."
 Protinus Aeneas celeri certare sagitta 485
 Forth now Æneas biddeth all who have a mind to strive
 inuitat qui forte uelint et praemia dicit,
 At speeding of the arrow swift, and gifts thereto doth give,
 ingentique manu malum de naue Seresti
 And with his mighty hand the mast from out Serestus' keel
 erigit et uolucrum traiecit in fune columbam,
 Uprears; and there a fluttering dove, mark for the flying steel,
 quo tendant ferrum, malo suspendit ab alto.

Tied to a string he hangeth up athwart the lofty mast.

conuenere uiri deiectamque aerea sortem 490

Then meet the men; a brazen helm catches the lots down cast:

accepit galea, et primus clamore secundo

And, as from out their favouring folk ariseth up the shout,

Hyrtacidae ante omnis exit locus Hippocoontis;

Hippocoon, son of Hyrtacus, before the rest leaps out;

quem modo nauali Mnestheus certamine uictor

Then Mnestheus, who was victor erst in ship upon the sea,

consequitur, uiridi Mnestheus euinctus oliua.

Comes after: Mnestheus garlanded with olive greenery.

tertius Eurytion, tuus, o clarissime, frater, 495

The third-come was Eurytion, thy brother, O renowned,

Pandare, qui quondam iussus confundere foedus

O Pandarus, who, bidden erst the peace-troth to confound,

in medios telum torsiisti primus Achiuos.

Wert first amid Achæan host to send a wingèd thing.

extremus galeaque ima subsedit Acestes,

But last, at bottom of the helm, Acestes' name did cling,

ausus et ipse manu iuuenum temptare laborem.

Who had the heart to try the toil amid the youthful rout.

tum ualidis flexos incuruant uiribus arcus 500

Then with their strength of all avail they bend the bows about

pro se quisque uiri et depromunt tela pharetris,

Each for himself: from quiver then the arrows forth they take:

primaque per caelum neruo stridente sagitta

And first from off the twanging string through heaven there went the
wake

Hyrtacidae iuuenis uolucris diuerberat auras,

Of shaft of young Hyrtacides, and clave the flowing air,

et uenit aduersique infigitur arbore mali.

And, flying home, amid the mast that stood before it there

intremuit malus micuitque exterrita pennis 505

It stuck: the mast shook therewithal; the frightened, timorous bird,

ales, et ingenti sonuerunt omnia plausu.

Fluttered her wings; and mighty praise all round about was heard.

post acer Mnestheus adducto constitit arcu

Then stood forth Mnestheus keen, and drew his bow unto the head,
 alta petens, pariterque oculos telumque tetendit.
 Aiming aloft; and shaft and eyes alike therewith he sped;
 ast ipsam miserandus auem contingere ferro
 But, worthy of all pitying, the very bird he missed,
 non ualuit; nodos et uincula linea rupit 510
 But had the hap to shear the knots and lines of hempen twist
 quis innexa pedem malo pendebat ab alto;
 Whereby, all knitted to her foot, she to the mast was tied:
 illa Notos atque atra uolans in nubila fugit.
 But flying toward the winds of heaven and mirky mist she hied.
 tum rapidus, iamdudum arcu contenta parato
 Then swift Eurytion, who for long had held his arrow laid
 tela tenens, fratrem Eurytion in uota uocauit,
 On ready bow-string, vowed, and called his brother unto aid,
 iam uacuo laetam caelo speculatus et alis 515
 And sighted her all joyful now amidst the void of sky,
 plaudentem nigra figit sub nube columbam.
 And smote her as she clapped her wings 'neath the black cloud on
 high:
 decidit exanimis uitamque reliquit in astris
 Then dead she fell, and mid the stars of heaven her life she left,
 aetheriis fixamque refert delapsa sagittam.
 And, falling, brought the shaft aback whereby her heart was cleft.
 Amissa solus palma superabat Acestes,
 Acestes now was left alone, foiled of the victory's prize.
 qui tamen aerias telum contendit in auras 520
 No less the father sent his shot aloft unto the skies,
 ostentans artemque pater arcumque sonantem.
 Fain to set forth his archer-craft and loud-resounding bow.
 hic oculis subitum obicitur magnoque futurum
 Then to men's eyes all suddenly a portent there did show,
 augurio monstrum; docuit post exitus ingens
 A mighty sign of things to come, the ending showed how great
 seraque terrifici cecinerunt omina uates.
 When seers, the shakers of men's hearts, sang over it too late.
 namque uolans liquidis in nubibus arsit harundo 525

For, flying through the flowing clouds, the swift reed burned about,
signauitque uiam flammis tenuisque recessit
And marked its road with flaming wake, and, eaten up, died out
consumpta in uentos, caelo ceu saepe refixa
Mid the thin air: as oft the stars fly loose from heaven's roof,
transcurren crinemque uolantia sidera ducunt.
And run adown the space of sky with hair that flies aloof.
attonitis haesere animis superosque precati
Trinacrian men and Teucrian men, staring aghast they stood,
Trinacrii Teucrique uiri, nec maximus omen 530
Praying the Gods: but mightiest Æneas held for good
abnuat Aeneas, sed laetum amplexus Acesten
That tokening, and Acestes takes as one all glad at heart,
muneribus cumulat magnis ac talia fatur:
And loadeth him with many gifts, and suchwise speaks his part:
'sume, pater, nam te uoluit rex magnus Olympi
"Take them, O father, for indeed by such a sign I wot
talibus auspiciis exsortem ducere honores.
Olympus' King will have thee win all honour without lot.
ipsius Anchisae longaeui hoc munus habebis, 535
This gift thou hast, Anchises' self, the ancient, had before,
cratera impressum signis, quem Thracius olim
A bowl all stamped with images, which Cisseus once of yore,
Anchisae genitori in magno munere Cisseus
The Thracian, to my father gave, that he might bear the same
ferre sui dederat monimentum et pignus amoris.'
A very tokening of his love and memory of his name."
sic fatus cingit uiridanti tempora lauro
So saying, a garland of green bay he doth his brows about,
et primum ante omnis uictorem appellat Acesten. 540
And victor over all the men Acestes giveth out:
nec bonus Eurytion praelato inuidit honori,
Nor did the good Eurytion grudge his honour so preferred,
quamuis solus auem caelo deiecit ab alto.
Though he alone from height of heaven had brought adown the bird:
proximus ingreditur donis qui uincula rupit,
But he came next in gift-giving who sheared the string, and last

extremus uolucris qui fixit harundine malum.

Was he who set his wingèd reed amidmost of the mast.

At pater Aeneas nondum certamine misso 545

Now had Æneas called to him, ere yet the match was done,

custodem ad sese comitemque impubis Iuli

The child of Epytus, the guard, and fellow of his son,

Epytiden uocat, et fidam sic fatur ad aurem:

Beardless Iulus, and so spake into his faithful ear:

‘uade age et Ascanio, si iam puerile paratum

“Go thou and bid Asoenius straight, if ready dight with gear

agmen habet secum cursusque instruxit equorum,

He hath that army of the lads, and fair array of steeds,

ducat auo turmas et sese ostendat in armis 550

To bring unto his grandsire now, himself in warlike weeds,

dic’ ait. ipse omnem longo decedere circo

That host of his.” The lord meanwhile biddeth all folk begone

infusum populum et campos iubet esse patentis.

Who into the long course had poured, and leave the meadow lone.

incedunt pueri pariterque ante ora parentum

Then come the lads: in equal ranks before their fathers’ eyes

frenatis lucent in equis, quos omnis euntis

They shine upon their bitted steeds, and wondering murmurs rise

Trinacriae mirata fremit Troiaeque iuuentus. 555

From men of Troy and Sicily as on their ways they fare.

omnibus in morem tonsa coma pressa corona;

Due crown of well-ordainèd leaves bindeth their flowing hair,

cornea bina ferunt praefixa hastilia ferro,

And each a pair of cornel shafts with iron head doth hold;

pars levis umero pharetras; it pectore summo

And some the polished quiver bear at shoulder: limber gold,

flexilis obtorti per collum circulus auri.

Ring the neck with twisted stem, high on the breast is shown.

tres equitum numero turmae ternique uagantur 560

Three companies of horse they are by tale, and up and down

ductores; pueri bis seni quemque secuti

Three captains ride, and twice six lads each leadeth to the war:

agmine partito fulgent paribusque magistris.

In bands of even tale they shine, and like their leaders are.
 una acies iuuenum, ducit quam paruus ouantem
 Their first array all glad at heart doth little Priam lead,
 nomen aui referens Priamus, tua clara, Polite,
 Who from his grandsire had his name, thy well-renowned seed,
 progenies, auctura Italos; quem Thracius albis 565
 Polites, fated to beget Italian folk: him bore
 portat equus bicolor maculis, uestigia primi
 A Thracian piebald flecked with white, whose feet were white
 before,
 alba pedis frontemque ostentans arduus albam.
 And white withal the crest of him that high aloft he flung.
 alter Atys, genus unde Atii duxere Latini,
 Next Atys came, from whence the stem of Latin Atii sprung;
 paruus Atys pueroque puer dilectus Iulo.
 Young Atys, whom Iulus young most well-beloved did call:
 extremus formaque ante omnis pulcher Iulus 570
 Iulus last, in goodliness so far excelling all,
 Sidonio est inuectus equo, quem candida Dido
 Upon a horse of Sidon came, whom that bright Dido gave
 esse sui dederat monimentum et pignus amoris.
 To be a token of her love, her memory to save.
 cetera Trinacriis pubes senioris Acestae
 On horses of Acestes old, Trinacrian-nurtured beasts,
 fertur equis.
 The others of the youth are borne.
 excipiunt plausu pauidos gaudentque tuentes 575
 With praise they greet their fluttering hearts and look on them with
 joy,
 Dardanidae, ueterumque agnoscunt ora parentum.
 Those Dardan folk, who see in them the ancient eyes of Troy.
 postquam omnem laeti consessum oculosque suorum
 But after they had fared on steed the concourse all about
 lustrauere in equis, signum clamore paratis
 Before the faces of their folk, Epytides did shout
 Epytides longe dedit insonuitque flagello.
 The looked-for sign afar to them, and cracked withal his whip:

olli discurrere pares atque agmina terni 580

Then evenly they fall apart, in threesome order slip

diductis soluere choris, rursusque uocati

Their cloven ranks; but, called again, aback upon their way

conuertere uias infestaque tela tulere.

They turn, and threatening levelled spears against each other lay.

inde alios ineunt cursus aliosque recursus

Then they to other onset now and other wheeling take,

aduersi spatiis, alternosque orbibus orbis

In bands opposed, and tanglements of ring on ring they make;

impediunt pugnaeque cient simulacra sub armis; 585

So with their weapons every show of very fight they stir,

et nunc terga fuga nudant, nunc spicula uertunt

And now they bare their backs in flight, and now they turn the spear

infensi, facta pariter nunc pace feruntur.

In hostile wise; now side by side in plighted peace they meet.

ut quondam Creta fertur Labyrinthus in alta

— E'en as they tell of Labyrinth that lies in lofty Crete,

parietibus textum caecis iter ancipitemque

A road with blind walls crossed and crossed, an ever-shifting trap

mille uis habuisse dolum, qua signa sequendi 590

Of thousand ways, where he who seeks upon no sign may hap,

frangeret indeprensus et inremeabilis error;

But midst of error, blind to seize or follow back, 'tis gone.

haud alio Teucrum nati uestigia cursu

Not otherwise Troy's little ones the tangle follow on

impediunt texuntque fugas et proelia ludo,

At top of speed, and interweave the flight and battle's play;

delphinum similes qui per maria umida nando

E'en as the dolphins, swimming swift amid the watery way,

Carpathium Libycumque secant. 595

Cleave Libyan or Carpathian sea and sport upon the wave.

hunc morem cursus atque haec certamina primus

This guise of riding, such-like play, his folk Ascanius gave

Ascanius, Longam muris cum cingeret Albam,

Once more, when round the Long White Stead the walls of war he
drew:

rettulit et priscos docuit celebrare Latinos,
Withal the Ancient Latin Folk he taught the games to do,
quo puer ipse modo, secum quo Troia pubes;
Suchwise as he a lad had learned with lads from Troy that came:
Albani docuere suos; hinc maxima porro 600
That same the Albans taught their sons; most mighty Rome that same
accepit Roma et patrium seruauit honorem;
Took to her thence, and honoured so her sires of yore agone:
Troiaque nunc pueri, Troianum dicitur agmen.
Now name of Troy and Trojan host the play and boys have won.
hac celebrata tenus sancto certamina patri.
Thus far unto the Holy Sire the games were carried through,
Hinc primum Fortuna fidem mutata nouauit.
When Fortune turned her faith at last and changed her mind anew:
dum uariis tumulto referunt sollemnia ludis, 605
For while the diverse hallowed games about the tomb they spent,
Irim de caelo misit Saturnia Iuno
Saturnian Juno Iris fair from heights of heaven hath sent
Iliacam ad classem uentosque aspirat eunti,
Unto the Ilian ships, and breathed fair wind behind her ways,
multa mouens necdum antiquum saturata dolorem.
For sore she brooded, nor had spent her wrath of ancient days.
illa uiam celerans per mille coloribus arcum
So now the maid sped swift along her thousand-coloured bow,
nulli uisa cito decurrit tramite uirgo. 610
And swiftly ran adown the path where none beheld her go.
conspicit ingentem concursum et litora lustrat
And there she saw that gathering great, and swept the strand with
eye,
desertosque uidet portus classemque relictam.
And saw the haven void of folk, the ships unheeded lie.
at procul in sola secretae Troades acta
But far away on lonely beach the Trojan women weep
amissum Anchisen flebant, cunctaeque profundum
The lost Anchises; and all they look ever on the deep
pontum aspectabant flentes. heu tot uada fessis 615
Amid their weeping: "Woe are we! what waters yet abide!

et tantum superesse maris, uox omnibus una;
 What ocean-waste for weary folk!" So one and all they cried,
 urbem orant, taedet pelagi perferre laborem.
 And all they yearn for city's rest: sea-toil is loathsome grown.
 ergo inter medias sese haud ignara nocendi
 So she, not lacking craft of guile, amidst them lighted down,
 conicit et faciemque deae uestemque reponit;
 When she hath put away from her God's raiment and God's mien,
 fit Beroe, Tmarii coniunx longaeua Dorycli, 620
 And but as wife of Doryclus, the Tmarian man, is seen,
 cui genus et quondam nomen natique fuissent,
 Old Beroë, who once had sons and lordly race and name;
 ac sic Dardanidum mediam se matribus infert.
 Amid the Dardan mother-folk such wise the Goddess came:
 'o miserae, quas non manus' inquit 'Achaica bello
 "O wretched ones!" she said, "O ye whom armed Achæan hand
 traxerit ad letum patriae sub moenibus! o gens
 Dragged not to death before the walls that stayed your fatherland!
 infelix, cui te exitio Fortuna reseruat? 625
 Unhappy folk! and why hath Fate held back your doom till now?
 septima post Troiae excidium iam uertitur aestas,
 The seventh year is on the turn since Troy-town's overthrow;
 cum freta, cum terras omnis, tot inhospita saxa
 And we all seas the while, all lands, all rocks and skies that hate
 sideraque emensae ferimur, dum per mare magnum
 The name of guest, have wandered o'er, and through the sea
 o'ergreat
 Italiam sequimur fugientem et uoluimur undis.
 Still chase that fleeing Italy mid wallowing waters tossed.
 hic Erycis fines fraterni atque hospes Acestes: 630
 Lo, here is Eryx' brother-land; Acestes is our host;
 quis prohibet muros iacere et dare ciuibus urbem?
 What banneth us to found our walls and lawful cities gain?
 o patria et rapti nequiquam ex hoste penates,
 O Fatherland! O House-Gods snatched from midst the foe in vain!
 nullane iam Troiae dicentur moenia? nusquam
 Shall no walls more be called of Troy? Shall I see never more

Hectoreos amnis, Xanthum et Simoenta, uidebo?
 Xanthus or Simoïs, like the streams where Hector dwelt of yore?
 quin agite et mecum infaustas exurite puppis. 635
 Come on, and those unhappy ships burn up with aid of me;
 nam mihi Cassandrae per somnum uatis imago
 For e'en now mid the dreams of sleep Cassandra did I see,
 ardentis dare uisa faces: "hic quaerite Troiam;
 Who gave me burning brand, and said, 'Here seek your Troy anew:
 hic domus est" inquit "uobis." iam tempus agi res,
 This is the house that ye shall have.' — And now is time to do!
 nec tantis mora prodigiis. en quattuor arae
 No tarrying with such tokens toward! Lo, altars four are here
 Neptuno; deus ipse faces animumque ministrat.' 640
 Of Neptune: very God for us heart and the fire doth bear!"
 haec memorans prima infensum ui corripit ignem
 So saying, first she caught upon the fiery bane, and raised
 sublataque procul dextra conixa coruscat
 Her hand aloft, and mightily she whirled it as it blazed
 et iacit. arrectae mentes stupefactaque corda
 And cast it: but the Ilian wives, their straining hearts are torn,
 Iliadum. hic una e multis, quae maxima natu,
 Their souls bewildered: one of them, yea, and their eldest-born,
 Pyrgo, tot Priami natorum regia nutrix: 645
 Pyrgo, the queenly fosterer of many a Priam's son,
 'non Beroe uobis, non haec Rhoeteia, matres,
 Cried: "Mothers, nay no Beroë, nay no Rhoeteian one,
 est Dorycli coniunx; diuini signa decoris
 The wife of Doryclus is this: lo, Godhead's beauty there!
 ardentisque notate oculos, qui spiritus illi,
 Behold the gleaming of her eyes, note how she breathes the air;
 qui uultus uocisque sonus uel gressus eunti.
 Note ye her countenance and voice, the gait wherewith she goes.
 ipsa egomet dudum Beroen digressa reliqui 650
 Yea, I myself left Beroë e'en now amidst her woes;
 aegram, indignantem tali quod sola careret
 Sick, sad at heart that she alone must fail from such a deed,
 munere nec meritos Anchisae inferret honores.'

Nor bear unto Anchises' ghost his glory's righteous meed."
haec effata.

Such were the words she spake to them.

at matres primo ancipites oculisque malignis

But now those mothers, at the first doubtful, with evil eyes
ambiguae spectare rates miserum inter amorem 655

Gazed on the ships awhile between unhappy craving stayed
praesentis terrae fatisque uocantia regna,

For land they stood on, and the thought of land that Fortune bade:
cum dea se paribus per caelum sustulit alis

When lo! with even spread of wings the Goddess rose to heaven,
ingentemque fuga secuit sub nubibus arcum.

And in her flight the cloudy lift with mighty bow was riven.

tum uero attonitae monstribus actaeque furore

Then, wildered by such tokens dread, pricked on by maddened
hearts,

conclamant, rapiuntque focus penetralibus ignem, 660

Shrieking they snatch the hearthstone's fire and brand from inner
parts;

pars spoliant aras, frondem ac uirgulta facesque

While some, they strip the altars there, and flaming leaf and bough
coniciunt. furit immissis Vulcanus habenis

Cast forth: and Vulcan, let a loose, is swiftly raging now
transtra per et remos et pictas abiete puppis.

Along the thwarts, along the oars, and stems of painted fir.

Nuntius Anchisae ad tumulum cuneosque theatri

But now with news of flaming ships there goes a messenger,
incensas perfert nauis Eumelus, et ipsi 665

Eumelus, to Anchises' tomb, and theatre-seats, and they
respiciunt atram in nimbo uolitare fauillam.

Look round themselves and see the soot black in the smoke-cloud
play.

primus et Ascanius, cursus ut laetus equestris

Then first Ascanius, e'en as blithe the riding-play he led,
ducebat, sic acer equo turbata petiuit

So eager now he rode his ways to camp bewildered,
castra, nec exanimis possunt retinere magistri.

And nowise might they hold him back, his masters spent of breath.
 'quis furor iste nouus? quo nunc, quo tenditis' inquit 670
 "O what new madness then is this? What, what will ye?" he saith.
 'heu miserae ciues? non hostem inimicaque castra
 "O wretched townswomen, no foe, no camp of Argive men
 Argium, uestras spes uritis. en, ego uester
 Ye burn, but your own hopes ye burn. Lo, your Ascanius then!"
 Ascanius!' — galeam ante pedes proiecit inanem,
 Therewith before their feet he cast his empty helm afar,
 qua ludo indutus belli simulacra ciebat.
 Dight wherewithal he stirred in sport that image of the war.
 accelerat simul Aeneas, simul agmina Teucrum. 675
 And thither now Æneas sped, and crowd of Teucrian folk;
 ast illae diuersa metu per litora passim
 Whereat the women diversely along the sea-shore broke,
 diffugiunt, siluasque et sicubi concaua furtim
 Fleeing afeard, and steal to woods and whatso hollow den,
 saxa petunt; piget incepti lucisque, suosque
 And loathe their deed, and loathe the light, as changed they know
 again
 mutatae agnoscunt excussa pectore Iuno est.
 Their very friends, and Juno now from every heart is cast.
 Sed non idcirco flamma atque incendia uiris 680
 But none the less the flaming rage for ever holdeth fast
 indomitas posuere; udo sub robore uiuit
 With might untamed; the fire lives on within the timbers wet,
 stuppa uomens tardum fumum, lentusque carinas
 The caulking sends forth sluggish smoke, the slow heat teeth doth set
 est uapor et toto descendit corpore pestis,
 Upon the keel; to inmost heart down creeps the fiery bale;
 nec uires heroum infusaque flumina prosunt.
 Nor all the might of mighty men nor rivers poured avail.
 tum pius Aeneas umeris abscindere uestem 685
 Then good Æneas from his back the raiment off him tore,
 auxilioque uocare deos et tendere palmas:
 And called the Gods to aid, and high his palms to heaven upbore:
 'Iuppiter omnipotens, si nondum exosus ad unum

"Great Jove, if not all utterly a hater thou art grown
 Troianos, si quid pietas antiqua labores
 Of Trojan folk, and if thy love of old yet looketh down
 respicit humanos, da flammam euadere classi
 On deeds of men, give to our ships to win from out the flame,
 nunc, pater, et tenuis Teucrum res eripe leto. 690
 O Father, now, and snatch from death the feeble Teucrian name,
 uel tu, quod superest, infesto fulmine morti,
 Or else thrust down the remnant left, if so we merit aught,
 si mereor, demitte tuaque hic obrue dextra.'
 With bolt of death, and with thine hand sweep us away to nought!"
 uix haec ediderat cum effusis imbribus atra
 Scarce had he given forth the word, ere midst outpouring rain,
 tempestas sine more furit tonitruque tremescunt
 The black storm rageth measureless, and earthly height and plain
 ardua terrarum et campi; ruit aethere toto 695
 Shake to the thundering; all the sky casts forth confused flood,
 turbidus imber aqua densisque nigerrimus Austris,
 Most black with gathering of the South: then all the ship-hulls stood
 implenturque super puppes, semusta madescunt
 Fulfilled with water of the heavens; the half-burned oak was
 drenched,
 robora, restinctus donec uapor omnis et omnes
 Until at last to utmost spark the smouldering fire is quenched,
 quattuor amissis seruatae a peste carinae.
 And all the ships escaped the bane of fiery end save four.
 At pater Aeneas casu concussus acerbo 700
 But, shaken by such bitter hap, Father Æneas bore
 nunc huc ingentis, nunc illuc pectore curas
 This way and that; and turned the cares on all sides in his breast:
 mutabat uersans, Siculisne resideret aruis
 Whether amid Sicilian fields to set him down in rest,
 oblitus fatorum, Italasne capesseret oras.
 Forgetting Fate, or yet to strive for shores of Italy.
 tum senior Nautes, unum Tritonia Pallas
 Then the old Nautes, whom erewhile had Pallas set on high
 quem docuit multaque insignem reddidit arte — 705

By her exceeding plenteous craft and lore that she had taught: —
 haec responsa dabat, uel quae portenderet ira
 She gave him answers; telling him how wrath of God was wrought,
 magna deum uel quae fatorum posceret ordo;
 And how it showed, and what the law of fate would ask and have: —
 isque his Aenean solatus uocibus infit:
 This man unto Æneas now such words of solace gave:
 ‘nate dea, quo fata trahunt retrahuntque sequamur;
 “O Goddess-born, Fate’s ebb and flow still let us follow on,
 quidquid erit, superanda omnis fortuna ferendo est. 710
 Whate’er shall be, by bearing all must Fortune’s fight be won.
 est tibi Dardanius diuinae stirpis Acestes:
 Dardan Acestes have ye here, sprung of the Godhead’s seed;
 hunc cape consiliis socium et coniunge uolentem,
 Take his goodwill and fellowship to help thee in thy rede.
 huic trade amissis superant qui nauibus et quos
 Give him the crews of those burnt ships; to him let such-like go
 pertaesum magni incepti rerumque tuarum est.
 As faint before thy mighty hope and shifting weal and woe.
 longaeuosque senes ac fessas aequore matres 715
 The mothers weary of the sea, the elders spent with years,
 et quidquid tecum inualidum metuensque pericli est
 And whatsoever feeble is and whatsoever fears,
 delige, et his habeant terris sine moenia fessi;
 Choose out, and in this land of his walls let the weary frame;
 urbem appellabunt permisso nomine Acestam.’
 And they their town by leave of thee shall e’en Acesta name.”
 Talibus incensus dictis senioris amici
 So was he kindled by the speech of that wise ancient friend,
 tum uero in curas animo diducitur omnis; 720
 Yet still down every way of care his thought he needs must send.
 et Nox atra polum bigis subuecta tenebat.
 But now the wain of mirky night was holding middle sky,
 uisa dehinc caelo facies delapsa parentis
 When lo, his father’s image seemed to fall from heaven the high,
 Anchisae subito talis effundere uoces:
 And suddenly Anchises’ lips such words to him poured forth:

'nate, mihi uita quondam, dum uita manebat,
 "O son, that while my life abode more than my life wert worth;
 care magis, nate Iliacis exercite fatis, 725
 O son, well learned in Ilium's fates, hither my ways I take
 imperio Iouis huc uenio, qui classibus ignem
 By Jove's commands, who even now the fiery bane did slake
 depulit, et caelo tandem miseratus ab alto est.
 Amid thy ships, and now at last in heaven hath pitied thee:
 consiliis pare quae nunc pulcherrima Nautes
 Yield thou to elder Nautes' redes; exceeding good they be:
 dat senior; lectos iuuenes, fortissima corda,
 The very flower of all thy folk, the hearts that hardiest are,
 defer in Italiam. gens dura atque aspera cultu 730
 Take thou to Italy; for thee in Latium bideth war
 debellanda tibi Latio est. Ditis tamen ante
 With hardy folk of nurture rude: but first must thou be gone
 infernas accede domos et Auerna per alta
 To nether dwelling-place of Dis: seek thou to meet me, son,
 congressus pete, nate, meos. non me impia namque
 Across Avernus deep: for me the wicked house of hell
 Tartara habent, tristes umbrae, sed amoena piorum
 The dusk unhappy holdeth not; in pleasant place I dwell,
 concilia Elysiumque colo. huc casta Sibylla 735
 Elysium, fellowship of good: there shall the holy Maid,
 nigrarum multo pecudum te sanguine ducet.
 The Sibyl, bring thee; plenteous blood of black-wooled ewes being
 paid:
 tum genus omne tuum et quae dentur moenia disces.
 There shalt thou learn of all thy race, and gift of fated walls.
 iamque uale; torquet medios Nox umida cursus
 And now farewell: for dewy night from mid way-faring falls,
 et me saeuus equis Oriens adflauit anhelis.'
 The panting steeds of cruel dawn are on me with their breath."
 dixerat et tenuis fugit ceu fumus in auras. 740
 He spake, and midst thin air he fled as smoke-wreath vanisheth.
 Aeneas 'quo deinde ruis? quo proripis?' inquit,
 "Where rushest thou?" Æneas cried: "where hurriest thou again?

‘quem fugis? aut quis te nostris complexibus arcet?’
Whom fleest thou? who driveth thee from these embraces fain?”
haec memorans cinerem et sopitos suscitāt ignis,
So saying, the flame asleep in ash he busied him to wake,
Pergameumque Larem et canae penetralia Vestae
And worshipped with the censer full and holy-kneaded cake
farre pio et plena supplex ueneratur acerra. 745
The sacred Vesta’s shrine and God of Pergamean wall.
Extemplo socios primumque accersit Acesten
Then for his fellows doth he send, Acestes first of all,
et Iouis imperium et cari praecepta parentis
And teacheth them of Jove’s command, and what his sire beloved
edocet et quae nunc animo sententia constet.
Had bidden him, and whitherwise his heart thereto was moved.
haud mora consiliis, nec iussa recusat Acestes:
No tarrying there was therein, Acestes gainsaid nought;
transcribunt urbi matres populumque uolentem 750
They write the mothers on the roll; thither a folk is brought,
deponunt, animos nil magnae laudis egentis.
Full willing hearts, who nothing crave the great reward of fame:
ipsi transtra nouant flammisque ambesa reponunt
But they themselves shape thwarts anew; and timbers gnawed by
flame
robora nauigiis, aptant remosque rudentisque,
Make new within their ships again, and oars and rudders fit.
exigui numero, sed bello uiuida uirtus.
A little band it is by tale, but valour lives in it.
interea Aeneas urbem designat aratro 755
Meanwhile Æneas marketh out the city with the plough,
sortiturque domos; hoc Ilium et haec loca Troiam
And, portioning the houses out, bids Troy and Ilium grow:
esse iubet. gaudet regno Troianus Acestes
Therewith Acestes, Trojan king, joys in his lordship fair;
indicitque forum et patribus dat iura uocatis.
Sets forth the court, and giveth laws to fathers gathered there:
tum uicina astris Erycino in uertice sedes
Then on the head of Eryx huge a house that neareth heaven

fundatur Veneri Idaliae, tumuloque sacerdos 760

To Venus of Idalia is reared: a priest is given

ac lucus late sacer additus Anchiseo.

And holy grove wide spread around, where old Anchises lay.

Iamque dies epulata nouem gens omnis, et aris

Now all the folk for nine days' space have made them holyday

factus honos: placidi strauerunt aequora uenti

And worshipped God; and quiet winds have lowly laid the main,
creber et aspirans rursus uocat Auster in altum.

And ever gentle Southern breath woos to the deep again:

exoritur procurua ingens per litora fletus; 765

Then all along the hollow shore ariseth weeping great,

complexi inter se noctemque diemque morantur.

And 'twixt farewells and many a kiss a night and day they wait:

ipsae iam matres, ipsi, quibus aspera quondam

Yea e'en the mothers, yea e'en they to whom so hard and drear

uisa maris facies et non tolerabile numen,

The sea had seemed, a dreadful name they had no heart to bear,
ire uolunt omnemque fugae perferre laborem.

Are fain to go, are fain to take all toil the way may find.

quos bonus Aeneas dictis solatur amicis 770

Whom good Æneas solaceth with friendly words and kind,

et consanguineo lacrimans commendat Acestae.

As to Acestes' kindred heart weeping he giveth them.

tris Eryci uitulos et Tempestatibus agnam

Three calves to Eryx then he bids slay on the ocean's hem;

caedere deinde iubet soluique ex ordine funem.

To wind and weather an ewe lamb; then biddeth cast aloose:

ipse caput tonsae foliis euinctus oliuae

And he himself, begarlanded with olive clipped close,

stans procul in prora pateram tenet, extaque salsos 775

Stands, cup in hand, on furthest prow, and casts upon the brine

proicit in fluctus ac uina liquentia fundit.

The inner meat, and poureth forth the flowing of the wine.

certatim socii feriunt mare et aequora uerrunt; 778

They gather way; springs up astern the fair and following breeze;

prosequitur surgens a puppi uentus euntis. 777

The fellows strive in smiting brine and sweep the level seas.

At Venus interea Neptunum exercita curis 779

But meanwhile Venus, sorely stirred by cares and all unrest,
adloquitur talisque effundit pectore questus:

Hath speech of Neptune, pouring forth complaining from her breast:

‘Iunonis grauis ira neque exsaturabile pectus

“The cruel wrath that Juno bears, and heart insatiate,

cogunt me, Neptune, preces descendere in omnis;

Drive me, O Neptune, prayer-fulfilled upon thy power to wait:

quam nec longa dies pietas nec mitigat ulla,

She softeneth not by lapse of days nor piety’s increase,

nec Iouis imperio fatisque infracta quiescit.

Nor yielding unto Jove and Fate from troubling will she cease.

non media de gente Phrygum exedissee nefandis 785

’Tis not enough to tear away from heart of Phrygian folk

urbem odiis satis est nec poenam traxe per omnem

Their city by her cruel hate; nor with all ills to yoke

reliquias Troiae: cineres atque ossa peremptae

Troy’s remnant; but its ash and bones through death she followeth
on.

insequitur. causas tanti sciat illa furoris.

What! doth her own heart know the deed that all this wrath hath
won?

ipse mihi nuper Libycis tu testis in undis

Be thou my witness how of late she stirred up suddenly

quam molem subito excierit: maria omnia caelo 790

Wild tumult of the Libyan sea! all waters with the sky

miscuit Aeoliis nequiquam freta procellis,

She mingled, trusting all in vain to storm of Æolus:

in regnis hoc ausa tuis.

This in thy very realm she dared.

per scelus ecce etiam Troianis matribus actis

E’en now mad hearts to Trojan wives by wickedness she gave,

exussit foede puppis et classe subegit

And foully burned his ships; and him with crippled ship-host drave

amissa socios ignotae linquere terrae. 795

To leave his fellow-folk behind upon an outland shore.

quod superest, oro, liceat dare tuta per undas
 I pray thee let the remnant left sail safe thine ocean o'er,
 uela tibi, liceat Laurentem attingere Thybrim,
 And let them come where into sea Laurentian Tiber falls,
 si concessa peto, si dant ea moenia Parcae.'
 If right I ask, and unto these Fate giveth fateful walls."
 tum Saturnius haec domitor maris edidit alti:
 Then Saturn's son, the sea-tamer, gave forth such words as these:
 'fas omne est, Cytherea, meis te fidere regnis, 800
 "'Tis utter right, O Cytherean, to trust thee to my seas,
 unde genus ducis. merui quoque; saepe furores
 Whence thou wert born; and I myself deserve no less; e'en I,
 compressi et rabiem tantam caelique marisque.
 Who oft for thee refrain the rage of maddened sea and sky.
 nec minor in terris, Xanthum Simoentaque testor,
 Nor less upon the earth my care Æneas did embrace;
 Aeneae mihi cura tui. cum Troia Achilles
 Xanthus and Simoïs witness it! — When, following up the chace,
 exanimata sequens impingeret agmina muris, 805
 The all-unheartened host of Troy 'gainst Troy Achilles bore,
 milia multa daret leto, gementque repleti
 And many a thousand gave to death; choked did the rivers roar
 amnes nec reperire uiam atque euoluere posset
 Nor any way might Xanthus find to roll his flood to sea:
 in mare se Xanthus, Pelidae tunc ego forti
 Æneas then in hollow cloud I caught away, when he
 congressum Aenean nec dis nec uiribus aequis
 Would meet Pelides' might with hands and Gods not strong enow.
 nube caua rapui, cuperem cum uertere ab imo 810
 Yea, that was when from lowest base I wrought to overthrow
 structa meis manibus periuræ moenia Troiae.
 The walls of that same Troy forsworn my very hands had wrought.
 nunc quoque mens eadem perstat mihi; pelle timores.
 And now cast all thy fear away, my mind hath shifted nought;
 tutus, quos optas, portus accedet Auerni.
 Avernus' haven shall he reach, e'en as thou deemest good,
 unus erit tantum amissum quem gurgite quaeres;

And one alone of all his folk shall seek amidst the flood;

unum pro multis dabitur caput.' 815

One head shall pay for all the rest."

his ubi laeta deae permulsit pectora dictis,

So when these words had brought to peace the Goddess' joyful heart,

iungit equos auro genitor, spumantiaque addit

The Father yokes his steeds with gold, and bridles the wild things

frena feris manibusque omnis effundit habenas.

With o'erfoamed bit, and loose in hand the rein above them flings,

caeruleo per summa levis uolat aequora curru;

And light in coal-blue car he flies o'er topmost of the sea:

subsidunt undae tumidumque sub axe tonanti 820

The waves sink down, the heaped main lays his waters peacefully

sternitur aequor aquis, fugiunt uasto aethere nimbi.

Before the thunder of his wheels; from heaven all cloud-flecks fail.

tum uariae comitum facies, immania cete,

Lo, diverse bodies of his folk; lo, many a mighty whale;

et senior Glauci chorus Inousque Palaemon

And Glaucus' ancient fellowship, Palæmon Ino's son,

Tritonesque citi Phorcique exercitus omnis;

And Tritons swift, and all the host that Phorcus leadeth on;

laeua tenet Thetis et Melite Panopeaque uirgo, 825

Maid Panopea and Melite, Cymodoce the fair,

Nisæe Spioque Thaliaque Cymodoceque.

Nesæa, Spio, and Thalia, with Thetis leftward bear.

Hic patris Aeneae suspensam blanda uicissim

Now to Æneas' overstrained heart the kindly joy and soft

gaudia pertemptant mentem; iubet ocius omnis

Sinks deep: herewith he biddeth men raise all the masts aloft

attolli malos, intendi braccia uelis.

At swiftest, and along the yards to spread the sails to wind:

una omnes fecere pedem pariterque sinistros, 830

So all sheet home together then; then leftward with one mind

nunc dextros soluere sinus; una ardua torquent

They tack; then tack again to right: the yard-horns up in air

cornua detorquentque; ferunt sua flamina classem.

They shift and shift, while kindly winds seaward the ship-host bear.

princeps ante omnis densum Palinurus agebat
But first before all other keels did Palinurus lead
agmen; ad hunc alii cursum contendere iussi.
The close array, and all were charged to have his course in heed.
iamque fere mediam caeli Nox umida metam 835
And now the midmost place of heaven had dewy night drawn nigh,
contigerat, placida laxabant membra quiete
And 'neath the oars on benches hard scattered the shipmen lie,
sub remis fusi per dura sedilia nautae,
Who all the loosened limbs of them to gentle rest had given;
cum levis aetheriis delapsus Somnus ab astris
When lo, the very light-winged Sleep stooped from the stars of
heaven,
aera dimouit tenebrosum et dispulit umbras,
Thrusting aside the dusky air and cleaving night atwain:
te, Palinure, petens, tibi somnia tristia portans 840
The sackless Palinure he sought with evil dreams and vain.
insonti; puppique deus consedit in alta
So on the high poop sat the God as Phorbas fashionèd,
Phorbanti similis funditque has ore loquelas:
And as he sat such-like discourse from out his mouth he shed:
'Iaside Palinure, ferunt ipsa aequora classem,
"Iasian Palinure, unasked the waves our ship-host bear;
aequatae spirant aerae, datur hora quieti.
Soft blow the breezes steadily; the hour for rest is here:
pone caput fessosque oculos furare labori. 845
Lay down thine head, steal weary eyes from toil a little space,
ipse ego paulisper pro te tua munera inibo.'
And I will do thy deeds awhile and hold me in thy place."
cui uix attollens Palinurus lumina fatur:
But Palinure with scarce-raised eyes e'en such an answer gave:
'mene salis placidi uultum fluctusque quietos
"To gentle countenance of sea and quiet of the wave
ignorare iubes? mene huic confidere monstro?
Deem'st thou me dull? would'st have me trow in such a monster's
truth?
Aenean credam (quid enim?) fallacibus auris 850

And shall I mine Æneas trust to lying breeze forsooth,
 et caeli totiens deceptus fraude sereni?"
 I, fool of peaceful heaven and sea so many times of old?"
 talia dicta dabat, clauumque adfixus et haerens
 So saying to the helm he clung, nor ever left his hold,
 nusquam amittebat oculosque sub astra tenebat.
 And all the while the stars above his eyen toward them drew.
 ecce deus ramum Lethaeo rore madentem
 But lo, the God brought forth a bough wet with Lethean dew,
 uique soporatum Stygia super utraque quassat 855
 And sleepy with the might of Styx, and shook it therewithal
 tempora, cunctantique natantia lumina soluit.
 Over his brow, and loosed his lids delaying still to fall:
 uix primos inopina quies laxauerat artus,
 But scarce in first of stealthy sleep his limbs all loosened lay,
 et super incumbens cum puppis parte reuulsa
 When, weighing on him, did he tear a space of stern away,
 cumque gubernaclo liquidas proiecit in undas
 And rolled him, helm and wrack and all, into the flowing wave
 praecipitem ac socios nequiquam saepe uocantem; 860
 Headlong, and crying oft in vain for fellowship to save:
 ipse uolans tenuis se sustulit ales ad auras.
 Then Sleep himself amid thin air flew, borne upon the wing.
 currit iter tutum non setius aequore classis
 No less the ship-host sails the sea, its safe way following
 promissisque patris Neptuni interrita fertur.
 Untroubled 'neath the plighted word of Father Neptune's mouth.
 iamque adeo scopulos Sirenum aduecta subibat,
 So to the Sirens' rocks they draw, a dangerous pass forsooth
 difficilis quondam multorumque ossibus albos 865
 In yore agone, now white with bones of many a perished man.
 (tum rauca adsiduo longe sale saxa sonabant),
 Thence ever roared the salt sea now as on the rocks it ran;
 cum pater amisso fluitantem errare magistro
 And there the Father felt the ship fare wild and fitfully,
 sensit, et ipse ratem nocturnis rexit in undis
 Her helmsman lost; so he himself steered o'er the night-tide sea,

multa gemens casuque animum concussus amici:

Sore weeping; for his fellow's end his inmost heart did touch:

'o nimium caelo et pelago confise sereno, 870

"O Palinure, that trowed the sky and soft seas overmuch,
nudus in ignota, Palinure, iacebis harena.'

Now naked on an unknown shore thy resting-place shall be!"

LIBER VI

BOOK VI.

Sic fatur lacrimans, classique immittit habenas
So spake he weeping, and his host let loose from every band,
et tandem Euboicis Cumarum adlabitur oris.
Until at last they draw anigh Cumæ's Euboean strand.
obuertunt pelago proras; tum dente tenaci
They turn the bows from off the main; the toothèd anchors' grip
ancora fundabat nauis et litora curuae
Makes fast the keels; the shore is hid by many a curvèd ship.
praetexunt puppes. iuuenum manus emicat ardens 5
Hot-heart the youthful company leaps on the Westland's shore;
litus in Hesperium; quaerit pars semina flammae
Part falleth on to seek them out the seed of fiery store
abstrusa in uenis silicis, pars densa ferarum
That flint-veins hide; part runneth through the dwellings of the deer,
tecta rapit siluas inuenta que flumina monstrat.
The thicket steads, and each to each the hidden streams they bare.
at pius Aeneas arces quibus altus Apollo
But good Æneas seeks the house where King Apollo bides,
praesidet horrendaeque procul secreta Sibyllae, 10
The mighty den, the secret place set far apart, that hides
antrum immane, petit, magnam cui mentem animumque
The awful Sibyl, whose great soul and heart he seeketh home,
Delius inspirat uates aperitque futura.
The Seer of Delos, showing her the hidden things to come:
iam subeunt Triuiæ lucos atque aurea tecta.
And so the groves of Trivia and golden house they gain.
Daedalus, ut fama est, fugiens Minoia regna
Now Dædalus, as tells the tale, fleeing from Minos' reign,
praepetibus pennis ausus se credere caelo 15
Durst trust himself to heaven on wings swift hastening, and swim
forth
insuetum per iter gelidas enauit ad Arctos,

Along the road ne'er tried before unto the chilly north;
Chalcidicaque leuis tandem super astitit arce.
So light at last o'er Chalcis' towers he hung amid the air,
redditus his primum terris tibi, Phoebe, sacrauit
Then, come adown to earth once more, to thee he hallowed here,
remigium alarum posuitque immania templa.
O Phoebus, all his wingèd oars, and built thee mighty fane:
in foribus letum Androgeo; tum pendere poenas 20
Androgeus' death was on the doors; then paying of the pain
Cecropidae iussi (miserum!) septena quotannis
By those Cecropians; bid, alas, each year to give in turn
corpora natorum; stat ductis sortibus urna.
Seven bodies of their sons; — lo there, the lots drawn from the urn.
contra elata mari respondet Cnosia tellus:
But facing this the Gnosian land draws up amid the sea:
hic crudelis amor tauri suppostaque furto
There is the cruel bull-lust wrought, and there Pasiphaë
Pasiphae mixtumque genus prolesque biformis 25
Embraced by guile: the blended babe is there, the twiformed thing,
Minotaurus inest, Veneris monimenta nefandae,
The Minotaur, that evil sign of Venus' cherishing;
hic labor ille domus et inextricabilis error;
And there the tangled house and toil that ne'er should be undone:
magnum reginae sed enim miseratus amorem
But ruth of Dædalus himself a queen's love-sorrow won,
Daedalus ipse dolos tecti ambagesque resoluit,
And he himself undid the snare and winding wilderment.
caeca regens filo uestigia. tu quoque magnam 30
Guiding the blind feet with the thread. Thou, Icarus, wert blent
partem opere in tanto, sineret dolor, Icare, haberes.
Full oft with such a work be sure, if grief forbade it not;
bis conatus erat casus effingere in auro,
But twice he tried to shape in gold the picture of thy lot,
bis patriae cecidere manus. quin protinus omnia
And twice the father's hands fell down. Long had their eyes read
o'er
perlegerent oculis, ni iam praemissus Achates

Such matters, but Achates, now, sent on a while before,
 adforet atque una Phoebi Triuiaequae sacerdos, 35
 Was come with that Deïphobe, the Glaucus' child, the maid
 Deiphobe Glauci, fatur quae talia regi:
 Of Phoebus and of Trivia, and such a word she said:
 'non hoc ista sibi tempus spectacula poscit;
 "The hour will have no tarrying o'er fair shows for idle eyes;
 nunc grege de intacto septem mactare iuuenos
 'Twere better from an unyoked herd seven steers to sacrifice,
 praestiterit, totidem lectas ex more bidentis.'
 And e'en so many hosts of ewes in manner due culled out."
 talibus adfata Aeneas (nec sacra morantur 40
 She spake; her holy bidding then the warriors go about,
 iussa uiri) Teucros uocat alta in templa sacerdos.
 Nor tarry: into temple high she calls the Teucrian men,
 Excisum Euboicae latus ingens rupis in antrum,
 Where the huge side of Cumæ's rock is carven in a den,
 quo lati ducunt aditus centum, ostia centum,
 Where are an hundred doors to come, an hundred mouths to go,
 unde ruunt totidem uoces, responsa Sibyllae.
 Whence e'en so many awful sounds, the Sibyl's answers flow.
 uentum erat ad limen, cum uirgo 'poscere fata 45
 But at the threshold cried the maid: "Now is the hour awake
 tempus' ait; 'deus ecce deus!' cui talia fanti
 For asking — Ah, the God, the God!" And as the word she spake
 ante fores subito non uultus, non color unus,
 Within the door, all suddenly her visage and her hue
 non comptae mansere comae; sed pectus anhelum,
 Were changed, and all her sleekèd hair, and gasping breath she drew,
 et rabie fera corda tument, maiorque uideri
 And with the rage her wild heart swelled, and greater was she grown,
 nec mortale sonans, adflata est numine quando 50
 Nor mortal-voiced; for breath of God upon her heart was blown
 iam propiore dei. 'cessas in uota precesque,
 As He drew nigher: "Art thou dumb of vows and prayers, forsooth,
 Tros' ait 'Aenea? cessas? neque enim ante dehiscent
 Trojan Æneas, art thou dumb? unprayed, the mighty mouth

attonitae magna ora domus.' et talia fata
 Of awe-mazed house shall open not." Even such a word she said,
 conticuit. gelidus Teucris per dura cucurrit
 Then hushed: through hardened Teucrian bones swift ran the chilly
 dread,
 ossa tremor, funditque preces rex pectore ab imo: 55
 And straight the king from inmost heart the flood of prayers doth
 pour:
 'Phoebe, grauis Troiae semper miserate labores,
 "Phoebus, who all the woe of Troy hast pitied evermore,
 Dardana qui Paridis derexti tela manusque
 Who Dardan shaft and Paris' hands in time agone didst speed
 corpus in Aeacidae, magnas obeuntia terras
 Against Achilles' body there, who me withal didst lead
 tot maria intraui duce te penitusque repostas
 Over the seas that go about so many a mighty land,
 Massylum gentis praetentaque Syrtibus arua: 60
 Through those Massylian folks remote, and length of Syrtes' sand,
 iam tandem Italiae fugientis prendimus oras.
 Till now I hold that Italy that ever drew aback;
 hac Troiana tenuis fuerit fortuna secuta;
 And now perchance a Trojan fate we, even we may lack.
 uos quoque Pergameae iam fas est parcere genti,
 Ye now, O Gods and Goddesses, to whom a stumbling-stone
 dique deaeque omnes, quibus obstitit Ilium et ingens
 Was Ilium in the days of old, and Dardan folk's renown,
 gloria Dardaniae. tuque, o sanctissima uates, 65
 May spare the folk of Pergamus. But thou, O holiest,
 praescia uenturi, da (non indebita posco
 O Maid that knowest things to come, grant thou the Latin rest
 regna meis fatis) Latio considerare Teucros
 To Teucrian men, and Gods of Troy, the straying way-worn powers!
 errantisque deos agitataque numina Troiae.
 For surely now no realm I ask but such as Fate makes ours.
 tum Phoebus et Triviae solido de marmore templum
 To Phoebus and to Trivia then a temple will I raise,
 instituam festosque dies de nomine Phoebi. 70

A marble world; in Phoebus' name will hallow festal days:
te quoque magna manent regnis penetralia nostris:
Thee also in our realm to be full mighty shrines await,
hic ego namque tuas sortis arcanaque fata
There will I set thine holy lots and hidden words of fate
dicta meae genti ponam, lectosque sacrabo,
Said to my folk, and hallow there well-chosen men for thee,
alma, uiros. foliis tantum ne carmina manda,
O Holy One: But give thou not thy songs to leaf of tree,
ne turbata uolent rapidis ludibria uentis; 75
Lest made a sport to hurrying gales confusedly they wend;
ipsa canas oro.' finem dedit ore loquendi.
But sing them thou thyself, I pray!" Therewith his words had end.
At Phoebi nondum patiens immanis in antro
Meanwhile the Seer-maid, not yet tamed to Phoebus, raves about
bacchatur uates, magnum si pectore possit
The cave, still striving from her breast to cast the godhead out;
excussisse deum; tanto magis ille fatigat
But yet the more the mighty God her mouth bewildered wears,
os rabidum, fera corda domans, fingitque premendo. 80
Taming her wild heart, fashioning her soul with weight of fears.
ostia iamque domus patuere ingentia centum
At last the hundred mighty doors fly open, touched of none,
sponte sua uatisque ferunt responsa per auras:
And on the air the answer floats of that foreseeing one:
'o tandem magnis pelagi defuncte periclis
"O Thou, who dangers of the sea hast thoroughly worn away,
(sed terrae grauiora manent), in regna Lauini
Abides thee heavier toil of earth: the Dardans on a day
Dardanidae uenient (mitte hanc de pectore curam), 85
Shall come to that Lavinian land, — leave fear thereof afar:
sed non et uenisse uolent. bella, horrida bella,
Yet of their coming shall they rue. Lo, war, war, dreadful war!
et Thybrim multo spumantem sanguine cerno.
And Tiber bearing plenteous blood upon his foaming back.
non Simois tibi nec Xanthus nec Dorica castra
Nor Simoïs there, nor Xanthus' stream, nor Dorian camp shall lack:

defuerint; alius Latio iam partus Achilles,
 Yea, once again in Latin land Achilles is brought forth,
 natus et ipse dea; nec Teucris addita Iuno 90
 God-born no less: nor evermore shall mighty Juno's wrath
 usquam aberit, cum tu supplex in rebus egenis
 Fail Teucrian men. Ah, how shalt thou, fallen on evil days,
 quas gentis Italum aut quas non oraueris urbes!
 To all Italian lands and folks thine hands beseeching raise!
 causa mali tanti coniunx iterum hospita Teucris
 Lo, once again a stranger bride brings woeful days on Troy,
 externique iterum thalami.
 Once more the wedding of a foe.
 tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito, 95
 But thou, yield not to any ill, but set thy face, and wend
 qua tua te Fortuna sinet. uia prima salutis
 The bolder where thy fortune leads; the dawn of perils' end,
 (quod minime reris) Graia pandetur ab urbe.'
 Whence least thou mightest look for it, from Greekish folk shall
 come."
 Talibus ex adyto dictis Cumaea Sibylla
 Suchwise the Seer of Cumæ sang from out her inner home
 horrendas canit ambages antroque remugit,
 The dreadful double words, wherewith the cavern moans again,
 obscuris uera inuoluens: ea frena furenti 100
 As sooth amid the mirk she winds: Apollo shakes the rein
 concutit et stimulos sub pectore uertit Apollo.
 Over the maddened one, and stirs the strings about her breast;
 ut primum cessit furor et rabida ora quierunt,
 But when her fury lulled awhile and maddened mouth had rest,
 incipit Aeneas heros: 'non ulla laborum,
 Hero Æneas thus began: "No face of any care,
 o uirgo, noua mi facies inopinaue surgit;
 O maiden, can arise on me in any wise unware:
 omnia praecepi atque animo mecum ante peregi. 105
 Yea, all have I forecast; my mind hath worn through everything.
 unum oro: quando hic inferni ianua regis
 One prayer I pray, since this they call the gateway of the King

dicitur et tenebrosa palus Acheronte refuso,
Of Nether-earth, and Acheron's o'erflow this mirky mere:
ire ad conspectum cari genitoris et ora
O let me meet the eyes and mouth of my dead father dear;
contingat; doceas iter et sacra ostia pandas.
O open me the holy gate, and teach me where to go!
illum ego per flammas et mille sequentia tela 110
I bore him on these shoulders once from midmost of the foe,
eripui his umeris medioque ex hoste recepi;
From flame and weapons thousandfold against our goings bent;
ille meum comitatus iter maria omnia mecum
My yoke-fellow upon the road o'er every sea he went,
atque omnis pelagique minas caelique ferebat,
'Gainst every threat of sea and sky a hardy heart he held,
inualidus, uiris ultra sortemque senectae.
Though worn and feeble past decay and feebleness of eld.
quin, ut te supplex peterem et tua limina adirem, 115
Yea, he it was who bade me wend, a suppliant, to thy door,
idem orans mandata dabat. gnatique patrisque,
And seek thee out: O holy one, cast thou thy pity o'er
alma, precor, miserere (potes namque omnia, nec te
Father and son! All things thou canst, nor yet hath Hecaté
nequiquam lucis Hecate praefecit Auernis),
Set thee to rule Avernus' woods an empty Queen to be.
si potuit manis accersere coniugis Orpheus
Yea, Orpheus wrought with Thracian harp and strings of tuneful
might
Threicia fretus cithara fidibusque canoris, 120
To draw away his perished love from midmost of the night.
si fratrem Pollux alterna morte redemit
Yea, Pollux, dying turn for turn, his brother borrowed well,
itique reditque uiam totiens. quid Thesea, magnum
And went and came the road full oft — Of Theseus shall I tell?
quid memorem Alciden? et mi genus ab Ioue summo.'
Or great Alcides? Ah, I too from highest Jove am sprung."
Talibus orabat dictis arasque tenebat,
Such were the words he prayed withal and round the altars clung:

cum sic orsa loqui uates: 'sate sanguine diuum, 125

Then she fell speaking: "Man of Troy, from blood of Godhead
grown,

Tros Anchisiade, facilis descensus Auerno:

Anchises' child, Avernus' road is easy faring down;

noctes atque dies patet atri ianua Ditis;

All day and night is open wide the door of Dis the black;

sed reuocare gradum superasque euadere ad auras,

But thence to gain the upper air, and win the footsteps back,

hoc opus, hic labor est. pauci, quos aequus amauit

This is the deed, this is the toil: Some few have had the might,

Iuppiter aut ardens euexit ad aethera uirtus, 130

Beloved by Jove the just, upborne to heaven by valour's light,

dis geniti potuere. tenent media omnia siluae,

The Sons of God. 'Twixt it and us great thicket fills the place

Cocytusque sinu labens circumuenit atro.

That slow Cocytus' mirky folds all round about embrace;

quod si tantus amor menti, si tanta cupido est

But if such love be in thine heart, such yearning in thee lie,

bis Stygios innare lacus, bis nigra uidere

To swim twice o'er the Stygian mere and twice to see with eye

Tartara, et insano iuuat indulgere labori, 135

Black Tartarus, and thou must needs this idle labour win,

accipe quae peragenda prius. latet arbore opaca

Hearken what first there is to do: the dusky tree within

aureus et foliis et lento uimine ramus,

Lurks the gold bough with golden leaves and limber twigs of gold,

Iunoni infernae dictus sacer; hunc tegit omnis

To nether Juno consecrate; this all these woods enfold,

lucus et obscuris claudunt conuallibus umbrae.

Dim shadowy places cover it amid the hollow dale;

sed non ante datur telluris operta subire 140

To come unto the under-world none living may avail

auricomos quam quis decerpserit arbore fetus.

Till he that growth of golden locks from off the tree hath shorn;

hoc sibi pulchra suum ferri Proserpina munus

For this fair Proserpine ordained should evermore be borne

instituit. primo auulso non deficit alter

Her very gift: but, plucked away, still faileth not the thing,
aureus, et simili frondescit uirga metallo.

Another golden stem instead hath leafy tide of spring.

ergo alte uestiga oculis et rite repertum 145

So thoroughly search with eyes: thine hand aright upon it lay
carpe manu; namque ipse uolens facilisque sequetur,

When thou hast found: for easily 'twill yield and come away
si te fata uocant; aliter non uiribus ullis

If the Fates call thee: otherwise no might may overbear
uincere nec duro poteris conuellere ferro.

Its will, nor with the hardened steel the marvel mayst thou shear.
praeterea iacet exanimus tibi corpus amici

— Ah! further, — of thy perished friend as yet thou nothing
know'st,

(heu nescis) totamque incestat funere classem, 150

Whose body lying dead and cold defileth all thine host,
dum consulta petis nostroque in limine pendes.

While thou beseechest answering words, and hankest on our door:
sedibus hunc refer ante suis et conde sepulcro.

Go, bring him to his own abode and heap the grave mound o'er;
duc nigras pecudes; ea prima piacula sunt.

Bring forth the black-wooled ewes to be first bringing back of grace:
sic demum lucos Stygis et regna inuia uiuis

So shalt thou see the Stygian groves, so shalt thou see the place
aspicies.' dixit, pressoque obmutuit ore. 155

That hath no road for living men." So hushed her mouth shut close:
Aeneas maesto defixus lumina uultu

But sad-faced and with downcast eyes therefrom Æneas goes,
ingreditur linquens antrum, caecosque uolutat

And leaves the cave, still turning o'er those coming things, so dim,
euentus animo secum. cui fidus Achates

So dark to see. Achates fares nigh fellow unto him,
it comes et paribus curis uestigia figit.

And ever 'neath like load of cares he lets his footsteps fall:
multa inter sese uario sermone serebant, 160

And many diverse words they cast each unto each withal,

quem socium exanimum uates, quod corpus humandum
What was the dead friend and the grave whereof the seer did teach.
diceret. atque illi Misenum in litore sicco,
But when they gat them down at last upon the barren beach,
ut uenere, uident indigna morte peremptum,
They saw Misenus lying dead by death but lightly earned;
Misenum Aeoliden, quo non praestantior alter
Misenus, son of Æolus; no man more nobly learned
aere ciere uiros Martemque accendere cantu. 165
In waking up the war with brass and singing Mars alight.
Hectoris hic magni fuerat comes, Hectora circum
Great Hector's fellow was he erst, with Hector through the fight
et lituo pugnans insignis obibat et hasta.
He thrust, by horn made glorious, made glorious by the spear.
postquam illum uita uictor spoliauit Achilles,
But when from Hector life and all Achilles' hand did tear,
Dardanio Aeneae sese fortissimus heros
Dardan Æneas' man became that mightiest under shield,
addiderat socium, non inferiora secutus. 170
Nor unto any worser lord his fellowship would yield.
sed tum, forte caua dum personat aequora concha,
Now while by chance through hollow shell he blew across the sea,
demens, et cantu uocat in certamina diuos,
And witless called the very Gods his singing-foes to be,
aemulus exceptum Triton, si credere dignum est,
The envious Triton caught him up, if ye the tale may trow,
inter saxa uirum spumosa immerserat unda.
And sank the hero 'twixt the rocks in foaming waters' flow.
ergo omnes magno circum clamore fremebant, 175
Wherefore about him weeping sore were gathered all the men,
praecipue pius Aeneas. tum iussa Sibyllae,
And good Æneas chief of all: the Sibyl's bidding then
haud mora, festinant flentes aramque sepulcri
Weeping they speed, and loiter not, but heap the tree-boughs high
congerere arboribus caeloque educere certant.
Upon the altar of the dead to raise it to the sky:
itur in antiquam siluam, stabula alta ferarum;

Then to the ancient wood they fare, high dwelling of wild things;
procumbunt piceae, sonat icta securibus ilex 180

They fell the pine, and 'neath the axe the smitten holm-oak rings;
fraxineaeque trabes cuneis et fissile robur

With wedge they cleave the ashen logs, and knitted oaken bole,
scinditur, aduoluunt ingentis montibus ornos.

Full fain to split; and mighty elms down from the mountains roll.

Nec non Aeneas opera inter talia primus

Amid the work Æneas is, who hearteneth on his folk,
hortatur socios paribusque accingitur armis.

As with such very tools as they he girds him for the stroke;

atque haec ipse suo tristi cum corde uolutat 185

But through the sorrow of his heart such thought as this there strays,
aspectans siluam immensam, et sic forte precatur:

And looking toward the waste of wood such word as this he prays:

'si nunc se nobis ille aureus arbore ramus

"O if that very golden bough would show upon the tree,
ostendat nemore in tanto! quando omnia uere

In such a thicket and so great; since all she told of thee,

heu nimium de te uates, Misene, locuta est.'

The seer-maid, O Misenus lost, was true and overtrue!"

uix ea fatus erat, geminae cum forte columbae 190

But scarcely had he spoken thus, when lo, from heaven there flew
ipsa sub ora uiri caelo uenere uolantes,

Two doves before his very eyes, who settled fluttering

et uiridi sedere solo. tum maximus heros

On the green grass: and therewithal that mightiest battle-king

maternas agnouit auis laetusque precatur:

Knoweth his mother's birds new-come, and joyful poureth prayer:

'este duces, o, si qua uia est, cursumque per auras

"O, if a way there be at all, lead ye amid the air,

derigite in lucos ubi pinguem diues opacat 195

Lead on unto the thicket place where o'er the wealthy soil

ramus humum. tuque, o, dubiis ne defice rebus,

The rich bough casteth shadow down! Fail not my eyeless toil,

diua parens.' sic effatus uestigia pressit

O Goddess-mother!" So he saith, and stays his feet to heed

obseruans quae signa ferant, quo tendere pergant.

What token they may bring to him, and whitherward they speed.

pascentes illae tantum prodire uolando

So on they flutter pasturing, with such a space between,

quantum acie possent oculi seruare sequentum. 200

As they by eyes of following folk may scantily well be seen;

inde ubi uenere ad fauces graue olentis Auerni,

But when Avernus' jaws at last, the noisome place, they reach,

tollunt se celeres liquidumque per aera lapsae

They rise aloft and skim the air, and settle each by each

sedibus optatis gemina super arbore sidunt,

Upon the very wished-for place, yea high amid the tree,

discolor unde auri per ramos aura refulsit.

Where the changed light through twigs of gold shines forth
diversedly;

quale solet siluis brumali frigore uiscum 205

As in the woods mid winter's chill puts forth the mistletoe,

fronde uirere noua, quod non sua seminat arbos,

And bloometh with a leafage strange his own tree ne'er did sow,

et croceo fetu teretis circumdare truncos,

And with his yellow children hath the rounded trunk in hold,

talis erat species auri frondentis opaca

So in the dusky holm-oak seemed that bough of leafy gold,

ilice, sic leni crepitabat brattea uento.

As through the tinkling shaken foil the gentle wind went by:

corripit Aeneas extemplo audisque refringit 210

Then straight Æneas caught and culled the tough stem greedily,

cunctantem, et uatis portat sub tecta Sibyllae.

And to the Sibyl's dwelling-place the gift in hand he bore.

Nec minus interea Misenum in litore Teucri

Nor less meanwhile the Teucrians weep Misenus on the shore,

flebant et cineri ingrato suprema ferebant.

And do last service to the dead that hath no thanks to pay.

principio pinguem taedis et robore secto

And first fat fagots of the fir and oaken logs they lay,

ingentem struxere pyram, cui frondibus atris 215

And pile a mighty bale and rich, and weave the dusk-leaved trees

intexunt latera et feralis ante cupressos
Between its sides, and set before the funeral cypresses,
constituunt, decorantque super fulgentibus armis.
And over all in seemly wise the gleaming weapons pile:
pars calidos latices et aena undantia flammis
But some speed fire bewavèd brass and water's warmth meanwhile,
expediunt, corpusque lauant frigentis et unguunt.
And wash all o'er and sleek with oil the cold corpse of the dead:
fit gemitus. tum membra toro defleta reponunt 220
Goes up the wail; the limbs bewept they streak upon the bed,
purpureasque super uestis, uelamina nota,
And cast thereon the purple cloths, the well-known noble gear.
coniciunt. pars ingenti subiere feretro,
Then some of them, they shoulder up the mighty-fashioned bier,
triste ministerium, et subiectam more parentum
Sad service! and put forth the torch with faces from him turned,
auersi tenuere facem. congesta cremantur
In fashion of the fathers old: there the heaped offerings burned,
turea dona, dapes, fuso crateres oliuo. 225
The frankincense, the dainty meats, the bowls o'erflowed with oil.
postquam conlapsi cineres et flamma quieuit,
But when the ashes were sunk down and fire had rest from toil,
reliquias uino et bibulam lauere fauillam,
The relics and the thirsty ash with unmixed wine they wet.
ossaque lecta cado textit Corynaeus aeno.
Then the gleaned bones in brazen urn doth Corynaeus set,
idem ter socios pura circumtulit unda
Who thrice about the gathered folk the stainless water bore.
spargens rore leui et ramo felicis oliuae, 230
As from the fruitful olive-bough light dew he sprinkled o'er,
lustrauitque uiros dixitque nouissima uerba.
And cleansed the men, and spake withal last farewell to the dead.
at pius Aeneas ingenti mole sepulcrum
But good Æneas raised a tomb, a mound huge fashioned,
imponit suaque arma uiro remumque tubamque
And laid thereon the hero's arms and oar and battle-horn,
monte sub aerio, qui nunc Misenus ab illo

Beneath an airy hill that thence Misenus' name hath borne,
 dicitur aeternumque tenet per saecula nomen. 235
 And still shall bear it, not to die till time hath faded out.
 His actis propere exsequitur praecepta Sibyllae.
 This done, those deeds the Sibyl bade he setteth swift about:
 spelunca alta fuit uastoque immanis hiatu,
 A deep den is there, pebble-piled, with mouth that gapeth wide;
 scrupea, tuta lacu nigro nemorumque tenebris,
 Black mere and thicket shadowy-mirk the secret of it hide.
 quam super haud ullae poterant impune uolantes
 And over it no fowl there is may wend upon the wing
 tendere iter pennis: talis sese halitus atris 240
 And 'scape the bane; its blackened jaws bring forth such venoming.
 faucibus effundens supera ad conuexa ferebat.
 Such is the breath it bears aloft unto the hollow heaven;
 [unde locum Grai dixerunt nomine Aornum.]
 So to the place the Greekish folk have name of Fowl-less given.
 quattuor hic primum nigrantis terga iuuenos
 Here, first of all, four black-skinned steers the priestess sets in line,
 constituit frontique inuergit uina sacerdos,
 And on the foreheads of all these out-pours the bowl of wine.
 et summas carpens media inter cornua saetas 245
 Then 'twixt the horns she culleth out the topmost of the hair,
 ignibus imponit sacris, libamina prima,
 And lays it on the holy fire, the first-fruits offered there,
 uoce uocans Hecaten caeloque Ereboque potentem.
 And cries aloud on Hecat , of might in heaven and hell;
 supponunt alii cultros tepidumque cruorem
 While others lay the knife to throat and catch the blood that fell
 succipiunt pateris. ipse atri uelleris agnam
 Warm in the bowls:  neas then an ewe-lamb black of fleece
 Aeneas matri Eumenidum magna que sorori 250
 Smites down with sword to her that bore the dread Eumenides,
 ense ferit, sterilemque tibi, Proserpina, uaccam;
 And her great sister; and a cow yet barren slays aright
 tum Stygio regi nocturnas incohat aras
 To thee, O Proserpine, and rears the altars of the night

et solida imponit taurorum uiscera flammis,
Unto the Stygian King, and lays whole bulls upon the flame,
pingue super oleum fundens ardentibus extis.
Pouring rich oil upon the flesh that rush of fire o'ercame.
ecce autem primi sub limina solis et ortus 255
But now, when sunrise is at hand, and dawning of the day,
sub pedibus mugire solum et iuga coepta moueri
The earth falls moaning 'neath their feet, the wooded ridges sway,
siluarum, uisaeque canes ululare per umbram
And dogs seem howling through the dusk as now she drew anear
aduentante dea. 'procul, o procul este, profani,'
The Goddess. "O be far away, ye unclean!" cries the seer.
conclamat uates, 'totoque absistite luco;
'Be far away! ah, get ye gone from all the holy wood!
tuque inuade uiam uaginaque eripe ferrum: 260
But thou, Æneas, draw thy steel and take thee to the road;
nunc animis opus, Aenea, nunc pectore firmo.'
Now needeth all thine hardihood and steadfast heart and brave."
tantum effata furens antro se immisit aperto;
She spake, and wildly cast herself amidst the hollow cave,
ille ducem haud timidis uadentem passibus aequat.
But close upon her fearless feet Æneas followeth.
Di, quibus imperium est animarum, umbraeque silentes
O Gods, who rule the ghosts of men, O silent shades of death,
et Chaos et Phlegethon, loca nocte tacentia late, 265
Chaos and Phlegethon, hushed lands that lie beneath the night!
sit mihi fas audita loqui, sit numine uestro
Let me speak now, for I have heard: O aid me with your might
pandere res alta terra et caligine mersas.
To open things deep sunk in earth, and mid the darkness blent.
Ibant obscuri sola sub nocte per umbram
All dim amid the lonely night on through the dusk they went,
perque domos Ditis uacuas et inania regna:
On through the empty house of Dis, the land of nought at all.
quale per incertam lunam sub luce maligna 270
E'en as beneath the doubtful moon, when niggard light doth fall
est iter in siluis, ubi caelum condidit umbra

Upon some way amid the woods, when God hath hidden heaven,
Iuppiter, et rebus nox abstulit atra colorem.

And black night from the things of earth the colours dear hath driven.

uestibulum ante ipsum primisque in faucibus Orci

Lo, in the first of Orcus' jaws, close to the doorway side,

Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia Curae,

The Sorrows and Avenging Griefs have set their beds to bide;

pallentesque habitant Morbi tristicque Senectus, 275

There the pale kin of Sickness dwells, and Eld, the woeful thing,

et Metus et malesuada Fames ac turpis Egestas,

And Fear, and squalid-fashioned Lack, and witless Hungering,

terribiles uisu formae, Letumque Labosque;

Shapes terrible to see with eye; and Toil of Men, and Death,

tum consanguineus Leti Sopor et mala mentis

And Sleep, Death's brother, and the Lust of Soul that sickeneth:

Gaudia, mortiferumque aduerso in limine Bellum,

And War, the death-bearer, was set full in the threshold's way,

ferreique Eumenidum thalami et Discordia demens 280

And those Well-willers' iron beds: there heartless Discord lay,

uipereum crinem uittis innexa cruentis.

Whose viper-breeding hair about was bloody-filleted.

in medio ramos annosaque bracchia pandit

But in the midst a mighty elm, dusk as the night, outspread

ulmus opaca, ingens, quam sedem Somnia uulgo

Its immemorial boughs and limbs, where lying dreams there lurk,

uana tenere ferunt, foliisque sub omnibus haerent.

As tells the tale, still clinging close 'neath every leaf-side mirk.

multaque praeterea uariarum monstra ferarum, 285

Withal most wondrous, many-shaped are all the wood-beasts there;

Centauri in foribus stabulant Scyllaeque bifformes

The Centaurs stable by the porch, and twi-shaped Scyllas fare,

et centumgeminus Briareus ac belua Lernae

And hundred-folded Briareus, and Lerna's Worm of dread

horrendum stridens, flammisque armata Chimaera,

Fell hissing; and Chimæra's length and fire-behelmèd head,

Gorgones Harpyiaequae et forma tricornis umbrae.

Gorgons and Harpies, and the shape of that three-bodied Shade.

corripit hic subita trepidus formidine ferrum 290

Then smitten by a sudden fear Æneas caught his blade,

Aeneas strictamque aciem uenientibus offert,

And turned the naked point and edge against their drawing nigh;

et ni docta comes tenuis sine corpore uitas

And but for her wise word that these were thin lives flitting by

admoneat uolitare caua sub imagine formae,

All bodiless, and wrapped about in hollow shape and vain,

inruat et frustra ferro diuerberet umbras.

With idle sword had he set on to cleave the ghosts atwain.

Hinc uia Tartarei quae fert Acherontis ad undas. 295

To Acheron of Tartarus from hence the road doth go,

turbidus hic caeno uastaque uoragine gurges

That mire-bemingled, whirling wild, rolls on his desert flow,

aestuat atque omnem Cocyto eructat harenam.

And all amid Cocytus' flood casteth his world of sand.

portitor has horrendus aquas et flumina seruat

This flood and river's ferrying doth Charon take in hand,

terribili squalore Charon, cui plurima mento

Dread in his squalor: on his chin untrimmed the hoar hair lies

canities inculta iacet, stant lumina flamma, 300

Most plenteous; and unchanging flame bides in his staring eyes:

sordidus ex umeris nodo dependet amictus.

Down from his shoulders hangs his gear in filthy knot upknot;

ipse ratem conto subigit uelisque ministrat

And he himself poles on his ship, and tends the sails of it,

et ferruginea subuectat corpora cumba,

And crawls with load of bodies lost in bark all iron-grey,

iam senior, sed cruda deo uiridisque senectus.

Grown old by now: but fresh and green is godhead's latter day.

huc omnis turba ad ripas effusa ruebat, 305

Down thither rushed a mighty crowd, unto the flood-side borne;

matres atque uiri defunctaque corpora uita

Mothers and men, and bodies there with all the life outworn

magnanimum heroum, pueri innuptaeque puellae,

Of great-souled heroes; many a boy and never-wedded maid,

impositique rogis iuuenes ante ora parentum:

And youths before their fathers' eyes upon the death-bale laid:
quam multa in siluis autumn frigore primo
As many as the leaves fall down in first of autumn cold;
lapsa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto 310
As many as the gathered fowl press on to field and fold,
quam multae glomerantur aues, ubi frigidus annus
From off the weltering ocean-flood, when the late year and chill
trans pontum fugat et terris immittit apricis.
Hath driven them across the sea the sunny lands to fill.
stabant orantes primi transmittere cursum
There stood the first and prayed him hard to waft their bodies o'er,
tendebantque manus ripae ulterioris amore.
With hands stretched out for utter love of that far-lying shore.
nauita sed tristis nunc hos nunc accipit illos, 315
But that grim sailor now takes these, now those from out the band,
ast alios longe summotos arcet harena.
While all the others far away he thrusteth from the sand.
Aeneas miratus enim motusque tumultu
Æneas wondered at the press, and moved thereby he spoke:
'dic,' ait, 'o uirgo, quid uult concursus ad amnem?
"Say, Maid, what means this river-side, and gathering of the folk?
quidue petunt animae? uel quo discrimine ripas
What seek the souls, and why must some depart the river's rim,
hae linquunt, illae remis uada liuida uerrunt?" 320
While others with the sweep of oars the leaden waters skim?"
olli sic breuiter fata est longaeua sacerdos:
Thereon the ancient Maid of Days in few words answered thus:
'Anchisa generate, deum certissima proles,
"Anchises' seed, thou very child of Godhead glorious,
Cocyti stagna alta uides Stygiamque paludem,
Thou seest the deep Cocytus' pools, thou seest the Stygian mere,
di cuius iurare timent et fallere numen.
By whose might Gods will take the oath, and all forswearing fear:
haec omnis, quam cernis, inops inhumataque turba est; 325
But all the wretched crowd thou seest are they that lack a grave,
portitor ille Charon; hi, quos uehit unda, sepulti.
And Charon is the ferryman: those borne across the wave

nec ripas datur horrendas et rauca fluenta
 Are buried: none may ever cross the awful roaring road
 transportare prius quam sedibus ossa quierunt.
 Until their bones are laid at rest within their last abode.
 centum errant annos uolitantque haec litora circum;
 An hundred years they stray about and wander round the shore,
 tum demum admissi stagna exoptata reuisunt.’ 330
 Then they at last have grace to gain the pools desired so sore.”
 constitit Anchisa satus et uestigia pressit
 There tarried then Anchises’ child and stayed awhile his feet,
 multa putans sortemque animo miseratus iniquam.
 Mid many thoughts, and sore at heart, for such a doom unmeet:
 cernit ibi maestos et mortis honore carentis
 And there he saw all sorrowful, without the death-dues dead,
 Leucaspim et Lyciae ductorem classis Oronten,
 Leucaspis, and Orontes, he that Lycian ship-host led;
 quos simul a Troia uentosa per aequora uectos 335
 Whom, borne from Troy o’er windy plain, the South wind utterly
 obruit Auster, aqua inuoluens nauemque uirosque.
 O’erwhelming, sank him, ships and men, in swallow of the sea.
 Ecce gubernator sese Palinurus agebat,
 And lo ye now, where Palinure the helmsman draweth nigh,
 qui Libyco nuper cursu, dum sidera seruat,
 Who lately on the Libyan sea, noting the starry sky,
 exciderat puppi mediis effusus in undis.
 Fell from the high poop headlong down mid wavy waters cast.
 hunc ubi uix multa maestum cognouit in umbra, 340
 His sad face through the plenteous dusk Æneas knew at last,
 sic prior adloquitur: ‘quis te, Palinure, deorum
 And spake: “What God, O Palinure, did snatch thee so away
 eripuit nobis medioque sub aequore mersit?
 From us thy friends and drown thee dead amidst the watery way?
 dic age. namque mihi, fallax haud ante repertus,
 Speak out! for Seer Apollo, found no guileful prophet erst,
 hoc uno responso animum delusit Apollo,
 By this one answer in my soul a lying hope hath nursed;
 qui fore te ponto incolumem finisque canebat 345

Who sang of thee safe from the deep and gaining field and fold
uenturum Ausonios. en haec promissa fides est?’

Of fair Ausonia: suchwise he his plighted word doth hold!”

ille autem: ‘neque te Phoebi cortina fefellit,

The other spake: “Apollo’s shrine in nowise lied to thee,
dux Anchisiade, nec me deus aequore mersit.

King of Anchises, and no God hath drowned me in the sea:
namque gubernaculum multa ui forte reuulsum,

But while I clung unto the helm, its guard ordained of right,
cui datus haerebam custos cursusque regebam, 350

And steered thee on, I chanced to fall, and so by very might
praecipitans traxi mecum. maria aspera iuro

Seaward I dragged it down with me. By the rough seas I swear
non ullum pro me tantum cepisse timorem,

My heart, for any hap of mine, had no so great a fear
quam tua ne spoliata armis, excussa magistro,

As for thy ship; lest, rudderless, its master from it torn,
deficeret tantis nauis surgentibus undis.

Amid so great o’ertoppling seas it yet might fail forlorn.

tris Notus hibernas immensa per aequora noctes 355

Three nights of storm I drifted on, ‘neath wind and water’s might,
uexit me uiolentus aqua; uix lumine quarto

Over the sea-plain measureless; but with the fourth day’s light
prospexi Italiam summa sublimis ab unda.

There saw I Italy rise up from welter of the wave.
paulatim adnabam terrae; iam tuta tenebam,

Then slow I swam unto the land, that me well-nigh did save,
ni gens crudelis madida cum ueste grauatum

But fell the cruel folk on me, heavy with raiment wet,
prensantemque uncis manibus capita aspera montis 360

And striving with my hookèd hands hold on the rocks to get:
ferro inuasisset praedamque ignara putasset.

The fools, they took me for a prey, and steel against me bore.
nunc me fluctus habet uersantque in litore uenti.

Now the waves have me, and the winds on sea-beach roll me o’er.
quod te per caeli iucundum lumen et auras,

But by the breath of heaven above, by daylight’s joyous ways,

per genitorem oro, per spes surgentis Iuli,
By thine own father, by the hope of young Iulus' days,
eripe me his, inuicte, malis: aut tu mihi terram 365
Snatch me, O dauntless, from these woes, and o'er me cast the earth!
inice, namque potes, portusque require Velinos;
As well thou may'st when thou once more hast gained the Veline
firth.

aut tu, si qua uia est, si quam tibi diua creatrix
Or if a way there be, if way thy Goddess-mother show, —
ostendit (neque enim, credo, sine numine diuum
For not without the will of Gods meseemeth wouldst thou go
flumina tanta paras Stygiamque innare paludem),
O'er so great floods, or have a mind to swim the Stygian mere, —
da dextram misero et tecum me tolle per undas, 370
Then give thine hand, and o'er the wave me woeful with thee bear,
sedibus ut saltem placidis in morte quiescam.'

That I at least in quiet place may rest when I am dead."

talìa fatus erat coepit cum talìa uates:

So spake he, but the priestess straight such word unto him said:

'unde haec, o Palinure, tibi tam dira cupido?

"O Palinure, what godless mind hath gotten hold of thee,

tu Stygias inhumatus aquas amnemque seuerum

That thou the grim Well-willers' stream and Stygian flood wouldst
see

Eumenidum aspicias, ripamue iniussus adibis? 375

Unburied, and unbidden still the brim wilt draw anear?

desine fata deum flecti sperare precando,

Hope not the Fates of very God to change by any prayer.

sed cape dicta memor, duri solacia casus.

But take this memory of my words to soothe thy wretched case:

nam tua finitimi, longe lateque per urbes

Through all their cities far and wide the people of the place,

prodigiis acti caelestibus, ossa piabunt

Driven by mighty signs from heaven, thy bones shall expiate

et statuent tumulum et tumulo sollemnia mittent, 380

And raise thee tomb, and year by year with worship on thee wait;

aeternumque locus Palinuri nomen habebit.'

And there the name of Palinure shall dwell eternally.”

his dictis curae emotae pulsusque parumper

So at that word his trouble lulled, his grief of heart passed by,
corde dolor tristi; gaudet cognomine terra.

A little while he joyed to think of land that bore his name.

Ergo iter inceptum peragunt fluuioque propinquant.

So forth upon their way they went and toward the river came;
nauita quos iam inde ut Stygia prospexit ab unda 385

But when from Stygian wave their path the shipman’s gaze did meet,
per tacitum nemus ire pedemque aduertere ripae,

As through the dead hush of the grove shoreward they turned their
feet,

sic prior adgreditur dictis atque increpat ultro:

He fell upon them first with words and unbid chided them:

‘quisquis es, armatus qui nostra ad flumina tendis,

“Whoe’er ye be who come in arms unto our river’s hem,

fare age, quid uenias, iam istinc et comprime gressum.

Say what ye be! yea, speak from thence and stay your steps
forthright!

umbrarum hic locus est, somni noctisque soporae: 390

This is the very place of shades, and sleep, and sleepful night;
corpora uiua nefas Stygia uectare carina.

And living bodies am I banned in Stygian keel to bear.

nec uero Alciden me sum laetatus euntem

Nor soothly did I gain a joy, giving Alcides fare,

accepisse lacu, nec Thesea Pirithoumque,

Or ferrying of Pirithoüs and Theseus time ago,

dis quamquam geniti atque inuicti uiribus essent.

Though come of God they were and matched in valiancy of none:

Tartareum ille manu custodem in uincla petiuit 395

He sought the guard of Tartarus chains on his limbs to lay,
ipsius a solio regis traxitque trementem;

And from the King’s own seat he dragged the quaking beast away:

hi dominam Ditis thalamo deducere adorti.’

Those strove to carry off the Queen from great Dis’ very bed.”

quae contra breuiter fata est Amphrysia uates:

The Amphrysian prophet answering, few words unto him said:

‘nullae hic insidiae tales (absiste moueri),

“But here are no such guiles as this, so let thy wrath go by:

nec uim tela ferunt; licet ingens ianitor antro 400

Our weapons bear no war; for us still shall the door-ward lie

aeternum latrans exsanguis terreat umbras,

And bark in den, and fright the ghosts, the bloodless, evermore:

casta licet patrui seruet Proserpina limen.

Nor shall chaste Proserpine for us pass through her kinsman’s door:

Troius Aeneas, pietate insignis et armis,

Trojan Æneas, great in arms and great in godly grace,

ad genitorem imas Erebi descendit ad umbras.

Goes down through dark of Erebus to see his father’s face.

si te nulla mouet tantae pietatis imago, 405

But if such guise of piety may move thine heart no whit,

at ramum hunc’ (aperit ramum qui ueste latebat)

At least this bough “ — (bared from her weed therewith she showeth it) —

‘agnoscas.’ tumida ex ira tum corda residunt;

“Know ye!” Then in his swelling heart adown the anger sank,

nec plura his. ille admirans uenerabile donum

Nor spake he more; but wondering at that gift a God might thank,

fatalis uirgae longo post tempore uisum

The fateful stem, now seen once more so long a time worn by,

caeruleam aduertit puppim ripaeque propinquat. 410

He turned about his coal-blue keel and drew the bank anigh

inde alias animas, quae per iuga longa sedebant,

The souls upon the long thwarts set therewith he thrusteth out,

deturbat laxatque foros; simul accipit alueo

And clears the gangway, and withal takes in his hollow boat

ingentem Aenean. gemuit sub pondere cumba

The huge Æneas, ‘neath whose weight the seamed boat groans and creaks,

sutilis et multam accepit rimosa paludem.

And plenteous water of the mere lets in at many leaks.

tandem trans fluuium incolumis uatemque uirumque 415

At last the Hero and the Maid safe o’er the watery way

informi limo glaucaque exponit in ulua.

He leaveth on the ugly mire and sedge of sorry grey.
 Cerberus haec ingens latratu regna trifauci
 The three-mouthed bark of Cerberus here filleth all the place,
 personat aduerso recubans immanis in antro.
 As huge he lieth in a den that hath them full in face:
 cui uates horrere uidens iam colla colubris
 But when the adders she beheld upon his crest upborne,
 melle soporatam et medicatis frugibus offam 420
 A sleepy morsel honey-steeped, and blent of wizards' corn,
 obicit. ille fame rabida tria guttura pandens
 She cast him: then his threefold throat, all wild with hunger's lack,
 corripit obiectam, atque immania terga resoluit
 He opened wide, and caught at it, and sank his monstrous back,
 fusus humi totoque ingens extenditur antro.
 And there he lay upon the earth enormous through the cave.
 occupat Aeneas aditum custode sepulto
 Æneas caught upon the pass the door-ward's slumber gave,
 euaditque celer ripam inremeabilis undae. 425
 And fled the bank of that sad stream no man may pass again.
 Continuo auditae uoces uagitus et ingens
 And many sounds they heard therewith, a wailing vast and vain;
 infantumque animae flentes, in limine primo
 For weeping souls of speechless babes round the first threshold lay,
 quos dulcis uitae exsortis et ab ubere raptos
 Whom, without share of life's delight, snatched from the breast
 away,
 abstulit atra dies et funere mersit acerbo;
 The black day hurried off, and all in bitter ending hid.
 hos iuxta falso damnati crimine mortis. 430
 And next were those condemned to die for deed they never did:
 nec uero hae sine sorte datae, sine iudice, sedes:
 For neither doom nor judge nor house may any lack in death:
 quaesitor Minos urnam mouet; ille silentum
 The seeker Minos shakes the urn, and ever summoneth
 consiliumque uocat uitasque et crimina discit.
 The hushed-ones' court, and learns men's lives and what against
 them stands.

proxima deinde tenent maesti loca, qui sibi letum
 The next place is of woeful ones, who sackless, with their hands
 insontes peperere manu lucemque perosi 435
 Compassed their death, and weary-sick of light without avail
 proiecere animas. quam uellent aethere in alto
 Cast life away; but now how fain to bear the poor man's bale
 nunc et pauperiem et duros perferre labores!
 Beneath the heaven, the uttermost of weary toil to bear!
 fas obstat, tristisque palus inamabilis undae
 But law forbiddeth: the sad wave of that unlovely mere
 alligat et nouies Styx interfusa coerct.
 Is changeless bond; and ninefold Styx compelleth to abide.
 nec procul hinc partem fusi monstrantur in omnem 440
 Nor far from thence behold the meads far spread on every side,
 Lugentes campi; sic illos nomine dicunt.
 The Mourning Meads — in tale have they such very name and sign.
 hic quos durus amor crudeli tabe peredit
 There those whom hard love ate away with cruel wasting pine
 secreti celant calles et myrtea circum
 Are hidden in the lonely paths with myrtle-groves about,
 silua tegit; curae non ipsa in morte relinquunt.
 Nor in the very death itself may wear their trouble out:
 his Phaedram Procrinque locis maestamque Eriphylen 445
 Phædra he saw, Procris he saw, and Eriphyle sad.
 crudelis nati monstrantem uulnera cernit,
 Baring that cruel offspring's wound her loving body had:
 Euadnenque et Pasiphaen; his Laodamia
 Evadne and Pasiphaë, Laodamia there
 it comes et iuuenis quondam, nunc femina, Caeneus
 He saw, and Cænis, once a youth and then a maiden fair,
 rursus et in ueterem fato reuoluta figuram.
 And shifted by the deed of fate to his old shape again.
 inter quas Phoenissa recens a uulnere Dido 450
 Midst whom Phoenician Dido now, fresh from the iron bane,
 errabat silua in magna; quam Troius heros
 Went wandering in the mighty wood: and when the Trojan man
 ut primum iuxta stetit agnouitque per umbras

First dimly knew her standing by amid the glimmer wan
obscuram, qualem primo qui surgere mense

— E'en as in earliest of the month one sees the moon arise,
aut uidet aut uidisse putat per nubila lunam,

Or seems to see her at the least in cloudy drift of skies —
demisit lacrimas dulcique adfatus amore est: 455

He spake, and let the tears fall down by all love's sweetness stirred:
'infelix Dido, uerus mihi nuntius ergo

"Unhappy Dido, was it true, that bitter following word,
uenerat exstinctam ferroque extrema secutam?

That thou wert dead, by sword hadst sought the utter end of all?
funeris heu tibi causa fui? per sidera iuro,

Was it thy very death I wrought? Ah! on the stars I call,
per superos et si qua fides tellure sub ima est,

I call the Gods and whatso faith the nether earth may hold,
inuitus, regina, tuo de litore cessi. 460

To witness that against my will I left thy field and fold!
sed me iussa deum, quae nunc has ire per umbras,

But that same bidding of the Gods, whereby e'en now I wend
per loca senta situ cogunt noctemque profundam,

Through dark, through deserts rusty-rough, through night without an
end,

imperiis egere suis; nec credere quiui

Drave me with doom. Nor held my heart in anywise belief
hunc tantum tibi me discessu ferre dolorem.

That my departure from thy land might work thee such a grief.
siste gradum teque aspectu ne subtrahe nostro. 465

O stay thy feet! nor tear thyself from my beholding thus.
quem fugis? extremum fato quod te adloquor hoc est.'

Whom fleest thou? this word is all that Fate shall give to us."
talibus Aeneas ardentem et torua tuentem

Such were the words Æneas spake to soothe her as she stood
lenibat dictis animum lacrimasque ciebat.

With stern eyes flaming, while his heart swelled with the woeful
flood:

illa solo fixos oculos auersa tenebat

But, turned away, her sick eyes still she fixed upon the earth;

nec magis incepto uultum sermone mouetur 470

Nor was her face moved any more by all his sad words' birth
quam si dura silex aut stet Marpesia cautes.

Than if Marpesian crag or flint had held her image so:
tandem corripuit sese atque inimica refugit

At last she flung herself away, and fled, his utter foe,
in nemus umbriferum, coniunx ubi pristinus illi

Unto the shady wood, where he, her husband of old days,
respondet curis aequatque Sychaeus amorem.

Gives grief for grief, and loving heart beside her loving lays.
nec minus Aeneas casu percussus iniquo 475

Nor less Æneas, smitten sore by her unworthy woes,
prosequitur lacrimis longe et miseratur euntem.

With tears and pity followeth her as far away she goes.
Inde datum molitur iter. iamque arua tenebant

But thence the meted way they wear, and reach the outer field,
ultima, quae bello clari secreta frequentant.

Where dwell apart renownèd men, the mighty under shield:
hic illi occurrit Tydeus, hic inclutus armis

There Tydeus meets him; there he sees the great fight-glorious man,
Parthenopæus et Adrasti pallentis imago, 480

Parthenopæus; there withal Adrastus' image wan;
hic multum fleti ad superos belloque caduci

And there the Dardans battle-slain, for whom the wailing went
Dardanidae, quos ille omnis longo ordine cernens

To very heaven: their long array he saw with sad lament:
ingemuit, Glaucumque Medontaque Thersilochumque,

Glaucus and Medon there he saw, Thersilochus, the three
tris Antenoridas Cererique sacrum Polyboeten,

Antenor-sons, and Polyphoe, by Ceres' mystery
Idaemque etiam currus, etiam arma tenentem. 485

Made holy, and Idæus still in car with armèd hand:
circumstant animae dextra laeuoque frequentes,

There on the right side and the left the straying spirits stand.
nec uidisse semel satis est; iuuat usque morari

Nor is one sight of him enough; it joyeth them to stay
et conferre gradum et ueniendi discere causas.

And pace beside, asking for why he wendeth such a way.
 at Danaum proceres Agamemnoniaeque phalanges
 But when the lords of Danaan folk, and Agamemnon's hosts,
 ut uidere uirum fulgentiaque arma per umbras, 490
 Behold the man and gleaming arms amid the dusky ghosts,
 ingenti trepidare metu; pars uertere terga,
 They fall a-quaking full of fear: some turn their back to fly
 ceu quondam petiere rates, pars tollere uocem
 As erst they ran unto the ships; some raise a quavering cry,
 exiguum: inceptus clamor frustratur hiantis.
 But never from their gaping vain will swell the shout begun.
 Atque hic Priamiden laniatum corpore toto
 And now Deiphobus he sees, the glorious Priam's son;
 Deiphobum uidet et lacerum crudeliter ora, 495
 But all his body mangled sore, his face all evilly hacked,
 ora manusque ambas, populataque tempora raptis
 His face and hands; yea, and his head, laid waste, the ear-lobes
 lacked,
 auribus et truncas inhoneste uulnere naris.
 And nostrils cropped unto the root by wicked wound and grim.
 uix adeo agnouit pauitantem ac dira tegentem
 Scarcely he knew the trembling man, who strove to hide from him
 supplicia, et notis compellat uocibus ultro:
 Those torments dire, but thus at last he spake in voice well known:
 'Deiphobe armipotens, genus alto a sanguine Teucri, 500
 "O great in arms, Deiphobus, from Teucer's blood come down,
 quis tam crudelis optauit sumere poenas?
 Who had the heart to work on thee such bitter wicked bale?
 cui tantum de te licuit? mihi fama suprema
 Who had the might to deal thee this? Indeed I heard the tale,
 nocte tulit fessum uasta te caede Pelasgum
 That, tired with slaying of the Greeks on that last night of all,
 procubuisse super confusae stragis acruum.
 Upon a heap of mingled death thou didst to slumber fall:
 tunc egomet tumulum Rhoeteo in litore inanem 505
 And I myself an empty tomb on that Rhoetean coast
 constitui et magna manis ter uoce uocaui.

Set up to thee, and thrice aloud cried blessing on thy ghost:
 nomen et arma locum seruant; te, amice, nequiui
 Thy name and arms still keep the place; but thee I found not, friend,
 conspiciere et patria decedens ponere terra.
 To set thee in thy fathers' earth ere I too needs must wend."
 ad quae Priamides: 'nihil o tibi, amice, relictum;
 To him the child of Priam spake: "Friend, nought thou left'st
 undone;
 omnia Deiphobo soluisti et funeris umbris. 510
 All things thou gav'st Deïphobus, and this dead shadowy one:
 sed me fata mea et scelus exitiale Lacaenae
 My Fates and that Laconian Bane, the Woman wicked-fair,
 his mersere malis; illa haec monimenta reliquit.
 Have drowned me in this sea of ills: she set these tokens here.
 namque ut supremam falsa inter gaudia noctem
 How midst a lying happiness we wore the last night by
 egerimus, nosti: et nimium meminisse necesse est.
 'Thou know'st: yea; overwell belike thou hold'st that memory
 cum fatalis equus saltu super ardua uenit 515
 Now when the baneful Horse of Fate high Pergamus leapt o'er,
 Pergama et armatum peditem grauis attulit aluo,
 With womb come nigh unto the birth of weaponed men of war,
 illa chorum simulans euhantis orgia circum
 She, feigning hallowed dance, led on a holy-shouting band
 ducebat Phrygias; flammam media ipsa tenebat
 Of Phrygian maids, and midst of them, the bale-fire in her hand,
 ingentem et summa Danaos ex arce uocabat.
 Called on the Danaan men to come, high on the castle's steep:
 tum me confectum curis somnoque grauatum 520
 But me, outworn with many cares and weighed adown with sleep,
 infelix habuit thalamus, pressitque iacentem
 The hapless bride-bed held meanwhile, and on me did there press
 dulcis et alta quies placidaeque simillima morti.
 Deep rest and sweet, most like indeed to death's own quietness.
 egreia interea coniunx arma omnia tectis
 Therewith my glorious wife all arms from out the house withdrew,
 emouet, et fidum capiti subduxerat ensem:

And stole away from o'er my head the sword whose faith I knew,
intra tecta uocat Menelaum et limina pandit, 525

Called Menelaüs to the house and opened him the door,
scilicet id magnum sperans fore munus amanti,
Thinking, forsooth, great gift to give to him who loved so sore,
et famam exstingui ueterum sic posse malorum.

To quench therewith the tale gone by of how she did amiss.
quid moror? inrumpunt thalamo, comes additus una

Why linger? They break in on me, and he their fellow is,
hortator scelerum Aeolides. di, talia Grais

Ulysses, preacher of all guilt. — O Gods, will ye not pay
instaure, pio si poenas ore reposco. 530

The Greeks for all? belike with mouth not godless do I pray.
sed te qui uiuum casus, age fare uicissim,

— But tell me, thou, what tidings new have brought thee here alive?
attulerint. pelagine uenis erroribus actus

Is it blind strayings o'er the sea that hither doth thee drive,
an monitu diuum? an quae te fortuna fatigat,

Or bidding of the Gods? Wherein hath Fortune worn thee so,
ut tristis sine sole domos, loca turbida, adires?"

That thou, midst sunless houses sad, confused lands, must go?"
Hac uice sermonum roseis Aurora quadrigis 535

But as they gave and took in talk, Aurora at the last
iam medium aetherio cursu traiecerat axem;

In rosy wain the topmost crown of upper heaven had passed,
et fors omne datum traherent per talia tempus,

And all the fated time perchance in suchwise had they spent;
sed comes admonuit breuiterque adfata Sibylla est:

But warning of few words enow the Sibyl toward him sent:
'nox ruit, Aenea; nos flendo ducimus horas.

"Night falls, Æneas, weeping here we wear the hours in vain;
hic locus est, partis ubi se uia findit in ambas: 540

And hard upon us is the place where cleaves the road atwain;
dextera quae Ditis magni sub moenia tendit,

On by the walls of mighty Dis the right-hand highway goes,
hac iter Elysium nobis; at laeua malorum

Our way to that Elysium: the left drags on to woes

exercet poenas et ad impia Tartara mittit.
 Ill-doers' souls, and bringeth them to godless Tartarus."
 Deiphobus contra: 'ne saeui, magna sacerdos;
 Then spake Deiphobus: "Great seer, be not o'erwroth with us:
 discedam, explebo numerum reddarque tenebris. 545
 I will depart and fill the tale, and unto dusk turn back:
 i decus, i, nostrum; melioribus utere fatis.'
 Go forth, our glory, go and gain the better fate I lack!"
 tantum effatus, et in uerbo uestigia torsit.
 And even with that latest word his feet he tore away.
 Respicit Aeneas subito et sub rupe sinistra
 But suddenly Æneas turned, and lo, a city lay
 moenia lata uidet triplici circumdata muro,
 Wide-spread 'neath crags upon the left, girt with a wall threefold;
 quae rapidus flammis ambit torrentibus amnis, 550
 And round about in hurrying flood a flaming river rolled,
 Tartareus Phlegethon, torquetque sonantia saxa.
 E'en Phlegethon of Tartarus, with rattling, stony roar:
 porta aduersa ingens solidoque adamante columnae,
 In face with adamantine posts was wrought the mighty door,
 uis ut nulla uirum, non ipsi exscindere bello
 Such as no force of men nor might of heaven-abiders high
 caelicolae ualeant; stat ferrea turris ad auras,
 May cleave with steel; an iron tower thence riseth to the sky:
 Tisiphoneque sedens palla succincta cruenta 555
 And there is set Tisiphone, with girded blood-stained gown,
 uestibulum exsomnia seruat noctesque diesque.
 Who, sleepless, holdeth night and day the doorway of the town.
 hinc exaudiri gemitus et saeua sonare
 Great wail and cruel sound of stripes that city sendeth out,
 uerbera, tum stridor ferri tractaeque catenae.
 And iron clanking therewithal of fetters dragged about.
 constitit Aeneas strepitumque exterritus hausit.
 Then fearfully Æneas stayed, and drank the tumult in:
 'quae scelerum facies? o uirgo, effare; quibusue 560
 "O tell me, Maiden, what is there? What images of sin?
 urgentur poenis? quis tantus plangor ad auras?'

What torments bear they? What the wail yon city casts abroad?"
 tum uates sic orsa loqui: 'dux inclute Teucrum,
 Then so began the seer to speak: "O glorious Teucrian lord,
 nulli fas casto sceleratum insistere limen;
 On wicked threshold of the place no righteous foot may stand:
 sed me cum lucis Hecate praefecit Auernis,
 But when great Hecate made me Queen of that Avernus land,
 ipsa deum poenas docuit perque omnia duxit. 565
 She taught me of God's punishments and led me down the path.
 Cnosius haec Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna
 — There Gnosian Rhadamanthus now most heavy lordship hath,
 castigatque auditque dolos subigitque fateri
 And heareth lies, and punisheth, and maketh men confess
 quae quis apud superos furto laetatus inani
 Their deeds of earth, whereof made glad by foolish wickedness,
 distulit in seram commissa piacula mortem.
 They thrust the late repentance off till death drew nigh to grip:
 continuo sontis ultrix accincta flagello 570
 Those guilty drives Tisiphone, armed with avenging whip,
 Tisiphone quatit insultans, toruosque sinistra
 And mocks their writhings, casting forth her other dreadful hand
 intentans anguis uocat agmina saeua sororum.
 Filled with the snakes, and crying on her cruel sister's band.
 tum demum horrissono stridentes cardine sacrae
 And then at last on awful hinge loud-clanging opens wide
 panduntur portae. cernis custodia qualis
 The Door of Doom: — and lo, behold what door-ward doth abide
 uestibulo sedeat, facies quae limina seruet? 575
 Within the porch, what thing it is the city gate doth hold!
 quinquaginta atris immanis hiatibus Hydra
 More dreadful yet the Water-worm, with black mouth fiftyfold,
 saeuior intus habet sedem. tum Tartarus ipse
 Hath dwelling in the inner parts. Then Tartarus aright
 bis patet in praeceps tantum tenditque sub umbras
 Gapes sheer adown; and twice so far it thrusteth under night
 quantus ad aetherium caeli suspectus Olympum.
 As up unto the roof of heaven Olympus lifteth high:

hic genus antiquum Terrae, Titania pubes, 580

And there the ancient race of Earth, the Titan children, lie,
fulmine deiecti fundo uoluuntur in imo.

Cast down by thunder, wallowing in bottomless abode.

hic et Aloidas geminos immania uidi

There of the twin Aloidæ the monstrous bodies' load
corpora, qui manibus magnum rescindere caelum

I saw; who fell on mighty heaven to cleave it with their hands,
adgressi superisque Iouem detrudere regnis.

That they might pluck the Father Jove from out his glorious lands;
uidi et crudelis dantem Salmonea poenas, 585

And Salmoneus I saw withal, paying the cruel pain
dum flammas Iouis et sonitus imitatur Olympi.

That fire of Jove and heaven's own voice on earth he needs must
feign:

quattuor hic inuectus equis et lampada quassans

He, drawn by fourfold rush of steeds, and shaking torches' glare,
per Graium populos mediaeque per Elidis urbem

Amidmost of the Grecian folks, amidst of Elis fair,

ibat ouans, diuumque sibi poscebat honorem,

Went glorying, and the name of God and utter worship sought.

demens, qui nimbos et non imitabile fulmen 590

O fool! the glory of the storm, and lightning like to nought,
aere et cornipedum pulsu simularet equorum.

He feigned with rattling copper things and beat of horny hoof.

at pater omnipotens densa inter nubila telum

Him the Almighty Father smote from cloudy rack aloof,

contorsit, non ille faces nec fumea taedis

But never brand nor pitchy flame of smoky pine-tree cast,
lumina, praecipitemque immani turbine adegit.

As headlong there he drave him down amid the whirling blast.

nec non et Tityon, Terrae omniparentis alumnum, 595

And Tityon, too, the child of Earth, great Mother of all things,

cernere erat, per tota nouem cui iugera corpus

There may ye see: nine acres' space his mighty frame he flings;
porrigitur, rostroque immanis uultur obunco

His deathless liver still is cropped by that huge vulture's beak

immortale iecur tondens fecundaque poenis
That evermore his daily meat doth mid his inwards seek,
uiscera rimaturque epulis habitatque sub alto
Fruitful of woe, and hath his home beneath his mighty breast:
pectore, nec fibris requies datur ulla renatis. 600
Whose heart-strings eaten, and new-born shall never know of rest.
quid memorem Lapithas, Ixiona Pirithoumque?
Of Lapithæ, Pirithoüs, Ixion, what a tale!
quos super atra silex iam iam lapsura cadentique
O'er whom the black crag hangs, that slips, and slips, and ne'er shall
fail

imminet adsimilis; lucent genialibus altis
To seem to fall. The golden feet of feast beds glitter bright,
aurea fulcra toris, epulaeque ante ora paratae
And there in manner of the kings is glorious banquet dight.
regifico luxu; Furiarum maxima iuxta 605
But lo, the Furies' eldest-born is crouched beside it there,
accubat et manibus prohibet contingere mensas,
And banneth one and all of them hand on the board to bear,
exsurgitque facem attollens atque intonat ore.
And riseth up with tossing torch, and crieth, thundering loud.
hic, quibus inuisi fratres, dum uita manebat,
Here they that hated brethren sore while yet their life abode,
pulsatusue parens et fraus innexa clienti,
The father-smiters, they that drew the client-catching net,
aut qui diuitiis soli incubuere repertis 610
The brooders over treasure found in earth, who never yet
nec partem posuere suis (quae maxima turba est),
Would share one penny with their friends — and crowded thick these
are —

quique ob adulterium caesi, quique arma secuti
Those slain within another's bed; the followers up of war
impia nec ueriti dominorum fallere dextras,
Unrighteous; they no whit ashamed their masters' hand to fail,
inclusi poenam exspectant. ne quaere doceri
Here prisoned bide the penalty: seek not to know their tale
quam poenam, aut quae forma uiros fortunaue mersit. 615

Of punishment; what fate it is o'erwhelmeth such a folk.
 saxum ingens uoluunt alii, radiisque rotarum
 Some roll huge stones; some hang adown, fast bound to tire or spoke
 districti pendent; sedet aeternumque sedebit
 Of mighty wheels. There sitteth now, and shall sit evermore
 infelix Theseus, Phlegyasque miserrimus omnis
 Theseus undone: wretch Phlegyas is crying o'er and o'er
 admonet et magna testatur uoce per umbras:
 His warning, and in mighty voice through dim night testifies:
 "discite iustitiam moniti et non temnere diuos." 620
 'Be warned, and learn of righteousness, nor holy Gods despise.'
 uendidit hic auro patriam dominumque potentem
 This sold his fatherland for gold; this tyrant on it laid;
 imposuit; fixit leges pretio atque refixit;
 This for a price made laws for men, for price the laws unmade:
 hic thalamum inuasit natae uetitosque hymenaeos:
 This broke into his daughter's bed and wedding-tide accursed:
 ausi omnes immane nefas ausoque potiti.
 All dared to think of monstrous deed, and did the deed they durst.
 non, mihi si linguae centum sint oraue centum, 625
 Nor, had I now an hundred mouths, an hundred tongues at need,
 ferrea uox, omnis scelerum comprehendere formas,
 An iron voice, might I tell o'er all guise of evil deed,
 omnia poenarum percurrere nomina possim.'
 Or run adown the names of woe those evil deeds are worth."
 Haec ubi dicta dedit Phoebi longaeua sacerdos,
 So when Apollo's ancient seer such words had given forth:
 'sed iam age, carpe uiam et susceptum perface munus;
 "Now to the road! fulfil the gift that we so far have brought!
 acceleremus' ait; 'Cyclopum educta caminis 630
 Haste on!" she saith, "I see the walls in Cyclops' furnace wrought;
 moenia conspicio atque aduerso fornice portas,
 And now the opening of the gates is lying full in face,
 haec ubi nos praecepta iubent deponere dona.'
 Where we are bidden lay adown the gift that brings us grace."
 dixerat et pariter gressi per opaca uiarum
 She spake, and through the dusk of ways on side by side they wend,

corripunt spatium medium foribusque propinquant.
 And wear the space betwixt, and reach the doorway in the end.
 occupat Aeneas aditum corpusque recenti 635
 Æneas at the entering in bedews his body o'er
 spargit aqua ramumque aduerso in limine figit.
 With water fresh, and sets the bough in threshold of the door.
 His demum exactis, perfecto munere diuæ,
 So, all being done, the Goddess' gift well paid in manner meet,
 deuenere locos laetos et amoena uirecta
 They come into a joyous land, and green-sward fair and sweet
 fortunatorum nemorum sedesque beatas.
 Amid the happiness of groves, the blessèd dwelling-place.
 largior hic campos aether et lumine uestit 640
 Therein a more abundant heaven clothes all the meadows' face
 purpureo, solemque suum, sua sidera norunt.
 With purple light, and their own sun and their own stars they have.
 pars in gramineis exercent membra palaestris,
 Here some in games upon the grass their bodies breathing gave;
 contendunt ludo et fulua luctantur harena;
 Or on the yellow face of sand they strive and play the play;
 pars pedibus plaudunt choreas et carmina dicunt.
 Some beat the earth with dancing foot, and some, the song they say:
 nec non Threicius longa cum ueste sacerdos 645
 And there withal the Thracian man in flowing raiment sings
 obloquitur numeris septem discrimina uocum,
 Unto the measure of the dance on seven-folded strings;
 iamque eadem digitis, iam pectine pulsat eburno.
 And now he smites with finger-touch, and now with ivory reed.
 hic genus antiquum Teucris, pulcherrima proles,
 And here is Teucer's race of old, most lovely sons indeed;
 magnanimi heroes nati melioribus annis,
 High-hearted heroes born on earth in better days of joy:
 Ilusque Assaracusque et Troiae Dardanus auctor. 650
 Ilus was there, Assaracus, and he who builded Troy,
 arma procul currusque uirum miratur inanis;
 E'en Dardanus. Far off are seen their empty wains of war
 stant terra defixae hastae passimque soluti

And war-weed: stand the spears in earth, unyoked the horses are,
per campum pascuntur equi. quae gratia currum

And graze the meadows all about; for even as they loved
armorumque fuit uiuis, quae cura nitentis

Chariot and weapons, yet alive, and e'en as they were moved
pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos. 655

To feed sleek horses, under earth doth e'en such joy abide.
conspicit, ecce, alios dextra laeuaque per herbam

Others he saw to right and left about the meadows wide
uescentis laetumque choro paeana canentis

Feasting; or joining merry mouths to sing the battle won
inter odoratum lauris nemus, unde superne

Amidst the scented laurel grove, whence earthward rolleth on
plurimus Eridani per siluam uoluitur amnis.

The full flood that Eridanus athwart the wood doth pour.
hic manus ob patriam pugnando uulnera passi, 660

Lo, they who in their country's fight sword-wounded bodies bore;
quique sacerdotes casti, dum uita manebat,

Lo, priests of holy life and chaste, while they in life had part;
quique pii uates et Phoebos digna locuti,

Lo, God-loved poets, men who spake things worthy Phoebus' heart:
inuentas aut qui uitam excoluere per artis

And they who bettered life on earth by new-found mastery;
quique sui memores aliquos fecere merendo:

And they whose good deeds left a tale for men to name them by:
omnibus his niuea cinguntur tempora uitta. 665

And all they had their brows about with snowy fillets bound.
quos circumfusus sic est adfata Sibylla,

Now unto them the Sibyl spake as there they flowed around, —
Musaeum ante omnis (medium nam plurima turba

Unto Musæus first; for him midmost the crowd enfolds
hunc habet atque umeris exstantem suspicit altis):

Higher than all from shoulders up, and reverently beholds:
'dicite, felices animae tuque optime uates,

"Say, happy souls, and thou, O bard, the best earth ever bare,
quae regio Anchisen, quis habet locus? illius ergo 670

What land, what place Anchises hath? for whose sake came we here,

uenimus et magnos Erebi tranauimus amnis.’

And swam the floods of Erebus and every mighty wave.”

atque huic responsum paucis ita reddidit heros:

Then, lightly answering her again, few words the hero gave:

‘nulli certa domus; lucis habitamus opacis,

“None hath a certain dwelling-place; in shady groves we bide,

riparumque toros et prata recentia riuis

And meadows fresh with running streams, and beds by river-side:

incolimus. sed uos, si fert ita corde uoluntas, 675

But if such longing and so sore the heart within you hath,

hoc superate iugum, et facili iam tramite sistam.’

O’ertop yon ridge and I will set your feet in easy path.”

dixit, et ante tulit gressum camposque nitentis

He spake and footed it afore, and showeth from above

desuper ostentat; dehinc summa cacumina linquunt.

The shining meads; and thence away from hill-top down they move.

At pater Anchises penitus conualle uirenti

But Sire Anchises deep adown in green-grown valley lay,

inclusas animas superumque ad lumen ituras 680

And on the spirits prisoned there, but soon to wend to day,

lustrabat studio recolens, omnemque suorum

Was gazing with a fond desire: of all his coming ones

forte recensebat numerum, carosque nepotes

There was he reckoning up the tale, and well-loved sons of sons:

fataque fortunasque uirum moresque manusque.

Their fate, their haps, their ways of life, their deeds to come to pass.

isque ubi tendentem aduersum per gramina uidit

But when he saw Æneas now draw nigh athwart the grass,

Aenean, alacris palmas utrasque tetendit, 685

He stretched forth either palm to him all eager, and the tears

effusaeque genis lacrimae et uox excidit ore:

Poured o’er his cheeks, and speech withal forth from his mouth there
fares:

‘uenisti tandem, tuaque exspectata parenti

“O come at last, and hath the love, thy father hoped for, won

uicit iter durum pietas? datur ora tueri,

O’er the hard way, and may I now look on thy face, O son,

nate, tua et notas audire et reddere uoces?

And give and take with thee in talk, and hear the words I know?

sic equidem ducebam animo rebarque futurum 690

So verily my mind forebode, I deemed 'twas coming so,
tempora dinumerans, nec me mea cura fefellit.

And counted all the days thereto; nor was my longing vain.

quas ego te terras et quanta per aequora uectum

And now I have thee, son, borne o'er what lands, how many a main!

accipio! quantis iactatum, nate, periclis!

How tossed about on every side by every peril still!

quam metui ne quid Libyae tibi regna nocerent!'

Ah, how I feared lest Libyan land should bring thee unto ill!"

ille autem: 'tua me, genitor, tua tristis imago 695

Then he: "O father, thou it was, thine image sad it was,

saepius occurrens haec limina tendere adegit;

That, coming o'er and o'er again, drave me these doors to pass:

stant sale Tyrrheno classes. da iungere dextram,

My ships lie in the Tyrrhene salt — ah, give the hand I lack!

da, genitor, teque amplexu ne subtrahe nostro.'

Give it, my father; neither thus from my embrace draw back!"

sic memorans largo fletu simul ora rigabat.

His face was wet with plenteous tears e'en as the word he spake,

ter conatus ibi colo dare bracchia circum; 700

And thrice the neck of him beloved he strove in arms to take;

ter frustra comprehensa manus effugit imago,

And thrice away from out his hands the gathered image streams,

par leuibus uentis uolucrique simillima somno.

E'en as the breathing of the wind or wingèd thing of dreams.

Interea uidet Aeneas in ualle reducta

But down amid a hollow dale meanwhile Æneas sees

seclusum nemus et uirgulta sonantia siluae,

A secret grove, a thicket fair, with murmuring of the trees,

Lethaeumque domos placidas qui praenatat amnem. 705

And Lethe's stream that all along that quiet place doth wend;

hunc circum innumerae gentes populique uolabant:

O'er which there hovered countless folks and peoples without end:

ac ueluti in pratis ubi apes aestate serena

And as when bees amid the fields in summer-tide the bright
floribus insidunt uariis et candida circum

Settle on diverse flowery things, and round the lilies white
lilia funduntur, strepit omnis murmure campus.

Go streaming; so the fields were filled with mighty murmuring.
horrescit uisu subito causasque requirit 710

Unlearned Æneas fell aquake at such a wondrous thing,
inscius Aeneas, quae sint ea flumina porro,

And asketh what it all may mean, what rivers these may be,
quique uiri tanto complerint agmine ripas.

And who the men that fill the banks with such a company.
tum pater Anchises: 'animae, quibus altera fato

Then spake Anchises: "These are souls to whom fate oweth now
corpora debentur, Lethaei ad fluminis undam

New bodies: there they drink the draught by Lethe's quiet flow,
seculos latices et longa obliuia potant. 715

The draught that is the death of care, the long forgetfulness.
has equidem memorare tibi atque ostendere coram

And sure to teach thee of these things, and show thee all their press,
iampridem, hanc prolem cupio enumerare meorum,

And of mine offspring tell the tale, for long have I been fain,
quo magis Italia mecum laetere reperta.'

That thou with me mightst more rejoice in thine Italia's gain."

'o pater, anne aliquas ad caelum hinc ire putandum est

"O Father, may we think it then, that souls may get them hence
sublimis animas iterumque ad tarda reuerti 720

To upper air and take once more their bodies' hinderance?
corpora? quae lucis miseris tam dira cupido?"

How can such mad desire be to win the worldly day?"

'dicam equidem nec te suspensum, nate, tenebo'

"Son, I shall tell thee all thereof, nor hold thee on the way."
suscipit Anchises atque ordine singula pandit.

Therewith he takes the tale and all he openeth orderly:

'Principio caelum ac terras camposque liquentis

"In the beginning: earth and sky and flowing fields of sea,
lucentemque globum lunae Titaniaque astra 725

And stars that Titan fashioned erst, and gleaming moony ball,

spiritus intus alit, totamque infusa per artus
An inward spirit nourisheth, one soul is shed through all,
mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet.
That quickeneth all the mass, and with the mighty thing is blent:
inde hominum pecudumque genus uitaeque uolantum
Thence are the lives of men and beasts and flying creatures sent,
et quae marmoreo fert monstra sub aequore pontus.
And whatsoe'er the sea-plain bears beneath its marble face;
igneus est ollis uigor et caelestis origo 730
Quick in these seeds is might of fire and birth of heavenly place,
seminibus, quantum non noxia corpora tardant
Ere earthly bodies' baneful weight upon them comes to lie,
terrenique hebetant artus moribundaque membra.
Ere limbs of earth bewilder them and members made to die.
hinc metuunt cupiuntque, dolent gaudentque, neque auras
Hence fear they have, and love, and joy, and grief, and ne'er may
find
dispiciunt clausae tenebris et carcere caeco.
The face of heaven amid the dusk and prison strait and blind:
quin et supremo cum lumine uita reliquit, 735
Yea, e'en when out of upper day their life at last is borne,
non tamen omne malum miseris nec funditus omnes
Not all the ill of wretched men is utterly outworn,
corporeae excedunt pestes, penitusque necesse est
Not all the bane their bodies bred; and sure in wondrous wise
multa diu concreta modis inolescere miris.
The plenteous ill they bore so long engrained in them it lies:
ergo exercentur poenis ueterumque malorum
So therefore are they worn by woes and pay for ancient wrong:
supplicia expendunt: aliae panduntur inanes 740
And some of them are hung aloft the empty winds among;
suspensae ad uentos, aliis sub gurgite uasto
And some, their stain of wickedness amidst the water's heart
infectum eluitur scelus aut exuritur igni:
Is washed away; amidst the fire some leave their worser part;
quisque suos patimur manis. exinde per amplum
And each his proper death must bear: then through Elysium wide

mittimur Elysium et pauci laeta arua tenemus,
 Are we sent forth; a scanty folk in joyful fields we bide,
 donec longa dies perfecto temporis orbe 745
 Till in the fulness of the time, the day that long hath been
 concretam exemit labem, purumque relinquit
 Hath worn away the inner stain and left the spirit clean,
 aetherium sensum atque aurai simplicis ignem.
 A heavenly essence, a fine flame of all unmingled air.
 has omnis, ubi mille rotam uoluere per annos,
 All these who now have turned the wheel for many and many a year
 Lethaeum ad fluuium deus euocat agmine magno,
 God calleth unto Lethe's flood in mighty company,
 scilicet immemores supera ut conuexa reuisant 750
 That they, remembering nought indeed, the upper air may see
 rursus, et incipiant in corpora uelle reuerti.
 Once more, and long to turn aback to worldly life anew."
 Dixerat Anchises natumque unaque Sibyllam
 Anchises therewithal his son, and her the Sibyl drew
 conuentus trahit in medios turbamque sonantem,
 Amid the concourse, the great crowd that such a murmuring sent,
 et tumultum capit unde omnis longo ordine posset
 And took a mound whence they might see the spirits as they went
 aduersos legere et uenientum discere uultus. 755
 In long array, and learn each face as 'neath their eyes it came.
 'Nunc age, Dardaniam prolem quae deinde sequatur
 "Come now, and I of Dardan folk will tell the following fame,
 gloria, qui maneant Itala de gente nepotes,
 And what a folk from Italy the world may yet await,
 inlustris animas nostrumque in nomen ituras,
 Most glorious souls, to bear our name adown the ways of fate.
 expediam dictis, et te tua fata docebo.
 Yea, I will set it forth in words, and thou thy tale shalt hear:
 ille, uides, pura iuuenis qui nititur hasta, 760
 Lo ye, the youth that yonder leans upon the headless spear,
 proxima sorte tenet lucis loca, primus ad auras
 Fate gives him highest place today; he first of all shall rise,
 aetherias Italo commixtus sanguine surget,

Blent blood of Troy and Italy, unto the earthly skies:
 Siluius, Albanum nomen, tua postuma proles,
 Silvius is he, an Alban name, thy son, thy latest born;
 quem tibi longaeuo serum Lauinia coniunx
 He whom thy wife Lavinia now, when thin thy life is worn,
 educet siluis regem regumque parentem, 765
 Beareth in woods to be a king and get a kingly race,
 unde genus Longa nostrum dominabitur Alba.
 Whence comes the lordship of our folk within the Long White Place.
 proximus ille Procas, Troianae gloria gentis,
 And Procas standeth next to him, the Trojan people's fame;
 et Capys et Numitor et qui te nomine reddet
 Then Capys, Numitor, and he who bringeth back thy name,
 Siluius Aeneas, pariter pietate uel armis
 Silvius Æneas, great in war, and great in godliness,
 egregius, si umquam regnandam acceperit Albam. 770
 If ever he in that White Stead may bear the kingdom's stress.
 qui iuuenes! quantas ostentant, aspice, uiris
 Lo ye, what youths! what glorious might unto thine eyes is shown!
 atque umbrata gerunt ciuili tempora quercu!
 But they who shade their temples o'er with civic oaken crown,
 hi tibi Nomentum et Gabios urbemque Fidenam,
 These build for thee Nomentum's walls, and Gabii, and the folk
 hi Collatinas imponent montibus arces,
 Fidenian, and the mountains load with fair Collatia's yoke:
 Pometios Castrumque Inui Bolamque Coramque; 775
 Pometii, Bola, Cora, there shall rise beneath their hands,
 haec tum nomina erunt, nunc sunt sine nomine terrae.
 And Inuus' camp: great names shall spring amid the nameless lands.
 quin et auo comitem sese Mauortius addet
 "Then Mavors' child shall come on earth, his grandsire following,
 Romulus, Assaraci quem sanguinis Ilia mater
 When Ilia's womb, Assaracus' own blood, to birth shall bring
 educet. uiden, ut geminae stant uertice cristae
 That Romulus: — lo, see ye not the twin crests on his head,
 et pater ipse suo superum iam signat honore? 780
 And how the Father hallows him for day with his own dread

en huius, nate, auspiciis illa incluta Roma
E'en now? Lo, son! those signs of his; lo, that renownèd Rome!
imperium terris, animos aequabit Olympo,
Whose lordship filleth all the earth, whose heart Olympus' home,
septemque una sibi muro circumdabit arces,
And with begirdling of her wall girds seven great burgs to her,
felix prole uirum: qualis Berecynthia mater
Rejoicing in her man-born babes: e'en as the Earth-Mother
inuehitur curru Phrygias turrita per urbes 785
Amidst the Phrygian cities goes with car and towered crown,
laeta deum partu, centum complexa nepotes,
Glad in the Gods, whom hundred-fold she kisseth for her own.
omnis caelicolas, omnis supera alta tenentis.
All heaven-abiders, all as kings within the house of air.
huc geminas nunc flecte acies, hanc aspice gentem
Ah, turn thine eyeballs hitherward, look on this people here,
Romanosque tuos. hic Caesar et omnis Iuli
Thy Roman folk! Lo Cæsar now! Lo all Iulus' race,
progenies magnum caeli uentura sub axem. 790
Who 'neath the mighty vault of heaven shall dwell in coming days.
hic uir, hic est, tibi quem promitti saepius audis,
And this is he, this is the man thou oft hast heard foretold,
Augustus Caesar, diui genus, aurea condet
Augustus Cæsar, sprung from God to bring the age of gold
saecula qui rursus Latio regnata per arua
Aback unto the Latin fields, where Saturn once was king.
Saturno quondam, super et Garamantas et Indos
Yea, and the Garamantian folk and Indians shall he bring
proferet imperium; iacet extra sidera tellus, 795
Beneath his sway: beyond the stars, beyond the course of years,
extra anni solisque uias, ubi caelifer Atlas
Beyond the Sun-path lies the land, where Atlas heaven upbears,
axem umero torquet stellis ardentibus aptum.
And on his shoulders turns the pole with burning stars bestrown.
huius in aduentum iam nunc et Caspia regna
Yea, and e'en now the Caspian realms quake at his coming, shown
responsis horrent diuum et Maeotia tellus,

By oracles of God; and quakes the far Mæotic mere,
et septemgemini turbant trepida ostia Nili. 800
And sevenfold Nile through all his mouths quakes in bewildered
fear.

nec uero Alcides tantum telluris obiuit,
Not so much earth did Hercules o'erpass, though he prevailed
fixerit aeripedem ceruam licet, aut Erymanthi
To pierce the brazen-footed hind, and win back peace that failed
pacarit nemora et Lernam tremefecerit arcu;
The Erymanthus' wood, and shook Lerna with draught of bow;
nec qui pampineis uictor iuga flectit habenis
Nor Liber turning vine-wreathed reins when he hath will to go
Liber, agens celso Nysae de uertice tigris. 805
Adown from Nysa's lofty head in tiger-yokèd car. —
et dubitamus adhuc uirtutem extendere factis,
Forsooth then shall we doubt but deeds shall spread our valour far?
aut metus Ausonia prohibet consistere terra?
Shall fear forsooth forbid us rest in that Ausonian land?
quis procul ille autem ramis insignis oliuæ
“But who is this, the olive-crowned, that beareth in his hand
sacra ferens? nosco crinis incanaque menta
The holy things? I know the hair and hoary beard of eld
regis Romani primam qui legibus urbem 810
Of him, the Roman king, who first a law-bound city held,
fundabit, Curibus paruis et paupere terra
Sent out from little Cures' garth, that unrich land of his,
missus in imperium magnum. cui deinde subibit
Unto a mighty lordship: yea, and Tullus next is this,
otia qui rumpet patriae residesque mouebit
Who breaks his country's sleep and stirs the slothful men to fight;
Tullus in arma uiros et iam desueta triumphis
And calleth on the weaponed hosts unused to war's delight
agmina. quem iuxta sequitur iactantior Ancus 815
But next unto him Ancus fares, a boaster overmuch;
nunc quoque iam nimium gaudens popularibus auris.
Yea and e'en now the people's breath too nigh his heart will touch.
uis et Tarquinius reges animamque superbam

And wilt thou see the Tarquin kings and Brutus' lofty heart,
ultoris Bruti, fascisque uidere receptos?

And fasces brought aback again by his avenging part?

consulis imperium hic primus saeuasque securis

He first the lordship consular and dreadful axe shall take;

accipiet, natosque pater noua bella mouentis 820

The father who shall doom the sons, that war and change would
wake,

ad poenam pulchra pro libertate uocabit,

To pain of death, that he thereby may freedom's fairness save.

infelix, utcumque ferent ea facta minores:

Unhappy! whatso tale of thee the after-time may have,

uincet amor patriae laudumque immensa cupido.

The love of country shall prevail, and boundless lust of praise.

quin Decios Drusosque procul saeuumque securi

"Drusi and Decii lo afar! On hard Torquatus gaze,

aspice Torquatum et referentem signa Camillum. 825

He of the axe: Camillus lo, the banner-rescuer!

illae autem paribus quas fulgere cernis in armis,

But note those two thou seest shine in arms alike and clear,

concordes animae nunc et dum nocte prementur,

Now souls of friends, and so to be while night upon them weighs:

heu quantum inter se bellum, si lumina uitae

Woe's me! what war shall they awake if e'er the light of days

attigerint, quantas acies stragemque ciebunt,

They find: what host each sets 'gainst each, what death-field shall
they dight!

aggeribus socer Alpinis atque arce Monoeci 830

The father from the Alpine wall, and from Monoecus' height

descendens, gener aduersis instructus Eois!

Comes down; the son against him turns the East's embattlement.

ne, pueri, ne tanta animis adsuescite bella

O children, in such evil war let not your souls be spent,

neu patriae ualidas in uiscera uertite uiris;

Nor turn the valour of your might against the heart of home.

tuque prior, tu parce, genus qui ducis Olympo,

Thou first, refrain, O thou my blood from high Olympus come;

proice tela manu, sanguis meus! — 835

Cast thou the weapons from thine hand!

ille triumphata Capitolia ad alta Corintho

“Lo to the Capitol aloft, for Corinth triumphing,

victor aget currum caesis insignis Achiuis.

One glorious with Achæan deaths in victor’s chariot goes;

eruet ille Argos Agamemnoniasque Mycenæ

Mycenæ, Agamemnon’s house, and Argos he o’erthrows,

ipsumque Aeaciden, genus armipotentis Achilli,

Yea and Æacides himself the great Achilles’ son;

ultus auos Troiae templa et temerata Mineruæ. 840

Avenging so the sires of Troy and Pallas’ house undone.

quis te, magne Cato, tacitum aut te, Cosse, relinquat?

Great Cato, can I leave thee then untold? pass Cossus o’er?

quis Gracchi genus aut geminos, duo fulmina belli,

Or house of Gracchus? Yea, or ye, twin thunderbolts of war,

Scipiadas, cladem Libyæ, paruoque potentem

Ye Scipios, bane of Libyan land? Fabricius, poor and strong?

Fabricium uel te sulco, Serrane, serentem?

Or thee, Serranus, casting seed adown the furrows long?

quo fessum rapitis, Fabii? tu Maximus ille es, 845

Fabii, where drive ye me outworn? Thou Greatest, thou art he,

unus qui nobis cunctando restituis rem.

Who bringest back thy country’s weal by tarrying manfully.

excudent alii spirantia mollius aera

“Others, I know, more tenderly may beat the breathing brass,

(credo equidem), uiuos ducent de marmore uultus,

And better from the marble block bring living looks to pass;

orabunt causas melius, caelique meatus

Others may better plead the cause, may compass heaven’s face,

describent radio et surgentia sidera dicent: 850

And mark it out, and tell the stars, their rising and their place:

tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento

But thou, O Roman, look to it the folks of earth to sway;

(hae tibi erunt artes), pacique imponere morem,

For this shall be thine handicraft, peace on the world to lay,

parcere subiectis et debellare superbos.’

To spare the weak, to wear the proud by constant weight of war.”
Sic pater Anchises, atque haec mirantibus addit:
So mid their marvelling he spake, and added furthermore:
‘aspice, ut insignis spoliis Marcellus opimis 855
“Marcellus lo! neath Spoils of Spoils how great and glad he goes,
ingreditur uictorque uiros supereminet omnis.
And overtops all heroes there, the vanquisher of foes:
hic rem Romanam magno turbante tumultu
Yea, he shall prop the Roman weal when tumult troubleth all,
sistet eques, sternet Poenos Gallumque rebellem,
And ride amid the Punic ranks, and crush the rising Gaul,
tertiaeque arma patri suspendet capta Quirino.’
And hang in sire Quirinus’ house the third war-taken gear.”
atque hic Aeneas (una namque ire uidebat 860
Then spake Æneas, for he saw following Marcellus near
egregium forma iuuenem et fulgentibus armis,
A youth of beauty excellent, with gleaming arms bedight,
sed frons laeta parum et deiecto lumina uultu)
Yet little glad of countenance with eyes that shunned the light:
‘quis, pater, ille, uirum qui sic comitatur euntem?
“O father, who is he that wends beside the hero’s hem,
filius, ane aliquis magna de stirpe nepotum?
His son belike, or some one else from out that mighty stem?
qui strepitus circa comitum! quantum instar in ipso! 865
What murmuring of friends about! How mighty is he made!
sed nox atra caput tristi circumuolat umbra.’
But black Night fluttereth over him with woeful mirky shade.”
tum pater Anchises lacrimis ingressus obortis:
Then midst the rising of his tears father Anchises spoke:
‘o gnate, ingentem luctum ne quaere tuorum;
“O son, search not the mighty woe and sorrow of thy folk!
ostendent terris hunc tantum fata nec ultra
The Fates shall show him to the world, nor longer blossoming
esse sinent. nimium uobis Romana propago 870
Shall give. O Gods that dwell on high, belike o’ergreat a thing
uisa potens, superi, propria haec si dona fuissent.
The Roman tree should seem to you, should this your gift endure!

quantos ille uirum magnam Mauortis ad urbem
 How great a wail of mighty men that Field of Fame shall pour
 campus aget gemitus! uel quae, Tiberine, uidebis
 On Mavors' mighty city walls: what death-rites seest thou there,
 funera, cum tumulum praeterlabere recentem!
 O Tiber, as thou glidest by his new-wrought tomb and fair!
 nec puer Iliaca quisquam de gente Latinos 875
 No child that is of Ilian stock in Latin sires shall raise
 in tantum spe tollet auos, nec Romula quondam
 Such glorious hope; nor shall the land of Romulus e'er praise
 ullo se tantum tellus iactabit alumno.
 So fair and great a nursling child mid all it ever bore.
 heu pietas, heu prisca fides inuictaque bello
 Goodness, and faith of ancient days, and hand unmatched in war,
 dextera! non illi se quisquam impune tulisset
 Alas for all! No man unhurt had raised a weaponed hand
 obuius armato, seu cum pedes iret in hostem 880
 Against him, whether he afoot had met the foeman's band,
 seu spumantis equi foderet calcaribus armos.
 Or smitten spur amid the flank of eager foaming horse.
 heu, miserande puer, si qua fata aspera rumpas,
 O child of all men's ruth, if thou the bitter Fates mayst force,
 tu Marcellus eris. manibus date lilia plenis
 Thou art Marcellus. Reach ye hands of lily-blooms fulfilled;
 purpureos spargam flores animamque nepotis
 For I will scatter purple flowers, and heap such offerings spilled
 his saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani 885
 Unto the spirit of my child, and empty service do."
 munere.' sic tota passim regione uagantur
 Thereafter upon every side they strayed that country through,
 aeris in campis latis atque omnia lustrant.
 Amid wide-spreading airy meads, and sight of all things won.
 quae postquam Anchises natum per singula duxit
 But after old Anchises now through all had led his son,
 incenditque animum famae uenientis amore,
 And kindled love within his heart of fame that was to be,
 exim bella uiro memorat quae deinde gerenda, 890

Then did he tell him of the wars that he himself should see,
Laurentisque docet populos urbemque Latini,
And of Laurentian peoples taught, and town of Latin folk;
et quo quemque modo fugiatque feratque laborem.
And how from every grief to flee, or how to bear its stroke.
Sunt geminae Somni portae, quarum altera fertur
Now twofold are the Gates of Sleep, whereof the one, men say,
cornea, qua ueris facilis datur exitus umbris,
Is wrought of horn, and ghosts of sooth thereby win easy way,
altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto, 895
The other clean and smooth is wrought of gleaming ivory,
sed falsa ad caelum mittunt insomnia Manes.
But lying dreams the nether Gods send up to heaven thereby.
his ibi tum natum Anchises unaque Sibyllam
All said, Anchises on his son and Sibyl-maid doth wait
prosequitur dictis portaque emittit eburna,
Unto the last, and sends them up by that same ivory gate.
ille uiam secat ad nauis sociosque reuisit.
He wears the way and gains his fleet and fellow-folk once more.
Tum se ad Caietae recto fert limite portum. 900
So for Caieta's haven-mouth by straightest course they bore,
ancora de prora iacitur; stant litore puppes.
Till fly the anchors from the bows and sterns swing round ashore.



'Lake Avernus Aeneas and the Cumaean Sibyl' by J. M. W. Turner, 1814-5

LIBER VII

BOOK VII.

Tu quoque litoribus nostris, Aeneia nutrix,
Thou also, O Æneas' nurse, Caieta, didst avail,
aeternam moriens famam, Caieta, dedisti;
E'en dying, unto these our shores to leave a deathless tale:
et nunc seruat honos sedem tuus, ossaque nomen
And yet thy glory guards the place, thy bones have won it name
Hesperia in magna, si qua est ea gloria, signat.
Within the great Hesperian land, if that be prize of fame.
At pius exsequiis Aeneas rite solutis, 5
But good Æneas, when at last all funeral rites were paid
aggere composito tumuli, postquam alta quierunt
And the grave heaped, when in a while the ocean's face was laid,
aequora, tendit iter uelis portumque relinquit.
Went on his way with sails aloft, and left the port behind:
aspirant aerae in noctem nec candida cursus
The faint winds breathe about the night, the moon shines clear and
kind;
luna negat, splendet tremulo sub lumine pontus.
Beneath the quivering shining road the wide seas gleaming lie.
proxima Circaeae raduntur litora terrae, 10
But next the beach of Circe's land their swift ships glide anigh,
diues inaccessos ubi Solis filia lucos
Where the rich daughter of the Sun with constant song doth rouse
adsiduo resonat cantu, tectisque superbis
The groves that none may enter in, or in her glorious house
urit odoratam nocturna in lumina cedrum
Burneth the odorous cedar-torch amidst the dead of night,
arguto tenuis percurrens pectine telas.
While through the slender warp she speeds the shrilling shuttle light.
hinc exaudiri gemitus iraeque leonum 15
And thence they hear the sound of groans, and wrath of lions dread
uincla recusantum et sera sub nocte rudentum,

Fretting their chains; and roaring things o'er night-tide fallen dead;
saetigerique sues atque in praesepibus ursi
And bristled swine and caged bears cried bitter-wild, and sore;
saeuire ac formae magnorum ululare luporum,
And from the shapes of monstrous wolves the howling seaward bore.
quos hominum ex facie dea saeua potentibus herbis
These from the likeness of mankind had cruel Circe won
induerat Circe in uultus ac terga ferarum. 20
By herbs of might, and shape and hide of beasts upon them done.
quae ne monstra pii paterentur talia Troes
But lest the godly Trojan folk such wickedness should bear,
delati in portus neu litora dira subirent,
Lest borne into the baneful bay they bring their keels o'er near,
Neptunus uentis impleuit uela secundis,
Their sails did Father Neptune fill with fair and happy breeze,
atque fugam dedit et praeter uada feruida uexit.
And sped their flight and sent them swift across the hurrying seas.
Iamque rubescebat radiis mare et aethere ab alto 25
Now reddened all the sea with rays, and from the heavenly plain
Aurora in roseis fulgebat lutea bigis,
The golden-hued Aurora shone amidst her rosy wain,
cum uenti posuere omnisque repente resedit
Then fell the winds and every air sank down in utter sleep,
flatus, et in lento luctantur marmore tonsae.
And now the shaven oars must strive amid the sluggish deep:
atque hic Aeneas ingentem ex aequore lucum
Therewith Æneas sees a wood rise from the water's face,
prospicit. hunc inter fluuio Tiberinus amoeno 30
And there it is the Tiber's flood amidst a pleasant place,
uerticibus rapidis et multa flauus harena
With many a whirling eddy swift and yellowing with sand
in mare prorumpit. uariae circumque supraque
Breaks into sea; and diversely above on either hand
adsuetae ripis uolucres et fluminis alueo
The fowl that love the river-bank and haunt the river-bed
aethera mulcebant cantu lucoque uolabant.
Sweetened the air with plenteous song and through the thicket fled.

flectere iter sociis terraeque aduertere proras 35
 So there Æneas bids his folk shoreward their bows to lay,
 imperat et laetus fluuio succedit opaco.
 And joyfully he entereth in the stream's o'ershadowed way.
 Nunc age, qui reges, Erato, quae tempora, rerum
 To aid, Erato! while I tell what kings, what deedful tide,
 quis Latio antiquo fuerit status, aduena classem
 What manner life, in Latin land did anciently abide
 cum primum Ausoniis exercitus appulit oris,
 When first the stranger brought his ships to that Ausonian shore;
 expediam, et primae reuocabo exordia pugnae. 40
 Yea help me while I call aback beginnings of the war.
 tu uatem, tu, diua, mone. dicam horrida bella,
 O Goddess, hearten thou thy seer! dread war my song-speech saith:
 dicam acies actosque animis in funera reges,
 It tells the battle in array, and kings full fain of death,
 Tyrrhenamque manum totamque sub arma coactam
 The Tyrrhene host, all Italy, spurred on the sword to bear:
 Hesperiam. maior rerum mihi nascitur ordo,
 Yea, greater matters are afoot, a mightier deed I stir.
 maius opus moueo. Rex arua Latinus et urbes 45
 The king Latinus, old of days, ruled o'er the fields' increase,
 iam senior longa placidas in pace regebat.
 And cities of the people there at rest in long-drawn peace:
 hunc Fauno et nympha genitum Laurente Marica
 Of Faunus and Laurentian nymph, Marica, do we learn
 accipimus; Fauno Picus pater, isque parentem
 That he was born: but Faunus came of Picus, who must turn
 te, Saturne, refert, tu sanguinis ultimus auctor.
 To thee, O Saturn, for his sire: 'twas he that blood began.
 filius huic fato diuum prolesque uirilis 50
 Now, as God would, this king had got no son to grow a man,
 nulla fuit, primaque oriens erepta iuuenta est.
 For he who first had dawned on him in earliest youth had waned:
 sola domum et tantas seruabat filia sedes
 A daughter only such a house, so great a world sustained,
 iam matura uiro, iam plenis nubilis annis.

Now ripe for man, the years fulfilled that made her meet for bed:
multi illam magno e Latio totaque petebant
 And her much folk of Latin land were fain enow to wed,
Ausonia; petit ante alios pulcherrimus omnis 55
 And all Ausonia: first of whom, and fairest to be seen,
Turnus, auis atausque potens, quem regia coniunx
 Was Turnus, great from fathers great; and him indeed the queen
adiungi generum miro properabat amore;
 Was fain of for her son-in-law with wondrous love of heart:
sed uariis portenta deum terroribus obstant.
 But dreadful portents of the Gods the matter thrust apart.
laurus erat tecti medio in penetralibus altis
 Amidmost of the inner house a laurel-tree upbore
sacra comam multosque metu seruata per annos, 60
 Its hallowed leaves, that fear of God had kept through years of yore:
quam pater inuentam, primas cum conderet arces,
 Father Latinus first, they said, had found it there, when he
ipse ferebatur Phoebo sacrasse Latinus,
 Built there his burg and hallowed it to Phoebus' deity,
Laurentisque ab ea nomen posuisse colonis.
 And on Laurentian people thence the name thereof had laid;
huius apes summum densae (mirabile dictu)
 On whose top now the gathered bees, O wondrous to be said!
stridore ingenti liquidum trans aethera uectae 65
 Borne on with mighty humming noise amid the flowing air,
obsedere apicem, et pedibus per mutua nexis
 Had settled down, and foot to foot all interwoven there,
examen subitum ramo frondente pependit.
 In sudden swarm they hung adown from off the leafy bough.
continuo uates 'externum cernimus' inquit
 But straight the seer cries out: "Ah me! I see him coming now,
'aduentare uirum et partis petere agmen easdem
 The stranger man; I see a host from that same quarter come
partibus ex isdem et summa dominarier arce.' 70
 To this same quarter, to be lords amidst our highest home."
praeterea, castis adolet dum altaria taedis,
 But further, while the altar-fires she feeds with virgin brands,

et iuxta genitorem astat Lauinia uirgo,
The maid Lavinia, and beside her ancient father stands,
uisa (nefas) longis comprehendere crinibus ignem
Out! how along her length of hair the grasp of fire there came,
atque omnem ornatum flamma crepitante cremari,
And all the tiring of her head was caught in crackling flame.
regalisque accensa comas, accensa coronam 75
And there her royal tresses blazed, and blazed her glorious crown
insignem gemmis; tum fumida lumine fuluo
Gem-wrought, and she one cloud of smoke and yellow fire was
grown:
inuolui ac totis Vulcanum spargere tectis.
And wrapped therein, the fiery God she scattered through the house:
id uero horrendum ac uisu mirabile ferri:
And sure it seemed a dreadful thing, a story marvellous:
namque fore inlustrem fama fatisque canebant
For they fell singing she should grow glorious of fame and fate,
ipsam, sed populo magnum portendere bellum. 80
But unto all her folk should be the seed of huge debate.
At rex sollicitus monstris oracula Fauni,
So troubled by this tokening dread forth fareth now the king
fatidici genitoris, adit lucosque sub alta
To Faunus' fane, his father-seer, to ask him counselling
consulit Albunea, nemorum quae maxima sacro
'Neath Albunea the high, whose wood, the thicket most of worth,
fonte sonat saeuamque exhalat opaca mephitim.
Resoundeth with the holy well and breathes the sulphur forth.
hinc Italae gentes omnisque Oenotria tellus 85
From whence the folk of Italy and all Oenotrian land
in dubiis responsa petunt; huc dona sacerdos
Seek rede amidst of troublous time. Here, when the priest in hand
cum tulit et caesarum ouium sub nocte silenti
Hath borne the gifts, and laid him down amidst the hush of night
pellibus incubuit stratis somnosque petiuit,
On the strown fells of slaughtered ewes, and sought him sleep aright,
multa modis simulacra uidet uolitantia miris
He seeth wondrous images about him flit and shift,

et uarias audit uoces fruiturque deorum 90

He hearkeneth many a changing voice, of talk with Gods hath gift,
conloquio atque imis Acheronta adfatur Auernis.

And holdeth speech with Acheron, from deep Avernus come.

hic et tum pater ipse petens responsa Latinus

There now the sire Latinus went seeking the answers home,
centum lanigeras mactabat rite bidentis,

And there an hundred woolly ewes in order due did slay,
atque harum effultus tergo stratisque iacebat

And propped upon the fells thereof on bed of fleeces lay,
uelleribus: subita ex alto uox reddita luco est: 95

Till from the thickets inner depths the sudden answer came:

‘ne pete conubiis natam sociare Latinis,

“Seek not thy daughter, O my son, to wed to Latin name;

o mea progenies, thalamis neu crede paratis;

Unto the bridal set on foot let not thy troth be given:

externi uenient generi, qui sanguine nostrum

Thy sons are coming over sea to raise our blood to heaven,

nomen in astra ferant, quorumque a stirpe nepotes

And sons of sons’ sons from their stem shall see beneath their feet
omnia sub pedibus, qua sol utrumque recurrens 100

All things for them to shift and doom; all things the sun may meet,
aspicit Oceanum, uertique regique uidebunt.’

As to and fro he wendeth way ‘twixt either ocean wave.”

haec responsa patris Fauni monitusque silenti

Such warnings of the silent night that father Faunus gave,

nocte datos non ipse suo premit ore Latinus,

Shut up betwixt his closed lips Latinus held no whit,

sed circum late uolitans iam Fama per urbes

But through Ausonia flying fame had borne the noise of it,

Ausonias tulerat, cum Laomedontia pubes 105

When that Laomedontian folk at last had moored their ships
gramineo ripae religauit ab aggere classem.

Unto the grassy-mounded bank whereby the river slips.

Aeneas primique duces et pulcher Iulus

Æneas and Iulus fair, and all their most and best,

corpora sub ramis deponunt arboris altae,

Beneath a tall tree's boughs had laid their bodies down to rest:
instituantque dapes et adorea liba per herbam

They dight the feast; about the grass on barley-cakes they lay
subiciunt epulis (sic Iuppiter ipse monebat) 110

What meat they had, — for even so Jove bade them do that day, —
et Cereale solum pomis agrestibus augent.

And on the ground that Ceres gave the woodland apples pile.
consumptis hic forte aliis, ut uertere morsus

And so it happed, that all being spent, they turn them in a while
exiguam in Cererem penuria adegit edendi,

To Ceres' little field, and eat, egged on by very want,
et uiolare manu malisque audacibus orbem

And dare to waste with hands and teeth the circle thin and scant
fatalis crusti patulis nec parcere quadris: 115

Where fate lay hid, nor spare upon the trenchers wide to fall.

'heus, etiam mensas consumimus?' inquit Iulus,

"Ah!" cries Iulus, "so today we eat up board and all."

nec plura, adludens. ea uox audita laborum

'Twas all his jest-word; but its sound their labour slew at last,
prima tulit finem, primamque loquentis ab ore

And swift his father caught it up, as from his mouth it passed,
eripuit pater ac stupefactus numine pressit.

And stayed him, by the might of God bewildered utterly.

continuo 'salue fatis mihi debita tellus 120

Then forthwith: "Hail," he cried, "O land that Fate hath owed to me!
uosque' ait 'o fidi Troiae saluete penates:

And ye, O House-gods of our Troy, hail ye, O true and kind!
hic domus, haec patria est. genitor mihi talia namque

This is your house, this is your land: my father, as I mind,
(nunc repeto) Anchises fatorum arcana reliquit:

Such secrets of the deeds of Fate left me in days of yore:

"cum te, nate, fames ignota ad litora uectum

'O son, when hunger driveth thee stranded on outland shore
accisis coget dapibus consumere mensas, 125

To eat the very boards beneath thy victual scant at need,
tum sperare domos defessus, ibique memento

There hope for house, O weary one, and in that place have heed

prima locare manu molirique aggere tecta.”

To set hand first unto the roof, and heap the garth around.’

haec erat illa fames, haec nos suprema manebat

So this will be that hunger-tide: this waited us to bound
exitiis positura modum.

Our wasting evils at the last.

quare agite et primo laeti cum lumine solis 130

So come, and let us joyfully upon the first of dawn

quae loca, quae habeant homines, ubi moenia gentis,

Seek out the land, what place it is, what men-folk there abide,
uestigemus et a portu diuersa petamus.

And where their city; diversely leaving the haven-side.

nunc pateras libate Ioui precibusque uocate

But now pour out the bowls to Jove, send prayer upon the way

Anchisen genitorem, et uina reponite mensis.’

To sire Anchises, and the wine again on table lay.”

Sic deinde effatus frondenti tempora ramo 135

He spake, and with the leafy bough his temples garlanded,

implicat et geniumque loci primamque deorum

And to the Spirit of the Soil forthwith the prayer he said,

Tellurem Nymphasque et adhuc ignota precatur

To Earth, the eldest-born of Gods, to Nymphs, to Streams unknown

flumina, tum Noctem Noctisque orientia signa

As yet: he called upon the Night, and night-tide’s signs new shown;

Idaeumque Iouem Phrygiamque ex ordine matrem

Idæan Jove, the Phrygian Queen, the Mother, due and well

inuocat, et duplicis caeloque Ereboque parentis. 140

He called on; and his parents twain in Heaven and in Hell.

hic pater omnipotens ter caelo clarus ab alto

But thrice the Almighty Father then from cloudless heaven on high

intonuit, radiisque ardentem lucis et auro

Gave thunder, showing therewithal the glory of his sky

ipse manu quatiens ostendit ab aethere nubem.

All burning with the golden gleam, and shaken by his hand.

diditur hic subito Troiana per agmina rumor

Then sudden rumour ran abroad amid the Trojan band,

aduenisse diem quo debita moenia condant. 145

That now the day was come about their fateful walls to raise;
certatim instaurant epulas atque omine magno
So eagerly they dight the feast, gladdened by omen's grace,
crateras laeti statuunt et uina coronant.
And bring the beakers forth thereto and garland well the wine.
Postera cum prima lustrabat lampade terras
But when the morrow's lamp of dawn across the earth 'gan shine,
orta dies, urbem et finis et litora gentis
The shore, the fields, the towns of folk they search, wide scattering:
diuersi explorant: haec fontis stagna Numici, 150
And here they come across the pools of that Numician spring:
hunc Thybrim fluuium, hic fortis habitare Latinos.
This is the Tiber-flood; hereby the hardy Latins dwell.
tum satus Anchisa delectos ordine ab omni
But therewithal Anchises' seed from out them chose him well
centum oratores augusta ad moenia regis
An hundred sweet-mouthed men to go unto the walls renowned,
ire iubet, ramis uelatos Palladis omnis,
Where dwelt the king, and every one with Pallas' olive crowned,
donaque ferre uiro pacemque exposcere Teucris. 155
To carry gifts unto the lord and peace for Teucrians pray.
haud mora, festinant iussi rapidisque feruntur
So, bidden, nought they tarry now, but swift-foot wear the way.
passibus. ipse humili designat moenia fossa
But he himself marks out the walls with shallow ditch around,
moliturque locum, primasque in litore sedes
And falls to work upon the shore his first abode to found,
castrorum in morem pinnis atque aggere cingit.
In manner of a camp, begirt with bank and battlement.
iamque iter emensi turris ac tecta Latinorum 160
Meanwhile his men beheld at last, when all the way was spent,
ardua cernebant iuuenes muroque subibant.
The Latin towers and roofs aloft, and drew the walls anigh:
ante urbem pueri et primaueo flore iuuentus
There were the lads and flower of youth afield the city by
exercentur equis domitantque in puluere currus,
Backing the steed, or mid the dust a-steering of the car,

aut acris tendunt arcus aut lenta lacertis
Or bending of the bitter bow, hurling tough darts afar
spicula contorquent, cursuque ictuque lacesunt: 165
By strength of arm; for foot or fist crying the challenging.
cum praeuectus equo longaeui regis ad auris
Then fares a well-horsed messenger, who to the ancient king
nuntius ingentis ignota in ueste reportat
Bears tidings of tall new-comers in outland raiment clad:
aduenisse uiros. ille intra tecta uocari
So straight Latinus biddeth them within his house be had,
imperat et solio medius consedit auito.
And he upon his father's throne sat down amidmost there.
Tectum augustum, ingens, centum sublime columnis 170
High on an hundred pillars stood that mighty house and fair,
urbe fuit summa, Laurentis regia Pici,
High in the burg, the dwelling-place Laurentian Picus won,
horrendum siluis et religione parentum.
Awful with woods, and worshipping of sires of time agone:
hic sceptrum accipere et primos attollere fascis
Here was it wont for kings to take the sceptre in their hand,
regibus omen erat; hoc illis curia templum,
Here first to raise the axe of doom: 'twas court-house of the land,
hae sacris sedes epulis; hic ariete caeso 175
This temple, and the banquet-hall; here when the host was slain
perpetuis soliti patres considerare mensis.
The fathers at the endlong boards would sit the feast to gain.
quin etiam ueterum effigies ex ordine auorum
There too were dight in cedar old the sires of ancient line
antiqua e cedro, Italusque paterque Sabinus
For there was fashioned Italus, and he who set the vine,
uitisator curuam seruans sub imagine falcem,
Sabinus, holding yet in hand the image of the hook;
Saturnusque senex Ianique bifrontis imago 180
And Saturn old, and imaging of Janus' double look,
uestibulo astabant, aliique ab origine reges,
Stood in the porch; and many a king was there from ancient tide,
Martiaque ob patriam pugnando uulnera passi.

Who in their country's battle erst the wounds of Mars would bide:
multaque praeterea sacris in postibus arma,
And therewithal were many arms hung on the holy door.
captiui pendent currus curvaeque secures
There hung the axes crookèd-horned, and taken wains of war,
et cristae capitum et portarum ingentia claustra 185
And crested helms, and bolts and locks that city-gates had borne;
spiculaque clipeique ereptaque rostra carinis.
And spears and shields, and thrusting-beaks from ships of battle torn.
ipse Quirinali lituo paruaque sedebat
There with Quirinus' crooked staff, girt in the shortened gown,
succinctus trabea laeuaque ancile gerebat
With target in his left hand held, was Picus set adown, —
Picus, equum domitor, quem capta cupidine coniunx
The horse-tamer, whom Circe fair, caught with desire erewhile,
aurea percussum uirga uersumque uenenis 190
Smote with that golden rod of hers, and, sprinkling venom's guile,
fecit auem Circe sparsitque coloribus alas.
Made him a fowl, and colours fair blent on his shifting wings.
Tali intus templo diuum patriaque Latinus
In such a temple of the Gods, in such a house of kings,
sede sedens Teucros ad sese in tecta uocauit,
Latinus sat when he had called those Teucrian fellows in,
atque haec ingressis placido prior edidit ore:
And from his quiet mouth and grave such converse did begin:
'dicite, Dardanidae (neque enim nescimus et urbem 195
"What seek ye, sons of Dardanus? for not unknown to me
et genus, auditique aduertitis aequare cursum),
Is that your city or your blood; and how ye crossed the sea,
quid petitis? quae causa rates aut cuius egentis
That have I heard. But these your ships, what counsel or what lack
litus ad Ausonium tot per uada caerula uexit?
Hath borne them to Ausonian strand o'er all the blue sea's back?
siue errore uiae seu tempestatibus acti,
If ye have strayed from out your course, or, driven by stormy tide
qualia multa mari nautae patiuntur in alto, 200
(For such things oft upon the sea must seafarers abide),

fluminis intrastis ripas portuque sedetis,
Have entered these our river-banks in haven safe to lie,
ne fugite hospitium, neue ignorete Latinos
Flee not our welcome, nor unknown the Latin folk pass by;
Saturni gentem haud uinclo nec legibus aequam,
The seed of Saturn, bound to right by neither law nor chain,
sponte sua ueterisque dei se more tenentem.
But freely following in the ways whereof the God was fain.
atque equidem memini (fama est obscurior annis) 205
Yea now indeed I mind a tale, though now with years outworn,
Auruncos ita ferre senes, his ortus ut agris
How elders of Aurunce said that mid these fields was born
Dardanus Idaeas Phrygiae penetrarit ad urbes
That Dardanus, who reached at last the Phrygian Ida's walls,
Threiciamque Samum, quae nunc Samothracia fertur.
And Thracian Samos, that the world now Samothracia calls:
hinc illum Corythi Tyrrhena ab sede profectum
From Tuscan stead of Corythus he went upon his ways;
aurea nunc solio stellantis regia caeli 210
Whose throne is set in golden heaven, the star-besprinkled place,
accipit et numerum diuorum altaribus auget.’
Who adds one other to the tale of altared deities.”
Dixerat, et dicta Ilioneus sic uoce secutus:
He ended, but Ilioneus followed in words like these:
‘rex, genus egregium Fauni, nec fluctibus actos
“O king, O glorious Faunus’ child, no storm upon the main
atra subegit hiems uestris succedere terris,
Drave us amid the drift of waves your country coast to gain;
nec sidus regione uiae litusue fefellit: 215
And neither star nor strand made blind the region of our road;
consilio hanc omnes animisque uolentibus urbem
But we by counsel and free will have sought out thine abode,
adferimur pulsi regnis, quae maxima quondam
Outcast from such a realm as once was deemed the mightiest
extremo ueniens sol aspiciebat Olympo.
The Sun beheld, as o’er the heaven she ran from east to west.
ab Ioue principium generis, Ioue Dardana pubes

Jove is the well-spring of our race; the Dardan children joy
 gaudet auo, rex ipse Iouis de gente suprema: 220
 In Jove for father; yea, our king, Æneas out of Troy,
 Troius Aeneas tua nos ad limina misit.
 Who sends us to thy door, himself is of the Highest's seed.
 quanta per Idaeos saevis effusa Mycenis
 How great a tempest was let loose o'er our Idæan mead,
 tempestas ierit campos, quibus actus uterque
 From dire Mycenæ Sent; what fate drave either clashing world,
 Europæ atque Asiae fatis concurrerit orbis,
 Europe and Asia, till the war each against each they hurled,
 audiit et si quem tellus extrema refuso 225
 His ears have heard, who dwells afar upon the land alone
 summouet Oceano et si quem extenta plagarum
 That ocean beats; and his no less the bondman of the zone,
 quattuor in medio dirimit plaga solis iniqui.
 That midmost lieth of the four, by cruel sun-blaze worn.
 diluio ex illo tot uasta per aequora uecti
 Lo, from that flood we come to thee, o'er waste of waters borne,
 dis sedem exiguam patriis litusque rogamus
 Praying a strip of harmless shore our House-Gods' home to be,
 innocuum et cunctis undamque auramque patentem. 230
 And grace of water and of air to all men lying free.
 non erimus regno indecores, nec uestra feretur
 We shall not foul our land's renown; and thou, thy glory fair
 fama levis tantique abolescet gratia facti,
 We know, and plenteous fruit of thanks this deed of thine shall bear:
 nec Troiam Ausonios gremio excepisce pigebit.
 Nor ever may embrace of Troy Ausonia's soul despite.
 fata per Aeneae iuro dextramque potentem,
 Now by Æneas' fates I swear, and by his hand of might,
 siue fide seu quis bello est expertus et armis: 235
 Whether in troth it hath been tried, or mid the hosts of war,
 multi nos populi, multae (ne temne, quod ultro
 That many folks — yea, scorn us not that willingly we bore
 praeferimus manibus uittas ac uerba precantia)
 These fillets in our hands today with words beseeching peace —

et petiere sibi et uoluere adiungere gentes;
 That many lands have longed for us, and yearned for our increase.
 sed nos fata deum uestras exquirere terras
 But fate of Gods and Gods' command would ever drive us home
 imperiis egere suis. hinc Dardanus ortus, 240
 To this your land: this is the place whence Dardanus was come,
 huc repetit iussisque ingentibus urget Apollo
 And hither now he comes again: full sore Apollo drave
 Tyrrhenum ad Thybrim et fontis uada sacra Numici.
 To Tuscan Tiber, and the place of dread Numicius' wave.
 dat tibi praeterea fortunae parua prioris
 Moreover, here some little gifts of early days of joy
 munera, reliquias Troia ex ardente receptas.
 Giveth our king, a handful gleaned from burning-tide of Troy:
 hoc pater Anchises auro libabat ad aras, 245
 Anchises at the altar erst would pour from out this gold;
 hoc Priami gestamen erat cum iura uocatis
 This was the gear that Priam used when in the guise of old
 more daret populis, sceptrumque sacerque tiaras
 He gave his gathered folk the law; sceptre, and holy crown,
 Iliadumque labor uestes.'
 And weed the work of Ilian wives."
 Talibus Ilionei dictis defixa Latinus
 Now while Ilioneus so spake Latinus held his face,
 obtutu tenet ora soloque immobilis haeret, 250
 Musing and steadfast, on the ground setting his downcast gaze,
 intentos uoluens oculos. nec purpura regem
 Rolling his eyes all thought-fulfilled; nor did the broidered gear
 picta mouet nec scepra mouent Priameia tantum
 Of purple move the King so much, nor Priam's sceptre fair,
 quantum in conubio natae thalamoque moratur,
 As on his daughter's bridal bed the thoughts in him had rest,
 et ueteris Fauni uoluit sub pectore sortem:
 For ancient Faunus' fateful word he turned within his breast.
 hunc illum fatis externa ab sede profectum 255
 Here was the son, the fate-foretold, the outland wanderer,
 portendi generum paribusque in regna uocari

Called on by equal doom of God the equal throne to share;
auspiciis, huic progeniem uirtute futuram
He from whose loins those glorious sons of valour should come forth
egregiam et totum quae uiribus occupet orbem.
To take the whole world for their own by utter might of worth.
tandem laetus ait: 'di nostra incepta secudent
At last he spake out joyfully: "God grace our deed begun,
auguriumque suum! dabitur, Troiane, quod optas. 260
And his own bidding! man of Troy, thine asking shall be done:
munera nec sperno: non uobis rege Latino
I take your gifts: nought shall ye lack from King Latinus' hand,
diuitis uber agri Troiaeue opulentia deerit.
Riches of Troy, nor health and wealth of fat and fruitful land.
ipse modo Aeneas, nostri si tanta cupido est,
But let Æneas come himself if he so yearn for me,
si iungi hospitio properat sociusque uocari,
If he be eager for our house, and would our fellow be;
adueniat, uultus neue exhorrescat amicos: 265
Nor let him fear to look upon friends' faces close anigh,
pars mihi pacis erit dextram tetigisse tyranni.
Part of the peace-troth shall be this, my hand in his to lie.
uos contra regi mea nunc mandata referte:
And now bear back unto your king this bidding that I send:
est mihi nata, uiro gentis quam iungere nostrae
I have a daughter; her indeed with countryman to blend
non patrio ex adyto sortes, non plurima caelo
The answers of my father's house forbid, and many a sign
monstra sinunt; generos externis adfore ab oris, 270
Sent down from heaven: from over sea comes one to wed our line;
hoc Latio restare canunt, qui sanguine nostrum
They say this bideth Latin Land; a man to raise our blood
nomen in astra ferant. hunc illum poscere fata
Up to the very stars of heaven: that this is he fate would,
et reor et, si quid ueri mens augurat, opto.'
I think, yea hope, if any whit my heart herein avail."
haec effatus equos numero pater eligit omni
He spake, and bade choose horses out from all his noble tale,

(stabant ter centum nitidi in praeseptibus altis); 275

Whereof three hundred sleek and fair stood in the stables high:

omnibus extemplo Teucris iubet ordine duci

These biddeth he for Teucrian men be led forth presently,

instratos ostro alipedes pictisque tapetis

Wing-footed purple-bearing beasts, with pictures o'er them flung

(aurea pectoribus demissa monilia pendent,

Of woven stuff, and, on their breasts are golden collars hung:

tecti auro fuluum mandunt sub dentibus aurum),

Gold-housed are they, and champ in teeth the yellow-golden chain

absenti Aeneae currum geminosque iugalis 280

But to Æneas, absent thence, a car and yoke-beasts twain

semine ab aetherio spirantis naribus ignem,

He sends: the seed of heaven are they, and breathing very fire,

illorum de gente patri quos daedala Circe

The blood of those that Circe stole when she beguiled her sire,

supposita de matre nothos furata creauit.

That crafty mistress, winning them, bastards, from earthy mare.

talibus Aeneadae donis dictisque Latini

So back again Æneas' folk high on their horses fare,

sublimes in equis redeunt pacemque reportant. 285

Bearing Latinus' gifts and words, and all the tale of peace.

Ecce autem Inachiis sese referebat ab Argis

But lo, where great Jove's bitter wife comes from the town of
Greece,

saeua Iouis coniunx aurasque inuecta tenebat,

From Argos wrought of Inachus, and holds the airy way.

et laetum Aenean classemque ex aethere longe

Far off she sees Æneas' joy, and where the ship-host lay

Dardanium Siculo prospexit ab usque Pachyno.

Of Dardans: yea from Sicily and far Pachynus head

moliri iam tecta uidet, iam fidere terrae, 290

She seeth him on earth at last and raising roofèd stead,

deseruisse rates: stetit acri fixa dolore.

And all the ships void: fixed she stood, smit through with bitter
wrath,

tum quassans caput haec effundit pectore dicta:

And shook her head: then from her breast the angry words came forth:

‘heu stirpem inuisam et fatis contraria nostris

“Ah, hated race! Ah, Phrygian fates that shear my fates atwain!

fata Phrygum! num Sigeis occumbere campis,

Was there no dead man’s place for you on that Sigeian plain?

num capti potuere capi? num incensa cremauit 295

Had ye no might to wend as slaves? gave Troy so poor a flame

Troia uiros? medias acies mediosque per ignis

To burn her men, that through the fire and through the swords ye came?

inuenere uiam. at, credo, mea numina tandem

I think at last my godhead’s might is wearied and gone by,

fessa iacent, odiis aut exsaturata quieui.

That I have drunk enough of hate, and now at rest may lie: — I,

quin etiam patria excussos infesta per undas

who had heart to follow up those outcasts from their land,

ausa sequi et profugis toto me opponere ponto. 300

And as they fled o’er all the sea still in their path would stand.

absumptae in Teucros uires caelique marisque.

Against these Teucrians sea and sky have spent their strength for nought:

quid Syrtes aut Scylla mihi, quid uasta Charybdis

Was Syrtes aught, or Scylla aught, or huge Charybdis aught?

profuit? optato conduntur Thybridis alueo

Lo now the longed-for Tiber’s breast that nation cherisheth

securi pelagi atque mei. Mars perdere gentem

Safe from the deep and safe from me: while Mars might do to death

immanem Lapithum ualuit, concessit in iras 305

Those huge-wrought folk of Lapithæ: the very Father-God

ipse deum antiquam genitor Calydonæ Dianæ,

Gave up the ancient Calydon to Dian’s wrath and rod.

quod scelus aut Lapithas tantum aut Calydonæ merentem?

What was the guilt of Lapithæ? what crime wrought Calydon?

ast ego, magna Iouis coniunx, nil linquere inausum

But I, the mighty spouse of Jove, who nought have left undone

quae potui infelix, quae memet in omnia uerti,

My evil hap might compass, I who ran through all craft's tale
 uincor ab Aenea. quod si mea numina non sunt 310
 Am vanquished of Æneas now. But if of no avail
 magna satis, dubitem haud equidem implorare quod usquam est:
 My godhead be, I will not spare to pray what is of might,
 flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta mouebo.
 Since Heaven I move not, needs must I let loose the Nether Night.
 non dabitur regnis, esto, prohibere Latinis,
 Ah! say it is not fated me the Latin realm to ban,
 atque immota manet fatis Lauinia coniunx:
 Lavinia must be fated wife of this same Trojan man,
 at trahere atque moras tantis licet addere rebus, 315
 Yet may I draw out time at least, and those great things delay;
 at licet amborum populos excindere regum.
 At least may I for either king an host of people slay:
 hac gener atque socer coeant mercede suorum:
 For father and for son-in-law shall plenteous price be paid,
 sanguine Troiano et Rutulo dotabere, uirgo,
 With Trojan and Rutulian blood shalt thou be dowered, O maid;
 et Bellona manet te pronuba. nec face tantum
 Bellona's self shall bridal thee; not Cisseus' seed alone
 Cisseis praegnas ignis enixa iugalis; 320
 Was big with brand; not she alone with wedding-ring has shone:
 quin idem Veneri partus suus et Paris alter,
 Yea, and this too is Venus' child; another Paris comes
 funestaeque iterum recidiua in Pergama taedae.'
 To kindle deadly torch again in new-born Trojan homes."
 Haec ubi dicta dedit, terras horrenda petiuit;
 So spake she terrible, and sank into the earth below,
 luctificam Allecto dirarum ab sede dearum
 Yea to the nether night, and stirred Alecto, forge of woe,
 infernisque ciet tenebris, cui tristia bella 325
 From the dread Goddesses' abode: sad wars she loveth well,
 iraeque insidiaeque et crimina noxia cordi.
 And murderous wrath, and lurking guile, and evil deeds and fell:
 odit et ipse pater Pluton, odere sorores
 E'en Pluto loathes her; yea, e'en they of that Tartarean place,

Tartareae monstrum: tot sese uertit in ora,
Her sisters, hate her: sure she hath as many a changing face,
tam saeuae facies, tot pullulat atra colubris.
As many a cruel body's form, as her black snakes put forth.
quam Iuno his acuit uerbis ac talia fatur: 330
To whom in such wise Juno spake and whetted on her wrath:
'hunc mihi da proprium, uirgo sata Nocte, laborem,
"Win me a work after thine heart, O Virgin of the night,
hanc operam, ne noster honos infractae cedat
Lest all my fame, unstained of old, my glory won aright,
fama loco, neu conubiis ambire Latinum
Give place: lest there Æneas' sons Latinus overcome
Aeneadae possint Italosue obsidere finis.
By wedlock, and in Italy set up their house and home:
tu potes unanimos armare in proelia fratres 335
Thou, who the brothers of one heart canst raise up each 'gainst each,
atque odiis uersare domos, tu uerbera tectis
And overturn men's homes with hate, and through the house-walls'
breach
funereasque inferre faces, tibi nomina mille,
Bear in the stroke and deadly brand — a thousand names hast thou,

mille nocendi artes. fecundum concute pectus,
A thousand arts of ill: Stir up thy fruitful bosom now;
dissice compositam pacem, sere crimina belli;
Be render of the plighted peace; of war-seed be the sower;
arma uelit poscatque simul rapiatque iuuentus.' 340
That men may yearn for arms, and ask, and snatch in one same
hour."

Exim Gorgoneis Allecto infecta uenenis
Thereon Alecto, steeped at heart with Gorgon venom.
principio Latium et Laurentis tecta tyranni
Sought Latium first and high-built house of that Laurentian king,
celsa petit, tacitumque obsedit limen Amatae,
And by the silent threshold stood whereby Amata lay,
quam super aduentu Teucrum Turnique hymenaeis
In whose hot heart a woman's woe and woman's wrath did play,

femineae ardentem curaeque iraeque coquebant. 345

About those Teucrian new-comers and Turnus' bridal bed:

huic dea caeruleis unum de crinibus anguem

On her she cast an adder blue, a tress from off her head,

conicit, inque sinum praecordia ad intima subdit,

And sent it to her breast to creep her very heart-strings through,

quo furibunda domum monstro permisceat omnem.

That she, bewildered by the bane, may all the house undo.

ille inter uestis et leuia pectora lapsus

So he betwixt her bosom smooth and dainty raiment slid,

uoluitur attactu nullo, fallitque furem 350

And crawled as if he touched her not, and maddened her yet hid,

uipeream inspirans animam; fit tortile collo

And breathed the adder's soul in her: the dreadful wormy thing

aurum ingens coluber, fit longae taenia uittae

Seemed the wrought gold about her neck, or the long silken string

innectitque comas et membris lubricus errat.

That knit her hair, and slippery soft it glided o'er her limbs.

ac dum prima lues udo sublapsa ueneno

And now while first the plague begins, and soft the venom swims,

pertemptat sensus atque ossibus implicat ignem 355

Touching her sense, and round her bones the fiery web is pressed,

necdum animus toto percepit pectore flammam,

Nor yet her soul had caught the flame through all her poisoned
breast,

mollius et solito matrum de more locuta est,

Still soft, and e'en as mothers will, she spake the word and said

multa super natae lacrimans Phrygiisque hymenaeis:

Her woes about her daughter's case, and Phrygian bridal bed.

'exsulibusne datur ducenda Lauinia Teucris,

"To Teucrian outcasts shall our maid, Lavinia, wedded be?

o genitor, nec te miseret nataeque tuique? 360

O Father, hast thou nought of ruth of her, forsooth, and thee?

nec matris miseret, quam primo Aquilone relinquet

Nor of the mother, whom that man forsworn shall leave behind,

perfidus alta petens abducta uirgine praedo?

Bearing the maiden o'er the sea with the first northern wind?

at non sic Phrygius penetrat Lacedaemona pastor,
 Nay, not e'en so the Phrygian herd pierced Lacedæmon's fold,
 Ledæamque Helenam Troianas uexit ad urbes?
 And bore Ledæan Helen off unto the Trojan hold.
 quid tua sancta fides? quid cura antiqua tuorum 365
 Nay, where is gone thine hallowed faith, thy kinsomeness of yore?
 et consanguineo totiens data dextera Turno?
 Thine hand that oft to Turnus' hand, thy kinsman, promise bore?
 si gener externa petitur de gente Latinis,
 Lo, if we needs must seek a son strange to the Latin folk,
 idque sedet, Faunique premunt te iussa parentis,
 And Father Faunus' words on thee are e'en so strait a yoke,
 omnem equidem sceptris terram quae libera nostris
 I deem, indeed, that every land free from our kingdom's sway
 dissidet externam reor et sic dicere diuos. 370
 Is stranger land, and even so I deem the Gods would say:
 et Turno, si prima domus repetatur origo,
 And Turnus comes, if we shall seek beginning of his race.
 Inachus Acrisiusque patres mediaeque Mycenæ.'
 From Inachus, Acrisius old, and mid Mycenæ's place."
 His ubi nequiquam dictis experta Latinum
 But when she thus had said in vain, and saw Latinus still
 contra stare uidet, penitusque in uiscera lapsum
 Withstand her: when all inwardly the maddening serpent's ill
 serpentis furiale malum totamque pererrat, 375
 Hath smitten through her heart of hearts and passed through all her
 frame,
 tum uero infelix ingentibus excita monstris
 Then verily the hapless one, with dreadful things aflame,
 immensam sine more furit lymphata per urbem.
 Raves through the city's length and breadth in God-wrought agonies:
 ceu quondam torto uolitans sub uerbere turbo,
 As 'neath the stroke of twisted lash at whiles the whip-top flies,
 quem pueri magno in gyro uacua atria circum
 Which lads all eager for the game drive, ever circling wide
 intenti ludo exercent — ille actus habena 380
 Round some void hall; it, goaded on beneath the strip of hide,

curuatis fertur spatiis; stupet inscia supra
From circle unto circle goes; the silly childish throng
impubesque manus mirata uolubile buxum;
Still hanging o'er, and wondering how the box-tree spins along,
dant animos plagae: non cursu segnior illo
The while their lashes make it live: no quieter she ran
per medias urbes agitur populosque ferocis.
Through the mid city, borne amid fierce hearts of many a man.
quin etiam in siluas simulato numine Bacchi 385
Then in the wilderness she feigns the heart that Bacchus fills,
maius adorta nefas maioremque orsa furorem
And stirs a greater madness up, beginning greater ills,
euolat et natam frondosis montibus abdit,
And mid the leafy mountain-side her daughter hides away,
quo thalamum eripiat Teucris taedasque moretur,
To snatch her from the Teucrian bed, the bridal torch to stay;
euhoe Bacche fremens, solum te uirgine dignum
Foaming: "Hail, Bacchus! thou alone art worthy lord to wed
uociferans: etenim mollis tibi sumere thyrsos, 390
This virgin thing: for thee she takes the spear's soft-fruited head,
te lustrare choro, sacrum tibi pascere crinem.
For thee she twinkleth dancing feet, and feeds her holy hair."
fama uolat, furiisque accensas pectore matres
The rumour flies, and one same rage all mother-folk doth bear,
idem omnis simul ardor agit noua quaerere tecta.
Heart-kindled by the Fury's ill, to roofs of all unrest:
deseruere domos, uentis dant colla comasque;
They flee the house and let the wind play free o'er hair and breast:
ast aliae tremulis ululatibus aethera complent 395
While others fill the very heavens with shrilly quivering wail,
pampineasque gerunt incinctae pellibus hastas.
And skin-clad toss about the spear the wreathing vine-leaves veil:
ipsa inter medias flagrantem feruida pinum
But she ablaze amidst of them upholds the fir-lit flame,
sustinet ac natae Turnique canit hymenaeos
And sings her daughter's bridal song, and sings of Turnus' name,
sanguineam torquens aciem, toruumque repente

Rolling her blood-shot eyes about; then eager suddenly
clamat: 'io matres, audite, ubi quaeque, Latinae: 400
She shouts: "Ho, mothers! Latin wives, wherever ye may be,
si qua piis animis manet infelicis Amatae
Hearken! if in your righteous souls abideth any love
gratia, si iuris materni cura remordet,
Of lorn Amata; if your souls a mother's right may move,
soluite crinalis uittas, capite orgia mecum.'
Cast off the fillets from your locks, with me the madness bear."
talem inter siluas, inter deserta ferarum
So through the woodland wilderness and deserts of the deer
reginam Allecto stimulis agit undique Bacchi. 405
Alecto drave the Queen around, with Bacchus' stings beset
Postquam uisa satis primos acuisse furores
But when she deemed enough was wrought that rage of hers to whet,
consiliumque omnemque domum uertisse Latini,
And that Latinus' rede and house was utterly undone,
protinus hinc fuscis tristis dea tollitur alis
Forthwith away on dusky wings is borne that evil one
audacis Rutuli ad muros, quam dicitur urbem
Unto the bold Rutulian's wall: a city, saith the tale,
Acrisioneis Danae fundasse colonis 410
Raised up by Danaë for her Acrisian folks' avail
praecipiti delata Noto. locus Ardea quondam
When on the hurrying South she fled: Ardea in days of yore
dictus auis, et nunc magnum manet Ardea nomen,
Our fathers called it; nor as yet is name thereof passed o'er,
sed fortuna fuit. tectis hic Turnus in altis
Though wealth be gone: there Turnus lay within his house on high,
iam mediam nigra carpebat nocte quietem.
And midmost sleep of dusky night was winning peacefully.
Allecto toruam faciem et furialia membra 415
When there Alecto cruel face and hellish body shed,
exuit, in uultus sese transformat anilis
And to an ancient woman's like her shape she fashioned,
et frontem obscenam rugis arat, induit albos
Wrinkling her forehead villanous; and hoary coifed hair

cum uitta crinis, tum ramum innectit oliuae;
 She donned, and round about it twined the olive-garland fair,
 fit Calybe Iunonis anus templique sacerdos,
 And seemed the ancient Calybé of Juno's holy place;
 et iuueni ante oculos his se cum uocibus offert: 420
 And so with such a word she thrust before the hero's face:
 'Turne, tot incassum fusos patiere labores,
 "Turnus, and wilt thou bear it now, such labour spent in vain,
 et tua Dardaniis transcribi sceptrum colonis?
 And give thy folk to Dardan men, the outcasts of the main?
 rex tibi coniugium et quaesitas sanguine dotes
 The King gainsays thy wedding couch, and dowry justly bought
 abnegat, externusque in regnum quaeritur heres.
 By very blood, and for his throne an outland heir is sought.
 i nunc, ingratis offer te, inrise, periclis; 425
 Go, thou bemocked, and thrust thyself mid perils none shall thank;
 Tyrrhenas, i, sterne acies, tege pace Latinos.
 For cloaking of the Latin peace o'erthrow the Tuscan rank!
 haec adeo tibi me, placida cum nocte iaceres,
 The mighty Saturn's Seed herself hath bid me openly
 ipsa palam fari omnipotens Saturnia iussit.
 To bear thee this, while thou in peace of middle night shouldst lie.
 quare age et armari pubem portisque moueri
 So up! be merry! arm the lads! bid wend from out the gate.
 laetus in arua para, et Phrygios qui flumine pulchro 430
 Up, up, and arm! The Phrygian folk who in the fair stream wait,
 consedere duces pictasque exure carinas.
 Burn thou their dukes of men with fire! burn every painted keel!
 caelestum uis magna iubet. rex ipse Latinus,
 'Tis heavenly might that biddeth this. Let King Latinus feel
 ni dare coniugium et dicto parere fatetur,
 Thy strength, and learn to know at last what meaneth Turnus' sword,
 sentiat et tandem Turnum experiatur in armis.'
 Unless he grant the wedding yet, and hold his plighted word."
 Hic iuuenis uatem inridens sic orsa uicissim 435
 But therewithal the young man spake, and answered her in scorn:
 ore refert: 'classis inuectas Thybridis undam

“Thou errest: tidings of all this failed nowise to be borne
non, ut rere, meas effugit nuntius auris;
Unto mine ears, how stranger ships the Tiber-flood beset.
ne tantos mihi finge metus. nec regia Iuno
Nay, make me not so sore afeared, — belike she minds me yet,
immemor est nostri.

Juno, the Queen of Heaven aloft.

sed te uicta situ uerique effeta senectus, 440

Nay, mother, Eld the mouldy-dull, the empty of all sooth,
o mater, curis nequiquam exercet, et arma
Tormenteth thee with cares in vain, and mid the arms of kings
regum inter falsa uatem formidine ludit.

Bemocks the seer with idle shows of many fearful things.

cura tibi diuum effigies et templa tueri;

Nay, 'tis for thee to watch God's house, and ward the images,
bella uiri pacemque gerent quis bella gerenda.'

And let men deal with peace and war; for they were born for these.”

Talibus Allecto dictis exarsit in iras. 445

But at such word Alecto's wrath in utter fire outbrake;

at iuueni oranti subitus tremor occupat artus,

A tremor ran throughout his limbs e'en as the word he spake;

deriguere oculi: tot Erinys sibilat hydrys

Fixed stared his eyes, the Fury hissed with Serpent-world so dread,

tantaque se facies aperit; tum flammea torquens

And such a mighty body woke: then rolling in her head

lumina cunctantem et quaerentem dicere plura

Her eyes of flame, she thrust him back, stammering and seeking
speech,

reppulit, et geminos erexit crinibus anguis, 450

As on her head she reared aloft two adders each by each,

uerberaque insonuit rabidoque haec addidit ore:

And sounded all her fearful whip, and cried from raving mouth:

'en ego uicta situ, quam ueri effeta senectus

“Lo, I am she, the mouldy-dull, whom Eld, the void of sooth,

arma inter regum falsa formidine ludit.

Bemocks amid the arms of kings with empty lies of fear!

respice ad haec: adsum dirarum ab sede sororum,

Look, look! for from the Sisters' House, the Dread Ones, come I here;

bella manu letumque gero.' 455

And war and death I have in hand."

sic effata facem iuueni coniecit et atro

She spake, and on the youth she cast her torch and set its blaze,
lumine fumantis fixit sub pectore taedas.

A mirky gleam of smoke-wreathed flame, amidmost of his heart:

olli somnum ingens rumpit pauor, ossaque et artus

And mighty dread his slumber brake, and forth from every part,
perfundit toto proruptus corpore sudor.

From bones and body, burst the sweat, and o'er his limbs 'gan fall;
arma amens fremit, arma toro tectisque requirit; 460

And wild he cries for arms, and seeks for arms from bed and wall:
saeuit amor ferri et scelerata insania belli,

The sword-lust rageth in his soul, and wicked thirst of war.

ira super: magno ueluti cum flamma sonore

So was it as at whiles it is, when with a mighty roar

uirgea suggeritur costis undantis aeni

The twiggen flame goes up about the hollow side of brass;
exsultantque aestu latices, furit intus aquai

The water leapeth up therewith, within comes rage to pass,
fumidus atque alte spumis exuberat amnis, 465

The while the cloudy foaming flood spouts up a bubbling stir,
nec iam se capit unda, uolat uapor ater ad auras.

Until the sea refrains no more; the black cloud flies in air.

ergo iter ad regem polluta pace Latinum

So to the dukes of men he shows how peace hath evil end,

indicit primis iuuenum et iubet arma parari,

And on Latinus biddeth them in weed of war to wend;

tutari Italiam, detrudere finibus hostem;

That they may save their Italy, and thrust the foemen forth.

se satis ambobus Teucrisque uenire Latinisque. 470

And he will fare unto the field more than the twain of worth,

haec ubi dicta dedit diuosque in uota uocauit,

Teucrians and Latins: so he saith, and calls the Gods to aid.

certatim sese Rutuli exhortantur in arma.

Then eagerly Rutulian men to war and battle bade:
hunc decus egregium formae mouet atque iuuentae,
For some his glorious beauty stirred, and some his youth drave on,
hunc atque reges, hunc claris dextera factis.
And some his sires; and some were moved by deeds his hand had
done.

Dum Turnus Rutulos animis audacibus implet, ⁴⁷⁵

But while he fills Rutulian souls with love for glorious things,

Allecto in Teucros Stygiis se concitat alis,

Alecto to the Teucrians wends on Stygian-fashioned wings,

arte noua, speculata locum, quo litore pulcher

With fresh guile spying out the place where goodly on the shore,
insidiis cursuque feras agitabat Iulus.

With toils and speed 'gainst woodland beasts, Iulus waged the war.

hic subitam canibus rabiem Cocytia uirgo

Here for his hounds Cocytus' Maid a sudden madness blent,

obicit et noto naris contingit odore, ⁴⁸⁰

Crossing the nostrils of the beasts with long familiar scent,

ut ceruum arduos agerent; quae prima laborum

As eagerly they chased a hart. This first began the toil,

causa fuit belloque animos accendit agrestis.

And kindled field-abiders' souls to war and deadly broil.

ceruus erat forma praestanti et cornibus ingens,

There was a hart most excellent, a noble hornèd thing,

Tyrrhidae pueri quem matris ab ubere raptum

That Tyrrheus' sons had stolen from its own dam's cherishing,

nutribant Tyrrhusque pater, cui regia parent ⁴⁸⁵

And fostered: he, their father, had the kingly herd to heed,

armenta et late custodia credita campi.

And well was trusted far and wide, the warden of the mead.

adsuetum imperiis soror omni Siluia cura

But to their sister Sylvia's hand the beast was used, and oft

mollibus intexens ornabat cornua sertis,

She decked him lovingly, and wreathed his horns with leafage soft,

pectebatque ferum puroque in fonte lauabat.

And combed him oft, and washed him oft in water of the well.

ille manum patiens mensaeque adsuetus erili ⁴⁹⁰

Tame to her hand, and used enow amid manfolk to dwell,
 errabat siluis rursusque ad limina nota
 He strayed the woods; but day by day betook him evermore,
 ipse domum sera quamuis se nocte ferebat.
 Of his own will at twilight-tide, to that familiar door.
 hunc procul errantem rabidae uenantis Iuli
 Him now Iulus' hunting hounds mad-eager chanced to stir
 commouere canes, fluuio cum forte secundo
 Afar from home, and floating whiles adown the river fair,
 deflueret ripaque aestus uiridante leuaret. 495
 Or whiles on bank of grassy green beguiling summer's flame.
 ipse etiam eximiae laudis succensus amore
 Therewith Ascanius, all afire with lust of noble fame,
 Ascanius curuo derexit spicula cornu;
 Turned on the beast the spiky reed from out the curvèd horn;
 nec dextrae erranti deus afuit, actaque multo
 Nor lacked the God to his right hand; on was the arrow borne
 perque uterum sonitu perque ilia uenit harundo.
 With plenteous whirr, and smote the hart through belly and through
 flank;
 saucius at quadripes nota intra tecta refugit 500
 Who, wounded, to the well-known house fled fast, and groaning
 shrank
 successitque gemens stabulis, questuque cruentus
 Into the stalls of his abode, and bloody, e'en as one
 atque imploranti similis tectum omne replebat.
 Who cries for pity, filled the place with woefulness of moan.
 Siluia prima soror palmis percussa lacertos
 Then first the sister Sylvia there, smiting her breast, cried out,
 auxilium uocat et duros conclamat agrestis.
 Calling to aid the hardy hearts of field-folk thereabout;
 olli (pestis enim tacitis latet aspera siluis) 505
 And swifter than the thought they came; for still that bitter Bane
 improuisi adsunt, hic torre armatus obusto,
 Lurked in the silent woods: this man a half-burned brand did gain
 stipitis hic grauidi nodis; quod cuique repertum
 For weapon; that a knotted stake: whate'er came first to hand,

rimanti telum ira facit. uocat agmina Tyrrhus,
 The seeker's wrath a weapon made: there Tyrrheus cheers his band,
 quadrifidam quercum cuneis ut forte coactis
 Come from the cleaving of an oak with foursome driven wedge,
 scindebat rapta spirans immane securi. 510
 Panting and fierce he tossed aloft the wood-bill's grinded edge.
 At saeua e speculis tempus dea nacta nocendi
 But she, that Evil, on the watch, noting the death anigh,
 ardua tecta petit stabuli et de culmine summo
 Climbs up upon the stall-house loft, and from its roof on high
 pastorale canit signum cornuque recuruo
 Singeth the shepherd's gathering sign, and through the crookèd horn
 Tartaream intendit uocem, qua protinus omne
 Sends voice of hell: and e'en therewith, as forth the notes were
 borne,
 contremuit nemus et siluae insonuere profundae; 515
 The forest trembled; the deep woods resounded; yea afar
 audiit et Triuia longe lacus, audiit amnis
 The mere of Trivia heard the sound, and that white water, Nar,
 sulphurea Nar albus aqua fontesque Velini,
 That bears the sulphur down its stream; the Veline well-springs
 heard:
 et trepidae matres pressere ad pectora natos.
 Mothers caught up their little ones, and trembled sore afeard.
 tum uero ad uocem celeres, qua bucina signum
 Then hurrying at the voice sent forth by the dread war-horn's song,
 dira dedit, raptis concurrunt undique telis 520
 The hardy-hearted folk of fields from everywhither throng,
 indomiti agricolae, nec non et Troia pubes
 With weapons caught in haste: and now the Trojan folk withal
 Ascanio auxilium castris effundit apertis.
 Pour from their opened gates, and on to aid Ascanius fall.
 derexere acies. non iam certamine agresti
 And there the battle is arrayed; and now no war they wake,
 stipitibus duris agitur sudibus praeustis,
 Where field-folk strive with knotty club or fire-behardened stake;
 sed ferro ancipiti decernunt atraque late 525

But with the two-edged sword they strive: the meadows bristle black
horrescit strictis seges ensibus, aeraque fulgent

With harvest of the naked steel: the gleaming brass throws back
sole lacessita et lucem sub nubila iactant:

Unto the clouds that swim aloft the smiting of the sun:

fluctus uti primo coepit cum albescere uento,

As when the whitening of the wind across the flood doth run,
paulatim sese tollit mare et altius undas

And step by step the sea gets up, and higher heaps the wave,
erigit, inde imo consurgit ad aethera fundo. 530

Until heaven-high it sweeps at last up from its lowest cave.

hic iuuenis primam ante aciem stridente sagitta,

And here, by dint of whistling shaft in forefront of the fight,
natorum Tyrrhi fuerat qui maximus, Almo,

A youth, e'en Tyrrheus' eldest son, by name of Almo hight,
sternitur; haesit enim sub gutture uulnus et udae

Was laid alow: there in his throat the reedy bane abode,
uocis iter tenuemque inclusit sanguine uitam.

And shut with blood the path of speech, the tender life-breath's road.
corpora multa uirum circa seniorque Galaesus, 535

And many a body fell around: there, thrusting through the press
dum paci medium se offert, iustissimus unus

With peaceful word, Galæsus old died in his righteousness;
qui fuit Ausoniisque olim ditissimus aruis:

Most just of men; most rich erewhile of all Ausonian land:
quinque greges illi balantum, quina redibant

Five flocks of bleaters once he had: five-fold came home to hand
armenta, et terram centum uertebat aratris.

His herds of neat: an hundred ploughs turned up the earth for him.

Atque ea per campos aequo dum Marte geruntur, 540

But while they wrought these deeds of Mars mid doubtful fate and
dim,

promissi dea facta potens, ubi sanguine bellum

The Goddess, strong in pledge fulfilled, since she the war had stained
imbuit et primae commisit funera pugnae,

With very blood, and death of men in that first battle gained,
deserit Hesperiam et caeli conuersa per auras

Leaveth the Westland, and upborne along the hollow sky,
 Iunonem uictrix adfatur uoce superba:
 To Juno such a word of pride sets forth victoriously:
 'en, perfecta tibi bello discordia tristi; 545
 "Lo thou, the discord fashioned fair with misery of fight!
 dic in amicitiam coeant et foedera iungant.
 Come let them join in friendship now, and troth together plight!
 quandoquidem Ausonio respersi sanguine Teucros,
 But now, since I have sprinkled Troy with that Ausonian blood,
 hoc etiam his addam, tua si mihi certa uoluntas:
 I will do more, if thereunto thy will abideth good;
 finitimas in bella feram rumoribus urbes,
 For all the cities neighbouring to war my word shall bring,
 accendamque animos insani Martis amore 550
 And in their souls the love of Mars and maddening fire shall fling
 undique ut auxilio ueniant; spargam arma per agros.'
 Till all strike in, and all the lea crops of my sowing bear."
 tum contra Iuno: 'terrorum et fraudis abunde est:
 But Juno answered: "Full enough there is of fraud and fear;
 stant belli causae, pugnatur comminus armis,
 Fast stands the stumbling-block of war, and hand to hand they fight:
 quae fors prima dedit sanguis nouus imbuat arma.
 The sword that Fate first gave to them hath man's death stained
 aright
 talia coniugia et talis celebrent hymenaeos 555
 Forsooth let King Latinus now and Venus' noble son
 egregium Veneris genus et rex ipse Latinus.
 Join hand to hand, and hold high feast for such a wedding won.
 te super aetherias errare licentius auras
 But thee, the Father of the Gods, lord of Olympus high,
 haud pater ille uelit, summi regnator Olympi.
 Will nowise have a-wandering free beneath the worldly sky:
 cede locis. ego, si qua super fortuna laborum est,
 Give place; and whatso more of toil Fortune herein may make
 ipsa regam.' talis dederat Saturnia uoces; 560
 Myself shall rule." Such words as these Saturnian Juno spake,
 illa autem attollit stridentis anguibus alas

And on the wing the Evil rose, with snaky sweeping whirr,
Cocytique petit sedem supera ardua linquens.
Seeking Cocytus' house, and left the light world's steep of air.
est locus Italiae medio sub montibus altis,
Midst Italy a place there is 'neath mountains high set down,
nobilis et fama multis memoratus in oris,
Whose noble tale in many a land hath fame and great renown,
Amsancti ualles; densis hunc frondibus atrum 565
The valley of Amsanctus called, hemmed in by woody steep
urget utrimque latus nemoris, medioque fragosus
On either side, and through whose midst a rattling stream doth leap,
dat sonitum saxi et torto uertice torrens.
With clattering stones and eddying whirl: a strange den gapeth there,
hic specus horrendum et saeui spiracula Ditis
The very breathing-hole of Dis; an awful place of fear,
monstrantur, ruptoque ingens Acheronte uorago
A mighty gulf of baneful breath that Acheron hath made
pestiferas aperit fauces, quis condita Erinys, 570
When he brake forth: therein as now the baneful Fury laid
inuisum numen, terras caelumque leuabat.
Her hated godhead, lightening so the load of earth and heaven.
Nec minus interea extremam Saturnia bello
No less meanwhile did Saturn's Queen still turn her hand to leaven
imponit regina manum. ruit omnis in urbem
That war begun. The shepherd folk rush from the battle-wrack
pastorum ex acie numerus, caesosque reportant
Into the city of the king, bearing their dead aback,
Almonem puerum foedatique ora Galaesi, 575
Almo the lad, Galæsus slain with changed befoulèd face.
implorantque deos obtestanturque Latinum.
They bid Latinus witness bear, and cry the Gods for grace.
Turnus adest medioque in crimine caedis et igni
Turnus is there, and loads the tale of bale-fire and the sword,
terrorem ingeminat: Teucros in regna uocari,
And swells the fear: "The land shall have a Teucrian host for lord:
stirpem admisceri Phrygiam, se limine pelli.
With Phrygians shall ye foul your race and drive me from your

door.”

tum quorum attonitae Baccho nemora auia matres 580

Then they, whose mothers midst the wood God Bacchus overbore,
insultant thiasis (neque enim leue nomen Amatae)

To lead the dance — Amata’s name being held in nowise light —
undique collecti coeunt Martemque fatigant.

Together draw from every side, and weary for the fight.

ilicet infandum cuncti contra omina bellum,

Yea, all with froward heart and voice cry out for war and death,
contra fata deum peruerso numine poscunt.

That signs of heaven forbid so sore, that high God gainsayeth,
certatim regis circumstant tecta Latini; 585

And King Latinus’ house therewith beset they eagerly;

ille uelut pelago rupes immota resistit,

But he unmoved against them stands as crag amid the sea;

ut pelagi rupes magno ueniente fragore,

As crag amid the sea, that stands unmoved and huge to meet
quae sese multis circum latrantibus undis

The coming crash, while plenteously the waves bark round its feet:
mole tenet; scopuli nequiquam et spumea circum

Vain is the roaring on the rocks and rattling shingly crash,
saxa fremunt laterique inlisa refunditur alga. 590

The wrack from off its smitten sides falls down amid the wash.
uerum ubi nulla datur caecum exsuperare potestas

But when no might is given him their blindness to o’ercome,
consilium, et saeuae nutu Iunonis eunt res,

And by the road fell Juno would the matter must win home,
multa deos aurasque pater testatus inanis

Sore called the father on the Gods and emptiness of air:

‘frangimur heu fatis’ inquit ‘ferimurque procella!

“Ah, broken by the Fates,” he cried, “amid the storm we bear!
ipsi has sacrilego pendetis sanguine poenas, 595

Ye with your godless blood yourselves shall pay the penalty,
o miseri. te, Turne, nefas, te triste manebit

Unhappy men! But Turnus, thou, thine ill deed bideth thee
supplicium, uotisque deos uenerabere seris.

With woe enough, and overlate the Gods shalt thou adore.

nam mihi parta quies, omnisque in limine portus
 For me, my rest is gained, my foot the threshold passeth o'er;
 funere felici spoliis. nec plura locutus
 Yet is my happy ending spilled." Nor further would he say;
 saepsit se tectis rerumque reliquit habenas. 600
 But, hedged within his house, he cast the reins of rule away.
 Mos erat Hesperio in Latio, quem protinus urbes
 In Latium of the Westland world a fashion was whilome,
 Albanæ coluere sacrum, nunc maxima rerum
 Thence hallowed of the Alban folk, held holy thence by Rome,
 Roma colit, cum prima mouent in proelia Martem,
 Earth's mightiest thing: and this they used what time so'er they
 woke
 siue Getis inferre manu lacrimabile bellum
 Mars unto battle; whether they against the Getic folk,
 Hyrcanisue Arabisue parant, seu tendere ad Indos 605
 Ind, Araby, Hyrcanian men, fashioned the woeful wrack,
 Auroramque sequi Parthosque reposcere signa:
 Or mid the dawn from Parthian men the banners bade aback.
 sunt geminae Belli portae (sic nomine dicunt)
 For twofold are the Gates of War — still bear they such a name —
 religione sacrae et saeui formidine Martis;
 Hallowed by awe of Mars the dread, and worship of his fame,
 centum aerei claudunt uectes aeternaque ferri
 Shut by an hundred brazen bolts, and iron whose avail
 robora, nec custos absistit limine Ianus. 610
 Shall never die: nor ever thence doth door-ward Janus fail.
 has, ubi certa sedet patribus sententia pugnae,
 Now when amid the Fathers' hearts fast is the war-rede grown,
 ipse Quirinali trabea cinctuque Gabino
 The Consul, girt in Sabine wise, and with Quirinus gown
 insignis reserat stridentia limina consul,
 Made glorious, doth himself unbar the creaking door-leaves great,
 ipse uocat pugnas; sequitur tum cetera pubes,
 And he himself cries on the war; whom all men follow straight,
 aereaque adsensu conspirant cornua rauco. 615
 The while their brazen yea-saying the griding trumpets blare.

hoc et tum Aeneadis indicere bella Latinus
 In e'en such wise Latinus now was bidden to declare
 more iubebatur tristisque recludere portas.
 The battle 'gainst Æneas' folk, and ope the gates of woe.
 abstinuit tactu pater auersusque refugit
 But from their touch the Father shrank, and fleeing lest he do
 foeda ministeria, et caecis se condidit umbris.
 The evil deed, in eyeless dark he hideth him away.
 tum regina deum caelo delapsa morantis 620
 Then slipped the Queen of Gods from heaven, and ended their delay;
 impulit ipsa manu portas, et cardine uerso
 For back upon their hinges turned the Seed of Saturn bore
 Belli ferratos rumpit Saturnia postis.
 The tarrying leaves, and burst apart the iron Gates of War,
 ardet inexcita Ausonia atque immobilis ante;
 And all Ausonia yet unstirred brake suddenly ablaze:
 pars pedes ire parat campis, pars arduus altis
 And some will go afoot to field, and some will wend their ways
 puluerulentus equis furit; omnes arma requirunt. 625
 Aloft on horses dusty-fierce: all seek their battle-gear.
 pars leuis clipeos et spicula lucida tergent
 Some polish bright the buckler's face and rub the pike-point clear
 aruina pingui subiguntque in cote securis;
 With fat of sheep; and many an axe upon the wheel is worn.
 signaque ferre iuuat sonitusque audire tubarum.
 They joy to rear the banners up and hearken to the horn.
 quinque adeo magnae positae incudibus urbes
 And now five mighty cities forge the point and edge anew
 tela nouant, Atina potens Tiburque superbum, 630
 On new-raised anvils; Tibur proud, Atina staunch to do,
 Ardea Crustumerique et turrigeræ Antemnae.
 Ardea and Crustumerium's folk, Antemnæ castle-crowned.
 tegmina tuta cauant capitum flectuntque salignas
 They hollow helming for the head; they bend the withe around
 umbonum cratis; alii thoracas aenos
 For buckler-boss: or other some beat breast-plates of the brass,
 aut leuis ocreas lento ducunt argento;

Or from the toughened silver bring the shining greaves to pass.
 uomeris huc et falcis honos, huc omnis aratri 635
 Now fails all prize of share and hook, all yearning for the plough;
 cessit amor; recoquunt patrios fornacibus ensis.
 The swords their fathers bore afield anew they smithy now.
 classica iamque sonant, it bello tessera signum;
 Now is the gathering-trumpet blown; the battle-token speeds;
 hic galeam tectis trepidus rapit, ille trementis
 And this man catches helm from wall; this thrusteth foaming steeds
 ad iuga cogit equos, clipeumque auroque trilicem
 To collar; this his shield does on, and mail-coat threesome laid
 loricam induitur fidoque accingitur ense. 640
 Of golden link, and girdeth him with ancient trusty blade.
 Pandite nunc Helicon, deae, cantusque mouete,
 O Muses, open Helicon, and let your song awake
 qui bello exciti reges, quae quemque secutae
 To tell what kings awoke to war, what armies for whose sake
 complerint campos acies, quibus Itala iam tum
 Filled up the meads; what men of war sweet mother Italy
 floruerit terra alma uiris, quibus arserit armis;
 Bore unto flower and fruit as then; what flame of fight ran high:
 et meministis enim, diuiae, et memorare potestis; 645
 For ye remember, Holy Ones, and ye may tell the tale;
 ad nos uix tenuis famae perlabitur aura.
 But we — a slender breath of fame scarce by our ears may sail.
 Primus init bellum Tyrrhenis asper ab oris
 Mezentius first, the foe of Gods, fierce from the Tuscan shore
 contemptor diuum Mezentius agminaque armat.
 Unto the battle wends his way, and armeth host of war:
 filius huic iuxta Lausus, quo pulchrior alter
 Lausus, his son, anigh him wends; — no lovelier man than he,
 non fuit excepto Laurentis corpore Turni; 650
 Save Turnus, the Laurentine-born, the crown of all to see. —
 Lausus, equum domitor debellatorque ferarum,
 Lausus, the tamer of the horse, the wood-deer's following bane,
 ducit Agyllina nequiquam ex urbe secutos
 Who led from Agyllina's wall a thousand men in vain.

mille uiros, dignus patriis qui laetior esset
Worthy was he to have more mirth than 'neath Mezentius' sway;
imperiis et cui pater haud Mezentius esset.
Worthy that other sire than he had given him unto day.
Post hos insignem palma per gramina curram 655
The goodly Aventinus next, glorious with palm of prize,
uictoresque ostentat equos satus Hercule pulchro
Along the grass his chariot shows and steeds of victories,
pulcher Auentinus, clipeoque insigne paternum
Sprung from the goodly Hercules, marked by his father's shield,
centum anguis cinctamque gerit serpentibus Hydram;
Where Hydra girded hundred-fold with adders fills the field:
collis Auentini silua quem Rhea sacerdos
Him Rhea the priestess on a day gave to the sun-lit earth,
furtuum partu sub luminis edidit oras, 660
On wooded bent of Aventine, in secret stolen birth;
mixta deo mulier, postquam Laurentia uictor
The woman mingled with a God, what time that, Geryon slain,
Geryone exstincto Tirynthius attigit arua,
The conquering man of Tiryns touched the fair Laurentian plain,
Tyrrenoque boues in flumine lauit Hiberas.
And washed amidst the Tuscan stream the bulls Iberia bred.
pila manu saeuosque gerunt in bella dolones,
These bear in war the bitter glaive and darts with piled head:
et tereti pugnant mucrone uerunque Sabello. 665
With slender sword and Sabine staff the battle they abide;
ipse pedes, tegimen torquens immane leonis,
But he afoot and swinging round a monstrous lion's hide,
terribili impexum saeta cum dentibus albis
Whose bristly brow and terrible with sharp white teeth a-row
indutus capiti, sic regia tecta subibat,
Hooded his head, beneath the roof where dwelt the king did go
horridus Herculeoque umeros innexus amictu.
All shaggy rough, his shoulders clad with Herculean cloak.
Tum gemini fratres Tiburtia moenia linquunt, 670
Then next twin brethren wend away from Tibur's town and folk,
fratris Tiburti dictam cognomine gentem,

Whose brother-born, Tiburtus, erst had named that citied place;
 Catillusque acerque Coras, Argiua iuuentus,
 Catillus, eager Coras they, men of the Argive race;
 et primam ante aciem densa inter tela feruntur:
 In forefront of the battle-wood, mid thick of sleet they fare,
 ceu duo nubigenae cum uertice montis ab alto
 Like as two centaurs cloud-begot, that down the mountains bear,
 descendunt Centauri Homolen Othrymque niualem 675
 Leaving the high-piled Homole, and Othrys of the snow
 linquentes cursu rapido; dat euntibus ingens
 With hurrying hoofs: the mighty wood yields to them as they go;
 silua locum et magno cedunt uirgulta fragore.
 The tangle of the thicket-place before them gives aback.
 Nec Praenestinae fundator defuit urbis,
 Nor did Præneste's raiser-up from field of battle lack,
 Volcano genitum pecora inter agrestia regem
 That Cæculus, whom king of men mid cattle of the mead,
 inuentumque focus omnis quem credidit aetas, 680
 All ages of the world have trowed was Vulcan's very seed
 Caeculus. hunc legio late comitatur agrestis:
 Found on the hearth: from wide away gathered his rustic band:
 quique altum Praeneste uiri quique arua Gabinæ
 Those housed upon Præneste's steep; they of the Juno land
 Iunonis gelidumque Anienem et roscida riuis
 Of Gabii: abiders near cool Anio, they that dwell
 Hernica saxa colunt, quos diues Anagnia pascis,
 On Hernic rocks, the stream-bedewed: they whom thou feedest well,
 quos Amasene pater. non illis omnibus arma 685
 Anagnia rich; the foster-sons of Amasenus' coast.
 nec clipei currusue sonant; pars maxima glandes
 Not all had arms, or clash of shield, or war-wain; but the most
 liuentis plumbi spargit, pars spicula gestat
 Cast the grey plummets forth, and some, the dart in hand they bear,
 bina manu, fuluosque lupi de pelle galeros
 And on the head the fallow fell of woodland wolf they wear
 tegmen habent capiti; uestigia nuda sinistri
 For helming: now with all of them the left foot goes aground,

instituere pedis, crudus tegit altera pero. 690
 Naked and bare; but with the hide untanned the left is bound.
 At Messapus, equum domitor, Neptunia proles,
 Messapus lo, the horse-tamer, a child by Neptune won,
 quem neque fas igni cuiquam nec sternere ferro,
 Ne'er by the fire to be spilled, nor by the steel undone;
 iam pridem resides populos desuetaque bello
 His folk this long while sunk in peace, a battle-foolish band,
 agmina in arma uocat subito ferrumque retractat.
 He calleth suddenly to fight, and taketh sword in hand;
 hi Fescenninas acies Aequosque Faliscos, 695
 Æqui Falisci are of these, Fescennium's folk of fight,
 hi Soractis habent arces Flauiniaque arua
 These lie upon Flavinium's lea, and hold Soracte's hight,
 et Cimini cum monte lacum lucosque Capenos.
 And mere and mound of Ciminus, Capena's woodland broad.
 ibant aequati numero regemque canebant:
 With measured footfalls on they go, a-singing of their lord:
 ceu quondam niuei liquida inter nubila cycni
 As whiles the snowy swans will fare amid the world of cloud,
 cum sese e pastu referunt et longa canoros 700
 Returning from their feeding-field; far goes the song and loud,
 dant per colla modos, sonat amnis et Asia longe
 Whose notes along their necks they pour: the flood resounds, and all
 pulsa palus.
 The Asian marish beat with song.
 nec quisquam aeratas acies examine tanto
 Scarce might ye deem the brazen ranks of such a mighty host
 misceri putet, aeriam sed gurgite ab alto
 Were gathered there: but rather fowl a-driving toward the coast,
 urgeri uolucrum raucarum ad litora nubem. 705
 An airy cloud of hoarse-voiced things drawn from the wallowing sea.
 Ecce Sabinorum prisco de sanguine magnum
 Lo sprung from ancient Sabine blood comes Clausus presently,
 agmen agens Clausus magnique ipse agminis instar,
 Leading a mighty host, himself a very host of war;
 Claudia nunc a quo diffunditur et tribus et gens

From whom the Claudian tribe and race hath spread itself afar
 per Latium, postquam in partem data Roma Sabinis.
 Through Latium, since the Sabine folk was given a share in Rome:
 una ingens Amiterna cohors priscique Quirites, ⁷¹⁰
 With him the Amiternian host and old Quirites come;
 Ereti manus omnis oliuiferaeque Mutuscae;
 Eretus' host and they that keep Mutusca's olive gain,
 qui Nomentum urbem, qui Rosea rura Velini,
 The bidders in Nomentum's wall, and Veline Rosea's plain,
 qui Tetricae horrentis rupes montemque Seuerum
 The bristling rocks of Tetricæ and high Severus' flank,
 Casperiamque colunt Forulosque et flumen Himellae,
 Casperia and Foruli and wet Himella's bank;
 qui Tiberim Fabarimque bibunt, quos frigida misit ⁷¹⁵
 The drinkers of the Tiber-stream and Fabaris, and folk
 Nursia, et Ortinae classes populiue Latini,
 Cool Nursia sends, and Horta's troop, and men of Latin yoke;
 quosque secans infaustum interluit Allia nomen:
 And they whom hapless Allia parts with wash of waters wan:
 quam multi Libyco uoluuntur marmore fluctus
 As many as on Lybian main the tumbling waves roll on
 saeuus ubi Orion hibernis conditur undis,
 When fierce Orion falls to sleep in wintry waters' lair;
 uel cum sole nouo densae torrentur aristae ⁷²⁰
 Or thick as stand the wheaten ears the young sun burneth there
 aut Hermi campo aut Lyciae flauentibus aruis.
 On Hermus' plain or Lycia's lea a-yellowing for the hook:
 scuta sonant pulsuque pedum conterrita tellus.
 Loud clashed the shields, and earth afeared beneath their footfalls
 shook.
 Hinc Agamemnonius, Troiani nominis hostis,
 Halæsus, Agamemnon's blood, a foe to Troy inbred,
 curru iungit Halaesus equos Turnoque ferocis
 Next yoked the horses to the car; a thousand men he led,
 mille rapit populos, uertunt felicia Baccho ⁷²⁵
 Fierce folk for Turnus: they that hoe the vine-fair Massic soil;
 Massica qui rastris, et quos de collibus altis

And they that from their lofty hills adown unto the broil
Aurunci misere patres Sidicinaque iuxta
Aruncan fathers sent, and they of Sidicinum's lea;
aequora, quique Cales linquunt amnisque uadosi
All who leave Cales, all whose homes beside Vulturnus be,
accola Volturni, pariterque Saticulus asper
The shoally water: with them went Saticula's fierce band,
Oscorumque manus. teretes sunt aclydes illis 730
And host of Oscans: slender shafts are weapons of their hand,
tela, sed haec lento mos est aptare flagello.
Which same to toughened casting-thong amid the fight they tie;
laeuas caetra tegit, falcati comminus enses.
With bucklered left and scanty blade they come to blows anigh.
Nec tu carminibus nostris indictus abibis,
Nor, Oebalus, shalt thou unsung from this our story fail,
Oebale, quem generasse Telon Sebethide nympha
Whom Telon on nymph Sebethis begat as tells the tale
fertur, Teleboum Capreas cum regna teneret, 735
When Teleboan Capreae he reigned o'er waxen old;
iam senior; patriis sed non et filius aruis
Whose son might not abide to sit within his father's fold;
contentus late iam tum dicione premebat
But even then held neath his sway the country far and wide,
Sarrastis populos et quae rigat aequora Sarnus,
Sarrastes' folk, and all the plain along the Sarnus side.
quique Rufra Batulumque tenent atque arua Celemnae,
Celenna's lea, and Batulum, and folk of Rufra's town,
et quos maliferae despectant moenia Abellae, 740
And those on whom Abella's walls, the apple-rich, look down.
Teutonico ritu soliti torquere cateias;
But these are wont to hurl the spear after the Teuton wise,
tegmina quis capitum raptus de subere cortex
Their heads are helmed with e'en such bark as on the holm-oak lies:
aerataeque micant peltae, micat aereus ensis.
All brazen-wrought their targets gleam, their brazen sword-blades
flash.
Et te montosae misere in proelia Nersae,

'Twas Nursæ in the heart of hills sent thee to battle-clash,
 Vfens, insignem fama et felicibus armis, 745
 O Ufens, well renowned of fame, and rich in battle's grace;
 horrida praecipue cui gens adsuetaque multo
 Whose folk are roughest lived of men, eager for woodland chase;
 uenatu nemorum, duris Aequicula glæbis.
 Æquiculi they hight; who dwell on land of little gain,
 armati terram exercent semperque recentis
 And ever armed they till the earth, and ever are they fain
 conuectare iuuat praedas et uiuere rapto.
 To drive the spoil from hour to hour, and live upon the prey.
 Quin et Marruua uenit de gente sacerdos 750
 Then Umbro of the hardy heart went on the battle-way;
 fronde super galeam et felici comptus oliua
 Priest was he of Marruvian folk; about his helm was bent
 Archippi regis missu, fortissimus Vmbro,
 The happy olive, leaf and twig: him King Archippus sent:
 uipereo generi et grauitur spirantibus hydrys
 Wont was he with his hand and voice the bitter viper-kind
 spargere qui somnos cantuque manuque solebat,
 And water-worms of evil breath in bonds of sleep to bind;
 mulcebatque iras et morsus arte leuabat. 755
 And he would soothe the wrath of them, and dull their bite by craft,
 sed non Dardaniae medicari cuspidis ictum
 Yet nothing might he heal the hurt that came of Dardan shaft;
 eualuit neque eum iuuere in uulnera cantus
 Nay, nothing might the sleepy song avail against his bane,
 somniferi et Marsis quaesitae montibus herbae.
 All herbs on Marsian mountains plucked were nought thereto and
 vain.
 te nemus Angitia, uitrea te Fucinus unda,
 Anguitia's thicket wept for thee, Fucinus wave of glass,
 te liquidi fleuere lacus. 760
 The thin wan waters wept for thee.
 Ibat et Hippolyti proles pulcherrima bello,
 Most goodly Virbius went to war, Hippolytus' own son:
 Virbius, insignem quem mater Aricia misit,

His mother fair Aricia sent this battle-glorious one
 eductum Egeriae lucis umentia circum
 From fostering of Egeria's wood, from out the marish place
 litora, pinguis ubi et placabilis ara Dianae.
 Where standeth Dian's altar rich fulfilled of plenteous grace.
 namque ferunt fama Hippolytum, postquam arte nouercae 765
 For folk say, when Hippolytus, undone by step-dame's lie,
 occiderit patriasque explerit sanguine poenas
 Had paid unto his father's wrath that utmost penalty,
 turbatis distractus equis, ad sidera rursus
 He, piecemeal torn by maddened steeds, yet came aback to live
 aetheria et superas caeli uenisse sub auras,
 Beneath the starry firmament, and air that heaven doth give,
 Paeoniis reuocatum herbis et amore Dianae.
 Brought back to life by healing herbs and Dian's cherishing:
 tum pater omnipotens aliquem indignatus ab umbris 770
 Then the Almighty Father, wroth that any mortal thing
 mortalem infernis ad lumina surgere uitae,
 Should rise again to light of life from nether shadows wan,
 ipse repertorem medicinae talis et artis
 Beat down with bolt to Stygian wave the Phoebus-gotten man,
 fulmine Phoebigenam Stygias detrusit ad undas.
 The finder of such healing craft, the wise in such an art.
 at Triuia Hippolytum secretis alma recondit
 But Trivia's lovingkindness hid Hippolytus apart,
 sedibus et nymphae Egeriae nemorique relegat, 775
 And in the nymph Egeria's wood she held him many a day:
 solus ubi in siluis Italis ignobilis aeuum
 Alone in woods of Italy he wore his life away,
 exigeret uersoque ubi nomine Virbius esset.
 Deedless, his very name all changed, and Virbius by-named then.
 unde etiam templo Triuia lucisque sacratis
 So for this cause to Trivia's fane and hallowed grove do men
 cornipedes arcentur equi, quod litore currum
 Drive horn-foot steeds, because, o'ercome by sea-beasts dread of
 yore,
 et iuuenem monstribus pauidi effudere marinis. 780

Piecemeal the chariot and the man they strewed about the shore.
filius ardentis haud setius aequore campi
 No less his son would drive the steeds across the level plain
exercebat equos curruque in bella ruebat.
 For all their heat, and rush to war aloft in battle-wain.
Ipse inter primos praestanti corpore Turnus
 Now mid the forefront Turnus self of body excellent,
uertitur arma tenens et toto uertice supra est.
 Strode sword in hand: there by the head all others he outwent:
cui triplici crinita iuba galea alta Chimaeram 785
 His threefold crested helm upbore Chimæra in her wrath;
sustinet Aetnaeos efflantem faucibus ignis;
 Where very flame of Ætna's womb her jaws were pouring forth;
tam magis illa fremens et tristibus effera flammis
 And fiercer of her flames was she, and madder of her mood
quam magis effuso crudescunt sanguine pugnae.
 As bloomed the battle young again with more abundant blood.
at leuem clipeum sublatis cornibus Io
 But on the smoothness of his shield was golden Io shown
auro insignibat, iam saetis obsita, iam bos, 790
 With upraised horns, with hairy skin, a very heifer grown, —
argumentum ingens, et custos uirginis Argus,
 A noble tale; — and Argus there was wrought, the maiden's ward;
caelataque amnem fundens pater Inachus urna.
 And father Inachus from bowl well wrought the river poured.
insequitur nimbus peditum clipeataque totis
 A cloud of foot-folk follow him; his shielded people throng
agmina densentur campis, Argiuaque pubes
 The meadows all about; forth goes the Argive manhood strong;
Auruncaeque manus, Rutuli ueteresque Sicani, 795
 Aruncan men and Rutuli, Sicanians of old years,
et Sacrae acies et picti scuta Labici;
 Sacranian folk, Labicus' band the blazoned shield-bearers:
qui saltus, Tiberine, tuos sacrumque Numici
 Thy thicket-biders, Tiber; those that holy acres till
litus arant Rutulosque exercent uomere collis
 Beside Numicus, those that plough Rutulian holt and hill,

Circaeumque iugum, quis Iuppiter Anxurus aruis
And ridges of Circæi: they whose meadows Anxur Jove
praesidet et uiridi gaudens Feronia luco; 800
Looks down on, where Feronia joys amid her fair green grove;
qua Saturae iacet atra palus gelidusque per imas
Where Satura's black marish lies, where chilly Ufens glides,
quaerit iter uallis atque in mare conditur Vfens.
Seeking a way through lowest dales, till in the sea he hides.
Hos super aduenit Volsca de gente Camilla
And after these from Volscian folk doth fair Camilla pass,
agmen agens equitum et florentis aere cateruas,
Leading a mighty host of horse all blossoming with brass;
bellatrix, non illa colo calathisque Mineruae 805
A warrior maid, whose woman's hands unused to ply the rock,
femineas adsueta manus, sed proelia uirgo
Unused to bear Minerva's crate, were wise in battle's shock.
dura pati cursuque pedum praeuertere uentos.
The very winds might she outgo with hurrying maiden feet,
illa uel intactae segetis per summa uolaret
Or speed across the topmost blades of tall unsmitten wheat,
gramina nec teneras cursu laessisset aristas,
Nor ever hurt the tender ears below her as she ran;
uel mare per medium fluctu suspensa tument 810
Or she might walk the middle sea, and cross the welter wan,
ferret iter celeris nec tingeret aequare plantas.
Nor dip the nimble soles of her amid the wavy ways.
illam omnis tectis agrisque effusa iuuentus
From house and field the youth pours forth to wonder and to gaze;
turbaque miratur matrum et prospectat euntem,
The crowd of mothers stands at stare all marvelling, and beholds
attonitis inhians animis ut regius ostro
Her going forth; how kingly cloak of purple dye enfolds
uelet honos leuis umeros, ut fibula crinem 815
Her shining shoulders, how the clasp of gold knots up her hair,
auro internectat, Lyciam ut gerat ipsa pharetram
And how a quiver Lycian-wrought the Queen herself doth bear,
et pastorem praefixa cuspidem myrtum.

And shepherd's staff of myrtle-wood steel-headed to a spear.



'Aeneas in the Court of Latinus' by Ferdinand Bol, 1663

LIBER VIII

BOOK VIII.

Vt belli signum Laurenti Turnus ab arce
When Turnus from Laurentum's burg the battle-sign upreared,
extulit et rauco strepuerunt cornua cantu,
When with their voices hard and shrill the gathering trumpets blare,
utque acris concussit equos utque impulit arma,
When he had stirred his war-steeds on and clashed his weed of war,
extemplo turbati animi, simul omne tumultu
All troubled were the minds of men, and midst of tumult sore
coniurat trepido Latium saeuitque iuuentus 5
All Latium swore the battle oath, and rage of men outbroke;
effera. ductores primi Messapus et Vfens
Messapus then, and Ufens great, the dukes of warring folk,
contemptorque deum Mezentius undique cogunt
Mezentius, scorner of the Gods, these drive from every side
auxilia et latos uastant cultoribus agros.
The folk to war, and waste the fields of tillers far and wide.
mittitur et magni Venulus Diomedis ad urbem
And Venulus is sent withal to Diomedes' town
qui petat auxilium, et Latio consistere Teucros, 10
To pray for aid, and tell him how the Teucrians are come down
aductum Aenean classi uictosque penatis
On Latium: how Æneas comes with ship-host, carrying
inferre et fatis regem se dicere posci
His vanquished House-Gods, calling him the Fate-ordainèd King;
edoceat, multasque uiro se adiungere gentis
How many a folk of Italy hath joined the Dardan lord,
Dardanio et late Latio increbrescere nomen:
How that his name in Latin land is grown a mighty word —
quid struat his coeptis, quem, si fortuna sequatur, 15
'What thing the man will build from this, what way the prize of fight,
euentum pugnae cupiat, manifestus ipsi
If Fortune aid him he shall turn — through this thou see'st more light

quam Turno regi aut regi apparere Latino.
Than cometh to King Turnus yet or King Latinus eyes.
Talia per Latium. quae Laomedontius heros
So goes the world in Latium now, and noting how all lies,
cuncta uidens magno curarum fluctuat aestu,
The Trojan hero drifts adown a mighty tide of care,
atque animum nunc huc celerem nunc diuidit illuc 20
And hither now his swift thought speeds, now thither bids it fare,
in partisque rapit uarias perque omnia uersat,
And sends it diversely about by every way to slip:
sicut aquae tremulum labris ubi lumen aenis
As quivering light of water is in brazen vessel's lip,
sole repercussum aut radiantis imagine lunae
Smit by the sun, or casting back the image of the moon.
omnia peruolitat late loca, iamque sub auras
It flitteth all about the place, and rising upward soon
erigitur summique ferit laquearia tecti. 25
Smiteth the fashioned ceiling spread beneath the tiling steep.
nox erat et terras animalia fessa per omnis
Night fell, and over all the world the earthly slumber deep
alituum pecudumque genus sopor altus habebat,
Held weary things, the fowl of air, the cattle of the wold,
cum pater in ripa gelidique sub aetheris axe
And on the bank beneath the crown of heaven waxen cold,
Aeneas, tristi turbatus pectora bello,
Father Æneas, all his heart with woeful war oppressed,
procubuit seramque dedit per membra quietem. 30
Lay stretched along and gave his limbs the tardy meed of rest:
huic deus ipse loci fluuio Tiberinus amoeno
When lo, between the poplar-leaves the godhead of the place,
populeas inter senior se attollere frondes
E'en Tiber of the lovely stream, arose before his face,
uisus (eum tenuis glauco uelabat amictu
A veil of linen grey and thin the elder's body clad,
carbasus, et crinis umbrosa tegebat harundo),
And garlanding of shady sedge the tresses of him had;
tum sic adfari et curas his demere dictis: 35

And thus Æneas he bespeaks to take away his woe:
‘O sate gente deum, Troianam ex hostibus urbem
“O Seed of Gods, who bearest us Troy-town from midst the foe,
qui reuehis nobis aeternaue Pergama seruas,
Who savest Pergamus new-born no more to die again,
exspectate solo Laurenti aruisque Latinis,
Long looked-for on Laurentine earth and fields of Latin men;
hic tibi certa domus, certi (ne absiste) penates.
This is your sure abiding-place, your House-Gods’ very stead;
neu belli terrere minis; tumor omnis et irae 40
Turn not, nor fear the battle-threats, for now hath fallen dead
concessere deum.

The swelling storm of godhead’s wrath.
iamque tibi, ne uana putes haec fingere somnum,
And lest thou think I forge for thee an idle dream of sleep,
litoreis ingens inuenta sub ilicibus sus
Amid the holm-oaks of the shore a great sow shalt thou see,
triginta capitem fetus enixa iacebit,
Who e’en now farrowed thirty head of young; there lieth she
alba solo recubans, albi circum ubera nati. 45
All white along, with piglings white around her uddered sides:
[hic locus urbis erit, requies ea certa laborum,]
That earth shall be thy dwelling-place; there rest from toil abides.
ex quo ter denis urbem redeuntibus annis
From thence Ascanius, when the year hath thrice ten times rolled
round,

Ascanius clari condet cognominis Albam.
Shall raise a city, calling it by Alba’s name renowned.
haud incerta cano. nunc qua ratione quod instat
No doubtful matters do I sing, — but how to speed thee well,
expedias uictor, paucis (aduerte) docebo. 50
And win thee victor from all this, in few words will I tell:
Arcades his oris, genus a Pallante profectum,
Arcadian people while agone, a folk from Pallas come,
qui regem Euandrum comites, qui signa secuti,
Following Evander for their king, have borne his banners home,
delegere locum et posuere in montibus urbem

And chosen earth, and reared their town amid a mountain place
Pallantis proau de nomine Pallanteum.

E'en Pallanteum named, from him who first began their race:

hi bellum adsidue ducunt cum gente Latina; 55

This folk against the Latin men for ever wages fight,

hos castris adhibe socios et foedera iunge.

Bid them as fellows to thy camp, and treaty with them plight;

ipse ego te ripis et recto flumine ducam,

But I by bank and flow of flood will straightly lead thee there,

aduersum remis superes subuectus ut amnem.

While thou with beating of the oars the stream dost overbear.

surge age, nate dea, primisque cadentibus astris

Arise, arise, O Goddess-born, when the first star-world sets,

Iunoni fer rite preces, iramque minasque 60

Make prayer to Juno in due wise; o'ercome her wrath and threats

supplicibus supera uotis. mihi uictor honorem

With suppliant vows: victorious grown, thou yet shalt worship me;

persolues. ego sum pleno quem flumine cernis

For I am that abundant flood whom thou today dost see

stringentem ripas et pinguia culta secantem,

Sweeping the bank and cleaving way amid the plenteous earth,

caeruleus Thybris, caelo gratissimus amnis.

Blue Tiber, sweetest unto heaven of all the streams of worth.

hic mihi magna domus, celsis caput urbibus exit.' 65

This is my mighty house; my head from lofty cities sweeps."

Dixit, deinde lacu fluuius se condidit alto

The River spake, and hid himself amid the watery deeps;

ima petens; nox Aenean somnusque reliquit.

But night and slumber therewithal Æneas' eyes forsook;

surgit et aetherii spectans orientia solis

He rose and toward the dawning-place and lights of heaven 'gan look,

lumina rite cauis undam de flumine palmis

And duly in his hollow hand he lifted water fair

sustinet ac talis effundit ad aethera uoces: 70

From out the stream, and unto heaven in such wise poured his prayer:

‘Nymphae, Laurentes Nymphae, genus amnibus unde est,
“O Nymphs, Laurentian Nymphs, from whence the race of rivers
springs,
tuque, o Thybri tuo genitor cum flumine sancto,
And thou, O father Tiber fair, with holy wanderings,
accipite Aenean et tandem arcete periclis.
Cherish Æneas; thrust from me the bitter following bane,
quo te cumque lacus miserantem incommoda nostra
What pool soe’er may nurse thy spring, O pityer of my pain,
fonte tenent, quocumque solo pulcherrimus exis, 75
From whatso land, O loveliest, thy stream may issue forth.
semper honore meo, semper celebrabere donis
For ever will I give thee gifts, and worship well thy worth,
corniger Hesperidum fluius regnator aquarum.
Horned river, of all Westland streams the very king and lord;
adsis o tantum et propius tua numina firmes.’
Only be with me; faster bind thy great God-uttered word.”
sic memorat, geminasque legit de classe biremis
Thus having said, two two-banked keels he chooseth from the fleet,
remigioque aptat, socios simul instruit armis. 80
And mans the oars and dights his folk with gear and weapons meet.
Ecce autem subitum atque oculis mirabile monstrum,
But lo meanwhile a wondrous sign is thrust before his eyes;
candida per siluam cum fetu concolor albo
For on the green-sward of the wood a snow-white sow there lies
procubuit uiridique in litore conspicitur sus;
Down by the strand, her little ones, like-hued, about her pressed;
quam pius Aeneas tibi enim, tibi, maxima Iuno,
Whom god-loving Æneas slays to thee, O mightiest,
mactat sacra ferens et cum grege sistit ad aram. 85
O Juno, at thine altar-fires hallowing both dam and brood.
Thybris ea fluuium, quam longa est, nocte tumentem
Now while the long night wore away, the swelling of his flood
leniit, et tacita refluens ita substitit unda,
Had Tiber soothed, and eddying back in peace the stream was stayed,
mitis ut in morem stagni placidaeque paludis
And in the manner of a mere the water’s face was laid,

sterneret aequor aquis, remo ut luctamen abesset.

Or as a pool, that so the oars unstrained their work may ply.

ergo iter inceptum celerant rumore secundo: 90

So now they speed their journey forth amid a happy cry;

labitur uncta uadis abies; mirantur et undae,

The oiled fir slips along the seas, the waves fall wondering then, —

miratur nemus insuetum fulgentia longe

The woods, unused, fall wondering sore to see the shields of men

scuta uirum fluuio pictasque innare carinas.

Shine far up stream; to see the keels bepainted swimming there:

olli remigio noctemque diemque fatigant

But day and night, with beat of oars, the watery way they wear,

et longos superant flexus, uariisque teguntur 95

And conquer reaches long, o'erlaid with many a shifting tree,

arboribus, uiridisque secant placido aequore siluas.

And cleave the forest fair and green along the waveless sea.

sol medium caeli conscenderat igneus orbem

Unto the midmost crown of heaven had climbed the fiery sun,

cum muros arcemque procul ac rara domorum

By then the walls, and far-off burg, and few roofs one by one

tecta uident, quae nunc Romana potentia caelo

They see; the place raised high as heaven by mightiness of Rome,

aequauit, tum res inopes Euandrus habebat. 100

Where in those days Evander had an unrich, scanty home:

ocius aduertunt proras urbiue propinquant.

So thither swift they turned their prows, and toward the city drew.

Fortē die sollemnem illo rex Arcas honorem

That day it chanced the Arcadian King did yearly honour do

Amphitryoniadae magno diuisque ferebat

Unto Amphitryon's mighty son, and on the God did call

ante urbem in luco. Pallas huic filius una,

In grove before the city-walls: Pallas, his son, withal,

una omnes iuuenum primi pauperque senatus 105

The battle-lords, the senate poor of that unwealthy folk

tura dabant, tepidusque cruor fumabat ad aras.

Cast incense there; with yet warm blood the altars were a-smoke.

ut celsas uidere rates atque inter opacum

But when they saw the tall ships glide amidst the dusky shade
adlabi nemus et tacitos incumbere remis,
 Of woody banks, and might of men on oars all silent laid,
terrentur uisu subito cunctique relictis
 Scared at the sudden sight they rise, and all the boards forsake:
consurgunt mensis. audax quos rumpere Pallas 110
 But Pallas, of the hardy heart, forbids the feast to break,
sacra uetat raptoque uolat telo obuius ipse,
 While he, with weapon caught in haste, flies forth to meet the men,
et procul e tumulo: 'iuuenes, quae causa subegit
 And crieth from a mound afar: "Fellows, what drave you then?
ignotas temptare uias? quo tenditis?' inquit.
 And whither wend ye on your ways by road untried before?
'qui genus? unde domo? pacemne huc fertis an arma?'
 What folk and from what home are ye? and is it peace or war?"
tum pater Aeneas puppi sic fatur ab alta 115
 Then spake the father Æneas the lofty deck aboard,
paciferaeque manu ramum praetendit oliuae:
 As with the peaceful olive-bough he reached his hand abroad;
'Troiukenas ac tela uidēs inimica Latinis,
 "Troy's folk ye see and weapons whet against the Latin side,
quos illi bello profugos egere superbo.
 Whom they have driven forth by war amid their plenteous pride.
Euandrum petimus. ferte haec et dicite lectos
 We seek Evander: go ye forth and tell him this, and say
Dardaniae uenisse duces socia arma rogantis.' 120
 That chosen dukes of Troy are come for plighted troth to pray."
obstipuit tanto percussus nomine Pallas:
 The sound of such a mighty name smote Pallas with amaze:
'egredere o quicumque es' ait 'coramque parentem
 "Come forth," he said, "whoso ye be: before my father's face
adloquere ac nostris succede penatibus hospes.'
 Say what ye would; come to our Gods and in our house be guest."
excepitque manu dextramque amplexus inhaesit;
 So saying he gave his hand to him, and hard his right hand pressed;
progressi subeunt luco fluuiumque relinquunt. 125
 Therewith they leave the river-bank, and wend amidst the wood:

Tum regem Aeneas dictis adfatur amicis:
 But spake Æneas to the king fair friendly words and good:
 ‘optime Graiugenum, cui me Fortuna precari
 “O best of Greeks, whom fortune wills that I should now beseech,
 et uitta comptos uoluit praetendere ramos,
 And unto thee the suppliant staff of olive garlands reach,
 non equidem extimui Danaum quod ductor et Arcas
 I feared thee not for Arcas’ seed or Duke of Danai,
 quodque a stirpe fores geminis coniunctus Atridis; ¹³⁰
 Nor for thy being to Atreus’ twins a kinsman born anigh:
 sed mea me uirtus et sancta oracula diuum
 Rather my heart, and holy words that Gods have given forth,
 cognatique patres, tua terris didita fama,
 Our fathers’ kin, the world-wide tale that goeth of thy worth,
 coniunxere tibi et fatis egere uolentem.
 Bind me to thee, and make me fain of what Fate bids befall.
 Dardanus, Iliacae primus pater urbis et auctor,
 Now Dardanus, first setter-up and sire of Ilian wall,
 Electra, ut Grai perhibent, Atlantide cretus, ¹³⁵
 Born of Electra, Atlas’ child, as Greekish stories say,
 aduehitur Teucros; Electram maximus Atlas
 Came to the Teucrians: Atlas huge Electra gave today,
 edidit, aetherios umero qui sustinet orbis.
 Atlas, who on his shoulders rears the round-wrought heavenly house:
 uobis Mercurius pater est, quem candida Maia
 But Mercury thy father is, whom Maia glorious
 Cyllenae gelido conceptum uertice fudit;
 Conceived, and shed on earth one day on high Cyllene cold;
 at Maïam, auditis si quicquam credimus, Atlas, ¹⁴⁰
 But Atlas Maia too begot, if we may trow tale told,
 idem Atlas generat caeli qui sidera tollit.
 That very Atlas who the stars of heavenly house doth raise,
 sic genus amborum scindit se sanguine ab uno.
 So from one root the race of us wends on its twofold ways.
 his fretus non legatos neque prima per artem
 Stayed by these things none else I sent, nor guilefully have sought,
 temptamenta tui pepigi; me, me ipse meumque

Assaying of thee, but myself unto thyself I brought,
obieci caput et supplex ad limina ueni. 145

And mine own head; and here I stand a suppliant at thy door.

gens eadem, quae te, crudeli Daunia bello

And that same Daunian folk of men drive us with bitter war
insequitur; nos si pellant nihil afore credunt

As fall on thee: if us they chase, what stay but utterly,

quin omnem Hesperiam penitus sua sub iuga mittant,

(So deem they) all the Westland earth beneath their yoke shall lie,

et mare quod supra teneant quodque adluit infra.

With all the upper flood of sea, and nether waters' wash.

accipe daque fidem. sunt nobis fortia bello 150

Take troth and give it: hearts are we stout in the battle's clash,

pectora, sunt animi et rebus spectata iuuentus.'

High-counselled souls, men well beheld in deeds that try the man."

Dixerat Aeneas. ille os oculosque loquentis

He ended: but Evander's look this long while overran

iamdudum et totum lustrabat lumine corpus.

His face, his speaking eyes, and all his body fair to see;

tum sic pauca refert: 'ut te, fortissime Teucrum,

Then in few words he answered thus: "How sweet to welcome thee,

accipio agnoscoque libens! ut uerba parentis 155

Best heart of Troy! and how I mind the words, and seem to hear

et uocem Anchisae magni uultumque recordor!

Anchises' voice, and see the face that mighty man did bear:

nam memini Hesioneae uisentem regna sororis

For I remember Priam erst, child of Laomedon,

Laomedontiaden Priamum Salamina petentem

Came to Hesione's abode, to Salamis passed on,

protinus Arcadiae gelidos inuisere finis.

And thence would wend his ways to seek Arcadia's chilly place.

tum mihi prima genas uestibat flore iuuentas, 160

The blossom of the spring of life then bloomed upon my face,

mirabarque duces Teucros, mirabar et ipsum

When on the Teucrian lords I looked with joy and wonderment;

Laomedontiaden; sed cunctis altior ibat

On Priam, too: but loftier there than any other went

Anchises. mihi mens iuuenali ardebat amore
 Anchises; and his sight in me struck youthful love awake.
 compellare uirum et dextrae coniungere dextram;
 I yearned to speak unto the man, and hand in hand to take:
 accessi et cupidus Phenei sub moenia duxi. 165
 So fain I met him, led him in to Phineus' wallèd place;
 ille mihi insignem pharetram Lyciasque sagittas
 And he, departing, gave to me a noble arrow-case
 discedens chlamydemque auro dedit intertextam,
 And Lycian shafts; a cloak thereto, all shot across with gold,
 frenaque bina meus quae nunc habet aurea Pallas.
 And golden bridles twain, that now Pallas, my son, doth hold.
 ergo et quam petitis iuncta est mihi foedere dextra,
 Lo, then, the right hand that ye sought is joined in troth to thine;
 et lux cum primum terris se crastina reddet, 170
 And when tomorrow's light once more upon the world shall shine,
 auxilio laetos dimittam opibusque iuuabo.
 Glad, holpen, shall I send you forth and stay you with my store.
 interea sacra haec, quando huc uenistis amici,
 Meanwhile, since here ye come our friends, with us the Gods adore
 annua, quae differre nefas, celebrate fauentes
 At this our hallowed yearly feast, which ill it were to stay:
 nobiscum, et iam nunc sociorum adsuescite mensis.'
 Be kind, and with your fellows' boards make friends without delay."
 Haec ubi dicta, dapes iubet et sublata reponi 175
 Therewith he bids bring forth once more the wine-cups and the meat,
 pocula gramineoque uiros locat ipse sedili,
 And he himself sets down the men upon a grassy seat;
 praecipuumque toro et uillosi pelle leonis
 But chiefly to the bed bedight with shaggy lion's skin
 accipit Aenean solioque inuitat acerno.
 He draws Æneas, bidding him the throne of maple win.
 tum lecti iuuenes certatim araeque sacerdos
 Then vie the chosen youth-at-arms, the altar-priest brings aid;
 uiscera tosta ferunt taurorum, onerantque canistris 180
 They bear in roasted flesh of bulls, and high the baskets lade
 dona laboratae Cereris, Bacchumque ministrant.

With gifts of Ceres fashioned well, and serve the Bacchus' joy;
uescitur Aeneas simul et Troiana iuuentus
So therewithal Æneas eats and men-at-arms of Troy
perpetui tergo bouis et lustralibus extis.
Of undivided oxen chines and inwards of the feast.
Postquam exempta fames et amor compressus edendi,
But when the lust of meat was dulled and hunger's gnawing ceased,
rex Euandrus ait: 'non haec sollemnia nobis, 185
Saith King Evander: "This high-tide that we are holding thus,
has ex more dapes, hanc tanti numinis aram
This ordered feast, this altar raised to God all-glorious,
uana superstitio ueterumque ignara deorum
No idle task of witch-work is, that knoweth not the Gods
imposuit: saeuis, hospes Troiane, periclis
Of ancient days: O Trojan chief, we, saved from fearful odds,
seruati facimus meritosque nouamus honores.
Here worship, and give glory new to deeds done gloriously.
iam primum saxis suspensam hanc aspice rupem, 190
Note first the crag, whose world of stones o'ertoppleth there anigh;
disiectae procul ut moles desertaque montis
What stone-heaps have been cast afar, how waste and wild is grown
stat domus et scopuli ingentem traxere ruinam.
The mountain-house, what mighty wrack the rocks have dragged
adown.
hic spelunca fuit uasto summota recessu,
Therein a cave was erst, that back a long way burrowing ran,
semihominis Caci facies quam dira tenebat
Held by the dreadful thing, the shape of Cacus, monster-man.
solis inaccessam radiis; semperque recenti 195
A place the sun might never see, for ever warm and wet
caede tepebat humus, foribusque adfixa superbis
With reek of murder newly wrought; o'er whose proud doorways set
ora uirum tristi pendebant pallida tabo.
The heads of men were hanging still wan mid the woeful gore.
huic monstro Volcanus erat pater: illius atros
Vulcan was father of this fiend; his black flame did he pour
ore uomens ignis magna se mole ferebat.

Forth from his mouth, as monster-great he wended on his ways.

attulit et nobis aliquando optantibus aetas 200

But to our aid, as whiles it will, brought round the lapse of days

auxilium aduentumque dei. nam maximus ultor

The help and coming of a God: for that most mighty one,

tergemini nece Geryonae spoliisque superbus

All glorious with the death and spoils of threefold Geryon,

Alcides aderat taurosque hac uictor agebat

Alcides, our avenger came, driving the victor's meed,

ingentis, uallemque boues amnemque tenebant.

His mighty bulls, who down the dale and river-bank did feed.

at furis Caci mens effera, ne quid inausum 205

But Cacus, mad with furious heart, that nought undared might be

aut intractatum scelerisque doliue fuisset,

Of evil deeds, or nought untried of guile and treachery,

quattuor a stabulis praestanti corpore tauros

Drave from the fold four head of bulls of bodies excellent,

auertit, totidem forma superante iuencas.

And e'en so many lovely kine, whose fashion all outwent;

atque hos, ne qua forent pedibus uestigia rectis,

Which same, that of their rightful road the footprints clean might lack,

cauda in speluncam tractos uersisque uiarum 210

Tail-foremost dragged he to his den, turning their way-marks back;

indiciis raptor saxo occultabat opaco;

And so he hid them all away amid that stonydark,

quaerenti nulla ad speluncam signa ferebant.

Nor toward the cave might he that sought find any four-foot mark.

interea, cum iam stabulis saturata moueret

"Meanwhile, his beasts all satiate, from fold Amphitryon's son

Amphitryoniades armenta abutumque pararet,

Now gets them ready for the road, and busks him to be gone;

discessu mugire boues atque omne querelis 215

When lo, the herd falls bellowing, and with its sorrow fills

impleri nemus et colles clamore relinqui.

The woodland as it goes away, and lowing leaves the hills.

reddidit una bouum uocem uastoque sub antro

Therewith a cow gave back the sound, and in the cavern hid
mugiit et Caci spem custodita fefellit.

Low'd out, and in despite his heed all Cacus' hope undid.

hic uero Alcidae furiis exarserat atro

Then verily Alcides' ire and gall of heart outbroke

felle dolor: rapit arma manu nodisque grauatum 220

In fury, and his arms he caught and weight of knotty oak,

robur, et aëri cursu petit ardua montis.

And running, sought the hill aloft that thrusteth toward the skies.

tum primum nostri Cacus uidere timentem

Then first our folk saw Cacus scared and trouble in his eyes,

turbatumque oculis; fugit ilicet ocior Euro

And in a twinkling did he flee, no eastern wind as fleet,

speluncamque petit, pedibus timor addidit alas.

Seeking his den, and very fear gave wings unto his feet;

ut sese inclusit ruptisque immane catenis 225

But scarcely was he shut therein, and, breaking down the chains,

deiecit saxum, ferro quod et arte paterna

Had dropped the monstrous rock that erst his crafty father's pains

pendebat, fultosque emuniit obice postis,

Hung there with iron; scarce had he blocked the doorway with the
same,

ecce furens animis aderat Tirynthius omnemque

When lo, the man of Tiryns there, who with his heart aflame

accessum lustrans huc ora ferebat et illuc,

Eyed all the entries, here and there turning about his face,

dentibus infrendens. ter totum feruidus ira 230

Gnashing his teeth: afire with wrath, thrice all that hilly place

lustrat Auentini montem, ter saxea temptat

Of Aventine he eyeth o'er, thrice tries without avail

limina nequiquam, ter fessus ualle resedit.

The rocky door, thrice sits him down awearied in the dale.

stabat acuta silex praecisis undique saxis

"There was a peak'd rock of flint with ragged edges dight,

speluncae dorso insurgens, altissima uisu,

Which at the cave's back rose aloft exceeding high to sight,

dirarum nidis domus opportuna uolucrum. 235

A dwelling meet for evil fowl amidst their nests to bide;
hanc, ut prona iugo laeuum incumbibat ad amnem,
This, that hung o'er the brow above the river's leftward side,
dexter in aduersum nitens concussit et imis
Hard from the right he beareth on, and shakes, and from its roots
auulsam soluit radicibus, inde repente
Wrencheth it loose, and suddenly adown the bent side shoots.
impulit; impulsu quo maximus intonat aether,
Then ringeth all the mighty heaven with thunder of its wrack,
dissultant ripae refluitque exterritus amnis. 240
The banks are rent, the frightened stream its waters casteth back;
at specus et Caci detecta apparuit ingens
But Cacus' den and kingly house showed all uncovered there,
regia, et umbrosae penitus patuere cauernae,
The inmost of the shadowy cave was laid undoored and bare:
non secus ac si qua penitus ui terra dehiscens
As if the inner parts of earth 'neath mighty stroke should gape,
infernus reseret sedes et regna recludat
Unlocking all the house of hell, showing that country's shape,
pallida, dis inuisa, superque immane barathrum 245
The wan land all forlorn of God: there shows the unmeasured pit,
cernatur, trepidant immisso lumine Manes.
And ghosts aquake with light of day shot through the depths of it.
ergo insperata deprensus luce repente
"But Cacus, caught unwares by day whereof he had no doubt,
inclusumque cauo saxo atque insueta rudentem
Imprisoned in the hollow rock, in strange voice bellowing out,
desuper Alcides telis premit, omniaque arma
Alcides fell on from above, calling all arms to aid,
aduocat et ramis uastisque molaribus instat. 250
And plenteous cast of boughs and stones upon the monster laid;
ille autem, neque enim fuga iam super ulla pericli,
While he, since now no flight availed to 'scape that peril's hold,
faucibus ingentem fumum (mirabile dictu)
Pours from his mouth a mighty smoke, O wondrous to be told!
euomit inuoluitque domum caligine caeca
Enwrapping all the house about with blinding misty shroud,

prospectum eripiens oculis, glomeratque sub antro
 Snatching the sight from eyes of men, and rolling on the cloud,
 fumiferam noctem commixtis igne tenebris. 255
 A reeking night with heart of fire and utter blackness blent.
 non tulit Alcides animis, seque ipse per ignem
 Alcides' spirit bore it nought; his body swift he sent
 praecipiti iecit saltu, qua plurimus undam
 With headlong leap amid the fire where thickest rolled the wave
 fumus agit nebulaque ingens specus aestuat atra.
 Of smoke, and with its pitchy mist was flooding all the cave;
 hic Cacum in tenebris incendia uana uomentem
 Cacus he catcheth in the dark spueing out fire in vain,
 corripit in nodum complexus, et angit inhaerens 260
 And knitteth him in knot about, and, strangling him, doth strain
 elisos oculos et siccum sanguine guttur.
 The starting eyes from out of him, and throat that blood doth lack:
 panditur extemplo foribus domus atra reuulsis
 Then the mirk house is opened wide; the doors are torn aback;
 abstractaeque boues abiurataeque rapinae
 The stolen kine, that prey his oath foreswore to heaven are shown,
 caelo ostenduntur, pedibusque informe cadauer
 And by the feet is dragged today the body hideous grown;
 protrahitur. nequeunt expleri corda tuendo 265
 Nor may men satiate their hearts by gazing on the thing;
 terribilis oculos, uultum uillosaque saetis
 His fearful eyes, the face of him, the man-beast's fashioning
 pectora semiferi atque extinctos faucibus ignis.
 Of bristled breast; those jaws of his, whence faded is the flame.
 ex illo celebratus honos laetique minores
 "Hence is this honour celebrate, and they that after came
 seruauere diem, primusque Potitius auctor
 Still kept the day all joyfully; Potitius wrought it first,
 et domus Herculei custos Pinaria sacri 270
 This feast of mighty Hercules; the house Pinarian nursed,
 hanc aram luco statuit, quae maxima semper
 The altar of the grove he reared, which Mightiest yet we call,
 dicetur nobis et erit quae maxima semper.

And ever more, in very sooth, shall mightiest be of all.
quare agite, o iuuenes, tantarum in munere laudum
So come, O youths, these glorious deeds I bid you glorify:
cingite fronde comas et pocula porrigite dextris,
Wreath round your hair, put forth your hands and raise the cup on high!

communemque uocate deum et date uina uolentes.’ 275

Call on the God whom all we love, and give the wine full fain!”

dixerat, Herculea bicolor cum populus umbra

He spake: the leaf of Hercules, the poplar coloured twain,

uelauitque comas foliisque innexa pendit,

Shaded his hair; the leaves entwined hung down aback his head;

et sacer impleuit dextram scyphus. ocius omnes

The holy beaker filled his hand: then merry all men sped,

in mensam laeti libant diuosque precantur.

And on the table poured their gift, and called the Gods to hear.

Deuxo interea propior fit Vesper Olympo. 280

Meanwhile unto the slopes of heaven the Western Star drew near,

iamque sacerdotes primusque Potitius ibant

And then the priests, and chief thereof, Potitius, thither came,

pellibus in morem cincti, flammasque ferebant.

All clad in skins, as due it was, and bearing forth the flame.

instaurant epulas et mensae grata secundae

New feast they dight, and gifts beloved of second service bring,

dona ferunt cumulantque oneratis lancibus aras.

And on the altar pile again the plates of offering.

tum Salii ad cantus incensa altaria circum 285

The Salii then to singing-tide heart-kindled go around

populeis adsunt euincti tempora ramis,

The altars; every brow of them with poplar leafage bound:

hic iuuenum chorus, ille senum, qui carmine laudes

And here the youths, the elders there, set up the song of praise,

Herculeas et facta ferunt: ut prima nouercae

And sing the deeds of Hercules: How, on his first of days,

monstra manu geminosque premens eliserit anguis,

The monsters twain his stepdame sent, the snakes, he crushed in hand;

ut bello egregias idem disiecerit urbes, 290
 And how in war he overthrew great cities of the land,
 Troiamque Oechalamque, ut duros mille labores
 Troy and Oechalia: how he won through thousand toils o'er great,
 rege sub Eurystheo fatis Iunonis iniquae
 That King Eurystheus laid on him by bitter Juno's fate.
 pertulerit. 'tu nubigenas, inuicte, bimembris
 "O thou Unconquered, thou whose hand beat down the cloud-born
 two,
 Hylaeumque Pholumque manu, tu Cresia mactas
 Pholeus, Hylæus, twin-wrought things, and Cretan monsters slew:
 prodigia et uastum Nemeae sub rupe leonem. 295
 O thou who slew'st the lion huge 'neath that Nemean steep,
 te Stygii tremuere lacus, te ianitor Orci
 The Stygian mere hath quaked at thee, the ward of Orcus deep
 ossa super recubans antro semesa cruento;
 Quaked in his den above his bed of half-gnawed bones and blood.
 nec te ullae facies, non terruit ipse Typhoeus
 At nothing fashioned wert thou feared; not when Typhoeus stood
 arduus arma tenens; non te rationis egentem
 Aloft in arms: nor from thine heart fell any rede away
 Lernaes turba caput circumstetit anguis. 300
 When round thee headed-manifold the Worm of Lerna lay.
 salue, uera Iouis proles, decus addite diuis,
 O very child of Jupiter, O Heaven's new glory, hail!
 et nos et tua dexter adi pede sacra secundo.'
 Fail not thy feast with friendly foot, nor us, thy lovers, fail!"
 talia carminibus celebrant; super omnia Caci
 With such-like song they sing the praise, and add to all the worth
 speluncam adiciunt spirantemque ignibus ipsum.
 The cave of Cacus, and the beast that breathed the wildfire forth.
 consonat omne nemus strepitu collesque resultant. 305
 The woods sing with them as they sing; the hills are light with song.
 Exim se cuncti diuinis rebus ad urbem
 So, all the holy things fulfilled, they wend their ways along
 perfectis referunt. ibat rex obsitus aevo,
 Unto the city: the old king afoot was with them there,

et comitem Aenean iuxta natumque tenebat
And bade Æneas and his son close to his side to fare,
ingrediens uarioque uiam sermone leuabat.
And as he went made light the way with talk of many a thing.
miratur facilisque oculos fert omnia circum 310
Æneas wonders, and his eyes go lightly wandering
Aeneas, capiturque locis et singula laetus
O'er all; but here and there they stay, as, joyful of his ways,
exquiriturque auditque uirum monimenta priorum.
He asks and hears of tokens left by men of earlier days.
tum rex Euandrus Romanae conditor arcis:
Then spake the King Evander, he who built up Rome of old:
'haec nemora indigenae Fauni Nymphaeque tenebant
'These woods the earth-born Fauns and Nymphs in time agoe did
hold,
gensque uirum truncis et duro robore nata, 315
And men from out the tree-trunk born and very heart of oak;
quis neque mos neque cultus erat, nec iungere tauros
No fashion of the tilth they knew, nor how the bulls to yoke,
aut componere opes norant aut parcere parto,
Nor how to win them store of wealth, or spare what they had got;
sed rami atque asper uictu uenatus alebat.
The tree-boughs only cherished them and rugged chase and hot.
primus ab aetherio uenit Saturnus Olympo
Then from Olympus of the heavens first Saturn came adown,
arma Iouis fugiens et regnis exsul adeptus. 320
Fleeing the war of Jupiter and kingdom overthrown:
is genus indocile ac dispersum montibus altis
He laid in peace the rugged folk amid the mountains steep
composuit legesque dedit, Latiumque uocari
Scattered about, and gave them laws, and willed them well to keep
maluit, his quoniam latuisset tutus in oris.
The name of Latium, since he lay safe hidden on that shore.
aurea quae perhibent illo sub rege fuere
They call the days the Golden Days that 'neath that king outwore,
saecula: sic placida populos in pace regebat, 325
Amid such happiness of peace o'er men-folk did he reign.

deterior donec paulatim ac decolor aetas
 But worsened time as on it wore, and gathered many a stain;
 et belli rabies et amor successit habendi.
 And then the battle-rage was born, and lust of gain outbroke:
 tum manus Ausonia et gentes uenere Sicanae,
 Then came the host Ausonian; then came Sicanian folk;
 saepius et nomen posuit Saturnia tellus;
 And oft and o'er again the land of Saturn cast its name.
 tum reges asperque immani corpore Thybris, 330
 Then kings there were, and Thybris fierce, of monstrous body came,
 a quo post Itali fluuium cognomine Thybrim
 From whom the Tiber flood is named by us of Italy,
 diximus; amisit uerum uetus Albula nomen.
 Its old true name of Albula being perished and gone by.
 me pulsum patria pelagique extrema sequentem
 Me, driven from my land, and strayed about the ocean's ends,
 Fortuna omnipotens et ineluctabile fatum
 Almighty Fortune and the Fate no struggling ever bends
 his posuere locis, matrisque egere tremenda 335
 Set in these steads; my mother's word well worshipped hither drave,
 Carmentis nymphae monita et deus auctor Apollo.
 The nymph Carmentis; and a god, Apollo, wayfare gave."
 Vix ea dicta, dehinc progressus monstrat et aram
 Now, as he spake, hard thereunto the altar-stead doth show,
 et Carmentalem Romani nomine portam
 And gate that by Carmentis' name the Roman people know;
 quam memorant, nymphae priscum Carmentis honorem,
 An honour of the olden time to nymph Carmentis, she,
 uatis fatidicae, cecinit quae prima futuros 340
 The faithful seer, who first foretold what mighty men should be
 Aeneadas magnos et nobile Pallanteum.
 Æneas' sons; how great a name from Pallanteum should come.
 hinc lucum ingentem, quem Romulus acer asyllum
 Then the great grove that Romulus hallowed the flier's home
 rettulit, et gelida monstrat sub rupe Lupercal
 He showeth, and Lupercal set beneath the cliff acold,
 Parrhasio dictum Panos de more Lycaei.

Called of Lycæan Pan in wise Parrhasia used of old.

nec non et sacri monstrat nemus Argileti 345

Thereafter Argiletum's grove he shows and bids it tell,
testaturque locum et letum docet hospitibus Argi.

A very witness, where and how the guesting Argus fell.
hinc ad Tarpeiam sedem et Capitolia ducit

Next, then, to the Tarpeian stead and Capitol they went,
aurea nunc, olim siluestribus horrida dumis.

All golden now, but wild of yore with thickets' tanglement:
iam tum religio pauidos terrebat agrestis

E'en then at its dread holiness the folk afield would quake
dira loci, iam tum siluam saxumque tremebant. 350

And tremble sore to look upon its cliff-besetting brake.

'hoc nemus, hunc' inquit 'frondoso uertice collem

"This grove," saith he, "this hill thou seest with thicket-covered
brow,

(quis deus incertum est) habitat deus; Arcades ipsum

Some godhead haunts, we know not who: indeed Arcadians trow
credunt se uidisse Iouem, cum saepe nigrantem

That very Jove they there have seen, when he his blackening shield
aegida concuteret dextra nimbosque cieret.

Hath shaken whiles and stirred the storm amidst the heavenly field.

haec duo praeterea disiectis oppida muris, 355

Look therewithal on those two burghs with broken walls foredone!
reliquias ueterumque uides monimenta uirorum.

There thou beholdest tokens left by folk of long ago:

hanc Ianus pater, hanc Saturnus condidit arcem;

For one did Father Janus old, and one did Saturn raise,
Ianiculum huic, illi fuerat Saturnia nomen.'

Janiculum, Saturnia, they hight in ancient days."

talibus inter se dictis ad tecta subibant

Amid such talk they reach the roofs whereunder did abide
pauperis Euandri, passimque armenta uidebant 360

Unrich Evander; and they see the herd-beasts feeding wide
Romanoque foro et lautis mugire Carinis.

And lowing through the Roman Courts amid Carinæ's shine.
ut uentum ad sedes, 'haec' inquit 'limina uictor

But when they came unto the house, "Beneath these doors of mine
 Alcides subiit, haec illum regia cepit.
 Conquering Alcides went," he said; "this king's house took him in.
 aude, hospes, contemnere opes et te quoque dignum
 Have heart to scorn world's wealth, O guest, and strive thou too to
 win
 finge deo, rebusque ueni non asper egenis.' 365
 A godhead's worth: take thou no scorn of our unrich estate."
 dixit, et angusti subter fastigia tecti
 He spake, and 'neath the narrow roof Æneas' body great
 ingentem Aenean duxit stratisque locauit
 He led withal, and set him down; and such a bed was there
 effultum foliis et pelle Libystidis ursae:
 As 'twas of leaves, and overlaid with skin of Libyan bear.
 nox ruit et fuscis tellurem amplectitur alis.
 Night falleth, and its dusky wings spreads o'er the face of earth,
 At Venus haud animo nequiquam exterrita mater 370
 When Venus, fearful in her soul (nor less than fear 'twas worth),
 Laurentumque minis et duro mota tumultu
 Sore troubled by Laurentine threats and all the tumult dread,
 Vulcanum adloquitur, thalamoque haec coniugis aureo
 Bespeaketh Vulcan, as she lay upon his golden bed,
 incipit et dictis diuinum aspirat amorem:
 And holiness of very love amidst her words she bore:
 'dum bello Argolici uastabant Pergama reges
 "When Argive kings were wasting Troy predestined with their war,
 debita casurasque inimicis ignibus arces, 375
 Were wracking towers foredoomed to fall mid flames of hating men,
 non ullum auxilium miseris, non arma rogau
 No help of thine for hapless ones, no arms I asked for then,
 artis opisque tuae, nec te, carissime coniunx,
 Wrought by thy craft and mastery: nor would I have thee spend
 incassumue tuos uolui exercere labores,
 Thy labour, O beloved spouse, to win no happy end;
 quamuis et Priami deberem plurima natis,
 Though many things to Priam's house meseemeth did I owe,
 et durum Aeneae fleuissem saepe laborem. 380

And oftentimes I needs must weep Æneas' pain and woe.
 nunc Iouis imperiis Rutulorum constitit oris:
 But now that he by Jove's command Rutulian shores hath won,
 ergo eadem supplex uenio et sanctum mihi numen
 I am thy suppliant, asking arms, a mother for her son,
 arma rogo, genetrix nato. te filia Nerei,
 Praying thy godhead's holiness: time was when Nereus' seed,
 te potuit lacrimis Tithonia flectere coniunx.
 Tithonus' wife, with many tears could bend thee to thy need.
 aspice qui coeant populi, quae moenia clausis 385
 Look round, what peoples gather now; what cities shut within
 ferrum acuant portis in me excidiumque meorum.'
 Their barrèd gates are whetting sword to slay me and my kin."
 dixerat et niueis hinc atque hinc diua lacertis
 She spake: with snowy arms of God she fondled him about,
 cunctantem amplexu molli fouet. ille repente
 And wound him in her soft embrace, while yet he hung in doubt:
 accepit solitam flammam, notusque medullas
 Sudden the wonted fire struck home; unto his inmost drew
 intrauit calor et labefacta per ossa cucurrit, 390
 The old familiar heat, and all his melting bones ran through:
 non secus atque olim tonitru cum rupta corusco
 No otherwise than whiles it is when rolls the thunder loud,
 ignea rima micans percurrit lumine nimbos;
 And gleaming of the fiery rent breaks up the world of cloud.
 sensit laeta dolis et formae conscia coniunx.
 In glory of her loveliness she felt her guile had gained.
 tum pater aeterno fatur deuinctus amore:
 Then spake the Father, overcome by Love that ne'er hath waned:
 'quid causas petis ex alto? fiducia cessit 395
 "Why fish thy reasons from the deep? where is thy trust in me,
 quo tibi, diua, mei? similis si cura fuisset,
 I prithee, O my God and Love? Had such wish weighed on thee,
 tum quoque fas nobis Teucros armare fuisset;
 Then, also, had it been my part to arm the Teucrian hand,
 nec pater omnipotens Troiam nec fata uetabant
 Nor had the Almighty Sire nor Fate forbidden Troy to stand,

stare decemque alios Priamum superesse per annos.
 And Priam might have held it out another ten years yet.
 et nunc, si bellare paras atque haec tibi mens est, 400
 And now if thou wouldst wage the war, if thus thy soul is set,
 quidquid in arte mea possum promittere curae,
 Thy longing shall have whatsoe'er this craft of mine may lend;
 quod fieri ferro liquidouae potest electro,
 Whatever in iron may be done, or silver-golden blend;
 quantum ignes animaeque ualent, absiste precando
 Whatever wind and fire may do: I prithee pray no more,
 uiribus indubitare tuis.' ea uerba locutus
 But trust the glory of thy might." So when his words wore o'er
 optatos dedit amplexus placidumque petiuit 405
 He gave the enfolding that she would, and shed upon her breast
 coniugis infusus gremio per membra soporem.
 He lay, and over all his limbs he drew the sleepy rest.
 Inde ubi prima quies medio iam noctis abactae
 But when the midmost night was worn, and slumber, past its prime,
 curriculo expulerat somnum, cum femina primum,
 Had faded out, in sooth it was that woman's rising-time,
 cui tolerare colo uitam tenuique Minerua
 Who needs must prop her life with rock and slender mastery
 impositum, cinerem et sopitos suscitatur ignis 410
 That Pallas gives: she wakes the ash and flames that smouldering lie,
 noctem addens operi, famulasque ad lumina longo
 And, adding night unto her toil, driveth her maids to win
 exercet penso, castum ut seruare cubile
 Long task before its kindled light, that she may keep from sin
 coniugis et possit paruos educere natos:
 Her bride-bed; that her little ones well waxen-up may be.
 haud secus ignipotens nec tempore segnior illo
 Not otherwise that Might of Fire, no sluggard more than she,
 mollibus e stratis opera ad fabrilia surgit. 415
 To win his art and handicraft from that soft bed arose.
 insula Sicani iuxta latus Aeoliamque
 Upon the flank of Sicily there hangs an island close
 erigitur Liparen fumantibus ardua saxa,

To Lipari of Æolus, with shear-hewn smoky steep;
 quam subter specus et Cyclopum exesa caminis
 Beneath it thunder caves and dens Ætnæan, eaten deep
 antra Aetnaea tonant, ualidique incudibus ictus
 With forges of the Cyclops: thence men hear the anvils cry
 auditi referunt gemitus, striduntque cauernis 420
 'Neath mighty strokes, and through the cave the hissing sparkles fly
 stricturae Chalybum et fornacibus ignis anhelat,
 From iron of the Chalybes, and pants the forge with flame.
 Volcani domus et Volcania nomine tellus.
 The house is Vulcan's, and the land Vulcania hath to name.
 hoc tunc ignipotens caelo descendit ab alto.
 Thither the Master of the Fire went down from upper air,
 ferrum exercebant uasto Cyclopes in antro,
 Where Cyclop folk in mighty den were forging iron gear;
 Brontesque Steropesque et nudus membra Pyragmon. 425
 Pyracmon of the naked limbs, Brontes and Steropes.
 his informatum manibus iam parte polita
 A thunderbolt half-fashioned yet was in the hands of these,
 fulmen erat, toto genitor quae plurima caelo
 Part-wrought, suchwise as many an one the Father casts on earth
 deicit in terras, pars imperfecta manebat.
 From all the heaven, but otherwhere unfinished from the birth,
 tris imbris torti radios, tris nubis aquosae
 Three rays they wrought of writhen storm, three of the watery wrack;
 addiderant, rutuli tris ignis et alitis Austri. 430
 Nor do the three of ruddy flame nor windy winging lack:
 fulgores nunc terrificos sonitumque metumque
 And now the work of fearful flash, and roar, and dread they won,
 miscebant operi flammisque sequacibus iras.
 And blent amid their craftsmanship the flame that followeth on.
 parte alia Marti currumque rotasque uolucris
 But otherwhere they dight the wain and wingèd wheels of Mars,
 instabant, quibus ille uiros, quibus excitat urbes;
 Wherewith the men and walls of men he waketh up to wars.
 aegidaque horriferam, turbatae Palladis arma, 435
 There angry Pallas's arms they wrought and Ægis full of fear,

certatim squamis serpentum auroque polibant
 And set the gold and serpent scales, and did with mighty care
 conexosque anguis ipsamque in pectore diuæ
 The knitted adders, and for breast of very God did deck
 Gorgona desecto uertentem lumina collo.
 The Gorgon rolling eyen still above her severed neck.
 ‘tollite cuncta’ inquit ‘coeptosque auferte labores,
 “Do all away,” he said, “lay by the labour so far done;
 Aetnaei Cyclopes, et huc aduertite mentem: 440
 Cyclops of Ætna, turn your minds to this one thing alone:
 arma acri facienda uiro. nunc uiribus usus,
 Arms for a great man must be wrought; betake ye to your might;
 nunc manibus rapidis, omni nunc arte magistra.
 Betake ye to your nimble hands and all your mastery’s sleight,
 praecipitate moras.’ nec plura effatus, at illi
 And hurry tarrying into haste.” No more he spake: all they
 ocius incubuere omnes pariterque laborem
 Fall swift to work and portion out the labour of the day:
 sortiti. fluit aes riuis aurique metallum 445
 The brazen rivers run about with metal of the gold,
 uulnificusque chalybs uasta fornace liquescit.
 And soft the Chalyb bane-master flows in the forges’ hold.
 ingentem clipeum informant, unum omnia contra
 A mighty shield they set on foot to match all weapons held
 tela Latinorum, septenosque orbibus orbis
 By Latin men, and sevenfold ring on ring about it weld.
 impediunt. alii uentosis follibus auras
 Meanwhile, in windy bellows’ womb some in the breezes take
 accipiunt redduntque, alii stridentia tingunt 450
 And give them forth, some dip the brass all hissing in the lake,
 aera lacu; gemit impositis incudibus antrum;
 And all the cavern is agroan with strokes on anvil laid.
 illi inter sese multa ui brachia tollunt
 There turn and turn about betwixt, with plenteous might to aid,
 in numerum, uersantque tenaci forcepe massam.
 They rear their arms; with grip of tongs they turn the iron o’er.
 Haec pater Aeoliis properat dum Lemnius oris,

But while the Lemnian Father thus speeds on the Æolean shore
Euandrum ex humili tecto lux suscitāt alma 455

The lovely light Evander stirs amid his lowly house,
et matutini uolucrum sub culmine cantus.

And morning song of eave-dwellers from sleep the king doth rouse.
consurgit senior tunicaque inducitur artus

Riseth that ancient man of days and on his kirtle does,
et Tyrrhena pedum circumdat uincula plantis.

And both his feet he binds about with bonds of Tyrrhene shoes;
tum lateri atque umeris Tegeaeum subligat ensem

Then Tegeæan sword he girds to shoulder and to side,
demissa ab laeua pantherae terga retorquens. 460

And on the left he flings aback the cloak of panther-hide.
nec non et gemini custodes limine ab alto

Moreover, from the threshold step goes either watchful ward,
praecedunt gressumque canes comitantur erilem.

Two dogs to wit, that follow close the footsteps of their lord.
hospitis Aeneae sedem et secreta petebat

So to the chamber of his guest the hero goes his way,
sermonum memor et promissi muneris heros.

Well mindful of his spoken word and that well-promised stay.
nec minus Aeneas se matutinus agebat; 465

Nor less Æneas was afoot betimes that morning-tide,
filius huic Pallas, illi comes ibat Achates.

And Pallas and Achates went each one their lord beside.
congressi iungunt dextras mediisque residunt

So met, they join their right hands there and in the house sit down,
aedibus et licito tandem sermone fruuntur.

And win the joy of spoken words, that lawful now hath grown;
rex prior haec:

And thuswise speaks Evander first:

‘maxime Teucrorum ductor, quo sospite numquam 470

“O mightiest duke of Trojan men, — for surely, thou being safe,
res equidem Troiae uictas aut regna fatebor,

My heart may never more believe in Troy-town’s vanquishing, —
nobis ad belli auxilium pro nomine tanto

The battle-help that I may give is but a little thing

exiguae uires; hinc Tusco claudimur amni,
For such a name: by Tuscan stream on this side are we bound;
hinc Rutulus premit et murum circumsonat armis.
On that side come Rutulian arms to gird our walls with sound.
sed tibi ego ingentis populos opulentaque regnis 475
But 'tis my rede to join to you a mighty folk of fight,
iungere castra paro, quam fors inopina salutem
A wealthy lordship: chance unhoped this hope for us hath dight;
ostentat: fatis huc te poscentibus adfers.
So draw thou thither whereunto the Fates are calling on.
haud procul hinc saxo incolitur fundata uetusto
Not far hence is a place of men, on rock of yore agone
urbis Agyllinae sedes, ubi Lydia quondam
Built up; Agylla's city 'tis, where glorious folk of war,
gens, bello praeclara, iugis insedit Etruscis. 480
The Lydian folk, on Tuscan hills pitched their abode of yore.
hanc multos florentem annos rex deinde superbo
A many years of blooming once they had, until the king
imperio et saeuis tenuit Mezentius armis.
Mezentius held them 'neath his pride and cruel warfaring.
quid memorem infandas caedes, quid facta tyranni
Why tell those deaths unspeakable, and many a tyrant's deed?
effera? di capiti ipsius generique reseruent!
May the Gods store them for the heads of him and all his seed!
mortua quin etiam iungebat corpora uiuis 485
Yea, yea, dead corpses would he join to bodies living yet,
componens manibusque manus atque oribus ora,
And hand to hand, O misery! and mouth to mouth would set;
tormenti genus, et sanie taboque fluentis
There, drenched with gore and drenched with dew of death, must
they abide,
complexu in misero longa sic morte necabat.
A foul embrace unspeakable, and long and long they died.
at fessi tandem ciues infanda furentem
Worn out at last, his folk in arms beset his house about,
armati circumsistunt ipsumque domumque, 490
And him therein all mad with rage, cut of his following rout,

obtruncant socios, ignem ad fastigia iactant.
 And cast the wildfire therewithal over his roof on high:
 ille inter caedem Rutulorum elapsus in agros
 But he, amidst the slaughter slipped, to fields of Rutuli
 confugere et Turni defendier hospitibus armis.
 Made shift to flee, and there is held a guest by Turnus' sword.
 ergo omnis furiis surrexit Etruria iustis,
 So by just anger raised today Etruria is abroad,
 regem ad supplicium praesenti Marte repossunt. 495
 Crying with Mars to aid, 'Give back the king to pay the cost!'
 his ego te, Aenea, ductorem milibus addam.
 Æneas, I will make thee now the captain of their host:
 toto namque fremunt condensae litore puppes
 For down the whole coast goes the roar from out their ship-host's
 pack;
 signaque ferre iubent, retinet longaeus haruspex
 They cry to bear the banners forth; but them still holdeth back
 fata canens: "o Maeoniae delecta iuventus,
 The ancient seer, thus singing Fate: Mæonia's chosen peers,
 flos ueterum uirtusque uirum, quos iustus in hostem 500
 The heart and flower of men of old, whom grief's just measure bears
 fert dolor et merita accendit Mezentius ira,
 Against the foe; souls that your king hath stirred to righteous wrath,
 nulli fas Italo tantam subiungere gentem:
 No man of Italy is meet to lead this army forth;
 externos optate duces." tum Etrusca resedit
 Seek outland captains. Then, indeed, the Tuscan war array,
 hoc acies campo monitis exterrita diuum.
 Feared by such warnings of the Gods, amidst these meadows lay.
 ipse oratores ad me regnique coronam 505
 Tarchon himself hath hither sent sweet speakers, bearing me
 cum sceptro misit mandatque insignia Tarchon,
 Their lordships' kingly staff and crown, and signs of royalty;
 succedam castris Tyrrhenaque regna capessam.
 And bidding take the Tuscan land and join their camp of war.
 sed mihi tarda gelu saeculisque effeta senectus
 But old adull with winter frost and spent with days of yore,

inuidet imperium seraeque ad fortia uires.

My body over-old for deeds begrudged such government.

natum exhortarer, ni mixtus matre Sabella 510

I would have stirred my son, but he, with Sabine mother blent,

hinc partem patriae traheret. tu, cuius et annis

Shared blood of this Italian land: but thee the Fates endow

et generi fatum indulget, quem numina poscunt,

With years and race full meet hereto; the Gods call on thee now.

ingredere, o Teucrum atque Italum fortissime ductor.

Go forth, O captain valorous of Italy and Troy.

hunc tibi praeterea, spes et solacia nostri,

Yea, I will give thee Pallas here, my hope and darling joy,

Pallanta adiungam; sub te tolerare magistro 515

And bid him 'neath thy mastery learn in battle to be bold,

militiam et graue Martis opus, tua cernere facta

And win the heavy work of Mars, and all thy deeds behold;

adsuescat, primis et te miretur ab annis.

And, wondering at thy valiancy, win through his earliest years.

Arcadas huic equites bis centum, robora pubis

Two hundred knights of Arcady, the bloom of all it bears,

lecta dabo, totidemque suo tibi nomine Pallas.'

I give thee; in his own name, too, like host shall Pallas bring."

Vix ea fatus erat, defixique ora tenebant 520

Scarce had he said, and still their gaze unto the earth did cling,

Aeneas Anchisiades et fidus Achates,

Æneas of Anchises born and his Achates true,

multaque dura suo tristi cum corde putabant,

For many thoughts of matters hard their minds were running through,

ni signum caelo Cytherea dedisset aperto.

When Cytherea gave a sign amid the open sky;

namque improuiso uibratus ab aethere fulgor

For from the left a flash of light went quivering suddenly,

cum sonitu uenit et ruere omnia uisa repente, 525

And sound went with it, and all things in utter turmoil fared,

Tyrrhenusque tubae mugire per aethera clangor.

And clangour of the Tyrrhene trump along the heavens blared.

suspiciunt, iterum atque iterum fragor increpat ingens.

They look up; ever and anon a mighty clash they hear,
 arma inter nubem caeli in regione serena
 And gleams they see betwixt the clouds, amid the sky-land clear,
 per sudum rutilare uident et pulsa tonare.
 The glitter of the arms of God, the thunder of their clang.
 obstipuerunt animis alii, sed Troius heros 530
 The man of Troy, while others' hearts amazed and fearful hang,
 agnouit sonitum et diuinae promissa parentis.
 Knoweth the sound, the promised help, his Goddess-mother's need.
 tum memorat: 'ne uero, hospes, ne quaere profecto
 He saith: "Yea, verily, O host, to ask is little need
 quem casum portenta ferant: ego poscor Olympo.
 What hap this portent draweth on: the Gods will have me wend;
 hoc signum cecinit missuram diua creatrix,
 The God that made me promised erst such heavenly signs to send
 si bellum ingrueret, Volcaniaque arma per auras 535
 If war were toward; and through the sky she promised to bear down
 laturam auxilio.
 Arms Vulcan-fashioned for my need.
 heu quantae miseris caedes Laurentibus instant!
 Woe's me for poor Laurentium's folk! what death, what bloody
 graves!
 quas poenas mihi, Turne, dabis! quam multa sub undas
 — Ah, Turnus, thou shalt pay it me! — how many 'neath thy waves,
 scuta uirum galeasque et fortia corpora uolues,
 O Father Tiber, shalt thou roll the shields and helms of men,
 Thybri pater! poscant acies et foedera rumpant.' 540
 And bodies of the mighty ones! Cry war, oath-breakers, then!"
 Haec ubi dicta dedit, solio se tollit ab alto
 And as he spake the word he rose from off the lofty throne,
 et primum Herculeis sopitas ignibus aras
 And the slaked fire of Hercules roused on the altar-stone;
 excitat, hesternumque larem paruosque penatis
 And joyfully he drew anear the God of yesterday
 laetus adit; mactat lectas de more bidentis
 And little House-Gods: chosen ewes in manner due they slay,
 Euandrus pariter, pariter Troiana iuuentus. 545

Evander and the youth of Troy together side by side.
post hinc ad nauis graditur sociosque reuisit,
Then to the ships they wend their ways, where yet their fellows bide:
quorum de numero qui sese in bella sequantur
There men to follow him in fight he chooseth from the peers,
praestantis uirtute legit; pars cetera prona
The flower of hardy hearts; the rest the downlong water bears;
fertur aqua segnisque secundo defluit amni,
Deedless they swim adown the stream, Ascanius home to bring
nuntia uentura Ascanio rerumque patrisque. 550
The tidings of his coming sire and matters flourishing.
dantur equi Teucris Tyrrhena petentibus arua;
But horses get such Teucrian men as are for Tyrrhene mead;
ducunt exsortem Aeneae, quem fulua leonis
By lot they choose Æneas one which yellow lion's weed
pellis obit totum praefulgens unguibus aureis.
Goes all about; full fair it shone, for it was golden-clawed.
Fama uolat paruam subito uulgata per urbem
Then sudden through the little town the rumour flies abroad,
ocius ire equites Tyrrheni ad limina regis. 555
That knights will speedily ride forth to Tyrrhene kingly stead.
uota metu duplicant matres, propiusque periclo
Then fear redoubleth mothers' prayers, and nigher draweth dread
it timor et maior Martis iam apparet imago.
In peril's hand, and greater still the face of Mars doth grow.
tum pater Euandrus dextram complexus euntis
Father Evander strains the hand of him that needs must go,
haeret inexpletus lacrimans ac talia fatur:
Clinging with tears insatiate, and such a word doth say:
'o mihi praeteritos referat si Iuppiter annos, 560
"O me! would Jove bring back again the years long worn away!
qualis eram cum primam aciem Praeneste sub ipsa
Were I as when the foremost foes upon Praeneste's field
straui scutorumque incendi uictor aceruos
I felled, and burnt victoriously a heap of shield on shield:
et regem hac Erulum dextra sub Tartara misi,
When with this very hand I sent King Herilus to Hell,

nascenti cui tris animas Feronia mater
 Whose dam, Feronia, at his birth, — wild is the tale to tell, —
 (horrendum dictu) dederat, terna arma mouenda — 565
 Had given him gift of threefold life; three times the sword to shake,
 ter leto sternendus erat; cui tunc tamen omnis
 And thrice to fall upon the field: yet did this right hand take
 abstulit haec animas dextra et totidem exuit armis:
 That threefold life away from him, thrice spoiled him of his gear.
 non ego nunc dulci amplexu diuellerer usquam,
 O were I such, ne'er would I break from thine embracing dear,
 nate, tuo, neque finitimo Mezentius umquam
 O son; nor had Mezentius erst, the tyrant neighbour lord,
 huic capiti insultans tot ferro saeua dedisset 570
 In my despite so many deaths wrought with his cruel sword,
 funera, tam multis uiduasset ciuibus urbem.
 Nor widowed this our city here of such a host of sons.
 at uos, o superi, et diuum tu maxime rector
 But ye, O Gods! — thou Mightiest, King of all heavenly ones,
 Iuppiter, Arcadii, quaeso, miserescite regis
 O Jove, have pity now, I pray, upon the Arcadian King,
 et patrias audite preces. si numina uestra
 And hear a father's prayers! for if your mighty governing, —
 incolumem Pallanta mihi, si fata reseruant, 575
 If Fate shall keep my Pallas safe, and I may live to see
 si uisurus eum uiuo et uenturus in unum,
 His face again, — if he return to keep our unity,
 uitam oro, patior quemuis durare laborem.
 Then may I live, and any toil, such as ye will, abide!
 sin aliquem infandum casum, Fortuna, minaris,
 But, Fortune, if thou threatenest ill, and misery betide,
 nunc, nunc o liceat crudelem abrumpere uitam,
 Then let me now, yea, now indeed, the cruel life break through,
 dum curae ambiguae, dum spes incerta futuri, 580
 While yet my fear is unfulfilled and hope may yet come true;
 dum te, care puer, mea sola et sera uoluptas,
 While thee, belovèd joy of eld, I wrap mine arms around,
 complexu teneo, grauior neu nuntius auris

Ere yet the tale of evil hap mine ancient ears may wound."
 uulneret.' haec genitor digressu dicta supremo
 Thus at their last departing-tide the father poured the prayer,
 fundebat; famuli conlapsum in tecta ferebant.
 Whom, fainting now, the serving-men back within doors must bear;
 Iamque adeo exierat portis equitatus apertis 585
 While forth from out the open gate the host of horsemen ride,
 Aeneas inter primos et fidus Achates,
 Æneas and Achates leal in forefront of their pride,
 inde alii Troiae proceres; ipse agmine Pallas
 And then the other Trojan lords: amidst the company,
 it medio chlamyde et pictis conspectus in armis,
 In cloak adorned and painted arms, was Pallas fair to see:
 qualis ubi Oceani perfusus Lucifer unda,
 E'en such as Lucifer, when he bathed in the ocean stream,
 quem Venus ante alios astrorum diligit ignis, 590
 The light beloved of Venus well o'er every starry beam,
 extulit os sacrum caelo tenebrasque resoluit.
 Hath raised his holy head in heaven and down the darkness rent.
 stant puidae in muris matres oculisque sequuntur
 The fearful mothers on the walls their eyen after sent,
 pulueream nubem et fulgentis aere cateruas.
 Following the dusty cloud of them and ranks of glittering brass.
 olli per dumos, qua proxima meta uiarum,
 But mid the thicket places there by highest road they pass
 armati tendunt; it clamor, et agmine facto 595
 Unto their end in weed of war: with shout and serried band
 quadripedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum.
 The clattering hooves of four-foot things shake down the dusty land.
 est ingens gelidum lucus prope Caeritis amnem,
 There is a mighty thicket-place by chilly Cæres' side,
 religione patrum late sacer; undique colles
 By ancient dread of fathers gone held holy far and wide:
 inclusere caui et nigra nemus abiete cingunt.
 A place that hollow hills shut in and pine-wood black begirds.
 Siluano fama est ueteres sacrasse Pelagos, 600
 Men say that to Silvanus erst, the God of fields and herds,

aruorum pecorisque deo, lucumque diemque,
The old Pelasgi hallowed it, and made a holy day,
qui primi finis aliquando habuere Latinos.
E'en those who in the time agone on Latin marches lay.
haud procul hinc Tarcho et Tyrrheni tuta tenebant
No great way hence the Tuscan folk and Tarcho held them still
castra locis, celsoque omnis de colle uideri
In guarded camp; the host of them from rising of a hill
iam poterat legio et latis tendebat in aruis. 605
Might now be seen, as far and wide they spread about the field.
huc pater Aeneas et bello lecta iuuentus
Father Æneas and his folk, the mighty under shield,
succedunt, fessique et equos et corpora curant.
Speed hither, and forewearied now their steeds and bodies tend.
At Venus aetherios inter dea candida nimbos
But through the clouds of heavenly way doth fair white Venus wend,
dona ferens aderat; natumque in ualle reducta
Bearing the gift; who when she saw in hidden valley there
ut procul egelido secretum flumine uidit, 610
Her son afar, apart from men by river cool and fair,
talibus adfata est dictis seque obtulit ultro:
Then kind she came before his eyes, and in such words she spake:
'en perfecta mei promissa coniugis arte
"These promised gifts, my husband's work, O son, I bid thee take:
munera. ne mox aut Laurentis, nate, superbos
So shalt thou be all void of doubt, O son, when presently
aut acrem dubites in proelia poscere Turnum.'
Laurentines proud and Turnus fierce thou bidst the battle try."
dixit, et amplexus nati Cytherea petiuit, 615
So spake the Cytherean one and sought her son's embrace,
arma sub aduersa posuit radiantia quercu.
And hung the beaming arms upon an oak that stood in face.
ille deae donis et tanto laetus honore
But he, made glad by godhead's gift, and such a glory great,
expleri nequit atque oculos per singula uoluit,
Marvelleth and rolleth o'er it all his eyes insatiate,
miraturque interque manus et brachia uersat

And turns the pieces o'er and o'er his hands and arms between;
terribilem cristis galeam flammasque uomentem, 620

The helm that flasheth flames abroad with crest so dread beseen:
fatiferumque ensem, loricam ex aere rigentem,

The sword to do the deeds of Fate; the hard-wrought plates of brass,
sanguineam, ingentem, qualis cum caerula nubes

Blood-red and huge; yea, e'en as when the bright sun brings to pass
solis inardescit radiis longaeque refulget;

Its burning through the coal-blue clouds and shines o'er field and
fold:

tum leuis ocreas electro auroque recocto,

The light greaves forged and forged again of silver-blend and gold:
hastamque et clipei non enarrabile textum. 625

The spear, and, thing most hard to tell, the plating of the shield.
illic res Italas Romanorumque triumphos

For there the tale of Italy and Roman joy afield

haud uatum ignarus uenturique inscius aevi

That Master of the Fire had wrought, not unlearned of the seers,
fecerat ignipotens, illic genus omne futurae

Or blind to see the days before. The men of coming years,
stirpis ab Ascanio pugnataque in ordine bella.

Ascanius stem, all foughten fields, were wrought in due array.

fecerat et uiridi fetam Mauortis in antro 630

In the green den of Mavors there the fostering she-wolf lay,

procubuisse lupam, geminos huic ubera circum

The twin lads sporting round the beast, clung to her udders there,
ludere pendentis pueros et lambere matrem

And sucked the nursing mother-wolf, and nothing knew of fear;
impauidos, illam tereti ceruice reflexa

But she, with lithe neck turned about, now this now that caressed,
mulcere alternos et corpora fingere lingua.

And either body with her tongue for hardy shaping pressed.

nec procul hinc Romam et raptas sine more Sabinas 635

Rome had he done anigh thereto and Sabine maidens caught
consessu caueae, magnis Circensibus actis,

From concourse of the hollow seats when roundway games were
wrought

addiderat, subitoque nouum consurgere bellum
 There for the sons of Romulus the sudden war upstarts
 Romulidis Tatioque seni Curibusque seueris.
 With Tatius, the old king of days, and Cures' hardy hearts.
 post idem inter se posito certamine reges
 Then those two kings, the battle quenched, yet clad in battle-gear,
 armati Iouis ante aram paterasque tenentes 640
 Stand with the bowl in hand before the fire of Jupiter,
 stabant et caesa iungebant foedera porca.
 As each to each o'er slaughtered sow the troth of peace they plight.
 haud procul inde citae Mettum in diuersa quadrigae
 Anigh is Metius piecemeal dragged by foursome chariots light.
 distulerant (at tu dictis, Albane, maneres!),
 — Ah, Alban, by the troth of words 'twere better to abide! —
 raptabatque uiri mendacis uiscera Tullus
 There Tullus strews his lying flesh about the thicket wide,
 per siluam, et sparsi rorabant sanguine uepres. 645
 Nor sprinkling of a traitor's blood the bramble-bushes lack.
 nec non Tarquinius eiectum Porsenna iubebat
 There was Porsenna bidding men take outcast Tarquin back,
 accipere ingentique urbem obsidione premebat;
 The while his mighty leaguer lay about the city's weal.
 Aeneadae in ferrum pro libertate ruebant.
 For freedom there Æneas' sons were rushing on the steel:
 illum indignanti similem similemque minanti
 As full of wrath, as one who threats, might ye behold his frown,
 aspiceres, pontem auderet quia uellere Cocles 650
 Because that Cocles was of heart to break the bridge adown;
 et fluuium uinclis innaret Cloelia ruptis.
 And Cloelia from her bursten bonds was swimming o'er the flood.
 in summo custos Tarpeiae Manlius arcis
 On topmost of Tarpeian burg the warden Manlius stood
 stabat pro templo et Capitolia celsa tenebat,
 Before the house of God, and held the Capitol high-set;
 Romuleoque recens horrebat regia culmo.
 Whereon with straw of Romulus the roof was bristling yet.
 atque hic auratis uolitans argenteus anser 655

There fluttering mid the golden porch the silver goose was done,
 porticibus Gallos in limine adesse canebat;
 The seer that told of Gaulish feet unto the threshold won:
 Galli per dumos aderant arcemque tenebant
 Then through the brake the Gauls were come, and held the castle's
 height,
 defensi tenebris et dono noctis opacae.
 Beneath the shielding of the mirk and gift of shadowy night.
 aurea caesaries ollis atque aurea uestis,
 All golden are the locks of these, and golden is their gear,
 uirgatis lucent sagulis, tum lactea colla 660
 And fair they shine in welshed coats; their milk-white necks do bear
 auro innectuntur, duo quisque Alpina coruscant
 The twisted gold; each one in hand two Alpine spears doth wield,
 gaesa manu, scutis protecti corpora longis.
 And guarded are their bodies well with plenteous length of shield.
 hic exsultantis Salios nudosque Lupercos
 The Salii in their dancing game; the naked Luperci,
 lanigerosque apices et lapsa ancilia caelo
 With crests that bore the tuft of wool and shields from out the sky,
 extuderat, castae ducebant sacra per urbem 665
 There had he wrought: the mothers chaste in softly-gliding car
 pilentis matres in mollibus. hinc procul addit
 Bore holy things the city through. Yea, he had wrought afar
 Tartareas etiam sedes, alta ostia Ditis,
 The very house of Tartarus, and doors of Dis the deep,
 et scelerum poenas, et te, Catilina, minaci
 And dooms of evil: there wert thou hung on the beetling steep,
 pendentem scopulo Furiarumque ora trementem,
 O Catiline, and quaking sore 'neath many a fiendly face;
 secretosque pios, his dantem iura Catonem. 670
 While Cato gave the good their laws in happy hidden place.
 haec inter tumidi late maris ibat imago
 The image of the swelling sea amidst of these there lay
 aurea, sed fluctu spumabant caerulea cano,
 All golden, with the blue o'erfoamed with flecks of hoary spray,
 et circum argento clari delphines in orbem

And dolphins shining silver-white with tail-stroke swept the wave,
aequora uerrebant caudis aestumque secabant.

And gathered in an orbèd band the flowing waters clave.

in medio classis aeratas, Actia bella, 675

And in the midst were brazen fleets and show of Actium's wars
cernere erat, totumque instructo Marte uideres

And all Leucate set a-boil with ordered game of Mars
feruere Leucaten auroque effulgere fluctus.

There might ye see; and all the flood lit up with golden light.

hinc Augustus agens Italos in proelia Caesar

Augustus Cæsar, leading on Italian men to fight
cum patribus populoque, penatibus et magnis dis,

With Father-folk, and Household Gods, and Gods of greater name,
stans celsa in puppi, geminas cui tempora flammas 680

Stood high on deck: his joyful brow flashed forth a twofold flame,
laeta uomunt patriumque aperitur uertice sidus.

His father's star above his head is shining glory-clear.

parte alia uentis et dis Agrippa secundis

With wind to aid and God to aid, Agrippa elsewhere

arduus agmen agens, cui, belli insigne superbum,

Leads on the host from high; whose brows with glorious battle-sign
tempora nauali fulgent rostrata corona.

Are decked; for with the crown of beaks, the ship-host's prize, they
shine.

hinc ope barbarica uariisque Antonius armis, 685

But Antony, with outland force and arms wrought diversely,
uictor ab Aurorae populis et litore rubro,

Victorious from the morning-folks and ruddy-stranded sea,

Aegyptum uirisque Orientis et ultima secum

Bore Egypt and the Eastland might and Bactria's outer ends;

Bactra uehit, sequiturque (nefas) Aegyptia coniunx.

And after him — O shame to tell! — a wife of Egypt wends.

una omnes ruere ac totum spumare reductis

They rush together; all the sea is beaten into foam,

conuulsum remis rostrisque tridentibus aequor. 690

Torn by the great three-tyndè beaks and oar-blades driven home:

alta petunt; pelago credas innare reuulsas

They seek the deep: ye might have thought that upturn Cyclades
Cycladas aut montis concurrere montibus altos,
Swam o'er the main, that mountains met high mountains on the seas,
tanta mole uiri turritis puppibus instant.
With such a world of towered ships fall on those folks of war.
stuppea flamma manu telisque uolatile ferrum
The hempen flame they fling from hand; they cast the dart afar
spargitur, arua noua Neptunia caede rubescunt. 695
Of wingèd steel, and Neptune's lea reddens with death anew.
regina in mediis patrio uocat agmina sistro,
The Queen amidst calls on her host with timbrel fashioned due
necdum etiam geminos a tergo respicit anguis.
In Egypt's guise, nor looks aback the adders twain to see;
omnigenumque deum monstra et latrator Anubis
Barking Anubis, shapes of God wild-wrought and diversely
contra Neptunum et Venerem contraque Mineruam
'Gainst Neptune and 'gainst Venus fair, and 'gainst Minerva's weal
tela tenent. saeuit medio in certamine Mauors 700
Put forth the spear; and Mavors' wrath was fashioned forth in steel
caelatus ferro, tristesque ex aethere Dirae,
Amidst the fight: the Dreadful Ones stooped evil-wrought from
heaven,
et scissa gaudens uadit Discordia palla,
And Discord stalked all glad at heart beneath her mantle riven;
quam cum sanguineo sequitur Bellona flagello.
And after her, red scourge in hand, did dire Bellona go.
Actius haec cernens arcum intendebat Apollo
All this Apollo, Actian-housed, beheld, and bent his bow
desuper; omnis eo terrore Aegyptus et Indi, 705
From high aloft, and with his fear all Egypt fell to wrack,
omnis Arabs, omnes uertebant terga Sabaei.
And Ind and Araby; and all Sabæans turned the back.
ipsa uidebatur uentis regina uocatis
Then once again the Queen was wrought, who on the winds doth cry,
uela dare et laxos iam iamque immittere funis.
And spreadeth sail; and now, and now, the slackened sheet lets fly.
illam inter caedes pallentem morte futura

The Lord of Fire had wrought her there wan with the death to be,
fecerat ignipotens undis et Iapyge ferri, 710
 Borne on, amid the death of men, by wind and following sea.
contra autem magno maerentem corpore Nilum
 But Nile was wrought to meet them there, with body great to grieve,
pandentemque sinus et tota ueste uocantem
 And in the folding of his cloak the vanquished to receive,
caeruleum in gremium latebrosaque flumina uictos.
 To take them to his bosom grey, his flood of hidden home.
 at Caesar, triplici inuectus Romana triumpho
 There Cæsar threefold triumphing, borne on amidst of Rome,
moenia, dis Italis uotum immortale sacrat, 715
 Three hundred shrines was hallowing to Gods of Italy
maxima ter centum totam delubra per urbem.
 Through all the city; glorious gift that nevermore shall die;
laetitia ludisque uiae plausuque fremebant;
 The while all ways with joy and game and plenteous praising rang.
omnibus in templis matrum chorus, omnibus arae;
 In all the temples altars were; in all the mothers sang
ante aras terram caesi strauere iuuenti.
 Before the altars; on the earth the steers' due slaughter lay.
ipse sedens niueo candentis limine Phoebi 720
 But on the snow-white threshold there of Phoebus bright as day
dona recognoscit populorum aptatque superbis
 He sat and took the nations' gifts, and on the glorious door
postibus; incedunt uictae longo ordine gentes,
 He hung them up: in long array the tamed folks went before,
quam uariae linguis, habitu tam uestis et armis.
 As diverse in their tongues as in their arms and garments' guise.
hic Nomadum genus et discinctos Mulciber Afros,
 The Nomads had he fashioned there, that Mulciber the wise,
hic Lelegas Carasque sagittiferosque Gelonos 725
 And Afric's all ungirded folk; Carians and Leleges,
finxerat; Euphrates ibat iam mollior undis,
 Shafted Geloni: softlier there Euphrates rolled his seas;
extremique hominum Morini, Rhenusque bicornis,
 The Morini, the last of men, the hornèd Rhine, were there,

indomitique Dahae, et pontem indignatus Araxes.

Danæ untamed, Araxes loth the chaining bridge to bear.

Talia per clipeum Volcani, dona parentis,

So on the shield, his mother's gift by Vulcan fashioned fair,

miratur rerumque ignarus imagine gaudet 730

He wondereth, blind of things to come but glad the tale to see,

attollens umero famamque et fata nepotum.

And on his shoulder bears the fame and fate of sons to be.

LIBER IX

BOOK IX.

Atque ea diuersa penitus dum parte geruntur,
Now while a long way off therefrom do these and those such deed,
Irim de caelo misit Saturnia Iuno
Saturnian Juno Iris sends from heaven aloft to speed
audacem ad Turnum. luco tum forte parentis
To Turnus of the hardy heart, abiding, as doth hap,
Pilumni Turnus sacrata ualle sedebat.
Within his sire Pilumnus' grove in shady valley's lap;
ad quem sic roseo Thaumantias ore locuta est: 5
Whom Thamas' child from rosy mouth in suchwise doth bespeak:
'Turne, quod optanti diuum promittere nemo
"Turnus, what no one of the Gods might promise, didst thou seek,
auderet, uoluenda dies en attulit ultro.
The day of Fate undriven now hath borne about for thee:
Aeneas urbe et sociis et classe relictā
Æneas, he hath left his town, and ships, and company,
sceptra Palatini sedemque petit Euandri.
And sought the lordship Palatine and King Evander's house;
nec satis: extremas Corythi penetrauit ad urbes 10
Nay more, hath reached the utmost steads, the towns of Corythus
Lydorumque manum, collectos armat agrestis.
And host of Lydians, where he arms the gathered carles for war.
quid dubitas? nunc tempus equos, nunc poscere currus.
Why doubt'st thou? now is time to call for horse and battle-car.
 rumpe moras omnis et turbata arripe castra.'
Break tarrying off, and make thy stoop upon their camp's dismay."
dixit, et in caelum paribus se sustulit alis
She spake, and on her poisèd wings went up the heavenly way,
ingentemque fuga secuit sub nubibus arcum. 15
And in her flight with mighty bow cleft through the cloudy land.
agnouit iuuenis duplicisque ad sidera palmas
The warrior knew her, and to heaven he cast up either hand,

sustulit ac tali fugientem est uoce secutus:

And with such voice of spoken things he followed as she fled:

‘Iri, decus caeli, quis te mihi nubibus actam

“O Iris, glory of the skies, and who thy ways hath sped

detulit in terras? unde haec tam clara repente

Amidst the clouds to earth and me? Whence this so sudden clear
tempestas? medium uideo discedere caelum 20

Of weather? Lo, the midmost heaven I see departed shear,
palantisque polo stellas. sequor omina tanta,

And through the zenith stray the stars: such signs I follow on,
quisquis in arma uocas.’ et sic effatus ad undam

Whoso ye be that call to war.” And therewithal he won

processit summoque hausit de gurgite lymphas

Unto the stream, and from its face drew forth the water fair,
multa deos orans, oneravitque aethera uotis.

Praying the Gods, and laid a load of vows upon the air.

Iamque omnis campis exercitus ibat apertis 25

And now the host drew out to war amid the open meads,

diues equum, diues pictai uestis et auri;

With wealth of painted gear and gold, and wealth of noble steeds.

Messapus primas acies, postrema coercent

Messapus leads the first array, and Tyrrheus’ children ward

Tyrrhidae iuuenes, medio dux agmine Turnus:

The latter host, and in the midst is Turnus’ self the lord.

ceu septem surgens sedatis amnibus altus 30

Such is the host as Ganges deep, arising mid the hush

per tacitum Ganges aut pingui flumine Nilus

With sevenfold rivers’ solemn flow, or Nile-flood’s fruitful rush,
cum refluit campis et iam se condidit alueo.

When he hath ebbed from off the fields and hid him in his bed.

hic subitam nigro glomerari puluere nubem

But now the Teucrians see the cloud of black dust grow to head
prospiciunt Teucri ac tenebras insurgere campis.

From far away, and dusty-dark across the plain arise:

primus ab aduersa conclamat mole Caicus: 35

And first from off the mound in face aloud Caicus cries:

‘quis globus, o ciues, caligine uoluitur atra?’

“Ho! what is this that rolleth on, this misty, mirky ball?
ferte citi ferrum, date tela, ascendite muros,
Swords, townsmen, swords! Bring point and edge; haste up to climb
the wall.

hostis adest, heia!’ ingenti clamore per omnis
Ho, for the foeman is at hand!” Then, with a mighty shout,
condunt se Teucri portas et moenia complent.
The Trojans swarm through all the gates and fill the walls about;
namque ita discedens praeceperat optimus armis 40

For so Æneas, war-lord wise, had bidden them abide

Aeneas: si qua interea fortuna fuisset,

At his departing; if meantime some new hap should betide,
neu struere auderent aciem neu credere campo;

They should not dare nor trust themselves to pitch the fight afield,
castra modo et tutos seruarent aggere muros.

But hold the camp and save the town beneath the ramparts’ shield.

ergo etsi conferre manum pudor iraque monstrat,

Therefore, though shame and anger bade go forth and join the play,
obiciunt portas tamen et praecepta facessunt, 45

They bolt and bar the gates no less and all his word obey;
armatique cauis exspectant turribus hostem.

And armed upon the hollow towers abide the coming foe.

Turnus, ut ante uolans tardum praecesserat agmen

But Turnus, flying forward fast, outwent the main host slow,
uiginti lectis equitum comitatus et urbi

And with a score of chosen knights is presently at hand
improvisus adest, maculis quem Thracius albis

Before the town: borne on he was on horse of Thracian land,
portat equus cristaque tegit galea aurea rubra, 50

White-flecked, and helmeted was he with ruddy-crested gold.
‘ecquis erit mecum, iuuenes, qui primus in hostem — ?

“Who will be first with me, O youths, play with the foe to hold?
en,’ ait et iaculum attorquens emittit in auras,

Lo, here!” he cried; and on the air a whirling shaft he sent,
principium pugnae, et campo sese arduus infert.

The first of fight, and borne aloft about the meadows went.
clamorem excipiunt socii fremituque sequuntur

His fellows take it up with shouts, and dreadful cry on rolls
horrisono; Teucrum mirantur inertia corda, 55

As fast they follow, wondering sore at sluggard Teucrian souls, —
non aequo dare se campo, non obuia ferre

That men should shun the battle pitched, nor dare the weapon-game,
arma uiros, sed castra fouere. huc turbidus atque huc

But hug their walls. So round the walls, high-horsed, with heart
aflame,

lustrat equo muros aditumque per auia quaerit.

He rides about, and tries a way where never was a way:

ac ueluti pleno lupus insidiatus ouili

E'en as a wolf the sheep-fold full besetteth on a day,

cum fremit ad caulas uentos perpessus et imbris 60

And howleth round about the garth, by wind and rain-drift beat,
nocte super media; tuti sub matribus agni

About the middle of the night, while safe the lamb-folk bleat

balatum exercent, ille asper et improbus ira

Beneath their mothers: wicked-fierce against them safe and near
saeuit in absentis; collecta fatigat edendi

He rageth; hunger-madness long a-gathering him doth wear,

ex longo rabies et siccae sanguine fauces:

With yearning for that blood beloved to wet his parchèd jaws.

haud aliter Rutulo muros et castra tuenti 65

E'en so in that Rutulian duke to flame the anger draws,

ignescunt irae, duris dolor ossibus ardet.

As he beholdeth walls and camp: sore burnt his hardy heart

qua temptet ratione aditus, et quae uia clausos

For shifts to come at them; to shake those Teucrians shut apart

excutiat Teucros uallo atque effundat in aequum?

From out their walls and spread their host about the meadows wide.

classem, quae lateri castrorum adiuncta latebat,

So on the ships he falls, that lay the campment's fence beside,

aggeribus saeptam circum et fluuialibus undis, 70

Hedged all about with garth and mound and by the river's flood,

inuadit sociosque incendia poscit ouantis

And to the burning crieth on his folk of joyous mood,

atque manum pinu flagranti feruidus implet.

And eager fills his own right hand with branch of blazing fir:
 tum uero incumbunt (urget praesentia Turni),
 Then verily they fall to work whom Turnus' gaze doth stir,
 atque omnis facibus pubes accingitur atris.
 And all the host of them in haste hand to the black torch lays.
 diripuere focos: piceum fert fumida lumen 75
 They strip the hearths; the smoky brand sends forth pitch-laden
 blaze,
 taeda et commixtam Volcanus ad astra fauillam.
 And starward soot-bemingled flame drave Vulcan as he burned.
 Quis deus, o Musae, tam saeua incendia Teucris
 Say, Muse, what God from Teucrian folk such sore destruction
 turned?
 auertit? tantos ratibus quis depulit ignis?
 Who drave away from Trojan keels so mighty great a flame?
 dicite: prisca fides facto, sed fama perennis.
 Old is the troth in such a tale, but never dies its fame.
 tempore quo primum Phrygia formabat in Ida 80
 What time Æneas first began on Phrygian Ida's steep
 Aeneas classem et pelagi petere alta parabat,
 To frame his ships, and dight him there to ride upon the deep,
 ipsa deum fertur genetrix Berecynthia magnum
 The Berecynthian Mother-Queen spake, as the tale doth fare,
 uocibus his adfata Iouem: 'da, nate, petenti,
 Unto the Godhead of great Jove: "Son, grant unto my prayer
 quod tua cara parens domito te poscit Olympo.
 That which thy lovèd mother asks from heaven all tamed to peace:
 pinea silua mihi multos dilecta per annos, 85
 A wood of pines I have, beloved through many years' increase.
 lucus in arce fuit summa, quo sacra ferebant,
 There is a thicket on my height wherein men worship me,
 nigranti picea trabibusque obscurus acernis.
 Dim with the blackening of the firs and trunks of maple-tree:
 has ego Dardanio iuueni, cum classis egeret,
 These to the Dardan youth in need of ship-host grudged I nought,
 laeta dedi; nunc sollicitam timor anxius angit.
 But in my anxious soul as now is born a troubling thought.

solue metus atque hoc precibus sine posse parentem, 90
Do off my dread, and let, I pray, a mother's prayers avail,
ne cursu quassatae ullo neu turbine uenti
That these amid no shattering sea or whirling wind may fail;
uincantur: prosit nostris in montibus ortas.'
Let it avail them that my heights first brought them unto birth."
filius huic contra, torquet qui sidera mundi:
Answered her son, that swayeth still the stars that rule the earth:
'o genetrix, quo fata uocas? aut quid petis istis?
"O mother, whither call'st thou Fate? what wouldst thou have them
be?

mortaline manu factae immortale carinae 95
Shall keels of mortal fashioning gain immortality?
fas habeant? certusque incerta pericula lustret
And shall Æneas well assured stray every peril through?
Aeneas? cui tanta deo permissa potestas?
Shall this be right? hath any God the power such things to do?
immo, ubi defunctae finem portusque tenebunt
No less when they have done their work, and safe in Italy
Ausonios olim, quaecumque euaserit undis
Lie in the haven, which soe'er have overpassed the sea,
Dardaniumque ducem Laurentia uexerit arua, 100
And borne the Duke of Dardan men to that Laurentine home,
mortalem eripiam formam magnique iubebo
From such will I take mortal shape, and bid them to become
aequoris esse deas, qualis Nereia Doto
Queens of the sea-plain, such as are Doto the Nereus child,
et Galatea secant spumantem pectore pontum.'
And Galatea, whose bosoms cleave the foaming waters wild."
dixerat idque ratum Stygii per flumina fratris,
He spake and swore it by the flood his Stygian Brother rules,
per pice torrentis atraque uoragine ripas 105
And by its banks that reek with pitch o'er its black whirling pools,
adnuat, et totum nutu tremefecit Olympum.
And with the bowing of his head did all Olympus shake.
Ergo aderat promissa dies et tempora Parcae
And now the promised day was come, nor will the Parcae break

debita complerant, cum Turni iniuria Matrem
 The time fulfilled; when Turnus' threat now bade the Mother heed
 admonuit ratibus sacris depellere taedas.
 That she from those her holy ships should turn the fire at need.
 hic primum noua lux oculis offulsit et ingens 110
 Strange light before the eyes of men shone forth; a mighty cloud
 uisus ab Aurora caelum transcurrere nimbus
 Ran from the dawning down the sky, and there was clashing loud
 Idaeique chori; tum uox horrenda per auras
 Of Ida's hosts, and from the heavens there fell a voice of fear,
 excidit et Troum Rutulorumque agmina complet:
 That through Rutulia's host and Troy's fulfilled every ear:
 'ne trepidate meas, Teucrici, defendere nauis
 "Make no great haste, O Teucrican men, these ships of mine to save!
 neue armate manus; maria ante exurere Turno 115
 Nor arm thereto! for Turnus here shall burn the salt sea wave
 quam sacras dabitur pinus. uos ite solutae,
 Sooner than these, my holy pines. But ye — depart, go free!
 ite deae pelagi; genetrix iubet.' et sua quaeque
 The Mother biddeth it: depart, Queens, Goddesses, of sea!"
 continuo puppes abrumpunt uincula ripis
 Straightway the ships brake each the chain that tied them to the bank,
 delphinumque modo demersis aequora rostris
 And, as the dolphins dive adown, with plunging beaks they sank
 ima petunt. hinc uirgineae (mirabile monstrum) 120
 Down to the deeps, from whence, O strange! they come aback once
 more;
 reddunt se totidem facies pontoque feruntur. 122
 As many brazen beaks as erst stood fast beside the shore,
 Obstipuerunt animis Rutuli, conterritus ipse
 So many shapes of maidens now seaward they wend their ways.
 turbatis Messapus equis, cunctatur et amnis
 Appalled were those Rutulian hearts; yea, feared with all amaze,
 rauca sonans reuocatque pedem Tiberinus ab alto. 125
 Messapus sat mid frightened steeds: the rough-voiced stream grew
 black;
 at non audaci Turno fiducia cessit;

Yea, Tiberinus from the deep his footsteps drew aback.
 ultro animos tollit dictis atque increpat ultro:
 But Turnus of the hardy heart, his courage nothing died;
 ‘Troianos haec monstra petunt, his Iuppiter ipse
 Unmoved he stirs their souls with speech, unmoved he falls to chide:
 auxilium solitum eripuit: non tela neque ignis
 “These portents seek the Teucrians home; the very Jupiter
 exspectant Rutulos. ergo maria inuia Teucris, 130
 Snatches their wonted aid from them, that might not bide to bear
 nec spes ulla fugae: rerum pars altera adempta est,
 Rutulian fire and sword: henceforth the sea-plain lacketh road
 terra autem in nostris manibus, tot milia gentes
 For Teucrian men: their flight is dead, and half the world’s abode
 arma ferunt Italiae. nil me fatalia terrent,
 Is reft from them: and earth, forsooth, upon our hands it waits,
 si qua Phryges prae se iactant, responsa deorum;
 With thousands of Italian swords. For me, I fear no Fates:
 sat fatis Venerique datum, tetigere quod arua 135
 For if the Phrygians boast them still of answering words of God,
 fertilis Ausoniae Troes. sunt et mea contra
 Enough for Venus and the Fates that Teucrian men have trod
 fata mihi, ferro sceleratam excindere gentem
 The fair Ausonia’s fruitful field: and answering fates have I:
 coniuge praerepta; nec solos tangit Atridas
 A wicked folk with edge of sword to root up utterly,
 iste dolor, solisque licet capere arma Mycenis.
 For stolen wife: this grief hath grieved others than Atreus’ sons,
 “sed periisse semel satis est”: peccare fuisset 140
 And other folk may run to arms than those Mycenian ones.
 ante satis, penitus modo non genus omne perosos
 — Enough one downfall is, say ye? — Enough had been one sin.
 femineum. quibus haec medii fiducia ualli
 Yea, I had deemed all womankind your hatred well might win.
 fossarumque morae, leti discrimina parua,
 — Lo, these are they to whom a wall betwixt the sword and sword,
 dant animos; at non uiderunt moenia Troiae
 The little tarrying of a ditch, — such toys the death to ward! —

Neptuni fabricata manu considerare in ignis? 145

Give hearts of men! What, saw they not the war-walls of Troy-town,
sed uos, o lecti, ferro qui scindere uallum

The fashioning of Neptune's hand, amid the flame sink down?
apparat et mecum inuadit trepidantia castra?

But ye, my chosen, who is dight with me to break the wall,
non armis mihi Volcani, non mille carinis

That we upon their quaking camp with point and edge may fall?
est opus in Teucros. addant se protinus omnes

No need I have of Vulcan's arms or thousand ships at sea
Etrusci socios. tenebras et inertia furta 150

Against these Teucrians; yea, though they should win them
presently,

Palladii caesis late custodibus arcis

The Tuscan friendship: deeds of dusk and deedless stolen gain
ne timeant, nec equi caeca condemur in aluo:

Of that Palladium, and the guards of topmost castle slain,
luce palam certum est igni circumdare muros.

Let them not fear: we shall not lurk in horse's dusky womb:
haud sibi cum Danaïs rem faxo et pube Pelasga

In open day to gird your walls with wildfire is the doom.
esse ferant, decimum quos distulit Hector in annum. 155

Let them not deem they have to put the Danaans to the proof,
nunc adeo, melior quoniam pars acta diei,

Pelasgian lads that Hector's hand for ten years held aloof.
quod superest, laeti bene gestis corpora rebus

— But come, since all the best of day is well-nigh worn to end,
procurate, uiri, et pugnam sperate parari.'

Joy in our good beginning, friends, and well your bodies tend,
interea uigilum excubiis obsidere portas

And bide in hope and readiness the coming of the fight.”
cura datur Messapo et moenia cingere flammis. 160

Therewith Messapus hath the charge with outguards of the night
bis septem Rutuli muros qui milite seruent

To keep the gates, and all the town with watch-fires round to ring:
delecti, ast illos centeni quemque sequuntur

Twice seven are chosen out to hold the town inleaguering

purpurei cristis iuuenes auroque corusci.

Of Rutuli: an hundred youths, they follow each of these;

discurrunt uariantque uices, fusique per herbam

A purple-crested folk that gleam with golden braveries:

indulgent uino et uertunt crateras aenos. 165

They pace the round, they shift the turn, or scattered o'er the grass

conluent ignes, noctem custodia ducit

Please heart and soul with wine, and turn the empty bowl of brass:

insomnem ludo.

The watch-fires shine around in ring; through sport and sleeplessness

Haec super e uallo prospectant Troes et armis

Their warding weareth night away. The Trojans from their walls of war look down on all these things;

alta tenent, nec non trepidi formidine portas

They hold the heights in arms, and search the great gate's fastenings

explorant pontisque et propugnacula iungunt, 170

With hurrying fear; or, spear in hand, gangway to battlement

tela gerunt. instat Mnestheus acerque Serestus,

They yoke. There Mnestheus urged the work; there hot Serestus went;

quos pater Aeneas, si quando aduersa uocarent,

They whom Æneas, if perchance the time should call thereto,

rectores iuuenum et rerum dedit esse magistros.

Had made first captains of the host, lords of all things to do.

omnis per muros legio sortita periculum

So all the host along the walls the peril shareth out,

excubat exercetque uices, quod cuique tuendum est. 175

Falling to watch, and plays its part in turn and turn about.

Nisus erat portae custos, acerrimus armis,

Nisus was warder of the gate, the eager under shield,

Hyrtacides, comitem Aeneae quem miserat Ida

The son of Hyrtacus, whom erst did huntress Ida yield

uenatrix iaculo celerem leuibusque sagittis,

Unto Æneas' fellowship, keen with the shaft and spear.

et iuxta comes Euryalus, quo pulchrior alter

Euryalus, his friend, stood by, than whom none goodlier

non fuit Aeneadum Troiana neque induit arma, 180

Went with Æneas or did on the battle-gear of Troy:
 ora puer prima signans intonsa iuuenta.
 Youth's bloom unshorn was on his cheek, scarce was he but a boy.
 his amor unus erat pariterque in bella ruebant;
 Like love the twain had each for each; in battle side by side
 tum quoque communi portam statione tenebant.
 They went; and now as gatewards twain together did abide.
 Nisus ait: 'dine hunc ardorem mentibus addunt,
 Now Nisus saith: "Doth very God so set the heart on fire,
 Euryale, an sua cuique deus fit dira cupido? 185
 Euryalus, or doth each man make God of his desire?
 aut pugnam aut aliquid iamdudum inuadere magnum
 My soul is driving me to dare the battle presently,
 mens agitat mihi, nec placida contenta quiete est.
 Or some great deed; nor pleased with peace at quiet will it be.
 cernis quae Rutulos habeat fiducia rerum:
 Thou seest how those Rutulian men trust in their warding keep;
 lumina rara micant, somno uinoque soluti
 How wide apart the watch-fires shine; how slack with wine and sleep
 procubuere, silent late loca. percipe porro 190
 Men lie along; how far and wide the hush o'er all things lies.
 quid dubitem et quae nunc animo sententia surgat.
 Note now what stirreth in my mind, what thoughts in me arise:
 Aenean acciri omnes, populusque patresque,
 They bid call back Æneas now, fathers, and folk, and all,
 exposcunt, mittique uiros qui certa reportent.
 And send out men to bear to him sure word of what doth fall.
 si tibi quae posco promittunt (nam mihi facti
 Now if the thing I ask for thee they promise, — for to me
 fama sat est), tumultu uideor reperire sub illo 195
 The deed's fame is enough, — meseems beneath yon mound I see
 posse uiam ad muros et moenia Pallantea.'
 A way whereby to Paliantheum in little space to come."
 obstipuit magno laudum percussus amore
 Euryalus, by mighty love of glory smitten home,
 Euryalus, simul his ardentem adfatur amicum:
 Stood all amazed, then answered thus his fiery-hearted friend:

'mene igitur socium summis adiungere rebus,
 "O Nisus, wilt thou yoke me not to such a noble end?
 Nise, fugis? solum te in tanta pericula mittam? 200
 And shall I send thee unto deeds so perilous alone?
 non ita me genitor, bellis adsuetus Opheltes,
 My sire Opheltes, wise in war, nourished no such an one,
 Argolicum terrorem inter Troiaequae labores
 Reared mid the terror of the Greeks and Troy-town's miseries;
 sublatum erudiit, nec tecum talia gessi
 Nor yet with thee have I been wont to deedless deeds like these,
 magnanimum Aenean et fata extrema secutus:
 Following Æneas' mighty heart through Fortune's furthest way.
 est hic, est animus lucis contemptor et istum 205
 Here is a soul that scorns the light, and deems it good to pay
 qui uita bene credat emi, quo tendis, honorem.'
 With very life for such a fame as thou art brought anear."
 Nisus ad haec: 'equidem de te nil tale uerebar,
 Saith Nisus: "Nay, I feared of thee no such a thing, I swear,
 nec fas; non ita me referat tibi magnus ouantem
 No such ill thought; so may he bring thy friend back with the prize,
 Iuppiter aut quicumque oculis haec aspicit aequis.
 Great Jove, or whosoe'er beholds these things with equal eyes.
 sed si quis (quae multa uides discrimine tali) 210
 But if some hap (thou seest herein how many such may fall),
 si quis in aduersum rapiat casusue deusue,
 If any hap, if any God bear me the end of all,
 te superesse uelim, tua uita dignior aetas.
 Fain were I thou wert left: thine age is worthier life-day's gain;
 sit qui me raptum pugna pretioe redemptum
 Let there be one to buy me back snatched from amidst the slain,
 mandat humo, solita aut si qua id Fortuna uetabit,
 And give me earth: or if e'en that our wonted fortune ban,
 absenti ferat inferias decoretque sepulcro. 215
 Do thou the rites, and raise the tomb unto the missing man;
 neu matri miserae tanti sim causa doloris,
 Nor make me of thy mother's woe the fashioner accurst:
 quae te sola, puer, multis e matribus ausa

She who, O friend, alone of all our many mothers durst
persequitur, magni nec moenia curat Acestae.'

To follow thee, nor heeded aught of great Acestes' town."

ille autem: 'causas nequiquam nectis inanis

He said: "For weaving of delay vain is thy shuttle thrown;
nec mea iam mutata loco sententia cedit. 220

Nor is my heart so turned about that I will leave the play:
acceleremus' ait, uigiles simul excitat. illi

Let us be doing!" Therewithal he stirs the guards, and they
succedunt seruantque uices; statione relictā

Come up in turn, wherewith he leaves the warding-stead behind,
ipse comes Niso graditur regemque requirunt.

And goes with Nisus, and the twain set forth the prince to find.

Cetera per terras omnis animalia somno

All other creatures, laid asleep o'er all the earthly soil,
laxabant curas et corda oblita laborum: 225

Let slip the cares from off their hearts, forgetful of their toil,
ductores Teucrum primi, delecta iuuentus,

But still the dukes of Trojan men and chosen folk of war
consilium summis regni de rebus habebant,

Held counsel of that heavy tide that on the kingdom bore,
quid facerent quisue Aeneae iam nuntius esset.

What was to do, or who would go Æneas' messenger.

stant longis adnixa hastis et scuta tenentes

There shield on arm, and leaned upon the length of shafted spear,
castrorum et campi medio. tum Nisus et una 230

They stand amid their stronghold's mead: in eager haste the twain,
Euryalus confestim alacres admittier orant:

Nisus and young Euryalus, the presence crave to gain,

rem magnam pretiumque morae fore. primus Iulus

For matters great and worth the time: straight doth Iulus take
accepit trepidos ac Nisum dicere iussit.

Those hurried men to him, and bids that Nisus speech should wake.

tum sic Hyrtacides: 'audite o mentibus aequis

Then saith the son of Hyrtacus: "Just-hearted, hearken now,

Aeneadae, neue haec nostris spectentur ab annis 235

Folk of Æneas, neither look upon the things we show

quae ferimus. Rutuli somno uinoque soluti
As by our years. The Rutuli slackened by wine and sleep
conticuere. locum insidiis conspeximus ipsi,
Lie hushed, and we have seen whereby upon our way to creep,
qui patet in biuio portae quae proxima ponto.
E'en by the double-roaded gate that near the sea-strand lies:
interrupti ignes aterque ad sidera fumus
Their fires are slaked, and black the smoke goes upward to the skies.
erigitur. si fortuna permittitis uti 240
If ye will suffer us to use this fortune that doth fall
quaesitum Aenean et moenia Pallantea,
We will go seek Æneas now and Pallanteum's wall:
mox hic cum spoliis ingenti caede peracta
Ye shall behold him and his spoils from mighty victory wrought
adfore cernetis. nec nos uia fallit euntis:
Come hither presently: the way shall fail our feet in nought,
uidimus obscuris primam sub uallibus urbem
For we have seen the city's skirts amid the valleys dim
uenatu adsiduo et totum cognouimus amnem.' 245
In daily hunt, whereby we learned the river's uplong brim."
hic annis grauis atque animi maturus Aletes:
Then spake Aletes weighty-wise, heart-ripe with plenteous eld:
'di patrii, quorum semper sub numine Troia est,
"Gods of our fathers, under whom the weal of Troy is held,
non tamen omnino Teucros delere paratis,
Ye have not doomed all utterly the Teucrian folk undone,
cum talis animos iuuenum et tam certa tulistis
When ye for us such souls of youth, such hardy hearts have won."
pectora.' sic memorans umeros dextrasque tenebat 250
So saying by shoulder and by hand he took the goodly twain,
amborum et uultum lacrimis atque ora rigabat.
While all his countenance and cheeks were wet with plenteous rain,
'quae uobis, quae digna, uiri, pro laudibus istis
"What gifts may I deem worthy, men, to pay such hearts athirst
praemia posse rear solui? pulcherrima primum
For utmost glory? certainly the fairest and the first
di moresque dabunt uestri: tum cetera reddet

The Gods and your own hearts shall grant: the rest your lord shall give,

actutum pius Aeneas atque integer aeui 255

Godly Æneas; and this man with all his life to live,

Ascanius meriti tanti non immemor umquam.’

Ascanius here, no memory of such desert shall lack.”

‘immo ego uos, cui sola salus genitore reducto,’

“But I,” Ascanius breaketh in, “whose father brought aback

excipit Ascanius ‘per magnos, Nise, penatis

Is all my heal — Nisus, I pray by those great Gods of mine,

Assaracique larem et canae penetralia Vestae

By him of old, Assaracus, by hoary Vesta’s shrine,

obtestor, quaecumque mihi fortuna fidesque est, 260

Bring back my father! whatsoe’er is left with me today

in uestris pono gremiis. reuocate parentem,

Of Fate or Faith, into your breasts I give it all away.

reddite conspectum; nihil illo triste recepto.

O give me back the sight of him, and grief is all gone by.

bina dabo argento perfecta atque aspera signis

Two cups of utter silver wrought and rough with imagery

pocula, deuicta genitor quae cepit Arisba,

I give you, which my father took from wracked Arisbe’s hold;

et tripodas geminos, auri duo magna talenta, 265

Two tripods eke, two talents’ weight of fire-beproven gold;

cratera antiquum quem dat Sidonia Dido.

A beaker of the time agone, Sidonian Dido’s gift.

si uero capere Italiam sceptrisque potiri

But if we hap to win the day and spoil of battle shift,

contigerit uictori et praedae dicere sortem,

If we lay hand on Italy and staff of kingship bear, —

uidisti, quo Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis

Ye saw the horse that bore today gold Turnus and his gear,

aureus; ipsum illum, clipeum cristasque rubentis 270

That very same, the shield withal, and helm-crest ruddy dyed,

excipiam sorti, iam nunc tua praemia, Nise.

Thy gifts, O Nisus, from the spoil henceforth I set aside.

praeterea bis sex genitor lectissima matrum

Moreover of the mother-folk twice six most excellent
corpora captiuosque dabit suaque omnibus arma,
 My sire shall give, and captive men with all their armament,
 insuper his campi quod rex habet ipse Latinus.
 And therewithal the kingly field, Latinus' garden-place.
te uero, mea quem spatiis propioribus aetas 275
 But thou, O boy most worshipful, whom nigher in the race
insequitur, uenerande puer, iam pectore toto
 Mine own years follow, thee I take unto mine inmost heart,
accipio et comitem casus complector in omnis.
 Embracing thee my very friend in all to have a part;
nulla meis sine te quaeretur gloria rebus:
 Nor any glory of my days without thee shall I seek,
seu pacem seu bella geram, tibi maxima rerum
 Whether I fashion peace or war; all that I do or speak
uerborumque fides.' contra quem talia fatur 280
 I trust to thee." In answer thus Euryalus 'gan say:
 Euryalus: 'me nulla dies tam fortibus ausis
 "No day henceforth of all my life shall prove me fallen away
dissimilem arguerit; tantum fortuna secunda
 From this my deed: only may fate in kindly wise befall,
haud aduersa cadat. sed te super omnia dona
 Nor stand against me: now one gift I ask thee over all:
unum oro: genetrix Priami de gente uetusta
 I have a mother born on earth from Priam's ancient race,
est mihi, quam miseram tenuit non Ilia tellus 285
 Who wretched in the land of Troy had no abiding-place,
mecum excedentem, non moenia regis Acestae.
 Nor in Acesta's steadfast wall; with me she still must wend:
hanc ego nunc ignaram huius quodcumque pericli
 Her, who knows nought of this my risk, whatever may be the end
inque salutatam linquo (nox et tua testis
 Unto thy safeguard do I leave: Night and thy right hand there
dextera), quod nequeam lacrimas perferre parentis.
 Be witness that my mother's tears I had no heart to bear.
at tu, oro, solare inopem et succurre relictæ. 290
 But solace thou her lack, I pray; comfort her desert need;

hanc sine me spem ferre tui, audentior ibo
Yea let me bear this hope with me, and boldlier shall I speed
in casus omnis.' percussa mente dedere
Amid all haps." Touched to the heart the Dardans might not keep
Dardanidae lacrimas, ante omnis pulcher Iulus,
Their tears aback, and chief of all did fair Iulus weep,
atque animum patriae strinxit pietatis imago.
The image of his father's love so flashed upon his soul:
tum sic effatur: 295

And therewithal he spake the word: "All things I duly answer for
worthy thy deed of fame;
'sponde digna tuis ingentibus omnia coeptis.
Thy mother shall my mother be, nor lack but e'en the name
namque erit ista mihi genetrix nomenque Creusae
To be Creusa: store of thanks no little hath she won
solum defuerit, nec partum gratia talem
That bore thee. Whatsoever hap thy valorous deed bear on,
parua manet. casus factum quicumque sequentur,
By this my head, whereon my sire is wont the troth to plight,
per caput hoc iuro, per quod pater ante solebat: 300
Whatever I promised thee come back, with all things wrought aright,
quae tibi polliceor reduci rebusque secundis,
Thy mother and thy kin shall bide that very same reward."
haec eadem matrique tuae generique manebunt.'
So spake he, weeping, and did off his shoulder-girded sword
sic ait inlacrimans; umero simul exiit ensem
All golden, that with wondrous craft Lycaon out of Crete
auratum, mira quem fecerat arte Lycaon
Had fashioned, fitting it withal in ivory scabbard meet.
Cnosius atque habilem uagina aptarat eburna. 305
And Mnestheus unto Nisus gives a stripped-off lion's hide
dat Niso Mnestheus pellem horrentisque leonis
And shaggy coat; and helm for helm giveth Aletes tried.
exuuias, galeam fidus permutat Aletes.
Then forth they wend in weed of war, and they of first estate,
protinus armati incedunt; quos omnis euntis
Young men and old, went forth with them, and leave them at the gate

primorum manus ad portas, iuuenumque senumque,
 With following vows; and therewithal Iulus, goodly-wrought,
 prosequitur uotis. nec non et pulcher Iulus, ³¹⁰
 Who far beyond his tender years had mind of manly thought,
 ante annos animumque gerens curamque uirilem,
 Charged them with many messages unto his father's ear, —
 multa patri mandata dabat portanda; sed auræ
 Vain words the night-winds bore away and gave the clouds to bear.
 omnia discerpunt et nubibus inrita donant.
 Forth now they wend and pass the ditch, and through the mirk night
 gain
 Egressi superant fossas noctisque per umbram
 The baneful camp: yet ere their death they too shall be the bane
 castra inimica petunt, multis tamen ante futuri ³¹⁵
 Of many: bodies laid in sleep and wine they see strewed o'er
 exitio. passim somno uinoque per herbam
 The herbage, and the battle-cars upreared along the shore;
 corpora fusa uident, arrectos litore currus,
 And mid the reins and wheels thereof are men and weapons blent
 inter lora rotasque uiros, simul arma iacere,
 With wine-jars: so Hyrtacides such word from tooth-hedge sent:
 uina simul. prior Hyrtacides sic ore locutus:
 "Euryalus, the hand must dare, the time cries on the deed;
 'Euryale, audendum dextra: nunc ipsa uocat res. ³²⁰
 Here lies the way: do thou afar keep watch and have good heed,
 hac iter est. tu, ne qua manus se attollere nobis
 Lest any hand aback of us arise 'gainst thee and me:
 a tergo possit, custodi et consule longe;
 Here will I make a waste forsooth, and wide thy way shall be."
 haec ego uasta dabo et lato te limite ducam.'
 He speaks, and hushes all his voice, and so with naked blade
 sic memorat uocemque premit, simul ense superbum
 Falls on proud Rhamnes; who, as happed, on piled-up carpets laid,
 Rhamnetem adgreditur, qui forte tapetibus altis ³²⁵
 Amid his sleep was blowing forth great voice from inner breast.
 exstructus toto proflabat pectore somnum,
 A king he was; king Turnus' seer, of all belovèd best;

rex idem et regi Turno gratissimus augur,
Yet nought availed his wizardry to drive his bane away.
sed non augurio potuit depellere pestem.
Three thralls unware, as heeding nought amid the spears they lay,
tris iuxta famulos temere inter tela iacentis
He endeth: Remus' shield-bearer withal and charioteer,
armigerumque Remi premit aurigamque sub ipsis 330
Caught 'neath the very steeds: his sword their drooping necks doth
shear;
nactus equis ferroque secat pendentia colla.
Then from their lord he takes the head, and leaves the trunk to spout
tum caput ipsi aufert domino truncumque relinquit
Gushes of blood: the earth is warm with black gore all about.
sanguine singultantem; atro tepefacta cruore
The beds are wet. There Lamyus and Lamus doth he slay,
terra torique madent. nec non Lamyrumque Lamumque
And young Serranus fair of face, who played the night away
et iuuenem Serranum, illa qui plurima nocte 335
For many an hour, until his limbs 'neath God's abundance failed,
luserat, insignis facie, multoque iacebat
And down he lay: ah! happier 'twere if he had still prevailed
membra deo uictus — felix, si protinus illum
To make the live-long night one game until the morning cold.
aequasset nocti ludum in lucemque tulisset:
As famished lion Nisus fares amid the sheep-filled fold,
impastus ceu plena leo per ouilia turbans
When ravening hunger driveth on; the soft things, dumb with dread,
(suadet enim uesana fames) manditque trahitque 340
He draggeth off, devouring them, and foams from mouth blood-red.
molle pecus mutumque metu, fremit ore cruento.
Nor less the death Euryalus hath wrought; for all aflame
nec minor Euryali caedes; incensus et ipse
He wades in wrath, and on the way slays many lacking name:
perfurit ac multam in medio sine nomine plebem,
Fadus, Herbesus therewithal, Rhoetus and Abaris;
Fadumque Herbesumque subit Rhoetumque Abarimque
Unwary they: but Rhoetus waked, and looking on all this,

ignaros; Rhoetum uigilantem et cuncta uidentem, 345

Fulfilled of fear was hiding him behind a wine-jar pressed:
sed magnum metuens se post cratera tegebat.

The foe was on him as he rose; the sword-blade pierced his breast
pectore in aduerso totum cui comminus ensem

Up to the hilts, and drew aback abundant stream of death.
condidit adsurgenti et multa morte recepit.

His purple life he poureth forth, and, dying, vomiteth
purpuream uomit ille animam et cum sanguine mixta

Blent blood and wine. On death-stealth still onward the Trojan went,
uina refert moriens, hic furto feruidus instat. 350

And toward Messapus' leaguer drew, where watch-fires well-nigh
spent

iamque ad Messapi socios tendebat; ibi ignem

He saw, and horses all about, tethered in order due,
deficere extremum et religatos rite uidebat

Cropping the grass: but Nisus spake in hasty words and few,
carpere gramen equos, breuiter cum talia Nisus

Seeing him borne away by lust of slaughter overmuch:
(sensit enim nimia caede atque cupidine ferri)

"Hold we our hands, for dawn our foe hasteth the world to touch:
'absistamus' ait, 'nam lux inimica propinquat. 355

Deep have we drunk of death, and cut a road amid the foe."
poenarum exhaustum satis est, uia facta per hostis.'

The gear of men full goodly-wrought of silver through and through
multa uirum solido argento perfecta relinquunt

They leave behind, and bowls therewith, and carpets fashioned fair.
armaque craterasque simul pulchrosque tapetas.

Natheless Euryalus caught up the prophet Rhamnes' gear
Euryalus phaleras Rhamnetis et aurea bullis

And gold-bossed belt, which Cædicus, the wealthy man of old,
cingula, Tiburti Remulo ditissimus olim 360

Sent to Tiburtine Remulus, that he his name might hold,
quae mittit dona, hospitio cum iungeret absens,

Though far he were; who, dying, gave his grandson their delight;
Caedicus; ille suo moriens dat habere nepoti;

And he being dead, Rutulian men won them in war and fight

post mortem bello Rutuli pugnaque potiti:

These now he takes, and all for nought does on his valorous breast,
haec rapit atque umeris nequiquam fortibus aptat.

And dons Messapus' handy helm with goodly-fashioned crest,
tum galeam Messapi habilem cristisque decoram 365

Wherewith they leave the camp and gain the road that safer lay.
induit. excedunt castris et tuta capessunt.

But horsemen from the Latin town meantime were on the way,
Interea praemissi equites ex urbe Latina,

Sent on before to carry word to Turnus, lord and king,
cetera dum legio campis instructa moratur,

While in array amid the fields the host was tarrying.

ibant et Turno regi responsa ferebant,

Three hundred knights, all shielded folk, 'neath Volscens do they
fare.

ter centum, scutati omnes, Volcente magistro. 370

And now they drew anigh the camp and 'neath its rampart were,
iamque propinquabant castris murosque subibant

When from afar they saw the twain on left-hand footway lurk;
cum procul hos laeue flectentis limite cernunt,

Because Euryalus' fair helm mid glimmer of the mirk

et galea Euryalum sublustri noctis in umbra

Betrayed the heedless youth, and flashed the moonbeams back again.
prodidit immemorem radiisque aduersa refulsit.

Nor was the sight unheeded: straight cries Volscens midst his men:
haud temere est uisum. conclamat ab agmine Volcens: 375

"Stand ho! why thus afoot, and why in weapons do ye wend,
'state, uiri. quae causa uiae? quiue estis in armis?"

And whither go ye?" Nought had they an answer back to send,
quoue tenetis iter?" nihil illi tendere contra,

But speed their fleeing mid the brake, and trust them to the night;
sed celerare fugam in siluas et fidere nocti.

The horsemen cast themselves before each crossway known aright,
obiciunt equites sese ad diuortia nota

And every outgoing there is with guard they girdle round.

hinc atque hinc, omnemque aditum custode coronant. 380

Rough was the wood; a thicket-place where black holm-oaks abound,

silua fuit late dumis atque ilice nigra
And with the tanglement of thorns choked up on every side,
horrida, quam densi complerant undique sentes;
The road but glimmering faintly out from where the foot-tracks hide.
rara per occultos lucebat semita callis.
The blackness of overhanging boughs and heavy battle-prey
Euryalum tenebrae ramorum onerosaque praeda
Hinder Euryalus, and fear beguiles him of the way.
impediunt, fallitque timor regione uiarum. 385
Nisus comes out, and now had won unwitting from the foe,
Nisus abit; iamque imprudens euaserat hostis
And reached the place from Alba's name called Alban Meadows
now;
atque locos qui post Albae de nomine dicti
Where King Latinus had as then his high-built herd-houses.
Albani (tum rex stabula alta Latinus habebat),
So there he stands, and, looking round, his fellow nowhere sees:
ut stetit et frustra absentem respexit amicum:
"Hapless Euryalus! ah me, where have I left thy face?
'Euryale infelix, qua te regione reliqui? 390
Where shall I seek thee, gathering up that tangle of the ways
quaue sequar?' rursus perplexum iter omne reuoluens
Through the blind wood?" So therewithal he turns upon his track,
fallacis siluae simul et uestigia retro
Noting his footsteps, and amid the hushed brake strays aback,
obseruata legit dumisque silentibus errat.
Harkening the horse-hoofs and halloos and calls of following folk.
audit equos, audit strepitus et signa sequentum;
Nor had he long abided there, ere on his ears outbroke
nec longum in medio tempus, cum clamor ad auris 395
Great clamour, and Euryalus he sees, whom all the band
peruenit ac uidet Euryalum, quem iam manus omnis
Hath taken, overcome by night, and blindness of the land,
fraude loci et noctis, subito turbante tumultu,
And wildering tumult: there in vain he strives in battle-play.
oppressum rapit et conantem plurima frustra.
Ah, what to do? What force to dare, what stroke to snatch away

quid faciat? qua ui iuuenem, quibus audeat armis
 The youth? Or shall he cast himself amid the swords to die,
 eripere? an sese medios moriturus in enses 400
 And hasten down the way of wounds to lovely death anigh?
 inferat et pulchram properet per uulnera mortem?
 Then swiftly, with his arm drawn back and brandishing his spear,
 ocius adducto torquet hastile lacerto
 He looks up at the moon aloft, and thuswise poureth prayer:
 suspiciens altam Lunam et sic uoce precatur:
 "To aid, thou Goddess! Stay my toil, and let the end be good!
 'tu, dea, tu praesens nostro succurre labori,
 Latonian glory of the stars, fair watcher of the wood,
 astrorum decus et nemorum Latonia custos. 405
 If ever any gift for me upon thine altars gave
 si qua tuis umquam pro me pater Hyrtacus aris
 My father Hyrtacus; if I for thee the hunting drave;
 dona tulit, si qua ipse meis uenatibus auxi
 If aught I hung upon thy dome, or set upon thy roof,
 suspendiue tholo aut sacra ad fastigia fixi,
 Give me to break their gathered host, guide thou my steel aloof!"
 hunc sine me turbare globum et rege tela per auras.'
 He spake, and in the shafted steel set all his body's might,
 dixerat et toto conixus corpore ferrum 410
 And hurled it: flying forth the spear clave through the dusk of night,
 conicit. hasta uolans noctis diuerberat umbras
 And, reaching Sulmo turned away, amidst his back it flew,
 et uenit auersi in tergum Sulmonis ibique
 And brake there; but the splintering shaft his very heart pierced
 through,
 frangitur, ac fisso transit praecordia ligno.
 And o'er he rolleth, vomiting the hot stream from his breast:
 uoluitur ille uomens calidum de pectore flumen
 Then heave his flanks with long-drawn sobs and cold he lies at rest.
 frigidus et longis singultibus ilia pulsatur. 415
 On all sides then they peer about: but, whetted on thereby,
 diuersi circumspectiunt. hoc acrior idem
 The quivering shaft from o'er his ear again he letteth fly.

ecce aliud summa telum librabat ab aure.

Amid their wilderment the spear whistleth through either side
dum trepidant, it hasta Tago per tempus utrumque
Of Tagus' temples, and wet-hot amidst his brain doth bide.
stridens traiectoque haesit tepefacta cerebro.

Fierce Volscens rageth, seeing none who might the spear-shot send,
saeuit atrox Volcens nec teli conspicit usquam 420

Or any man on whom his wrath and heat of heart to spend.
auctorem nec quo se ardens immittere possit.

"But thou, at least, with thine hot blood shalt pay the due award
'tu tamen interea calido mihi sanguine poenas

For both," he cries; and therewithal, swift drawing forth the sword,
persolues amborum' inquit; simul ense recluso
He falleth on Euryalus. Then, wild with all affright,
ibat in Euryalum. tum uero exterritus, amens,

Nisus shrieks out, and cares no more to cloak himself with night,
conclamat Nisus nec se celare tenebris 425

And hath no heart to bear against so great a misery.
amplius aut tantum potuit perferre dolorem:

"On me, me! Here — I did the deed! turn ye the sword on me,
'me, me, adsum qui feci, in me conuertite ferrum,

Rutulians! — all the guilt is mine: he might not do nor dare.

o Rutuli! mea fraus omnis, nihil iste nec ausus

May heaven and those all-knowing stars true witness of it bear!
nec potuit; caelum hoc et conscia sidera testor;

Only with too exceeding love he loved his hapless friend."

tantum infelicem nimium dilexit amicum.' 430

Such words he poured forth, but the sword no less its way doth
wend,

talia dicta dabat, sed uiribus ensis adactus

Piercing the flank and rending through the goodly breast of him;
transadigit costas et candida pectora rumpit.

And rolls Euryalus in death: in plenteous blood they swim
uoluitur Euryalus leto, pulchrosque per artus

His lovely limbs, his drooping neck low on his shoulder lies:
it cruor inque umeros ceruix conlapsa recumbit:

As when the purple field-flower faints before the plough and dies,

purpureus ueluti cum flos succisus aratro 435

Or poppies when they hang their heads on wearied stems outworn,
languescit moriens, lassoue papauera collo

When haply by the rainy load their might is overborne.

demisere caput pluuiæ cum forte grauantur.

Then Nisus falls amidst of them, and Volscens seeks alone
at Nisus ruit in medios solumque per omnis

For aught that any man may do: save him he heedeth none.

Volcentem petit, in solo Volcente moratur.

About him throng the foe: all round the strokes on him are laid
quem circum glomerati hostes hinc comminus atque hinc 440

To thrust him off: but on he bears, whirling his lightning blade,
proturbant. instat non setius ac rotat ensem

Till full in Volscens' shouting mouth he burieth it at last,
fulmineum, donec Rutuli clamantis in ore

Tearing the life from out the foe, as forth his own life passed.

condidit aduerso et moriens animam abstulit hosti.

Then, ploughed with wounds, he cast him down upon his lifeless
friend,

tum super exanimum sese proiecit amicum

And so in quietness of death gat resting in the end.

confossus, placidaque ibi demum morte quieuit. 445

O happy twain, if anywise my song-craft may avail,

Fortunati ambo! si quid mea carmina possunt,

From out the memory of the world no day shall blot your tale,
nulla dies umquam memori uos eximet æuo,

While on the rock-fast Capitol Æneas' house abides,

dum domus Aeneae Capitoli immobile saxum

And while the Roman Father still the might of empire guides.

accolet imperiumque pater Romanus habebit.

The Rutuli, victorious now with spoils and prey of war,

Victores præda Rutuli spoliisque potiti 450

But sorrowing still, amid the camp the perished Volscens bore.

Volcentem exanimum flentes in castra ferebant.

Nor in the camp was grief the less, when they on Rhamnes came

nec minor in castris luctus Rhamnete reperto

Bloodless; and many a chief cut off by one death and the same;

exsanguī et primis una tot caede peremptis,
Serranus dead and Numa dead: a many then they swarm
Serranoque Numaque. ingens concursus ad ipsa
About the dead and dying men, and places wet and warm
corpora seminecisque uiros, tepidaque recentem 455
With new-wrought death, and runnels full with plenteous foaming
blood.

caede locum et pleno spumantis sanguine riuos.
Then one by one the spoils they note; the glittering helm and good
agnoscunt spolia inter se galeamque nitentem
Messapus owned: the gear such toil had won back from the dead.
Messapi et multo phaleras sudore receptas.
But timely now Aurora left Tithonus' saffron bed,
Et iam prima nouo spargebat lumine terras
And over earth went scattering wide the light of new-born day:
Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile. 460

The sun-flood flowed, and all the world unveiled by daylight lay.
iam sole infuso, iam rebus luce reiectis
Then Turnus, clad in arms himself, wakes up the host to arms,
Turnus in arma uiros armis circumdatus ipse
And every lord to war-array bids on his brazen swarms;
suscitat: aeratasque acies in proelia cogunt,
And men with diverse tidings told their battle-anger whet.
quisque suos, uariisque acunt rumoribus iras.

Moreover (miserable sight!) on upraised spears they set
quin ipsa arrectis (uisu miserabile) in hastis 465
Those heads, and follow them about with most abundant noise,
praefigunt capita et multo clamore sequuntur
Euryalus and Nisus dead. Meanwhile Æneas' hardy sons upon their
leftward wall
Euryali et Nisi.

Stand in array; for on the right the river girdeth all.
Aeneadae duri murorum in parte sinistra
In woe they ward the ditches deep, and on the towers on high
opposuere aciem (nam dextera cingitur amni),
Stand sorrowing; for those heads upreared touch all their hearts
anigh,

ingentisque tenent fossas et turribus altis 470

Known overwell to their sad eyes mid the black flow of gore.

stant maesti; simul ora uirum praefixa mouebant

Therewith in wingèd fluttering haste, the trembling city o'er
nota nimis miseris atroque fluentia tabo.

Goes tell-tale Fame, and swift amidst the mother's ears doth glide;

Interea pauidam uolitans pennata per urbem

And changed she was, nor in her bones the life-heat would abide:

nuntia Fama ruit matrisque adlabitur auris

The shuttle falls from out her hand, unrolled the web doth fall,

Euryali. at subitus miserae calor ossa reliquit, 475

And with a woman's hapless shrieks she flieth to the wall:

excussi manibus radii reuolutaque pensa.

Rending her hair, beside herself, she faced the front of fight,

euolat infelix et femineo ululatu

Heedless of men, and haps of death, and all the weapons' flight,

scissa comam muros amens atque agmina cursu

And there the very heavens she filled with wailing of her grief:

prima petit, non illa uirum, non illa pericli

"O son, and do I see thee so? Thou rest and last relief

telorumque memor, caelum dehinc questibus implet: 480

Of my old days! hadst thou the heart to leave me lone and spent?

'hunc ego te, Euryale, aspicio? tune ille senectae

O cruel! might I see thee not on such a peril sent?

sera meae requies, potuisti linquere solam,

Was there no time for one last word amid my misery?

crudelis? nec te sub tanta pericula missum

A prey for Latin fowl and dogs how doth thy body lie,

adfari extremum miserae data copia matri?

On lands uncouth! Not e'en may I, thy mother, streak thee, son,

heu, terra ignota canibus data praeda Latinis 485

Thy body dead; or close thine eyes, or wash thy wounds well won,

alitibusque iaces! nec te tua funere mater

Or shroud thee in the cloth I wrought for thee by night and day,

produxi pressius oculos aut uulnera laui,

When hastening on the weaving-task I kept eld's cares at bay?

ueste tegens tibi quam noctes festina diesque

Where shall I seek thee? What earth hides thy body, mangled sore,
urgebam, et tela curas solabar anilis.

And perished limbs? O son, to me bringest thou back no more
quo sequar? aut quae nunc artus auulsaque membra 490

Than this? and have I followed this o'er every land and sea?
et funus lacerum tellus habet? hoc mihi de te,

O pierce me through, if ye be kind; turn all your points on me,
nate, refers? hoc sum terraque marique secuta?

Rutulians! Let me first of all with battle-steel be sped!

figite me, si qua est pietas, in me omnia tela

Father of Gods, have mercy thou! Thrust down the hated head
conicite, o Rutuli, me primam absumite ferro;

Beneath the House of Tartarus with thine own weapon's stress,
aut tu, magne pater diuum, miserere, tuoque 495

Since otherwise I may not break my life-days' bitterness."

inuism hoc detrude caput sub Tartara telo,

Their hearts were shaken with her wail, and Sorrow fain will weep,
quando aliter nequeo crudelem abrupere uitam.'

And in all men their battle-might unbroken lay asleep.

hoc fletu concussi animi, maestusque per omnis

But Actor and Idæus take that flaming misery,

it gemitus, torpent infractae ad proelia uires.

As bade Ilioneus, and young Iulus, sore as he

illam incendentem luctus Idaeus et Actor 500

Went weeping: back in arms therewith they bear her 'neath the roof.

Ilionei monitu et multum lacrimantis Iuli

But now the trump with brazen song cast fearful sound aloof,
corripiunt interque manus sub tecta reponunt.

Chiding to war; and shouts rise up and belloweth back the heaven,

At tuba terribilem sonitum procul aere canoro

And forth the Volscians fare to speed the shield-roof timely driven.
increpuit, sequitur clamor caelumque remugit.

Some men fall on to fill the ditch and pluck the ramparts down;
accelerant acta pariter testudine Volsci 505

Some seek approach and ladders lay where daylight rends the crown
et fossas implere parant ac uellere uallum;

Of wall-wards, and would get them up where stands the hedge of war

quaerunt pars aditum et scalis ascendere muros,
Thinner of men: against their way the Teucrian warders pour
qua rara est acies interlucetque corona
All weapon-shot: with hard-head pikes they thrust them down the
steep.

non tam spissa uiris. telorum effundere contra
Long was the war wherein they learned the battle-wall to keep.
omne genus Teucris ac duris detrudere contis, 510
Stones, too, of deadly weight they roll, if haply they may break
adsueti longo muros defendere bello.

The shield-roof of the battle-rush; but sturdily those take
saxa quoque infesto uoluebant pondere, si qua
All chances of the play beneath their close and well-knit hold.
possent tectam aciem perrumpere, cum tamen omnis
Yet fail they; for when hard at hand their world of war was rolled,
ferre iuuat subter densa testudine casus.

A mighty mass by Teucrians moved rolls on and rushes o'er,
nec iam sufficiunt. nam qua globus imminet ingens, 515
And fells the host of Rutuli and breaks the tiles of war.

immanem Teucris molem uoluuntque ruuntque,
Nor longer now the Rutuli, the daring hearts, may bear
quae strauit Rutulos late armorumque resouit
To play with Mars amid the dark, but strive the walls to clear
tegmina. nec curant caeco contendere Marte

With storm of shaft and weapon shot.
amplius audaces Rutuli, sed pellere uallo
But now Mezentius otherwhere, a fearful sight to see,
missilibus certant. 520

Was tossing high the Tuscan pine with smoke-wreathed fiery heart:
parte alia horrendus uisu quassabat Etruscam

While Neptune's child, the horse-tamer Messapus, played his part,
pinum et fumiferos infert Mezentius ignis;

Rending the wall, and crying out for ladders to be laid.

at Messapus equum domitor, Neptunia proles,

Speak, Song-maids: thou, Calliope, give thou the singer aid
rescindit uallum et scalas in moenia poscit.

To tell what wise by Turnus' sword the field of fight was strown;

Vos, o Calliope, precor, aspirate canenti 525

What death he wrought; what man each man to Orcus sent adown.

quas ibi tum ferro strages, quae funera Turnus

Fall to with me to roll abroad the mighty skirts of war,

ediderit, quem quisque uirum demiserit Orco,

Ye, Goddesses, remember all, and ye may tell it o'er.

et mecum ingentis oras euoluite belli.

There was a tower built high overhead, with gangways up in air,

Turris erat uasto suspectu et pontibus altis, 530

Set well for fight, 'gainst which the foe their utmost war-might bear,

opportuna loco, summis quam uiribus omnes

And all Italians strive their most to work its overthrow:

expugnare Itali summaque euertere opum ui

Gainst whom the Trojans ward it well, casting the stones below,

certabant, Troes contra defendere saxis

And through the hollow windows speed the shot-storm thick and fast.

perque cauas densi tela intorquere fenestras.

There Turnus first of all his folk a flaming firebrand cast,

princeps ardentem coniecit lampada Turnus 535

And fixed it in the turret's flank: wind-nursed it caught great space

et flammam adfixit lateri, quae plurima uento

Of planking, and amid the doors, consuming, kept its place.

corripuit tabulas et postibus haesit adesis.

Then they within, bewildered sore, to flee their ills are fain,

turbati trepidare intus frustra malorum

But all for nought; for while therein they huddle from the bane,

uelle fugam. dum se glomerant retroque residunt

And draw aback to place yet free from ruin, suddenly

in partem quae peste caret, tum pondere turris 540

O'erweighted toppleth down the tower, and thundereth through the sky.

procubuit subito et caelum tonat omne fragore.

Half-dead the warders fall to earth by world of wrack o'erborne,

semineces ad terram immani mole secuta

Pierced with their own shafts, and their breasts with hardened splinters torn.

confixique suis telis et pectora duro
Yea, Lycus and Helenor came alone of all their peers
transfossi ligno ueniunt. uix unus Helenor
Alive to earth: Helenor, now in spring-tide of his years:
et Lycus elapsi; quorum primaevus Helenor, 545
Bond-maid Licymnia privily to that Mæonian king
Maeonio regi quem serua Licymnia furtim
Had borne the lad, and sent him forth to Troy's beleaguering
sustulerat uetitisque ad Troiam miserat armis,
With arms forbidden, sheathless sword and churl's unpainted shield.
ense leuis nudo parmaque inglorius alba.
But when he saw himself amidst the thousand-sworded field
isque ubi se Turni media inter milia uidit,
Of Turnus, Latins on each side, behind, and full in face,
hinc acies atque hinc acies astare Latinas, 550
E'en as a wild beast hedged about by girdle of the chase
ut fera, quae densa uenantum saepta corona
Rages against the point and edge, and, knowing death anear,
contra tela furit seseque haud nescia morti
Leaps forth, and far is borne away down on the hunter's spear;
inicit et saltu supra uenabula fertur —
Not otherwise the youth falls on where thickest spear-points lie,
haud aliter iuuenis medios moriturus in hostis
And in the middle of the foe he casts himself to die.
inruit et qua tela uidet densissima tendit. 555
But Lycus, nimbler far of foot, betwixt the foemen slipped,
at pedibus longe melior Lycus inter et hostis
Betwixt the swords, and gained the wall, and at the coping gripped,
inter et arma fuga muros tenet, altaque certat
And strove to draw him up with hand, the friendly hands to feel;
prendere tecta manu sociumque attingere dextras.
But Turnus both with foot and spear hath followed hard at heel,
quem Turnus pariter cursu teloque secutus
And mocks him thus in victory: "How was thy hope so grown
increpat his uictor: 'nostrasne euadere, demens, 560
Of 'scaping from my hand, O fool?'" Therewith he plucks him down
sperasti te posse manus?' simul arripit ipsum

From where he hung, and space of wall tears downward with the man.

pendentem et magna muri cum parte reuellit:

As when it chanceth that a hare or snowy-bodied swan

qualis ubi aut leporem aut candenti corpore cycnum

Jove's shield-bearer hath borne aloft in snatching hookèd feet;

sustulit alta petens pedibus Iouis armiger uncis,

Or lamb, whose mother seeketh him with most abundant bleat,

quaesitum aut matri multis balatibus agnum 565

Some wolf of Mars from fold hath caught. Goes up great cry around:

Martius a stabulis rapuit lupus. undique clamor

They set on, and the ditches filled with o'erturned garth and mound,

tollitur: inuadunt et fossas aggere complent,

While others cast the blazing brands on roof and battlement.

ardentis taedas alii ad fastigia iactant.

Ilioneus with mighty stone, a shard from hillside rent,

Ilioneus saxo atque ingenti fragmine montis

Lucetius felled, as fire in hand unto the gate he drew.

Lucetium portae subeuntem ignisque ferentem, 570

Then Liger felled Emathion, for craft of spear he knew;

Emathiona Liger, Corynaeum sternit Asilas,

Asylas Corynaeus, by dint of skill in bowshaft's ways,

hic iaculo bonus, hic longe fallente sagitta,

Cæneus Ortygius fells, and him, victorious, Turnus slays,

Ortygium Caeneus, uictorem Caenea Turnus,

And Itys, Clonius, Promolus, Dioxippus withal,

Turnus Ityn Cloniumque, Dioxippum Promolumque

And Sagaris, and Idas set on topmost turret-wall.

et Sagarim et summis stantem pro turribus Idan, 575

Then Capys slays Privernus; him Themilla's light-winged spear

Priuernum Capys. hunc primo leuis hasta Themillae

Had grazed, whereon he dropped his shield, and his left hand did bear

strinxerat, ille manum proiecto tegmine demens

Upon the hurt; when lo, thereto the wingèd shaft did win,

ad uulnus tulit; ergo alis adlapsa sagitta

And nailed the hand unto the side, and, buried deep within,

et laeua infixae est alte lateri, abditaque intus
Burst all the breathing-ways of life with deadly fatal sore.
spiramenta animae letali uulnere rupit. 580
But lo, where standeth Arcens' child in goodly weed of war,
stabat in egregiis Arcentis filius armis
Fair with his needle-painted cloak, with Spanish scarlet bright,
pictus acu chlamydem et ferrugine clarus Hibera,
Noble of face: Arcens, his sire, had sent him to the fight
insignis facie, genitor quem miserat Arcens
From nursing of his mother's grove about Symaethia's flood,
eductum Martis luco Symaethia circum
Whereby Palicus' altar stands, the wealthy and the good.
flumina, pinguis ubi et placabilis ara Palici: 585
Mezentius now laid by his spear, and took his whistling sling,
stridentem fundam positus Mezentius hastis
And whirled it thrice about his head at length of tugging string,
ipse ter adducta circum caput egit habena
And with the flight of molten lead his midmost forehead clave,
et media aduersi liquefacto tempora plumbo
And to the deep abundant sand his outstretched body gave.
diffidit ac multa porrectum extendit harena.
Then first they say Ascanius aimed his speedy shafts in war,
Tum primum bello celerem intendisse sagittam 590
Wherewith but fleeing beasts afield he used to fright before:
dicitur ante feras solitus terrere fugacis
But now at last his own right hand the stark Numanus slays,
Ascanius, fortemque manu fudisse Numanum,
Who had to surname Remulus, and in these latter days
cui Remulo cognomen erat, Turnique minorem
King Turnus' sister, young of years, had taken to his bed:
germanam nuper thalamo sociatus habebat.
He in the forefront of the fight kept crying out, and said
is primam ante aciem digna atque indigna relatu 595
Things worthy and unworthy tale: puffed up with pride of place
uociferans tumidusque nouo praecordia regno
New-won he went, still clamouring out his greatness and his grace.
ibat et ingentem sese clamore ferebat:

“O twice-caught Phrygians, shames you nought thus twice amid the wars

‘non pudet obsidione iterum ualloque teneri,

To lie in bonds, and stretch out walls before the march of Mars?

bis capti Phryges, et morti praetendere muros?

Lo, these are they who woke the war the wives of us to wed!

en qui nostra sibi bello conubia poscunt! 600

What God sent you to Italy? what madness hither sped?

quis deus Italiam, quae uos dementia adegit?

Here are no Atreus’ sons, and no Ulysses word-weaver.

non hic Atridae nec fandi fictor Vlixes:

A people hard from earliest spring our new-born sons we bear

durum a stirpe genus natos ad flumina primum

Unto the stream, and harden us with bitter frost and flood.

deferimus saeuoque gelu duramus et undis;

Our lads, they wake the dawning-chase and wear the tangled wood;

uenatu inuigilant pueri siluasque fatigant, 605

Our sport is taming of the horse and drawing shafted bow;

flectere ludus equos et spicula tendere cornu.

Our carles, who bear a world of toil, and hunger-pinching know,

at patiens operum paruoque adsueta iuuentus

Tame earth with spade, or shake with war the cities of the folk.

aut rastris terram domat aut quatit oppida bello.

Yea, all our life with steel is worn; afield we drive the yoke

omne aeuum ferro teritur, uersaque iuuentum

With spear-shaft turned about: nor doth a halting eld of sloth

terga fatigamus hasta, nec tarda senectus 610

Weaken our mightiness of soul, or change our glory’s growth.

debilitat uiris animi mutatque uigorem:

We do the helm on hoary hairs, and ever deem it good

canitiem galea premimus, semperque recentis

To drive the foray day by day, and make the spoil our food.

comportare iuuat praedas et uiuere rapto.

But ye — the raiment saffron-stained, with purple glow tricked out

—

uobis picta croco et fulgenti murice uestis,

These are your heart-joys: ye are glad to lead the dance about.

desidiaē cordi, iuuat indulgere choreis, 615

Sleeve-coated folk, O ribbon-coifed, not even Phrygian men,
et tunicae manicas et habent redimicula mitrae.

But Phrygian wives, to Dindymus the high go get ye then!

o uere Phrygiae, neque enim Phryges, ite per alta

To hear the flute's twi-mouthèd song as ye are wont to do!

Dindyma, ubi adsuētis biformem dat tibia cantum.

The Berecynthian Mother's box and cymbals call to you

tympana uos buxusque uocat Berecynthia Matris

From Ida: let men deal with war, and drop adown your swords."

Idaeae; sinite arma uiris et cedite ferro.' 620

That singer of such wicked speech, that caster forth of words,

Talia iactantem dictis ac dira canentem

Ascanius brooked not: breasting now his horse-hair full at strain,

non tulit Ascanius, neruoque obuersus equino

He aimed the shaft, and therewithal drew either arm atwain,

contendit telum diuersaque bracchia ducens

And stood so; but to Jupiter first suppliant fell to pray:

constitit, ante Iouem supplex per uota precatus:

"O Jove Almighty, to my deeds, thus new-begun, nod yea,

'Iuppiter omnipotens, audacibus adnue coeptis. 625

And I myself unto thy fane the yearly gifts will bear,

ipse tibi ad tua templa feram sollemnia dona,

And bring before thine altar-stead a snow-white gilt-horned steer,

et statuam ante aras aurata fronte iuuenicum

Whose head unto his mother's head is evenly upborne,

candentem pariterque caput cum matre ferentem,

Of age to spurn the sand with hoof and battle with the horn."

iam cornu petat et pedibus qui spargat harenam.'

The Father heard, and out of heaven, wherein no cloud-fleck hung,

audiit et caeli genitor de parte serena 630

His leftward thunder fell, wherewith the fateful bow outrung,

intonuit laeuum, sonat una fatifer arcus.

The back-drawn shaft went whistling forth with dreadful sound, and

sped

effugit horrendum stridens adducta sagitta

To pierce the skull of Remulus and hollow of his head:

perque caput Remuli uenit et caua tempora ferro
 “Go to, then, and thy mocking words upon men’s valour call,
 traicit. ‘i, uerbis uirtutem inlude superbis!
 The twice-caught Phrygians answer back Rutulians herewithal.”
 bis capti Phryges haec Rutulis responsa remittunt’: 635
 This only word Ascanius spake: the Teucrians raise their cry
 hoc tantum Ascanius. Teucri clamore sequuntur
 And shout for joy, and lift their heart aloft unto the sky.
 laetitiaque fremunt animosque ad sidera tollunt.
 Long-haired Apollo then by hap high-set in airy place,
 Aetheria tum forte plaga crinitus Apollo
 Looked down upon Ausonian host and leaguered city’s case,
 desuper Ausonias acies urbemque uidebat
 And thus the victor he bespeaks from lofty seat of cloud:
 nube sedens, atque his uictorem adfatur Iulum: 640
 “Speed on in new-born valour, child! this is the starward road,
 ‘macte noua uirtute, puer, sic itur ad astra,
 O son of Gods and sire of Gods! Well have the Fates ordained
 dis genite et geniture deos. iure omnia bella
 That ‘neath Assaracus one day all war shall be refrained.
 gente sub Assaraci fato uentura resident,
 No Troy shall hold thee.”
 nec te Troia capit.’ simul haec effatus ab alto
 With that word he stoops from heaven aloft
 aethere se mittit, spirantis dimouet auras 645
 And puts away on either side the wind that meets him soft,
 Ascaniumque petit; forma tum uertitur oris
 And seeks Ascanius: changed is he withal, and putteth on
 antiquum in Buten. hic Dardanio Anchisae
 The shape of Butes old of days, shield-bearer time ago
 armiger ante fuit fidusque ad limina custos;
 Unto Anchises, Dardan king, and door-ward true and tried;
 tum comitem Ascanio pater addidit. ibat Apollo
 But with Ascanius now his sire had bidden him abide.
 omnia longaeuo similis uocemque coloremque 650
 Like this old man in every wise, voice, hue, and hoary hair,
 et crinis albos et saeua sonoribus arma,

And arms that cried on cruel war, now did Apollo fare,
atque his ardentem dictis adfatur Iulum:
And to Iulus hot of heart in such wise went his speech:
'sit satis, Aenide, telis impune Numanum
"Enough, O child of Æneas, that thou with shaft didst reach
oppetiisse tuis. primam hanc tibi magnus Apollo
Numanus' life unharmed thyself, great Phoebus grants thee this,
concedit laudem et paribus non inuidet armis; 655
Thy first-born praise, nor grudgeth thee like weapons unto his.
cetera parce, puer, bello.' sic orsus Apollo
But now refrain thy youth from war." So spake Apollo then,
mortalis medio aspectus sermone reliquit
And in the midmost of his speech fled sight of mortal men,
et procul in tenuem ex oculis euanuit auram.
And faded from their eyes away afar amid the air.
agnouere deum procures diuinaque tela
The Dardan dukes, they knew the God and holy shooting-gear,
Dardanidae pharetramque fuga sensere sonantem. 660
And as he fled away from them they heard his quiver shrill.
ergo audium pugnae dictis ac numine Phoebi
Therefore Ascanius, fain of fight, by Phoebus' word and will
Ascanium prohibent, ipsi in certamina rursus
They hold aback: but they themselves fare to the fight again,
succedunt animasque in aperta pericula mittunt.
And cast their souls amidst of all the perils bare and plain.
it clamor totis per propugnacula muris,
Then goes the shout adown the wall, along the battlement;
intendunt acris arcus amentaque torquent. 665
The javelin-thongs are whirled about, the sharp-springed bows are
bent,
sternitur omne solum telis, tum scuta cauaeque
And all the earth is strewn with shot: the shield, the helmet's cup,
dant sonitum flictu galeae, pugna aspera surgit:
Ring out again with weapon-dint, and fierce the fight springs up.
quantus ab occasu ueniens pluuias Haedis
As great as, when the watery kids are setting, beats the rain
uerberat imber humum, quam multa grandine nimbi

Upon the earth; as plentiful as when upon the main
 in uada praecipitant, cum Iuppiter horridus Austris 670
 The hail-clouds fall, when Jupiter, fierce with the southern blasts,
 torquet aquosam hiemem et caelo caua nubila rumpit.
 Breaks up the hollow clouds of heaven and watery whirl downcasts.
 Pandarus et Bitias, Idaeo Alcanore creti,
 Now Pandarus and Bitias stark, Idan Alcanor's seed.
 quos Iouis eduxit luco siluestris Iæra
 They whom Iæra of the woods in Jove's brake nursed with heed,
 abietibus iuuenes patriis et montibus aequos,
 Youths tall as firs or mountain-cliffs that in their country are,
 portam, quae ducis imperio commissa, recludunt 675
 The gate their lord hath bid them keep, these freely now unbar,
 freti armis, ultroque inuitant moenibus hostem.
 And freely bid the foeman in, trusting to stroke of hand;
 ipsi intus dextra ac laeua pro turribus astant
 But they themselves to right and left before the gate-towers stand,
 armati ferro et cristis capita alta corusci:
 Steel-clad, and with their lofty heads crested with glittering gleams;
 quales aerae liquentia flumina circum
 E'en as amid the air of heaven, beside the flowing streams
 siue Padi ripis Athesim seu propter amoenum 680
 On rim of Padus, or anigh soft Athesis and sweet,
 consurgunt geminae quercus intonsaque caelo
 Twin oak-trees spring, and tops unshorn uprear the skies to meet,
 attollunt capita et sublimi uertice nutant.
 And with their heads high over earth nod ever in the wind.
 inrumpunt aditus Rutuli ut uidere patentis:
 So now the Rutuli fall on when clear the way they find,
 continuo Quercens et pulcher Aquiculus armis
 But Quercens, and Æquiculus the lovely war-clad one,
 et praeceps animi Tmarus et Mauortius Haemon 685
 And Tmarus of the headlong soul, and Hæmon, Mavors' son,
 agminibus totis aut uersi terga dedere
 Must either turn their backs in flight, with all their men of war,
 aut ipso portae posuere in limine uitam.
 Or lay adown their lovèd lives on threshold of the door.

tum magis increscunt animis discordibus irae,
Then bitterer waxeth battle-rage in hate-fulfillèd hearts,
et iam collecti Troes glomerantur eodem
And there the Trojans draw to head and gather from all parts,
et conferre manum et procurrere longius audent. 690
Eager to deal in handy strokes, full fierce afield to fare.
Ductori Turno diuersa in parte furenti
But as duke Turnus through the fight was raging otherwhere,
turbantique uiros perfertur nuntius, hostem
Confounding folk, there came a man with tidings that the foe,
feruere caede noua et portas praeberè patentis.
Hot with new death, the door-leaves wide to all incomers throw.
deserit inceptum atque immani concitus ira
Therewith he leaves the work in hand, and, stirred by anger's goad,
Dardanium ruit ad portam fratresque superbos. 695
Against the Dardan gate goes forth, against the brethren proud:
et primum Antiphaten (is enim se primus agebat),
There first Antiphates he slew, who fought amid the first,
Thebana de matre nothum Sarpedonis alti,
The bastard of Sarpedon tall, by Theban mother nursed.
coniecto sternit iaculo: uolat Itala cornus
With javelin-cast he laid him low: the Italian cornel flies
aera per tenerum stomachoque infixà sub altum
Through the thin air, pierceth his maw, and 'neath his breast-bone
lies
pectus abit; reddit specus atri uulneris undam 700
Deep down; the hollow wound-cave pours a flood of gore and foam,
spumantem, et fixo ferrum in pulmone tepescit.
And warm amid him lies the steel, amid his lung gone home.
tum Meropem atque Erymanta manu, tum sternit Aphidnum,
Then Meropes', and Erymas', Aphidnus' lives he spilled;
tum Bitian ardentem oculis animisque frementem,
Then Bitias of the flaming eyes and heart with ire fulfilled; —
non iaculo (neque enim iaculo uitam ille dedisset),
Not with the dart, for to no dart his life-breath had he given; —
sed magnum stridens contorta phalarica uenit 705
But whirled and whizzing mightily came on the sling-spear, driven

fulminis acta modo, quam nec duo taurea terga
Like lightning-flash; against whose dint two bull-hides nought
availed,
nec duplici squama lorica fidelis et auro
Nor yet the golden faithful fence of war-coat double-scaled:
sustinuit; conlapsa ruunt immania membra,
His fainting limbs fell down afield, and earth gave out a groan,
dat tellus gemitum et clipeum super intonat ingens.
And rang the thunder of his shield huge on his body thrown:
talis in Euboico Baiarum litore quondam 710
E'en as upon Euboean shore of Baiaë falleth whiles
saxea pila cadit, magnis quam molibus ante
A stony pillar, which built up of mighty bonded piles
constructam ponto iaciunt, sic illa ruinam
They set amid the sea: suchwise it draggeth mighty wrack
prona trahit penitusque uadis inlisa recumbit;
Headlong adown, and deep in sea it lieth dashed aback:
miscent se maria et nigrae attolluntur harenae,
The seas are blent, black whirl of sand goes up confusedly;
tum sonitu Prochyta alta tremit durumque cubile 715
And with the noise quakes Prochyta, and quakes Inarimè,
Inarime Iouis imperiis imposta Typhoeo.
The unsoft bed by Jove's command upon Typhoeus laid.
Hic Mars armipotens animum uirisque Latinis
Then Mars, the mighty in the war, brings force and strength to aid
addidit et stimulos acris sub pectore uertit,
The Latin men, and in their hearts he stirs his bitter goads,
immisitque Fugam Teucris atrumque Timorem.
The while with fleeing and black fear the Teucrian heart he loads:
undique conueniunt, quoniam data copia pugnae, 720
From everywhither run the folk, since here is battle rich,
bellatorque animo deus incidit.
And in all hearts the war-god wakes.
Pandarus, ut fuso germanum corpore cernit
But Pandarus, beholding now his brother laid to earth,
et quo sit fortuna loco, qui casus agat res,
And whitherward wends Fortune now, and what Time brings to birth,

portam ui multa conuerso cardine torquet
Back-swinging on the hinge again with might the door-leaf sends,
obnixus latis umeris, multosque suorum 725
By struggle of his shoulders huge; and many of his friends
moenibus exclusos duro in certamine linquit;
Shut outward of the walls he leaves, amid the fierce debate;
ast alios secum includit recipitque ruentis,
While others, with himself shut in, poured backward through the
gate.

demens, qui Rutulum in medio non agmine regem
Madman! who saw not how the king Rutulian mid the band
uiderit inrumpentem ultroque incluserit urbi,
Came rushing, but amidst the town now shut him with his hand,
immanem ueluti pecora inter inertia tigrim. 730
E'en as a tiger pent amidst a helpless flock of sheep.
continuo noua lux oculis effulsit et arma
Then dreadfully his armour rings, light from his eyes doth leap, —
horrendum sonuere, tremunt in uertice cristae
A strange new light: the blood-red crest upon his helm-top quakes,
sanguineae clipeoque micantia fulmina mittit.
And from the circle of his shield a glittering lightning breaks.
agnoscunt faciem inuisam atque immania membra
Sudden Æneas' frightened folk behold his hated face
turbati subito Aeneadae. tum Pandarus ingens 735
And mighty limbs: but Pandarus breaks forth amid the place
emicat et mortis fraternae feruidus ira
Huge, and his heart afire with rage for his lost brother's death.
effatur: 'non haec dotalis regia Amatae,
"Nay, this is not Amata's home, the dowry house," he saith,
nec muris cohibet patriis media Ardea Turnum.
"Nor yet doth Ardea's midmost wall hold kindred Turnus in:
castra inimica uides, nulla hinc exire potestas.'
The foeman's camp thou seest, wherefrom thou hast no might to
win."

olli subridens sedato pectore Turnus: 740
But from his all untroubled breast laughed Turnus, as he said:
'incipe, si qua animo uirtus, et consere dextram,

“Begin, if thou hast heart thereto, let hand to hand be laid!

hic etiam inuentum Priamo narrabis Achillem.’

Thou shalt tell Priam how thou found’st a new Achilles here.”

dixerat. ille rudem nodis et cortice crudo

He spake: the other put all strength to hurling of his spear,

intorquet summis adnexus uiribus hastam;

A shaft all rough with knots, and still in its own tree-bark bound.

exceperae auras, uulnus Saturnia Iuno 745

Straightway the thin air caught it up, but that swift-speeding wound

detorsit ueniens, portaeque infigitur hasta.

Saturnian Juno turned aside and set it in the door.

‘at non hoc telum, mea quod ui dextera uersat,

— “But now thou ‘scapest not this steel mine own hand maketh sure,
effugies, neque enim is teli nec uulneris auctor’:

Nought such as thine the weapon-smith, the wound-smith — —”

With the word

sic ait, et sublatum alte consurgit in ensem

He riseth up unto the high uprising of the sword,

et mediam ferro gemina inter tempora frontem 750

Wherewith betwixt the temples twain he clave his midmost head,

diuidit impubisque immani uulnere malas.

And with a fearful wound apart the cheeks unbearded shred.

fit sonus, ingenti concussa est pondere tellus;

Then came a sound, and shook the earth ‘neath the huge weight of
him:

conlapsos artus atque arma cruenta cerebro

With armour wet with blood and brain, with fainting, slackened limb,

sternit humi moriens, atque illi partibus aequis

He strewed the ground in death; his head, sheared clean and evenly,

huc caput atque illuc umero ex utroque pependit. 755

From either shoulder hanging down, this side and that did lie.

Diffugiunt uersi trepida formidine Troes,

Then turn and flee the Trojan folk, by quaking terror caught;

et si continuo uictorem ea cura subisset,

And if the conquering man as then one moment had had thought

rumpere claustra manu sociosque immittere portis,

To burst the bolts and let his folk in through the opened door,

ultimus ille dies bello gentique fuisset.

That day had been the last of days for Trojans and their war.

sed furor ardentem caedisque insana cupido 760

But utter wrath of heart and soul, and wildering lust of death
egit in aduersos.

Drave him afire amidst the foe.

principio Phalerim et succiso poplite Gygen

Then Phaleris he catcheth up, and ham-strung Gyges then,

excipit, hinc raptas fugientibus ingerit hastas

Whose spears, snatched up, he hurleth on against the backs of men;
in tergus, Iuno uiris animumque ministrat.

For Juno finds him might enough and heart wherewith to do,

addit Halyn comitem et confixa Phegea parma, 765

Halys he sendeth down with these, Phegeus with targe smit through;
ignaros deinde in muris Martemque cientis

Then, as they roused the war on wall, nor wotted aught of this,

Alcandrumque Haliumque Noemonaque Prytanimque.

Alcander stark, and Halius stout, Noëmon, Prytanis.

Lyncea tendentem contra sociosque uocantem

Then Lynceus, as he ran to aid and cheered his folk withal,

uibranti gladio conixus ab aggere dexter

He reacheth at with sweeping sword from right hand of the wall

occupat, huic uno deiectum cominus ictu 770

And smiteth; and his helm and head, struck off with that one blow,

cum galea longe iacuit caput. inde ferarum

Lie far away: Amycus then, the wood-deer's wasting foe,

uastatorem Amycum, quo non felicior alter

He slayeth: happier hand had none in smearing of the shaft

unguere tela manu ferrumque armare ueneno,

And arming of the iron head the poison-wound to waft.

et Clytium Aeoliden et amicum Crethea Musis,

Then Clytius, son of Æolus, and Cretheus Muse-beloved, —

Crethea Musarum comitem, cui carmina semper 775

Cretheus the Muses' fellow-friend, whose heart was ever moved

et citharae cordi numerosque intendere neruis,

By song and harp, and measured sound along the strained string;

semper equos atque arma uirum pugnasque caneabat.

Who still of steeds, and arms, and men, and battle-tide would sing.
 Tandem ductores audita caede suorum
 At last the Trojan dukes of men, Mnestheus, Serestus fierce,
 conueniunt Teucri, Mnestheus acerque Serestus,
 Draw to a head when all this death is borne unto their ears,
 palantisque uident socios hostemque receptum. 780
 And see their folk all scattering wide, the foe amidst them see.
 et Mnestheus: 'quo deinde fugam, quo tenditis?' inquit.
 Then Mnestheus cries: "And whither now, and whither will ye flee?
 'quos alios muros, quaeue ultra moenia habetis?
 What other walls, what other town have ye a hope to find?
 unus homo et uestris, o ciues, undique saeptus
 Hath one man, O my town-fellows, whom your own ramparts bind,
 aggeribus tantas strages impune per urbem
 Wrought such a death and unavenged amid your very town,
 ediderit? iuuenum primos tot miserit Orco? 785
 And sent so many lords of war by Orcus' road adown?
 non infelicis patriae ueterumque deorum
 O dastards, your unhappy land, your Gods of ancient days,
 et magni Aeneae, segnes, miseretque pudetque?'
 Your great Æneas — what! no shame, no pity do they raise?"
 talibus accensi firmantur et agmine denso
 Fired by such words, they gather heart and stand in close array,
 consistunt. Turnus paulatim excedere pugna
 Till step by step 'gins Turnus now to yield him from the play,
 et fluuium petere ac partem quae cingitur unda. 790
 And seek the river and the side the wet wave girds about.
 acrius hoc Teucri clamore incumbere magno
 Then fiercer fall the Teucrians on, and raise a mighty shout,
 et glomerare manum, ceu saeuum turba leonem
 And lock their ranks: as when a crowd of men-folk and of spears
 cum telis premit infensis; at territus ille,
 Falls on a lion hard of heart, and he, beset by fears,
 asper, acerba tuens, retro redit et neque terga
 But fierce and grim-eyed, yieldeth way, though anger and his worth
 ira dare aut uirtus patitur, nec tendere contra 795
 Forbid him turn his back about: no less to fare right forth

ille quidem hoc cupiens potis est per tela uirosque.
 Through spears and men avails him not, though ne'er so fain he be.
 haud aliter retro dubius uestigia Turnus
 Not otherwise unhasty feet drew Turnus doubtfully
 improperata refert et mens exaestuat ira.
 A backward, all his heart a-boil with anger's overflow.
 quin etiam bis tum medios inuaserat hostis,
 Yea, twice, indeed, he falls again amidmost of the foe,
 bis confusa fuga per muros agmina uertit; 800
 And twice more turns to huddled flight their folk along the walls;
 sed manus e castris propere coit omnis in unum
 But, gathered from the camp about, the whole host on him falls,
 nec contra uiris audet Saturnia Iuno
 Nor durst Saturnian Juno now his might against them stay;
 sufficere; aeriam caelo nam Iuppiter Irim
 For Jupiter from heaven hath sent Iris of airy way,
 demisit germanae haud mollia iussa ferentem,
 No soft commands of his high doom bearing his sister down,
 ni Turnus cedat Teucrorum moenibus altis. 805
 If Turnus get him not away from Troy's high-built town.
 ergo nec clipeo iuuenis subsistere tantum
 So now the warrior's shielded left the play endureth not,
 nec dextra ualet, iniectis sic undique telis
 Nought skills his right hand; wrapped around in drift of weapon shot
 obruitur. strepit adsiduo caua tempora circum
 About his temples' hollow rings his helm with ceaseless clink;
 tinnitu galea et saxis solida aera fatiscunt
 The starkly-fashioned brazen plates amid the stone-cast chink;
 discussaeque iubae, capiti nec sufficit umbo 810
 The crest is battered from his head; nor may the shield-boss hold
 ictibus; ingeminant hastis et Troes et ipse
 Against the strokes: the Trojans speed the spear-storm manifold,
 fulmineus Mnestheus. tum toto corpore sudor
 And lightning Mnestheus thickeneth it: then over all his limbs
 liquitur et piceum (nec respirare potestas)
 The sweat bursts out, and all adown a pitchy river swims:
 flumen agit, fessos quatit aeger anhelitus artus.

Hard grows his breath, and panting sharp shaketh his body spent.

tum demum praeceps saltu sese omnibus armis 815

Until at last, all clad in arms, he leapt adown, and sent

in fluuium dedit. ille suo cum gurgite flauo

His body to the river fair, who in his yellow flood

accepit uenientem ac mollibus extulit undis

Caught him, and bore him forth away on ripple soft and good,

et laetum sociis abluta caede remisit.

And gave him merry to his men, washed from the battle's blood.

LIBER X

BOOK X.

Panditur interea domus omnipotentis Olympi
Meanwhile is opened wide the door of dread Olympus' walls,
conciliumque uocat diuum pater atque hominum rex
And there the Sire of Gods and Men unto the council calls,
sideream in sedem, terras unde arduus omnis
Amid the starry place, wherefrom, high-throned, he looks adown
castraque Dardanidum aspectat populosque Latinos.
Upon the folk of Latin land and that beleaguered town.
considunt tectis bipatentibus, incipit ipse: 5
There in the open house they sit, and he himself begins:
'caelicolae magni, quianam sententia uobis
"O Dwellers in the House of Heaven, why backward thuswise wins
uersa retro tantumque animis certatis iniquis?
Your purpose? Why, with hearts unrul'd, raise ye the strife so sore?
abnueram bello Italiam concurrere Teucris.
I clean forbade that Italy should clash with Troy in war.
quae contra uetitum discordia? quis metus aut hos
Now why the war that I forbade? who egged on these or those
aut hos arma sequi ferrumque lacessere suasit? 10
To fear or fight, or drave them on with edge of sword to close?
adueniet iustum pugnae (ne arcessite) tempus,
Be not o'reager in your haste: the hour of fight shall come,
cum fera Karthago Romanis arcibus olim
When dreadful Carthage on a day against the walls of Rome,
exitium magnum atque Alpīs immittet apertas:
Betwixt the opened doors of Alps, a mighty wrack shall send;
tum certare odiis, tum res rapuisse licebit.
Then may ye battle, hate to hate, and reach and grasp and rend:
nunc sinite et placitum laeti componite foedus.' 15
But now forbear, and joyfully knit fast the plighted peace."
Iuppiter haec paucis; at non Venus aurea contra
Few words spake Jove; but not a few in answer unto these

pauca refert:

Gave golden Venus back again:

‘o pater, o hominum rerumque aeterna potestas

“O Father, O eternal might of men and deeds of earth —

(namque aliud quid sit quod iam implorare queamus?),

For what else may be left to me whereto to turn my prayers? —

cernis ut insultent Rutuli, Turnusque feratur 20

Thou seest the Rutuli in pride, and Turnus, how he fares?

per medios insignis equis tumidusque secundo

Amidst them, borne aloft by steeds, and, swelling, war-way sweeps

Marte ruat? non clausa tegunt iam moenia Teucros;

With Mars to aid: the fencèd place no more the Teucrians keeps,

quin intra portas atque ipsis proelia miscent

For now within the very gates and mound-heaped battlement

aggeribus murorum et inundant sanguine fossae.

They blend in fight, and flood of gore adown the ditch is sent,

Aeneas ignarus abest. numquamne leuari 25

Unware Æneas is away. — Must they be never free

obsidione sines? muris iterum imminet hostis

From bond of leaguer? lo, again the threatening enemy

nascentis Troiae nec non exercitus alter,

Hangs over Troy new-born! Behold new host arrayed again

atque iterum in Teucros Aetolis surgit ab Arpis

From Arpi, the Ætolian-built; against the Teucrian men

Tyrides. equidem credo, mea uulnera restant

Tyrides riseth. So for me belike new wounds in store,

et tua progenies mortalia demoror arma. 30

And I, thy child, must feel the edge of arms of mortal war.

si sine pace tua atque inuito numine Troes

Now if without thy peace, without thy Godhead’s will to speed,

Italiam petiere, luant peccata neque illos

The Trojans sought for Italy, let ill-hap pay ill deed,

iuueris auxilio; sin tot responsa secuti

Nor stay them with thine help: but if they followed many a word

quae superi manesque dabant, cur nunc tua quisquam

Given forth by Gods of Heaven and Hell, by whom canst thou be stirred

uertere iussa potest aut cur noua condere fata? 35

To turn thy doom, or who to forge new fate may e'er avail?

quid repetam exustas Erycino in litore classis,

Of ship-host burnt on Eryx shore why should I tell the tale?

quid tempestatum regem uentosque furentis

Or of the king of wind and storm, or wild and windy crowd

Aeolia excitos aut actam nubibus Irim?

Æolia bred, or Iris sent adown the space of cloud?

nunc etiam manis (haec intemptata manebat

But now withal the Gods of Hell, a world untried before,

sors rerum) mouet et superis immissa repente 40

She stirreth, and Alecto sent up to the earthly shore

Allecto medias Italum bacchata per urbes.

In sudden hurry raves about towns of Italian men.

nil super imperio moueor. sperauimus ista,

No whit for lordship do I yearn: I hoped such glories then

dum fortuna fuit. uincant, quos uincere mauis.

While Fortune was: let them be lords whom thou wilt doom for lords!

si nulla est regio Teucris quam det tua coniunx

But if no land thy hard-heart wife to Teucrian men awards,

dura, per euersae, genitor, fumantia Troiae 45

Yet, Father, by the smoking wrack of overwhelmèd Troy

excidia obtestor: liceat dimittere ab armis

I pray thee from the weapon-dint safe let me send a boy,

incolumem Ascanium, liceat superesse nepotem.

Yea, e'en Ascanius: let me keep my grandson safe for me!

Aeneas sane ignotis iactetur in undis

Yea, let Æneas toss about on many an unknown sea,

et quacumque uiam dederit Fortuna sequatur:

And let him follow wheresoe'er his fortune shall have led:

hunc tegere et dirae ualeam subducere pugnae. 50

But this one let me shield, and take safe from the battle's dread.

est Amathus, est celsa mihi Paphus atque Cythera

Paphus, Cythera, Amathus, are mine, and I abide

Idaliaeque domus: positus inglorius armis

Within Idalia's house: let him lay weed of war aside,

exigat hic æuū. magna dicione iubeto

And wear his life inglorious there: then shalt thou bid the hand
Karthago premat Ausoniam; nihil urbibus inde

Of Carthage weigh Ausonia down, and nothing shall withstand
obstabit Tyriis. quid pestem euadere belli 55

The towns of Tyre. — Ah, what availed to ‘scape the bane of war?
iuuit et Argolicos medium fugisse per ignis

Ah, what availed that through the midst of Argive flames they bore
totque maris uastæque exhausta pericula terræ,

To wear down perils of wide lands, and perils of the main,
dum Latium Teucris recidiuaque Pergama quaerunt?

While Teucrian men sought Latin land and Troy new-born again?
non satius cineres patriæ insedissee supremos

Ah, better had it been for them by Troy’s cold ash to stay,
atque solum quo Troia fuit? Xanthum et Simoenta 60

To dwell on earth where Troy hath been. Father, give back, I pray,
redde, oro, miseris iterumque reuoluere casus

Their Xanthus and their Simoïs unto that wretched folk,
da, pater, Iliacos Teucris.’ tum regia Iuno

And let them toil and faint once more ‘neath Ilium’s woeful yoke!”
acta furore graui: ‘quid me alta silentia cogis

Then spake Queen Juno, heavy wroth: “Why driv’st thou me to part
rumpere et obductum uerbis uulgare dolorem?

My deep-set silence, and lay bare with words my grief of heart?
Aenean hominum quisquam diuumque subegit 65

What one of all the Gods or men Æneas drave to go
bella sequi aut hostem regi se inferre Latino?

On warring ways, or bear himself as King Latinus’ foe?
Italiam petiit fatis auctoribus (esto)

Fate-bidden he sought Italy? — Yea, soothly, or maybe
Cassandrae impulsus furiis: num linquere castra

Spurned by Cassandra’s wilderment — and how then counselled we
hortati sumus aut uitam committere uentis?

To leave his camp and give his life to make the winds a toy?
num puero summam belli, num credere muros, 70

To trust his walls and utmost point of war unto a boy?
Tyrrhenamque fidem aut gentis agitare quietas?

To trust the Tuscan faith, and stir the peaceful folk to fight?
 quis deus in fraudem, quae dura potentia nostra
 What God hath driven him to lie, what hardness of my might?
 egit? ubi hic Iuno demissaue nubibus Iris?
 Works Juno here, or Iris sent adown the cloudy way?
 indignum est Italos Troiam circumdare flammis
 'Tis wrong for Italy, forsooth, the ring of fire to lay
 nascentem et patria Turnum consistere terra, 75
 Round Troy new-born; for Turnus still to hold his fathers' earth! —
 cui Pilumnus auus, cui diua Venilia mater:
 Though him, Pilumnus' own son's son, Venilia brought to birth —
 quid face Troianos atra uim ferre Latinis,
 But what if Trojans fall with flame upon the Latin folk,
 arua aliena iugo premere atque auertere praedas?
 And drive the prey from off their fields oppressed by outland yoke?
 quid soceros legere et gremiis abducere pactas,
 Or choose them sons-in-law, or brides from mothers' bosoms tear?
 pacem orare manu, praefigere puppibus arma? 80
 Or, holding peace within their hands, lade ships with weapon-gear?
 tu potes Aenean manibus subducere Graium
 Thou erst hadst might from Greekish hands Æneas' self to draw,
 proque uiro nebulam et uentos obtendere inanis,
 To thrust a cloud and empty wind in stead of man of war,
 et potes in totidem classem conuertere nymphas:
 And unto sea-nymphs ship by ship the ship-host mayst thou change.
 nos aliquid Rutulos contra iuuisse nefandum est?
 But we to help the Rutuli, 'tis horrible and strange!
 "Aeneas ignarus abest": ignarus et absit. 85
 — Unware Æneas is away? — let him abide unware!
 est Paphus Idaliumque tibi, sunt alta Cythera:
 Paphus thou hast, Idalium, and high Cythera fair,
 quid grauidam bellis urbem et corda aspera temptas?
 Then why with cities big with war and hearts of warriors deal?
 nosne tibi fluxas Phrygiae res uertere fundo
 What! we it was who strove to wrack the fainting Trojan weal?
 conamur? nos? an miseros qui Troas Achiuis
 We! — or the one who thwart the Greeks the wretched Trojans

dashed?

obiecit? quae causa fuit consurgere in arma 90

Yea, and what brought it all about that thus in arms they clashed,
Europamque Asiamque et foedera soluere furto?

Europe and Asia? that men brake the plighted peace by theft?

me duce Dardanius Spartam expugnauit adulter,

Did I the Dardan lecher lead, who Sparta's jewel reft?

aut ego tela dedi fouiue Cupidine bella?

Did I set weapons in his hand, breed lust to breed debate?

tum decuit metuuisse tuis: nunc sera querelis

Then had thy care for thine been meet, but now indeed o'erlate

haud iustis adsurgis et inrita iurgia iactas.' 95

With wrongful plaint thou risest up, and bickerest emptily."

Talibus orabat Iuno, cunctique fremebant

So pleaded Juno, and all they, the heavenly folk anigh,

caelicolae adsensu uario, ceu flamina prima

Murmured their doom in diverse wise; as when the first of wind

cum deprensa fremunt siluis et caeca uolutant

Caught in the woods is murmuring on, and rolleth moanings blind,

murmura uenturos nautis prodentia uentos.

Betraying to the mariners the onset of the gale.

tum pater omnipotens, rerum cui prima potestas, 100

Then spake the Almighty Sire, in whom is all the world's avail,

infit (eo dicente deum domus alta silescit

And as he spake the high-built house of God was quieted,

et tremefacta solo tellus, silet arduus aether,

And earth from her foundations shook, and heaven was hushed
o'erhead,

tum Zephyri posuere, premit placida aequora pontus):

The winds fell down, the face of sea was laid in quiet fair:

'accipite ergo animis atque haec mea figite dicta.

"Take ye these matters to your hearts, and set my sayings there;

quandoquidem Ausonios coniungi foedere Teucris 105

Since nowise the Ausonian folk the plighted troth may blend

haud licitum, nec uestra capit discordia finem,

With Teucrians, and your contest seems a strife without an end;

quae cuique est fortuna hodie, quam quisque secat spem,

What fortune each may have today, what hope each one shears out,
 Tros Rutulusne fuat, nullo discrimine habebō,
 Trojan or Rutulan, will I hold all in balanced doubt,
 seu fatis Italum castra obsidione tenentur
 Whether the camp be so beset by fate of Italy,
 siue errore malo Troiae monitisque sinistris. 110
 Or hapless wanderings of Troy, and warnings dealt awry.
 nec Rutulos soluo. sua cuique exorsa laborem
 Nor loose I Rutulans the more; let each one's way-faring
 fortunamque ferent. rex Iuppiter omnibus idem.
 Bear its own hap and toil, for Jove to all alike is king;
 fata uiam inuenient.' Stygii per flumina fratris,
 The Fates will find a way to wend." He nodded oath withal
 per pice torrentis atraque uoragine ripas
 By his own Stygian brother's stream, the pitchy waters' fall,
 adnuat et totum nutu tremefecit Olympum. 115
 And blazing banks, and with his nod shook all Olympus' land.
 hic finis fandi. solio tum Iuppiter aureo
 Then fell the talk; from golden throne did Jupiter upstand,
 surgit, caelicolae medium quem ad limina ducunt.
 The heaven-abiders girt him round and brought him to the door.
 Interea Rutuli portis circum omnibus instant
 The Rutuli amid all this are pressing on in war,
 sternere caede uiros et moenia cingere flammis.
 Round all the gates to slay the men, the walls with fire to ring,
 at legio Aeneadam uallis obsessa tenetur 120
 And all Æneas' host is pent with fenced beleaguering.
 nec spes ulla fugae. miseri stant turribus altis
 Nor is there any hope of flight; upon the towers tall
 nequiquam et rara muros cinxere corona
 They stand, the hapless men in vain, thin garland for the wall;
 Asius Imbrasides Hicetaoniusque Thymoetes
 Asius, the son of Imbrasmus, Thymoetes, and the two
 Assaracique duo et senior cum Castore Thymbris,
 Assaraci, and Thymbris old, with Castor, deeds they do
 prima acies; hos germani Sarpedonis ambo 125
 In the forefront; Sarpedon's sons, twin brethren, with them bide,

et Clarus et Thaemon Lycia comitantur ab alta.
 Clarus and Themon, born erewhile in lofty Lycia's side.
 fert ingens toto conexus corpore saxum,
 And now Lyrnessian Acmon huge with strain of limbs strives hard,
 haud partem exiguam montis, Lyrnesius Acmon,
 And raises up a mighty stone, no little mountain shard;
 nec Clytio genitore minor nec fratre Menestheo.
 As great as father Clytius he, or brother Mnestheus' might:
 hi iaculis, illi certant defendere saxis 130
 So some with stones, with spear-cast some, they ward the walls in
 fight,
 molirique ignem neruoque aptare sagittas.
 They deal with fire or notch the shaft upon the strained string.
 ipse inter medios, Veneris iustissima cura,
 But lo amidst, most meetly wrought for Venus cherishing,
 Dardanius caput, ecce, puer detectus honestum,
 His goodly head the Dardan boy unhooded there doth hold,
 qualis gemma micat fuluum quae diuidit aurum,
 As shineth out some stone of price, cleaving the yellow gold,
 aut collo decus aut capiti, uel quale per artem 135
 Fair for the bosom or the head; or as the ivory shines,
 inclusum buxo aut Oricia terebintho
 That with Orician terebinth the art of man entwines,
 lucet ebur; fusos ceruix cui lactea crinis
 Or mid the boxwood; down along his milk-white neck they lie
 accipit et molli subnectens circulus auro.
 The streams of hair, which golden wire doth catch about and tie.
 te quoque magnanimae uiderunt, Ismare, gentes
 The mighty nations, Ismarus, there saw thee deft to speed
 uulnera derigere et calamos armare ueneno, 140
 The bane of men, envenoming the deadly flying reed;
 Maeonia generose domo, ubi pinguia culta
 Thou lord-born of Moeonian house, whereby the tiller tills
 exercentque uiri Pactolusque inrigat auro.
 Rich acres, where Pactolus' flood gold overflowing spills.
 adfuit et Mnestheus, quem pulsi pristina Turni
 There, too, was Mnestheus, whom his deed late done of thrusting

forth

aggere murorum sublimem gloria tollit,

King Turnus from the battlements hath raised to heavenly worth,

et Capys: hinc nomen Campanae ducitur urbi. 145

And Capys, he whose name is set upon Campania's town.

Illi inter sese duri certamina belli

But while the bitter play of war went bickering up and down,

contulerant: media Aeneas freta nocte secabat.

Æneas clave the seas with keel amidst the dead of night:

namque ut ab Euandro castris ingressus Etruscis

For when Evander he had left and reached the Tuscan might,

regem adit et regi memorat nomenque genusque

He met their king and told his name, and whence his race of old,

quidue petat quidue ipse ferat, Mezentius arma 150

And what he would and how he wrought: and of the host he told,

quae sibi conciliet, uiolentaque pectora Turni

Mezentius now had gotten him, and Turnus' wrothful heart;

edocet, humanis quae sit fiducia rebus

He warned him in affairs of men to trust not Fortune's part;

admonet immiscetque preces, haud fit mora, Tarchon

And therewithal he mingleth prayers: Tarchon no while doth wait,

iungit opes foedusque ferit; tum libera fati

But joineth hosts and plighteth troth; and so, set free by Fate,

classem conscendit iussis gens Lydia diuum 155

A-shipboard go the Lydian folk by God's command and grace,

externo commissa duci. Aeneia puppis

Yet 'neath the hand of outland duke: Æneas' ship hath place

prima tenet rostro Phrygios subiuncta leones,

In forefront: Phrygian lions hang above its armèd tyne

imminet Ida super, profugis gratissima Teucris.

O'ertopped by Ida, unto those Troy's outcasts happy sign:

hic magnus sedet Aeneas secumque uolutat

There great Æneas sits, and sends his mind a-wandering wide

euentus belli uarios, Pallasque sinistro 160

Through all the shifting chance of war; and by his left-hand side

adfixus lateri iam quaerit sidera, opacae

Is Pallas asking of the stars and night-tide's journey dim,

noctis iter, iam quae passus terraque marique.
Or whiles of haps by land or sea that fortun'd unto him.
Pandite nunc Helicon, deae, cantusque mouete,
Ye Goddesses, ope Helicon, and raise the song to say
quae manus interea Tuscis comitetur ab oris
What host from out the Tuscan land Æneas led away,
Aenean armetque rates pelagoque uehatur. 165
And how they dight their ships, and how across the sea they drave.
Massicus aerata princeps secat aequora Tigri,
In brazen Tiger Massicus first man the sea-plain clave;
sub quo mille manus iuuenum, qui moenia Clusi
A thousand youths beneath him are that Clusium's walls have left
quique urbem liquere Cosas, quis tela sagittae
And Cosæ's city: these in war with arrow-shot are deft,
gorytique leues umeris et letifer arcus.
And bear light quivers of the bark, and bear the deadly bow.
una toruus Abas: huic totum insignibus armis 170
Then comes grim Abas, all his host with glorious arms aglow,
agmen et aurato fulgebat Apolline puppis.
And on his stern Apollo gleams, well wrought in utter gold.
sescentos illi dederat Populonia mater
But Populonia's mother-land had given him there to hold
expertos belli iuuenes, ast Ilua trecentos
Six hundred of the battle-craft; three hundred Ilva sent,
insula inexhaustis Chalybum generosa metallis.
Rich isle, whose wealth of Chalyb ore wastes never nor is spent.
tertius ille hominum diuumque interpres Asilas, 175
The third is he, who carrieth men the words God hath to say,
cui pecudum fibrae, caeli cui sidera parent
Asylas, whom the hearts of beasts and stars of heaven obey,
et linguae uolucrum et praesagi fulminis ignes,
And tongues of birds, and thunder-fire that coming tidings bears.
mille rapit densos acie atque horrentibus hastis.
A thousand men he hurrieth on with bristling of the spears;
hos parere iubent Alpheae ab origine Pisae,
Pisa, the town Alpheüs built amid the Tuscan land,
urbs Etrusca solo. sequitur pulcherrimus Astyr, 180

Bids them obey. Came Astur next, goodliest of all the band;
Astyr equo fidens et uersicoloribus armis.
Astur, who trusteth in his horse and shifty-coloured weed;
ter centum adiciunt (mens omnibus una sequendi)
Three hundred hath he, of one heart to wend as he shall lead:
qui Caerete domo, qui sunt Minionis in aruis,
And these are they in Cæres' home and Minios' lea that bide,
et Pyrgi ueteres intempestaeque Grauiscae.
The Pyrgi old, and they that feel Gravisca's heavy tide.
Non ego te, Ligurum ductor fortissime bello, 185
Nor thee, best war-duke, Cinyras, of that Ligurian crew,
transierim, Cunare, et paucis comitate Cupauo,
Leave I unsung: nor thee the more, Cupavo lord of few,
cuius olorinae surgunt de uertice pennae
Up from the cresting of whose helm the feathery swan-wings rise.
(crimen, Amor, uestrum) formaeque insigne paternae.
Love was thy guilt; thy battle-sign was thine own father's guise.
namque ferunt luctu Cycnum Phaethontis amati,
For Cycnus, say they, while for love of Phaëthon he grieves.
populeas inter frondes umbramque sororum 190
And sings beneath his sisters' shade, beneath the poplar-leaves;
dum canit et maestum Musa solatur amorem,
While with the Muse some solace sweet for woeful love he won,
canentem molli pluma duxisse senectam
A hoary eld of feathers soft about him doth he on,
linquentem terras et sidera uoce sequentem.
Leaving the earth and following the stars with tuneful wails;
filius aequalis comitatus classe cateruas
And now his son amid his peers with Tuscan ship-host sails,
ingentem remis Centaurum promouet: ille 195
Driving with oars the Centaur huge, who o'er the waters' face
instat aquae saxumque undis immane minatur
Hangs, threatening ocean with a rock, huge from his lofty place,
arduus, et longa sulcat maria alta carina.
And ever with his length of keel the deep sea furrows o'er.
Ille etiam patriis agmen ciet Ocnus ab oris,
Then he, e'en Ocnus, stirreth up folk from his father's shore,

fatidicae Mantus et Tusci filius amnis,
 Who from the love of Tuscan flood and fate-wise Manto came,
 qui muros matrisque dedit tibi, Mantua, nomen, 200
 And gave, O Mantua, walls to thee, and gave his mother's name:
 Mantua diues auis, sed non genus omnibus unum:
 Mantua, the rich in father-folk, though not one-stemmed her home.
 gens illi triplex, populi sub gente quaterni,
 Three stems are there, from each whereof four peoples forth are
 come,
 ipsa caput populis, Tusco de sanguine uires.
 While she herself, the head of all, from Tuscan blood hath might.
 hinc quoque quingentos in se Mezentius armat,
 Five hundred thence Mezentius arms against himself in fight,
 quos patre Benaco uelatus harundine glauca 205
 Whom Mincius' flood, Benacus' son, veiled in the sedges grey,
 Mincius infesta ducebat in aequora pinu.
 Was leading in the fir of fight across the watery way.
 it grauiss Aulestes centenaque arbore fluctum
 Then heavy-huge Aulestes goes; the oar-wood hundred-fold
 uerberat adsurgens, spumant uada marmore uerso.
 Rises for beating of the flood, as foam the seas uprolled.
 hunc uehit immanis Triton et caerula concha
 Huge Triton ferries him, whose shell the deep blue sea doth fright:
 exterrens freta, cui laterum tenuis hispida nanti 210
 Up from the shaggy naked waist manlike is he to sight
 frons hominem praefert, in pristinis desinit alui,
 As there he swims, but underneath whale-bellied is he grown;
 spumea semifero sub pectore murmurat unda.
 Beneath the half-beast breast of him the foaming waters moan.
 Tot lecti procures ter denis nauibus ibant
 So many chosen dukes of men in thrice ten keels they sail,
 subsidio Troiae et campos salis aere secabant.
 And cut with brass the meads of brine for Troy and its avail.
 Iamque dies caelo concesserat almae curru 215
 And now had day-tide failed the sky, and Phoebe, sweet and fair,
 noctuago Phoebe medium pulsabat Olympum:
 Amid her nightly-straying wain did mid Olympus wear.

Aeneas (neque enim membris dat cura quietem)
 Æneas, who might give his limbs no whit of peacefulness,
 ipse sedens clauumque regit uelisque ministrat.
 Was sitting with the helm in hand, heeding the sail-gear's stress,
 atque illi medio in spatio chorus, ecce, suarum
 When lo a company of friends his midmost course do meet:
 occurrit comitum: nymphae, quas alma Cybebe 220
 The Nymphs to wit, who Cybele, the goddess holy-sweet,
 numen habere maris nymphasque e nauibus esse
 Bade turn from ships to very nymphs, and ocean's godhead have.
 iusserat, innabant pariter fluctusque secabant,
 So evenly they swam the sea, and sundered wave and wave,
 quot prius aeratae steterant ad litora prorae.
 As many as the brazen beaks once by the sea-side lay;
 agnoscunt longe regem lustrantque choreis;
 Afar they know their king, and round in dancing-wise they play;
 quarum quae fandi doctissima Cymodocea 225
 But one of them, Cymodocea, who speech-lore knew the best,
 pone sequens dextra puppim tenet ipsaque dorso
 Drew nigh astern and laid thereon her right hand, with her breast
 eminent ac laeua tacitis subremigat undis.
 Above the flood, the while her left through quiet waves rowed on,
 tum sic ignarum adloquitur: 'uigilasne, deum gens,
 And thus bespoke him all unware: "Wak'st thou, O Godhead's son!
 Aenea? uigila et uelis immitte rudentis.
 Æneas, wake! and loose the sheets and let all canvas fill!
 nos sumus, Idaeae sacro de uertice pinus, 230
 We were the pine-trees on a time of Ida's holy hill,
 nunc pelagi nymphae, classis tua. perfidus ut nos
 Thy ship-host once, but sea-nymphs now: when that Rutulian lord
 praecipitis ferro Rutulus flammaque premebat,
 Fell faithless, headlong, on our lives with firebrand and the sword,
 rupimus inuitae tua uincula teque per aequor
 Unwillingly we brake our bonds and sought thee o'er the main.
 quaerimus. hanc genetrix faciem miserata refecit
 The Mother in her pity thus hath wrought our shape again,
 et dedit esse deas aeuumque agitare sub undis. 235

And given us gift of godhead's life in house of ocean's ground.
at puer Ascanius muro fossisque tenetur

Lo now, the boy Ascanius by dyke and wall is bound
tela inter media atque horrentis Marte Latinos.

Amid the spears, the battle-wood that Latins forth have sent.
iam loca iussa tenent forti permixtus Etrusco

And now the horse of Arcady, with stout Etruscans blent,
Arcas eques; medias illis opponere turmas,

Holdeth due tryst. Now is the mind of Turnus firmly set
ne castris iungant, certa est sententia Turno. 240

To thrust between them, lest thy camp they succour even yet.
surge age et Aurora socios ueniente uocari

Wherefore arise, and when the dawn first climbs the heavenly shore
primus in arma iube, et clipeum cape quem dedit ipse

Call on thy folk, and take thy shield unconquered evermore,
inuictum ignipotens atque oras ambiit auro.

The Fire-lord's gift, who wrought its lips with circling gold about:
crastina lux, mea si non inrita dicta putaris,

Tomorrow's light, unless thou deem'st my words are all to doubt,
ingentis Rutulae spectabit caedis aceruos.' 245

Shall see Rutulian death in heaps a-lying on the land."
dixerat et dextra discedens impulit altam

Therewith departing, forth she thrust the tall ship with her hand,
haud ignara modi puppim: fugit illa per undas

As one who had good skill therein, and then across the seas
ocior et iaculo et uentos aequante sagitta.

Swifter than dart she fled, or shaft that matcheth well the breeze,
inde aliae celerant cursus. stupet inscius ipse

And straight the others hastened on. All mazed was he of Troy,
Tros Anchisiades, animos tamen omine tollit. 250

Anchises' seed, but yet the sign upraised his heart with joy,
tum breuiter supera aspectans conuexa precatur:

And, looking to the hollow heaven, in few words prayed he thus
'alma parens Idaea deum, cui Dindyma cordi

"Kind Ida-Mother of the Gods, whose heart loves Dindymus
turrigeraeque urbes biuigique ad frena leones,

And towered towns, and lions yoked and tamed to bear the bit,

tu mihi nunc pugnae princeps, tu rite propinques
 Be thou my battle-leader now, and do thou further it,
 augurium Phrygibusque adsis pede, diua, secundo.' 255
 This omen, and with favouring foot the Trojan folk draw nigh."
 tantum effatus, et interea reuoluta ruebat
 But while he spake, Day, come again, had run adown the sky,
 matura iam luce dies noctemque fugarat;
 With light all utter perfect wrought, and driven away the night.
 principio sociis edicit signa sequantur
 Then folk he biddeth follow on the banners of the fight,
 atque animos aptent armis pugnaeque parent se.
 And make them ready for the play and shape their hearts for war.
 Iamque in conspectu Teucros habet et sua castra 260
 But he, aloft upon the poop, now sees them where they are,
 stans celsa in puppi, clipeum cum deinde sinistra
 His leaguered Teucrians, as his left uprears the blazing shield;
 extulit ardentem. clamorem ad sidera tollunt
 And then, the sons of Dardanus up to the starry field
 Dardanidae e muris, spes addita suscitatur iras,
 Send forth the cry, and hope is come to whet their battle-wrath.
 tela manu iaciunt, quales sub nubibus atris
 Thick flies their spear-storm: 'tis as when the Strymon cranes give
 forth
 Strymoniae dant signa grues atque aethera tranant 265
 Their war-sign on the mirky rack, and down the heavens they run
 cum sonitu, fugiuntque Notos clamore secundo.
 Sonorous, fleeing southern breeze with clamour following on.
 at Rutulo regi ducibusque ea mira uideri
 But wondrous to Rutulian king and dukes of Italy
 Ausoniis, donec uersas ad litora puppis
 That seemed, until they look about, and lo, the keels they see
 respiciunt totumque adlabi classibus aequor.
 Turned shoreward; yea, a sea of ships onsetting toward the shore.
 ardet apex capiti cristisque a uertice flamma 270
 Yea, and the helm is all ablaze, beams from the crest outpour,
 funditur et uastos umbo uomit aureus ignis:
 The golden shield-boss wide about a world of flame doth shed.

non secus ac liquida si quando nocte cometae
E'en so, amid the clear of night, the comets bloody-red
sanguinei lugubre rubent, aut Sirius ardor
Blush woeful bright; nor otherwise is Sirius' burning wrought,
ille sitim morbosque ferens mortalibus aegris
When drought and plagues for weary men the birth of him hath
wrought,

nascitur et laeue contristat lumine caelum. 275

And that unhappy light of his hath saddened all the heaven.

Haud tamen audaci Turno fiducia cessit

But nought from Turnus' hardy heart was high hope ever driven
litora praecipere et uenientis pellere terra.

To take the strand of them and thrust those comers from the shore:

[ultro animos tollit dictis atque increpat ultro:]

Eager he chid, hot-heart, with words men's courage he upbore:

'quod uotis optastis adest, perfringere dextra.

"Lo, now your prayers have come about, that hand meet hand in
strife,

in manibus Mars ipse uiris. nunc coniugis esto 280

And Mars is in the brave man's hand: let each one's home and wife

quisque suae tectique memor, nunc magna referto

Be in his heart! Call ye to mind those mighty histories,

facta, patrum laudes. ultro occurramus ad undam

The praises of our father-folk! Come, meet them in the seas,

dum trepidi egressisque labant uestigia prima.

Amid their tangle, while their feet yet totter on the earth:

audentis Fortuna iuuat.'

For Fortune helpeth them that dare."

haec ait, et secum uersat quos ducere contra 285

So saying, he turneth in his mind with whom on these to fall,

uel quibus obsessos possit concredere muros.

And unto whom to leave meanwhile the leaguering of the wall.

Interea Aeneas socios de puppibus altis

Meanwhile Æneas from his ships high-built his folk doth speed

pontibus exponit. multi seruare recursus

Ashore by bridges: many men no less the back-draught heed

languentis pelagi et breuibus se credere saltu,

Of the spent seas, and, trusting shoals, they make the downward leap;
per remos alii. speculatus litora Tarchon, 290

And others slide adown the oars. Tarchon the shore doth sweep,
qua uada non sperat nec fracta remurmurat unda,

Espying where the waves break not, nor back the sea doth roar,
sed mare inoffensum crescenti adlabitur aestu,

But where the sea-flood harmlessly with full tide swims ashore,
aduertit subito proras sociosque precatur:

And thither straight he lays his keels, and prays unto his folk:

‘nunc, o lecta manus, ualidis incumbite remis;

“O chosen, on the stark oars lay! now up unto the stroke;

tollite, ferte rates, inimicam findite rostris 295

Bear on the ships, and with your beaks cleave ye this foeman’s earth;
hanc terram, sulcumque sibi premat ipsa carina.

And let the very keels themselves there furrow them their berth.
frangere nec tali puppim statione recuso

On such a haven nought I heed, though ship and all we break,
arrepta tellure semel.’ quae talia postquam

If once we gain the land.” Therewith, as such a word he spake,
effatus Tarchon, socii consurgere tonsis

His fellows rise together hard on every shaven tree,
spumantisque rates aruis inferre Latinis, 300

In mind to bear their ships befoamed up on the Latin lea,
donec rostra tenent siccum et sedere carinae

Until their tyne are high and dry, and fast is every keel
omnes innocuae. sed non puppis tua, Tarchon:

Unhurt: save, Tarchon, thine alone, that winneth no such weal;
namque inflicta uadis, dorso dum pendet iniquo

For on the shallows driven aground, on evil ridge unmeet,
anceps sustentata diu fluctusque fatigat,

She hangeth balanced a long while, and doth the waters beat;
soluitur atque uiros mediis exponit in undis, 305

Then, breaking, droppeth down her men amidmost of the waves,
fragmina remorum quos et fluitantia transtra

Entangled in the wreck of oars, and floating thwarts and staves;
impediunt retrahitque pedes simul unda relabens.

And in the back-draught of the seas their feet are caught withal.

Nec Turnum segnis retinet mora, sed rapit acer
 No dull delay holds Turnus back; but fiercely doth he fall,
 totam aciem in Teucros et contra in litore sistit.
 With all his host, on them of Troy, and meets them on the strand.
 signa canunt. primus turmas inuasit agrestis 310
 The war-horns sing. Æneas first breaks through the field-folk's band,
 Aeneas, omen pugnae, strauitque Latinos
 — Fair omen of the fight — and lays the Latin folk alow.
 occiso Therone, uirum qui maximus ultro
 Thero he slays, most huge of men, whose own heart bade him go
 Aenean petit. huic gladio perque aerea suta,
 Against Æneas: through the links of brass the sword doth fare,
 per tunicam squalentem auro latus haurit apertum.
 And through the kirtle's scaly gold, and wastes the side laid bare.
 inde Lichan ferit exsectum iam matre perempta 315
 Then Lichas smites he, ripped erewhile from out his mother dead,
 et tibi, Phoebe, sacrum: casus euadere ferri
 And hallowed, Phoebus, unto thee, because his baby head
 quo licuit paruo? nec longe Cissea durum
 Had 'scaped the steel: nor far from thence he casteth down to die
 immanemque Gyan sternentis agmina claua
 Hard Cisseus, Gyas huge, who there beat down his company
 deiecit leto; nihil illos Herculis arma
 With might of clubs; nought then availed that Herculean gear,
 nec ualidae iuuere manus genitorque Melampus, 320
 Nor their stark hands, nor yet their sire Melampus, though he were
 Alcidae comes usque grauis dum terra labores
 Alcides' friend so long as he on earth wrought heavy toil.
 praebuit. ecce Pharo, uoces dum iactat inertis,
 Lo Pharo! while a deedless word he flingeth mid the broil,
 intorquens iaculum clamanti sistit in ore.
 The whirring of the javelin stays within his shouting mouth.
 tu quoque, flauentem prima lanugine malas
 Thou, Cydon, following lucklessly thy new delight, the youth
 dum sequeris Clytium infelix, noua gaudia, Cydon, 325
 Clytius, whose first of fallow down about his cheeks is spread
 Dardania stratus dextra, securus amorum

Art well-nigh felled by Dardan hand, and there hadst thou lain dead,
qui iuuenum tibi semper erant, miserande iaceres,
At peace from all the many loves wherein thy life would stray,
ni fratrum stipata cohors foret obuia, Phorci
Had not thy brethren's serried band now thrust across the way
progenies, septem numero, septenaque tela
E'en Phorcus' seed: sevenfold of tale and sevenfold spears they
wield:

coniciunt; partim galea clipeoque resultant 330

But some thereof fly harmless back from helm-side and from shield,
inrita, deflexit partim stringentia corpus

The rest kind Venus turned aside, that grazing past they flew;
alma Venus. fidum Aeneas adfatur Achaten:

But therewithal Æneas spake unto Achates true:

'suggere tela mihi, non ullum dextera frustra

"Reach me my shafts: not one in vain my right hand now shall speed
torserit in Rutulos, steterunt quae in corpore Graium

Against Rutulians, of all those that erst in Ilian mead

Iliacis campis.' tum magnam corripit hastam 335

Stood in the bodies of the Greeks." Then caught he a great spear
et iacit: illa uolans clipei transuerberat aera

And cast it, and it flew its ways the brazen shield to shear

Maeonis et thoraca simul cum pectore rumpit.

Of Mæon, breaking through his mail, breaking his breast withal:

huic frater subit Alcanor fratremque ruentem

Alcanor is at hand therewith, to catch his brother's fall

sustentat dextra: traiecto missa lacerto

With his right hand; but through his arm the spear without a stay

protinus hasta fugit seruatque cruenta tenorem, 340

Flew hurrying on, and held no less its straight and bloody way,
dexteraque ex umero neruis moribunda pendit.

And by the shoulder-nerves the hand hung down all dead and vain.

tum Numitor iaculo fratris de corpore raptio

Then Numitor, his brother's spear caught from his brother slain,

Aenean petiit: sed non et figere contra

Falls on Æneas; yet to smite the mighty one in face

est licitum, magnique femur perstrinxit Achatae.

No hap he had, but did the thigh of great Achates graze.

Hic Curibus fidens primaevuo corpore Clausus 345

Clausus of Cures, trusting well in his young body's might,

aduenit et rigida Dryopem ferit eminus hasta

Now cometh, and with stiff-wrought spear from far doth Dryops smite

sub mentum grauitur pressa, pariterque loquentis

Beneath the chin; home went its weight, and midst his shouting's birth

uocem animamque rapit traiecto gutture; at ille

From rent throat snatched both voice and life, and prone he smote the ear

fronte ferit terram et crassum uomit ore cruorem.

And from his mouth abundantly shed forth the flood of gore.

tris quoque Threicios Boreae de gente suprema 350

Three Thracians also, men whose stem from Boreas came of yore,

et tris quos Idas pater et patria Ismara mittit,

Three whom their father Idas sent, and Ismara their land,

per uarios sternit casus. accurrit Halaesus

In various wise he fells. And now Halesus comes to hand,

Auruncaeque manus, subit et Neptunia proles,

And his Aruncans: Neptune's seed now cometh thrusting in,

insignis Messapus equis. expellere tendunt

Messapus, excellent of horse. Hard strife the field to win!

nunc hi, nunc illi: certatur limine in ipso 355

On this side and on that they play about Ausonia's door.

Ausoniae. magno discordes aethere uenti

As whiles within the mighty heaven the winds are making war,

proelia ceu tollunt animis et uiribus aequis;

And equal heart they have thereto, and equal might they wield:

non ipsi inter se, non nubila, non mare cedit;

Yields none to none, nor yields the rack, nor aught the waters yield;

anceps pugna diu, stant obnixa omnia contra:

Long hangs the battle; locked they stand, all things are striving then:

haud aliter Troianae acies aciesque Latinae 360

Not otherwise the Trojan host and host of Latin men

concurrunt, haeret pede pes densusque uiro uir.

Meet foot to foot, and man to man, close pressing in the fray.
 At parte ex alia, qua saxa rotantia late
 But in another place, where erst the torrent in its way
 intulerat torrens arbustaque diruta ripis,
 Had driven the rolling rocks along and torn trees of the banks,
 Arcadas insuetos acies inferre pedestris
 Did Pallas see the Arcadian folk, unused to fight in ranks
 ut uidit Pallas Latio dare terga sequaci, 365
 Of footmen, turn their backs before the Latins in the chase,
 aspera aquis natura loci dimittere quando
 Since they forsooth had left their steeds for roughness of the place:
 suasit equos, unum quod rebus restat egenis,
 Wherefore he did the only deed that failing Fortune would,
 nunc prece, nunc dictis uirtutem accendit amaris;
 Striving with prayers and bitter words to make their valour good:
 ‘quo fugitis, socii? per uos et fortia facta,
 “Where flee ye, fellows? Ah, I pray, by deeds that once were bold,
 per ducis Euandri nomen deuictaque bella 370
 By name of King Evander dear, by glorious wars of old,
 spemque meam, patriae quae nunc subit aemula laudi,
 By my own hope of praise that springs to mate my father’s praise,
 fidite ne pedibus. ferro rumpenda per hostis
 Trust not your feet! with point and edge ye needs must cleave your
 ways
 est uia. qua globus ille uirum densissimus urget,
 Amidst the foe. Where yon array of men doth thickest wend,
 hac uos et Pallanta ducem patria alta reposcit.
 Thither our holy fatherland doth you and Pallas send:
 numina nulla premunt, mortali urgemur ab hoste 375
 No Gods weigh on us; mortal foes meet mortal men today;
 mortales; totidem nobis animaeque manusque.
 As many hands we have to use, as many lives to pay.
 ecce maris magna claudit nos obice pontus,
 Lo, how the ocean shuts us in with yonder watery wall!
 deest iam terra fugae: pelagus Troiamne petamus?’
 Earth fails for flight — what! seaward then, or Troyward shall we
 fall?”

haec ait, et medius densos prorumpit in hostis.
 Thus said, forthwith he breaketh in amid the foeman's press,
 Obuius huic primum fatis adductus iniquis 380
 Whom Lagus met the first of all, by Fate's unrighteousness
 fit Lagus. hunc, uellit magno dum pondere saxum,
 Drawn thitherward: him, while a stone huge weighted he upheaves,
 intorto figit telo, discrimina costis
 He pierceth with a whirling shaft just where the backbone cleaves
 per medium qua spina dabat, hastamque receptat
 The ribs atwain, and back again he wrencheth forth the spear
 ossibus haerentem. quem non super occupat Hisbo,
 Set mid the bones: nor him the more did Hisbo take unware,
 ille quidem hoc sperans; nam Pallas ante ruentem, 385
 Though that he hoped; for Pallas next withstood him, rushing on
 dum furit, incautum crudeli morte sodalis
 All heedless-wild at that ill death his fellow fair had won,
 excipit atque ensem tumido in pulmone recondit.
 And buried all his sword deep down amid his wind-swelled lung.
 hinc Sthenium petit et Rhoeti de gente uetusta
 Then Sthenelus he meets, and one from ancient Rhoetus sprung,
 Anchemolum thalamos ausum incestare nouercae.
 Anchemolus, who dared defile his own stepmother's bed.
 uos etiam, gemini, Rutulis cecidistis in aruis, 390
 Ye also on Rutulian lea twin Daucus' sons lay dead,
 Daucia, Laride Thymerque, simillima proles,
 Larides, Thymer; so alike, O children, that by nought
 indiscreta suis gratusque parentibus error;
 Your parents knew you each from each, and sweet the error thought.
 at nunc dura dedit uobis discrimina Pallas.
 But now to each did Pallas give a cruel marking-sign;
 nam tibi, Thymbre, caput Euandrius abstulit ensis;
 For, Thymer, the Evandrian sword smote off that head of thine:
 te decisa suum, Laride, dextera quaerit 395
 And thy lopped right, Larides, seeks for that which was its lord,
 semianimesque micant digiti ferrumque retractant.
 The half-dead fingers quiver still and grip unto the sword.
 Arcadas accensos monitu et praeclara tuentis

But now the Arcadians cheered by words, beholding his great deed,
facta uiri mixtus dolor et pudor armat in hostis.

The mingled shame and sorrow arm and 'gainst the foeman lead.

Tum Pallas biiugis fugientem Rhoetea praeter

Then Pallas thrusteth Rhoeteus through a-flitting by in wain;

traicit. hoc spatium tantumque morae fuit Ilo; 400

And so much space, so much delay, thereby did Ilus gain,

Ilo namque procul ualidam derexerat hastam,

For 'twas at Ilus from afar that he his spear had cast

quam medius Rhoeteus intercipit, optime Teuthra,

But Rhoeteus met it on the road fleeing from you full fast,

te fugiens fratremque Tyren, curruque uolutus

Best brethren, Teuthras, Tyres there: down from the car rolled he,

caedit semianimis Rutulorum calcibus arua.

And with the half-dead heel of him beat the Rutulian lea.

ac uelut optato uentis aestate coortis 405

As when amidst the summer-tide he gains the wished-for breeze,

dispersa immittit siluis incendia pastor,

The shepherd sets the sparkled flame amid the thicket trees,

correptis subito mediis extenditur una

The wood's heart catches suddenly, the flames spread into one,

horrida per latos acies Volcania campos,

And fearful o'er the meadows wide doth Vulcan's army run,

ille sedens uictor flammas despectat ouantis:

While o'er the flames the victor sits and on their joy looks down.

non aliter socium uirtus coit omnis in unum 410

No less the valour of thy folk unto a head was grown

teque iuuat, Palla. sed bellis acer Halaesus

To help thee, Pallas: but behold, Halesus, fierce in field,

tendit in aduersos seque in sua colligit arma.

Turns on the foe, and gathers him 'neath cover of his shield.

hic mactat Ladona Pheretaque Demodocumque,

Ladon, Pheres, Demodocus, all these he slaughtered there;

Strymonio dextram fulgenti deripit ense

With gleaming sword he lopped the hand Strymonius did uprear

elatam in iugulum, saxo ferit ora Thoantis 415

Against his throat: in Thoas' face withal a stone he sent,

ossaque dispersit cerebro permixta cruento.

And drave apart the riven bones with blood and brains all blent
fata canens siluis genitor celarat Halaesum;

Halesus' sire, the wise of Fate, in woods had hidden him;
ut senior leto canentia lumina soluit,

But when that elder's whitening eyes at last in death did swim,
iniecere manum Parcae telisque sacrarunt

Fate took Halesus, hallowing him to King Evander's blade:

Euandri. quem sic Pallas petit ante precatus: 420

For Pallas aimeth at him now, when such wise he had prayed:

'da nunc, Thybri pater, ferro, quod missile libro,

"O Father Tiber, grant this spear, that herewithal I shake,
fortunam atque uiam duri per pectus Halaesi.

Through hard Halesus' breast forthwith a happy way may take;
haec arma exuiuasque uiri tua quercus habebit.'

So shall thine oak-tree have the arms, the warrior's battle-spoil."

audiit illa deus; dum textit Imaona Halaesus,

The God heard: while Halesus shields Imaon in the broil,

Arcadio infelix telo dat pectus inermum. 425

To that Arcadian shaft he gives his luckless body bared.

At non caede uiri tanta perterrita Lausus,

But nought would Lausus, lord of war, let all his host be scared,

pars ingens belli, sinit agmina: primus Abantem

E'en at the death of such a man: first Abas doth he slay,

oppositum interimit, pugnae nodumque moramque.

Who faces him, the very knot and holdfast of the play.

sternitur Arcadiae proles, sternuntur Etrusci

Then fall Arcadia's sons to field; felled is Etruria's host,

et uos, o Graiis imperdita corpora, Teucri. 430

And ye, O Teucrian bodies, erst by Grecian death unlost.

agmina concurrunt ducibusque et uiribus aequis;

Then meet the hosts with lords well-matched and equal battle-might;

extremi addensent acies nec turba moueri

The outskirts of the battle close, nor 'mid the press of fight

tela manusque sinit. hinc Pallas instat et urget,

May hand or spear move: busy now is Pallas on this side,

hinc contra Lausus, nec multum discrepat aetas,

Lausus on that; nor is the space between their ages wide,
egregii forma, sed quis Fortuna negarat 435

Those noble bodies: and both they were clean forbid of Fate
in patriam reditus. ipsos concurrere passus

Return unto their lands: but he who rules Olympus great
haud tamen inter se magni regnator Olympi;

Would nowise suffer them to meet themselves to end the play,
mox illos sua fata manent maiore sub hoste.

The doom of each from mightier foe abideth each today.

Interea soror alma monet succedere Lauso

But Turnus' sister warneth him to succour Lausus' war,

Turnum, qui uolucris curru medium secat agmen. 440

The gracious Goddess: straight he cleaves the battle in his car,
ut uidit socios: 'tempus desistere pugnae;

And when he sees his folk, cries out: "'Tis time to leave the fight!
solus ego in Pallanta feror, soli mihi Pallas

Lone against Pallas do I fare, Pallas is mine of right;
debetur; cuperem ipse parens spectator adesset.'

I would his sire himself were here to look upon the field."

haec ait, et socii cesserunt aequore iusso.

He spake, and from the space forbid his fellow-folk did yield,
at Rutulum abscessu iuuenis tum iussa superba 445

But when the Rutuli were gone, at such a word of pride
miratus stupet in Turno corpusque per ingens

Amazed, the youth on Turnus stares, and lets his gaze go wide
lumina uoluit obitque truci procul omnia uisu,

O'er the huge frame, and from afar with stern eyes meets it all,
talibus et dictis it contra dicta tyranni:

And 'gainst the words the tyrant spake such words from him there
fall:

'aut spoliis ego iam raptis laudabor opimis

"Now shall I win me praise of men for spoiling of a King,
aut leto insigni: sorti pater aequus utrique est. 450

Or for a glorious death: my sire may outface either thing:
tolle minas.' fatus medium procedit in aequor;

Forbear thy threats." He spake, and straight amid the war-field drew;
frigidus Arcadibus coit in praecordia sanguis.

But cold in that Arcadian folk therewith the heart-blood grew;
desiluit Turnus biiugis, pedes apparat ire
While Turnus from his war-wain leapt to go afoot to fight:
comminus; utque leo, specula cum uidit ab alta
And as a lion sees afar from off his watch burg's height
stare procul campis meditantem in proelia taurum, 455
A bull at gaze amid the mead with battle in his thought,
aduolat, haud alia est Turni uenientis imago.
And flies thereto, so was the shape of coming Turnus wrought.
hunc ubi contiguum missae fore credidit hastae,
But now, when Pallas deemed him come within the cast of spear,
ire prior Pallas, si qua fors adiuuet ausum
He would be first, if Fate perchance should help him swift to dare,
uiribus imparibus, magnumque ita ad aethera fatur:
And his less might, and thus he speaks unto the boundless sky:
'per patris hospitium et mensas, quas aduena adisti, 460
"Now by my father's guesting-tide and board thou drew'st anigh,
te precor, Alcide, coeptis ingentibus adsis.
A stranger, O Alcides, help this great deed I begin!
cernat semineci sibi me rapere arma cruenta
His bloody gear from limbs half-dead let Turnus see me win;
uictoremque ferant morientia lumina Turni.'
And on the dying eyes of him be victor's image pressed."
audiit Alcides iuuenem magnumque sub imo
Alcides heard the youth, and 'neath the inmost of his breast
corde premit gemitum lacrimasque effundit inanis. 465
He thrust aback a heavy groan, and empty tears he shed:
tum genitor natum dictis adfatur amicis:
But to his son in kindly wise such words the Father said:
'stat sua cuique dies, breue et irreparabile tempus
"His own day bideth every man; short space that none may mend
omnibus est uitae; sed famam extendere factis,
Is each man's life: but yet by deeds wide-spreading fame to send,
hoc uirtutis opus. Troiae sub moenibus altis
Man's valour hath this work to do: 'neath Troy's high-builed wall
tot gnati cecidere deum, quin occidit una 470
How many sons of God there died: yea there he died withal,

Sarpedon, mea progenies; etiam sua Turnum
 Sarpedon my own progeny. Yea too and Turnus' Fates
 fata uocant metasque dati peruenit ad aeuī.
 Are calling him: he draweth nigh his life's departing-gates."
 sic ait, atque oculos Rutulorum reicit aruis.
 He spake and turned his eyes away from fields of Rutuli:
 At Pallas magnis emittit uiribus hastam
 But Pallas with great gathered strength the spear from him let fly,
 uaginae caua fulgentem deripit ensem. 475
 And drew therewith from hollow sheath his sword all eager-bright.
 illa uolans umeri surgunt qua tegmina summa
 The spear flew gleaming where the arms rise o'er the shoulder's
 height,
 incidit, atque uiam clipei molita per oras
 Smote home, and won its way at last through the shield's outer rim,
 tandem etiam magno strinxit de corpore Turni.
 And Turnus' mighty body reached and grazed the flesh of him.
 hic Turnus ferro praefixum robur acuto
 Long Turnus shook the oak that bore the bitter iron head,
 in Pallanta diu librans iacit atque ita fatur: 480
 Then cast at Pallas, and withal a word he cast and said:
 'aspice num mage sit nostrum penetrabile telum.'
 "Let see now if this shaft of mine may better win a pass!"
 dixerat; at clipeum, tot ferri terga, tot aeris,
 He spake; for all its iron skin and all its plates of brass,
 quem pellis totiens obeat circumdata tauri,
 For all the swathing of bull-hides that round about it went,
 uibranti cuspis medium transuerberat ictu
 The quivering spear smote through the shield and through its
 midmost rent
 loricaeque moras et pectus perforat ingens. 485
 And through the mailcoat's staying fence the mighty breast did gain.
 ille rapit calidum frustra de uulnere telum:
 Then at the spear his heart-blood warmed did Pallas clutch in vain;
 una eademque uia sanguis animusque sequuntur.
 By one way and the same his blood and life, away they fare;
 corruit in uulnus (sonitum super arma dedere)

But down upon the wound he rolled, and o'er him clashed his gear,
et terram hostilem moriens petit ore cruento.

And dying there his bloody mouth sought out the foeman's sod:
quem Turnus super adsistens: 490

Whom Turnus overstrides and says:

'Arcades, haec' inquit 'memores mea dicta referte

"Hearken Arcadians, bear ye back Evander words well learned:

Euandro: qualem meruit, Pallanta remitto.

Pallas I send him back again, dealt with as he hath earned,

quisquis honos tumuli, quidquid solamen humandi est,

If there be honour in a tomb, or solace in the earth,

largior. haud illi stabunt Aeneia paruo

I grudge it not — Ænean guests shall cost him things of worth."

hospitia.' et laeuo pressit pede talia fatus 495

So spake he, and his left foot then he set upon the dead,

exanimem rapiens immania pondera baltei

And tore the girdle thence away full heavy fashionèd,

impressumque nefas: una sub nocte iugali

And wrought with picture of a guilt; that youthful company

caesa manus iuuenum foede thalamique cruenti,

Slain foully on one wedding-night: bloody the bride-beds lie.

quae Clonus Eurytides multo caelauerat auro;

This Clonus son of Eurytus had wrought in plenteous gold,

quo nunc Turnus ouat spolio gaudetque potitus. 500

Now Turnus wears it triumphing, merry such spoil to hold. —

nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futurae

— O heart of man, unlearned in Fate and what the days may hide,

et seruare modum rebus sublata secundis!

Unlearned to be of measure still when swelled with happy tide!

Turno tempus erit magno cum optauerit emptum

The time shall come when Turnus wealth abundantly would pay

intactum Pallanta, et cum spolia ista diemque

For Pallas whole, when he shall loathe that spoil, that conquering
day.

oderit. at socii multo gemitu lacrimisque 505

But Pallas' folk with plenteous groans and tears about him throng,

impositum scuto referunt Pallanta frequentes.

And laid upon his battle-shield they bear the dead along.
 o dolor atque decus magnum rediture parenti,
 O thou, returning to thy sire, great grief and glory great,
 haec te prima dies bello dedit, haec eadem aufert,
 Whom one same day gave unto war and swept away to fate,
 cum tamen ingentis Rutulorum linquis acervos!
 Huge heaps of death Rutulian thou leav'st the meadow still.
 Nec iam fama mali tanti, sed certior auctor 510
 And now no rumour, but sure word of such a mighty ill
 aduolat Aeneae tenui discrimine leti
 Flies to Æneas, how his folk within the deathgrip lie,
 esse suos, tempus uersis succurrere Teucris.
 And how time pressed that he should aid the Teucrians turned to fly.
 proxima quaeque metit gladio latumque per agmen
 So all things near with sword he reaps, and wide he drives the road
 ardens limitem agit ferro, te, Turne, superbum
 Amid the foe with fiery steel, seeking thee, Turnus proud,
 caede noua quaerens. Pallas, Euander, in ipsis 515
 Through death new wrought; and Pallas now, Evander, all things
 there
 omnia sunt oculis, mensae quas aduena primas
 Live in his eyes: the boards whereto that day he first drew near,
 tunc adiit, dextraeque datae. Sulmone creatos
 A stranger, and those plighted hands. Four youths of Sulmo wrought,
 quattuor hic iuuenes, totidem quos educat Vfens,
 And the like tale that Ufens erst into the world's life brought,
 uiuentis rapit, inferias quos immolet umbris
 He takes alive to slay them — gifts for that great ghost's avail,
 captiuoque rogi perfundat sanguine flammis. 520
 And with a shower of captive blood to slake the dead men's bale.
 inde Mago procul infensam contenderat hastam:
 Then next at Magus from afar the shaft of bane he sent;
 ille astu subit, at tremibunda superuolat hasta,
 Deftly he cowered, and on above the quivering weapon went,
 et genua amplectens effatur talia supplex:
 And clasping both Æneas' knees thus spake the suppliant one:
 'per patrios manis et spes surgentis Iuli

“O by thy father’s ghost, by hope Iulus hath begun,
 te precor, hanc animam serues gnatoque patrique. 525
 I pray thee for my sire and son my life yet let me win:
 est domus alta, iacent penitus defossa talenta
 I have a high house, silver wrought is dug adown therein,
 caelati argenti, sunt auri pondera facti
 A talent’s weight, and store therewith of wrought and unwrought
 gold:
 infectique mihi. non hic uictoria Teucrum
 This will not snatch the victory from out the Teucrian’s hold,
 uertitur aut anima una dabit discrimina tanta.’
 Nor can the life of one alone such mighty matter make.”
 dixerat. Aeneas contra cui talia reddit: 530
 So he, but answering thereunto this word Æneas spake:
 ‘argenti atque auri memoras quae multa talenta
 “Thy gold and silver talent’s weight, whereof thou tell’st such store,
 gnatis parce tuis. belli commercia Turnus
 Spare for thy sons! thy Turnus slew such chaffering of war
 sustulit ista prior iam tum Pallante perempto.
 When Pallas’ death he brought about a little while ago;
 hoc patris Anchisae manes, hoc sentit Iulus.’
 So deems my sire Anchises’ ghost, Iulus deemeth so.”
 sic fatus galeam laeua tenet atque reflexa 535
 Then with his left he caught the helm and hilt-deep thrust the blade
 ceruice orantis capulo tenuis applicat ensem.
 Into the back-bent throat of him e’en as the prayer he prayed.
 nec procul Haemonides, Phoebi Triuiaequae sacerdos,
 Not far hence was Hæmonides, Phoebus’ and Trivia’s priest,
 infula cui sacra redimibat tempora uitta,
 The holy fillets on his brow, his glory well increased
 totus conlucens ueste atque insignibus albis.
 With glorious arms, and glittering gear shining on every limb.
 quem congressus agit campo, lapsumque superstans 540
 Him the King chaseth o’er the field, and, standing over him,
 immolat ingentique umbra tegit, arma Serestus
 Hides him in mighty dusk of death; whose gleanèd battle-gear,
 lecta refert umeris tibi, rex Gradiue, tropaeum.

A gift to thee, O battle-god, back doth Serestus bear.
 Instaurant acies Volcani stirpe creatus
 Then Cæculus of Vulcan's stem the hedge of battle fills,
 Caeculus et ueniens Marsorum montibus Vmbro.
 And Umbro cometh unto fight down from the Marsian hills.
 Dardanides contra furit: Anxuris ense sinistram 545
 On them his rage the Dardan child let slip. But next his blade
 et totum clipei ferro deiecerat orbem
 Anxur's left hand and orbèd shield upon the meadow laid.
 (dixerat ille aliquid magnum uimque adfore uerbo
 Proud things had Anxur said, and deemed his word was matched by
 might,
 crediderat, caeloque animum fortasse ferebat
 And so perchance he raised his soul up to the heavenly height,
 canitiemque sibi et longos promiserat annos);
 And hoary eld he looked to see, and many a peaceful year.
 Tarquitus exsultans contra fulgentibus armis, 550
 Tarquitiu's, proud of heart and soul, in glittering battle-gear,
 siluicolae Fauno Dryope quem nympa crearat,
 Whom the nymph Dryope of yore to woodland Faunus gave,
 obuius ardenti sese obtulit. ille reducta
 Came thrusting thwart his fiery way; his back-drawn spear he drave,
 loricam clipeique ingens onus impedit hasta,
 Pinning his mail-coat unto him, and mighty mass of shield:
 tum caput orantis nequiquam et multa parantis
 His vainly-praying head, that strove with words, upon the field
 dicere deturbat terrae, truncumque tepentem 555
 He swept therewith, and rolling o'er his carcase warm with death,
 prouoluens super haec inimico pectore fatur:
 Above him from the heart of hate such words as this he saith:
 'istic nunc, metuende, iace. non te optima mater
 "Lie there, fear-giver! no more now thy mother most of worth
 condet humi patrioque onerabit membra sepulcro:
 Shall load thee with thy father's tomb, or lay thee in the earth:
 alitibus linquere feris, aut gurgite mersum
 Thou shalt be left to birds of prey, or deep adown the flood
 unda feret piscesque impasti uulnera lambent.' 560

The waves shall bear thee, and thy wounds be hungry fishes' food."
 protinus Antaeum et Lucam, prima agmina Turni,
 Next Lucas and Antæus stout, foremost of Turnus' men,
 persequitur, fortemque Numam fuluumque Camertem,
 He chaseth: Numa staunch of heart and yellow Camers then;
 magnanimo Volcente satum, ditissimus agri
 A man from high-souled Volscens sprung, field-wealthiest one of all
 qui fuit Ausonidum et tacitis regnauit Amyclis.
 Ausonian men, and lord within the hushed Amyclæ's wall.
 Aegæon qualis, centum cui bracchia dicunt 565
 E'en as Ægæon, who they say had arms an hundred-fold,
 centenasque manus, quinquaginta oribus ignem
 And hundred hands, from fifty mouths and maws the wildfire rolled,
 pectoribusque arsisse, Iouis cum fulmina contra
 What time in arms against the bolts from Jove of Heaven that flew
 tot paribus streperet clipeis, tot stringeret ensis:
 He clashed upon the fifty shields and fifty sword-points drew:
 sic toto Aeneas desaeuit in aequore uictor
 So conquering, over all the mead Æneas' fury burns
 ut semel intepuit mucro. quin ecce Niphaei 570
 When once his sword is warm with death: and now, behold, he turns
 quadriiugis in equos aduersaque pectora tendit.
 Upon Niphæus' four-yoked steeds, and breasts their very breath.
 atque illi longe gradientem et dira frementem
 But when they see him striding far, and threatening doom and death,
 ut uidere, metu uersi retroque ruentes
 In utter dread they turn about, and rushing back again,
 effunduntque ducem rapiuntque ad litora currus.
 They shed their master on the earth and shoreward drag the wain.
 Interea biiugis infert se Lucagus albis 575
 Meanwhile with twi-yoked horses white fares Lucagus midst men,
 in medios fraterque Liger; sed frater habenis
 His brother Liger by his side, who holdeth rein as then,
 flectit equos, strictum rotat acer Lucagus ensem.
 And turneth steed, while Lucagus the drawn sword whirlleth wide.
 haud tulit Aeneas tanto feruore furentis;
 Them and their war-rage in no wise Æneas might abide,

inruit aduersaque ingens apparuit hasta.

But on he rushes, showing huge with upheaved threatening shaft.

cui Liger: 580

Then Liger cast a word at him:

‘non Diomedis equos nec currum cernis Achilli

“No steeds of Diomede thou seest, and no Achilles’ car

aut Phrygiae campos: nunc belli finis et aevi

Or Phrygian fields: this hour shall end thy life-days and the war

his dabitur terris.’ uesano talia late

Here on this earth.” Such words as these from witless Liger stray,

dicta uolant Ligeri. sed non et Troius heros

But nought in bandying of words the man of Troy would play;

dicta parat contra, iaculum nam torquet in hostis. 585

Rather his mighty battle-shaft he hurled against the foe,

Lucagus ut pronus pendens in uerbera telo

While Lucagus his horses drives with spear-butt, bending low

admonuit biiugos, proiecto dum pede laeue

Over the lash, and setteth forth his left foot for the fight.

aptat se pugnae, subit oras hasta per imas

Beneath the bright shield’s nether rim the spear-shaft takes its flight,

fulgentis clipei, tum laeuum perforat inguen;

Piercing his groin upon the left: then shaken from his wain,

excussus curru moribundus uoluitur aruis. 590

He tumbleth down and rolleth o’er in death upon the plain.

quem pius Aeneas dictis adfatur amaris:

To whom a fierce and bitter word godly Æneas said:

‘Lucage, nulla tuos currus fuga segnis equorum

“Ho, Lucagus! no dastard flight of steeds thy car betrayed,

prodidit aut uanae uertere ex hostibus umbrae:

No empty shadow turned them back from facing of the foe,

ipse rotis saliens iuga deseris.’ haec ita fatus

But thou thyself hast leapt from wheel and let the yoke-beasts go.”

arripuit biiugos; frater tendebat inertis 595

He spake, and caught the reins withal; slipped down that wretched
one

infelix palmas curru delapsus eodem:

His brother, and stretched forth the hands that little deed had done:

'per te, per qui te talem genuere parentes,
 "By thee, by those that brought thee forth so glorious unto day,
 uir Troiane, sine hanc animam et miserere precantis.'
 O Trojan hero, spare my life, and pity me that pray!"
 pluribus oranti Aeneas: 'haud talia dudum
 Æneas cut athwart his speech: "Not so erewhile ye spake.
 dicta dabas. morere et fratrem ne desere frater.' 600
 Die! ill it were for brother thus a brother to forsake."
 tum latebras animae pectus mucrone recludit.
 And in his breast the sword he drave home to the house of breath.
 talia per campos edebat funera ductor
 Thus through the meads the Dardan Duke set forth the tale of death,
 Dardanius torrentis aquae uel turbinis atri
 With rage as of the rushing flood, or whirl-storm of the wind.
 more furens. tandem erumpunt et castra relinquant
 At last they break forth into field and leave their camp behind,
 Ascanius puer et nequiquam obsessa iuuentus. 605
 Ascanius and the lads of war in vain beleaguereð.
 Iunonem interea compellat Iuppiter ultro:
 Meanwhile to Juno Jupiter set forth the speech and said:
 'o germana mihi atque eadem gratissima coniunx,
 "O thou who art my sister dear and sweetest wife in one,
 ut rebare, Venus (nec te sententia fallit)
 'Tis Venus as thou deemedst, (nought thy counsel is undone),
 Troianas sustentat opes, non uiuida bello
 Who upholds Trojan might forsooth: they lack fight-eager hand,
 dextra uiris animusque ferox patiensque pericli.' 610
 They lack fierce heart and steady soul the peril to withstand!"
 cui Iuno summissa: 'quid, o pulcherrime coniunx,
 To whom spake Juno, meek of mood: "And why, O fairest lord,
 sollicitas aegram et tua tristia dicta timentem?
 Dost thou so vex me sad at heart, fearing thy heavy word?
 si mihi, quae quondam fuerat quamque esse decebat,
 But in my soul were love as strong as once it used to be,
 uis in amore foret, non hoc mihi namque negares,
 And should be, thou though all of might wouldst ne'er deny it me,
 omnipotens, quin et pugnae subducere Turnum 615

That Turnus I should draw away from out the midst of fight,
 et Dauno possem incolumem seruare parenti.
 That I might keep him safe to bless his father Daunus' sight.
 nunc pereat Teucrisque pio det sanguine poenas.
 Now let him die, let hallowed blood the Teucrian hate atone:
 ille tamen nostra deducit origine nomen
 And yet indeed his name and race from blood of ours hath grown;
 Pilumnusque illi quartus pater, et tua larga
 He from Pilumnus is put forth: yea, good gifts furthermore
 saepe manu multisque oneravit limina donis.' 620
 His open hand full oft hath piled within thine holy door."
 cui rex aetherii breuiter sic fatur Olympi:
 To whom air-high Olympus' king short-worded answer made:
 'si mora praesentis leti tempusque caduco
 "If for the youth who soon must fall respite of death is prayed,
 oratur iuueni meque hoc ita ponere sentis,
 And tarrying-time, nor aught thou deem'st but that my doom must
 stand,
 tolle fuga Turnum atque instantibus eripe fati:
 Then carry Turnus off by flight, snatch him from fate at hand.
 hactenus indulsisse uacat. sin altior istis 625
 So far thy longing may I please: but if a greater grace
 sub precibus uenia ulla latet totumque moueri
 Lurk 'neath thy prayers, and thou hast hope to change the battle's
 face,
 mutariue putas bellum, spes pascis inanis.'
 And turmoil everything once more, thou feedest hope in vain."
 et Iuno adlacrimans: 'quid si, quae uoce grauaris,
 Then Juno weeping: "Ah, but if thy heart should give the gain
 mente dares atque haec Turno rata uita maneret?
 Thy voice begrudgeth! if 'twere doomed that he in life abide —
 nunc manet insontem grauis exitus, aut ego ueri 630
 But ill-end dogs the sackless man, unless I wander wide
 uana feror. quod ut o potius formidine falsa
 Away from sooth — Ah, yet may I be mocked of fear-wrought lies,
 ludar, et in melius tua, qui potes, orsa reflectas!'
 And may thy rede as thou hast might be turned to better wise."

Haec ubi dicta dedit, caelo se protinus alto
 She spake the word and cast herself adown from heaven the high,
 misit agens hiemem nimbo succincta per auras,
 Girt round with rain-cloud, driving on a storm amid the sky,
 Ilicamque aciem et Laurentia castra petiuit. 635
 And that Laurentian leaguer sought and Ilium's hedge of fight.
 tum dea nube caua tenuem sine uiribus umbram
 And there she fashioned of the cloud a shadow lacking might:
 in faciem Aeneae (uisu mirabile monstrum)
 With image of Æneas' shape the wondrous show is drest,
 Dardaniis ornat telis, clipeumque iubasque
 She decks it with the Dardan spear and shield, and mocks the crest
 diuini adsimulat capitis, dat inania uerba,
 Of that all-godlike head, and gives a speech that empty flows,
 dat sine mente sonum gressusque effingit euntis, 640
 Sound without soul, and counterfeits the gait wherewith he goes, —
 morte obita qualis fama est uolitare figuras
 As dead men's images they say about the air will sweep,
 aut quae sopitos deludunt somnia sensus.
 Or as the senses weary-drenched are mocked with dreams of sleep.
 at primas laeta ante acies exsultat imago
 But in the forefront of the fight war-merry goes the thing,
 inritatque uirum telis et uoce laccessit.
 And cries the warrior on with words and weapons brandishing:
 instat cui Turnus stridentemque eminus hastam 645
 On whom falls Turnus, and afar hurleth his whizzing spear:
 conicit; illa dato uertit uestigia tergo.
 Then turns the phantom back about and fleeth as in fear.
 tum uero Aenean auersum ut cedere Turnus
 Then verily when Turnus deemed he saw Æneas fled.
 credidit atque animo spem turbidus hausit inanem:
 With all the emptiness of hope his headlong heart he fed:
 'quo fugis, Aenea? thalamos ne desere pactos;
 "Where fleest thou, Æneas, then? why leave thy plighted bride?
 hac dabitur dextra tellus quaesita per undas.' 650
 This hand shall give thee earth thou sought'st so far across the tide."
 talia uociferans sequitur strictumque coruscat

So cries he following, brandishing his naked sword on high,
 mucronem, nec ferre uidet sua gaudia uentos.
 Nor sees what wise adown the wind his battle-bliss goes by.
 Forte ratis celsi coniuncta crepidine saxi
 By hap a ship was moored anear unto a ledgy stone,
 expositis stabat scalis et ponte parato,
 With ladders out and landing-bridge all ready to let down,
 qua rex Clusinis aduectus Osinius oris. 655
 That late the King Orsinus bore from Clusium o'er the sea;
 huc sese trepida Aeneae fugientis imago
 And thereinto the hurrying lie, Æneas' shape, did flee,
 conicit in latebras, nec Turnus segnior instat
 And down its lurking-places dived: but Turnus none the more
 exsuperatque moras et pontis transilit altos.
 Hangs back, but beating down delay swift runs the high bridge o'er.
 uix proram attigerat, rumpit Saturnia funem
 Scarce on the prow, ere Juno brake the mooring-rope atwain,
 auulsamque rapit reuoluta per aequora nauem. 660
 And rapt the sundered ship away o'er back-draught of the main.
 tum leuis haud ultra latebras iam quaerit imago, 663
 And there afar from fight is he on whom Æneas cries,
 sed sublime uolans nubi se immiscuit atrae,
 Still sending down to death's abode an host of enemies;
 illum autem Aeneas absentem in proelia poscit; 661
 Nor any more the image then will seek his shape to shroud,
 obuia multa uirum demittit corpora morti,
 But flying upward blendeth him amid the mirky cloud.
 cum Turnum medio interea fert aequore turbo. 665
 Meanwhile, as midmost of the sea the flood bore Turnus on,
 respicit ignarus rerum ingratusque salutis
 Blind to the deed that was in hand, thankless for safety won,
 et duplicis cum uoce manus ad sidera tendit:
 He looketh round, and hands and voice starward he reacheth forth:
 'omnipotens genitor, tanton me crimine dignum
 "Almighty Father, deemedst thou my guilt so much of worth?
 duxisti et talis uoluisti expendere poenas?
 And wouldst thou have me welter through such woeful tide of pain?

quo feror? unde abii? quae me fuga quemue reducit? 670
Whence? whither? why this flight? what man shall I come back again?

Laurentisne iterum muros aut castra uidebo?

Ah, shall I see Laurentum's walls, or see my camp once more?

quid manus illa uirum, qui me meaque arma secuti?

What shall betide the fellowship that followed me to war,

quosque (nefas) omnis infanda in morte reliqui

Whom I have left? O misery to die the death alone!

et nunc palantis uideo, gemitumque cadentum

I see them scattered even now, I hear the dying groan.

accipio? quid ago? aut quae iam satis ima dehiscat 675

What do I? what abyss of earth is deep enough to hide

terra mihi? uos o potius miserescite, uenti;

The wretched man? But ye, O winds, be merciful this tide,

in rupes, in saxa (uolens uos Turnus adoro)

On rocks, on stones — I, Turnus, thus adore you with good will —

ferte ratem saeuisque uadis immittite syrtis,

Drive ye the ship, or cast it up on Syrtes' shoals of ill,

quo nec me Rutuli nec conscia fama sequatur.'

Where Rutuli and tell-tale Fame shall never find me out!"

haec memorans animo nunc huc, nunc fluctuat illuc, 680

Hither and thither as he spake his spirit swam in doubt,

an sese mucrone ob tantum dedecus amens

Shall he now fall upon the point, whom shame hath witless made,

induat et crudum per costas exigit ensem,

Amid most of his very ribs driving the bitter blade;

fluctibus an iaciat mediis et litora nando

Or casting him amid the waves swim for the hollow strand,

curua petat Teucrumque iterum se reddat in arma.

And give his body back again to sworded Teucrian band?

ter conatus utramque uiam, ter maxima Iuno 685

Thrice either deed he fell to do, and thrice for very ruth

continuit iuuenemque animi miserata repressit.

The mightiest Juno stayed his hand and held aback his youth.

labitur alta secans fluctuque aestuque secundo

So 'neath a fair and following wind he glideth o'er the sea,

et patris antiquam Dauni defertur ad urbem.
 And to his father's ancient walls is ferried presently.
 At Iouis interea monitis Mezentius ardens
 Meanwhile, by Jupiter's command, Mezentius props the fight,
 succedit pugnae Teucrosque inuadit ouantis. 690
 And all ablaze he falleth on the gladdened Teucrian might:
 concurrunt Tyrrhenae acies atque omnibus uni,
 The Tuscan host rush up, and all upon one man alone
 uni odiisque uiro telisque frequentibus instant.
 Press on with hatred in their hearts and cloud of weapons thrown.
 ille (uelut rupes uastum quae prodit in aequor,
 Yet is he as a rock thrust out amid the mighty deep
 obuia uentorum furiis expostaque ponto,
 To meet the raging of the winds, bare to the water's sweep.
 uim cunctam atque minas perfert caelique marisque 695
 All threats of sea and sky it bears, all might that they may wield,
 ipsa immota manens) prolem Dolichaonis Hebrum
 Itself unmoved. Dolichaon's son he felleth unto field,
 sternit humi, cum quo Latagum Palmumque fugacem,
 One Hebrus; Latagus with him, and Palmus as he fled.
 sed Latagum saxo atque ingenti fragmine montis
 But Latagus with stone he smites, a mighty mountain-shred,
 occupat os faciemque aduersam, poplite Palmum
 Amid the face and front of him, and Palmus, slow to dare,
 succiso uolui segnem sinit, armaque Lauso 700
 Sends rolling ham-strung: but their arms he biddeth Lausus bear
 donat habere umeris et uertice figere cristas.
 Upon his back, and with their crests upon his helm to wend.
 nec non Euanthen Phrygium Paridisque Mimanta
 Phrygian Evanthes then he slays, and Mimas, whiles the friend
 aequalem comitemque, una quem nocte Theano
 Like-aged of Paris; unto day and Amycus his sire
 in lucem genitore Amyco dedit et face praegnas
 Theano gave him on the night that she who went with fire,
 Cisseis regina Parim; Paris urbe paterna 705
 E'en Cisseus' daughter, Paris bore: now Paris lies asleep
 occubat, ignarum Laurens habet ora Mimanta.

In ancient Troy; Laurentian land unknown doth Mimas keep.
ac uelut ille canum morsu de montibus altis
Tis as a boar by bite of hounds from the high mountains driven,
actus aper, multos Vesulus quem pinifer annos
Who on pine-nursing Vesulus a many years hath thriven,
defendit multosque palus Laurentia silua
Or safe in that Laurentian marsh long years hath had his home,
pascit harundinea, postquam inter retia uentum est, 710
And fed adown the reedy wood; now mid the toil-nets come
substitit infremuitque ferox et inhorruit armos,
He stands at bay, and foameth fierce, and bristleth up all o'er,
nec cuiquam irasci propiusue accedere uirtus,
And none hath heart to draw anigh and rouse the wrath of war,
sed iaculis tutisque procul clamoribus instant;
But with safe shouts and shafts aloof they press about the place;
ille autem impavidus partis cunctatur in omnis 717
While he, unhastening, unafear'd, doth everywhither face,
dentibus infrendens et tergo decutit hastas:
Gnashing his teeth and shaking off the spears from out his back.
haud aliter, iustae quibus est Mezentius irae, 714
So they, who 'gainst Mezentius there just wrath do nowise lack,
non ulli est animus stricto concurrere ferro,
Lack heart to meet him hand to hand with naked brandished blade,
missilibus longe et uasto clamore lacesunt.
But clamour huge and weapon-shot from far upon him laid.
Venerat antiquis Corythi de finibus Acron, 719
From that old land of Corythus erewhile had Acron come,
Graius homo, infectos linquens profugus hymenaeos.
A Grecian man; half-wed he passed the threshold of his home:
hunc ubi miscentem longe media agmina uidit,
Whom when Mezentius saw afar turmoiling the mid fight,
purpureum pennis et pactae coniugis ostro,
Purple with plumes and glorious web his love for him had dight;
impastus stabula alta leo ceu saepe peragrans
E'en as a lion hunger-pinched about the high-fenced fold,
(suadet enim uesana fames), si forte fugacem
When ravening famine driveth him, if he by chance behold

conspectu capream aut surgentem in cornua ceruum, 725
Some she-goat, or a hart that thrusts his antlers up in air,
gaudet hians immane comasque arrexit et haeret
Merry he waxeth, gaping fierce his mane doth he uprear,
uisceribus super incumbens; lauit improba taeter
And hugs the flesh he lies upon; a loathsome sea of blood
ora cruor —

Washes the horror of his mouth.

sic ruit in densos alacer Mezentius hostis.

So merry runs Mezentius forth amid the press of foes,
sternitur infelix Acron et calcibus atram 730

And hapless Acron falls, and pounds the black earth mid his throes
tundit humum expirans infractaque tela cruentat.

With beat of heel; staining the shaft that splintered in the wound.
atque idem fugientem haud est dignatus Oroden

Scorn had he then Orodes swift to fell unto the ground
sternere nec iacta caecum dare cuspe uulnus;

Amidst his flight, or give blind bane with unknown cast afar;
obuius aduersoque occurrit seque uiro uir

He ran to meet him man to man, prevailing in the war
contulit, haud furto melior sed fortibus armis. 735

By nought of guile or ambushing, but by the dint of blade.
tum super abiectum posito pede nixus et hasta:

Foot on the fallen then he set, and strength to spear-shaft laid:
‘pars belli haud temnenda, uiri, iacet altus Orodes.’

“Fellows, here tall Orodes lies, no thrall in battle throng.”
conclamant socii laetum paeana secuti;

Then merrily his following folk shout forth their victory-song:
ille autem expirans: ‘non me, quicumque es, inulto,

Yet saith the dying: “Whosoe’er thou art, thou winnest me
uictor, nec longum laetabere; te quoque fata 740

Not unavenged: thy joy grows old: the like fate looks for thee,
prospectant paria atque eadem mox arua tenebis.’

And thou the self-same lea shalt hold within a little while!”
ad quem subridens mixta Mezentius ira:

To whom Mezentius spake, his wrath crossed by a gathering smile:
‘nunc morere. ast de me diuum pater atque hominum rex

“Die thou! the Father of the Gods, the earth-abider’s lord,
 uiderit.’ hoc dicens eduxit corpore telum.
 Will look to me.” He drew the spear from out him at the word,
 olli dura quies oculos et ferreus urget 745
 And iron slumber fell on him, hard rest weighed down his eyes,
 somnus, in aeternam clauduntur lumina noctem.
 And shut were they for evermore by night that never dies.
 Caedicus Alcathoum obtruncat, Sacrator Hydaspen
 Now Cædicus slays Alcathous; Sacrator ends outright
 partheniumque Rapo et praedurum uiribus Orsen,
 Hydaspes; then Parthenius stark and Orses fall in fight
 Messapus Cloniumque Lycaoniumque Erichaeten,
 By Rapo; and Messapus fells strong Clonius, and the son,
 illum infrenis equi lapsu tellure iacentem, 750
 Of Lycaon; one laid alow, by his own steeds cast down,
 hunc peditem. pedes et Lycius processerat Agis,
 One foot to foot. Lo Agis now, the Lycian, standeth forth,
 quem tamen haud expers Valerus uirtutis auitae
 Whom Valerus, that nothing lacked his grandsire’s might and worth,
 deicit; at Thronium Salius Saliumque Nealces
 O’erthroweth: Salius Thronius slays; Nealces, Salius;
 insidiis, iaculo et longe fallente sagitta.
 For skilled he was in dart and shaft, far-flying, perilous.
 Iam grauis aequabat luctus et mutua Mauors 755
 Now grief and death in Mavors’ scales even for each they lie;
 funera; caedebant pariter pariterque ruebant
 Victors and vanquished, here they slay, and here they fall and die,
 uictores uictique, neque his fuga nota neque illis.
 But neither these nor those forsooth had fleeing in their thought.
 di Iouis in tectis iram miserantur inanem
 But in Jove’s house the Gods had ruth of rage that nothing wrought,
 amborum et tantos mortalibus esse labores;
 And such a world of troubles sore for men of dying days;
 hinc Venus, hinc contra spectat Saturnia Iuno. 760
 On this side Venus, and on that Saturnian Juno gaze;
 pallida Tisiphone media inter milia saeuit.
 And wan Tisiphonè runs wild amid the thousands there.

At uero ingentem quatiens Mezentius hastam
But lo, Mezentius fierce and fell, shaking a mighty spear,
turbidus ingreditur campo. quam magnus Orion,
Stalks o'er the plain. — Lo now, how great doth great Orion sweep
cum pedes incedit medii per maxima Nerei
Afoot across the Nereus' field, the mid sea's mightiest deep,
stagna uiam scindens, umero supereminet undas, 765
Cleaving his way, raised shoulder-high above the billowy wash;
aut summis referens annosam montibus ornum
Or when from off the mountain-top he bears an ancient ash
ingrediturque solo et caput inter nubila condit,
His feet are on the soil of earth, the cloud-rack hides his head:
talis se uastis infert Mezentius armis.

— E'en so in mighty battle-gear afield Mezentius sped.
huic contra Aeneas speculatus in agmine longo
But now Æneas, noting him adown the battle-row,
obuius ire parat. manet imperterritus ille 770
Wendeth to meet him; undismayed he bideth for his foe,
hostem magnanimum opperiens, et mole sua stat;
Facing the great-souled man, and stands unmoved, a mighty mass:
atque oculis spatium emensus quantum satis hastae:
Then measuring the space between if spear thereby may pass:
'dextra mihi deus et telum, quod missile libro,
"Right hand," he cries, "my very God, and fleeing spear I shake,
nunc adsint! uoueo praedonis corpore raptis
To aid! Thee, Lausus, clad in arms that I today shall take
indutum spoliis ipsum te, Lause, tropaeum 775
From body of the sea-thief here I vow for gift of war
Aeneae.' dixit, stridentemque eminus hastam
Over Æneas slain." He spake, and hurled the shaft afar
iecit. at illa uolans clipeo est excussa proculque
Loud whistling: from the shield it glanced, and flying far and wide
egregium Antoren latus inter et ilia figit,
Smit glory-great Antores down through bowels and through side:
Herculis Antoren comitem, qui missus ab Argis
Antores friend of Hercules, who, erst from Argos come,
haeserat Euandro atque Italia consederat urbe. 780

Clung to Evander, and abode in that Italian home:
 sternitur infelix alieno uulnere, caelumque
 There laid to earth by straying wound he looketh on the sky,
 aspicit et dulcis moriens reminiscitur Argos.
 With lovely Argos in his heart, though death be come anigh.
 tum pius Aeneas hastam iacit; illa per orbem
 Then good Æneas cast his spear, and through the hollow round
 aere cauum triplici, per linea terga tribusque
 Of triple brass, through linen skin, through craftsmanship inwound,
 transiit intextum tauris opus, imaque sedit 785
 With threefold bull-hides, pierced the shaft, and in the groin did lie,
 inguine, sed uiris haud pertulit. ocius ensem
 Nor further could its might avail. Then swiftly from his thigh
 Aeneas uiso Tyrrheni sanguine laetus
 Æneas caught his glaive, and glad the Tyrrhene blood to see,
 eripit a femine et trepidanti feruidus instat.
 Set on upon his wildered foe hot-heart and eagerly.
 ingemuit cari grauius genitoris amore,
 But Lausus, by his father's love sore moved, did all behold,
 ut uidit, Lausus, lacrimaeque per ora uolutae — 790
 And groaned aloud, while o'er his cheeks a heavy tear-flood rolled
 hic mortis durae casum tuaque optima facta,
 — Ah, I will tell of thine ill-fate and deeds that thou hast done;
 si qua fidem tanto est operi latura uetustas,
 If any troth in stories told may reach from yore agoe,
 non equidem nec te, iuuenis memorande, silebo —
 My speech, O unforgotten youth, in nowise shalt thou lack —
 ille pedem referens et inutilis inque ligatus
 The father with a halting foot hampered and spent drew back,
 cedebat clipeoque inimicum hastile trahebat. 795
 Still dragging on the foeman's spear that hung amid his shield;
 proripuit iuuenis seseque immiscuit armis,
 But mingling him in battle-rush the son took up the field,
 iamque adsurgentis dextra plagamque ferentis
 And as Æneas' right hand rose well laden with the blow
 Aeneae subiit mucronem ipsumque morando
 He ran beneath, bore off the sword, and stayed the eager foe,

sustinuit; socii magno clamore sequuntur,
 And with a mighty shout behind his fellows follow on,
 dum genitor nati parma protectus abiret, 800
 While shielded by his son's defence the father gat him gone,
 telaque coniciunt perturbantque eminus hostem
 And shafts they cast and vex the foe with weapon shot afar.
 missilibus. furit Aeneas tectusque tenet se.
 Mad wroth Æneas grows, but bides well covered from the war;
 ac uelut effusa si quando grandine nimbi
 And as at whiles the clouds come down with furious pelt of hail,
 praecipitant, omnis campis diffugit arator
 And every driver of the plough the beaten lea doth fail,
 omnis et agricola, et tuta latet arce uiator 805
 And every one that works afield, while safe the traveller lurks
 aut amnis ripis aut alti fornice saxi,
 In castle of the river-bank or rock-wrought cloister-works,
 dum pluit in terris, ut possint sole reducto
 The while the rain is on the earth, that they may wear the day
 exercere diem: sic obrutus undique telis
 When once again the sun comes back; — so on Æneas lay
 Aeneas nubem belli, dum detonet omnis,
 The shaft-storm, so the hail of fight loud thundering he abode,
 sustinet et Lausum increpitat Lausoque minatur: 810
 And Lausus with the wrath of words, Lausus with threats did load.
 'quo moriture ruis maioraque uiribus audes?
 "Ah, whither rushest thou to die, and darest things o'ergreat?
 fallit te incautum pietas tua.' nec minus ille
 Thy love betrays thine heedless heart." No less, the fool of fate,
 exsultat demens, saeuae iamque altius irae
 He rusheth on, till high and fierce the tide of wrath doth win
 Dardanio surgunt ductori, extremaque Lauso
 O'er heart of that Dardanian duke, and now the Parcae spin
 Parcae fila legunt. ualidum namque exigit ensem 815
 Lausus' last thread: for his stark sword Æneas drives outright
 per medium Aeneas iuuenem totumque recondit;
 Through the young body, hiding it hilt-deep therein from light
 transiit et parmam mucro, leuia arma minacis,

It pierced the shield and glittering gear wherewith he threatened war,
 et tunicam molli mater quam neuerat auro,
 And kirtle that his mother erst with gold had broidered o'er,
 impleuitque sinum sanguis; tum uita per auras
 And flooded all his breast with blood; and woeful down the wind
 concessit maesta ad Manis corpusque reliquit. 820
 His spirit sought the under-world, and left his corpse behind.
 At uero ut uultum uidit morientis et ora,
 But when Anchises' son beheld the face of that dead man,
 ora modis Anchisiades pallentia miris,
 His face that in a wondrous wise grew faded out and wan,
 ingemuit miserans grauiter dextramque tetendit,
 Groaning for ruth his hand therewith down toward him did he move,
 et mentem patriae subiit pietatis imago.
 For o'er his soul the image came of his own father's love:
 'quid tibi nunc, miserande puer, pro laudibus istis, 825
 "O boy, whom all shall weep, what then for such a glorious deed,
 quid pius Aeneas tanta dabit indole dignum?
 What gift can good Æneas give, thy bounteous valour's meed?
 arma, quibus laetatus, habe tua; teque parentum
 Keep thou the arms thou joyedst in. I give thy body here
 manibus et cineri, si qua est ea cura, remitto.
 Unto thy father's buried ghosts, if thou thereof hast care.
 hoc tamen infelix miseram solabere mortem:
 But let this somewhat solace thee for thine unhappy death,
 Aeneae magni dextra cadis.' increpat ultro 830
 By great Æneas' hand thou diest." Then chiding words he saith
 cunctantis socios et terra subleuat ipsum
 Unto his fellows hanging back, and lifteth up the dead
 sanguine turpantem comptos de more capillos.
 From off the lea, where blood defiled the tresses of his head.
 Interea genitor Tiberini ad fluminis undam
 Meanwhile the father by the wave that ripples Tiber's breast
 uulnera siccat lymphis corpusque leuabat
 With water staunched his bleeding hurt and gave his body rest,
 arboris acclinis trunco. procul aerea ramis 835
 Leaning against a tree-trunk there: high up amid the tree

dependet galea et prato grauia arma quiescunt.
Hangeth his brazen helm; his arms lie heavy on the lea;
stant lecti circum iuuenes; ipse aeger anhelans
The chosen war-youths stand about: he, sick and panting now,
colla fouet fusus propexam in pectore barbam;
Nurseth his neck, and o'er his breast his combed-down beard lets
flow.

multa super Lauso rogitat, multumque remittit
Much about Lausus did he ask, and sore to men he spake
qui reuocent maestique ferant mandata parentis. 840
To bid him back, or warning word from his sad sire to take.
at Lausum socii exanimem super arma ferebant
But Lausus dead his weeping folk were bearing on his shield;
flentes, ingentem atque ingenti uulnere uictum.
A mighty heart, to mighty hand the victory must he yield
agnouit longe gemitum praesaga mali mens.
The father's soul foretaught of ill, afar their wail he knew,
canitiem multo deformat puluere et ambas
And fouled his hoar hair with the dust, and both his hands upthrew
ad caelum tendit palmas et corpore inhaeret. 845
Toward heaven aloft; then clinging fast unto that lifeless one:
'tantane me tenuit uiuendi, nate, uoluptas,
"What lust," saith he, "of longer life so held my heart, O son,
ut pro me hostili paterer succedere dextrae,
That thee, my son, I suffered thus to bare thee to the bane
quem genui? tuane haec genitor per uulnera seruo
Instead of me; that I, thy sire, health of thy hurts I gain,
morte tua uiuens? heu, nunc misero mihi demum
Life of thy death! Ah now at last my exile is become
exitium infelix, nunc alte uulnus adactum! 850
A woe unto my weary heart; yea, now the wound goes home.
idem ego, nate, tuum maculaui crimine nomen,
For I am he who stained thy name, O son, with guilt of mine,
pulsus ob inuidiam solio sceptrisque paternis.
Thrust forth by Fate from fatherland and sceptre of my line:
debueram patriae poenas odiisque meorum:
I should have paid the penalty unto my country's hate,

omnis per mortis animam sontem ipse dedissem!
 And given up my guilty soul to death, my very fate.
 nunc uiuo neque adhuc homines lucemque relinquo. 855
 I live: I leave not sons of men, nor let the light go by —
 sed linquam.' simul hoc dicens attollit in aegrum
 — Yet will I leave them." So he spake, and on his halting thigh
 se femur et, quamquam uis alto uulnere tardat,
 Rose up, and, howsoe'er his hurt might drag his body down,
 haud deiectus equum duci iubet. hoc decus illi,
 Unvanquished yet, he called his horse, his very pleasures crown,
 hoc solamen erat, bellis hoc uictor abibat
 And glory; who had borne him forth victorious from all war;
 omnibus. adloquitur maerentem et talibus infit: 860
 And thus he spake unto the beast that seemed to sorrow sore:
 'Rhaebe, diu, res si qua diu mortalibus ulla est,
 "Rhoebus, o'erlong — if aught be long to men that pass away —
 uiximus. aut hodie uictor spolia illa cruenti
 Have we twain lived: those bloody spoils shalt thou bring home
 today,
 et caput Aeneae referes Lausique dolorum
 And carrying Æneas' head avenge my Lausus' woe.
 ultor eris mecum, aut, aperit si nulla uiam uis,
 Or if our might no more may make a road whereby to go,
 occumbes pariter; neque enim, fortissime, credo, 865
 Thou too shalt fall: I deem indeed thou, stout-heart, hast no will
 iussa aliena pati et dominos dignabere Teucros.'
 To suffer other men's commands, or Trojan joy fulfil."
 dixit, et exceptus tergo consueta locauit
 And therewithal he backeth him, and as he used of old
 membra manusque ambas iaculis onerauit acutis,
 Settleth his limbs: good store of shafts his either hand doth hold:
 aere caput fulgens cristaque hirsutus equina.
 His head is glittering o'er with brass, and horse-hair shags his crest.
 sic cursum in medios rapidus dedit. aestuat ingens 870
 So midmost of the fight he bears, and ever in his breast
 uno in corde pudor mixtoque insania luctu.
 Swelleth the mighty sea of shame and mingled miseries.

atque hic Aenean magna ter uoce uocauit. 873

And now across the fight his voice thrice on Æneas cries.

Aeneas agnouit enim laetusque precatur:

Æneas knew it well forsooth, and joyfully he prayed:

‘sic pater ille deum faciat, sic altus Apollo!

“So grant the Father of the Gods! So may Apollo aid
incipias conferre manum.’

That thou may’st fall on me in fight!”

tantum effatus et infesta subit obuius hasta.

So much he spake, and went his way to meet the foeman’s shaft;

ille autem: ‘quid me erepto, saeuissime, nato

But spake the other: “Bitter wretch, who took’st away my son,
terres? haec uia sola fuit qua perdere posses:

Why fright me now? by that one way my heart might be undone:
nec mortem horremus nec diuum parcimus ulli. 880

No death I dread, no God that is, in battle would I spare.

desine, nam uenio moriturus et haec tibi porto

Enough — I come to thee to die; but first these gifts I bear.”

dona prius.’ dixit, telumque intorsit in hostem;

He spake the word, and ‘gainst the foe a dart withal he cast,

inde aliud super atque aliud figitque uolatque

And shaft on shaft he lays on him about him flitting fast,

ingenti gyro, sed sustinet aureus umbo.

Wide circling; but the golden boss through all the storm bore out

ter circum astantem laeuos equitauit in orbis 885

Thrice while Æneas faceth him he rides the ring about,

tela manu iaciens, ter secum Troius heros

Casting the weapons from his hand; and thrice the Trojan lord

immanem aerato circumfert tegmine siluam.

Bears round a mighty thicket set in brazen battle-board.

inde ubi tot traxisse moras, tot spicula taedet

But when such tarrying wearieth him, such plucking forth of spears,

uellere, et urgetur pugna congressus iniqua,

And standing in such ill-matched fight the heart within him wears,

multa mouens animo iam tandem erumpit et inter 890

Turning the thing o’er manywise, he breaketh forth to speed

bellatoris equi caua tempora conicit hastam.

A shaft amid the hollow brow of that war-famous steed:
 tollit se arrectum quadripes et calcibus auras
 Then beating of the air with hoof uprears the four-foot thing
 uerberat, effusumque equitem super ipse secutus
 And with his fallen master falls, and 'neath his cumbering
 implicat eiectoque incumbit cernuus armo.
 Weighs down his shoulders brought to earth, and heavy on him lies.
 clamore incendunt caelum Troesque Latinique. 895
 Then Trojan men and Latin men with shouting burn the skies,
 aduolat Aeneas uaginaque eripit ensem
 And swift Æneas runneth up and pulleth forth his sword,
 et super haec: 'ubi nunc Mezentius acer et illa
 And crieth o'er him: "Where is now Mezentius, eager lord?
 effera uis animi?" contra Tyrrhenus, ut auras
 Where is the fierce heart?" Unto whom the Tuscan spake, when he
 suspiciens hausit caelum mentemque recepit:
 Got sense again, and breathed the air, and o'er him heaven did see:
 'hostis amare, quid increpitas mortemque minaris? 900
 "O bitter foe, why chidest thou? why slayest thou with words?
 nullum in caede nefas, nec sic ad proelia ueni,
 Slay me and do no wrong! death-safe I came not mid the swords;
 nec tecum meus haec pepigit mihi foedera Lausus.
 And no such covenant of war for us my Lausus bought:
 unum hoc per si qua est uictis uenia hostibus oro:
 One thing I pray, if vanquished men of grace may gain them aught,
 corpus humo patiari tegi. scio acerba meorum
 Let the earth hide me! well I know how bitter and how nigh
 circumstare odia: hunc, oro, defende furorem 905
 My people's wrath draws in on me: put thou their fury by,
 et me consortem nati concede sepulcro.'
 And in the tomb beside my son I pray thee let me lie."
 haec loquitur, iuguloque haud inscius accipit ensem
 He saith, and open-eyed receives the sword-point in his throat,
 undantique animam diffundit in arma cruore.
 And o'er his arms in waves of blood his life and soul doth float.

LIBER XI

BOOK XI.

Oceanum interea surgens Aurora reliquit:
Meanwhile Aurora risen up from bed of ocean wends,
Aeneas, quamquam et sociis dare tempus humanis
And King Æneas, though his grief bids him in burying friends
praecipitant curae turbataque funere mens est,
To wear the day, and though his heart the death of men dismays,
uota deum primo uictor soluebat Eoo.
Yet to the Gods of Dawning-tide the worship duly pays.
ingentem quercum decisis undique ramis 5
From a great oak on every side the branches doth he shear,
constituit tumulo fulgentiaque induit arma,
And setteth on a mound bedight in gleaming battle-gear
Mezenti ducis exuias, tibi magne tropaeum
The spoils of King Mezentius: a gift to thee it stood,
bellipotens; aptat rorantis sanguine cristas
O Might of War! Thereon he set the crest with blood bedewed,
telaque trunca uiri, et bis sex thoraca petitem
The broken shafts, the mail-coat pierced amid the foughten field
perfossumque locis, clipeumque ex aere sinistrae 10
With twice six dints: on the left arm he tied the brazen shield,
subligat atque ensem collo suspendit eburnum.
And round about the neck he hung the ivory-hilted sword.
tum socios (namque omnis eum stipata tegebat
Then to his friends, a mighty hedge of duke and battle-lord,
turba ducum) sic incipiens hortatur ouantis:
He turned, and to their joyous hearts these words withal he said:
‘maxima res effecta, uiri; timor omnis abesto,
“The most is done, and for the rest let all your fears lie dead:
quod superest; haec sunt spolia et de rege superbo 15
Lo here the first-fruits! battle-spoil won from a haughty king:
primitiae manibusque meis Mezentius hic est.
Lo this is all Mezentius now, mine own hands’ fashioning.

nunc iter ad regem nobis murosque Latinos.
Now toward the King and Latin walls all open lies the way;
arma parate, animis et spe praesumite bellum,
Up hearts, for war! and let your hope foregrip the battle-day,
ne qua mora ignaros, ubi primum uellere signa
That nought of sloth may hinder you, or take you unaware,
adnuerint superi pubemque educere castris, 20
When Gods shall bid the banners up, and forth with men ye fare
impediat segnisue metu sententia tardet.
From out of camp, — that craven dread clog not your spirits then:
interea socios inhumataque corpora terrae
Meanwhile give we unto the earth these our unburied men,
mandemus, qui solus honos Acheronte sub imo est.
The only honour they may have in nether Acheron.
ite,' ait 'egregias animas, quae sanguine nobis
Come, fellows, to those noble souls who with their blood have won
hanc patriam peperere suo, decorate supremis 25
A country for us, give those gifts, the last that they may spend.
muneribus, maestamque Euandri primus ad urbem
And first unto Evander's town of sorrow shall I send
mittatur Pallas, quem non uirtutis egentem
That Pallas, whom, in nowise poor of valour or renown,
abstulit atra dies et funere mersit acerbo.'
The black day reft away from us in bitter death to drown."
Sic ait inlacrimans, recipitque ad limina gressum
With weeping eyes he drew aback, e'en as the word he said,
corpus ubi exanimi positum Pallantis Acoetes 30
Unto the threshold of the place where Pallas, cold and dead,
seruabat senior, qui Parrhasio Euandro
The old Acoetes watched, who erst of that Parrhasian King,
armiger ante fuit, sed non felicibus aequae
Evander, was the shield-bearer, but now was following
tum comes auspiciis caro datus ibat alumno.
His well-belovèd foster-child in no such happy wise;
circum omnis famulumque manus Troianaque turba
But round him were the homemen's band and Trojan companies,
et maestum Iliades crinem de more solutae. 35

And Ilian wives with loosened locks in guise of sorrow sore.

ut uero Aeneas foribus sese intulit altis

But when Æneas entereth now beneath the lofty door

ingentem gemitum tunsis ad sidera tollunt

From beaten breast great moan they cast up to the starry heaven;

pectoribus, maestoque immugit regia luctu.

And wailing of their woeful cheer through all the house is driven.

ipse caput niuei fultum Pallantis et ora

The King himself when he beheld the pillowed head at rest,

ut uidit leuique patens in pectore uulnus 40

The snow-white face, the open wound wrought on the smooth young breast

cuspidis Ausoniae, lacrimis ita fatur abortis:

By that Ausonian spear, so spake amid his gathered tears:

‘tene,’ inquit ‘miserande puer, cum laeta ueniret,

“O boy bewept, despite the gifts my happy Fortune bears

inuidit Fortuna mihi, ne regna uideres

Doth she still grudge it thee to see my kingdom glorious,

nostra neque ad sedes uictor ueherere paternas?

Or come a victor back again unto thy father’s house?

non haec Euandro de te promissa parenti 45

Not such the promise that I gave on that departing day

discedens dederam, cum me complexus euntem

Unto thy father, whose embrace then sped me on my way

mitteret in magnum imperium metuensque moneret

To mighty lordship, while his fear gave forth the warning word

acris esse uiros, cum dura proelia gente.

That with fierce folk I had to do, hard people of the sword.

et nunc ille quidem spe multum captus inani

Now he, deceived by empty hope, belike pours forth the prayer,

fors et uota facit cumulatque altaria donis, 50

And pileth up the gifts for nought upon the altars fair,

nos iuuenem exanimum et nil iam caelestibus ullis

While we — in woe with honours vain — about his son we stand,

debentem uano maesti comitamur honore.

Dead now, and no more owing aught to any heavenly hand.

infelix, nati funus crudele uidebis!

Unhappy, thou shalt look upon thy dead unhappy son!
hi nostri reditus expectatique triumphi?
Is this the coming back again? is this the triumph won?
haec mea magna fides? at non, Euandre, pudendis 55
Is this my solemn troth? — Yet thee, Evander, bides no sight
uulneribus pulsum aspicias, nec sospite dirum
Of craven beat with shameful wounds, nor for the saved from fight
optabis nato funus pater. ei mihi quantum
Shalt thou but long for dreadful death. — Woe's me, Ausonian land!
praesidium, Ausonia, et quantum tu perdis, Iule!
Woe's me, Iulus, what a shield is perished from thine hand!"
Haec ubi defleuit, tolli miserabile corpus
Such wise he wept him, and bade raise the hapless body dead,
imperat, et toto lectos ex agmine mittit 60
And therewithal a thousand men, his war-hosts' flower, he sped
mille uiros qui supremum comitentur honorem
To wait upon him on the way with that last help of all,
intersintque patris lacrimis, solacia luctus
And be between his father's tears: forsooth a solace small
exigua ingentis, misero sed debita patri.
Of mighty grief; a debt no less to that sad father due.
haud segnes alii cratis et molle feretrum
But others speed a pliant bier weaving a wattle through,
arbutis texunt uirgis et uimine querno 65
Of limber twigs of berry-bush and boughs of oaken-tree,
exstructosque toros obtentu frondis inumbrant.
And shadow o'er the piled-up bed with leafy canopy.
hic iuuenem agresti sublimem stramine ponunt:
So there upon the wild-wood couch adown the youth is laid;
qualem uirgineo demessum pollice florem
E'en as a blossom dropped to earth from fingers of a maid —
seu mollis uiolae seu languentis hyacinthi,
The gilliflower's bloom maybe, or jacinth's hanging head,
cui neque fulgor adhuc nec dum sua forma recessit, 70
Whose lovely colour is not gone, nor shapely fashion fled,
non iam mater alit tellus uirisque ministrat.
Although its mother feedeth not, nor earth its life doth hold.

tum geminas uestis auroque ostroque ridentis
Thereon two woven webs, all stiff with purple dye and gold,
extulit Aeneas, quas illi laeta laborum
Æneas bringeth forth, which erst with her own fingers fair
ipsa suis quondam manibus Sidonia Dido
Sidonian Dido wrought for him, and, glad the toil to bear,
fecerat et tenui telas discreuerat auro. 75
Had shot across the web thereof with thin and golden thread:
harum unam iuueni supremum maestus honorem
In one of these the youth he wrapped, last honour of the dead,
induit arsurasque comas obnubit amictu,
And, woeful, covered up the locks that fire should burn away.
multaque praeterea Laurentis praemia pugnae
And furthermore a many things, Laurentum's battle-prey,
aggerat et longo praedam iubet ordine duci;
He pileth up, and bids the spoil in long array be borne:
addit equos et tela quibus spoliauerat hostem. 80
Horses and battle-gear he adds, late from the foemen torn:
uinxerat et post terga manus, quos mitteret umbris
And men's hands had he bound aback whom shortly should he send
inferias, caeso sparsurus sanguine flammis,
Unto the ghosts; whose blood should slake the fire that ate his friend.
indutosque iubet truncos hostilibus armis
And trunks of trees with battle-gear from foemen's bodies won
ipsos ferre duces inimicaque nomina figi.
He bids the leaders carry forth, with foemen's names thereon.
ducitur infelix aevo confectus Acoetes, 85
Hapless Acoetes, spent with eld, is brought forth; whiles he wears
pectora nunc foedans pugnis, nunc unguibus ora,
His bosom with the beat of fists, and whiles his face he tears:
sternitur et toto proiectus corpore terrae;
Then forth he falls, and grovelling there upon the ground doth lie.
ducunt et Rutulo perfusos sanguine currus.
They bring the war-wain now, o'errained with blood of Rutuli:
post bellator equus positus insignibus Aethon
Æthon his war-horse comes behind, stripped of his gear of state,
it lacrimans guttisque umectat grandibus ora. 90

Mourning he goes, and wets his face with plenteous tear-drops great.
 hastam alii galeamque ferunt, nam cetera Turnus
 Some bring the dead man's spear and helm: victorious Turnus' hand
 uictor habet. tum maesta phalanx Teucrique sequuntur
 Hath all the rest: then follow on the woeful Teucrian band,
 Tyrrenique omnes et uersis Arcades armis.
 All Tuscans, and Arcadian folk with weapons turned about.
 postquam omnis longe comitum praecesserat ordo,
 But now, when all the following folk were got a long way out,
 substitit Aeneas gemituque haec addidit alto: 95
 Æneas stood and groaned aloud, and spake these words withal:
 'nos alias hinc ad lacrimas eadem horrida belli
 "Us otherwhere to other tears the same dread war-fates call;
 fata uocant: salue aeternum mihi, maxime Palla,
 Undying greetings go with thee! farewell for evermore,
 aeternumque uale.' nec plura effatus ad altos
 O mightiest Pallas!" Ending so, to those high walls of war
 tendebat muros gressumque in castra ferebat.
 He turned about, and went his ways unto his war-folks' home.
 Iamque oratores aderant ex urbe Latina 100
 But from the Latin city now were fair speech-masters come,
 uelati ramis oleae ueniamque rogantes:
 Half-hidden by the olive-boughs, and praying for a grace,
 corpora, per campos ferro quae fusa iacebant,
 That he would give them back their men who lay about the place
 redderet ac tumulo sineret succedere terrae;
 O'erthrown by steel, and let them lie in earth-mound duly dight;
 nullum cum uictis certamen et aethere cassis;
 Since war was not for men o'ercome, or those that lack the light —
 parceret hospitibus quondam socerisque uocatis. 105
 That he would spare his whileome hosts, the kinsmen of his bride.
 quos bonus Aeneas haud aspernanda precantis
 But good Æneas, since their prayer might not be put aside,
 prosequitur uenia et uerbis haec insuper addit:
 Let all his pardon fall on them, and sayeth furthermore:
 'quaenam uos tanto fortuna indigna, Latini,
 "O Latin folk, what hapless fate hath tangled you in war

implicuit bello, qui nos fugiatis amicos?

So great and ill? From us, your friends, why must ye flee away?

pacem me exanimis et Martis sorte peremptis 110

For perished men, dead thralls of Mars, a little peace ye pray,
oratis? equidem et uiuis concedere uellem.

But to your living folk indeed fain would I grant the grace.

nec ueni, nisi fata locum sedemque dedissent,

I had not come here, save that Fate here gave me home and place:

nec bellum cum gente gero; rex nostra reliquit

No battle with your folk I wage; nay, rather 'twas your lord

hospitia et Turni potius se credidit armis.

Who left my friendship, trusting him to Turnus' shield and sword.

aequius huic Turnum fuerat se opponere morti. 115

For Turnus to have faced the death were deed of better worth:

si bellum finire manu, si pellere Teucros

If he deems hands should end the war and thrust the Teucrians forth,

apparat, his mecum decuit concurrere telis:

'Twere lovely deed to meet my hand amid the rain of strife;

uixet cui uitam deus aut sua dextra dedisset.

Then let him live to whom the Gods have given the gift of life.

nunc ite et miseris supponite ciuibus ignem.'

Go ye, and 'neath your hapless ones lay ye the bale-fire's blaze."

dixerat Aeneas. illi obstipuerunt silentes 120

He made an end; but still they stood and hushed them in amaze,

conuersique oculos inter se atque ora tenebant.

And each on each they turned their eyes, and every tongue refrained,

Tum senior semperque odiis et crimine Drances

Till elder Drances, whom for foe child Turnus well had gained

infensus iuueni Turno sic ore uicissim

By hate-filled charges, took the word, and in such wise began:

orsa refert: 'o fama ingens, ingentior armis,

"O great in fame, in dint of war yet greater, Trojan man!

uir Troiane, quibus caelo te laudibus aequem? 125

What praise of words is left to me to raise thee to the sky?

iustitiaene prius mirer belline laborum?

For justice shall I praise thee most, or battle's mastery?

nos uero haec patriam grati referemus ad urbem

Now happy, to our fathers' town this answer back we bear,
 et te, si qua uiam dederit Fortuna, Latino
 And if good-hap a way thereto may open anywhere,
 iungemus regi. quaerat sibi foedera Turnus.
 Thee to Latinus will we knit — let Turnus seek his own! —
 quin et fatalis murorum attollere moles 130
 Yea, we shall deem it joy forsooth about your fateful town:
 saxaque subuectare umeris Troiana iuuabit.'
 To raise the walls, and Trojan stones upon our backs to lay."
 dixerat haec unoque omnes eadem ore fremebant.
 Such words he spake, and with one mouth did all men murmur yea.
 bis senos pepigere dies, et pace sequestra
 For twice six days they covenant; and in war-sundering peace
 per siluas Teucri mixtique impune Latini
 The Teucrians and the Latins blent about the woods increase,
 errauere iugis. ferro sonat alta bipenni 135
 About the hill-sides wander safe; the smitten ash doth know
 fraxinus, euertunt actas ad sidera pinus,
 The ring of steel; the pines that thrust heaven-high they overthrow;
 robora nec cuneis et olentem scindere cedrum
 Nor cease with wedge to cleave the oak and cedar shedding scent,
 nec plaustris cessant uectare gementibus ornos.
 Or on the wains to lead away the rowan's last lament.
 Et iam Fama uolans, tanti praenuntia luctus,
 And now the very Wingèd Fame, with that great grief she bears,
 Euandrum Euandrique domos et moenia replet, 140
 Filleth Evander's town and house, filleth Evander's ears;
 quae modo uictorem Latio Pallanta ferebat.
 Yea, Fame, who erst of Pallas' deeds in conquered Latium told:
 Arcades ad portas ruere et de more uetusto
 Rush the Arcadians to the gates, and as they used of old,
 funereas rapuere faces; lucet uia longo
 Snatch up the torches of the dead, and with the long array
 ordine flammarum et late discriminat agros.
 Of flames the acre-cleaving road gleams litten far away:
 contra turba Phrygum ueniens plangentia iungit 145
 Then meeteth them the Phrygian crowd, and swells the wailing band;

agmina. quae postquam matres succedere tectis
And when the mothers saw them come amid the house-built land,
uiderunt, maestam incendunt clamoribus urbem.
The woeful town they set afire with clamour of their ill.
at non Euandrum potis est uis ulla tenere,
But naught there is hath any might to hold Evander still;
sed uenit in medios. feretro Pallante reposto
He comes amidst, and on the bier where Pallas lies alow
procubuit super atque haeret lacrimansque gemensque, 150
He grovels, and with weeping sore and groaning clings thereto;
et uia uix tandem uoci laxata dolore est:
And scarce from sorrow at the last his speech might win a way:
'non haec, o Palla, dederas promissa parenti,
"Pallas, this holdeth not the word thou gavest me that day,
cautius ut saeuo uelles te credere Marti.
That thou wouldst ward thee warily in game of bitter Mars:
haud ignarus eram quantum noua gloria in armis
Though sooth I knew how strong it is, that first fame of the wars;
et praedulce decus primo certamine posset. 155
How strong is that o'er-sweet delight of earliest battle won.
primitiae iuuenis miserae bellique propinqui
O wretched schooling of my child! O seeds of war begun,
dura rudimenta, et nulli exaudita deorum
How bitter hard! O prayers of mine, O vows that none would hear
uota precesque meae! tuque, o sanctissima coniunx,
Of all the Gods! O holiest wife, thy death at least was dear,
felix morte tua neque in hunc seruata dolorem!
And thou art happy to be gone, not kept for such a tide.
contra ego uiuendo uici mea fata, superstes 160
But I — my life hath conquered Fate, that here I might abide
restarem ut genitor. Troum socia arma secutum
A lonely father. Ah, had I gone with the Trojan host,
obruerent Rutuli telis! animam ipse dedissem
To fall amid Rutulian spears! were mine the life-days lost;
atque haec pompa domum me, non Pallanta, referret!
If me, not Pallas, this sad pomp were bringing home today! —
nec uos arguerim, Teucrici, nec foedera nec quas

Yet, Teucrians, on your troth and you no blaming would I lay,
iunximus hospitio dextras: sors ista senectae 165

Nor on our hands in friendship joined: 'twas a foreordered load
debita erat nostrae. quod si immatura manebat

For mine old age: and if my son untimely death abode,
mors gnatum, caesis Volscorum milibus ante

'Tis sweet to think he fell amidst the thousand Volscians slain,
ducentem in Latium Teucros cecidisse iuuabit.

And leading on the men of Troy the Latin lands to gain.

quin ego non alio digner te funere, Palla,

Pallas, no better funeral rites mine heart to thee awards

quam pius Aeneas et quam magni Phryges et quam 170

Than good Æneas giveth thee, and these great Phrygian lords,

Tyrrhenique duces, Tyrrhenum exercitus omnis.

The Tyrrhene dukes, the Tyrrhene host, a mighty company;

magna tropaea ferunt quos dat tua dextera leto;

While they whom thine own hand hath slain great trophies bear for
thee.

tu quoque nunc stares immanis truncus in aruis,

Yea, Turnus, thou wert standing there, a huge trunk weapon-clad,

esset par aetas et idem si robur ab annis,

If equal age, if equal strength from lapse of years ye had.

Turne. sed infelix Teucros quid demoror armis? 175

— But out! — why should a hapless man thus stay the Teucrian
swords?

uadite et haec memores regi mandata referte:

Go, and be mindful to your king to carry these my words:

quod uitam moror inuisam Pallante preempto

If here by loathèd life I bide, with Pallas dead and gone,

dextera causa tua est, Turnum gnatoque patrique

Thy right hand is the cause thereof, which unto sire and son

quam debere uides. meritis uacat hic tibi solus

Owes Turnus, as thou wottest well: no other place there is

fortunaque locus. non uitae gaudia quaero, 180

Thy worth and fate may fill. God wot I seek no life-days' bliss,

nec fas, sed gnato manis perferre sub imos.'

But might I bear my son this tale amid the ghosts of earth!"

Aurora interea miseris mortalibus almam
 Meanwhile the loveliness of light Aurora brought to birth
 extulerat lucem referens opera atque labores:
 For heartsick men, and brought aback the toil of heart and hand:
 iam pater Aeneas, iam curuo in litore Tarchon
 Father Æneas therewithal down on the hollow strand,
 constituere pyras. huc corpora quisque suorum 185
 And Tarchon with him, rear the bales; and each man thither bears
 more tulere patrum, subiectisque ignibus atris
 His dead friend in the ancient guise: beneath the black flame flares,
 conditur in tenebras altum caligine caelum.
 The heaven aloft for reek thereof with night is overlaid:
 ter circum accensos cincti fulgentibus armis
 Three times about the litten bales in glittering arms arrayed
 decurrere rogos, ter maestum funeris ignem
 They run the course; three times on steed they beat the earth about
 lustrauere in equis ululatusque ore dedere. 190
 Those woeful candles of the dead and sing their wailing out;
 spargitur et tellus lacrimis, sparguntur et arma,
 The earth is strewn with tears of men, and arms of men forlorn,
 it caelo clamorque uirum clangorque tubarum.
 And heavenward goes the shout of men and blaring of the horn:
 hic alii spolia occisis derepta Latinis
 But some upon the bale-fires cast gear stripped from Latins slain:
 coniciunt igni, galeas ensisque decoros
 War-helms, and well-adornèd swords, and harness of the rein,
 frenaque feruentisque rotas; pars munera nota, 195
 And glowing wheels: but overwell some knew the gifts they brought,
 ipsorum clipeos et non felicia tela.
 The very shields of their dead friends and weapons sped for nought.
 multa boum circa mactantur corpora Morti,
 Then oxen manifold to Death all round about they slay,
 saetigerosque sues raptasque ex omnibus agris
 And bristled boars, and sheep they snatch from meadows wide away,
 in flammam iugulant pecudes. tum litore toto
 And hew them down upon the flame; then all the shore about
 ardentis spectant socios semustaque seruant 200

They gaze upon their burning friends, and watch the bale-fires out.
busta, neque auelli possunt, nox umida donec
Nor may they tear themselves away until the dewy night
inuertit caelum stellis ardentibus aptum.
Hath turned the heavens about again with gleaming stars bedight.
Nec minus et miseri diuersa in parte Latini
Nor less the unhappy Latins build upon another stead
innumeras struxere pyras, et corpora partim
The bale-fires numberless of tale: but of their warriors dead,
multa uirum terrae infodiunt, auectaue partim 205
A many bodies there they dig into the earth adown,
finitimos tollunt in agros urbique remittunt.
And bear them into neighbouring lands, or back into the town:
cetera confusaeque ingentem caedis acruum
The rest, a mighty heap of death piled up confusedly,
nec numero nec honore cremant; tunc undique uasti
Untold, unhonoured, there they burn: then that wide-lying lea
certatim crebris conlucent ignibus agri.
Glareth with fires that thick and fast keep rising high and high.
tertia lux gelidam caelo dimouerat umbram: 210
But when the third dawn drew away cold shadows from the sky,
maerentes altum cinerem et confusa ruebant
Weeping, great heaps of ashes there and blended bones they made,
ossa focus tepidoque onerabant aggere terrae.
And over them the weight of earth yet warm with fire they laid.
iam uero in tectis, praediuitis urbe Latini,
But in the houses, in the town of that rich Latin king
praecipuus fragor et longi pars maxima luctus.
More heavy was the wail, more sore the long-drawn sorrowing:
hic matres miseraeque nurus, hic cara sororum 215
Here mothers, wretched fosterers here, here sisters loved and lorn,
pectora maerentum puerique parentibus orbi
And sorrowing sore, and lads whose lives from fathers' care were
torn,
dirum exsecrantur bellum Turnique hymenaeos;
Were cursing of the cruel war, and Turnus and his bride,
ipsum armis ipsumque iubent decernere ferro,

“He, he, in arms, he with the sword should play it out,” they cried,
qui regnum Italiae et primos sibi poscat honores.

“Who claims the realm of Italy and foremost lordship there.”

ingrauat haec saeuus Drances solumque uocari 220

And bitter Drances weights the scale, and witnessing doth bear
testatur, solum posci in certamina Turnum.

That Turnus only is called forth, the battle-bidden man.

multa simul contra uariis sententia dictis

But divers words of many folk on Turnus’ side yet ran,

pro Turno, et magnum reginae nomen obumbrat,

And he was cloaked about withal by great Amata’s name,

multa uirum meritis sustentat fama tropaeis.

And plenteous signs of battle won upheld his fair-won fame.

Hos inter motus, medio in flagrante tumultu, 225

Now midst these stirs and flaming broils the messengers are here

ecce super maesti magna Diomedis ab urbe

From Diomedes’ mighty walls; and little is the cheer

legati responsa ferunt: nihil omnibus actum

Wherewith they bring the tidings back that every whit hath failed

tantorum impensis operum, nil dona neque aurum

Their toil and pains: that not a whit hath gold or gifts availed,

nec magnas ualuisse preces, alia arma Latinis

Or mighty prayers, that Latin folk some other stay in war

quaerenda, aut pacem Troiano ab rege petendum. 230

Must seek, or from the Trojan king a craven peace implore.

deficit ingenti luctu rex ipse Latinus:

Then e’en Latinus’ counsel failed amid such miseries:

fatalem Aenean manifesto numine ferri

The wrath of God, the tombs new-wrought that lay before their eyes,

admonet ira deum tumulique ante ora recentes.

Made manifest Æneas come by will of God and Fate.

ergo concilium magnum primosque suorum

Therefore a mighty parliament, the firstlings of estate,

imperio accitos alta intra limina cogit. 235

By his commandment summoned there, unto his house he brings.

olli conuenere fluuntque ad regia plenis

Wherefore they gather, streaming forth unto that house of kings

tecta uiis. sedet in mediis et maximus aeuo
 By the thronged ways: there in the midst Latinus sitteth now,
 et primus sceptris haud laeta fronte Latinus.
 First-born of years, first lord of rule, with little joyful brow.
 atque hic legatos Aetola ex urbe remissos
 Hereon the men come back again from that Ætolian wall
 quae referant fari iubet, et responsa reposcit 240
 He biddeth tell their errand's speed, what answers did befall,
 ordine cuncta suo. tum facta silentia linguis,
 Each in their order: thereupon for speech was silence made,
 et Venulus dicto parens ita farier infit:
 And Venulus, obeying him, suchwise began and said:
 'Vidimus, o ciues, Diomedem Argiuaque castra,
 "Friends, we have looked on Diomede and on the Argive home,
 atque iter emensi casus superauimus omnis,
 And all the road and every hap thereby have overcome:
 contigimusque manum qua concidit Ilia tellus. 245
 Yea, soothly, we have touched the hand that wracked the Ilian earth:
 ille urbem Argyripam patriae cognomine gentis
 Argyripa he buildeth there, named from his land of birth,
 uictor Gargani condebat Iapygis agris.
 In Iapygian Garganus, where he hath conquered place.
 postquam introgressi et coram data copia fandi,
 Where, entered in, and leave being given to speak before his face,
 munera praeferimus, nomen patriamque docemus,
 We gave our gifts, and told our names, and whence of lands we were,
 qui bellum intulerint, quae causa attraxerit Arpos. 250
 Who waged us war, and for what cause to Arpi we must fare.
 auditis ille haec placido sic reddidit ore:
 He hearkened and from quiet mouth gave answer thus again:
 "o fortunatae gentes, Saturnia regna,
 "'O happy folk of Saturn's land, time-old Ausonian men,
 antiqui Ausonii, quae uos fortuna quietos
 What evil hap hath turmoiled you amid your peaceful life,
 sollicitat suadetque ignota lacescere bella?
 Beguiling you to stir abroad the doubtfulness of strife?
 quicumque Iliacos ferro uiolauimus agros 255

All we who on the Ilian fields with sword-edge compassed guilt,
 (mitto ea quae muris bellando exhausta sub altis,
 — Let be the war-ills we abode before the wall high built;
 quos Simois premat ille uiros) infanda per orbem
 Let be the men whom Simois hides — we o'er the wide world
 driven,
 supplicia et scelerum poenas expendimus omnes,
 Have wrought out pain and punishment for ill deed unforgiven,
 uel Priamo miseranda manus; scit triste Mineruae
 Till Priam's self might pity us. Witness the star of bane
 sidus et Euboicae cautes ultorque Caphereus. 260
 Minerva sent; Euboea's cliffs, Caphereus' vengeful gain!
 militia ex illa diuersum ad litus abacti
 'Scaped from that war, and driven away to countries sundered wide,
 Atrides Protei Menelaus adusque columnas
 By Proteus' Pillars exiled now, must Menelaüs bide;
 exsulat, Aetnaeos uidit Cyclopas Vlixes.
 And those Ætnæan Cyclop-folk Ulysses look upon:
 regna Neoptolemi referam uersosque penatis
 Of Pyrrhus's land why tell, or of Idomeneus, that won
 Idomenei? Libycone habitantis litore Locros? 265
 To ruined house; of Locrian men cast on the Libyan shore?
 ipse Mycenæus magnorum ductor Achium
 Mycenæ's lord, the duke and king of all the Argive war,
 coniugis infandae prima inter limina dextra
 There, on the threshold of his house, his wicked wife doth slay.
 oppetiit, deuictam Asiam subsedit adulter.
 — Asia o'ercome — and in its stead Adultery thwart the way! —
 inuidisse deos, patriis ut redditus aris
 Ah, the Gods' hate, that so begrudged my yearning eyes to meet
 coniugium optatum et pulchram Calydon auidem? 270
 My father's hearth, my longed-for wife, and Calydon the sweet!
 nunc etiam horribili uisu portenta sequuntur
 Yea, and e'en now there followeth me dread sight of woeful things:
 et socii amissi petierunt aethera pennis
 My lost companions wend the air with feathery beat of wings,
 fluminibusque uagantur aues (heu, dira meorum

Or wander, fowl on river-floods: O woe's me for their woe!
 supplicia!) et scopulos lacrimosis uocibus implent.
 The voices of their weeping wail about the sea-cliffs go.
 haec adeo ex illo mihi iam speranda fuerunt 275
 But all these things might I have seen full surely for me stored
 tempore cum ferro caelestia corpora demens
 Since then, when on the flesh of God I fell with maddened sword,
 appetii et Veneris uiolauit uulnere dextram.
 And on the very Venus' hand a wicked wound I won.
 ne uero, ne me ad talis impellite pugnas.
 Nay, nay, to no such battles more I pray you drive me on!
 nec mihi cum Teucris ullum post eruta bellum
 No war for me with Teucrian men since Pergamus lies low;
 Pergama nec ueterum memini laetorue malorum. 280
 Nor do I think or joy at all in ills of long ago.
 munera quae patriis ad me portatis ab oris
 The gifts, that from your fatherland unto my throne ye bear,
 uertite ad Aenean. stetimus tela aspera contra
 Turn toward Æneas. We have stood, time was, spear meeting spear,
 contulimusque manus: experto credite quantus
 Hand against hand: trust me, who tried, how starkly to the shield
 in clipeum adsurgat, quo turbine torqueat hastam.
 He riseth up, how blows the wind when he his spear doth wield.
 si duo praeterea talis Idaea tulisset 285
 If two such other men had sprung from that Idæan home,
 terra uiros, ultro Inachias uenisset ad urbes
 Then Dardanus with none to drive to Inachus had come,
 Dardanus, et uersis lugeret Graecia fatis.
 And seen our walls, and Greece had mourned reversal of her day.
 quidquid apud durae cessatum est moenia Troiae,
 About the walls of stubborn Troy, whatso we found of stay,
 Hectoris Aeneaeque manu uictoria Graium
 By Hector's and Æneas' hands the Greekish victory
 haesit et in decimum uestigia rettulit annum. 290
 Was tarried, and its feet held back through ten years wearing by.
 ambo animis, ambo insignes praestantibus armis,
 Both these in heart and weapon-skill were full of fame's increase,

hic pietate prior. coeant in foedera dextrae,
But this one godlier: let your hands meet in the plighted peace
qua datur; ast armis concurrant arma cauete.”
E’en as ye may: but look to it if sword to sword ye bring.’
et responsa simul quae sint, rex optime, regis
“Thus have ye heard, most gracious one, the answer of the King,
audisti et quae sit magno sententia bello.’ 295
And therewithal what thought he had about this heavy war.”
Vix ea legati, uariusque per ora cucurrit
Scarce had he said, when diverse voice of murmuring ran all o’er
Ausonidum turbata fremor, ceu saxa morantur
Those troubled mouths of Italy: as when the rocks refrain
cum rapidos amnis, fit clauso gurgite murmur
The rapid streams, and sounds arise within the eddies’ chain,
uicinaeque fremunt ripae crepitantibus undis.
And with the chatter of the waves the neighbouring banks are filled.
ut primum placati animi et trepida ora quierunt, 300
But when their minds were soothed and all the wildering voices
stilled,
praefatus diuos solio rex infit ab alto:
The King spake first unto the Gods, then thus began to say:
‘Ante equidem summa de re statuisset, Latini,
“Latins, that ye had counselled you hereon before today
et uellem et fuerat melius, non tempore tali
Was both my will, and had been good: no time is this to fall
cogere concilium, cum muros adsidet hostis.
To counsel now, when as we speak the foe besets the wall.
bellum importunum, ciues, cum gente deorum 305
With folk of God ill war we wage, lords of the Latin town,
inuictisque uiris gerimus, quos nulla fatigant
With all-unconquerable folk; no battles wear them down;
proelia nec uicti possunt absistere ferro.
Yea, beaten never have they heart to cast the sword away.
spem si quam ascitis Aetolum habuistis in armis,
Lay down the hope ye had to gain Ætolian war-array;
ponite. spes sibi quisque; sed haec quam angusta uidetis.
Let each man be his proper hope. Lo ye, the straits are sore.

cetera qua rerum iaceant perculsa ruina, 310

How all things lie about us now by ruin all toppled o'er,
ante oculos interque manus sunt omnia uestras.

Witness of this the eyes of you, the hands of you have won.

nec quemquam incuso: potuit quae plurima uirtus

No man I blame, what valour could hath verily been done:

esse, fuit; toto certatum est corpore regni.

With all the manhood of our land the battle hath been fought:

nunc adeo quae sit dubiae sententia menti,

But now what better way herein my doubtful mind hath thought

expediam et paucis (animos adhibete) docebo. 315

Will I set forth, and shortly tell the rede that is in me:

est antiquus ager Tusco mihi proximus amni,

Hearken! beside the Tuscan stream I own an ancient lea,

longus in occasum, finis super usque Sicanos;

Which, toward the sunset stretching far, yea o'er Sicanian bounds,

Aurunci Rutulique serunt, et uomere duros

Aruncans and Rutulians sow, working the rough hill grounds

exercent collis atque horum asperrima pascunt.

With draught of plough, but feeding down the roughest with their
sheep.

haec omnis regio et celsi plaga pinea montis 320

Let all this land, and piny place upon the mountain-steep,

cedat amicitiae Teucrorum, et foederis aequas

Be yielded for the Teucrian peace: the laws let us declare

dicamus leges sociosque in regna uocemus:

For plighted troth, and bid the men as friends our realm to share.

considant, si tantus amor, et moenia condant.

There let them settle and build walls, if thitherward they yearn;

sin alios finis aliamque capessere gentem

But if unto another land their minds are set to turn,

est animus possuntque solo decedere nostro, 325

And other folk, and all they ask is from our shore to flee,

bis denas Italo texamus robore nauis;

Then let us build them twice ten ships from oak of Italy,

seu pluris complere ualent, iacet omnis ad undam

Or more if they have men thereto: good store of ship-stuff lies

materies: ipsi numerumque modumque carinis
 Hard by the waves; and they shall show their number and their guise;
 praecipiant, nos aera, manus, naualia demus.
 But toil of men, and brass and gear we for their needs will find.
 praeterea, qui dicta ferant et foedera firment 330
 And now to carry these our words, and fast the troth-plight bind,
 centum oratores prima de gente Latinos
 Send we an hundred speech-masters, the best of Latin land,
 ire placet pacisque manu praetendere ramos,
 To seek them thither, stretching forth the peace-bough in the hand,
 munera portantis aurique eborisque talenta
 And bearing gifts; a talent's weight of gold and ivory,
 et sellam regni trabeamque insignia nostri.
 The throne therewith and welted gown, signs of my lordship high.
 consulite in medium et rebus succurrite fessis.' 335
 Take open counsel; stay the State so faint and weary grown."
 Tum Drances idem infensus, quem gloria Turni
 Then Drances, ever full of hate, whom Turnus' great renown
 obliqua invidia stimulisque agitabat amaris,
 With bitter stings of envy thwart goaded for evermore;
 largus opum et lingua melior, sed frigida bello
 Lavish of wealth and fair of speech, but cold-hand in the war;
 dextera, consiliis habitus non futilis auctor,
 Held for no unwise man of redes, a make-bate keen enow;
 seditione potens (genus huic materna superbum 340
 The lordship of whose life, forsooth, from well-born dam did flow,
 nobilitas dabat, incertum de patre ferebat),
 His father being of no account — upriseth now this man,
 surgit et his onerat dictis atque aggerat iras:
 And piles a grievous weight of words with all the wrath he can.
 'rem nulli obscuram nostrae nec uocis egentem
 "A matter dark to none, and which no voice of mine doth need,
 consulis, o bone rex: cuncti se scire fatentur
 Thou counsellest on, sweet King: for all confess in very deed
 quid fortuna ferat populi, sed dicere mussant. 345
 They wot whereto our fortune drives; but fear their speech doth hide:
 det libertatem fandi flatusque remittat,

Let him give liberty of speech, and sink his windy pride,
cuius ob auspiciū infaustum moresque sinistros
 Because of whose unhappy fate, and evil life and will —
(dicam equidem, licet arma mihi mortemque minetur)
 Yea, I will speak, despite his threats to smite me and to kill —
lumina tot cecidisse ducum totamque uidemus
 So many days of dukes are done, and all the city lies
consedissee urbem luctu, dum Troia temptat 350
 O'erwhelmed with grief, the while his luck round camps of Troy he
 tries,
castra fugae fidens et caelum territāt armis.
 Trusting to flight, and scaring heaven with clashing of his sword.
unum etiam donis istis, quae plurima mitti
 One gift meseems thou shouldest add, most gracious king and lord,
Dardanidis dicique iubēs, unum, optime regum,
 Unto the many gifts thou bid'st bear to the Dardan folk,
adicias, nec te ullius uiolentia uincat
 Nor bow thyself to violence, nor lie beneath its yoke.
quin natam egregio genero dignisque hymenaeis 355
 Father, thy daughter nobly wed unto a glorious son,
des pater, et pacem hanc aeterno foedere iungas.
 And knit the bonds of peace thereby in troth-pledge never done.
quod si tantus habet mentes et pectora terror,
 Or if such terror and so great upon our hearts doth lie,
ipsum obtestemur ueniamque oremus ab ipso:
 Let us adjure the man himself, and pray him earnestly
cedat, ius proprium regi patriaeque remittat.
 To yield up this his proper right to country and to king: —
quid miseros totiēns in aperta pericula ciuis 360
 — O why into the jaws of death wilt thou so often fling
proicis, o Latio caput horum et causa malorum?
 Thine hapless folk, O head and fount of all the Latin ill?
nulla salus bello, pacem te poscimus omnes,
 No safety is in war; all we, for peace we pray thee still,
Turne, simul pacis solum inuiolabile pignus.
 O Turnus, — for the only pledge of peace that may abide.
primus ego, inuisum quem tu tibi fingis (et esse

I first, whom thou call'st foe (and nought that name I thrust aside),
nil moror), en supplex uenio. miserere tuorum, 365

Lo, suppliant to thy feet I come! Pity thy people then!

pone animos et pulsus abi. sat funera fusi

Sink thine high heart, and, beaten, yield; surely we broken men
uidimus ingentis et desolauimus agros.

Have seen enough of deaths, laid waste enough of field and fold.
aut, si fama mouet, si tantum pectore robur

But if fame stir thee, if thine heart such dauntless valour hold,
concupis et si adeo dotalis regia cordi est,

If such a longing of thy soul a kingly dowry be,

aude atque aduersum fidens fer pectus in hostem. 370

Dare then, and trust thee in thy might, and breast the enemy.

scilicet ut Turno contingat regia coniunx,

Forsooth all we, that Turnus here a queenly wife might gain —
nos animae uiles, inhumata infletaque turba,

We common souls — a heap unwept, unburied, strew the plain.
sternamur campis. etiam tu, si qua tibi uis,

And now for thy part, if in thee some valour hath a place

si patrii quid Martis habes, illum aspice contra

Or memory of the ancient wars, go look him in the face
qui uocat.' 375

Who calleth thee to come afield.”

Talibus exarsit dictis uiolentia Turni.

But Turnus' fury at the word outbrake in sudden flame.

dat gemitum rumpitque has imo pectore uoces:

He groaned, and from his inmost soul this speech of his outpoured:

‘larga quidem semper, Drance, tibi copia fandi

“O Drances, when the battle-day calleth for hand and sword,

tum cum bella manus poscunt, patribusque uocatis

Great words good store thou givest still, and first thou comest still
primus ades. sed non replenda est curia uerbis, 380

When so the Sires are called: but why with words the council fill?

quae tuto tibi magna uolant, dum distinet hostem

Big words aflying from thee safe, while yet the walls hold good
agger murorum nec inundant sanguine fossae.

Against the foe, nor yet the ditch is swimming with our blood.

proinde tona eloquio (solitum tibi) meque timoris
 Go, thunder out thy wonted words! lay craven fear on me,
 argue tu, Drance, quando tot stragis aceruos
 O Drances, thou, whose hand has heaped the Teucrian enemy
 Teucrorum tua dextra dedit, passimque tropaeis 385
 Dead all about, and everywhere has glorified the meads
 insignis agros. possit quid uiuida uirtus
 With war-spoil! Thou thyself may'st try how lively valour speeds!
 experiare licet, nec longe scilicet hostes
 'Tis well the time: forsooth the road lieth no long way out
 quaerendi nobis; circumstant undique muros.
 To find the foe! on every side they hedge the wall about
 imus in aduersos — quid cessas? an tibi Mauors
 Go we against them! — tarriest thou? and is thy Mars indeed
 uentosa in lingua pedibusque fugacibus istis 390
 A dweller in the windy tongue and feet well learned in speed,
 semper erit?
 The same today as yesterday?
 pulsus ego? aut quisquam merito, foedissime, pulsum
 — I beaten! who of right, O beast! shall brand me beaten man,
 arguet, Iliaco tumidum qui crescere Thybrim
 That seeth the stream of Ilian blood swelling the Tiber's flow,
 sanguine et Euandri totam cum stirpe uidebit
 Who seeth all Evander's house uprooted, laid alow;
 procubuisse domum atque exutos Arcadas armis? 395
 Who seeth those Arcadian men stripped of their battle-gear?
 haud ita me experti Bitias et Pandarus ingens
 Big Pandarus, stout Bitias, found me no craven there,
 et quos mille die uictor sub Tartara misi,
 Or all the thousand whom that day to Tartarus I sent,
 inclusus muris hostile aggere saeptus.
 When I was hedged by foeman's wall and mound's beleaguerment
 nulla salus bello? capiti cane talia, demens,
 No health in war? Fool, sing such song to that Dardanian head,
 Dardanio rebusque tuis. proinde omnia magno 400
 And thine own day! cease not to fright all things with mighty dread.
 ne cessa turbare metu atque extollere uiris

Cease not to puff up with thy pride the poor twice-conquered folk,
gentis bis uictae, contra premere arma Latini.

And lay upon the Latin arms the weight of wordy yoke.
nunc et Myrmidonum proceres Phrygia arma tremescunt,
Yea, sure the chiefs of Myrmidons quake at the Phrygian sword,
nunc et Tydides et Larisaeus Achilles,

Tydides and Achilles great, the Larissæan lord;
amnis et Hadriacas retro fugit Aufidus undas. 405

And Aufidus the flood flees back unto the Hadriac sea.

uel cum se pauidum contra mea iurgia fingit,
But now whereas this guile-smith fains to dread mine enmity,
artificis scelus, et formidine crimen acerbat.

And whetteth with a fashioned fear the bitter point of strife —
numquam animam talem dextra hac (absiste moueri)

Nay, quake no more! for this mine hand shall spill no such a life;
amittes: habitet tecum et sit pectore in isto.

But it shall dwell within thy breast and have thee for a mate. —
nunc ad te et tua magna, pater, consulta reuertor. 410

Now, Father, unto thee I turn, and all thy words of weight;
si nullam nostris ultra spem ponis in armis,

If every hope of mending war thou verily lay'st down;
si tam deserti sumus et semel agmine uerso

If we are utterly laid waste, and, being once overthrown,
funditus occidimus neque habet Fortuna regressum,
Have fallen dead; if Fate no more may turn her feet about,
oremus pacem et dextras tendamus inertis.

Then pray we peace, and deedless hands, e'en as we may, stretch out.
quamquam o si solitae quicquam uirtutis adesset! 415

Yet if of all our ancient worth some little yet abide,
ille mihi ante alios fortunatusque laborum

I deem him excellent of men, craftsman of his tide,
egregiusque animi, qui, ne quid tale uideret,

A noble heart, who, lest his eyes should see such things befall,
procubuit moriens et humum semel ore momordit.

Hath laid him down in death, and bit the earth's face once for all.
sin et opes nobis et adhuc intacta iuuentus

And if we still have store of force, and crop of youth unladen,

auxilioque urbes Italae populiue supersunt, 420
 And many a town, and many a folk of Italy to aid;
 sin et Troianis cum multo gloria uenit
 And if across a sea of blood the Trojan glory came,
 sanguine (sunt illis sua funera, parque per omnis
 And they too died, and over all with one blast and the same
 tempestas), cur indecores in limine primo
 The tempest swept; why shameless thus do our first footsteps fail?
 deficimus? cur ante tubam tremor occupat artus?
 Why quake our limbs, yea e'en before they feel the trumpet's gale?
 multa dies uariique labor mutabilis aevi 425
 A many things the shifting time, the long laborious days,
 rettulit in melius, multos alterna reuisens
 Have mended oft: a many men hath Fortune's wavering ways
 lusit et in solido rursus Fortuna locauit.
 Made sport of, and brought back again to set on moveless rock.
 non erit auxilio nobis Aetolus et Arpi:
 The Ætolian and his Arpi host help not our battle-shock.
 at Messapus erit felixque Tolumnius et quos
 Yet is Messapus ours, and ours Tolumnius fortunate,
 tot populi misere duces, nec parua sequetur 430
 And many a duke and many a folk; nor yet shall tarry late
 gloria delectos Latio et Laurentibus agris.
 The glory of our Latin lords and this Laurentian lea.
 est et Volscorum egregia de gente Camilla
 Here too Camilla, nobly born of Volscian stock, shall be,
 agmen agens equitum et florentis aere cateruas.
 Leading her companies of horse that blossom brass all o'er.
 quod si me solum Teucris in certamina poscunt
 But if the Teucrians me alone are calling to the war,
 idque placet tantumque bonis communibus obsto, 435
 And thus 'tis doomed, and I so much the common good withstand —
 non adeo has exosa manus Victoria fugit
 Well, victory hath not heretofore so fled my hated hand
 ut tanta quicquam pro spe temptare recusem.
 That I should falter from the play with such a prize in sight:
 ibo animis contra, uel magnum praestet Achillem

Fain shall I face him, yea, though he outgo Achilles' might,
 factaque Volcani manibus paria induat arma
 And carry battle-gear as good of Vulcan's fashioning,
 ille licet. uobis animam hanc soceroque Latino 440
 For you, and for Latinus here, my father and my king,
 Turnus ego, haud ulli ueterum uirtute secundus,
 I, Turnus, second unto none in valour of old years,
 deuoui. solum Aeneas uocat? et uocet oro;
 Devote my life. Æneas calls me only of the peers?
 nec Drances potius, siue est haec ira deorum,
 — O that he may! — not Drances here — the debt of death to pay
 morte luat, siue est uirtus et gloria, tollat.
 If God be wroth, or if Fame win, to bear the prize away.”
 Illi haec inter se dubiis de rebus agebant 445
 But while amid their doubtful fate the ball of speech they tossed,
 certantes: castra Aeneas aciemque mouebat.
 Contending sore, Æneas moved his camp and battle-host;
 nuntius ingenti per regia tecta tumultu
 And lo, amid the kingly house there runs a messenger
 ecce ruit magnisque urbem terroribus implet:
 Mid tumult huge, who all the town to mighty dread doth stir,
 instructos acie Tiberino a flumine Teucros
 With tidings how the Teucrian host and Tuscan men of war
 Tyrrhenamque manum totis descendere campis. 450
 Were marching from the Tiber flood, the meadows covering o'er.
 extemplo turbati animi concussaue uulgi
 Amazèd are the minds of men; their hearts with tremor shake,
 pectora et arrectae stimulis haud mollibus irae.
 And anger stirred by bitter stings is presently awake:
 arma manu trepidi poscunt, fremit arma iuuentus,
 In haste and heat they crave for arms; the youth cries on the sword,
 flent maesti mussantque patres. hic undique clamor
 The Fathers mutter sad and weep: with many a wrangling word
 dissensu uario magnus se tollit in auras, 455
 A mighty tumult goeth up, and toward the sky doth sweep:
 haud secus atque alto in luco cum forte cateruae
 Not otherwise than when the fowl amid the thicket deep

consedere auium, piscosoue amne Padusae
Sit down in hosts; or when the swans send forth their shrilling song
dant sonitum rauci per stagna loquacia cycni.
About Padusa's fishy flood, the noisy pools among.
'immo,' ait 'o ciues,' arrepto tempore Turnus,
"Come, fellow-folk," cries Turnus then, for he the time doth seize,
'cogite concilium et pacem laudate sedentes; 460
"Call ye to council even now, and sit and praise the peace,
illi armis in regna ruunt.' nec plura locutus
And let the armed foe wrack the realm!" Nor more he said withal,
corripuit sese et tectis citus extulit altis.
But turned about and went his ways from that high-builed hall.
'tu, Voluse, armari Volscorum edice maniplis,
Said he: "Volusus, lead away the Volscian ranks to fight,
duc' ait 'et Rutulos. equitem Messapus in armis,
And Rutuli! Messapus, thou, afield with horse and knight!
et cum fratre Coras latis diffundite campis. 465
Thou, Coras, with thy brother duke sweep down the level mead.
pars aditus urbis firment turrisque capessant;
Let some make breaches good, and some man the high towers with
heed;
cetera, qua iusso, mecum manus inferat arma.'
And let the rest bear arms with me whereso my bidding sends."
Ilicet in muros tota discurritur urbe.
Then straightway, running in all haste, to wall the city wends.
concilium ipse pater et magna incepta Latinus
Sore shaken in his very heart, by that ill tide undone,
deserit ac tristi turbatus tempore differt, 470
His council Sire Latinus leaves and those great redes begun:
multaque se incusat qui non acceperit ultro
Blaming himself that he took not Æneas of free will,
Dardanium Aenean generumque ascuerit urbi.
Nor gave the town that Dardan lord the place of son to fill.
praefodiunt alii portas aut saxa sudesque
Now some dig dykes before the gate, or carry stones and stakes,
subuectant. bello dat signum rauca cruentum
And bloody token of the war the shattering trump awakes.

bucina. tum muros uaria cinxere corona 475

Mothers and lads, a motley guard, they crown the threatened wall,
matronae puerique, uocat labor ultimus omnis.

For this last tide of grief and care hath voice to cry for all.

nec non ad templum summasque ad Palladis arces

Moreover to the temple-stead, to Pallas' house on high,
subuehitur magna matrum regina caterua

The Queen goes forth hedged all about by matron company,

dona ferens, iuxtaque comes Lauinia uirgo,

And bearing gifts: next unto whom, the cause of all this woe,

causa mali tanti, oculos deiecta decoros. 480

With lovely eyes cast down to earth, doth maid Lavinia go.

succedunt matres et templum ture uaporant

They enter and with frankincense becloud the temple o'er,

et maestas alto fundunt de limine uoces:

And cast their woeful voices forth from out the high-built door:

'armipotens, praeses belli, Tritonia uirgo,

"O Weapon-great Tritonian Maid, O front of war-array,

frange manu telum Phrygii praedonis, et ipsum

Break thou the Phrygian robber's sword, and prone his body lay

pronus sterne solo portisque effunde sub altis.' 485

On this our earth; cast him adown beneath our gates high-reared!"

cingitur ipse furens certatim in proelia Turnus.

Now eager Turnus for the war his body did begird:

iamque adeo rutilum thoraca indutus aenis

The ruddy-gleaming coat of mail upon his breast he did,

horrebat squamis surasque incluserat auro,

And roughened him with brazen scales; with gold his legs he hid;

tempora nudus adhuc, laterique accinxerat ensem,

With brow yet bare, unto his side he girt the sword of fight,

fulgebatque alta decurrens aureus arce 490

And all a glittering golden man ran down the castle's height.

exultatque animis et spe iam praecipit hostem:

High leaps his heart, his hope runs forth the foeman's host to face:

qualis ubi abruptis fugit praesepia uinclis

As steed, when broken are the bonds, fleeth the stabling place,

tandem liber equus, campoque potitus aperto

Set free at last, and, having won the unfenced open mead,
 aut ille in pastus armentaque tendit equarum
 Now runneth to the grassy grounds wherein the mare-kind feed;
 aut adsuetus aquae perfundi flumine noto 495
 Or, wont to water, speedeth him in well-known stream to wash,
 emicat, arrectisque fremit ceruicibus alte
 And, wantoning, with uptossed head about the world doth dash,
 luxurians luduntque iubae per colla, per armos.
 While wave his mane-locks o'er his neck, and o'er his shoulders
 play.
 Obuia cui Volscorum acie comitante Camilla
 But, leading on the Volscian host, there comes across his way
 occurrit portisque ab equo regina sub ipsis
 Camilla now, who by the gate leapt from her steed adown,
 desiluit, quam tota cohors imitata relictis 500
 And in likewise her company, who left their horses lone,
 ad terram defluxit equis; tum talia fatur:
 And earthward streamed: therewith the Queen such words as this
 gave forth:
 'Turne, sui merito si qua est fiducia forti,
 "Turnus, if any heart may trust in manly might and worth,
 audeo et Aeneadum promitto occurrere turmae
 I dare to promise I will meet Æneas' war array,
 solaque Tyrrhenos equites ire obuia contra.
 And face the Tyrrhene knights alone, and deal them battle-play.
 me sine prima manu temptare pericula belli, 505
 Let my hand be the first to try the perils of the fight,
 tu pedes ad muros subsiste et moenia serua.'
 The while the foot-men townward bide, and hold the walls aright."
 Turnus ad haec oculos horrenda in uirgine fixus:
 Then Turnus answered, with his eyes fixed on the awful maid:
 'o decus Italiae uirgo, quas dicere grates
 "O glory of Italian land, how shall the thanks be paid
 quasue referre parem? sed nunc, est omnia quando
 Worthy thy part? but since all this thy great soul overflies,
 iste animus supra, mecum partire laborem. 510
 To portion out our work today with me indeed it lies.

Aeneas, ut fama fidem missique reportant
 Æneas, as our spies sent out and rumour saith for sure,
 exploratores, equitum leuia improbus arma
 The guileful one, his light-armed horse hath now sent on before
 praemisit, quaterent campos; ipse ardua montis
 To sweep the lea-land, while himself, high on the hilly ground,
 per deserta iugo superans aduentat ad urbem.
 Across the desert mountain-necks on for our walls is bound.
 furta paro belli conuexo in tramite siluae, 515
 But I a snare now dight for him in woodland hollow way
 ut biuias armato obsidam milite fauces.
 Besetting so the straitened pass with weaponed war-array.
 tu Tyrrhenum equitem conlatis excipe signis;
 But bear thy banners forth afield to meet the Tyrrhene horse,
 tecum acer Messapus erit turmaeque Latinae
 With fierce Messapus joined to thee, the Latin battle-force,
 Tiburtique manus, ducis et tu concipe curam.’
 Yea, and Tiburtus: thou thyself the leader’s care shalt take.”
 sic ait, et paribus Messapum in proelia dictis 520
 So saith he, and with such-like words unto the war doth wake
 hortatur sociosque duces et pergit in hostem.
 Messapus and his brother-lords; then ‘gainst the foeman fares.
 Est curuo anfractu ualles, accommoda fraudi
 There was a dale of winding ways, most meet for warlike snares
 armorumque dolis, quam densis frondibus atrum
 And lurking swords: with press of leaves the mountain bent is black
 urget utrimque latus, tenuis quo semita ducit
 That shutteth it on either side: thence leads a scanty track;
 angustaeque ferunt fauces aditusque maligni. 525
 By strait-jawed pass men come thereto, a very evil road:
 hanc super in speculis summoque in uertice montis
 But thereabove, upon the height, lieth a plain abode,
 planities ignota iacet tutique receptus,
 A mountain-heath scarce known of men, a most safe lurking-place,
 seu dextra laeuaue uelis occurrere pugnae
 Whether to right hand or to left the battle ye will face,
 siue instare iugis et grandia uoluere saxa.

Or hold the heights, and roll a storm of mighty rocks adown.

huc iuuenis nota fertur regione uiarum 530

Thither the war-lord wends his way by country road well known,
arripuitque locum et siluis insedit iniquis.

And takes the place, and bideth there within the wood accursed.

Velocem interea superis in sedibus Opim,

Meanwhile within the heavenly house Diana speaketh first

unam ex uirginibus sociis sacraque caterua,

To Opis of the holy band, the maiden fellowship,

compellabat et has tristis Latonia uoces

And words of grief most sorrowful Latonia's mouth let slip:

ore dabat: 'graditur bellum ad crudele Camilla, 535

"Unto the bitter-cruel war the maid Camilla wends,

o uirgo, et nostris nequiquam cingitur armis,

O maid: and all for nought indeed that dearest of my friends

cara mihi ante alias. neque enim nouus iste Dianae

Is girding her with arms of mine." Nought new-born was the love
uenit amor subitaque animum dulcedine mouit.

Diana owned, nor sudden-sweet the soul in her did move:

pulsus ob inuidiam regno uirisque superbas

When Metabus, by hatred driven, and his o'erweening pride,

Priuerni antiqua Metabus cum excederet urbe, 540

Fled from Privernum's ancient town, his fathers' country-side,

infantem fugiens media inter proelia belli

Companion of his exile there, amid the weapon-game,

sustulit exsilio comitem, matrisque uocauit

A babe he had with him, whom he called from her mother's name
nomine Casmillae mutata parte Camillam.

Casmilla, but a little changed, and now Camilla grown.

ipse sinu prae se portans iuga longa petebat

He, bearing her upon his breast, the woody ridges lone

solorum nemorum: tela undique saeua premebant 545

Went seeking, while on every side the sword-edge was about,

et circumfuso uolitabant milite Volsci.

And all around were scouring wide the weaponed Volscian rout.

ecce fugae medio summis Amasenus abundans

But big lay Amasenus now athwart his very road,

spumabat ripis, tantus se nubibus imber
Foaming bank-high, such mighty rain from out of heaven had
flowed.

ruperat. ille innare parans infantis amore
There, as he dight him to swim o'er, love of his babe, and fear
tardatur caroque oneri timet. omnia secum 550

For burden borne so well-beloved, his footsteps back did bear.
uersanti subito uix haec sententia sedit:

At last, as all things o'er he turned, this sudden rede he took:
telum immane manu ualida quod forte gerebat

The huge spear that in mighty hand by hap the warrior shook,
bellator, solidum nodis et robore cocto,

A close-knit shaft of seasoned oak with many a knot therein,
huic natam libro et siluestri subere clausam

Thereto did he his daughter bind, wrapped in the cork-tree's skin,
implicat atque habilem mediae circumligat hastae; 555

And to the middle of the beam he tied her craftily;
quam dextra ingenti librans ita ad aethera fatur:

Then, shaking it in mighty hand, thus spoke unto the sky:

“alma, tibi hanc, nemorum cultrix, Latonia uirgo,

“O kind, O dweller in the woods, Latonian Virgin fair,

ipse pater famulam uoueo; tua prima per auras

A father giveth thee a maid, who holds thine arms in air

tela tenens supplex hostem fugit. accipe, testor,

As from the foe she flees to thee: O Goddess, take thine own,

diua tuam, quae nunc dubiis committitur auris.” 560

That now upon the doubtful winds by this mine arm is thrown!”

dixit, et adducto contortum hastile lacerto

He spake, and from his drawn-back arm cast forth the brandished
wood;

immittit: sonuere undae, rapidum super amnem

Sounded the waves; Camilla flew across the hurrying flood,

infelix fugit in iaculo stridente Camilla.

A lorn thing bound to whistling shaft, and o'er the river won.

at Metabus magna propius iam urgente caterua

But Metabus, with all the band of chasers pressing on,

dat sese fluuio, atque hastam cum uirgine uictor 565

Unto the river gives himself, and reaches maid and spear,
 gramineo, donum Triuiæ, de caespite uellit.
 And, conquering, from the grassy bank Diana's gift doth tear.
 non illum tectis ullæ, non moenibus urbes
 To roof and wall there took him thence no city of the land,
 acceperè (neque ipse manus feritate dedisset),
 Nay, he himself, a wild-wood thing, to none had given the hand;
 pastorum et solis exegit montibus æuam.
 Upon the shepherd's lonely hills his life thenceforth he led;
 hic natam in dumis interque horrentia lustra 570
 His daughter mid the forest-brake, and wild deers' thicket-stead,
 armentalis equæ mammis et lacte ferino
 He nourished on the milk that flowed from herd-mare's untamed
 breast,
 nutribat teneris immulgens ubera labris.
 And to the maiden's tender lips the wild thing's udder pressed;
 utque pedum primis infans uestigia plantis
 Then from the first of days when she might go upon her feet,
 institerat, iaculo palmas armauit acuto
 The heft of heavy sharpened dart her hand must learn to meet,
 spiculaque ex umero paruæ suspendit et arcum. 575
 And from the little maiden's back he hung the shaft and bow;
 pro crinali auro, pro longæ tegmine pallæ
 While for the golden hair-clasp fine and long-drawn mantle's flow
 tigridis exuuiæ per dorsum a uertice pendent.
 Down from her head, along her back, a tiger's fell there hung.
 tela manu iam tum tenera puerilia torsit
 E'en then too from her tender hand a childish shot she flung,
 et fundam tereti circum caput egit habena
 The sling with slender smoothened thong she drave about her head
 Strymoniamque gruem aut album deiecit olorem. 580
 To bring the crane of Strymon down, or lay the white swan dead.
 multæ illam frustra Tyrrhena per oppida matres
 Then many a mother all about the Tyrrhene towns in vain
 optauere nurum; sola contenta Diana
 Would wed her to their sons; but she, a maid without a stain,
 æternum telorum et uirginitatis amorem

Alone in Dian's happiness the spear for ever loved,
intemerata colit. uellem haud correpta fuisset
For ever loved the maiden life.— "O had she ne'er been moved
militia tali conata lacescere Teucros: 585
By such a war, nor dared to cross the Teucrian folk in fight!
cara mihi comitumque foret nunc una mearum.
Then had she been a maid of mine, my fellow and delight.
uerum age, quandoquidem fatis urgetur acerbis,
But since the bitterness of fate lies round her life and me,
labere, nympha, polo finisque inuise Latinos,
Glide down, O maiden, from the pole, and find the Latin lea,
tristis ubi infausto committitur omine pugna.
Where now, with evil tokens toward, sad battle they awake;
haec cape et ultricem pharetra deprome sagittam: 590
Take these, and that avenging shaft from out the quiver take,
hac, quicumque sacrum uiolarit uulnere corpus,
Wherewith whoso shall wrong with wound my holy-bodied may,
Tros Italusque, mihi pariter det sanguine poenas.
Be he of Troy or Italy, see thou his blood doth pay:
post ego nube caua miserandae corpus et arma
And then will I her limbs bewept, unspoiled of any gear,
inspoliata feram tumulo patriaeque reponam.'
Wrap in a hollow cloud, and lay in kindred sepulchre."
dixit, at illa leuis caeli delapsa per auras 595
She spoke; the other slipped adown the lightsome air of heaven,
insonuit nigro circumdata turbine corpus.
With wrapping cloak of mirky cloud about her body driven.
At manus interea muris Troiana propinquat,
But in meanwhile the Trojan folk the city draw anigh,
Etrusque duces equitumque exercitus omnis
The Tuscan dukes and all their horse in many a company
compositi numero in turmas. fremit aequore toto
Well ordered: over all the plain neighing the steed doth fare,
insultans sonipes et pressis pugnat habenis 600
Prancing, and champing on the bit that turns him here and there,
huc conuersus et huc; tum late ferreus hastis
And far and wide the lea is rough with iron harvest now.

horret ager campique armis sublimibus ardent.
And with the weapons tossed aloft the level meadows glow.
nec non Messapus contra celeresque Latini
Messapus and the Latins swift, lo, on the other hand;
et cum fratre Coras et uirginis ala Camillae
And Coras with his brother-lord, and maid Camilla's band,
aduersi campo apparent, hastasque reductis 605
Against them in the field; and lo, far back their arms they fling
protendunt longe dextris et spicula uibrant,
In couching of the level spears, and shot spears' brandishing.
aduentusque uirum fremitusque ardescit equorum.
All is afire with neigh of steeds and onfall of the men.
iamque intra iactum teli progressus uterque
And now, within a spear-shot come, short up they rein, and then
substitat: subito erumpunt clamore furentisque
They break out with a mighty cry, and spur the maddened steeds;
exhortantur equos, fundunt simul undique tela 610
And all at once from every side the storm of spear-shot speeds,
crebra niuis ritu, caelumque obtexitur umbra.
As thick as very snowing is, and darkens down the sun.
continuo aduersis Tyrrhenus et acer Aconteus
And thereon with their levelled spears each against each they run,
conixi incurrunt hastis primique ruinam
Tyrrhenus and Aconteus fierce: in forefront of the fight
dant sonitu ingenti perfractaque quadripedantum
They meet and crash with thundering sound; wracked are the steeds
outright,
pectora pectoribus rumpunt; excussus Aconteus 615
Breast beating in each breast of them: far is Aconteus flung
fulminis in morem aut tormento ponderis acti
In manner of the lightning bolt, or stone from engine slung;
praecipitat longe et uitam dispergit in auras.
Far off he falls, and on the air pours all his life-breath out.
Extemplo turbatae acies, uersique Latini
Then wildered is the war array; the Latins wheel about
reiciunt parmas et equos ad moenia uertunt;
And sling their targets all aback, and townward turn their steeds.

Troes agunt, princeps turmas inducit Asilas. 620

The Trojans follow; first of whom the ranks Asylas leads.

iamque propinquabant portis rursusque Latini

But when they draw anigh the gates once more the Latin men

clamorem tollunt et mollia colla reflectunt;

Raise up the cry, and turn about the limber necks again;

hi fugiunt penitusque datis referuntur habenis.

Then flee their foes, and far afield with loosened reins they ride;

qualis ubi alterno procurrens gurgite pontus

As when the sea-flood setting on with flowing, ebbing tide,

nunc ruit ad terram scopulosque superiacit unda 625

Now earthward rolling, overlays the rocks with foaming sea,

spumeus extremamque sinu perfundit harenam,

And with its bosom overwhelms the sand's extremity,

nunc rapidus retro atque aestu reuoluta resorbens

Now swiftly fleeing back again, sucks back into its deep

saxa fugit litusque uado labente relinquit:

The rolling stones, and leaves the shore with softly-gliding sweep.

bis Tusci Rutulos egere ad moenia uersos,

Twice did the Tuscans townward drive the host of Rutuli;

bis reiecti armis respectant terga tegentes. 630

Twice, looking o'er their shielded backs, afield they needs must fly;

tertia sed postquam congressi in proelia totas

But when they joined the battle thrice knit up was all array

implicuere inter se acies legitque uirum uir,

In one great knot, and man sought man wherewith to play the play.

tum uero et gemitus morientum et sanguine in alto

Then verily the dying groans up to the heavens went;

armaque corporaque et permixti caede uirorum

Bodies and arms lie deep in blood, and with the men-folk blent,

semianimes uoluntur equi, pugna aspera surgit. 635

The dying horses wallow there, and fearful fight arose.

Orsilochus Remuli, quando ipsum horrebat adire,

Orsilochus with Remulus had scant the heart to close,

hastam intorsit equo ferrumque sub aure reliquit;

But hurled his shaft against the horse, and smote him 'neath the ear;

quo sonipes ictu furit arduus altaque iactat

The smitten beast bears not the wound, but, maddened, high doth rear
 uulneris impatiens arrecto pectore crura,
 The legs of him and breast aloft: his master flung away,
 uoluitur ille excussus humi. Catillus Iollan 640
 Rolls on the earth: Catillus there doth swift Iolas slay;
 ingentemque animis, ingentem corpore et armis
 Yea, and Herminius, big of soul, and big of limbs and gear,
 deicit Herminium, nudo cui uertice fulua
 Who went with head by nothing helmed save locks of yellow hair,
 caesaries nudique umeri nec uulnera terrent;
 Who went with shoulders all unarmed, as one without a dread,
 tantus in arma patet. latos huic hasta per amos
 So open unto fight was he; but through his shoulders sped
 acta tremit duplicatque uirum transfixa dolore. 645
 The quivering spear, and knit him up twi-folded in his pain.
 funditur ater ubique cruor; dant funera ferro
 So black blood floweth everywhere; men deal out iron bane,
 certantes pulchramque petunt per uulnera mortem.
 And, struggling, seek out lovely death amid the wounds and woe.
 At medias inter caedes exsultat Amazon
 But through the middle of the wrack doth glad Camilla go,
 unum exserta latus pugnae, pharetrata Camilla,
 The quivered war-maid, all one side stripped naked for the play;
 et nunc lenta manu spargens hastilia denset, 650
 And now a cloud of limber shafts she scattereth wide away,
 nunc ualidam dextra rapit indefessa bipennem;
 And now with all unwearied hand catcheth the twi-bill strong.
 aureus ex umero sonat arcus et arma Dianae.
 The golden bow is at her back, and Dian's arrow-song.
 illa etiam, si quando in tergum pulsa recessit,
 Yea, e'en and if she yielded whiles, and showed her back in flight,
 spicula conuerso fugientia derigit arcu.
 From back-turned bow the hurrying shaft she yet would aim aright.
 at circum lectae comites, Larinaque uirgo 655
 About her were her chosen maids, daughters of Italy,
 Tullaque et aeratam quatians Tarpeia securim,

Larina, Tulla, and Tarpeia, with brazen axe on high,
 Italides, quas ipsa decus sibi dia Camilla
 Whom that divine Camilla chose for joy and fame's increase,
 delegit pacisque bonas bellicue ministras:
 Full sweet and goodly hand-maidens in battle and in peace:
 quales Threiciae cum flumina Thermodontis
 E'en as the Thracian Amazons thresh through Thermodon's flood,
 pulsant et pictis bellantur Amazones armis, 660
 When they in painted war-gear wend to battle and to blood:
 seu circum Hippolyten seu cum se Martia curru
 Or those about Hippolyta, or round the wain of Mars
 Penthesilea refert, magnoque ululante tumultu
 Wherein Panthesilea wends, when hubbub of the wars
 feminea exsultant lunatis agmina peltis.
 The maiden-folk exulting raise, and moony shields uprear.
 Quem telo primum, quem postremum, aspera uirgo,
 Whom first, whom last, O bitter Maid, didst thou overthrow with
 spear?
 deicis? aut quot humi morientia corpora fundis? 665
 How many bodies of the slain laidst thou upon the field?
 Eunaeum Clytio primum patre, cuius apertum
 Eunæus, Clytius' son, was first, whose breast for lack of shield
 aduersi longa transuerberat abiete pectus.
 The fir-tree long smit through and through, as there he stood in face;
 sanguinis ille uomens riuos cadit atque cruentam
 He poureth forth a sea of blood, and, falling in his place,
 mandit humum moriensque suo se in uulnere uersat.
 Bites the red earth, and dying writhes about the bitter bane.
 tum Lirim Pagasumque super, quorum alter habenas 670
 Liris and Pagasus she slays; one, catching at the rein
 suffuso reuolutus equo dum colligit, alter
 Of his embowelled steed rolls o'er, the other as he ran
 dum subit ac dextram labenti tendit inermem,
 To aid, and stretched his swordless hand unto the fallen man,
 praecipites pariterque ruunt. his addit Amastrum
 Fell headlong too, and there they lie: with these Amastus wends,
 Hippotaden, sequiturque incumbens eminus hasta

The son of Hippotas; her spear in chase of men she sends,
 Tereaue Harpalycumque et Demophoonta Chromimque; 675
 Harpalycus, Demophoön, Tereus, and Chromis stout
 quotque emissa manu contorsit spicula uirgo,
 As many as her maiden hand the whirling darts send out
 tot Phrygii cecidere uiri. procul Ornytus armis
 So many Phrygian falls there are. Far off, in uncouth gear,
 ignotis et equo uenator Iapyge fertur,
 The hunter Ornytus upon Apulian steed doth fare,
 cui pellis latos umeros erepta iuuenco
 Whose warring shoulders bigly wrought with stripped-off bullock's
 hide
 pugnatori operit, caput ingens oris hiatus 680
 Are covered; but his head is helmed with wood-wolf's gaping wide,
 et malae texere lupi cum dentibus albis,
 A monstrous mouth, wherein are left the teeth all gleaming white:
 agrestisque manus armat sparus; ipse cateruis
 A wood-spear arms the hand of him, he wheels amid the fight,
 uertitur in mediis et toto uertice supra est.
 And by the head he overtops all other men about.
 hunc illa exceptum (neque enim labor agmine uerso)
 Him she o'ertakes, no troublous deed amid the fleeing rout,
 traicit et super haec inimico pectore fatur: 685
 And, slaying him, from bitter heart this word withal she spake:
 'siluis te, Tyrrhene, feras agitare putasti?
 "Tuscan, thou deem'st thee hunting still the deer amid the brake;
 aduenit qui uestra dies muliebribus armis
 The day has come when women's arms have cast thy boasting back:
 uerba redargueret. nomen tamen haud leue patrum
 Yet going to thy fathers' ghosts a word thou shalt not lack
 manibus hoc referes, telo cecidisse Camillae.'
 To praise thy life; for thou mayst say, Camilla was my bane."
 Protinus Orsilochem et Buten, duo maxima Teucrum 690
 Orsilochem and Butes next, two huge-wrought Trojans, gain
 corpora, sed Buten auersum cuspidē fixit
 Death at her hands: Butes aback she smit through with the spear
 loricam galeamque inter, qua colla sedentis

Betwixt the mail-coat and the helm, wherethrough the neck doth peer
 lucent et laeue dependet parma lacerto;
 As there he sits, and on his left hangs down the target round;
 Orsilochum fugiens magnumque agitata per orbem
 But from Orsilochus she flees, wide circling o'er the ground,
 eludit gyro interior sequiturque sequentem; 695
 Then, slipping inward of the ring, chaseth the chaser there,
 tum ualidam perque arma uiro perque ossa securim
 And, rising high, her mighty axe driveth through bones and gear.
 altior exsurgens oranti et multa precanti
 With blow on blow, mid all his prayers and crying out for grace,
 congeminat; uulnus calido rigat ora cerebro.
 Until his hot and bloody brain is flooding all his face.
 incidit huic subitoque aspectu territus haesit
 A man haps on her now, and stands afeard such sight to see;
 Appenninicolae bellator filius Auni, 700
 Of Aunus of the Apennines the warring son was he,
 haud Ligurum extremus, dum fallere fata sinebant.
 Great of Ligurians, while the Fates his guile would yet allow:
 isque ubi se nullo iam cursu euadere pugnae
 But he, since fleeing out of fight, would nought avail him now,
 posse neque instantem reginam auertere cernit,
 Nor knew he how in any wise to turn the Queen away,
 consilio uersare dolos ingressus et astu
 With rede of guile and cunning words began to play the play:
 incipit haec: 'quid tam egregium, si femina forti 705
 "What deed of fame, for woman's heart to trust a horse's might?
 fidis equo? dimitte fugam et te comminus aequo
 Wilt thou not set thy speed aside, and 'gainst me dare the fight
 mecum crede solo pugnaeque accinge pedestri:
 On equal ground, and gird thyself for foot-fight face to face?
 iam nosces uentosa ferat cui gloria fraudem.'
 See then to whom the windy fame shall bring the victory's grace!"
 dixit, at illa furens acrique accensa dolore
 He spake; but she, in bitter rage, and stung to her heart's root,
 tradit equum comiti paribusque resistit in armis 710
 Unto her fellow gave her steed and faced him there afoot,

ense pedes nudo puraque interrita parma.

Most unafear'd, with naked glaive and target bare and white.

at iuuenis uicisse dolo ratus auolat ipse

Thereat the youth deemed guile had won, and turned at once to flight;

(haud mora), conuersisque fugax aufertur habenis

Nought tarrying but to turn the reins, he fleeth on his road,

quadripedemque citum ferrata calce fatigat.

And ever with his iron heel the four-foot thing doth goad.

'uane Ligus frustra que animis elate superbis, 715

"Empty Ligurian, all in vain thine high heart dost thou raise,

nequiquam patrias temptasti lubricus artis,

And all in vain thou triest today thy father's crafty ways.

nec fraus te incolumem fallaci perferet Auno.'

Nor shall thy lying bring thee safe to lying Aunus' head."

haec fatur uirgo, et pernicibus ignea plantis

So spake the maid, and all afire on flying feet she sped,

transit equum cursu frenisque aduersa prehensis

Outwent the horse and crossed his road, and catching at the rein,

congregitur poenasque inimico ex sanguine sumit: 720

There made her foeman pay for all with bloody steel-wrought bane,

quam facile accipiter saxo sacer ales ab alto

As easily the holy hawk from craggy place on high

consequitur pennis sublimem in nube columbam

In winged chase follows on the dove aloft along the sky,

compremsamque tenet pedibusque euiscerat uncis;

And taketh her in hookèd hold with bitter feet to tear,

tum cruor et uulsae labuntur ab aethere plumae.

While blood and riven feathers fall from out the upper air.

At non haec nullis hominum sator atque deorum 725

Nathless the Sower of manfolk and all the Godly Kind,

obseruans oculis summo sedet altus Olympo.

Upon Olympus set aloft, to this was nothing blind,

Tyrrhenum genitor Tarchonem in proelia saeua

And Tarchon of the Tyrrhene folk he stirreth up to war,

suscitat et stimulis haud mollibus inicit iras.

And stingeth all the heart of him with anger bitter-sore;

ergo inter caedes cedentiaque agmina Tarchon
 Who, borne on horse 'twixt death of men and faltering war-array,
 fertur equo uariisque instigat uocibus alas 730
 Goads on his bands unto the fight, and many a word doth say,
 nomine quemque uocans, reficitque in proelia pulsos.
 And calleth each man by his name, and bids the beaten stand:
 'quis metus, o numquam dolituri, o semper inertes
 "What fear, O hearts that nought may shame, O folk of deedless
 hand,
 Tyrrheni, quae tanta animis ignauia uenit?
 What dastardy, O Tyrrhene folk, hath now so caught your souls?
 femina palantis agit atque haec agmina uertit!
 A woman drives us scattering wide, and back our war-wall rolls.
 quo ferrum quidue haec gerimus tela inrita dextris? 735
 Why bear our hands these useless spears, this steel not made for
 fight?
 at non in Venerem segnes nocturnaque bella,
 Ye are not slack in Venus' play or battle of the night,
 aut ubi curua choros indixit tibia Bacchi.
 Or when the crookèd fife gives sign that Bacchus' dance is toward
 exspectate dapes et plenae pocula mensae
 Well wait ye onset of the feast and cups of plenteous board:
 (hic amor, hoc studium) dum sacra secundus haruspex
 Your love, your hearts, are there, whereas the lucky priest doth bid
 nuntiet ac lucos uocet hostia pinguis in altos!' 740
 The holy words, and victims fat call to the thickets hid."
 haec effatus equum in medios moriturus et ipse
 He spake, and, fain of death himself, against the foemen spurs,
 concitat, et Venulo aduersum se turbidus infert
 And full in face of Venulus his eager body bears,
 dereptumque ab equo dextra complectitur hostem
 And catcheth him by arm about, and tears him from his horse,
 et gremium ante suum multa ui concitus aufert.
 And bears him off on saddle-bow in grip of mighty force:
 tollitur in caelum clamor cunctique Latini 745
 Then goes the clamour up to heaven, and all the Latin eyes
 conuertere oculos. uolat igneus aequore Tarchon

Turn thitherward: but fiery-swift across the field he flies,
 arma uirumque ferens; tum summa ipsius ab hasta
 Bearing the weapons and the man; then from his foeman's spear
 defringit ferrum et partis rimatur apertas,
 Breaks off the head, and searches close for opening here and there
 qua uulnus letale ferat; contra ille repugnans
 Whereby to give the deadly wound: the foe doth ever fight,
 sustinet a iugulo dextram et uim uiribus exit. 750
 Thrusting the hand from threatened throat, and puts back might with
 might.
 utque uolans alte raptum cum fulua draconem
 As when a yellow erne aloft skyward a dragon draws,
 fert aquila implicitque pedes atque unguibus haesit,
 And knits him up within her feet and gripping of her claws:
 saucius at serpens sinuosa uolumina uersat
 But still the wounded serpent turns in many a winding fold,
 arrectisque horret squamis et sibilat ore
 And bristles all his spiky scales, and hissing mouth doth hold
 arduus insurgens, illa haud minus urget obunco 755
 Aloft against her; she no less through all his struggles vain
 luctantem rostro, simul aethera uerberat alis:
 Drives hookèd beak, and still with wings beats through the airy plain;
 haud aliter praedam Tiburtum ex agmine Tarchon
 E'en so from those Tiburtine ranks glad Tarchon bears the prey:
 portat ouans. ducis exemplum euentumque secuti
 And, following on their captain's deed, fall on amid the fray
 Maeonidae incurrunt. tum fatis debitus Arruns
 Mæonia's sons. But Arruns now, the foredoomed man of fate,
 uelocem iaculo et multa prior arte Camillam 760
 Encompassing Camilla's ways with spear and guile, doth wait
 circuit, et quae sit fortuna facillima temptat.
 On all her goings; spying out what hap is easiest.
 qua se cumque furens medio tulit agmine uirgo,
 Now, wheresoe'er the hot-heart maid amid the battle pressed,
 hac Arruns subit et tacitus uestigia lustrat;
 There Arruns winds, and silently holds watch on all her ways:
 qua uictrix redit illa pedemque ex hoste reportat,

And when from forth the foe she comes, bearing the victory's praise,
hac iuuenis furtim celeris detorquet habenas. 765

Still speedily in privy wise the rein he turns about:

hos aditus iamque hos aditus omnemque pererrat

This way he tries, that way he tries, still wandering in and out
undique circuitum et certam quatit improbus hastam.

On all sides; shaking spear of doom with evil heart of guile.

Forte sacer Cybelo Chloreus olimque sacerdos

Now Chloreus, bond of Cybele and priest upon a while,

insignis longe Phrygiis fulgebat in armis

Afar as happed in Phrygian gear gleamed out upon his steed,

spumantemque agitabat equum, quem pellis aenis 770

Foaming and goodly: clad was he in skin-wrought battle-weed,
in plumam squamis auro conserta tegebat.

With brazen scales done feather-wise, and riveted with gold,
ipse peregrina ferrugine clarus et ostro

And grand was he in outland red and many a purple fold;

spicula torquebat Lycio Gortynia cornu;

Gortynian arrows from afar with Lycian horn he sped;

aureus ex umeris erat arcus et aurea uati

Gold rang the bow upon his back; gold-mitred was his head

cassida; tum croceam chlamydemque sinusque crepantis 775

In priestly wise; his saffron scarf, the crackling folds of it

carbasseos fuluo in nodum collegerat auro

Of linen fine, in knot about a red-gold buckle knit;

pictus acu tunicas et barbara tegmina crurum.

His kirtle was embroidered fair, his hosen outland-wrought.

hunc uirgo, siue ut templis praefigeret arma

The maiden, whether Trojan gear for temple-gate she sought,

Troia, captiuo siue ut se ferret in auro

Or whether she herself would wend, glorious in war-got gold,

uenatrix, unum ex omni certamine pugnae 780

Amidst of all the press of arms this man in chase must hold

caeca sequebatur totumque incauta per agmen

Blind as a hunter; all unware amidst the war-array

femineo praedae et spoliolum ardebat amore,

She burned with all a woman's lust for spoil of men and prey:

telum ex insidiis cum tandem tempore capto
 When now, the time at last being seized, from out its lurking-place
 concitat et superos Arruns sic uoce precatur:
 Arruns drew forth his spear, and prayed the Gods above for grace:
 ‘summe deum, sancti custos Soractis Apollo, 785
 “Highest of Gods, Apollo, ward of dear Soracte’s stead,
 quem primi colimus, cui pineus ardor aceruo
 Whom we first honour, unto whom the piny blaze is fed;
 pascitur, et medium freti pietate per ignem
 Whom worshipping, we, waxen strong in might of godliness,
 cultores multa premimus uestigia pruna,
 The very midmost of the fire with eager foot-soles press —
 da, pater, hoc nostris aboleri dedecus armis,
 Almighty Father, give me grace to do away our shame!
 omnipotens. non exuias pulsaeue tropaeum 790
 No battle-gear, no trophies won from vanquished maid I claim,
 uirginis aut spolia ulla peto, mihi cetera laudem
 No spoils I seek; my other deeds shall bring me praise of folk;
 facta ferent; haec dira meo dum uulnere pestis
 Let but this dreadful pest of men but fall beneath my stroke,
 pulsa cadat, patrias remeabo inglorius urbes.’
 And me wend back without renown unto my father’s place!”
 Audiit et uoti Phoebus succedere partem
 Apollo heard, and half the prayer he turned his heart to grace,
 mente dedit, partem uolucris dispersit in auras: 795
 The other half he flung away adown the wind to go.
 sterneret ut subita turbatam morte Camillam
 That he by sudden stroke of death should lay Camilla low, —
 adnuit oranti; reducem ut patria alta uideret
 He granted this: that his high house should see his safe return,
 non dedit, inque Notos uocem uertere procellae.
 He granted not: the hurrying gusts that word to breezes turn.
 ergo ut missa manu sonitum dedit hasta per auras,
 So when the shaft hurled from his hand gave sound upon the air,
 conuertere animos acris oculosque tulere 800
 All Volscians turn their hardy hearts, and all men’s eyen bear
 cuncti ad reginam Volsci. nihil ipsa nec aurae

Upon the Queen: but she no whit had any breeze in mind,
nec sonitus memor aut uenientis ab aethere teli,
Or whistle of the spear that sped from out the house of wind,
hasta sub exsertam donec perlata papillam
Until the hurrying shaft beneath her naked bosom stood,
haesit uirgineumque alte bibit acta cruorem.
And clung there, deeply driven home, drinking her virgin blood.
concurrunt trepidae comites dominamque ruentem 805
Her frightened damsels run to her and catch the falling maid,
suscipiunt. fugit ante omnis exterritus Arruns
But Arruns fleeth fast, forsooth more than all they afraid —
laetitia mixtoque metu, nec iam amplius hastae
Afraid and glad — nor durst he more to trust him to the spear,
credere nec telis occurrere uirginis audet.
Or ‘neath the hail of maiden darts his body forth to bear.
ac uelut ille, prius quam tela inimica sequantur,
And as the murder-wolf, ere yet the avenging spear-points bite,
continuo in montis sese auisus abdidit altos 810
Straight hideth him in pathless place amid the mountain-height,
occiso pastore lupus magnouo iuueno,
When he hath slain some shepherd-lad or bullock of the fold;
consciis audacis facti, caudamque remulcens
Down goes his tail, when once he knows his deed so overbold,
subiecit pauitantem utero siluasque petiuit:
Along his belly close it clings as he the woodland seeks.
haud secus ex oculis se turbidus abstulit Arruns
Not otherwise from sight of men the wildered Arruns sneaks,
contentusque fuga mediis se immiscuit armis. 815
And mingles in the middle fight, glad to be clear away.
illa manu moriens telum trahit, ossa sed inter
Death-smitten, at the spear she plucks; amidst her bones it lay,
ferreus ad costas alto stat uulnere mucro.
About the ribs, that iron point in baneful wound and deep:
labitur exsanguis, labuntur frigida leto
She droopeth bloodless, droop her eyes acold in deadly sleep;
lumina, purpureus quondam color ora reliquit.
From out her cheeks the colour flees that once therewith were clear.

tum sic exspirans Accam ex aequalibus unam 820

Then, passing, Acca she bespeaks, her very maiden peer,
adloquitur, fida ante alias quae sola Camillae

Her who alone of all the rest might share Camilla's rede,
quicum partiri curas, atque haec ita fatur:

A trusted friend: such words to her the dying mouth doth speed:
'hactenus, Acca soror, potui: nunc uulnus acerbum

"Sister, thus far my might hath gone; but now this bitter wound
conficit, et tenebris nigrescunt omnia circum.

Maketh an end, and misty dark are grown all things around:
effuge et haec Turno mandata nouissima perfer: 825

Fly forth, and unto Turnus bear my very latest words;
succedat pugnae Troianosque arceat urbe.

Let him to fight, and from the town thrust off the Trojan swords —
iamque uale.' simul his dictis linquebat habenas

Farewell, farewell!" — And with the word the bridle failed her hold,
ad terram non sponte fluens. tum frigida toto

And unto earth unwilling now she flowed, and waxen cold
paulatim exsoluit se corpore, lentaque colla

Slowly she slipped her body's bonds; her languid neck she bent,
et captum leto posuit caput, arma relinquens, 830

Laid down the head that death had seized, and left her armament;
uitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras.

And with a groan her life flew forth disdainful into night.
tum uero immensus surgens ferit aurea clamor

Then rose the cry and smote aloft the starry golden height,
sidera: deiecta crudescit pugna Camilla;

And with the Queen so felled to field the fight grew young again,
incurrunt densi simul omnis copia Teucrum

And thronged and serried falleth on the Teucrian might and main,
Tyrrenique duces Euandrique Arcades alae. 835

The Tuscan Dukes, Evander's host, the wings of Arcady.
At Triuiæ custos iamdudum in montibus Opis

But Opis, Dian's watch of war, set on the mountain high,
alta sedet summis spectatque interrita pugnas.

A long while now all unafear'd had eyed the battle o'er,
utque procul medio iuuenum in clamore furentum

And when far off, amid the cries of maddened men of war,
prospexit tristi mulcatam morte Camillam,
She saw Camilla win the death by bitter ill award,
ingemitque deditque has imo pectore uoces: 840
She groaned, and from her inmost heart such words as these she
poured:

‘heu nimium, uirgo, nimium crudele luisti
“Alas, O maid, thou payest it o’ermuch and bitterly,
supplicium Teucros conata lacescere bello!
That thou unto the Teucrian folk the challenge needs must cry.
nec tibi desertae in dumis coluisse Dianam

Ah, nothing it availed thee, maid, through deserts of the deer
profuit aut nostras umero gessisse pharetras.

To worship Dian, or our shafts upon thy back to bear.
non tamen indecorem tua te regina reliquit 845

And yet the Queen hath left thee not alone amidst of shame
extrema iam in morte, neque hoc sine nomine letum

In grip of death; nor shalt thou die a death without a name
per gentis erit aut famam patieris inultae.

In people’s ears; nor yet as one all unavenged be told:
nam quicumque tuum uiolauit uulnere corpus

For whosoever wronged thy flesh with wounding overbold
morte luet merita.’ fuit ingens monte sub alto

Shall pay the penalty well earned.” Now ‘neath the mountains high,
regis Dercenni terreno ex aggere bustum 850

All clad with shady holm-oaks o’er, a mighty mound doth lie,
antiqui Laurentis opacae ilice tectum;

The tomb of King Dercennus called, Laurentum’s lord of yore;
hic dea se primum rapido pulcherrima nisu

And thitherward her speedy feet that loveliest Goddess bore,
sistit et Arruntem tumulo speculatur ab alto.

And there abiding, Arruns spied from off the high-heaped mound
ut uidit fulgentem armis ac uana tumentem,

But when the wretch in gleaming arms puffed up with pride she
found,

‘cur’ inquit ‘diuersus abis? huc derige gressum, 855

“Why,” quoth she, “dost thou turn away? Here, hither wend thy feet;

huc periture ueni, capias ut digna Camillae
Come here and perish; take reward for slain Camilla meet!
praemia. tune etiam telis moriere Dianae?
But ah, for death of such an one is Dian's arrow due?"
dixit, et aurata uolucrum Threissa sagittam
Then from the Thracian quiver gilt a wingèd shaft she drew,
deprompsit pharetra cornuque infensa tetendit
And bent the horn-wrought bow withal with heart on slaying set:
et duxit longe, donec curuata coirent 860
Far drew she, till the curving horns each with the other met:
inter se capita et manibus iam tangeret aequis,
Alike she strained her hands to shoot; the left hand felt the steel,
laeua aciem ferri, dextra neruoque papillam.
The right that drew the string aback her very breast did feel.
extemplo teli stridorem aurasque sonantis
Then straightway Arruns heard in one the bow-string how it rung,
audiit una Arruns haesitque in corpore ferrum.
And whistle of the wind; and there the shaft within him clung:
illum expirantem socii atque extrema gementem 865
His fellows leave him dying there and groaning out his last,
obliti ignoto camporum in puluere linquunt;
Forgotten in an unknown field, amid the sand downcast;
Opis ad aetherium pennis aufertur Olympum.
While to Olympus on the wing straightway is Opis borne.
Prima fugit domina amissa leuis ala Camillae,
But now first flees Camilla's band, their Queen and mistress lorn,
turbati fugiunt Rutuli, fugit acer Atinas,
And flee the beaten Rutuli, and fierce Atinas flees;
disiectique duces desolatique manipuli 870
The Dukes of men in disarray, the broken companies
tuta petunt et equis auersi ad moenia tendunt.
Now turn their faces to the town, and seek a sheltering place,
nec quisquam instantis Teucros letumque ferentis
Nor yet may any turn with spear upon the Teucrian chase,
sustentare ualet telis aut sistere contra,
That beareth death of men in hand, or bar the homeward road:
sed laxos referunt umeris languentibus arcus,

Cast back on fainting shoulders now the loose bow hangs a load;
quadripedumque putrem cursu quatit ungula campum. 875
The horny hoofs of four-foot things shake down the dusty mead,
uoluitur ad muros caligine turbidus atra
The mirky cloud of rolling dust doth ever townward speed;
pulis, et e speculis percussae pectora matres
And mothers beating of their breasts stand on the watch-towers high,
femineum clamorem ad caeli sidera tollunt.
And cast abroad their woman's wail up to the starry sky.
qui cursu portas primi inrupere patentis,
But they who in their fleeing first break through the open doors,
hos inimica super mixto premit agmine turba, 880
In mingled tumult on their backs a crowd of foemen pours;
nec miseram effugiunt mortem, sed limine in ipso,
Nor do they 'scape a wretched death: there, on the threshold-stead,
moenibus in patriis atque inter tuta domorum
Within their fathers' walls, amidst the peace of home, they shed
confixi exspirant animas. pars claudere portas,
The lives from out their bodies pierced: then some men shut the gate,
nec sociis aperire uiam nec moenibus audent
Nor durst they open to their friends, or take in them that wait
accipere orantis, oriturque miserrima caedes 885
Praying without; and there indeed is woeful slaughter towards
defendentum armis aditus inque arma ruentum.
Of them that fence the wall with swords, and rushers on the swords.
exclusi ante oculos lacrimantumque ora parentum
Those shut out 'neath the very eyes of weeping kith and kin,
pars in praecipitis fossas urgente ruina
Some headlong down the ditches roll, by fleeing rout thrust in;
uoluitur, immissis pars caeca et concita frenis
Some blindly and with loosened rein spur on their steeds to meet
arietat in portas et duros obice postis. 890
As battering-rams the very gates, the ruthless door-leaves beat
ipsae de muris summo certamine matres
And now, in agony of fight, the mothers on the walls,
(monstrat amor uerus patriae, ut uidere Camillam)
E'en as they saw Camilla do, (so love of country calls),

tela manu trepidae iaciunt ac robore duro
With hurrying hands the javelins cast, and in the iron's stead
stipitibus ferrum sudibusque imitantur obustis
Make shift of hardened pale of oak and stake with half-burned head.
praecipites, primaeque mori pro moenibus ardent. 895
Hot-heart they are, afire to die the first their town to save.
Interea Turnum in siluis saeuissimus implet
Meanwhile to Turnus in the woods sweeps in that cruel wave
nuntius et iuueni ingentem fert Acca tumultum:
Of tidings: trouble measureless doth Acca to him bring, —
deletas Volscorum acies, cecidisse Camillam,
The wasting of the Volscian host, Camilla's murdering,
ingruere infensos hostis et Marte secundo
The onset of the baneful foe with favouring Mars to aid;
omnia corripuisse, metum iam ad moenia ferri. 900
The ruin of all things; present fear e'en on the city laid,
ille furens (et saeua Iouis sic numina poscunt)
He, madly wroth, (for even so Jove's dreadful might deemed good),
deserit obsessos collis, nemora aspera linquit.
Leaveth the hills' beleaguerment and mirky rugged wood.
uix e conspectu exierat campumque tenebat,
Scarce was he out of sight thereof, and nigh his camp to win,
cum pater Aeneas saltus ingressus apertos
When mid the opened pass and bare Æneas entereth in,
exsuperatque iugum siluaque euadit opaca. 905
Climbeth the ridge, and slippeth through the thicket's shadowy night.
sic ambo ad muros rapidi totoque feruntur
So either toward the city fares with all their battle-might,
agmine nec longis inter se passibus absunt;
And no long space of way indeed there was betwixt the twain,
ac simul Aeneas fumantis puluere campos
For e'en so soon as far away Æneas saw the plain
prospexit longe Laurentiaque agmina uidit,
Through dusty reek, and saw withal Laurentum's host afar,
et saeuum Aenean agnouit Turnus in armis 910
Turnus the fierce Æneas knew in all array of war,
aduentumque pedum flatusque audiuit equorum.

And heard the marching footmen tramp, and coming horses neigh.
continuoque ineant pugnas et proelia temptent,
Then had they fallen to fight forthwith and tried the battle-play,
ni roseus fessos iam gurgite Phoebus Hiberno
But rosy Phoebus sank adown amidst Iberian flood
tingat equos noctemque die labente reducat.
His weary steeds, and brought back Night upon the failing day.
considunt castris ante urbem et moenia uallant.
So there they pitch before the town and make their ramparts good.

LIBER XII

BOOK XII.

Turnus ut infractos aduerso Marte Latinos
When Turnus sees the Latin men all failing from the sword,
defecisse uidet, sua nunc promissa reposci,
Broken by Mars, and that all folk bethink them of his word.
se signari oculis, ultro implacabilis ardet
And fall to mark him with their eyes, then fell he burns indeed,
attollitque animos. Poenorum qualis in aruis
And raises up his heart aloft; e'en as in Punic mead
saucius ille graui uenantum uulnere pectus 5
The smitten lion, hurt in breast by steel from hunters' ring,
tum demum mouet arma leo, gaudetque comantis
Setteth the battle in array, and joyfully doth fling
excutiens ceruice toros fixumque latronis
The mane from off his brawny neck, and fearless of his mood
impavidus frangit telum et fremit ore cruento:
Breaks off the clinging robber-spear, and roars from mouth of blood;
haud secus accenso gliscit uiolentia Turno.
E'en so o'er Turnus' fiery heart the tide of fury wins,
tum sic adfatur regem atque ita turbidus infit: 10
And thus he speaketh to the King, and hasty speech begins:
'nulla mora in Turno; nihil est quod dicta retractent
"No hanging back in Turnus is, and no Ænean thrall
ignauī Aeneadae, nec quae pepigere recusent:
Hath aught to do to break his word or plighted troth recall:
congregior. fer sacra, pater, et concipe foedus.
I will go meet him: Father, bring the Gods, the peace-troth plight;
aut hac Dardanum dextra sub Tartara mittam
Then either I this Dardan thing will send adown to night, —
desertorem Asiae (sedeant spectentque Latini), 15
This rag of Asia, — Latin men a-looking on the play,
et solus ferro crimen commune refellam,
And all alone the people's guilt my sword shall wipe away;

aut habeat uictos, cedat Lauinia coniunx.’
Or let him take us beaten folk, and wed Lavinia then!”
Olli sedato respondit corde Latinus:
But unto him from quiet soul Latinus spake again:
‘o praestans animi iuuenis, quantum ipse feroci
“Great-hearted youth, by e’en so much as thou in valorous might
uirtute exsuperas, tanto me impensius aequum est 20
Dost more excel, by so much I must counsel me aright,
consulere atque omnis metuentem expendere casus.
And hang all haps that may betide in those sad scales of mine.
sunt tibi regna patris Dauni, sunt oppida capta
Thine are thy father Daunus’ realms, a many towns are thine,
multa manu, nec non aurumque animusque Latino est;
Won by thine hand: Latinus too his gold and goodwill yields;
sunt aliae innuptae Latio et Laurentibus aruis
But other high-born maids unwed dwell in Laurentine fields
nec genus indecores. sine me haec haud mollia fatu 25
Or Latin land, — nay, suffer me to set all guile apart,
sublatis aperire dolis, simul hoc animo hauri:
And say a hard thing — do thou take this also to thine heart:
me natam nulli ueterum sociare procorum
To none of all her wooers of old my daughter may I wed;
fas erat, idque omnes diuique hominesque canebant.
This warning word of prophecy all men and Gods have sped.
uictus amore tui, cognato sanguine uictus
But by thy kindred blood o’ercome, and by the love of thee,
coniugis et maestae lacrimis, uincla omnia rupi; 30
And by my sad wife’s tears, I broke all bonds and set me free.
promissam eripui genero, arma impia sumpsi.
From son-in-law I rapt his bride, I drew a godless sword.
ex illo qui me casus, quae, Turne, sequantur
What mishaps and what wrack of peace have been my due reward
bella, uides, quantos primus patiare labores.
Thou seest, Turnus, and what grief I was the first to bear.
bis magna uicti pugna uix urbe tuemur
Twice beaten in a woeful fight, scarce is our city here
spes Italas; recalent nostro Thybrina fluenta 35

Held by the hope of Italy: still Tiber-flood rolls by,
sanguine adhuc campique ingentes ossibus al bent.
Warm with our blood, and 'neath our bones wide meadows
whitening lie.

quo referor totiens? quae mentem insania mutat?
But whither waver I so oft? what folly shifts my mind?

si Turno extincto socios sum ascire paratus,
If I am ready, Turnus dead, peace with these men to bind,
cur non incolumi potius certamina tollo?

Shall I not rather while thou liv'st cast all the war away?
quid consanguinei Rutuli, quid cetera dicet 40

What shall my kindred Rutuli, what shall Italia say,
Italia, ad mortem si te (fors dicta refutet!)

If I deliver thee to death, (Fate thrust the words aside!)
prodiderim, natam et conubia nostra petentem?

Thee, who hast wooed me for thy sire, my daughter for thy bride?
respice res bello uarias, miserere parentis

Look on the wavering hap of war, pity thy father's eld,
longaevi, quem nunc maestum patria Ardea longe
Now far from thee in sorrow sore by ancient Ardea held."
diuidit.' haudquaquam dictis uiolentia Turni 45

But not a whit might all these words the wrath of Turnus bend.
flectitur; exsuperat magis aegrescitque medendo.

Nay, worsed waxed he, sickening more by medicine meant to mend:
ut primum fari potuit, sic institit ore:

And e'en so soon as he might speak, such words were in his mouth:
'quam pro me curam geris, hanc precor, optime, pro me
"Thy trouble for my sake, best lord, e'en for my sake forsooth,
deponas letumque sinas pro laude pacisci.

Lay down, I prithee; let me buy a little praise with death.
et nos tela, pater, ferrumque haud debile dextra 50

I too, O father, sow the spear, nor weak hand scattereth
spargimus, et nostro sequitur de uulnere sanguis.

The iron seed, with me afield: the blood-springs know my stroke.
longe illi dea mater erit, quae nube fugacem

Nor here shall be his Goddess-dame with woman's cloud to cloak
feminea tegat et uanis sese occulat umbris.'

A craven king, and hide herself in empty mirky shade."
 At regina noua pugnae conterrita sorte
 But now the Queen, by this new chance of battle sore afraid,
 flebat et ardentem generum moritura tenebat: 55
 Fell weeping, as her fiery son she held with dying eyes:
 'Turne, per has ego te lacrimas, per si quis Amatae
 "O Turnus, by these tears, by what of worship for me lies
 tangit honos animum: spes tu nunc una, senectae
 Anigh thy heart; O, only hope of this my latter tide,
 tu requies miserae, decus imperiumque Latini
 Sole rest from sorrow! thou, in whom all worship doth abide,
 te penes, in te omnis domus inclinata recumbit.
 All glory of the Latin name, our falling house-wall stay!
 unum oro: desiste manum committere Teucris. 60
 Set not thine hand to Teucrian war; this thing alone I pray.
 qui te cumque manent isto certamine casus
 Whatever lot abideth thee, O Turnus, mid the fight,
 et me, Turne, manent; simul haec inuisa relinquam
 Abideth me, and I with thee will leave the loathed light;
 lumina nec generum Aenean captiua uidebo.'
 Nor will I, made Æneas' thrall, behold him made my son."
 accepit uocem lacrimis Lauinia matris
 Lavinia heard her mother's words with burning cheeks, whereon
 flagrantis perfusa genas, cui plurimus ignem 65
 Lay rain of tears, for thereunto exceeding ruddy flush
 subiecit rubor et calefacta per ora cucurrit.
 Had brought the fire that now along her litten face did rush:
 Indum sanguineo ueluti uiolauerit ostro
 As when the Indian ivory they wrong with blood-red dye,
 si quis ebur, aut mixta rubent ubi lilia multa
 Or when mid many lilies white the ruddy roses lie,
 alba rosa, talis uirgo dabat ore colores.
 E'en such a mingled colour showed upon the maiden's face.
 illum turbat amor figitque in uirgine uultus; 70
 Sore stirred by love upon the maid he fixed his constant gaze,
 ardet in arma magis paucisque adfatur Amatam:
 And, all the more afire for fight, thus to Amata said:

‘ne, quaeso, ne me lacrimis neue omine tanto
“I prithee, mother, with these tears, such sign of coming dread,
prosequere in duri certamina Martis euntem,
Dog not my feet as forth I wend to Mavors’ bitter play;
o mater; neque enim Turno mora libera mortis.
For Turnus is not free to thrust the hour of death away.
nuntius haec, Idmon, Phrygio mea dicta tyranno 75
Go, Idmon, bear the Phrygian lord these very words of mine,
haud placitura refer. cum primum crastina caelo
Nought for his pleasure: When the dawn tomorrow first shall shine,
puniceis inuecta rotis Aurora rubebit,
And from her purple wheels aloft shall redden all the sky,
non Teucros agat in Rutulos, Teucrum arma quiescant
Lead not thy Teucrians to the fight: Teucrians and Rutuli
et Rutuli; nostro dirimamus sanguine bellum,
Shall let their swords be; and we twain, our blood shall quench the
strife,
illo quaeratur coniunx Lauinia campo.’ 80
And we upon that field shall woo Lavinia for a wife.”
Haec ubi dicta dedit rapidusque in tecta recessit, He spake, and to the
roofed place now swiftly wending home,
poscit equos gaudetque tuens ante ora frementis,
Called for his steeds, and merrily stood there before their foam,
Pilumno quos ipsa decus dedit Orithyia,
E’en those that Orithyia gave Pilumnus, gift most fair,
qui candore niues anteirent, cursibus auras.
Whose whiteness overpassed the snow, whose speed the wingèd air.
circumstant properi aurigae manibusque lacesunt 85
The busy horse-boys stand about, and lay upon their breasts
pectora plausa cauis et colla comantia pectunt.
The clapping of their hollow hands, and comb their manèd crests.
ipse dehinc auro squalentem alboque orichalco
But he the mail-coat doth on him well-wrought with golden scale
circumdat loricam umeris, simul aptat habendo
And latten white; he fits the sword unto his hand’s avail:
ensemque clipeumque et rubrae cornua cristae,
His shield therewith, and hornèd helm with ruddy crest o’erlaid:

ensem quem Dauno ignipotens deus ipse parenti 90
That sword, the very Might of Fire for father Daunus made,
fecerat et Stygia candentem tinxerat unda.
And quenched the white-hot edge thereof amidst the Stygian flood.
exim quae mediis ingenti adnixa columnae
Then the strong spear he took in hand that 'gainst the pillar stood,
aedibus astabat, ualidam ui corripit hastam,
Amidmost of the house: that spear his hand won mightily
Actoris Aurunci spoliū, quassatque trementem
From Actor of Auruncum erst; he shakes the quivering tree
uociferans: 'nunc, o numquam frustrata uocatus 95
Loud crying: "Now, O spear of mine, who never heretofore
hasta meos, nunc tempus adest: te maximus Actor,
Hast failed my call, the day draws on: thee the huge Actor bore,
te Turni nunc dextra gerit; da sternere corpus
Now Turnus' right hand wieldeth thee: to aid, that I prevail
loricamque manu ualida lacerare reuulsam
To lay the Phrygian gelding low, and strip his rended mail
semiuri Phrygis et foedare in puluere crinis
By might of hand; to foul with dust the ringlets of his hair,
uibatos calido ferro murraque madentis.' 100
Becrisped with curling-irons hot and drenched with plenteous
myrrh!"
his agitur furiis, totoque ardentis ab ore
By such a fury is he driven; from all his countenance
scintillae absistunt, oculis micat acribus ignis,
The fiery flashes leap, the flames in his fierce eyeballs dance:
mugitus ueluti cum prima in proelia taurus
As when a bull in first of fight raiseth a fearful roar,
terrificos ciet aut irasci in cornua temptat
And teacheth wrath unto his horns and whets them for the war,
arboris obnixus trunco, uentosque lacessit 105
And 'gainst the tree-trunks pusheth them, and thrusts the breezes
home,
ictibus aut sparsa ad pugnam proludit harena.
And with the scattering of the sand preludeth fight to come.
Nec minus interea maternis saeuus in armis

Nor less Æneas, terrible, in Venus' armour dight,
 Aeneas acuit Martem et se suscitāt ira,
 Now whetteth war; and in his heart stirreth the wrath of fight,
 oblato gaudens componi foedere bellum.
 That plighted peace shall lay the war fain is his heart and glad;
 tum socios maestique metum solatur Iuli 110
 His fellows' minds and bitter fear that makes Iulus sad
 fata docens, regique iubet responsa Latino
 He solaceth with fate-wise words; then bids his folk to bear
 certa referre uiros et pacis dicere leges.
 His answer to the Latin king and peace-laws to declare.
 Postera uix summos spargebat lumine montis
 But scarce the morrow's dawn of day had lit the mountain steeps,
 orta dies, cum primum alto se gurgite tollunt
 And scarce the horses of the Sun drew upward from the deeps,
 Solis equi lucemque elatis naribus efflant: 115
 And from their nostrils raised aloft blew forth the morning clear,
 campum ad certamen magnae sub moenibus urbis
 When Trojans and Rutulian men the field of fight prepare,
 dimensi Rutulique uiri Teucrique parabant
 And measure out a space beneath the mighty city's wall.
 in medioque focos et dis communibus aras
 Midmost the hearths they hallow there to common Gods of all,
 gramineas. alii fontemque ignemque ferebant
 And grassy altars: other some bear fire, and fountain's flow,
 uelati limo et uerbena tempora uincti. 120
 All linen clad, and vervain leaves are crowning every brow.
 procedit legio Ausonidum, pilataque plenis
 Forth comes the host of Italy, the men that wield the spear
 agmina se fundunt portis. hinc Troius omnis
 Pour outward from the crowded gate; the Trojan host is there,
 Tyrrhenusque ruit uariis exercitus armis,
 And all the Tyrrhene company in battle-gear diverse,
 haud secus instructi ferro quam si aspera Martis
 Nor otherwise in iron clad, than if the War-god fierce
 pugna uocet. nec non mediis in milibus ipsi 125
 Cried on to arms: and in the midst of war-ranks thousandfold

ductores auro uolitant ostroque superbi,
 The dukes are flitting, well beseen in purple dye and gold,
 et genus Assaraci Mnestheus et fortis Asilas
 E'en Mnestheus of Assaracus, Asylas huge of force,
 et Messapus equum domitor, Neptunia proles;
 Messapus, Neptune's very son, the tamer of the horse.
 utque dato signo spatia in sua quisque recessit,
 But when the sign was given abroad each to his own place won,
 defigunt tellure hastas et scuta reclinant. 130
 And set his spear-shaft in the earth and leaned his shield thereon.
 tum studio effusae matres et uulgu inermum
 Then streamed forth mothers fain to see and elders feeble grown;
 inualidique senes turris ac tecta domorum
 The unarmed crowd beset the towers and houses of the town,
 obsedere, alii portis sublimibus astant.
 And others of the people throng the high-built gates around.
 At Iuno ex summo (qui nunc Albanus habetur;
 But Juno from the steep that men now call the Alban mound
 tum neque nomen erat neque honos aut gloria monti) 135
 (Though neither worship, name, nor fame it bore upon that day),
 prospiciens tumulo campum aspectabat et ambas
 Was looking down upon the lists and either war-array
 Laurentum Troumque acies urbemque Latini.
 Of Trojan and Laurentine men, and King Latinus' wall,
 extemplo Turni sic est adfata sororem
 Then upon Turnus' sister's ear her words of God did fall:
 diua deam, stagnis quae fluminibusque sonoris
 A goddess she, the queen of mere and sounding river-wave;
 praesidet (hunc illi rex aetheris altus honorem 140
 Which worship Jupiter the King, the Heaven-Abider gave
 Iuppiter erepta pro uirginitate sacrauit):
 A hallowed gift to pay her back for ravished maidenhood:
 'nympha, decus fluuiorum, animo gratissima nostro,
 "O Nymph, the glory of the streams, heart well-beloved and good,
 scis ut te cunctis unam, quaecumque Latinae
 Thee only, as thou know'st, I love of all who e'er have come
 magnanimi Iouis ingratum ascendere cubile,

Into the unkind bed of Jove from out a Latin home,
 praetulerim caelique libens in parte locarim: 145
 With goodwill have I granted thee the heavenly house to share;
 disce tuum, ne me incuses, Iuturna, dolorem.
 Therefore, Juturna, know thy grief lest I the blame should bear:
 qua uisa est Fortuna pati Parcaeque sinebant
 While Fortune would, and while the Fates allowed the Latin folk
 cedere res Latio, Turnum et tua moenia texi;
 A happy day, so long did I thy town and Turnus cloak;
 nunc iuuenem imparibus uideo concurrere fatis,
 But now I see him hastening on to meet the fated ill:
 Parcarumque dies et uis inimica propinquat. 150
 His doomsday comes, the foeman's hand shall soon his hour fulfil.
 non pugnam aspicere hanc oculis, non foedera possum.
 I may not look upon the fight, or see the waged field;
 tu pro germano si quid praesentius audes,
 But thou, if any present help thou durst thy brother yield,
 perge; decet. forsan miseros meliora sequentur.'
 Haste, it behoves thee! — happier days on wretches yet may rise."
 uix ea, cum lacrimas oculis Iuturna profundit
 Scarce spake she ere Juturna poured the tear-flood from her eyes,
 terque quaterque manu pectus percussit honestum. 155
 And thrice and four times smote with hand her bosom well beseen.
 'non lacrimis hoc tempus' ait Saturnia Iuno:
 "Nay, this is now no weeping-time," saith that Saturnian Queen,
 'accelera et fratrem, si quis modus, eripe morti;
 "Haste; snatch thy brother from the death if all be not undone,
 aut tu bella cie conceptumque excute foedus.
 Or wake up war and rend apart the treaty scarce begun;
 auctor ego audendi.' sic exhortata reliquit
 And I am she that bids thee dare." She urged her, and she left
 incertam et tristi turbatam uulnere mentis. 160
 Her wavering mind and turmoiled heart with sorrow's torment cleft.
 Interea reges ingenti mole Latinus
 Meantime the Kings — Latinus there, a world of state around,
 quadriiugo uehitur curru (cui tempora circum
 Is borne upon the fourfold car, his gleaming temples bound

aurati bis sex radii fulgentia cingunt,
 With twice six golden rays, the sign of his own grandsire's light,
 Solis aui specimen), bigis it Turnus in albis,
 The heavenly Sun; and Turnus wends with twi-yoked horses white,
 bina manu lato crispans hastilia ferro. 165
 Tossing in hand two shafts of war with broad-beat points of steel.
 hinc pater Aeneas, Romanae stirpis origo,
 And hither Father Æneas, spring of the Roman weal,
 sidereo flagrans clipeo et caelestibus armis
 Flaming with starry shield and arms wrought in the heavenly home,
 et iuxta Ascanius, magnae spes altera Romae,
 And next to him Ascanius young, the second hope of Rome,
 procedunt castris, puraque in ueste sacerdos
 Fare from the camp: the priest thereon, in unstained raiment due,
 saetigeri fetum suis intonsamque bidentem 170
 Offereth a son of bristly sow and unshorn yearling ewe,
 attulit admouitque pecus flagrantibus aris.
 And bringeth up the four-foot hosts unto the flaming place.
 illi ad surgentem conuersi lumina solem
 But they, with all eyes turned about the rising sun to face,
 dant fruges manibus salsas et tempora ferro
 Give forth the salt meal from the hand, and with the iron sign
 summa notant pecudum, paterisque altaria libant.
 The victims' brows, and mid the flame pour out the bowls of wine:
 Tum pius Aeneas stricto sic ense precatur: 175
 Then good Æneas draws his sword, and thuswise prays the prayer:
 'esto nunc Sol testis et haec mihi terra uocanti,
 "Bear witness, Sun, and thou, O Land, who dost my crying hear!
 quam propter tantos potui perferre labores,
 Land, for whose sake I waxed in might, sustaining toils enow;
 et pater omnipotens et tu Saturnia coniunx
 And Thou, Almighty Father, hear! Saturnian Juno thou,
 (iam melior, iam, diua, precor), tuque inclute Mauors,
 Grown kinder, Goddess, I beseech; and thou, most glorious Mars,
 cuncta tuo qui bella, pater, sub numine torques; 180
 Father, whose hand of utter might is master of all wars;
 fontisque fluuiosque uoco, quaeque aetheris alti

Ye Springs, and River-floods I call, and whatsoever God
 religio et quae caeruleo sunt numina ponto:
 Is in the air, or whatso rules the blue sea with its rod —
 cesserit Ausonio si fors uictoria Turno,
 If to Ausonian Turnus here Fortune shall give the day,
 conuenit Euandri uictos discedere ad urbem,
 The conquered to Evander's town shall straightly wend their way;
 cedet Iulus agris, nec post arma ulla rebelles 185
 Iulus shall depart the land, nor shall Æneas' folk
 Aeneadae referent ferroue haec regna lacescent.
 Stir war hereafter, or with sword the Latin wrath provoke.
 sin nostrum adnuerit nobis uictoria Martem
 But if the grace of victory here bow down upon our fight;
 (ut potius reor et potius di numine firment),
 — (As I believe, as may the Gods make certain with their might!) —
 non ego nec Teucris Italos parere iubebo
 I will not bid the Italian men to serve the Teucrian's will;
 nec mihi regna peto: paribus se legibus ambae 190
 Nor for myself seek I the realm; but all unconquered still
 inuictae gentes aeterna in foedera mittant.
 Let either folk with equal laws plight peace for evermore:
 sacra deosque dabo; socer arma Latinus habeto,
 The Gods and worship I will give, Latinus see to war;
 imperium sollemne socer; mihi moenia Teucri
 My father lawful rule shall have; for me my Teucrians here
 constituent urbique dabit Lauinia nomen.
 Shall build a city, and that home Lavinia's name shall bear."
 Sic prior Aeneas, sequitur sic deinde Latinus 195
 So first Æneas: after whom Latinus swears and says,
 suspiciens caelum, tenditque ad sidera dextram:
 Looking aloft, and stretching hands up towards the starry ways:
 'haec eadem, Aenea, terram, mare, sidera, iuro
 "E'en so, Æneas, do I swear by Stars, and Sea, and Earth,
 Latonaque genus duplex Ianumque bifrontem,
 By twi-faced Janus, and the twins Latona brought to birth,
 uimque deum infernam et duri sacraria Ditis;
 And by the nether Might of God and shrine of unmoved Dis;

audiat haec genitor qui foedera fulmine sancit. 200

And may the Sire who halloweth in all troth-plight hearken this:
tango aras, medios ignis et numina testor:

I hold the altars, and these Gods and fires to witness take,

nulla dies pacem hanc Italiam nec foedera rumpet,

That, as for Italy, no day the peace and troth shall break,

quo res cumque cadent; nec me vis ulla uolentem

What thing soever shall befall; no might shall conquer me.

auertet, non, si tellurem effundat in undas

Not such as with the wrack of flood shall mingle earth and sea,

diluuium miscens caelumque in Tartara soluat, 205

Nor such as into nether Hell shall melt the heavenly land.

ut sceptrum hoc' (dextra sceptrum nam forte gerebat)

E'en as this sceptre" — (for by chance he bore a staff in hand) —

'numquam fronde leui fundet uirgulta nec umbras,

"Shall never more to leafage light and twig and shadow shoot,

cum semel in siluis imo de stirpe recisum

Since when amid the thicket-place, cut off from lowest root,

matre caret posuitque comas et brachia ferro,

It lost its mother, and the knife hath lopped it, leaf and bough, —

olim arbor, nunc artificis manus aere decoro 210

A tree once, but the craftsman's hand hath wrapped it seemly now
inclusit patribusque dedit gestare Latinis.'

With brass about, and made it meet for hands of Latin lords."

talibus inter se firmabant foedera dictis

So in the sight of all the chiefs with such abundant words

conspectu in medio procerum. tum rite sacratas

They bound the troth-plight fast and sure: then folk in due wise slay

in flammam iugulant pecudes et uiscera uiuis

The victims on the altar-flame, and draw the hearts away

eripiunt, cumulantque oneratis lancibus aras. 215

Yet living, and with platters full the holy altars pile.

At uero Rutulis impar ea pugna uideri

But unto those Rutulian men unequal this long while

iamdudum et uario misceri pectora motu,

The fight had seemed, and in their hearts the mingled trouble rose;

tum magis ut propius cernunt non uiribus aequos.

And all the more, as nigher now they note the ill-matched foes,
 adiuuat incessu tacito progressus et aram
 This helpeth Turnus' silent step, and suppliant worshipping
 suppliciter uenerans demisso lumine Turnus 220
 About the altars, and his eyes that unto earth do cling,
 pubentesque genae et iuuenali in corpore pallor.
 His faded cheeks, his youthful frame that wonted colour lacks.
 quem simul ac Iuturna soror crebrescere uidit
 Wherefore Iaturna, when she hears the talk of people wax,
 sermonem et uulgi uariare labantia corda,
 And how the wavering hearts of men in diverse manner sway,
 in medias acies formam adsimulata Camerti,
 Like unto Camers wendeth now amidst of that array;
 cui genus a proauis ingens clarumque paternae 225
 — A mighty man, from mighty blood, his father well renowned
 nomen erat uirtutis, et ipse acerrimus armis,
 For valorous worth, and he himself keen in the battle found.
 in medias dat sese acies haud nescia rerum
 So through the mid array she speeds, well knowing what is toward,
 rumoresque serit uarios ac talia fatur:
 And soweth rumour on the wind and speaketh such a word:
 'non pudet, o Rutuli, pro cunctis talibus unam
 "O shame ye not, Rutulian men, to offer up one soul
 obiectare animam? numerone an uiribus aequi 230
 For all your warriors? lack we aught in might or muster-roll
 non sumus? en, omnes et Troes et Arcades hi sunt,
 To match them? Here is all they have — Trojans, Arcadian peers,
 fatalisque manus, infensa Etruria Turno:
 And that Etruscan Turnus' bane, the fateful band of spears:
 uix hostem, alterni si congregiamur, habemus.
 Why, if we meet, each second man shall scantily find a foe.
 ille quidem ad superos, quorum se deuouet aris,
 And now their king, upborne by fame, unto the Gods shall go,
 succedet fama uiuusque per ora feretur; 235
 Upon whose shrines he vows himself; his name shall live in tale.
 nos patria amissa dominis parere superbis
 But we shall lose our fatherland and 'neath proud lords shall fail,

cogemur, qui nunc lenti consedimus aruis.'

E'en those that sit there heavy-slow upon our fields today."

Talibus incensa est iuuenum sententia dictis

So with such words she lit the hearts of all that young array;

iam magis atque magis, serpitque per agmina murmur:

Yet more and more a murmur creeps about the ranks of men;

ipsi Laurentes mutati ipsique Latini. 240

Changed even are Laurentine folk; changed are the Latins then;

qui sibi iam requiem pugnae rebusque salutem

They who had hoped that rest from fight and peaceful days were won,

sperabant, nunc arma uolunt foedusque precantur

Are now but fain of battle-gear, and wish the troth undone,

infectum et Turni sortem miserantur iniquam.

For ruth that such a cruel fate on Turnus' head should fall.

his aliud maius Iuturna adiungit et alto

But unto these a greater thing Iaturna adds withal,

dat signum caelo, quo non praesentius ullum 245

A sign from heaven; and nought so much stirred Italy that day,

turbauit mentes Italas monstroque fefellit.

As this whose prodigy beguiled men's hearts to go astray:

namque uolans rubra fuluus Iouis ales in aethra

For now the yellow bird of Jove amid the ruddy light

litoreas agitabat auis turbamque sonantem

Was chasing of the river-fowl, and drave in hurried flight

agminis aligeri, subito cum lapsus ad undas

The noisy throng; when suddenly down to the waves he ran,

cycnum excellentem pedibus rapit improbus uncis. 250

And caught in greedy hookèd claws a goodly-bodied swan:

arrexere animos Itali, cunctaeque uolucres

Uprose the hearts of Italy, for all the fowl cry out,

conuertunt clamore fugam (mirabile uisu),

And, wonderful for eyes to see, from fleeing turn about,

aetheraque obscurant pennis hostemque per auras

Darken the air with cloud of wings, and fall upon the foe;

facta nube premunt, donec ui uictus et ipso

Till he, oppressed by might of them and by his prey held low,

pondere defecit praedamque ex unguibus ales 255

Gives way, and casts the quarry down from out his hookéd claws
proiecit fluuio, penitusque in nubila fugit.

Into the river, and aback to inner cloud-land draws.

Tum uero augurium Rutuli clamore salutant

Then to the sign the Rutuli shout greeting with one breath,
expediuntque manus, primusque Tolumnius augur

And spread their hands abroad; but first the seer Tolumnius saith:

‘hoc erat, hoc uotis’ inquit ‘quod saepe petiui.

“This, this is that, which still my prayers sought oft and o’er again.

accipio agnoscoque deos; me, me duce ferrum 260

I take the sign, I know the God! to arms with me, O men!

corripite, o miseri, quos improbus aduena bello

Poor people, whom the stranger-thief hath terrified with war.

terrítat inualidas ut auis, et litora uestra

E’en like these feeble fowl; who wastes the acres of your shore,

ui populat. petet ille fugam penitusque profundo

Yet shall he fly, and give his sails unto the outer sea:

uela dabit. uos unanimi densete cateruas

But ye, your ranks with heart and mind now serry manfully,

et regem uobis pugna defendite raptum.’ 265

And ward your ravished King and Duke with all your battle-world!”

dixit, et aduersos telum contorsit in hostis

He spake, and, running forth, a shaft against the foe he hurled.

procurrens; sonitum dat stridula cornus et auras

Forth whizzed the cornel through the air, cleaving its way aright,

certa secat. simul hoc, simul ingens clamor et omnes

And therewithal great noise outbreaks, and every wedge of fight

turbati cunei calefactaque corda tumultu.

Is turmoiled, and the hearts of men are kindled for the fray.

hasta uolans, ut forte nouem pulcherrima fratrum 270

On sped the shaft to where there stood across its baneful way

corpora constiterant contra, quos fida crearat

Nine fair-shaped brethren, whom whilom one faithful Tuscan wife

una tot Arcadio coniunx Tyrrhena Gylippo,

Amid Gylippus’ Arcad house brought forth to light and life:

horum unum ad medium, teritur qua utilis aluo

Now one of these, e'en where the belt of knitted stitches wrought
 balteus et laterum iuncturas fibula mordet,
 Chafed on the belly, and the clasp the joining edges caught,
 egregium forma iuuenem et fulgentibus armis, 275
 A youth most excellent of frame and clad in glittering gear —
 transadigit costas fulvaeque effundit harena.
 It pierced his ribs; on yellow sand it stretched him dying there.
 at fratres, animosa phalanx accensaque luctu,
 Thereat his brethren, a fierce folk, with grief and rage alight,
 pars gladios stringunt manibus, pars missile ferrum
 Some draw their swords and some catch up the steel of speedy flight,
 corripunt caecique ruunt. quos agmina contra
 And rush on blind: Laurentum's ranks, against them swift they go,
 procurrant Laurentum, hinc densi rursus inundant 280
 And thick the Trojans from their side the meadows overflow,
 Troes Agyllinique et pictis Arcades armis:
 Agyllans and Arcadian men with painted war array;
 sic omnis amor unus habet decernere ferro.
 And one lust winneth over all with point and edge to play.
 diripere aras, it toto turbida caelo
 They strip the altars; drifting storm of weapon-shot doth gain
 tempestas telorum ac ferreus ingruit imber,
 O'er all the heavens, and ever grows the iron battle-rain.
 craterasque focosque ferunt. fugit ipse Latinus 285
 The bowls and hearths they bear away: Latinus gets him gone,
 pulsatos referens infecto foedere diuos.
 Bearing aback the beaten Gods and troth-plight all undone,
 infrenant alii currus aut corpora saltu
 But other men rein in the car and leap upon the steed,
 subiciunt in equos et strictis ensibus adsunt.
 And there with naked swords they sit, all ready for the need.
 Messapus regem regisque insigne gerentem
 Messapus, fain to rend the troth, on hostile horse down-bears
 Tyrrhenum Aulesten, auidus confundere foedus, 290
 Upon Aulestes, Tuscan king, who kingly raiment wears:
 aduerso proterret equo; ruit ille recedens
 He fled, but as abackward there away from him he went,

et miser oppositis a tergo inuoluitur aris
 Came on the altars at his back in hapless tanglement
 in caput inque umeros. at feruidus aduolat hasta
 Of head and shoulders: thitherward doth hot Messapus fly
 Messapus teloque orantem multa trabali
 With spear in hand, and from his steed he smites him heavily
 desuper altus equo grauiter ferit atque ita fatur: 295
 With the great beam amid his prayers, and word withal doth say:
 ‘hoc habet, haec melior magnis data uictima diuis.’
 “He hath it, and the Gods have got a better host today!”
 concurrunt Itali spoliantque calentia membra.
 Therewith to strip his body warm up runs the Italian band;
 obuius ambustum torrem Corynaeus ab ara
 But Corynaeus from the hearth catches a half-burnt brand,
 corripit et uenienti Ebyso plagamque ferenti
 And e’en as Ebusus comes up, and stroke in hand doth bear,
 occupat os flammis: olli ingens barba reluxit 300
 He filleth all his face with flame; out doth his great beard flare,
 nidoremque ambusta dedit. super ipse secutus
 And sendeth stink of burning forth: the Trojan followed on
 caesariem laeua turbati corripit hostis
 The wildered man, and with his left grip of his tresses won,
 impressoque genu nitens terrae applicat ipsum;
 And, straining hard with weight of knee, to earth he pinned his foe,
 sic rigido latus ense ferit. Podalirius Alsum
 And drave the stark sword through his side. See Podalirius go,
 pastorem primaque acie per tela ruentem 305
 Chasing the shepherd Alsus through the front of weapon-wrack;
 ense sequens nudo superimminet; ille securi
 O’er him he hangs with naked sword; but he, with bill swung back,
 aduersi frontem mediam mentumque reducta
 Cleaveth the foeman facing him through midmost brow and chin,
 dissicit et sparso late rigat arma cruore.
 And all about his battle-gear the bloody rain doth win:
 olli dura quies oculos et ferreus urget
 Then iron slumber fell on him, hard rest weighed down his eyes,
 somnus, in aeternam conduntur lumina noctem. 310

And shut were they for evermore in night that never dies.
 At pius Aeneas dextram tendebat inermem
 Then good Æneas stretched forth hands all empty of the sword,
 nudato capite atque suos clamore uocabat:
 And called bare-headed on his folk, with eager shouted word:
 ‘quo ruitis? quaeue ista repens discordia surgit?
 “Where rush ye on, and whither now doth creeping discord rise?
 o cohibete iras! ictum iam foedus et omnes
 Refrain your wrath; the troth is struck; its laws in equal wise
 compositae leges. mihi ius concurrere soli; ³¹⁵
 Are doomed; and ’tis for me alone the battle to endure.
 me sinite atque auferte metus. ego foedera faxo
 Nay, let me be! cast fear away; my hand shall make it sure.
 firma manu; Turnum debent haec iam mihi sacra.’
 This troth-pledge, all these holy things, owe Turnus to my sword.”
 has inter uoces, media inter talia uerba
 But while his voice was sounding, lo, amidmost of his word,
 ecce uiro stridens alis adlapsa sagitta est,
 A whistling speedy-wingèd shaft unto the hero won;
 incertum qua pulsa manu, quo turbine adacta, ³²⁰
 Unknown what hand hath sped it forth, what whirlwind bore it on;
 quis tantam Rutulis laudem, casusne deusne,
 What God, what hap, such glory gave to hands of Rutuli;
 attulerit; pressa est insignis gloria facti,
 Beneath the weight of things unknown dead doth the honour lie,
 nec sese Aeneae iactauit uulnere quisquam.
 Nor boasted any of the hurt Æneas had that day.
 Turnus ut Aenean cedentem ex agmine uidit
 But Turnus, when he saw the King give back from that array,
 turbatosque duces, subita spe feruidus ardet; ³²⁵
 And all the turmoil of the Dukes, with hope his heart grew fain;
 poscit equos atque arma simul, saltuque superbus
 He cried for horse and arms, and leapt aloft to battle-wain,
 emicat in currum et manibus molitur habenas.
 And high of heart set on apace, the bridle in his hand;
 multa uirum uolitans dat fortia corpora leto.
 And many a brave man there he gave unto the deadly land,

seminecis uoluit multos: aut agmina curru

And rolled o'er wounded men in heaps, and high in car wore down
proterit aut raptas fugientibus ingerit hastas. 330

The ranks of men; and fleers' spears from out his hand were thrown:
qualis apud gelidi cum flumina concitus Hebrī

E'en as when litten up to war by Hebrus' chilly flood
sanguineus Mauors clipeo increpat atque furentis

Red Mavors beateth on his shield, and rouseth fightful mood
bella mouens immittit equos, illi aequore aperto

Amid the fury of his steeds, who o'er the level lea
ante Notos Zephyrumque uolant, gemit ultima pulsu

In uttermost hoof-smitten Thrace the south and west outflee.
Thraca pedum circumque atrae Formidinis ora 335

And lo, the fellows of the God, the black Fear's bitter face,
Iraeque Insidiaequae, dei comitatus, aguntur:

The Rage of men, the Guile of War anigh him wend apace:
talis equos alacer media inter proelia Turnus

E'en so amid the battle-field his horses Turnus sped,
fumantis sudore quatit, miserabile caesis

Reeking with sweat: there tramples he the woeful heaps of dead,
hostibus insultans; spargit rapida ungula rores

The hurrying hoofs go scattering wide a drift of bloody rain;
sanguineos mixtaque cruor calcatur harena. 340

The gore, all blent with sandy dust, is pounded o'er the plain.
iamque neci Sthenelumque dedit Thamyrumque Pholumque,

To death he casteth Sthenelus, Pholus, and Thamyris;
hunc congressus et hunc, illum eminus; eminus ambo

Those twain anigh, but him afar; from far the bane he is
Imbrasidas, Glaucum atque Laden, quos Imbrasus ipse

Of Glaucus and of Lades, sons of Imbrasus, whom he
nutrierat Lycia paribusque ornauerat armis

In Lycia bred a while agone, and armed them equally
uel conferre manum uel equo praeuertere uentos. 345

To fight anigh, or on their steeds the winds to overrun.
Parte alia media Eumedes in proelia fertur,

But otherwhere amidst the fight Eumedes fareth on,
antiqui proles bello praeclara Dolonis,

The son of Dolon of old time, most well-renowned in fight,
 nomine aum referens, animo manibusque parentem,
 And bringing back his father's name in courage and in might:
 qui quondam, castra ut Danaum speculator adiret,
 For that was he who while agone the Danaan camp espied,
 ausus Pelidae pretium sibi poscere currus; 350
 And chose Achilles' car for spoil in his abundant pride:
 illum Tydides alio pro talibus ausis
 But otherwise Tydides paid for such a deed o'erbold,
 adfecit pretio nec equis aspirat Achilli.
 And no more had he any hope Achilles' steeds to hold.
 hunc procul ut campo Turnus prospexit aperto,
 So Turnus, when adown the lea this warrior he had seen,
 ante leui iaculo longum per inane secutus
 First a light spear he sent in chase across the void between,
 sistit equos biugis et curru desilit atque 355
 Then stayed his steeds, and leaping down unto the fallen ran,
 semianimi lapsoque superuenit, et pede collo
 And set his foot upon the neck of that scarce-breathing man,
 impresso dextrae mucronem extorquet et alto
 And from his right hand wrenched the sword and bathed its glittering
 blade
 fulgentem tingit iugulo atque haec insuper addit:
 Deep in his throat, and therewithal such spoken chiding said:
 'en agros et, quam bello, Troiane, petisti,
 "Down, Trojan! measure out the mead, and that Hesperean land
 Hesperiam metire iacens: haec praemia, qui me 360
 Thou sought'st in war: such are the gifts that fall unto the hand
 ferro ausi temptare, ferunt, sic moenia condunt.'
 Of those that dare the sword with me; such city-walls they raise!"
 huic comitem Asbyten coniecta cuspide mittit
 Asbutes wends 'neath spear-cast then, a fellow of his ways;
 Chloreaque Sybarimque Daretaque Thersilochumque
 Chloreus, Dares, Thersilochus, and Sybaris, withal;
 et sternacis equi lapsum ceruice Thymoeten.
 Thymoetes, who from rearing horse had hap to catch a fall;
 ac uelut Edoni Boreae cum spiritus alto 365

And e'en as when the breathing forth of Thracian Boreas roars
 insonat Aegaeo sequiturque ad litora fluctus,
 O'er deep Ægean, driving on the wave-press to the shores,
 qua uenti incubuere, fugam dant nubila caelo:
 Then wheresoe'er the wind stoops down the clouds flee heaven
 apace;
 sic Turno, quacumque uiam secat, agmina cedunt
 So wheresoe'er cleaves Turnus way all battle giveth place,
 conuersaeque ruunt acies; fert impetus ipsum
 All war-array is turned to wrack: his onrush beareth him,
 et cristam aduerso curru quatit aura uolantem. 370
 And in the breeze that meets his car his tossing crest doth swim.
 non tulit instantem Phegeus animisque frementem
 This onset of the maddened heart nought Phegeus might abide,
 obiecit sese ad currum et spumantia frenis
 But cast himself before the steeds, and caught and wrenched aside
 ora citatorum dextra detorsit equorum.
 The bit-befoaming mouths of them, the heart-stung hurrying steeds.
 dum trahitur pendetque iugis, hunc lata reiectum
 But while he hangeth dragged along, the spear broad-headed speeds
 lancea consequitur rumpitque infixam bilicem 375
 Unto his shieldless side, and rends the twinkled coat of mail,
 lorica et summum degustat uulnere corpus.
 And for the razing of his flesh a little doth avail:
 ille tamen clipeo obiecto conuersus in hostem
 But he turned round about his shield and at the foemen made,
 ibat et auxilium ducto mucrone petebat,
 And from his naked sword drawn forth sought most well-needed aid;
 cum rota praecipitem et procursu concitus axis
 When now the axle-tree and wheel, unto fresh speeding won,
 impulit effunditque solo, Turnusque secutus 380
 Cast him down headlong unto earth, and Turnus following on,
 imam inter galeam summi thoracis et oras
 Betwixt the lowest of the helm and haubert's upper lip
 abstulit ense caput truncumque reliquit harenae.
 Sheared off his head, and left the trunk upon the sand to slip.
 Atque ea dum campis uictor dat funera Turnus,

But while victorious Turnus gives these deaths unto the plain,
interea Aenean Mnestheus et fidus Achates

Mnestheus and that Achates leal, Ascanius with the twain,
Ascaniusque comes castris statuere cruentum 385

Bring great Æneas to the camp all covered with his blood;
alternos longa nitentem cuspidē gressus.

There, propping up his halting steps with spear-shaft long, he stood:
saeuit et infracta luctatur harundine telum

Mad wroth he is, and strives to pluck the broken reed away,
eripere auxilioque uiam, quae proxima, poscit:

And bids them help by any road, the swiftest that they may,
ense secant lato uulnus telique latebram

To cut away the wound with sword, cut to the hiding-place
rescindant penitus, seseque in bella remittant. 390

Where lies the steel, and send him back to meet the battle's face.
iamque aderat Phoebō ante alios dilectus Iapyx

Iapis, son of Iasus, by Phoebus best beloved,
Iasides, acri quondam cui captus amore

Draws nigh now: Phoebus on a time, by mighty longing moved,
ipse suas artis, sua munera, laetus Apollo

Was fain to give him gifts of God, his very heavenly craft —
augurium citharamque dabat celerisque sagittas.

Foresight, or skill of harp-playing, or mastery of the shaft:
ille, ut depositi proferret fata parentis, 395

But he, that from his bed-rid sire the death he yet might stave,
scire potestates herbarum usumque medendi

Would liefer know the might of herbs, and how men heal and save,
maluit et mutas agitare inglorius artis.

And, speeding of a silent craft, inglorious life would wear.
stabat acerba fremens ingentem nixus in hastam

Æneas, fretting bitterly, stood leaning on his spear
Aeneas magno iuuenum et maerentis Iuli

Midst a great concourse of the lords, with sad Iulus by,
concurso, lacrimis immobilis. ille retorto 400

Unmoved amid their many tears: the elder, girded high
Paeonium in morem senior succinctus amictu

In folded gown, in e'en such wise as Pæon erst was dight,

multa manu medica Phoebique potentibus herbis
 With hurrying hand speeds many a salve of Phoebus' herbs of might;
 nequiquam trepidat, nequiquam spicula dextra
 But all in vain: his right hand woos the arrow-head in vain;
 sollicitat prensatque tenaci forcipe ferrum.
 For nought the teeth of pincers grip the iron of the bane;
 nulla uiam Fortuna regit, nihil auctor Apollo 405
 No happy road will Fortune show, no help Apollo yields:
 subuenit, et saeuus campis magis ac magis horror
 And grimly terror more and more prevaileth o'er the fields,
 crebrescit propiusque malum est. iam puluere caelum
 And nigher draws the evil hour: they see the dusty pall
 stare uident: subeunt equites et spicula castris
 Spread o'er the heaven; draw horsemen nigh, and shafts begin to fall
 densa cadunt mediis. ita tristis ad aethera clamor
 Thick in the midmost of the camp: grim clamour smites the stars,
 bellantum iuuenum et duro sub Marte cadentum. 410
 The shouts of men, the cries of men that fall in game of Mars.
 Hic Venus indigno nati concussa dolore
 Now Mother Venus, sore at heart for her sore-wounded son,
 dictamnum genetrix Cretaea carpit ab Ida,
 Plucketh a stalk of dittany from Cretan Ida won,
 puberibus caulem foliis et flore comantem
 That with a downy leaf of grey and purple head doth grow,
 purpureo; non illa feris incognita capris
 And well enough the mountain-goats the herbage of it know
 gramina, cum tergo uolucres haesere sagittae. 415
 What time the winged shaft of man within them clingeth sore.
 hoc Venus obscuro faciem circumdata nimbo
 This Venus brought, with cloudy cloak her body covered o'er,
 detulit, hoc fustum labris splendentibus amnem
 This in the waves of glittering rims she steepeth privily,
 inficit occulte medicans, spargitque salubris
 Drugging the cup, and wholesome juice withal there blendeth she,
 ambrosiae sucos et odoriferam panaceam.
 Wrought of ambrosia; heal-all too most sweet of heavenly smell.
 fouit ea uulnus lymphae longaeuus Iapyx 420

So with that stream Iapis old the shaft-wound cherished well
 ignorans, subitoque omnis de corpore fugit
 Unwitting: sudden from the flesh all grievance doth depart,
 quippe dolor, omnis stetit imo uulnere sanguis.
 And all the blood is staunch'd at once up from the wound's deep
 heart,
 iamque secuta manum nullo cogente sagitta
 And comes the shaft unto the hand with nought to force it forth,
 excidit, atque nouae rediere in pristina uires.
 And freshly to the king returns his ancient might and worth.
 'arma citi properate uiro! quid statis?' Iapyx 425
 Then cries Iapis: "Loiter ye? arms for the hero then!"
 conclamat primusque animos accendit in hostem.
 And he is first against the foe to whet the hearts of men.
 'non haec humanis opibus, non arte magistra
 "Lo, not from any help of man, nor from art's mastery
 proueniunt, neque te, Aenea, mea dextera seruat:
 These things have happed, nor hath mine hand, Æneas, holpen thee.
 maior agit deus atque opera ad maiora remittit.'
 A great God wrought to send thee back great deeds of fame to win."
 ille audius pugnae suras incluserat auro 430
 Then, fain of fight, on either side the king his legs shuts in
 hinc atque hinc oditque moras hastamque coruscat.
 With ruddy gold: he loathes delay, and high his war-shaft shakes;
 postquam habilis lateri clipeus loricaque tergo est,
 And then his left side meets the shield, his back the hauberk takes,
 Ascanium fuis circum complectitur armis
 And round Iulus casteth he a steel-clad man's embrace,
 summaque per galeam delibans oscula fatur:
 And saith, but lightly kissing him from midst the helmet's space:
 'disce, puer, uirtutem ex me uerumque laborem, 435
 "Child, the bare valour learn of me and very earthly toil,
 fortunam ex aliis. nunc te mea dextera bello
 Good-hap of others; my right hand shall ward thee in the broil
 defensum dabit et magna inter praemia ducet.
 These days that are, and gain for thee exceeding great rewards;
 tu facito, mox cum matura adoleuerit aetas,

But thou, when ripe thine age shall grow, remember well the swords;
sis memor et te animo repetentem exempla tuorum

Then as thine heart seeks through the past for kin to show the road,
et pater Aeneas et auunculus excitet Hector.’ 440

Well shall thy sire Æneas stir, thine uncle Hector goad.”

Haec ubi dicta dedit, portis sese extulit ingens

But when these words are cast abroad, huge through the gate he goes,
telum immane manu quatiens; simul agmine denso

Shaking in hand a mighty spear; then in arrayment close

Antheusque Mnestheusque ruunt, omnisque relictis

Antheus and Mnestheus rush to war: the camp is left behind,

turba fluit castris. tum caeco puluere campus

And all the host flows forth; the fields are blent with dust-cloud
blind,

miscetur pulsuque pedum tremit excita tellus. 445

And, stirred by trample of the feet, the earth’s face trembleth sore.

uidit ab aduerso uenientis aggere Turnus,

But Turnus from a facing mound beheld that coming war.

uidere Ausonii, gelidusque per ima cucurrit

The Ausonians looked, and through their hearts swift ran the chilly
fear:

ossa tremor; prima ante omnis Iuturna Latinos

And now before all other men first doth Juturna hear,

audiit agnouitque sonum et tremefacta refugit.

And know the sound, and, quaking sore, she fleeth back again.

ille uolat campoque atrum rapit agmen aperto. 450

On comes he, hurrying on the host black o’er the open plain:

qualis ubi ad terras abrupto sidere nimbus

As when a storm cast on the world from heaven asunder rent,

it mare per medium (miseris, heu, praescia longe

Wendeth across the middle sea: out! how the dread is sent

horrescunt corda agricolis: dabit ille ruinas

Deep to the field-folks’ boding hearts: — here comes the orchards’
bane,

arboribus stragemque satis, ruet omnia late),

Here comes the acres’ utter wrack, the ruin of all the plain!

ante uolant sonitumque ferunt ad litora uenti: 455

The gale that goes before its face brings tidings to the shore:
talis in aduersos ductor Rhoeteius hostis
So 'gainst the foe the Trojan Duke led on his hosts of war;
agmen agit, densi cuneis se quisque coactis
And gathering in the wedge-array all knit them close around.
adglomerant. ferit ense grauem Thymbraeus Osirim,
Now hath Thymbraeus' battle-blade the huge Osiris found,
Arcetium Mnestheus, Epulonem obtruncat Achates
And Mnestheus slays Archetius, Achates Epulo,
Vfentemque Gyas; cadit ipse Tolumnius augur, 460
And Gyas Ufens: yea, the seer Tolumnius lieth low,
primus in aduersos telum qui torserat hostis.
He who was first against the foe to hurl the war-shaft out.
tollitur in caelum clamor, uersique uicissim
The cry goes up unto the heaven; the war-tide turns about,
puluerulenta fuga Rutuli dant terga per agros.
Dust-cloud of flight the Rutuli raise up across the field:
ipse neque auersos dignatur sternere morti
But he, the King, thinks scorn of it to smite the backs that yield;
nec pede congressos aequo nec tela ferentis 465
Nay, those that meet him foot to foot, the wielders of the spear,
insequitur: solum densa in caligine Turnum
He followeth not: Turnus alone his eyes track everywhere
uestigat lustrans, solum in certamina poscit.
Amid the dust-cloud, him alone he crieth unto fight.
Hoc concussa metu mentem Iuturna uirago
Hereby Juturna's manly mind is shaken with affright;
aurigam Turni media inter lora Metiscum
Metiscus, Turnus' charioteer, she plucketh from the rein,
excutit et longe lapsum temone reliquit; 470
And leaveth him fallen down afar from yoking pole and wain:
ipsa subit manibusque undantis flectit habenas
But she mounts up, and with her hand the waving bridle guides,
cuncta gerens, uocemque et corpus et arma Metisci.
The while Metiscus' voice, and limbs, and war-gear with her bides:
nigra uelut magnas domini cum diuitis aedes
As when amid a lordling's house there flits a swallow black,

peruolat et pennis alta atria lustrat hirundo

On skimming wings she seeks to still her noisy nestlings' lack,
pabula parua legens nidisque loquacibus escas, 475

And wandering through the lofty halls but little feast doth get,
et nunc porticibus uacuis, nunc umida circum

Then soundeth through the empty porch, and round the fish-pools
wet,

stagna sonat: similis medius Iuturna per hostis

So is Jaterna borne on wheels amidmost of the foe,

fertur equis rapidoque uolans obit omnia curru,

And flying on in hurrying chase by everything doth go,

iamque hic germanum iamque hic ostentat ouantem

Now here, now there, her brother shows all flushed with victory,

nec conferre manum patitur, uolat auia longe. 480

But still refrains him from the press; far o'er the waste they fly.

haud minus Aeneas tortos legit obuius orbis,

No less Æneas picks his way amid the winding road,

uestigatque uirum et disiecta per agmina magna

Tracking the man, and through the rout cries ever high and loud;

uoce uocat. quotiens oculos coniecit in hostem

But e'en as oftentimes as he his foeman caught with eye,

alipedumque fugam cursu temptauit equorum,

And 'gainst the flight of wingèd steeds his running feet would try,

auersos totiens currus Iuturna retorsit. 485

So oft the speedy wain of war Jaterna turned aside.

heu, quid agat? uario nequiquam fluctuat aestu,

Ah, what to do? In vain he went, borne on a shifting tide,

diuersaeque uocant animum in contraria curae.

While diverse cares to clashing ways the soul within him drave.

huic Messapus, uti laeua duo forte gerebat

But lo, Messapus, speedy-light, who chanced in hand to have

lenta, leuis cursu, praefixa hastilia ferro,

Two light and limber shafts of tree, each with its iron head,

horum unum certo contorquens derigit ictu. 490

Now whirling one, a shot well aimed unto the hero sped:

substitit Aeneas et se collegit in arma

Ænesis stayed, and gathered him behind his shielding-gear,

poplite subsidens; apicem tamen incita summum
And sank upon his knee; no less the eager-driven spear
hasta tulit summasque excussit uertice cristas.
Smote on his helm, and shore away the topmost of his crest
tum uero adsurgunt irae, insidiisque subactus,
Then verily his wrath arose; by all that guile oppressed,
diuersos ubi sensit equos currumque referri, ⁴⁹⁵
When he beheld the steeds and car far from his battle borne,
multa Iouem et laesi testatus foederis aras
He bade Jove witness, and the hearths of troth-plight wronged and
torn:

iam tandem inuadit medios et Marte secundo
He breaks at last amidst of them with Mars to help him on,
terribilis saeuam nullo discrimine caedem
And fearful speedeth work of death wherein he spareth none,
suscitat, irarumque omnis effundit habenas.
And casteth every rein aside that held his anger in.
Quis mihi nunc tot acerba deus, quis carmine caedes ⁵⁰⁰
What God shall tell me all the woe, what God the song shall win
diuersas obitumque ducum, quos aequore toto
Of shifting death and Dukes undone, and all those many dead,
inque uicem nunc Turnus agit, nunc Troius heros,
By Turnus and by him of Troy about the fight-field spread?
expediat? tanton placuit concurrere motu,
O Jupiter, was this thy will, that nations doomed to live
Iuppiter, aeterna gentis in pace futuras?
In peace hereafter, on that day in such a broil should strive?
Aeneas Rutulum Sucronem (ea prima ruentis ⁵⁰⁵
Rutulian Sucro was the first that Trojan onset stayed;
pugna loco statuit Teucros) haud multa morantem
Æneas met him, and forsooth no long delay he made,
excipit in latus et, qua fata celerrima, crudum
But smote his side, and through his ribs and fencing of the breast
transadigit costas et cratis pectoris ensem.
Drave on his bitter naked sword where way was easiest.
Turnus equo deiectum Amycum fratremque Dioren,
Turnus afoot met Amycus, cast down from off his horse,

congressus pedes, hunc uenientem cuspidē longa, 510
 His brother, swift Diores, too: the first amidst his course
 hunc mucrone ferit, curruque abscisa duorum
 The long spear smote, the sword the last; the heads of both the twain
 suspendit capita et rorantia sanguine portat.
 He hangeth up and beareth on shedding a bloody rain.
 ille Talon Tanaimque neci fortemque Cethegum,
 Talon and Tanais therewith, Cethegus stout to do,
 tris uno congressu, et maestum mittit Oniten,
 All three at once the Trojan sped, and sad Onytes slew,
 nomen Echionium matrisque genus Peridiaē; 515
 Whom to the name of Echion Peridia's womb did yield.
 hic fratres Lycia missos et Apollinis agris
 Then Turnus slew the brethren sent from Phoebus' Lycian field:
 et iuuenem exosum nequiquam bella Menoeten,
 Menates, too, of Arcady, who loathed the war in vain;
 Arcada, piscosae cui circum flumina Lernae
 By fruitful fishy Lerna's flood was once his life and gain,
 ars fuerat pauperque domus nec nota potentum
 And unrich house, and nought he knew of mighty men's abode,
 munera, conductaque pater tellure serebat. 520
 And hired for a price of men the earth his father sowed.
 ac uelut immissi diuersis partibus ignes
 As when two fires, that on a while are sped from diverse ways,
 arentem in siluam et uirgulta sonantia lauro,
 Run through the dry and tinder wood, and crackling twigs of bays;
 aut ubi decursu rapido de montibus altis
 As when from off the mountain-tops two hurrying rivers speed,
 dant sonitum spumosi amnes et in aequora currunt
 And foaming, roaring, as they rush, drive down to ocean's mead,
 quisque suum populatus iter: non segnus ambo 525
 And each one wastes his proper road; no slothfuller than these,
 Aeneas Turnusque ruunt per proelia; nunc, nunc
 Æneas, Turnus, fare afield; swell up the anger-seas
 fluctuat ira intus, rumpuntur nescia uinci
 In both their hearts; torn are their breasts that know not how to yield,
 pectora, nunc totis in uulnera uiribus itur.

In speeding of the wounding-craft their utter might they wield.
 Murranum hic, ataus et auorum antiqua sonantem
 Murranus, as his sires of sires and ancient name he sings,
 nomina per regesque actum genus omne Latinos, 530
 And boasts his blood come far adown the line of Latin kings,
 praecipitem scopulo atque ingentis turbine saxi
 Æneas, with a mighty rock and whirlwind of a stone,
 excutit effunditque solo; hunc lora et iuga subter
 O'erthrows, and stretches on the earth; the wain-wheels roll him on,
 prouoluere rotæ, crebro super ungula pulsu
 Amid the bridle and the yoke, whom there upon the sward
 incita nec domini memorum proculcat equorum.
 The hurrying hoofs of horses pound, remembering not their lord.
 ille ruenti Hyllō animisque immane frementi 535
 Then Hyllus' onset, and his heart with fury all aglow,
 occurrit telumque aurata ad tempora torquet:
 Doth Turnus meet; who hurls a shaft against his golden brow,
 olli per galeam fixo stetit hasta cerebro.
 And through the helm the war-spear flies, and in the brain is stayed.
 dextera nec tua te, Graium fortissime Cretheu,
 Thee, Cretheus, bravest of the Greeks, thine hands did nothing aid
 eripuit Turno, nec di texere Cupencum
 To snatch from Turnus. Nought his Gods did their Cupencus cloak
 Aenea ueniente sui: dedit obuia ferro 540
 Against Æneas' rush of war; breast-on he met the stroke,
 pectora, nec misero clipei mora profuit aerei.
 And nought availed that hapless one the tarrying golden shield.
 te quoque Laurentes uiderunt, Aeole, campi
 Thee also, warring Æolus, did that Laurentine field
 oppetere et late terram consternere tergo.
 See fallen, and cumbering the earth with body laid alow;
 occidis, Argiuae quem non potuere phalanges
 Thou diest, whom the Argive hosts might never overthrow,
 sternere nec Priami regnorum euersor Achilles; 545
 Nor that Achilles' hand that wrought the Priam's realm its wrack.
 hic tibi mortis erant metae, domus alta sub Ida,
 Here was thy meted mortal doom; high house 'neath Ida's back,

Lyrnesi domus alta, solo Laurente sepulcrum.
High house within Lyrnessus' garth, grave in Laurentine lea.
totae adeo conuersae acies omnesque Latini,
Now all the hosts to fight are turned, and blent in battle's sea,
omnes Dardanidae, Mnestheus acerque Serestus
All Latin folk, all Dardan sons, Mnestheus, Serestus keen,
et Messapus equum domitor et fortis Asilas 550
Messapus tamer of the horse, Asylas fame-beseen,
Tuscorumque phalanx Euandrique Arcades alae,
The Tuscan host, Evander's men, the Arcadian wings of fight,
pro se quisque uiri summa nituntur opum ui;
Each for himself the warriors play, and strive with utter might;
nec mora nec requies, uasto certamine tendunt.
No tarrying, no rest, they strain in contest measureless.
Hic mentem Aeneae genetrix pulcherrima misit
But now a thought his mother sent Æneas' mind to bless.
iret ut ad muros urbique aduerteret agmen 555
That he should wend unto the walls, and townward turn his host,
ocius et subita turbaret clade Latinos.
And blend amid destruction swift the Latin people lost.
ille ut uestigans diuersa per agmina Turnum
For he, now marking Turnus' ways through many a company,
huc atque huc acies circumtulit, aspicit urbem
Hither and thither turns his eyes, and sees the city lie
immunem tanti belli atque impune quietam.
At peace amid the mighty stir, unharmed amid the fight,
continuo pugnae accendit maioris imago: 560
And image of a greater war set all his soul alight.
Mnesthea Sergestumque uocat fortemque Serestum
Mnestheus, Sergestus then he calls, Serestus battle-strong,
ductores, tumulumque capit quo cetera Teucrum
The Dukes of war; he mounts a knoll; thither the Teucrians throng
concurrit legio, nec scuta aut spicula densi
In serried ranks, yet lay not by the battle-spear and shield:
deponunt. celso medius stans aggere fatur:
So there from off the mound he speaks amidmost of the field:
'ne qua meis esto dictis mora, Iuppiter hac stat, 565

"Let none hang back from these my words, for Jove is standing by;
 neu quis ob inceptum subitum mihi segnior ito.
 Let none be dull herein because it cometh suddenly:
 urbem hodie, causam belli, regna ipsa Latini,
 Today the town, the cause of war, the king Latinus' home,
 ni frenum accipere et uicti parere fatentur,
 Unless they cry them craven men, and 'neath the yoke they come,
 eruam et aequa solo fumantia culmina ponam.
 Will I o'erthrow; the smoking towers upon the ground will lay.
 scilicet exspectem libeat dum proelia Turno 570
 What! must I wait till Turnus grows fain of the battle-play?
 nostra pati rursusque uelit concurrere uictus?
 And shall he, conquered, take his ease to fight me o'er and o'er?
 hoc caput, o ciues, haec belli summa nefandi.
 O fellows, this is head and well of all the wicked war.
 ferte faces prope foedusque repositae flammis.'
 Haste with the torches, set we forth the troth with fire to find!"
 dixerat, atque animis pariter certantibus omnes
 He spake; but all they set to work, and striving with one mind
 dant cuneum densaque ad muros mole feruntur; 575
 Knit close their ranks, and on the town a world of battle bear:
 scalae improviso subitusque apparuit ignis.
 Unlooked-for ladders are at hand, and sudden fires appear;
 discurrunt alii ad portas primosque trucidant,
 While some they run unto the gates, and there the out-guards slay,
 ferrum alii torquent et obumbrant aethera telis.
 Or hurl the spears, and with their cloud dim down the light of day.
 ipse inter primos dextram sub moenia tendit
 Æneas, in the front of men, lifts hand unto the walls,
 Aeneas, magnaue incusat uoce Latinum 580
 And in a great and mighty voice guilt on Latinus calls,
 testaturque deos iterum se ad proelia cogi,
 And bids the Gods to witness him twice to the battle driven,
 bis iam Italos hostis, haec altera foedera rumpi.
 Italians twice become his foes, and twice the treaty riven.
 exoritur trepidos inter discordia ciuis:
 But mid the turmoiled city-folk arose the bickering then,

urbem alii reserare iubent et pandere portas
Some bade unbar and open gates unto the Dardan men;
Dardanidis ipsumque trahunt in moenia regem; 585
Yea, some unto the walls would drag their very king and lord;
arma ferunt alii et pergunt defendere muros,
But some bear arms and go their ways the walls of war to ward:
inclusas ut cum latebroso in pumice pastor
E'en as the shepherd finds the bees shut in, a fencèd folk,
uestigauit apes fumoque impleuit amaro;
In chinky pumice rock, and fills their house with bitter smoke;
illae intus trepidae rerum per cerea castra
But they, all busy-fearful grown within their waxen wall,
discurrunt magnisque acuunt stridoribus iras; 590
Run here and there and whet their wrath with mighty humming call:
uoluitur ater odor tectis, tum murmure caeco
The black stink rolleth through their house, and with a murmuring
blind
intus saxa sonant, uacuas it fumus ad auras.
The stony hollows moan: the reek the empty air doth find.
Accidit haec fessis etiam fortuna Latinis,
Here on the weary Latins fell another stroke of fate,
quae totam luctu concussit funditus urbem.
That moved the city deep adown with sorrow sore and great;
regina ut tectis uenientem prospicit hostem, 595
For when the Queen from house aloft beheld the foe draw nigh,
incessi muros, ignis ad tecta uolare,
The walls beset, the flaming brands unto the house-roofs fly,
nusquam acies contra Rutulas, nulla agmina Turni,
And nowhere the Rutulian ranks or Turnus' warring host,
infelix pugnae iuuenem in certamine credit
The hapless woman deems the youth in stress of battle lost,
extinctum et subito mentem turbata dolore
And, all bewildered in her mind by these so sudden woes,
se causam clamat crimenque caputque malorum, 600
Curses herself for head and spring whence all the evil flows;
multaque per maestum demens effata furorem
And crying many a bitter word, and mad with sorrow grown,

purpureos moritura manu discindit amictus
She riveth with her dying hand the queenly purple gown,
et nodum informis leti trabe nectit ab alta.
And knits the knot of loathly death from lofty beam on high.
quam cladem miserae postquam acceperere Latinae,
But when the wretched Latin wives know all this misery,
filia prima manu flauos Lauinia crinis 605
Her daughter first, Lavinia, wastes the blossom of her hair,
et roseas laniata genas, tum cetera circum
And wounds her rosy cheeks; then they that stood about her there
turba furit, resonant late plangoribus aedes.
Run wild about, and all the house resoundeth with their wail.
hinc totam infelix uulgatur fama per urbem:
Thence through the city flies the sound of that unhappy tale,
demittunt mentes, it scissa ueste Latinus
And all hearts sink: Latinus goes with raiment rent and torn,
coniugis attonitus fatis urbisque ruina, 610
Stunned by his wife's unhappy lot, and city lost and lorn,
canitiem immundo perfusam puluere turpans.
And scattering o'er his hoariness defilement of the dust;
Multaque se incusat, qui non acceperit ante
And often he upbraids himself that he took not to trust
Dardanium Aenean generumque adsciuerit ultro.
That Dardan lord, nor willingly had hallowed him his son.
Interea extremo bellator in aequore Turnus 614
Meanwhile across the outer plain war-Turnus followeth on
palantis sequitur paucos iam segnior atque
The last few stragglers, duller grown, and less and less his heart
iam minus atque minus successu laetus equorum.
Rejoices in his hurrying steed and their victorious part.
attulit hunc illi caecis terroribus aura
The air bore to him noise of men with doubtful terror blent,
commixtum clamorem, arrectasque impulit auris
And round about his hearkening ears confusèd murmur sent;
confusae sonus urbis et inlaetabile murmur.
The noise of that turmoiled town, a sound of nought but woe:
'ei mihi! quid tanto turbantur moenia luctu? 620

“Ah, me!” he cried, “what mighty grief stirs up the city so?
quisue ruit tantus diuersa clamor ab urbe?”

Why from the walls now goeth up this cry and noise afar?”
sic ait, adductisque amens subsistit habenis.

He spake, and, wildered, drew the rein and stayed the battle-car:
atque huic, in faciem soror ut conuersa Metisci

His sister met his questioning, as she in seeming clad
aurigae currumque et equos et lora regebat,

Of that Metiscus, all the rule of battle-chariot had,
talibus occurrit dictis: ‘hac, Turne, sequamur 625

And steeds and bridle: “Hereaway, O Turnus, drive we on
Troiuigenas, qua prima uiam uictoria pandit;

The sons of Troy; where victory shows a road that may be won:
sunt alii qui tecta manu defendere possint.

For other hands there are, belike, the houses to defend.
ingruit Aeneas Italis et proelia miscet,

Æneas falls on Italy, and there doth battle blend;
et nos saeua manu mittamus funera Teucris.

So let our hands give cruel death to Teucrian men this day,
nec numero inferior pugnae neque honore recedes.’ 630

No less in tale: so shalt thou hold thine honour in the fray.”
Turnus ad haec:

But Turnus sayeth thereunto:

‘o soror, et dudum agnoui, cum prima per artem

“Sister, I knew thee long ago, when first by art and craft
foedera turbasti teque haec in bella dedisti,

Thou brok’st the troth-plight, and therewith amidst the battle went;
et nunc nequiquam fallis dea. sed quis Olympo

And now thou hidest God in vain. But whose will thee hath sent
demissam tantos uoluit te ferre labores? 635

From high Olympus’ house to bear such troubles, and so great?
an fratris miseri letum ut crudele uideres?

Was it to see thy brother’s end and most unhappy fate?

nam quid ago? aut quae iam spondet Fortuna salutem?

For what do I? What heal is left in aught that may befall?

uidi oculos ante ipse meos me uoce uocantem

Mine eyes beheld Murranus die, on me I heard him call:

Murranum, quo non superat mihi carior alter,
No dearer man in all the world is left me for a friend:
oppetere ingentem atque ingenti uulnere uictum. 640
Woe's me I that mighty man of men a mighty death must end.
occidit infelix ne nostrum dedecus Vfers
Ufers is dead, unhappy too lest he our shame behold;
aspiceret; Teucri potiuntur corpore et armis.
E'en as I speak the Teucrians ward his arms and body cold.
exscindine domos (id rebus defuit unum)
And now — the one shame wanting yet — shall I stand deedless by
perpetiar, dextra nec Drancis dicta refellam?
Their houses' wrack, nor let my sword cast back that Drances' lie?
terga dabo et Turnum fugientem haec terra uidebit? 645
Shall I give back, and shall this land see craven Turnus fled?
usque adeone mori miserum est? uos o mihi, Manes,
Is death, then, such a misery? O rulers of the dead,
este boni, quoniam superis auersa uoluntas.
Be kind! since now the high God's heart is turned away from me;
sancta ad uos anima atque istius inscia culpae
A hallowed soul I go adown, guiltless of infamy,
descendam magnorum haud umquam indignus auorum.'
Not all unworthy of the great, my sires of long ago."
Vix ea fatus erat: medios uolat ecce per hostis 650
Scarce had he said when, here behold, from midmost of the foe,
uectus equo spumante Saces, aduersa sagitta
Comes Saces on his foaming steed, an arrow in his face,
saucius ora, ruitque implorans nomine Turnum:
Who, crying prayers on Turnus' name, onrusheth to the place:
'Turne, in te suprema salus, miserere tuorum.
"Turnus, in thee our last hope lies! pity thy wretched folk!
fulminat Aeneas armis summasque minatur
Æneas thundereth battle there, and threateneth with his stroke
deiecturum arces Italum excidioque daturum, 655
The overthrow of tower and town, and wrack of Italy.
iamque faces ad tecta uolant. in te ora Latini,
The flames are flying toward the roofs; all mouths of Latins cry
in te oculos referunt; mussat rex ipse Latinus

On thee; all eyes are turned to thee: yea, the king wavereth there,
quos generos uocet aut quae sese ad foedera flectat.

Whom shall he call his son-in-law, to whom for friendship fare.
praeterea regina, tui fidissima, dextra

The Queen to wit, thy faithfullest, is dead by her own hand,
occidit ipsa sua lucemque exterrita fugit. 660

And, fearful of the things to come, hath left the daylight land.
soli pro portis Messapus et acer Atinas

Messapus and Atinas keen alone upbear our might
sustenant acies. circum hos utrimque phalanges

Before the gates: round each of them are gathered hosts of fight
stant densae strictisque seges mucronibus horret

Thick-thronging, and a harvest-tide that bristles with the sword;
ferrea; tu currum deserto in gramine uersas.’

While here thou wendest car about the man-deserted sward.”
obstupuit uaria confusus imagine rerum 665

Bewildered then with images of diverse things he stood
Turnus et obtutu tacito stetit; aestuat ingens

In silent stare; and in his heart upswelled a mighty flood
uno in corde pudor mixtoque insania luctu

Of mingled shame and maddening grief: the Furies goaded sore
et furiis agitatus amor et conscia uirtus.

With bitter love and valour tried and known from time of yore.
ut primum discussae umbrae et lux reddita menti,

But when the cloud was shaken off and light relit his soul,
ardentis oculorum orbis ad moenia torsit 670

His burning eyeballs toward the town, fierce-hearted, did he roll,
turbidus eque rotis magnam respexit ad urbem.

And from the wheels of war looked back unto the mighty town;
Ecce autem flammis inter tabulata uolutus

And lo, behold, a wave of flame into a tongue-shape grown
ad caelum undabat uertex turrimque tenebat,

Licked round a tower, and ‘twixt its floors rolled upward unto
heaven:

turrim compactis trabibus quam eduxerat ipse

A tower that he himself had reared with timbers closely driven,
subdideratque rotas pontisque instrauerat altos. 675

And set beneath it rolling-gear, and dight the bridges high.
'iam iam fata, soror, superant, absiste morari;
"Now, sister, now the Fates prevail! no more for tarrying try.
quo deus et quo dura uocat Fortuna sequamur.
Nay, let us follow where the God, where hard Fate calleth me!
stat conferre manum Aeneae, stat, quidquid acerbi est,
Doomed am I to Æneas' hand; doomed, howso sore it be,
morte pati, neque me indecorem, germana, uidebis
To die the death; ah, sister, now thou seest me shamed no more:
amplius. hunc, oro, sine me furere ante furorem.' 680
Now let me wear the fury through ere yet my time is o'er."
dixit, et e curru saltum dedit ocus aruis
He spake, and from the chariot leapt adown upon the mead,
perque hostis, per tela ruit maestamque sororem
And left his sister lone in grief amidst the foe to speed,
deserit ac rapido cursu media agmina rumpit.
Amidst the spears, and breaketh through the midmost press of fight,
ac ueluti montis saxum de uertice praeceps
E'en as a headlong stone sweeps down from off the mountain-height,
cum ruit auulsum uento, seu turbidus imber 685
Torn by the wind; or drifting rain hath washed it from its hold,
proluit aut annis soluit sublapsa uetustas;
Or loosed, maybe, it slippeth down because the years grow old:
fertur in abruptum magno mons improbus actu
Wild o'er the cliffs with mighty leap goes down that world of stone,
exsultatque solo, siluas armenta uirosque
And bounds o'er earth, and woods and herds and men-folk rolleth on
inuoluens secum: disiecta per agmina Turnus
Amidst its wrack: so Turnus through the broken battle broke
sic urbis ruit ad muros, ubi plurima fuso 690
Unto the very city-walls, where earth was all a-soak
sanguine terra madet striduntque hastilibus aerae,
With plenteous blood, and air beset with whistling of the shafts;
significatque manu et magno simul incipit ore:
There with his hand he maketh sign, and mighty speech he wafts:
'parcite iam, Rutuli, et uos tela inhibete, Latini.
"Forbear, Rutulians! Latin men, withhold the points of fight!

quaecumque est fortuna, mea est; me uerius unum
Whatever haps, the hap is mine; I, I alone, of right
pro uobis foedus luere et decernere ferro.' 695
Should cleanse you of the broken troth, and doom of sword-edge
face."

discessere omnes medii spatiumque dedere.
So from the midst all men depart, and leave an empty space;
At pater Aeneas audito nomine Turni
But now the Father Æneas hath hearkened Turnus' name,
deserit et muros et summas deserit arces
And backward from the walls of war and those high towers he came.
praecipitatque moras omnis, opera omnia rumpit
He casts away all tarrying, sets every deed aside,
laetitia exsultans horrendumque intonat armis: 700
And thundering in his battle-gear rejoicing doth he stride:
quantus Athos aut quantus Eryx aut ipse coruscis
As Athos great, as Eryx great, great as when roaring goes
cum fremit ilicibus quantus gaudetque niuali
Amid the quaking oaken woods and glory lights the snows,
uertice se attollens pater Appenninus ad auras.
And Father Apennine uprears his head amidst the skies.
iam uero et Rutuli certatim et Troes et omnes
Then Trojan and Rutulian men turn thither all their eyes,
conuertere oculos Itali, quique alta tenebant 705
And all the folk of Italy, and they that hold the wall,
moenia quique imos pulsabant ariete muros,
And they that drive against its feet the battering engines' fall
armaque deposuere umeris. stupet ipse Latinus
All men do off their armour then. Amazed Latinus stands
ingentis, genitos diuersis partibus orbis,
To see two mighty heroes, born in such wide-sundered lands.
inter se coiisse uiros et cernere ferro.
Meet thus to try what deed of doom in meeting swords may be.
atque illi, ut uacuo patuerunt aequore campi, 710
But they, when empty space is cleared amid the open lea,
procursu rapido coniectis eminus hastis
Set each on each in speedy wise, and with their war-spears hurled

inuadunt Martem clipeis atque aere sonoro.

Amid the clash of shield and brass break into Mavors' world;
dat gemitum tellus; tum crebros ensibus ictus

Then groaneth earth; then comes the hail of sword-strokes thick and fast,

congeminant, fors et uirtus miscetur in unum.

And in one blended tangle now are luck and valour cast:

ac uelut ingenti Sila summoue Taburno 715

As when on mighty Sila's side, or on Taburnus height,

cum duo conuersis inimica in proelia tauri

Two bulls with pushing horny brows are mingled in the fight:

frontibus incurrunt, pauidi cessere magistri,

The frightened herdsmen draw aback, and all the beasts are dumb

stat pecus omne metu mutum, mussantque iuuencae

For utter fear; the heifers too misdoubt them what shall come,

quis nemori imperitet, quem tota armenta sequantur;

Who shall be master of the grove and leader of the flock;

illi inter sese multa ui uulnera miscent 720

But each on each they mingle wounds with fearful might of shock,

cornuaque obnixa infigunt et sanguine largo

And gore and push home fencing horns, and with abundant blood

colla armosque lauant, gemitu nemus omne remugit:

Bathe neck and shoulder, till the noise goes bellowing through the wood;

non aliter Tros Aeneas et Daunius heros

E'en so Æneas out of Troy, and he, the Daunian man,

concurrunt clipeis, ingens fragor aethera complet.

Smite shield on shield; and mighty clash through all the heavens there ran.

Iuppiter ipse duas aequato examine lances 725

'Tis Jupiter who holds the scales 'twixt even-poised tongue;

sustinet et fata imponit diuersa duorum,

There in the balance needfully their sundered fates he hung,

quem damnet labor et quo uergat pondere letum.

Which one the battle-pain shall doom, in which the death shall lie.

Emicat hic impune putans et corpore toto

Now Turnus deems him safe, and forth with sword upreared on high,

alte sublatum consurgit Turnus in ensem
 He springs, and all his body strains, and rises to the stroke,
 et ferit; exclamant Troes trepidique Latini, 730
 And smites: the Trojans cry aloud, and eager Latin folk,
 arrectaeque amborum acies. at perfidus ensis
 And both hosts hang 'twixt hope and fear: but lo, the treacherous
 sword
 frangitur in medioque ardentem deserit ictu,
 Breaks in the middle of the blow and leaves its fiery lord: —
 ni fuga subsidio subeat. fugit ocior Euro
 And if the flight shall fail him now! — Swift as the East he flees
 ut capulum ignotum dextramque aspexit inermem.
 When in his right hand weaponless an unknown hilt he sees.
 fama est praecipitem, cum prima in proelia iunctos 735
 They say, that when all eager-hot he clomb his yokèd car
 conscendebat equos, patrio mucrone relicto,
 In first of fight, that then he left his father's blade of war,
 dum trepidat, ferrum aurigae rapuisse Metisci;
 And caught in hand his charioteer Metiscus' battle-glaive;
 idque diu, dum terga dabant palantia Teucri,
 And that was well while Trojan fleers backs to the smiting gave,
 suffecit; postquam arma dei ad Volcania umentum est,
 But when they meet Vulcanian arms, the very God's device,
 mortalis mucro glacies ceu futilis ictu 740
 Then shivereth all the mortal blade e'en as the foolish ice;
 dissiluit, fulua resplendent fragmina harena.
 And there upon the yellow sand the glittering splinters lie.
 ergo amens diuersa fuga petit aequora Turnus
 So diversely about the field doth wildered Turnus fly,
 et nunc huc, inde huc incertos implicat orbis;
 And here and there in winding ways he doubleth up and down,
 undique enim densa Teucri includere corona
 For thick all round about the lists was drawn the Teucrian crown:
 atque hinc uasta palus, hinc ardua moenia cingunt. 745
 By wide marsh here, by high walls there, his fleeing was begirt.
 Nec minus Aeneas, quamquam tardata sagitta
 Nor less Æneas, howsoe'er, hampered by arrow-hurt,

interdum genua impediunt cursumque recusant,
His knees might hinder him at whiles and fail him as he ran,
insequitur trepidique pedem pede feruidus urget:
Yet foot for foot all eagerly followed the hurrying man;
inclusum ueluti si quando flumine nactus
As when a hound hath caught a hart hemmed by the river's ring,
ceruum aut puniceae saeptum formidine pennae 750
Or hedged about by empty fear of crimson-feathered string,
uenator cursu canis et latratibus instat;
And swift of foot and baying loud goes following up the flight;
ille autem insidiis et ripa territus alta
But he, all fearful of the snare and of the flood-bank's height,
mille fugit refugitque uias, at uiuidus Vmber
Doubles and turns a thousand ways, while open-mouthed and
staunch
haeret hians, iam iamque tenet similisque tenenti
The Umbrian keen sticks hard at heel, and now, now hath his
haunch,
increpuit malis morsuque elusus inani est; 755
Snapping his jaws as though he gripped, and, mocked, but biteth air.
tum uero exoritur clamor ripaeque lacusque
Then verily the cry arose; the bank, the spreading mere,
responsant circa et caelum tonat omne tumultu.
Rang back about, and tumult huge ran shattering through the sky.
ille simul fugiens Rutulos simul increpat omnis
But Turnus as he fled cried out on all his Rutuli,
nomine quemque uocans notumque efflagitat ensem.
And, calling each man by his name, craved his familiar blade.
Aeneas mortem contra praesensque minatur 760
Meanwhile Æneas threateneth death if any come to aid,
exitium, si quisquam adeat, terretque trementis
And swift destruction: and their souls with fearful threats doth fill
excisurum urbem minitans et saucius instat.
Of city ruined root and branch; and, halting, followeth still.
quinque orbis explent cursu totidemque retexunt
Five rings of flight their running fills, and back the like they wend:
huc illuc; neque enim leuia aut ludicra petuntur

Nought light nor gamesome is the prize for which their feet contend,
 praemia, sed Turni de uita et sanguine certant. 765
 For there they strive in running-game for Turnus' life and blood.
 Forte sacer Fauno foliis oleaster amaris
 By hap hard by an olive wild of bitter leaves there stood,
 hic steterat, nautis olim uenerabile lignum,
 Hallowed to Faunus, while agone a most well-worshipped tree,
 seruati ex undis ubi figere dona solebant
 Whereon to that Laurentian God the sailors saved from sea
 Laurenti diuo et uotas suspendere uestis;
 Would set their gifts, and hang therefrom their garments vowed at
 need.
 sed stirpem Teucris nullo discrimine sacrum 770
 But now the Teucrian men of late had lopped with little heed
 sustulerant, puro ut possent concurrere campo.
 That holy stem, that they might make the lists of battle clear:
 hic hasta Aeneae stabat, huc impetus illam
 And there Æneas' war-spear stood; his might had driven it there,
 detulerat fixam et lenta radice tenebat.
 And held it now, set hard and fast in stubborn root and stout:
 incubuit uoluitque manu conuellere ferrum
 The Dardan son bent o'er it now to pluck the weapon out,
 Dardanides, teloque sequi quem prendere cursu 775
 That he might follow him with shot whom running might not take.
 non poterat. tum uero amens formidine Turnus
 But Turnus, wildered with his fear, cried out aloud and spake:
 'Faune, precor, miserere' inquit 'tuque optima ferrum
 "O Faunus, pity me, I pray! and thou, O kindest Earth,
 Terra tene, colui uestros si semper honores,
 Hold thou the steel for me, who still have worshipped well thy worth,
 quos contra Aeneadae bello fecere profanos.'
 Which ever those Ænean folk with battle would profane!"
 dixit, opemque dei non cassa in uota uocauit. 780
 He spake, and called the God to aid with vows not made in vain;
 namque diu luctans lentoque in stirpe moratus
 For o'er the tough tree tarrying long, struggling with utter might,
 uiribus haud ullis ualuit discludere morsus

No whit Æneas could undo the gripping woody bite.
 roboris Aeneas. dum nititur acer et instat,
 But while he struggleth hot and hard, and hangeth o'er the spear,
 rursus in aurigae faciem mutata Metisci
 Again the Daunian Goddess, clad in shape of charioteer
 procurrit fratrique ensem dea Daunia reddit. 785
 Metiscus, Turnus' trusty sword unto his hand doth speed.
 quod Venus audaci nymphae indignata licere
 But Venus, wrathful that the Nymph might dare so bold a deed,
 accessit telumque alta ab radice reuellit.
 Came nigh, and from the deep-set root the shaft of battle drew.
 olli sublimes armis animisque refecti,
 So they, high-hearted, stored with hope and battle-gear anew,
 hic gladio fidens, hic acer et arduus hasta,
 One trusting in his sword, and one fierce with his spear on high,
 adsistunt contra certamina Martis anhelii. 790
 Stand face to face, the glorious game of panting Mars to try.
 Iunonem interea rex omnipotentis Olympi
 Meanwhile the King of Heaven the great thus unto Juno saith,
 adloquitur fulua pugnas de nube tuentem:
 As from a ruddy cloud she looked upon the game of death:
 'quae iam finis erit, coniunx? quid denique restat?
 "What then shall end it, O my wife? what deed is left thine hand?
 indigetem Aenean scis ipsa et scire fateris
 That Heaven shall gain Æneas yet, a Godhead of the land,
 deberi caelo fatisque ad sidera tolli. 795
 That Fate shall bear him to the stars thou know'st and hast allowed:
 quid struis? aut qua spe gelidis in nubibus haeres?
 What dost thou then, or hoping what hang'st thou in chilly cloud?
 mortalin decuit uiolari uulnere diuum?
 What! was it right that mortal wound a God's own flesh should
 wrong?
 aut ensem (quid enim sine te Iuturna ualeret?)
 Right to give Turnus — but for thee how was Iuturna strong? —
 ereptum reddi Turno et uim crescere uictis?
 The sword he lost? or vanquished men, to give their might increase?
 desine iam tandem precibusque inflectere nostris, 800

I prithee yield unto my prayers, and from thy troubling cease.
 ne te tantus edit tacitam dolor et mihi curae
 Let not thine hushed grief eat thine heart, or bitter words of care
 saepe tuo dulci tristes ex ore recursent.
 So often from thy sweetest mouth the soul within me wear.
 uentum ad supremum est. terris agitare uel undis
 The goal is reached: thou hast availed o'er earth and sea to drive
 Troianos potuisti, infandum accendere bellum,
 The Trojan men; to strike the spark of wicked war alive;
 deformare domum et luctu miscere hymenaeos: 805
 To foul their house, and woe and grief mid wedding-feast to bear,
 ulterius temptare ueto.' sic Iuppiter orsus;
 And now I bid thee hold thine hand." Thuswise said Jupiter,
 sic dea summisso contra Saturnia uultu:
 And with a downcast countenance spake that Satumian Queen:
 'ista quidem quia nota mihi tua, magne, uoluntas,
 "Well have I known, great Jupiter, all that thy will hath been,
 Iuppiter, et Turnum et terras inuita reliqui;
 And Turnus and the worldly land loth have I left alone,
 nec tu me aeria solam nunc sede uideres 810
 Else nowise should'st thou see me bear, sole on this airy throne,
 digna indigna pati, sed flammis cincta sub ipsa
 Things meet and unmeet: flame-begirt the war-ranks would I gain,
 starem acie traheremque inimica in proelia Teucros.
 And drag the host of Trojans on to battle and their bane.
 Iuturnam misero (fateor) succurrere fratri
 Iuturna! — yes, I pitied her, and bade her help to bear
 suasi et pro uita maiora audere probaui,
 Unto her brother; good, methought, for life great things to dare;
 non ut tela tamen, non ut contenderet arcum; 815
 But nought I bade her to the shaft or bending of the bow,
 adiuro Stygii caput implacabile fontis,
 This swear I by the ruthless well, the Stygian overflow,
 una superstitio superis quae reddita diuis.
 The only holy thing there is that weighs on Godhead's oath.
 et nunc cedo equidem pugnasque exosa relinquo.
 And now indeed I yield the place, and leave the fight I loathe.

illud te, nulla fati quod lege tenetur,
 But one thing yet I ask of thee, held in no fateful yoke;
 pro Latio obtestor, pro maiestate tuorum: 820
 For Latium's sake I pray therefore, and glory of thy folk:
 cum iam conubiis pacem felicibus (esto)
 When they at last — so be it now! — pledge peace mid bridal kind,
 component, cum iam leges et foedera iungent,
 When they at last join law to law, and loving treaty bind,
 ne uetus indigenas nomen mutare Latinos
 Let them not change their ancient name, those earth-born Latin men,
 neu Troas fieri iubeas Teucrosque uocari
 Nor turn them into Trojan folk, or call them Teucrians then:
 aut uocem mutare uiros aut uertere uestem. 825
 Let not that manfolk shift their tongue, or cast their garb aside;
 sit Latium, sint Albani per saecula reges,
 Let Latium and the Alban kings through many an age abide,
 sit Romana potens Italia uirtute propago:
 And cherish thou the Roman stem with worth of Italy:
 occidit, occideritque sinas cum nomine Troia.'
 Troy-town is dead: Troy and its name for ever let them die!"
 olli subridens hominum rerumque repertor:
 The Fashioner of men and things spake, smiling in her face:
 'es germana Iouis Saturnique altera proles, 830
 "Yea, Jove's own sister; second branch forsooth, of Saturn's race!
 irarum tantos uoluis sub pectore fluctus.
 Such are the mighty floods of wrath thou rollest in thy breast.
 uerum age et inceptum frustra summitte furorem:
 But this thine anger born for nought, I prithee let it rest:
 do quod uis, et me uictusque uolensque remitto.
 I give thine asking; conquered now I yield me, and am glad:
 sermonem Ausonii patrium moresque tenebunt,
 The Ausonian men shall keep the tongue and ways their fathers had,
 utque est nomen erit; commixti corpore tantum 835
 And as their name is shall it be: only in body blent
 subsident Teucri. morem ritusque sacrorum
 Amidst them shall the Teucrians sink; from me shall rites be sent,
 adiciam faciamque omnis uno ore Latinos.

And holy things, and they shall be all Latins of one tongue.
 hinc genus Ausonio mixtum quod sanguine surget,
 Hence shalt thou see a blended race from blood Ausonian sprung,
 supra homines, supra ire deos pietate uidebis,
 Whose godliness shall outgo men, outgo the Gods above;
 nec gens ulla tuos aequae celebrabit honores.' 840
 Nor any folk of all the world so well thy worth shall love."
 adnuat his Iuno et mentem laetata retorsit;
 So gladdened Juno's heart was turned, and yea-saying she bowed,
 interea excedit caelo nubemque relinquit.
 And so departed from the sky and left her watching-cloud.
 His actis aliud genitor secum ipse uoluit
 Another thing the Father now within him turneth o'er,
 Iuturnamque parat fratris dimittere ab armis.
 What wise Juturna he shall part from her lost brother's war:
 dicuntur geminae pestes cognomine Dirae, 845
 Two horrors are there that are called the Dreadful Ones by name,
 quas et Tartaream Nox intempesta Megaeram
 Whom with Megæra of the Pit at one birth and the same
 uno eodemque tulit partu, paribusque reuinxit
 Untimely Night brought forth of yore, and round about them twined
 serpentum spiris uentosasque addidit alas.
 Like coils of serpents, giving them great wings to hold the wind:
 hae Iouis ad solium saeuique in limine regis
 About Jove's throne, and close anigh the Stern King's threshold-
 stead,
 apparent acuuntque metum mortalibus aegris, 850
 Do these attend, in sick-heart men to whet the mortal dread,
 si quando letum horrificum morbosque deum rex
 Whenso the King-God fashions forth fell death and dire disease,
 molitur, meritas aut bello territat urbes.
 Or smites the guilty cities doomed with battle miseries.
 harum unam celerem demisit ab aethere summo
 Now one of these sent Jupiter swift from the heavenly place,
 Iuppiter inque omen Iuturnae occurrere iussit:
 And bade her for a sign of doom to cross Juturna's face.
 illa uolat celerique ad terram turbine fertur. 855

So borne upon a whirl of wind to earth the swift one flies,
 non secus ac neruo per nubem impulsa sagitta,
 E'en as an arrow from the string is driven amid the skies,
 armatam saeui Parthus quam felle ueneni,
 Which headed with the venom fell a Parthian man hath shot, —
 Parthus siue Cydon, telum immedicabile, torsit,
 Parthian, Cydonian, it may be, — the hurt that healeth not;
 stridens et celeris incognita transilit umbras:
 Its hidden whirring sweepeth through the drifting misty flow:
 talis se sata Nocte tulit terrasque petiuit. 860
 So fared the Daughter of the Night, and sought the earth below.
 postquam acies uidet Iliacas atque agmina Turni,
 But when she saw the Ilian hosts and Turnus' battle-rank,
 alitis in paruae subitam collecta figuram,
 Then sudden into puny shape her body huge she shrank,
 quae quondam in bustis aut culminibus desertis
 A fowl that sits on sepulchres, and desert roofs alone
 nocte sedens serum canit importuna per umbras —
 In the dead night, and through the mirk singeth her ceaseless moan;
 hanc uersa in faciem Turni se pestis ob ora 865
 In such a shape this bane of men met Turnus' face in field,
 fertque refertque sonans clipeumque euerberat alis.
 And, screeching, hovered to and fro, and flapped upon his shield:
 illi membra nouus soluit formidine torpor,
 Strange heaviness his body seized, consuming him with dread,
 arrectaeque horrore comae et uox faucibus haesit.
 His hair stood up, and in his jaws his voice lay hushed and dead.
 At procul ut Dirae stridorem agnouit et alas,
 But when afar Iuturna knew the Dread One's whirring wings,
 infelix crinis scindit Iuturna solutos 870
 The hapless sister tears her hair and loose its tresses flings,
 unguibus ora soror foedans et pectora pugnīs:
 Fouling her face with tearing nails, her breast with beat of hand.
 'quid nunc te tua, Turne, potest germana iuuare?
 "How may my help, O Turnus, now beside my brother stand?
 aut quid iam durae superat mihi? qua tibi lucem
 How may I harden me 'gainst this? by what craft shall I stay

arte morer? talin possum me opponere monstro?
Thy light of life? how cast myself in such a monster's way?
iam iam linquo acies. ne me terrete timentem, 875
Now, now I leave the battle-field; fright not the filled with fear,
obscae uolucres: alarum uerbera nosco
O birds of ill! full well I know your flapping wings in air,
letalemque sonum, nec fallunt iussa superba
And baneful sound. Thy mastering will I know it holdeth good,
magnanimi Iouis. haec pro uirginitate reponit?
O Jove the great! — was this the gift thou gav'st for maidenhood?
quo uitam dedit aeternam? cur mortis adempta est
Why give me everlasting life, and death-doom take away?
condicio? possem tantos finire dolores 880
O, but for that my sorrows sore now surely might I slay,
nunc certe, et misero fratri comes ire per umbras!
And wend beside my brother now amid the nether Night.
immortalis ego? aut quicquam mihi dulce meorum
Am I undying? ah, can aught of all my good delight
te sine, frater, erit? o quae satis ima dehiscat
Without thee, O my brother lost! O Earth, gape wide and well,
terra mihi, Manisque deam demittat ad imos?"
And let a Goddess sink adown into the deeps of hell!"
tantum effata caput glauco contexit amictu 885
So much she said, and wrapped her round with mantle dusky-grey,
multa gemens et se fluuio dea condidit alto.
And, groaning sore, she hid herself within the watery way.
Aeneas instat contra telumque coruscat
But forth Æneas goes, and high his spear he brandisheth,
ingens arboreum, et saeuo sic pectore fatur:
A mighty tree, and from his heart grown fell a word he saith:
'quae nunc deinde mora est? aut quid iam, Turne, retractas?
"And wherewith wilt thou tarry me? hangs Turnus back again?
non cursu, saeuis certandum est comminus armis. 890
No foot-strife but the armed hand must doom betwixt us twain.
uerte omnis tete in facies et contrahe quidquid
Yea, turn thyself to every shape, and, gathering everything
siue animis siue arte uales; opta ardua pennis

Wherewith thine heart, thy craft is strong, go soaring on the wing,
astra sequi clausumque caua te condere terra.'

And chase the stars; or deep adown in hollow earth lie stored."

ille caput quassans: 'non me tua feruida terrent

But Turnus shakes his head and saith: "'Tis not thy bitter word
dicta, ferox; di me terrent et Iuppiter hostis.' 895

That frights me, fierce one; but the Gods, but Jove my foeman
grown."

nec plura effatus saxum circumspicit ingens,

No more he said, but, looking round, espied a weighty stone,

saxum antiquum ingens, campo quod forte iacebat,

An ancient mighty rock indeed, that lay upon the lea,

limes agro positus litem ut discerneret aruis.

Set for a landmark, judge and end of acre-strife to be,

uix illum lecti bis sex ceruice subirent,

Which scarce twice six of chosen men upon their backs might raise,

qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus; 900

Of bodies such as earth brings forth amid the latter days:

ille manu raptum trepida torquebat in hostem

But this in hurrying hand he caught, and rising to the cast,

altior insurgens et cursu concitus heros.

He hurled it forth against the foe, and followed on it fast;

sed neque currentem se nec cognoscit euntem

Yet while he raised the mighty stone, and flung it to its fall.

tollentemue manu saxumue immane mouentem;

Knew nought that he was running there, or that he moved at all:

genua labant, gelidus concreuit frigore sanguis. 905

Totter his knees, his chilly blood freezes with deadly frost,

tum lapis ipse uiri uacuum per inane uolutus

And e'en the hero-gathered stone, through desert distance tossed,

nec spatium euasit totum neque pertulit ictum.

O'ercame not all the space betwixt, nor home its blow might bring:

ac uelut in somnis, oculos ubi languida pressit

E'en as in dreaming-tide of night, when sleep, the heavy thing,

nocte quies, nequiquam auidos extendere cursus

Weights on the eyes, and all for nought we seem so helpless-fain

uelle uidemur et in mediis conatibus aegri 910

Of eager speed, and faint and fail amidmost of the strain;
succidimus; non lingua ualet, non corpore notae
The tongue avails not; all our limbs of their familiar skill
sufficiunt uires nec uox aut uerba sequuntur:
Are cheated; neither voice nor words may follow from our will:
sic Turno, quacumque uiam uirtute petiuit,
So Turnus, by whatever might he strives to win a way,
successum dea dira negat. tum pectore sensus
The Dread One bans his hope; strange thoughts about his heart-
strings play;
uertuntur uarii; Rutulos aspectat et urbem 915
He stareth on his Rutuli, and on the Latin town
cunctaturque metu letumque instare tremescit,
Lingering for dread, trembling to meet the spear this instant thrown:
nec quo se eripiat, nec qua ui tendat in hostem,
No road he hath to flee, no might against the foe to bear;
nec currus usquam uidet aurigamue sororem.
Nowhither may he see his car, or sister charioteer.
Cunctanti telum Aeneas fatale coruscat,
Æneas, as he lingereth there, shaketh the fateful shaft,
sortitus fortunam oculis, et corpore toto 920
And, following up its fate with eyes, afar the steel doth waft
eminus intorquet. murali concita numquam
With all the might his body hath: no stone the wall-sling bears
tormento sic saxa fremunt nec fulmine tanti
E'er roars so loud: no thunderclap with such a crashing tears
dissultant crepitus. uolat atri turbinis instar
Amid the heaven: on flew the spear, huge as the whirlwind black,
exitium dirum hasta ferens orasque recludit
And speeding on the dreadful death: it brings to utter wrack
loricae et clipei extremos septemplicis orbis; 925
The hauberk's skirt and outer rim of that seven-folded shield,
per medium stridens transit femur. incidit ictus
And goeth grating through the thigh: then falleth unto field
ingens ad terram duplicato poplite Turnus.
Huge Turnus, with his hampered knee twi-folded with the wound:
consurgunt gemitu Rutuli totusque remugit

Then with a groan the Rutuli rise up, and all around
 mons circum et uocem late nemora alta remittunt.
 Roar back the hill-sides, and afar the groves cast back the cry:
 ille humilis supplex oculos dextramque precantem 930
 But he, downcast and suppliant saith, with praying hand and eye:
 protendens 'equidem merui nec deprecor' inquit;
 "Due doom it is; I pray no ruth; use what hath chanced to fall.
 'utere sorte tua. miseri te si qua parentis
 Yet, if a wretched father's woe may touch thine heart at all,
 tangere cura potest, oro (fuit et tibi talis
 I pray thee — since Anchises once was even such to thee, —
 Anchises genitor) Dauni miserere senectae
 Pity my father Daunus' eld, and send me, or, maybe,
 et me, seu corpus spoliatum lumine mauis, 935
 My body stripped of light and life, back to my kin and land.
 redde meis. uicisti et uictum tendere palmas
 Thou, thou hast conquered: Italy has seen my craven hand
 Ausonii uidere; tua est Lauinia coniunx,
 Stretched forth to pray a grace of thee; Lavinia is thy wife:
 ulterius ne tende odiis.' stetit acer in armis
 Strain not thine hatred further now!" Fierce in the gear of strife
 Aeneas uoluens oculos dextramque repressit;
 Æneas stood with rolling eyes, and held back hand and sword,
 et iam iamque magis cunctantem flectere sermo 940
 And more and more his wavering heart was softening 'neath the
 word —
 coeperat, infelix umero cum apparuit alto
 When lo, upon the shoulder showed that hapless thong of war!
 balteus et notis fulserunt cingula bullis
 Lo, glittering with familiar boss the belt child Pallas bore,
 Pallantis pueri, uictum quem uulnere Turnus
 Whom Turnus with a wound overcame and laid on earth alow,
 strauerat atque umeris inimicum insigne gerebat.
 And on his body bore thenceforth those ensigns of his foe.
 ille, oculis postquam saeui monimenta doloris 945
 But he, when he awhile had glared upon that spoil of fight,
 exuiasque hausit, furiis accensus et ira

That monument of bitter grief, with utter wrath alight,
terribilis: 'tune hinc spoliis indute meorum
Cried terrible: "And shalt thou, clad in my beloved one's prey,
eripiare mihi? Pallas te hoc uulnere, Pallas
Be snatched from me? — Tis Pallas yet, 'tis Pallas thus doth slay,
immolat et poenam scelerato ex sanguine sumit.'
And taketh of thy guilty blood atonement for his death!"
hoc dicens ferrum aduerso sub pectore condit 950
Deep in that breast he driveth sword e'en as the word he saith:
feruidus; ast illi soluuntur frigore membra
But Turnus, — waxen cold and spent, the body of him lies,
uitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras.
And with a groan through dusk and dark the scornful spirit flies.

The Biographies



Brindisi harbour, Apulia region of Italy — having left Greece and crossed back to Italy by ship, while weakened with disease, Virgil died in Brundisium harbour on September 21, 19 BC.

LIFE OF VIRGIL by H. R. Fairclough



Publius Vergilius Maro was born October 15, 70 B.C., at Andes, a district near Mantua. He was "of rustic parentage, and brought up in the bush and forest," but his father gave him a careful education, first at Cremona, then at Milan, and lastly at Rome. In the capital he studied especially under Epidius the rhetorician, and Siro, a distinguished

Epicurean.

To his student-days must belong the short poems known as Catalepton (Kara Acttov, i.e. "small"), if indeed any of these are genuine. To the same period would belong the rest of the minor poems — the *Culex*, *Ciris*, *Copa*, *Dirae*, *Priapea*, *Aetna*, and *Moretum*—though it is very doubtful whether any of these are authentic.

Virgil's second period begins with 43 e.g., when, after Caesar's assassination, we find the poet again in Mantua. In that year the second triumvirate was formed, and in the year following Brutus and Cassius were defeated at Philippi. In the subsequent allotment of lands to the victorious veterans Cremona and Mantua suffered severely. The poet was dispossessed of his farm and, attempting resistance, barely escaped with his life. However, he found a friend in C. Asinius Pollio, governor of Cisalpine Gaul, and in Pollio's successor (41 B.C.), L. Alfenus Varus. Through Pollio he was introduced to Octavius, and either recovered his farm or received in compensation an estate in Campania.

The poems in which Virgil records his experience at this time are the ten Eclogues, or *Bucolics*, which were published in their present order in 37 b.c. The two that are mainly concerned with the poet's expulsion from his farm are the first and ninth, but at least three, viz. the second, third, and fifth (with probably the seventh as well), preceded the first in point of time and, like it, were written in the poet's native district. The sixth and ninth were composed at Siro's villa; the remainder, viz. the fourth, eighth, and tenth, were written in

Rome. The first doubtless won its place in the series because of the tribute it pays to Octavius, who before 37 b.c. had become sole ruler in Italy.

Seven years were devoted to the Georgics, the four books of which were published in 29 b.c, two years after the battle of Actium. The work was undertaken at the request of Maecenas, to whom it is dedicated. Though a didactic poem, being a treatise on agriculture, the Georgics are perhaps the most carefully finished production of Roman literature.

The rest of Virgil's life was devoted to the Aeneid, the greatest of Roman epics. Before it was ready for publication Virgil set out in 19 b.c. for Greece and Asia, where he intended to spend the next three years in revising his work. At Athens, however, meeting Augustus on his homeward journey from the East, he was induced to return with the

Emperor to Italy. A fever, contracted at Megara, grew worse during the voyage, and ended in his death at Brundisium, a few days after landing, in the fifty-first year of his age, September 22, 19 b.c. He was buried at Naples, and on his tomb was inscribed the epitaph :

MANTUA ME GENUIT, CALABRI RAPUERERE, TENET NUNC
PARTHENOPE ; CECINI PASCUA, RURA, DUCES.

Conscious of many imperfections in the Aeneid, Virgil had begged Varius (who along with Tucca was Virgil's literary executor), in the event of his death, to burn the epic. It was published, however, by order of Augustus, who directed the executors to edit it, removing all superfluities, but making no additions. Examples of passages removed are furnished by the prooemium of four lines at the beginning of the Aeneid, and by the Helen episode in the second book (11. 567-588). In both cases Virgil's dissatisfaction with the passages may have been known to his literary friends.

LIFE AND PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS OF VIRGIL by W. Y. Sellar



I.

The most trustworthy sources for our personal knowledge of the great writers of antiquity are their own writings, and accidental notices in the works of contemporaries and writers of a succeeding generation. But besides these sources of information some short biographies of eminent Latin writers, written long after their deaths, have reached modern times. In cases where their actual biographies have been lost, fragments or summaries of them have been preserved in Jerome's continuation of the Eusebian Chronicle, and occasionally in commentaries or scholia appended to their own works. Roman literature from a comparatively early period produced a large number of grammarians, commentators, and rhetoricians. In the Ciceronian Age, Varro wrote several books on literary history and the earlier poets; and Cornelius Nepos included in his *Biographies* the lives of men of letters, among others of his own contemporary, Atticus. Jerome, in the prefatory letter to his own work '*De Viris Illustribus*,' mentions the names of Varro, Santra, Nepos, Hyginus, and Suetonius as authors of literary biography, and proposes to follow in his own work the precedent set by the last of these authors. Of the work of Suetonius '*De Viris Illustribus*,' written in the second century, and containing the lives of eminent poets, orators, historians, philosophers, grammarians, and rhetoricians, considerable portions have been preserved; among others complete biographies of Terence and Horace. This work became the chief authority to later commentators for the facts recorded about the earlier Roman poets, and was the source from which Jerome himself drew the materials for the continuation of the Eusebian Chronicle. The question remains as to how far Suetonius himself writing under the rule of Hadrian, is a trustworthy authority for the lives of poets who lived nearly two

centuries before his own era. The answer to this question will depend on the access which he may have had to contemporary sources, transmitted to his time through an uninterrupted channel, and on the evidence of credulity or trustworthiness in accepting or rejecting gossip and scandalous anecdotes which his other writings afford. He appears to have been diligent in his examination of original authorities. On the other hand, his 'Lives of the Caesars' indicate a vein of credulity in regard to the details of unverifiable charges at which Tacitus only hints by general innuendo. But the main question in regard to the life of each particular poet is, whether there was in existence written evidence dating from contemporary sources on which Suetonius could have based his narrative. In the case of some poets, notably of Virgil, it is quite certain that there was such evidence. In the case of others, notably of Lucretius, there is no hint whatever of the existence of any such evidence. The poets who immediately succeeded him and who were diligent students of his poem concur in absolute silence as to the story of that poet's unhappy fate, told in the continuation of the Eusebian Chronicle, and now received by the most competent critics as resting on the authority of Suetonius. But even when we substitute Suetonius for Jerome as the original voucher for the facts stated, the uncertainty as to any contemporary evidence available to the former, and the sensational character of the story itself, justify at least a suspense of judgment in accepting or rejecting this meagre fragment of personal history; while on the other hand there is no ground for distrusting the main features, whatever may be said of some details, of the ancient life of Virgil, equally acknowledged to rest ultimately on the authority of Suetonius.

In addition to these materials for the biography of Latin writers, in some few cases the imagination is assisted in realising their character and genius by the preservation from ancient times of their statues, busts, images impressed on gems, or other kinds of portraiture. But in the case of men of letters, it is not often that reliance can be placed on the authenticity of such memorials, except in such instances as that of Cicero, where a great name in literature was combined with prominence in public life.

The data for a knowledge of the life, circumstances, and personal characteristics of Virgil are supplied partly by direct statements contained in his poems or inferences founded on them; partly by the indirect impression of himself stamped on these poems; partly by casual notices in the works of other poets, and especially of Horace; and partly by statements in the Life of the poet originally prefixed to the Commentary of Aelius Donatus,—a grammarian who flourished in the fourth century A.D.,—and founded on, if not an actual reproduction of, the Life originally contained in the work of Suetonius.

The directest record of his tastes and feelings is contained in one or two of the minor poems published among the *Catalepton*, which may without hesitation be treated as genuine. A fragment of a prose letter to Augustus has been preserved by Macrobius, which confirms the traditional account of the poet's estimate of the *Aeneid* and of his devotion in later life to philosophical studies. The *Eclogues* and *Georgics* add something to our information, but as the representation in the first of these works is for the most part dramatic, and as the purpose of the second is purely didactic, the evidence they supply is much less vivid and direct than that supplied by Horace, Catullus, and the elegiac poets in regard to their lives and pursuits; and even where the allusions to matters personal to himself are unmistakeable, they require to be interpreted by knowledge derived from other sources.

The *Georgics* and those parts of the *Aeneid* which are specially ethical and didactic, as that part of Book VI. from line 264 to 751, throw most light on Virgil's spiritual nature and on his convictions on the questions of most vital interest to man. But in these parts of his works Virgil has not revealed himself with such distinctness and consistency as Lucretius has done in his great philosophical poem. The personality of Lucretius was simpler and more forcible: the passion to utter his strong convictions prevailed in him over all considerations of art. The colouring of his own heart and spirit, of his enthusiasm or melancholy, appears in Virgil rather as a pervading and subtly interpenetrating influence, than as the direct indication of his true self. His artistic taste enforced on him reserve in expressing what was personal to himself; his nature was apparently more open

to varied influences of books and men than that of Lucretius; he was endowed with the many-sided susceptibility of a poet, rather than with the simpler, more energetic, but narrower consistency of a philosophical partisan. Equally with Lucretius he throws his whole heart and being into the treatment of his subject; but in Lucretius the two streams of what is personal to himself and what is inherent in his subject are still distinguishable. In Virgil the imaginative sentiment of the poet and the strong tender heart of the man seem to be inseparably united. It would be impossible to distinguish them by analysis,—to abstract from the bloom of his poetry the delicate sweetness which may have pervaded his performance of the common duties and his share in the common intercourse of life.

Of the contemporary poets and critics whose works are extant, much the most important witness of the impression produced by Virgil on those with whom he lived is the poet Horace. And he is an admirable witness, from the clearness of his judgment, the calmness of his temperament, and the intimate terms of friendship on which he lived with the older poet. Unlike Virgil, who from reasons of health, or natural inclination, or devotion to his art had chosen

Secretum iter et fallentis semita vitae,

and cherished few, but close, intimacies, Horace lived in the world, enjoyed all that was illustrious, brilliant or genial, in the society of his time, and while still constant to the attachments of his earlier years, continued through all his life to form new friendships with younger men who gave promise of distinction. His Odes and Epistles are addressed to a great variety of men, to those of highest social or political position, such as Agrippa, Pollio, Munatius Plancus, Sallustius Crispus, Lollius, etc.; to old comrades of his youth or brother poets, such as Pompeius Grosphus, Septimius, Aristius Fuscus, Tibullus; to the men of a younger generation, such as Iulus Antonius, Julius Florus, and the younger Lollius: and to all of them he applies language of discriminating, but not of excessive appreciation. To the men of eminence in the State he uses expressions of courteous and delicate compliment, never of flattery or exaggeration. His old comrades and intimate associates he greets with hearty friendliness or genial irony: to younger men, without assuming the airs of a Mentor, he addresses words of sympathetic

encouragement or paternal advice. But among all those whom he addresses there are only two—unless from one or two words implying strong attachment, we add one more to the number, Aelius Lamia—in connexion with whom he uses the language of warm and admiring affection. These are Maecenas and Virgil. Whatever may have been the date or circumstances connected with the composition of the third Ode of Book I., the simple words ‘animae dimidium meae’ establish the futility of the notion, that the subject of this Ode is not the poet but only the same merchant or physician whom Horace in the twelfth Ode of Book IV. invites, in his most Epicurean style, to sacrifice for a time his pursuit of wealth to the more seasonable claims of the wine of Cales.

Two short Lives of Virgil written in prose have reached our time, one originally prefixed to the Commentary by Valerius Probus, a grammarian of the first century A.D., the other, much longer and more important, prefixed to that of Donatus. There is also a Life in hexameter verse, written by a grammarian named Phocas, about one half of which is devoted to an account of the marvellous portents that were alleged to have accompanied the birth of the poet. The Life of Donatus was in the later MSS. of Virgil so much corrupted by the intermixture of mediaeval fictions, that it is only in recent times that modern criticism has successfully removed the interpolations, and restored the original Life based on that of Suetonius. What then were the materials available to Suetonius? The earliest source of his information was a work referred to by Quintilian (x. 3. 8), written by the older contemporary and life-long friend of Virgil, the poet Varius, entitled ‘De ingenio moribusque Vergilii.’ Aulus Gellius (xvii. 10) speaks of the ‘memorials which the friends and intimates of Virgil have left of his genius and character.’ Among those who contributed to the knowledge of his habits, etc., the name of C. Melissus, a freedman of Maecenas, is quoted as an authority for a statement that ‘in ordinary speech he was very slow and almost like an uneducated man’—a trait which calls to mind what is recorded of Addison. Melissus could not fail to be an authority as to the relations of Virgil to Maecenas, and it is probably on his evidence that the statement rests of the direction given to the poet’s genius in the choice of the subject of the Georgics.

A still more important work was that of the grammarian Asconius Pedianus, born at the commencement of our era, who wrote ‘*Contra obtrectatores Vergilii.*’ These ‘maligners,’ beginning with those whose names have been condemned to everlasting fame, as Bavius and Maeвиus, had assailed the art of Virgil by flippant parodies, or had traduced his character by imputations, which, though they might have called for no remark if made against any other poet of the time, were believed by those who had the best means of knowing the truth to be incompatible with the finer nature of Virgil. In regard to one of these charges Asconius was able to procure the evidence of an emphatic denial from the only surviving person who could have known anything about the matter.

The certainty that the biographical notices of Virgil and the accounts transmitted of his personal characteristics can be traced to contemporary sources and to information derived from contemporaries, gives to the main statements of Donatus a value which does not attach to the meagre notice of Lucretius preserved in the writings of Jerome. On the other hand, while it is believed by his English Editor that the actual features of Lucretius have been transmitted, engraved on a gem, no reliance can be placed on the authenticity either of the busts, such as that shown in the Capitoline Museum, or of the portraits prefixed to various MSS., and all different from one another, which profess to transmit the likeness of Virgil.

II.

The testimony of inscriptions, of the earliest MSS., and of the Greek rendering of the word, has led to the general adoption in recent times of the name P. Vergilius Maro, as that by which the poet should be known. Yet it is an unnecessary disturbance of old associations to change the abbreviation so long established in all European literature into the unfamiliar *Vergil*. He was born on the 15th of October in the year 70 B.C., the first consulate of Pompey and Crassus. The Romans attached a peculiar sacredness to their own birth-days and to those of their friends; and the birth-day of Virgil

continued long after his death to be regarded with the sanctity of a day of festival. The year of his birth is the first year of that decade in which many of the men most eminent in the Augustan era were born. Virgil was a little younger than Pollio and Varius; a little older than Gallus, Agrippa, Horace, and Augustus, and perhaps Maecenas. All of these men obtained high distinction, and took their place as leaders of their age in action or literature in early youth. The distinction of Virgil was acquired at a somewhat later period of life than that of any of his illustrious contemporaries.

This year is also important as marking the close of the wars and disturbances which arose out of the first great Civil War, and the commencement of a short interval of repose, though hardly of order or security. Lucretius in his childhood and early youth had witnessed the Social War, the bloody strife of Marius and Sulla, and the prolongation of these troubles in the wars of Sertorius and Spartacus; and the memory of the first Civil War seems to have impressed itself indelibly on his imagination and powerfully to have affected his whole view of human life, as the horrors of the first French Revolution imprinted themselves indelibly on the imagination of those whose childhood had been agitated or made desolate by them. Virgil's childhood and early youth were passed in the shelter of a quieter time. He had reached manhood before the second of the great storms which overwhelmed the State passed over the Roman world. The alarm and insecurity felt at Rome during the interval may have caused some agitation of the calmer atmosphere which surrounded his childhood; but the peace of his earliest and most impressible years was marred by no scenes of horror, such as the massacre at the Colline Gate, the memory of which perhaps survives in those lines of Lucretius in which the miseries of a savage life are contrasted with those of times of refinement:—

At non multa virum sub signis milia ducta
Una dies dabat exitio.

His birth-place was in the 'pagus,' or 'township,' of Andes in the neighbourhood of Mantua. The exact situation of Andes is unknown, though a tradition, as old as the time of Dante, identifies it with the village of Pietola, about three miles lower down the Mincio than Mantua. But it is only in the *Life* by Probus that Andes is described

as a 'vicus,' and there it is said to be distant from Mantua 'xxx milia passuum.' The word *pagus*, which is generally used in reference to Andes, never seems to be used as equivalent to *vicus*, but as a 'country-district,' which might include several villages. The tradition which identifies Andes with any particular village in the neighbourhood of Mantua does not therefore carry with it any guarantee of its truth. In the Eclogues the conventional scenery of pastoral poetry is blended so inseparably with the reproduction from actual scenes, that it is impossible to determine with certainty the characteristic features of Virgil's early home. The immediate neighbourhood of Mantua presents no features to which the lines of the first Eclogue,

Maioresque cadunt altis de montibus umbrae,

or

Hinc alta sub rupe canet frondator ad auras,

can apply.

The most characteristic objects familiar to Virgil's early years appear to have been the green banks and slow windings of the Mincio, which he recalls with affectionate memory in passages of the Eclogues and Georgics. From the fact that the farm on which he lived formed part of the Mantuan land added to the confiscated territory of Cremona, the inference seems obvious that it was on the right bank of the Mincio, i.e. on the side nearest Cremona. The use of the word 'depellere' (Ecl. i. 21) might perhaps justify the inference that it was either on higher ground, or was situated higher up the river than Mantua, though the other interpretation of 'driving our weaned lambs' forbids our attaching much force to this problematical inference. But the lines which produce more than any other the impression of describing the actual features of some familiar place are those of the ninth Eclogue, 7-10:—

Certe equidem audieram qua se subducere colles

Incipiunt mollique iugum demittere clivo,

Usque ad aquam et veteres, iam fracta cacumina, fagos,

Omnia carminibus vestrum servasse Menalcan.

There seems no motive, certainly none suggested by the Sicilian idyl, for introducing the hills gradually sinking into the plain, unless to mark the actual position of the place referred to. The only hills in

the neighbourhood of the Mincio to which these lines can apply are those which for a time accompany the flow of the river from the foot of the Lago di Guarda, and gradually sink into the plain a little beyond 'the picturesque hill and castle of Vallegio,' about fifteen miles higher up the river than Mantua. Eustace, in his Classical Tour, finds many of the features introduced into the first and ninth Eclogues in this neighbourhood, though the wish to find them may have contributed to the success of his search. A walk of fifteen miles seems not too long for young and active shepherds, like Moeris and Lycidas, while such expressions as

Tamen veniemus in urbem;

Aut si nox pluviam ne colligat ante veremur,—

seem inapplicable to the shorter distance between Pietola and Mantua.

The 'sacri fontes' which are spoken of in Eclogue I., the existence of which is further confirmed by the

Non liquidi gregibus fontes, non gramina deerunt

in the description from the Georgics (ii. 200), of the pastoral land which Mantua lost, are more naturally to be sought in the more picturesque environment of the upper reaches of the river than in the level plain in the midst of which Mantua stands. The accurate description of the lake out of which the Mincio flows—

Fluctibus et fremitu adsurgens Benace marino,—

the truth of which is attested by many modern travellers, Goethe among others—may well be the reproduction of some actual impression made in some of Virgil's early wanderings not far distant from the home of his youth. The passage in the Georgics just referred to, in which, speaking of the land most suitable for rearing herds and flocks, he introduces the lines

Et qualem infelix amisit Mantua campum,

Pascentem niveos herboso flumine cynos,

proves the tender affection with which he recalled in later life the memory of his early home.

Some analogy has been suggested between the quiet beauty of the scenery which first sank into his soul, and the tranquil meditative cast of his genius. And though it is easy to push such considerations too

far, and to expect a closer correspondence than ever exists between the development of genius and the earliest impression of outward nature on the soul, in a poet like Virgil, unusually receptive and retentive of such impressions, whose days from childhood to death were closely bound 'each to each by natural piety,' in whom all elements of feeling were finely and delicately blended with one another, such influences may have been more powerful than in the case of men of a less impressionable and more self-determining type.

The district north of the Po, of which Virgil was a native, had enjoyed the 'ius Latii' since the end of the Social War, but did not obtain the full rights of Roman citizenship till the year 49 B.C., when Virgil was in his twenty-first year. The national poet of the early Empire, like the national poet of the Republic, had thus in all probability no claim by birth to be a member of the State of whose character and destiny his voice has been the truest exponent. It may be doubted whether Virgil belonged by birth to the purely Italian stock. He claims for Mantua a Tuscan origin; but the Etruscan race in the region north of the Po had for a long time previously given way before the settlements of the Gauls; and, although Roman conquest had established several important colonies north of the Po, the main stock between that river and the Alps must have been of Celtic blood, although assimilated in manner of life and culture to the purely Italian inhabitants of the Peninsula. Zeuss, in his Celtic Grammar, recognises the presence of a Celtic root, which appears in other Gallic names, and which he supposes to be the root also of *virgo*, and *virga*, and *Vergiliae*, in the name Vergilius. Some elements in Virgil's nature and genius which seem to anticipate the developments of modern feeling, as, for instance, his vague melancholy, his imaginative sense of the mystery of the unseen world, his sympathy with the sentiment, as distinct from the passion, of love, the modes in which his delight in nature manifests itself, the vein of romance which runs through his treatment of early times may perhaps be explained by some subtle intermixture of Celtic blood with the firmer temperament of the old Italian race. Appreciated as his genius has been by all the cultivated nations of Europe, it is by the nation in whom the impressible Celtic nature has been refined and strengthened by the discipline of Latin studies that his pre-

eminence has been most generally acknowledged.

It is to be noticed that, while in the Ciceronian Age the names of the men eminent in literature belong, with one or two exceptions, either to the pure Roman stock or to the races of central Italy which had been longest incorporated with Rome, in the last years of the Republic and in the Augustan Age Northern Italy contributed among other names those of Catullus, Cornelius Gallus, Quintilius Varus, Aemilius Macer, Virgil, and the historian Livy to the roll of Latin literature. Since the concessions which followed the Social War the whole people inhabiting the Peninsula had become thoroughly united in spirit with the Imperial city, and Latin literature as well as the service of the State thus received a great impulse from the liberality with which Rome, at different stages in her history, extended the privileges of her citizenship. The culture of which Rome had been for two generations the centre became now much more widely diffused; and as the privilege of citizenship, or of that modified citizenship conferred by the 'ius Latii,' was more prized from its novelty, so the attractions of literary studies and the impulses of literary ambition were felt more strongly from coming fresh and unhackneyed to a vigorous race. It was a happier position for Virgil and for Horace, it fitted them not only to be truer poets of the natural beauty of Italy, but also to feel in imagination all the wonder associated with the idea of the great city, to have spent their earliest and most impressible years among scenes of peace and beauty, remote from contact with the excitement, the vices, the routine of city life, than if, with the friend of Juvenal, they could have applied to themselves the words—'our childhood drank in the air of the Aventine.'

There is still one point to be noticed in connexion with the district in which Virgil was born and passed his early youth. It was from Julius Caesar that Gallia Transpadana received the full Roman citizenship. But before he established this claim on their gratitude, the 'Transpadani,' as we learn from Cicero's letters, were thoroughly devoted to his cause, and it was among them that his legions were mainly recruited. One of the spiteful acts by which the aristocratic party showed its animosity to Caesar was the scourging of one of the inhabitants of the colony of Novum Comum (Como) by order of the

Consul Marcellus,—an act condemned by Cicero on the ground that the victim of this outrage was a ‘Transpadanus.’ Caesar was in the habit of passing the winters of his proconsulate in this part of his province, especially at Verona, where he was the guest of the father of Catullus. The name of Caesar must thus have become a household word among this people. They must have soon recognised his greatness as a soldier, and felt the fascination of his gracious presence. They must have been grateful for his championship of the provinces against the oppressive rule of the Senate, and for the protection afforded by his army from dangers similar to those from which their fathers had been saved, after many disasters, by his great kinsman, Marius. They did not share the sentiments of distrust excited among the aristocracy at Rome by Caesar’s early career, and had no reason to regard the permanent ascendancy of one man as a heavier burden than the caprices of their temporary governors. From the favour which Virgil received from leaders of the Caesarean cause before his fame was established, and from his intimacy with Varius the panegyrist of Julius Caesar, it may be inferred that in adhering to the cause of the Empire he was true to the early impressions of his boyhood. He was one of the first to feel and make others feel the spell which the name of Caesar was destined henceforth to exercise over the world.

Latin literature in the Augustan Age drew its representatives not only from a wider district than the preceding age, but also from a different social class. The men eminent as poets, orators, and historians in the last years of the Republic were for the most part members of the great Roman or Italian families. They were either themselves actively engaged in political life, or living in intimacy with those who were so engaged. Whatever tincture of letters was found in any other class was confined to freedmen or learned Greeks, such as Archias and Theophanes, attached to the houses of the nobility. The fortunes of the two great poets of the Augustan Age prove that no barrier of class-prejudice and no necessary inferiority of early education prevented free-born men of very humble origin from attaining the highest distinction, and living as the trusted friends of the foremost men in the State. Virgil and Horace were the sons of men who by the thrift and industry of a humble occupation

had been able to buy small farms in their native district. Virgil's father had not indeed, like the father of Horace, risen from a servile position. He is said to have begun life as a hired assistant to one Magius, who, according to one account, was a potter, according to another a 'viator' (or officer whose duty it was to summon prisoners before magistrates). He married the daughter of his master, being recommended to him, as is said by his biographer, by his industry (ob industriam). The name of Virgil's mother was Magia Polla. His father is said to have increased his substance among other things by keeping bees (silvis coemendis et apibus curandis),—a fact which perhaps explains the importance given to this branch of rural industry in the Georgics. Virgil thus springs from that class whose condition he represents as the happiest allotted to man, and as affording the best field for the exercise of virtue and piety. He and Horace, after living in the most refined society of Rome, are entirely at one in their appreciation of the qualities of the old Italian husbandmen or small landowners,—a class long before their time reduced in numbers and influence, but still producing men of modest worth and strong common sense like the 'abnormis sapiens' of the Satires, and like those country neighbours whose lively talk and homely wisdom Horace contrasts with the fashionable folly of Rome; and true and virtuous women, such as may have suggested to the one poet the lines—

Quod si pudica mulier in partem iuvet

Domum atque dulces liberos,

Sabina qualis aut perusta solibus

Pernicis uxor Appuli,

and to the other—

Interea longum cantu solata laborem

Arguto coniunx percurrit pectine telas.

These poets themselves probably owe that stronger grain of character, their large share of the old Italian seriousness of spirit (gravitas), which distinguishes them from the other poets of their time, to the traditions of virtue which the men of this class had not yet unlearned. It is remarked by M. Sainte-Beuve how strong the attachment of such men usually is to their homes and lands, inherited from their fathers or acquired and enriched by their own industry. He

characterises happily 'cette médiocrité de fortune et de condition morale dans laquelle était né Virgile, médiocrité, ai-je dit, qui rend tout mieux senti et plus cher, parcequ'on y touche à chaque instant la limite, parcequ'on y a toujours présent le moment où l'on a acquis et celui où l'on peut tout perdre.' The truest human feeling expressed in the Eclogues is the love which the old settlers had for their lands, and the sorrow which they felt when forced to quit them. The Georgics bear witness to the strong Italian passion for the soil, and the pride in the varied results of his skill which made a life of unceasing labour one of contentment and happiness to the husbandman.

As has happened in the case of other poets and men of poetic genius, tradition recorded some marvellous circumstances attending his birth, which were believed to have portended his future distinction. These stories may have originated early in his career from the promise of genius afforded by his childhood: or, like the mediaeval belief in his magical powers, they may be a kind of mythological reflection of the veneration and affection with which his memory was cherished. The character of these reported presages implies the impression produced by the gentleness and sweetness of his disposition, as well as by the rapid growth and development of his poetic faculty.

A more trustworthy indication of his early promise is afforded by the care with which he was educated. Like Horace, he was fortunate in having parents who, themselves of humble origin, considered him worthy of receiving the best instruction which the world could give; and, like Horace, he repaid their tender solicitude with affectionate gratitude. By his father's care he was from boyhood dedicated to the high calling which he faithfully followed through all his life. At the age of twelve he was taken to Cremona, an old Latin colony; and, from the lines in one of his earliest authentic poems (the address to the villa of Siron)—

Tu nunc eris illi

Mantua quod fuerat, quodque Cremona prius—

implying a residence at Cremona, it seems probable that his father may have accompanied him thither, as Horace's father accompanied him to Rome for the same purpose. On his sixteenth birth-day—the day on which, according to Donatus, Lucretius died—Virgil assumed

the 'toga virilis,' and about the same time went to Milan, and continued there, engaged in study, till he removed to Rome in the year 53 B.C., when he was between sixteen and seventeen years of age. It was in this year of his life that he is said to have written the 'Culex.' There are many difficulties which prevent the belief that Virgil is the author of the poem which has come down to us under that name. But the consideration of these must be reserved for a later examination of the poem.

At Rome he studied rhetoric under Epidius, who was also the teacher of the young Octavianus. As the future Emperor made his first public appearance at the age of twelve, by delivering the funeral oration over his grandmother Julia, it may have happened that he and Virgil were pupils of Epidius at the same time, and were not unknown to each other even before the meeting of ten years later which decisively affected Virgil's fortunes and determined his career. The time of his arrival at Rome was of critical importance in literature. The recent publication of the poem of Lucretius, the most important event in Latin literature since the appearance of the *Annals* of Ennius, must have stimulated the enthusiasm of the younger generation, among whom poetry and oratory were at that time conjointly cultivated. Mr. Munro has shown the influence exercised by this poem on the later style of Catullus, who collected and edited his own poems about the time when Virgil came to Rome, and died shortly afterwards. One or two of the minor poems among the *Catalepton*, attributed to Virgil with more probability than the *Culex*, are parodies or close imitations of the style of Catullus, and are written in a freer and more satiric spirit than anything published by him in later years. But it is a little remarkable that, while reproducing the language and cadences of both these poets in his first acknowledged work, Virgil never mentions the name either of Lucretius or Catullus. The poets mentioned by him with admiration in the *Eclogues* are his living contemporaries, Varius and Cinna, Pollio and Gallus. Is it on account of the Senatorian and anti-Caesarean sympathies of the older poets that the poets of the new era thus separate themselves abruptly from those of the previous epoch? If it was owing to the jealousy of the new *régime* that the two great Augustan poets, while paying a passing tribute to the impracticable

virtue of Cato, never mention the greater name or allude to the fate of Cicero, there seems to have been nothing in the political action or expressed opinions of Lucretius to call for a similar reticence. If, on the other hand, the boldness of his attack on the strongholds of all religious belief had the effect of cutting him off for a time from personal sympathy, as similar opposition to received opinions had in modern times in the case of Spinoza and Shelley, it did not interfere with the immediate influence exercised by his genius on the thought and art of Virgil.

The most interesting of the minor poems among the Catalepton is one written at the time when the young poet entered on the study of philosophy under Siron the Epicurean. This poem expresses the joy felt by him in exchanging the empty pretension and dull pedantry of rhetorical and grammatical studies for the real enquiries of philosophy:—

Ite hinc, inanes rhetorum ampullae,
Inflata rore non Achaico verba,
Et vos, Stiloque, Tarquitique, Varroque,
Scholasticorum natio madens pingui,
Ite hinc, inanis cymbalon iuventutis.

* * * * *

Nos ad beatos vela mittimus portus,
Magni petentes docta dicta Sironis,
Vitamque ab omni vindicabimus cura.

These lines are the earliest expression of that philosophical longing which haunted Virgil through all his life as a hope and aspiration, but never found its realisation in speculative result. The motive which he professes for entering on the study,

Vitamque ab omni vindicabimus cura,

is the same as that which acted on Lucretius—the wish to secure an ideal serenity of life. The same trust in the calming influence of the Epicurean philosophy appears in the

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas, etc.

of the second Georgic. But in different ways, by the deep feeling of melancholy in the one, by the revolt and spiritual reaction in the other, Lucretius and Virgil both show that these tenets could not secure to ‘the passionate heart of the poet’ that calmness and serenity

of spirit which they gave to men of the stamp of Atticus, Velleius, or Torquatus. The final lines of the poem express the lingering regret with which he bids a temporary farewell to the Muses. These few lines, more than any other poem attributed to Virgil, seem to bring him in his personal feelings nearer to us. There is a touch of the graciousness of his nature, recalling the cordial feeling of Catullus to all his young comrades, in the passing notice of those who had shared his studies:—

Iam valete, formosi.

At a time when the poetry of the younger generation was universally free and licentious in tone, the purity of Virgil's nature reveals itself in the prayer to the Muses to revisit his writings 'pudenter et raro,' chastely and seldom. The whole poem is the sincere expression of the scholar and poet, even in youth idealising the austere charm of philosophy, while feeling in his heart the more powerful attraction of poetry. In the

Nam, fatebimur verum,

Dulces fuistis,

is the literal expression of that deep joy which afterwards moved him in uttering the lines—

Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Musae, etc.

and

Sed me Parnassi deserta per ardua dulcis

Raptat amor;

and which sustained him steadfastly in the noble harmony of all his later life.

Of the next ten years of his career nothing is known with certainty; but the outbreak of the Civil War is likely to have interrupted his residence at Rome, and he is next heard of living in his native district and engaged in the composition of the Eclogues. He took no part in the war, nor ever served as a soldier; and he seems to have appeared only once in the other field of practical distinction open to a young Roman who had received so elaborate an education—that of forensic pleading. He is said to have wanted the readiness of speech and self-possession necessary for success in such a career; and he was thus fortunate in escaping all temptation to sacrifice his

genius to the ambition of practical life, or to divide his allegiance, as Licinius Calvus did, between the claims of poetry and of oratory. His first literary impulse was to write an historical epic on the early Roman or Alban history, and to this impulse, he himself alludes in the lines of the sixth Eclogue,—

Cum canerem reges et proelia, Cynthus aurem
Vellit et admonuit.

He gave up the idea, feeling the unsuitable nature of the material for poetic treatment,—‘*offensus materia*,’ as the Life of Donatus expresses it; and he resolutely resisted the projects often urged upon him of giving a poetical account of contemporary events, in celebration of the glory of Pollio, Varus, or Caesar. But it is noticeable as a proof of the persistence with which his mind continued to dwell on ideas once projected, till they finally assumed appropriate shape, that in the Aeneid he really combines these two purposes of vivifying the ancient traditions of Rome and Alba, and of glorifying the great results of his own era. It is by this capacity of forecasting some great work, and dwelling on the idea till it clears itself of all alien matter and assimilates to itself the impressions and interests of a life-time, that the vastest and most enduring monuments of genius are produced.

In the year of the battle of Philippi, Virgil was living in his native district, engaged in the composition of his pastoral poems. Of his mode of life, taste, and feelings about this time we perceive only that he continued to be a student of the Alexandrine literature, that he had, by natural gift and assiduous culture, brought the technical part of his art—the diction and rhythm of poetry—to the highest perfection hitherto attained, that he enjoyed the favour and patronage of the Governor of the province, Asinius Pollio, and that he was united by strong ties of affection and warm admiration to Cornelius Gallus, who, while still in early youth, had obtained high distinction in poetry and a prominent position in public life. There are in the Eclogues notices of other poets of the district, whose friendship he enjoyed or whose jealousy he excited. The Mopsus of the fifth is said to be the didactic poet, Aemilius Macer. The mention of Bavus and Maevius, the ‘*iurgia Codri*,’ and the allusion in a later poem to Anser the panegyrist of Antony, are the nearest approaches to anything like

resentment or personal satire that Virgil has shown. It may be that in the lines where Amaryllis and Galatea and other personages of the poems are introduced he refers to some personal experiences; but as compared with all the poets of this era, Virgil either observed a great reticence, or enjoyed an exceptional immunity from the passions of youth. The whole tone of the earlier poems, and numerous expressions in all of them, such as 'tu, Tityre, lentus in umbra,' are suggestive of a somewhat indolent enjoyment of the charm of books, of poetry, and of the softer beauties of Nature.

The following year was the turning-point in his career, and gave a more definite aim to his genius and sympathies. In that year his own fortunes became involved in the affairs which were determining the fate of the world. The Triumvirs, in assigning grants of land to their soldiers, had confiscated the territory of Cremona, which had shown sympathy with the Senatorian cause, and when this proved insufficient, an addition was made from the adjoining Mantuan territory, in which the farm of Virgil's father was situated. The Commissioners appointed to distribute the land were Pollio, Varus, and Gallus, all friendly to Virgil, and by their advice he went to Rome, and obtained the restitution of his land by personal application to Octavianus. On his return to his native district he found that Varus had succeeded Pollio as Governor of the province. He appears to have been unfriendly to the Mantuans, and was either unable or unwilling to protect Virgil, who was forced at the imminent peril of his life to escape, by swimming the river, from the violence of the soldier who had entered on the possession of the land. Two of the Eclogues, the first and the ninth, are written in connexion with these events. Though he still adheres to an indirect and allusive treatment of his subject, these poems possess the interest of being based on real experience. They give expression to the sense of disorder, insecurity, and distress, which we learn from other sources accompanied these forced divisions and alienations of land. The first expresses also the gratitude of the poet to 'the god-like youth' to whom he owed the exceptional indulgence of being, though only for a short time, reinstated in the possession of his land. It is characteristic either of some weakness in Virgil's nature, or of a great depression among the peaceful inhabitants of Italy, that he had

no thought of resisting violence by violence, that he does not even express resentment against the intruder, but only a feeling of wonder that any man could be capable of such wickedness. To most readers the vehemence with which the author of the 'Dirae,' under similar circumstances, curses the land and its new owners, appears, if less sweet and musical, more natural than this mild submission to superior force expressed by Virgil. But in these personal experiences that strong sympathy with the national fortunes, which henceforward animates his poetry, originates. Virgil may thus in a sense be numbered among the poets who 'are cradled into poetry by wrong.'

After this second forcible expulsion from his old home, he took refuge, along with his family, in a small country-house which had belonged to his old teacher Siron. The poem numbered X. in the *Catalepta*,

Villula quae Sironis eras, et pauper agelle,

Verum illi domino tu quoque divitiae,

was written at this time. It expresses anxiety and distress about the state of his native district, to which, as in *Eclogue i.*, he applies the word *patria*, and affectionate solicitude for those along with him, 'those with me whom I have ever loved,' and especially for his father. His own experience at this time may have suggested to him the feelings which he afterwards reproduced in describing the flight of Aeneas from the ruins of Troy.

He seems never after this time to have returned to his native district. The liberality of Octavianus compensated him for his loss, nor was the even tenor of his life henceforward broken by any new dangers or hardships. Through the gift of friends and patrons he acquired a fortune, which at his death amounted to 10,000,000 sesterces (about £90,000); he possessed a house on the Esquiline near the gardens of Maecenas, a villa at Naples, and a country-house near Nola in Campania; and he seems to have lived from time to time in Sicily and the South of Italy.

The *Eclogues*, commenced in his native district in the year 42 B.C., were completed and published at Rome probably in the year 37 B.C. They were at once received with great favour, and recited amid much applause upon the stage. They established the author's fame as the poet of Nature and of rural life, as Varius was accepted as the

poet of epic, Pollio of tragic poetry:—

Molle atque facetum

Vergilio annuerunt gaudentes rure Camenae.

For a short time afterwards Virgil lived chiefly at Rome, as one of the circle of which Maecenas was the centre, consisting of those poets and men eminent in the State whom Horace (Sat. i. 10) mentions as the critics and friends whose approval he valued. Our knowledge of Virgil at this time is derived from the first Book of the Satires of Horace. It was by Virgil and Varius that Horace himself was introduced to Maecenas. They were all three of the party who made the famous journey to Brundisium in 37 B.C. While Horace starts alone from Rome, Virgil and Varius join him at Sinuessa. Virgil may already have begun to withdraw from habitual residence in Rome to his retirement in Campania, where he principally lived from this time till his death. One line in this Satire confirms the account of the weakness of his health which is given by his biographer,—the line, namely, in which Horace describes himself and Virgil as going to sleep, while Maecenas went to enjoy the exercise of the ‘pila’:—

Lusum it Maecenas, dormitum ego Vergiliusque,

Namque pila lippis inimicum et ludere crudis.

There is no notice of Virgil in the second Book of the Satires, written between the years 35 and 30 B.C., at which time he had withdrawn altogether from Rome, and was living at Naples, engaged in the composition of the Georgics. Two of the Odes of Book I., however, the third and the twenty-fourth, throw some light on his circumstances and character, and on the relations of friendship subsisting between him and Horace. There is some difficulty in determining the occasion that gave rise to the first of these Odes. It is addressed to the ship which was to bear Virgil to Attica. As we only know of one voyage of Virgil to Attica, that immediately preceding his death, and as the first three Books of the Odes were originally published some years before that date, we must suppose either that this Ode refers to an earlier voyage contemplated or actually accomplished by Virgil; or that the Virgil here spoken of is a different person; or that the publication of the edition of the Odes which we possess was of a later date than that generally accepted.

The reason for rejecting the second of these alternatives has been already given. Two reasons may be given for rejecting the third,—first, the improbability that one of the latest, if not the latest, in point of time among all the Odes in the three Books should be placed third in order in the first Book, among Odes that all refer to a much earlier period; and secondly, that this Ode, in respect of the somewhat conventional nature of the thought and the character of the mythological allusions, is clearly written in Horace's earlier manner. There is no improbability in accepting the first alternative, that as Virgil travelled to and resided in Sicily, so he may have made, or at least contemplated, an earlier voyage to Greece. One object for such a voyage may have been the desire of seeing the localities which he represents Aeneas as passing or visiting in the course of his adventures between the time of leaving Troy and settling in Latium. The Aeneid indicates in many places the tastes of a cultivated traveller; and parts of the sea-voyage of Aeneas look as if they were founded on personal reminiscences.

It may be noticed in several of the Odes of Horace how he adapts the vein of thought running through them to the character or position of the person to whom they refer. The revival of the old Hesiodic and theological idea of the sin and impiety of that spirit of enterprise which led men first to brave the dangers of the sea, and to baffle the purpose of the Deity in separating nations from one another by the ocean,—an idea to which Virgil himself gives expression in the fourth Eclogue,—

*Pauca tamen suberunt priscae vestigia fraudis,
Quae temptare Thetim ratibus, etc.,—*

is not unsuited to the unadventurous disposition of the older poet.

The twenty-fourth Ode is addressed to him on the occasion of the death of their common friend Quintilius Varus, probably the Varus of the tenth poem of Catullus, and thus one of the last survivors of the friendly circle of poets and wits of a former generation. While a high tribute to the pure character of their lost friend, it is at the same time a tribute to the pious and affectionate character of Virgil.

It is a delicate touch of appreciation that Horace dwells more on the thought of the depth of Virgil's sorrow for their common friend

than on his own. Both of these Odes give evidence of the strong affection which Virgil inspired; the second affords further evidence of the qualities in virtue of which he inspired that feeling. Similar proof of affection and appreciation is afforded by the words in which Horace in the fifth Satire of Book I. characterises Virgil ('Vergilius optimus,' as he elsewhere calls him), and his two friends Plotius and Varius,—

Animae quales neque candiores

Terra tulit, neque queis me sit devinctior alter.

The word 'candiores' suggests the same qualities of a beautiful nature,—the unworldly simplicity and sincerity, which are ascribed to Quintilius in the words 'pudor, incorrupta fides, nudaque veritas.'

The seven years from 37 B.C. to 30 B.C. were devoted by Virgil to the composition of the Georgics, a poem scarcely exceeding 2000 lines in length. His chief residence at this time was Naples:—

Me dulcis alebat

Parthenope, studiis florentem ignobilis oti.

He possessed also at this time a country-house or estate in the neighbourhood of Nola; and the fourth Book affords evidence of some time spent at or in the neighbourhood of Tarentum which is confirmed by the lines in Propertius,—

Tu canis umbrosi subter pineta Galaesi

Thyrsin et attritis Daphnin harundinibus,—

the region prized by Horace as second only to his beloved Tibur. In the year 29 B.C. he read the whole poem to Augustus, on his return from Asia, at the town of Atella. The reading occupied four days. Maecenas was of the party, and relieved the poet in the task of reading.

The remaining years of his life were spent in the composition of the Aeneid. One of the poems of the Catalepta (vi.) gives expression to a vow binding the poet to sacrifice a bull to Venus if he succeeded in accomplishing the task which he had imposed on himself. So early as the year 26 B.C., Augustus while engaged in the Cantabrian war, had desired to see some part of the poem. It was in answer to that request that Virgil wrote the letter of which the fragment, quoted in the previous chapter, has been preserved by Macrobius. At a later

time, after the death of the young Marcellus (23 B.C.), he read three Books to Augustus and the other members of his family.

After spending eleven years on the composition of his great epic, he set aside three more for its final correction. In the year 19 B.C. he set out with the view of travelling in Greece and Asia. Meeting Augustus at Athens, he was persuaded to abandon his purpose and return with him to Italy. While visiting Megara under a burning sun he was seized with illness. Continuing his voyage without interruption, he became worse, and on the 21st of September, a few days after landing at Brundisium, he died in the fifty-first year of his age. In his last illness he showed the ruling passion of his life—the craving perfection—by calling for the cases which held his MSS., with the intention of burning the *Aeneid*. It is in keeping with the absence of self-assertion in his writings that his final hours were clouded by this sad sense of failure, rather than brightened by such confident assurances of immortality as other Roman poets have expressed. In the same spirit of dissatisfaction with all imperfect accomplishment, he left directions in his will that his executors, Varius and Tucca, should publish nothing but what had been already edited by him. This direction, which would have deprived the world of the *Aeneid*, was disregarded by them in compliance with the commands of Augustus.

He was buried at Naples, where his tomb was long regarded with religious veneration and visited as a temple; and tradition has associated his name, as that of a magician, with the construction of the great tunnel of Posilippo, in its immediate neighbourhood.

III.

The interest of the life of Virgil lies in the bearing of his circumstances on the development of his genius, in the view which it affords of his whole nature as a man, and in the relation of that nature to the work accomplished by him as a poet. The biography of Horace has an independent value as affording insight into social life and character, irrespective of the light which it reflects on the art of the poet. But no separate line of action, adventure, or enjoyment runs through and intermingles with the even course of Virgil's poetic

career. And this may have been a drawback to him as the poet of political action, of heroic adventure, and of human character. His career in this respect is unlike that of other great poets who have been endowed with the epic or dramatic faculty, who either took part in the serious action of their age, or gave proof in their lives of some share of the adventurous spirit or of the rich social nature which they have delineated in their works. In the same way the life of Livy was that merely of a man of letters, and thus different from that of the other great historians of antiquity, who had either passed through a career of adventure, like Herodotus and Xenophon, or had been actively engaged in public affairs, like Thucydides and Polybius, Sallust and Tacitus. The *'inscitia Reipublicae ut alienae'* thus betrays itself in Livy more than in any of those historians who have been named. Virgil's life was as much one of pure contemplation or absorption in his art, as that of Lucretius or Wordsworth. The first half of his career, from childhood to maturity, was an education, passive and active, for the position he was destined to fill as the greatest literary artist and greatest national poet of Rome. His later career, from the age of twenty-eight till his too early death, was the fulfilment of the office to which he had dedicated himself. With the exception of one troubled year of his early manhood, which proved the turning-point of his fortunes, he lived, undistracted by business or pleasure, the life of a scholar and poet, combining the concentrated industry of the first with the sense of joyful activity and ever-ripening faculty which sustains and cheers the second. In youth his means of living must have been moderate, yet sufficient to enable him to forsake everything else for his art: in later life, through the munificence of Augustus, he was rich enough to enjoy exemption from the cares of life, and to gratify freely the one taste by which his poetical gifts were fostered—that of living and varying his residence among the fairest scenes of Southern Italy. The one drawback to his happiness, viz. that he suffered during all his life from delicate or variable health, was not unfavourable to the concentration of his whole nature on his self-appointed task. It saved him from ever sacrificing the high aim of his existence to the pleasures in which his contemporaries indulged, and to which the imaginative temperament of the poets and artists of a southern land is powerfully attracted. The

abstemious regimen which from necessity or inclination he observed, the fact recorded of him that he ‘took very little food and wine,’ must have quickened the finer sources of emotion by which his genius was nourished. Had he received from nature a robuster fibre and more hardihood of spirit, or had his character been more tempered by collision with the active forces of life, his epic poem might have shown a more original energy, and greater power in delineating varied types of character: but in combination with a robuster or more energetic temper, much of the peculiar charm of Virgil would have been lost.

He is said to have been of a tall and awkward figure, of dark complexion, and to have preserved through all his life a look of rusticity. He wanted readiness in ordinary conversation, and never overcame the shyness of his rustic origin or studious habits. It is reported that in his rare visits to Rome he avoided observation, and took refuge in the nearest house from the crowds of people who recognised or followed him. The ‘*monstrari digito praetereuntium*’ was to him a source of embarrassment rather than of that gratification which Horace derived from it.

Both his parents lived till after the loss of his farm, when the poet was in his twenty-ninth year. Two brothers died before him, one while still a boy, the other after reaching manhood. To his half-brother Valerius Proculus he left one half of his estate. Augustus, Maecenas, and his two friends Varius and Tucca also received legacies. He was never married, nor is there any record in connexion with him of any of those temporary liaisons which the other poets of the Augustan Age formed and celebrated in their verse. Some modern critics arguing from a single expression in the *Life* by Donatus, and giving to a tradition connected with the subject of the second Eclogue a meaning which, even if the tradition was trustworthy, need not apply to it, have written of Virgil as if throughout his whole life he yielded to a laxity of morals from which perhaps some of his eminent contemporaries were not free, but which was condemned by the manlier instincts of Romans, as of all modern nations. The expression of Donatus is probably a mere survival of the calumnies against which Asconius vindicated Virgil’s character. The statement of the same biographer, that on account of his purity of

speech and life he was known in Naples by the name 'Parthenias,' is at least as trustworthy evidence as that on which the imputations on his character have been revived. The levity and mendacity with which such calumnies were invented, and the attractions which they have for the baser nature of men in all times, sufficiently explain both the original existence and the later revival of these imputations. We are called upon not merely to disregard them as unproved, or irrelevant to our estimate of the poet's art, but to reject them as incompatible with the singular purity and transparent sincerity of nature revealed in all the maturer works of his genius.

The cordial and discriminating language both of the Satires and the Odes of Horace confirms the impression of delicacy and simplicity of character suggested by the general tone of Virgil's writings. The appreciation of Horace for Virgil reminds us of the touching tribute which the great comic poet of Athens pays to her greatest tragic poet, where he speaks of him as showing the same disposition among the Shades as he had shown in the world above—

Ὅ δ' εὐκόλος μὲν ἐνθάδ', εὐκόλος δ' ἔκεῖ—

and of that similar tribute paid by his friend and fellow-dramatist to our own great poet, in the words 'my gentle Shakespeare.' The affection and admiration of the greatest of his contemporaries, surviving in the tradition handed on to future times, testify to Virgil's exemption from the personal frailties and asperities to which the impressible and mobile temperament of genius is peculiarly liable.

His works do not present any single distinct impression of the poet himself, in his own character and convictions, separable from his artistic representation. Yet from the study of these works we are able to form a general conception of the disposition, affections, and moral sympathies which distinguish him from the other great writers of his country. We might perhaps without undue fancifulness express the dominant ethical or social characteristic—the ideal virtue or grace—of some of the great Roman writers by some word peculiarly expressive of Roman character or culture, and of frequent use in these writers themselves. Thus, in regard to Cicero, the man of quick susceptibility to praise and blame, to sympathy and coldness, who, except where his personal or political antagonism was roused, had the liveliest sense of the claims of kind offices and kind feeling

which men have on one another, the word *humanitas* seems to sum up those qualities of heart and intellect which, in spite of the transparent weaknesses of his character, gained for him so much affection, and which, through the sympathy they enabled him to feel and arouse in others, were the secret of his unparalleled success as an advocate. To Lucretius we might apply the word *sanctitas*, in the sense in which he applies the word *sanctus* to the old philosophers, as expressive of that glow of reverential emotion which animates him in his search after truth and in his contemplation of Nature. His own words '*lepor*' and '*lepidus*' express the graceful vivacity, artistic and social rather than ethical, which we associate with the thought of Catullus. The quality, mainly intellectual and social, but still not devoid of ethical content, of which Horace is the most perfect type, is '*urbanitas*.' The full meaning of the great Roman word '*gravitas*'—the vital force of ethical feeling as well as the strength of character connoted by it, and by its sister-qualities 'dignity and authority'—is only completely realised in the pages of Tacitus. And so it is only in Virgil, and especially in that poem in which he deals with types of human character and motives originating in human affection, that we understand all the feelings of love to family and country, and of fidelity to the dead, and that sense of dependence on a higher Power, sanctioning and sanctifying these feelings and the duties demanded by them, which the Romans comprehended in their use of the word '*pietas*.'

With this recognition of man's dependence on a wise and beneficent Power above him, is perhaps connected another moral characteristic strongly indicated in many passages of the Aeneid, and mentioned among the personal attributes of Virgil in some of the editions of Donatus's Life, though it does not appear in that accepted by the latest critics as resting on the best MS. authority. This quality is the stoical power of endurance which he attributes to his hero, but which in him is combined with nothing either of the austerity or pedantry of Stoicism. The passage in the biography, which, if an interpolation in the original Life, is one that is at least 'well invented,' is to the following effect:—'He was in the habit of saying that there was no virtue of more use to a man than patience, and that there was no fortune so harsh, that a brave man cannot triumph over

it by wisely enduring it.' Mr. Wickham, in his edition of Horace, refers to this passage as illustrating the maxims of consolation addressed by Horace to Virgil on the death of their friend Quintilius. Many lines in the Aeneid, such as the

Quidquid erit, superanda omnis fortuna ferendo est—

Disce, puer, virtutem ex me verumque laborem,

Fortunam ex aliis—

indicate that the gentleness of Virgil, if combined with a peace-loving disposition, was not incompatible with Roman fortitude and resolute endurance.

The reproach from which it is impossible entirely to clear his memory is that of undue subservience to power. It was in the qualities of independence and self-assertion that his character was deficient. It is to the excess of his feeling of deference to power, and not to any insincerity of nature, that we attribute the language occasionally—as in the Invocation to the Georgics—transcending the limits of truth and sobriety, in which the position of Augustus is magnified. It is for ever to be regretted that he was induced to sacrifice not only the tribute of admiration originally offered to the friend of his youth, but even the symmetrical conception of his greatest poem, to the jealousy which Augustus entertained of the memory of Gallus. Virgil, again, has no sympathy with political life, as it realised itself in the ancient republics, or with the energetic types of character which the conflicts of political life develope. His own somewhat submissive disposition, his personal attachments and admirations, his hatred of strife, his yearning after peace and reconciliation, made him a sincere supporter of the idea of the Empire in opposition to that of the Republic. To a character of a more combative energy and power of resistance it would have been scarcely possible to have been unmoved by the spectacle of the final overthrow of ancient freedom, though that freedom had for a long time previously contributed little to human happiness. But the nobleness of Virgil's nature is not the nobleness of those qualities which make men great in resistance to wrong, but the nobleness of a gentle and gracious spirit.

By no poet in any time has he been surpassed in devotion to his art. Into this channel all the currents of his being, all fresh sources of

feeling, all the streams of his meditation and research were poured. The delight in poetry and the kindred delight in the beauty of Nature were the main springs of his happiness. With the high ambition of genius and the unceasing aim at perfection he combined a remarkable modesty and a generous appreciation of all poets who had gone before him. But distrust in himself never led to any flagging of energy. The stories told of his habits of composition confirm the impression of his assiduous industry. In writing the *Georgics* he is said to have dictated many lines early in the morning, under the first impulse of his inspiration, and to have employed the remainder of the day in concentrating their force within the smallest compass. Of no poem of equal length can it be said that there is so little that is superfluous. He himself described this mode of composition by the phrase ‘*parere se versus modo atque ritu ursino*’—‘that he produced verses by licking them into shape as a bear did with her cubs.’ The *Aeneid* was first arranged and written out in prose: when the structure of the story was distinct to his mind, he proceeded to work on different parts of it, as his fancy moved him. Another statement in regard to his manner of reading is worth mentioning, as indicating the powerful inspiration of the true *αοιδός*, which he added to the patient industry of the conscientious artist. It is recorded on the authority of a contemporary poet, that he read his own poems with such a wonderful sweetness and charm (‘*suavitate tum lenociniis miris*’), that verses which would have sounded commonplace when read by another, produced a marvellous effect when ‘chanted to their own music’ by the poet himself. Similar testimony is given of the effect produced by the reading or recitation of their own works by some among our own poets, Wordsworth, Scott, and Byron among others. This large, musical, and impassioned utterance—the ‘*os magna sonaturum*’—is a sure note of that access of emotion which forces the poet to find a rhythmical expression for his thought.

It was through the union of a strong and delicate vein of original genius with a great receptive capacity and an unwearied love of his art that Virgil established and for a long time retained his ascendancy as one of the two whom the world honoured as its greatest poets. Though his supremacy has been shaken, and is not likely ever again

to be fully re-established, the examination of his various works will show that it was not through accident or caprice that one of the highest places in the dynasty of genius was allotted to him, and that his still remains one of the few great names which belong, not to any particular age or nation, but to all time and to every people.

CHAPTER IV.

The Eclogues.

I.

The name by which the earliest of Virgil's recognised works is known tells us nothing of the subject of which it treats. The word 'Eclogae' simply means selections. As applied to the poems of Virgil, it designates a collection of short unconnected poems. The other name by which these poems were known in antiquity, 'bucolica,' indicates the form of Greek art in which they were cast and the pastoral nature of their subjects. Neither word is used by Virgil himself; but the expressions by which he characterises his art, such as 'Sicelides Musae,' 'versus Syracosius,' 'Musa agrestis' and 'silvestris,' show that he writes in a pastoral strain, and that he considered the pastoral poetry of Greece as his model. He invokes not only the 'Sicilian Muses,' but the 'fountain of Arethusa.' He speaks too of Pan, and Arcadia, and the 'Song of Maenalus.' His shepherd-poets are described as 'Arcadians.' The poets whom he introduces as his prototypes are the 'sage of Ascrea,' and the mythical Linus, Orpheus, and Amphion. He alludes also to Theocritus under the name of the 'Syracusan shepherd.' The names of the shepherds who are introduced as contending in song or uttering their feelings in monologue—Corydon, Thyrsis, Menalcas, Meliboeus, Tityrus, etc.—are Greek, and for the most part taken from the pastoral idyls of Theocritus. There is also frequent mention of the shepherd's pipe, and of the musical accompaniment to which some of the songs chanted by the shepherds are set.

The general character of the poems is further indicated by the

frequent use of the word 'ludere,' a word applied by Catullus, Horace, Propertius, Ovid, and others to the poems of youth, of a light and playful character, and, for the most part, expressive of various moods of the passion of love. Thus at the end of the Georgics Virgil speaks of himself thus:—

Carmina qui lusi pastorum, audaxque iuventa,
Tityre, te patulae cecini sub tegmine fagi.

This reference shows further that the poem which stands first in order was placed there when the edition of the Eclogues was given to the world. But other references (at v. 86–87 and vi. 12) seem to imply that the separate poems were known either by distinct titles, such as Varus, the title of the sixth, or from their opening lines, as the 'Formosum Corydon ardebat Alexim,' and the 'Cuicum pecus? an Meliboei?' It has been also suggested, from lines quoted in the ninth, which profess to be the opening lines of other pastoral poems, that the ten finally collected together were actual 'selections' from a larger number, commenced if not completed ('necdum perfecta canebat') by Virgil. But these passages seem more like the lines attributed to the contending poets in the third and seventh Eclogues, i.e. short unconnected specimens of pastoral song.

Nearly all the poems afford indications of the time of their composition and of the order in which they followed one another; and that order is different from the order in which they now appear. It is said, on the authority of Asconius, that three years, from 42 B.C. to 39 B.C., were given to the composition of the Eclogues. But an allusion in the tenth (line 47) to the expedition of Agrippa across the Alps in the early part of 37 B.C. proves that a later date must be assigned to that poem. The probable explanation is that Virgil had intended to end the series with the eighth, which celebrated the triumph of Pollio over the Parthini in 39 B.C.,—

A te principium, tibi desinet,—

but that his friendship for Gallus induced him to add the tenth, two years later, either before the poems were finally collected for publication, or in preparing a new edition of them. They were written at various places and at various stages of the poet's fortunes. They appear to have obtained great success when first published, and some of them were recited with applause upon the stage. The earliest in

point of time were the second and third, and these, along with the fifth, may be ascribed to the year 42 B.C. The seventh, which has no allusion to contemporary events and is a mere imitative reproduction of the Greek idyl, may also belong to this earlier period, although some editors rank it as one of the latest. The first, which is founded on the loss of the poet's farm, belongs to the next year, and the ninth and sixth probably may be assigned to the same year, or to the early part of the following year. The date of the fourth is fixed by the Consulship of Pollio to the year 40 B.C.; that of the eighth to the year 39 B.C. by the triumph of Pollio over the Parthini. The opening words of the tenth show that it was the last of the series; and the reference to the expedition of Agrippa implies that it could not have been written earlier than the end of 38 B.C. or the beginning of 37 B.C. The first, second, third, and fifth, were in all probability written by the poet in his native district, the sixth, ninth, and perhaps the seventh, at the villa which had formerly belonged to Siron ('*villula quae Sironis eras*'), the rest at Rome. The principle on which the poems are arranged seems to be that of alternating dialogue with monologue. The eighth, though not in dialogue, yet resembles the latter part of the fifth, in presenting two continuous songs, chanted by different shepherds. The poem first in order may have occupied its place from its greater interest in connexion with the poet's fortunes, or from the honour which it assigns to Octavianus, whose pre-eminence over the other competitors for supreme power had sufficiently declared itself before the first collected edition of the poems was published.

In the earliest poems of the series the art of Virgil, like the lyrical art of Horace in his earlier Odes, is more imitative and conventional than in those written later. He seems satisfied with reproducing the form, rhythm, and diction of Theocritus, and mingling some vague expression of personal or national feeling with the sentiment of the Greek idyl. That the fifth was written after the second and third appears from the lines v. 86–87, in which Menalcas, under which name Virgil introduces himself in the Eclogues, presents his pipe to Mopsus:—

Haec nos 'Formosum Corydon ardebat Alexin,'

Haec eadem docuit 'Cuium pecus? an Meliboei?'

From these lines also it may be inferred as probable that the second poem, 'Formosum pastor Corydon,' was written before the third, 'Dic mihi, Damoeta, cuium pecus? an Meliboei?'

A tradition, quoted by Servius and referred to (though inaccurately) by Martial, attributes the composition of the second Eclogue to the admiration excited in Virgil by the beauty of a young slave, Alexander, who was presented to him by Pollio and carefully educated by him. A similar story is told of his having received from Maecenas another slave, named Cebes, who also obtained from him a liberal education and acquired some distinction as a poet. It is not improbable that Virgil may have been warmly attached to these youths, and that there was nothing blameable in his attachment. Even Cicero, a man as far removed as possible from any sentimental weakness, writes to Atticus of the death of a favourite slave, a young Greek, and evidently, from the position he filled in Cicero's household, a boy of liberal accomplishments, in these words: 'And, I assure you, I am a good deal distressed. For my reader, Sositheus, a charming boy, is just dead; and it has affected me more than I should have thought the death of a slave ought to affect one.' It remains true however that in one or two of those Eclogues in which he most closely imitates Theocritus, Virgil uses the language of serious sentiment, and once of bantering raillery, in a way which justly offends modern feeling. And this is all that can be said against him.

There are more imitations of the Greek in this and in the next poem than in any of the other Eclogues. The scenery of the piece, in so far as it is at all definite, combines the mountains and the sea-landscape of Sicily with Italian woods and vineyards. Corydon seems to combine the features of an Italian vinedresser with the conventional character of a Sicilian shepherd. The line

Aspice aratra iugo referunt suspensa iuveni

applies rather to an Italian scene than to the pastoral district of Sicily; and this reference to ploughing seems inconsistent with the description of the fierce midsummer heat, and with the introduction of the 'fessi messorēs' in the opening lines of the poem. These inconsistencies show how little thought Virgil had for the objective consistency of his representation. The poem however, in many places, gives powerful expression to the feelings of a despairing

lover. There are here, as in the Gallus, besides that vein of feeling which the Latin poet shares with Theocritus, some traces of that 'wayward modern mood' of longing to escape from the world and to return to some vague ideal of Nature, and to sacrifice all the gains of civilisation in exchange for the homeliest dwelling shared with the object of affection:—

O tantum libeat mecum tibi sordida rura
Atque humiles habitare casas, et figere cervos;
and again,
Habitarunt di quoque silvas
Dardaniusque Paris. Pallas quas condidit arces
Ipsa colat, nobis placeant ante omnia silvae.

The third Eclogue, which is in dialogue, and reproduces two features of the Greek idyl, the natural banter of the shepherds and the more artificial contest in song, is still more imitative and composite in character. It shows several close imitations, especially of the fourth, fifth, and eighth Idyls of Theocritus. In this poem only Virgil, whose muse even in the Eclogues is almost always serious or plaintive, endeavours to reproduce the playfulness and vivacity of his original. Both in the bantering dialogue and in the more formal contest of the shepherds, the subjects introduced are for the most part of a conventional pastoral character, but with these topics are combined occasional references to the tastes and circumstances of the poet himself. Thus in lines 40–42,

In medio duo signa ... curvus arator haberet,
allusion is made to the astronomical studies of which Virgil made fuller use in the Georgics. In the line
Pollio amat nostram quamvis est rustica Musam,
and again,
Pollio et ipse facit nova carmina,

he makes acknowledgment of the favour and pays honour to the poetical tastes of his earliest patron, whom he celebrates also in the fourth and eighth Eclogues. The line

Qui Bavium non odit amet tua carmina, Maevi

has condemned to everlasting notoriety the unfortunate pair, who have served modern satirists as types of spiteful critics and ineffectual authors. At lines 10–11 there is, as in Eclogue ii., an apparent blending of the occupations of the Italian vinedresser with those of the Sicilian shepherd. In the contest of song there is no sustained connexion of thought, as indeed there is not in similar contests in Theocritus. These contests are supposed to reproduce the utterances of improvisatori, of whom the second speaker is called to say something, either in continuation of or in contrast to the thought of the first. The shepherds in these strains seek to glorify their own prowess, boast of their successes in love, or call attention to some picturesque aspect of their rustic life.

The fifth Eclogue is also in dialogue. It brings before us a friendly interchange of song between two pastoral poets, Mopsus and Menalcas. Servius mentions that Menalcas (here, as in the ninth Eclogue) stands for Virgil himself, while Mopsus stands for his friend Aemilius Macer of Verona. Mopsus laments the cruel death of Daphnis, the legendary shepherd of Sicilian song, and Menalcas celebrates his apotheosis. Various accounts were given in antiquity of the meaning which was to be attached to this poem. One account was that Virgil here expressed his sorrow for the death of his brother Flaccus. Though the time of his death may have coincided with that of the composition of this poem, the language of the lament and of the song celebrating the ascent of Daphnis to heaven is quite unlike the expression of a private or personal sorrow. There seems no reason to doubt another explanation which has come down from ancient times, that under this pastoral allegory Virgil laments the death and proclaims the apotheosis of Julius Caesar. It is probable that the poem was composed for his birthday, the 4th of July, which for the first time was celebrated with religious rites in the year 42 B.C., when the name of the month Quintilis was changed into that which it has retained ever since. The lines 25–26,

Nulla neque amnem

Libavit quadrupes nec graminis attigit herbam,

are supposed to refer to a belief which had become traditional in the time of Suetonius, that the horses which had been consecrated after crossing the Rubicon had refused to feed immediately before

the death of their master. In the lines expressing the sorrow for his loss, and in those which mark out the divine office which he was destined to fulfil after death,—

Ut Baccho Cererique, tibi sic vota quotannis

Agricolae facient, damnabis tu quoque votis,—

as in the lines of the ninth, referring to the Julium Sidus,—

Astrum quo segetes gauderent frugibus, et quo

Duceret apricis in collibus uva colorem,—

allusion is made to the encouragement Caesar gave to the husbandman and vine-planter in his lifetime, and to the honour due to him as their tutelary god in heaven. And these allusions help us to understand the ‘votis iam nunc adsuesce vocari’ of the invocation in the first Georgic.

Nothing illustrates more clearly the unreal conceptions of the pastoral allegory than a comparison of the language in the ‘Lament for Daphnis,’ with the strong Roman realism of the lines at the end of the first Georgic, in which the omens portending the death of Caesar are described. Nor can anything show more clearly the want of individuality with which Virgil uses the names of the Theocritean shepherds than the fact that while the Daphnis of the fifth Eclogue represents the departed and deified soldier and statesman, the Daphnis of the ninth is a living husbandman whose fortunes were secured by the protecting star of Caesar,—

Insere, Daphni, piros, carpent tua poma nepotes.

The peace and tranquillity restored to the land under this protecting influence are foreshadowed in the lines 58–61—

Ergo alacris ... amat bonus otia Daphnis;

and the earliest reference to the divine honours assigned in life and death to the later representatives of the name of Caesar, is heard in the jubilant shout of wild mountains, rocks, and groves to the poet

Deus, deus ille, Menalca.

Although the treatment of the subject may be vague and conventional, yet this poem possesses the interest of being Virgil’s earliest effort, directed to a subject of living and national interest; and many of the lines in the poem are unsurpassed for grace and sweetness of musical cadence by anything in Latin poetry.

There is no allusion to contemporary events by which the date of the seventh can be determined; but the absence of such allusion and the 'purely Theocritean' character of the poem suggest the inference that it is a specimen of Virgil's earlier manner. Two shepherds, Corydon and Thyrsis, are introduced as joining Daphnis, who is seated under a whispering ilex; they engage in a friendly contest of song, which is listened to also by the poet himself, who here calls himself Meliboeus. They assert in alternate strains their claims to poetic honours, offer prayers and vows to Diana as the goddess of the chase and to Priapus as the god of gardens, draw rival pictures of cool retreat from the heat of summer and of cheerfulness by the winter fire, and connect the story of their loves with the varying aspect of the seasons, and with the beauty of trees sacred to different deities or native to different localities. Though the shepherds are Arcadian, the scenery is Mantuan:—

Hic viridis tenera praetexit harundine ripam

Mincius, eque sacra resonant examina quercu.

Meliboeus decides the contest in favour of Corydon:—

Haec memini, et victum frustra contendere Thyrsin.

Ex illo Corydon Corydon est tempore nobis.

These poems, in which the conventional shepherds of pastoral poetry sing of their loves, their flocks and herds, of the beauty of the seasons and of outward nature, in tones caught from Theocritus, or revive and give a new meaning to the old Sicilian dirge over 'the woes of Daphnis,' may be assigned to the eventful year in which the forces of the Republic finally shattered themselves against the forces of the new Empire. There is a strange contrast between these peaceful and somewhat unreal strains of Virgil and the drama which was at the same time enacted on the real stage of human affairs. No sound of the 'storms that raged outside his happy ground' disturbs the security with which Virgil cultivates his art. But the following year brought the trouble and unhappiness of the times home to the peaceful dwellers around Mantua, and to Virgil among the rest. Of the misery caused by the confiscations and allotments of land to the soldiers of Octavianus, the first Eclogue is a lasting record. Yet even in this poem, based as it is on genuine feeling and a real experience, Virgil seems to care only for the truth of feeling with which Tityrus

and Meliboeus express themselves, without regard for consistency in the conception of the situation, the scenery, or the personages of the poem. Tityrus is at once the slave who goes to Rome to purchase his freedom, and the owner of the land and of the flocks and herds belonging to it. He is advanced in years, and at the same time a poet lying indolently in the shade, and making the woods ring with the sounds of 'beautiful Amaryllis,' like the young shepherds in Theocritus. The scenery apparently combines some actual features of the farm in the Mantuan district—

Quamvis lapis omnia nudus

Limosoque palus obducatur pascua iunco,
with the ideal mountain-land of pastoral song—

Maioresque cadunt altis de montibus umbrae.

A further inconsistency has been suggested between the time of year indicated by the 'shade of the spreading beech' in the first line, and that indicated by the ripe chestnuts at line 81. The truth of the poem consists in the expression of the feelings of love which the old possessors entertained for their homes, and the sense of dismay caused by this barbarous irruption on their ancient domains:—

Impius haec tam culta novalia miles habebit?

Barbarus has segetes? En quo discordia civis

Produxit miseros!

Virgil's feeling for the movement of his age, which henceforth becomes one of the main sources of his inspiration, has its origin in the effect which these events had on his personal fortunes, and in the sympathy awakened within him by the sorrows of his native district.

The ninth Eclogue, written most probably in the same year, and in form imitated from the seventh Idyl—the famous *Thalysia*—of Theocritus, repeats the tale of dejection and alarm among the old inhabitants of the Mantuan district,—

Nunc victi, tristes, quoniam fors omnia versat,—

and touches allusively on the story of the personal danger which Virgil encountered from the violence of the centurion who claimed possession of his land. The speakers in the dialogue are Moeris, a shepherd of Menalcas,—the pastoral poet, who sings of the nymphs, of the wild flowers spread over the ground, and of the brooks shaded with trees,—and Lycidas, who, like the Lycidas of the *Thalysia*, is

also a poet:—

Me quoque dicunt

Vatem pastores, sed non ego credulus illis.

Nam neque adhuc Vario videor nec dicere Cinna

Digna, sed argutos inter strepere anser olores.

After the account of the fray, given by Moeris, and the comments of Lycidas, in which he introduces the lines referred to in the previous chapter, as having all the signs of being a real description of the situation of Virgil's farms—

qua se subducere colles incipiunt—

Moeris sings the opening lines of certain other pastoral poems, some his own, some the songs of Menalcas. Two of these—'Tityre dum redeo' and 'Huc ades O Galatea'—are purely Theocritean. Two others—

Vare tuum nomen, superet modo Mantua nobis,
and

Daphni quid antiquos signorum suspicis ortus—

indicate the new path which Virgil's art was striking out for itself. There is certainly more real substance in this poem than in most of the earlier Eclogues. Lycidas and Moeris speak about what interests them personally. The scene of the poem is apparently the road between Virgil's farm and Mantua. There seem to be no conventional and inconsistent features introduced from the scenery of Sicily or Arcadia, unless it be the 'aequor' of line 57—

Et nunc omne tibi stratum silet aequor.

But may not that be either the lake, formed by the overflow of the river, some distance above Mantua, or even the great level plain, with its long grass and corn-fields and trees, hushed in the stillness of the late afternoon?

The sixth Eclogue was written probably about the same time and at the same place, the villa of Siron, in which Virgil had taken refuge with his family. It is inscribed with the name of Varus, who is said to have been a fellow-student of Virgil under the tuition of Siron. But, with the exception of the dedicatory lines, there is no reference to the circumstances of the time. Though abounding with rich pastoral illustrations, the poem is rather a mythological and semi-philosophical idyl than a pure pastoral poem. It consists mainly of a

song of Silenus, in which an account is given of the creation of the world in accordance with the Lucretian philosophy; and, in connexion with this theme (as is done also by Ovid in his *Metamorphoses*), some of the oldest mythological traditions, such as the tale of Pyrrha and Deucalion, the reign of Saturn on earth, the theft and punishment of Prometheus, etc., are introduced. The opening lines—*Namque canebat uti*—are imitated from the song of Orpheus in the first book of the *Argonautics*, but they bear unmistakable traces also of the study of Lucretius. There seems no trace of the language of Theocritus in the poem.

Three points of interest may be noted in this song: (1) Virgil here, as in *Georgic* ii. 475, etc., regards the revelation of physical knowledge as a fitting theme for poetic treatment. So in the first *Aeneid*, the ‘Song of Iopas’ is said to be about ‘the wandering moon and the toils of the sun; the origin of man and beast, water and fire,’ etc. The revelation of the secrets of Nature seems to float before the imagination of Virgil as the highest consummation of his poetic faculty. (2) We note here how, as afterwards in the *Georgics*, he accepts the philosophical ideas of creation, side by side with the supernatural tales of mythology. He seems to regard such tales as those here introduced as part of the religious traditions of the human race, and as a link which connects man with the gods. In the *Georgics* we find also the same effort to reconcile, or at least to combine, the conceptions of science with mythological fancies. In this effort we recognise the influence of other Alexandrine poets rather than of Theocritus. (3) The introduction of Gallus in the midst of the mythological figures of the poem, and the account of the honour paid to him by the Muses and of the office assigned to him by Linus, are characteristic of the art of the *Eclogues*, which is not so much allegorical as composite. It brings together in the same representation facts, personages, and places from actual life and the figures and scenes of a kind of fairy-land. In the tenth *Eclogue* Gallus is thus identified with the *Daphnis* of Sicilian song, and is represented as the object of care to the Naiads and Pan and Apollo. While Pollio is the patron whose protection and encouragement Virgil most cordially acknowledges in his earlier poems, Gallus is the man among his contemporaries who has most powerfully touched

his imagination and gained his affections.

The Eclogue composed next in order of time is the 'Pollio.' It was written in the consulship of Pollio, B.C. 40, immediately after the reconciliation between Antony and Octavianus effected by the treaty of Brundisium, and gives expression to that vague hope of a new era of peace and prosperity which recurs so often in the poetry of this age. In consequence of the interpretation given to it in a later age, this poem has acquired an importance connected with Virgil's religious belief second only to the importance of the sixth Aeneid. Early Christian writers, perceiving a parallel between expressions and ideas in this poem and those in the Messianic prophecies, believed that Virgil was here the unconscious vehicle of Divine inspiration, and that he prophesies of the new era which was to begin with the birth of Christ. And though, as Conington and others have pointed out, the picture of the Golden Age given in the poem is drawn immediately from Classical and not from Hebrew sources, yet there is no parallel in Classical poetry to that which is the leading idea of the poem, the coincidence of the commencement of this new era with the birth of a child whom a marvellous career awaited.

The poem begins with an invocation to the Sicilian Muses and with the declaration that, though the strain is still pastoral, yet it is to be in a higher mood, and worthy of the Consul to whom it is addressed. Then follows the announcement of the birth of a new era. The world after passing through a cycle of ages, each presided over by a special deity, had reached the last of the cycle, presided over by Apollo, and was about to return back to the Golden or Saturnian Age of peace and innocence, into which the human race was originally born. A new race of men was to spring from heaven. The first-born of this new stock was destined hereafter to be a partaker of the life of the gods and to 'rule over a world in peace with the virtues of his father.' Then follow the rural and pastoral images of the Golden Age, like those given in the first Georgic in the description of the early world before the reign of Jove. The full glory of the age should not be reached till this child should attain the maturity of manhood. In the meantime some traces of 'man's original sin' ('priscae vestigia fraudis') should still urge him to brave the dangers of the sea, to

surround his cities with walls, and to plough the earth into furrows. There should be a second expedition of the Argonauts, and a new Achilles should be sent against another Troy. The romantic adventures of the heroic age were to precede the rest, innocence, and spontaneous abundance of the age of Saturn. Next the child is called upon to prepare himself for the 'magni honores'—the great offices of state which awaited him; and the poet prays that his own life and inspiration may be prolonged so far as to enable him to celebrate his career.

There seem to be no traces of imitation of Theocritus in this poem. The rhythm which in the other Eclogues reproduces the Theocritean cadences is in this more stately and uniform, recalling those of Catullus in his longest poem. The substance of the poem is quite unlike anything in the Sicilian idyl. Though this substance does not stand out in the clear light of reality, but is partially revealed through a haze of pastoral images and legendary associations, yet it is not altogether unmeaning. The anticipation of a new era was widely spread and vividly felt over the world; and this anticipation—the state of men's minds at and subsequent to the time when this poem was written—probably contributed to the acceptance of the great political and spiritual changes which awaited the world.

Two questions which have been much discussed in connexion with this poem remain to be noticed; (1) who is the child born in the consulship of Pollio of whom this marvellous career is predicted? (2) is it at all probable that Virgil, directly or indirectly, had any knowledge of the Messianic prophecies or ideas?

In answer to the first we may put aside at once the supposition that the prediction is made of the child who was born in that year to Octavianus and Scribonia. The words 'nascenti puero' are altogether inapplicable to the notorious and unfortunate Julia, who was the child of that marriage. If Virgil was sanguine enough to predict the sex of the child, we can hardly imagine him allowing the words to stand after his prediction had been falsified. We may equally dismiss the supposition that the child spoken of was the offspring of the marriage of Antony and Octavia. Not to mention other considerations adverse to this supposition, it would have been impossible for Virgil, the devoted partisan of Caesar, to pay this special compliment to

Antony, even after he became so closely connected with his rival. There remains a third supposition, that the child spoken of is the son of Pollio, Asinius Gallus, who plays an important part in the reign of Tiberius. This last interpretation is supported by the authority of Asconius, who professed to have heard it from Asinius Gallus himself. The objection to this interpretation is that Virgil was not likely to assign to the child of one who, as compared with Octavianus and Antony, was only a secondary personage in public affairs, the position of 'future ruler of the world' and the function of being 'the regenerator of his age.' Still less could a poem bearing this meaning have been allowed to retain its place among Virgil's works after the ascendancy of Augustus became undisputed. Further, the line

Cara deum suboles, magnum Iovis incrementum

(whatever may be its exact meaning) appears an extreme exaggeration when specially applied to the actual son of a mortal father and mother. These difficulties have led some interpreters to suppose that the child spoken of is an ideal or imaginary representative of the future race. But if we look more closely at the poem, we find that the child is not really spoken of as the future regenerator of the age; he is merely the first-born of the new race, which was to be nearer to the gods both in origin and in actual communion with them. Again, the words

Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem

would not convey the same idea in the year 40 B.C. as they would ten or twenty years later. At the time when the poem was written the consulship was still the highest recognised position in the State. The Consuls for the year, nominally at least, wielded the whole power of the Empire. The words 'reget orbem' remain as a token that the Republic was not yet entirely extinct. The child is called upon to prepare himself for the great offices of State in the hope that he should in time hold the high place which was now held by his father. The words 'patriis virtutibus' imply that he is no ideal being, but the actual son of a well-known father. Virgil takes occasion in this poem to commemorate the attainment of the highest office by his patron, to celebrate the birth of the son born in the year of his consulship, and at the same time to express, by mystical and obscure allusions, the

trust that the peace of Brundisium was the inauguration of that new era for which the hearts of men all over the world were longing.

In turning to the second question, discussed in connexion with this Eclogue, the great amount and recondite character of Virgil's learning, especially of that derived from Alexandrine sources, must be kept in view. Macrobius testifies to this in several places. Thus he writes, 'for this poet was learned with not only a minute conscientiousness, but even with a kind of reserve and mystery, so that he introduced into his works much knowledge the sources of which are difficult to discover.' In another place he speaks of those things, 'what he had introduced from the most recondite learning of the Greeks.' And again he says, 'this story Virgil has dug out from the most recondite Greek literature.' It is indeed most improbable that Virgil had a direct knowledge of the Septuagint. If he had this knowledge it would have shown itself by other allusions in other parts of his works. But it is quite possible that, through other channels of Alexandrine learning, the ideas and the language of Hebrew prophecy may have become indirectly known to him. One channel by which this may have reached him would be the new Sibylline prophecies, manufactured in the East and probably reflecting Jewish as well as other Oriental ideas, which poured into Rome after the old Sibylline books had perished in the burning of the Capitol during the first Civil War.

Still, admitting these possibilities, we are not called upon to go beyond classical sources for the general substance and idea of this poem. It has more in common with the myth in the *Politicus* of Plato than with the Prophecies of Isaiah. The state of the world at the time when the poem was written produced the longing for an era of restoration and a return to a lost ideal of innocence and happiness, and the wish became father to the thought.

There still remain the eighth and tenth Eclogues to be examined. The first, like the fourth, is associated with the name of Pollio, the second with that of Gallus. The date of the eighth is fixed to 39 B.C. by the victory of Pollio in Illyria and by his subsequent triumph over the Parthini. The words

Accipe iussis

Carmina coepta tuis

testify to the personal influence under which Virgil wrote these poems. The title of 'Pharmaceutria,' by which the poem is known, indicates that Virgil professes to reproduce, in an Italian form, that passionate tale of city life which forms the object of the second idyl of Theocritus. But while the subject and burden of the second of the two songs contained in this Eclogue are suggested by that idyl, the poem is very far from being a mere imitative reproduction of it.

Two shepherds, Damon and Alpheisiboeus, meet in the early dawn

Cum ros in tenera pecori gratissimus herba,

(one of those touches of truthful description which reappear in the account of the pastoral occupations in Georgic iii). They each sing of incidents which may have been taken from actual life, or may have formed the subject of popular songs traditional among the peasantry of the district. In the first of these songs Damon gives vent to his despair in consequence of the marriage of his old love Nysa with his rival Mopsus. Though the shepherds who sing together bear the Greek names of Damon and Alpheisiboeus, though they speak of Rhodope and Tmaros and Maenalus, of Orpheus and Arion, though expressions and lines are close translations, and one a mistranslation, from the Greek (πάντα δ' ἑναλλα γένοιτο being rendered 'omnia vel medium fiant mare'), and though the mode by which the lover determines to end his sorrows,

Praeceptis aerii specula de montis in undas

Deferar,

is more appropriate to a shepherd inhabiting the rocks overhanging the Sicilian seas than to one dwelling in the plain of Mantua, yet both this song and the accompanying one sung by Alpheisiboeus approach more nearly to the impersonal and dramatic representation of the Greek idyl than any of those already examined. The lines of most exquisite grace and tenderness in the poem,—lines which have been pronounced the finest in Virgil and the finest in Latin literature by Voltaire and Macaulay,—

Saepibus in nostris parvam te roscida mala,

Dux ego vester eram, vidi cum matre legentem:

Alter ab undecimo tum me iam acceperat annus,

Iam fragiles poteram ab terra contingere ramos:

Ut vidi, ut perii, ut me malus abstulit error—

are indeed close imitations of lines of similar beauty from the song of the Cyclops to Galatea:—

ἡράσθην μὲν ἔγωγα τεοῦς, κόρα, ἀνίκα πρᾶτον
ἦνθες ἐμᾶ σὺν ματρὶ θέλοισ' ὑακίνθινα φύλλα
ἐξ ὄρεος δρέψασθαι, ἐγὼ δ' ὁδὸν ἀγεμόνευον·
πάσασθαι δ' ἐσιδὼν τυ καὶ ὕστερον οὐδ' ἔτι πα νῦν
ἐκ τήνῳ δύναι· τιν' δ' οὐ μέλει, οὐ μὰ Δί' οὐδέν.

But they are so varied as to suggest a picture of ease and abundance among the orchards and rich cultivated land of Italy, instead of the free life and natural beauties of the Sicilian mountains. The descriptive touches suggesting the picture of the innocent romance of boyhood are also all Virgil's own.

The song of Alpheisiboeus represents a wife endeavouring to recall her truant, though still faithful, Daphnis from the city to his home. Though some of the illustrations in this song also are Greek, yet it contains several natural references to rustic superstitions which were probably common to Greek and Italian peasants; and the fine simile at line 85 (of which the first hint is to be found in Lucretius) suggests purely Italian associations. The final incident in the poem, 'Hylax in limine latrat' (though the name given to the dog is Greek), is a touch of natural life, such as does not often occur in the Eclogues. On the whole, Virgil seems here to have struck on a vein which it may be regretted that he did not work more thoroughly. If, as has been suggested by Mr. Symonds, in his account and translations of popular Tuscan poems, any of the Eclogues of Virgil are founded on primitive love-songs current among the peasantry of Italy, the songs of Damon and Alpheisiboeus are those which we should fix on as being the artistic development of these native germs.

The tenth Eclogue was the last in order of composition, probably an after-thought written immediately before the final publication, or perhaps before the second edition, of the nine other poems. In this poem Virgil abandons the more realistic path on which he had entered in the eighth, and returns again to the vague fancies of the old pastoral lament for Daphnis, as it is sung in the first idyl of Theocritus. Nothing can be more remote from actual fact than the

representation of Gallus—the active and ambitious soldier and man of affairs, at that time engaged in the defence of the coasts of Italy—dying among the mountains of Arcadia, in consequence of his desertion by Lycoris (a dancing-girl, and former mistress of Antony, whose real name was Cytheris), and wept for by the rocks and pine-woods of Maenalus and Lycaeus. Yet none of the poems is more rich in beauty, and grace, and happy turns of phrase. As the idealised expression of unfortunate love, this poem is of the same class as the second, and as the song of Damon in the eighth. That vein of modern romantic sentiment, already noticed in the second, the longing to escape from the ways of civilised life to the wild and lonely places of Nature, and to follow in imagination ‘the homely, slighted shepherd’s trade,’ meets us also in the lines,

Atque utinam ex vobis unus vestrique fuisset
Aut custos gregis aut maturaе vinitor uvae,—
and again in these,
Certum est in silvis, inter spelaea ferarum
Malle pati, tenerisque meos incidere amores
Arboribus.

II.

Relation of the Eclogues to the Greek Pastoral.

The review of the Eclogues in the order of their composition shows that the early art of Virgil, like the lyrical art of Horace, begins in imitation, and, after attaining command over the form, rhythm, and diction of the type of poetry which it reproduces, gradually assumes greater independence in the choice of subject and the mode of treatment. The susceptibility of Virgil’s mind to the grace and musical sweetness of Theocritus gave the first impulse to the composition of the Eclogues; but this susceptibility was itself the result of a natural sympathy with the sentiment and motives of the Greek idyl, especially with the love of Nature and the passion of love. He found this province of art unappropriated. He revealed a new vein of Greek feeling unwrought by any of his countrymen. He gave another life to the beings, natural and supernatural, of ancient pastoral song, and awoke in his native land the sound of a strain

hitherto unheard by Italian ears. The form of the Greek idyl, whether in dialogue or monologue, suited his genius, as a vehicle for the lighter fancies of youth, and for half-revealing, half-concealing the pleasures and pains personal to himself, better than the forms of lyrical and elegiac poetry adopted by Catullus and his compeers. In the opening lines of the sixth Eclogue,

Prima Syracosio dignata est ludere versu

Nostra, neque erubuit silvas habitare Thalia,

Virgil acknowledges at once the source of his inspiration and the lowly position which his genius was willing to assume. He may have consoled himself for this abnegation of a higher ambition by the thought suggested in the lines addressed to the ideal poet and hero of his imagination—

Nec te paeniteat pecoris, divine poeta,

Et formosus ovis ad flumina pavit Adonis.

In order to understand the pastoral poetry of Virgil, both in its relation to a Greek ideal and in its original truth of feeling, it is necessary to remember the chief characteristics of its prototype in the age of Ptolemy Philadelphus of Alexandria and in the early years of the reign of Hiero of Syracuse. The pastoral poetry of Sicily was the latest creation of Greek genius, born after the nobler phases of religious and political life, and the epic, lyric, and dramatic poetry which arose out of them, had passed away. In ancient, as in modern times, the pastoral idyl, as an artistic branch of literature, has arisen, not in a simple age, living in unconscious harmony with Nature, but from the midst of a refined and luxurious, generally, too, a learned or rather bookish society, and has tried to give vent to the feelings of men weary of an artificial life and vaguely longing to breathe a freer air. But there was in ancient times a primitive and popular, as well as a late and artistic pastoral. Of the primitive pastoral, springing out of rustic gatherings and festivals, or from lonely communion with Nature,

Per loca pastorum deserta atque otia dia,

and transmitted, from generation to generation, in the mouth of the people, no fragment has been preserved. Yet traces of the

existence of this kind of pastoral song, and of the music accompanying it, at a time antecedent to the composition of the Homeric poems, may be seen in the representation, on the Shield of Achilles, of the boy in the vineyard ‘singing the beautiful song Linus,’—a representation which is purely idyllic,—and of the shepherds, in the Ambuscade, who appear *τερπόμενοι σύριγξι*, as they accompany their flocks. The author of the Iliad absorbed the spirit of this primitive poetry in the greater compass of his epic creation, as Shakspeare has absorbed the Elizabethan pastoral within the all-embracing compass of his representation. Much of the imagery of the Iliad, several incidents casually introduced in connexion with the names of obscure persons perishing in battle, some of the supernatural events glanced at, as of the meeting of Aphrodite with Anchises while tending his herds on the spurs of Ida,—a subject of allusion also in the Sicilian idyl,—are of a pastoral character and origin. In the lines which spring up with a tender grace in the midst of the stern grandeur of the final conflict between Hector and Achilles—

οὐ μέν πως νῦν ἔστιν ἀπὸ δρυὸς οὐδ’ ἀπὸ πέτρης
τῷ ὀαριζέμεναι, ἅ τε παρθένος ἥϊθεός τε,
παρθένος ἥϊθεός τ’ ὀαρίζετον ἀλλήλουν—

the familiar cadences as well as the sweetest sentiment of pastoral song may be recognised.

This primitive pastoral poetry may have been spread over all Greece and the islands of the Aegean, from the earliest settlements of the Hellenic race, or of that older branch of the family to which the name Pelasgic has been vaguely given, and may have lingered on the same in spirit, though with many variations in form and expression, among the peasantry and herdsmen of the mountain districts till a late period. But the earliest writer who is said to have adopted this native plant of the mountains and the woods, and to have trained it to assume some form of art, was Stesichorus of Himera, who flourished about the beginning of the sixth century B.C. But nothing more is heard of it till it revived again at Syracuse in the early part of the third century.

Some of the primitive modes of feeling which gave birth to the earliest pastoral song still survive, though in altered form, in this

later Sicilian poetry. The song of the βουκόλοι, or herdsmen, like the song of the masked worshippers of Bacchus (τραγωδία), may be traced to that stage in the development of the higher races in which Nature was the chief object of worship and religious sympathy. Under the symbols of Linus, Daphnis, or Adonis, the country people of early times lamented the decay of the fresh beauty of spring, under the burning midsummer heat. This primitive germ of serious feeling has perpetuated itself in that melancholy mood which runs through the pastoral poetry of all countries. From that tendency of the Greek imagination to give a human meaning to all that interested it, this dirge over the fading beauty of the early year soon assumed the form of a lament over the death of a young shepherd-poet, dear to gods and men, to the flocks, herds, and wild animals, to the rocks and mountains, among which he had lived. In the Daphnis of Theocritus, the human passion of love produces that blighting influence on the life of the shepherd which in the original myth was produced by the fierce heat of summer on the tender life of the year. A still later development of the myth appears in the lament over the extinction of youthful genius by early death. It is not in any poem of Theocritus, but in the 'Lament of Bion,'—the work of a later writer, apparently an Italian-Greek,—

αὐτὰρ ἐγὼ τοι

Αὔσονικᾶς ὀδύνας μέλπω μέλος,—

that we find the finest ancient specimen of this later development. It is from this new form of the old dirge of Linus or Daphnis that the fancies and feelings of the ancient pastoral have been most happily adapted to modern poetry, as in the Lycidas, the Adonais, and the Thyrsis of English literature.

Another traditional theme of 'pastoral melancholy,' of which Theocritus makes use, is the unrequited love of the Cyclops for Galatea. This too had its origin in the personification of natural objects. But, unlike the song of Daphnis, the myth of which it was the expression was purely local, and confined to the shores of Sicily. It also illustrates the tendency of all pastoral song to find its chief human motive in the passion of love. While the original motive of the primitive lament for Daphnis or Linus was the unconscious

sympathy of the human heart with Nature, the most prominent motive of artistic pastoral or idyllic poetry, from the 'Song of Songs' to the 'Hermann and Dorothea' and 'The Long Vacation Pastoral' of these later times, has been the passion of the human heart for the human object of its affection, blending with either an unconscious absorption in outward scenes or a refined contemplation of them.

But there is another very distinct mode of primitive feeling traceable in Theocritus, which dictates the good-humoured, often licentious, banter with which the shepherds encounter one another. As the pastoral monologue continued to betray the serious character of the Lament out of which it sprung, so this natural dialogue continued to bear traces of that old licence of the harvest-home and the vintage-season, which

Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit.

The 'lusit amabiliter' of Horace's lines, which soon became inapplicable to the biting and censorious Italian spirit, expresses happily the tone of the dialogue in the fourth and fifth Idyls of Theocritus, which Virgil attempts to reproduce in his third Eclogue. This source of rural poetry was known to the 'Ausonian husbandmen' as well as to the country people of Greece and Sicily: and its native force passed not only into the Greek pastoral idyl, but into the Sicilian comedy of Epicharmus and the old comedy of Athens, and, through a totally different channel, into Roman satire. There is, however, another form in which the pastoral dialogue appears both in Theocritus and Virgil, namely, of extemporaneous contests in song. Probably these more artistic contests and the award of prizes to the successful competitor had their origin in the bantering dialogue of the shepherds; as the tragic contests at the Dionysian festivals had their origin in the rivalry with which the masked votaries of Dionysus poured forth their extemporaneous verses, in sympathy with the sufferings of their god.

Such were the first rude utterances of the deeper as well as the gayer emotions of men, living in the happy security of the country districts or the 'otia dia' of the mountains in Greece, Sicily, and perhaps Southern Italy, which the art of Theocritus and his successors cast into artistic forms and measures suited to the taste of

educated readers. How far, in the manner in which he accomplished this, Theocritus had been anticipated by 'the grave muse of Stesichorus,' and whether this wild product of the mountains was of a native Sicilian or an Hellenic stock, it is not possible to determine. A citizen of Syracuse, in the palmy days of Hiero, before there was any dream of Roman conquest; deeply susceptible of the beauty of his native island, but, like a Greek, seeing this beauty in relation to human associations; familiar with the songs and old traditions of the land, as well as with the fancies of earlier poets; living his life in friendly association with his literary compeers, such as the Alexandrine Aratus and Nicias, the physician and poet,—he sought to people the familiar scenery of mountain, wood, brook, and sea-shore with an ideal race of shepherds, in whom the natural emotions and grotesque superstitions of actual herdsmen should be found in union with the refinement, the mythological lore, the keen sense of the beauty, not unmixed with the melancholy, of life, characteristic of a circle of poets and scholars enjoying their youth in untroubled and uneventful times. All his materials, old and new, assumed the shape of pictures from human life in combination with the representations of the sounds, sights, and living movement of Nature. The essential characteristic both of his pastoral Idyls and of those drawn from city-life, such as the second, fourteenth, and fifteenth, is what has been well called the 'disinterested objectivity' of Greek art: and this is the chief note of their difference from Virgil's pastorals. Even where, as in the seventh, the poet introduces himself on the scene, he appears as one, and not the most important, of the personages on it. He does not draw attention to his own feelings or fortunes, only to his playful converse and rivalry in song with the young shepherd-poet Lycidas, 'with the bright laughing eye and the smile ever playing on his lip.'

It may be urged against these Idyls that, as compared with the best modern Idyls, in prose or verse, they are, for the most part, wanting in incident or adventure; and this charge is equally applicable to Virgil's pastorals. But there is always dramatic vivacity and consistency in the personages of Theocritus, and this cannot equally be said of those introduced into the Eclogues. It might be urged also against the representations of Theocritus, and still more against those

of Virgil, that the 'vestigia ruris' have been too carefully obliterated. Yet, though not drawn immediately from life, this picture of Sicilian shepherds and peasants, possessed with the vivid belief in Pan and the Nymphs, singing the old dirge of the herdsman Daphnis among the mountain pastures, or the love-song of the Cyclops and Galatea on the rocks overhanging the Sicilian sea, or the song of Lityrses among the ripe corn-fields, challenging each other to compete in song or plying each other with careless tending their flocks rather as a picturesque pastime than as a toilsome occupation, and living a life of free social enjoyment in the open air, was a genuine ideal of the Greek imagination, not perhaps, too far removed from the actual reality.

Before the time of Virgil there had been no attempt to introduce this form of art into Italy. Though the germ of a rude rustic poetry existed in the 'Fescennine verses,' no connexion can be traced between them and the highly artificial pastoral of the Augustan Age. The Eclogues of Virgil are in form and even in substance a closer reproduction of a Greek original than any other branch of Latin literature, with the exception of the comedy of Terence. The 'Lament of Daphnis,' the song of unrequited love, the bantering dialogues of the shepherds and their more formal contests in song, reappear in Latin tones and with some new associations of individual and national life, but in such a manner as to recall the memory of the Sicilian idyl rather than to suggest a new experience from life. And yet Virgil is not satisfied, like the authors of Latin comedy, with presenting to the imagination types of Greek life, Greek sentiment and manners, and Greek scenes. He desires not only to reproduce in new words and music the charm which had fascinated him in Theocritus, but to blend the actual feeling and experience of an Italian living in the Augustan Age with this ideal restored from a by-gone time. The result is something composite, neither purely Greek nor purely Italian; not altogether of the present time nor yet of a mythical foretime; but a blending of various elements of poetic association and actual experience, as in those landscapes of the Renaissance which combine aspects of real scenes with the suggestions of classical poetry, and introduce figures of the day in modern dress along with the fantastic shapes of mythological

invention. The scenes and personages of the Eclogues are thus one stage further removed from actuality than those of the Greek pastoral. They do not reproduce, as Keats has done, the Greek ideal of rural life, and they do not create a purely Italian ideal. There was, indeed, latent in the Italian imagination an ideal of a homely rustic life, finding its happiness in the annual round of labour and in the blessing of a virtuous home, and that ideal Virgil loved to draw with 'magic hand;' but that was altogether unlike the ideal of the Greek imagination. The life of industry and happiness which Virgil glorifies in the Georgics,—that of the 'primitive, stout-hearted, and thrifty husbandmen' of Horace,—whose pride was in their 'glad harvests,' their 'trim fields,' their 'vineyards,' and in the use which they derived from their flocks, herds, and beehives, had nothing in common with that of the 'well-trimmed sunburnt shepherds' whom Greek fancy first created, and whom Keats has made live for us again, enjoying the fulness of actual existence in union with the dreams of an 'Elysian idleness.' Least of all could the pastoral life of Arcadia or Sicily have been like the habitual ways of men in the rich plains of Mantua. The district of Italy most like the scenes of the Greek idyl was Calabria, where, among the desolate forest-glades, the herds and flocks of some rich senator or eques were now tended by barbarous slaves, with whose daily existence the ideal glories of pastoral song were not likely to intermingle.

III.

It is easy for those who wish to depreciate the art of Virgil to point out very many instances of imitation and artificial treatment in the Eclogues, and to establish their manifest inferiority to the Greek idyl in direct truth and vividness of representation. They are not purely objective, like the Greek idyl, nor purely subjective as the Latin elegy generally is. They are very much inferior to the Greek originals in dramatic power; and the idyl is really a branch of dramatic poetry. Like the pure drama, it depends on the power of living in the thoughts, situations, and feelings of beings quite distinct from the poet himself. Some of the Eclogues, those in which the passion of love and the Italian passion for the land are the motives,

are dramatic in spirit, though the conception of the situation is not consistently maintained. But in most cases, where he is not merely imitative, the dramatic form is to Virgil as a kind of veil under which he may partially reveal what moved him most in connexion with his own personal fortunes, and may express his sympathies with literature, with outward nature, and with certain moods and sentiments of the human heart. It is not in virtue of the originality and consistency of their conception, but of their general truth of feeling and the perfection of the medium through which that feeling is conveyed, that those who admire the Eclogues must vindicate their claim to poetic honour.

The reserve with which all his personal relations are indicated, and the allusive way in which the story of his fortunes is told, are in keeping with the delicacy and modesty of Virgil's nature. He tells us nothing directly of his home-life or occupations, though his attachment to the scenes familiar to him from childhood is felt in the language with which Meliboeus felicitates Tityrus on the restitution of his land, and in that in which Moeris and Lycidas discourse together. We know of no actual Galatea or Amaryllis associated with the joy or the pain of his youth; though his subtle perception of the various moods of the passion of love can hardly be a mere poetic intuition, unenlightened by personal experience. The eminent men with whom he was brought into contact, Octavianus, Pollio, Varus, and Gallus, are not individualised; though the different feelings of reverential or loyal respect, of colder deference, or admiring enthusiasm, which they severally excited in him, can be clearly distinguished. In the undesigned revelation of himself, which every author makes in his writings, there are few indications of the religious and moral feeling and of the national sentiment which are among the principal elements in Virgil's maturer poems: but we find abundantly the evidence of a mind open to all tender and refined influences, free from every taint of envy or malice, serious and pensive, and finding its chief happiness in making the charm, which fascinated him in books, in Nature, and in life, heard in the deep and rich music of the language, of which he first drew out the full capabilities:—

Saepe ego longos

Cantando puerum memini me condere soles.

The Eclogues also present Virgil to us as not only a poet, but, as what he continued to be through all his life, a student of the writings of the past. Like Milton he was eminently a learned poet, and, like Milton, he knew the subtle alchemy by which the duller ore of learned allusion is transmuted into gold. The tales of the Greek mythology and the names of places famous in song or story act on his imagination, not so much through their own intrinsic interest, as through the associations of literature. It is under this reflex action that he recalls to memory the tales of Pasiphae, of Scylla and Nisus, of Tereus and Philomela; introduces Orpheus, Amphion, and Linus as the ideal poets of pastoral song; and alludes to Hesiod, Euphorion, and Theocritus in the phrases 'the sage of Ascrea,' 'the verse of Chalcis,' 'the Sicilian Shepherd.' It is in this spirit that he associates the musical accompaniment of his song with the names of Maenalus and Eurotas, of Rhodope and Ismarus; and that he speaks of bees and thyme as 'the bees and thyme of Hybla,' of doves as 'the Chaonian doves,' of vultures as 'the birds of Caucasus.' He also characterises objects by local epithets, suggestive rather of the associations of geographical science than of poetry. Thus he speaks of 'Ariusian wine,' of 'Cydonian arrows,' 'Cyrnean yews,' 'Assyrian spikenard,' and the like. The interest in physical enquiries appears in the allusion in Ecl. iii. 40,

In medio duo signa Conon, etc.,

and in the rapid summary of the Epicurean theory of creation at vi. 31, etc.,

Namque canebat uti magnum per inane coacta, etc.

In these last passages it is not so much by the scientific or philosophical speculations themselves, as by their literary treatment by former writers, that Virgil appears to be attracted. Perhaps the frequent recurrence of these localising epithets, where there is nothing in the context to call up any thought of the locality indicated, may appear to a modern reader an unfortunate result of his Alexandrine studies; yet the grace with which old poetic associations are evoked and new associations created by such lines as these,

Tum canit, errantem Permessi ad flumina Gallum

Aonas in montis ut duxerit una sororum,

or these,

Omnia quae Phoebus quondam meditante beatus

Audiit Eurotas, iussitque ediscere laurus,

Ille canit,

attests the cumulative force which ancient names, identified with the poetic life of the world, gather in their transmission through the literatures of different ages and nations.

In the Georgics and Aeneid, as well as in the Eclogues, Virgil shows a great susceptibility to the beauty and power of Nature. But Nature presents different aspects and awakens a different class of feelings in these poems. In the Eclogues he shows a great openness and receptivity of mind, through which all the softer and more delicate influences of the outward world enter into and become part of his being. The 'molle atque facetum' of Horace denotes the yielding susceptibility to outward influences, and the vivacity which gives them back in graceful forms. In the Georgics, the sense of the relation of Nature to human energy imparts greater nobleness to the conception. She appears there, not only in her majesty and beauty, but as endowed with a soul and will. She stands to man at first in the relation of an antagonist: but, by compliance with her conditions, he subdues her to his will, and finds in her at last a just and beneficent helpmate. In the Eclogues she takes rather the form of an enchantress, who, by the charm of her outward mien and her freely-offered gifts, fascinates him into a life of indolent repose. If the one poem may in a sense be described as the 'glorification of labour,' the other might be described as the 'glorification of the *dolce far niente*' of Italian life. The natural objects described by Virgil are often indeed the same as those out of which the representation of Theocritus is composed; but in Theocritus the human figures are, after all, the prominent objects in the picture: the speakers in his dialogue, though not unconscious of the charm proceeding from the scenes in which they are placed, yet are not possessed by it; they do not lose their own being in the larger life of Nature environing them. Theocritus shows everywhere the social temperament of the Greeks. It is an Italian, not perhaps without something of the Celtic fibre in his composition, who utters his natural feelings in the lines,

ibi haec incondita solus

Montibus et silvis studio iactabat inani.

In Virgil's representation neither the scenes nor the human figures are so distinctly present to the eye; but there is diffused through it a subtle influence from the outward world, bringing man's nature into conformity with itself. The genius in modern times, which shows most of this yielding susceptibility to the softer aspects and motions of Nature, is that of Rousseau; but in the manner in which he gives way to this sentiment there is a want of restraint, a strain of excited feeling, suggestive of the contrast between this transient intoxication of happiness and the abiding unrest and misery of all his human relations. In reading Virgil there is no sense of any such jarring discord; yet it is rather as a pensive emotion, not unallied to melancholy, than as the joy of a sanguine temperament, that his susceptibility to outward impressions is made manifest.

The objects through which Nature exercises this spell are, as was said, much the same as those out of which the landscape of Theocritus is composed. Virgil, like Theocritus, enables us to feel the charm of 'the sparkling stream of fresh water,' of 'mossy fountains and grass softer than sleep,' of 'the cool shade of trees,' and of caves 'with the gadding vine o'ergrown.' The grace and tender hues of wild flowers—violets, poppies, narcissus, and hyacinth—and of fruits, such as the 'cerea pruna' and the 'tenera lanugine mala,'—the luxuriant vegetation clothing the rocks and the ideal mountain glades,—

Ille latus niveum molli fultus hyacintho,—

the plants and trees,—osiers and hazels, ilex and beech,—the woods, and meadow-pastures, and rich orchards of his native district, have communicated the soul and secret of their being to the mellow tones of his language and the musical cadences of his verse. He makes us hear again, with a strange delight, the murmur of bees feeding on the willow hedge, the moan of turtle-doves from the high elm tree, the sound of the whispering south wind, of waves breaking on the shore, of rivers flowing down through rocky valleys, the song of the woodman plying his work, the voice of the divine poet chanting his strain. By a few simple words he calls up before our minds the genial luxuriance of spring, the freshness of early morning,

the rest of all living things in the burning heat of noon, the stillness of evening, the gentle imperceptible motions of Nature, in the shooting up of the young alder-tree and in the gradual colouring of the grapes on the sunny hill-sides. If the labour of man is mentioned at all, it is in the form of some elegant accomplishment or picturesque task—pruning the vine or grafting the pear-tree, closing the streams that water the pastures, watching the flocks and herds feeding at their own will. The new era on which the world was about to enter is seen by his imagination, like the vision of some pastoral valley, half hidden, half glorified through a golden haze. The peculiar blessings anticipated in that era are the rest from labour, the spontaneous bounty of Nature, the peace that is to reign among the old enemies of the animal kingdom.

The human affections which mingle with these representations of Nature are the love of home, and the romantic sentiment, rather than the passion, of love. The common human feeling of the love of home Virgil realises more intensely from his love of the beauty associated with his own home. Many of the sayings of Tityrus and Meliboeus bear witness to the strong hold which their lands and flocks had on men of their class:—

nos dulcia linquimus arva—
ergo tua rura manebunt, Et tibi magna satis—
Ille meas errare boves ut cernis—
Spem gregis a, silice in nuda conixa reliquit—
Ite meae, quondam felix pecus, ite capellae.

In the passage of the same Eclogue, from 68–79,
En unquam patrios ... salices carpetis amaras,

Virgil tells, in language of natural pathos and exquisite grace, of the poor man's sorrow in yielding his thatched hut, his well-trimmed fields, his corn crops, his pear-trees and his vines, the familiar sight of his goats feeding high up among the thickets of the rocks, to some rude soldier, incapable either of enjoying the charm or profiting by the richness of the land.

The three poems—the second, eighth, and tenth—of which love is the theme are all of a serious and plaintive cast. There are few touches in Virgil's art descriptive either of the happier or the lighter

and more playful experiences of the passion, which are the common theme of Horace's Odes. Still less does he treat the subject in the style of Propertius and Ovid. The sentiment of Virgil is more like that of Tibullus; only Virgil gives utterance, though always in a dramatic form, to the real despair of unrequited affection (*indigni amoris*), while the tone of Tibullus is rather that of one yielding to the luxury of melancholy when in possession of all that his heart desires. They each give expression to that modern mood of passion, in which the heart longs to exchange the familiar life of civilisation for the rougher life of the fields, and to share some humble cottage and the daily occupations of peasant life with the beloved object. In Virgil also there appears some anticipation of that longing for lonely communing with Nature in her wilder and more desolate aspects which we associate with romantic rather than with classical poetry.

Though, unlike all other Latin poets, Virgil avoids all reference to the sensual side of this passion, there is no ancient poet who has analysed and expressed, with equal truth and beauty and with such a chivalrous devotion, the fluctuations between hope and despair, the sense of personal unworthiness, the sweet memories, the heart-felt longings, the self-forgotten consideration and anxieties of an idealising affection. In such lines as these, expressing at once the sense of unworthiness and the rapid sinking of the heart from hope to despair—

Rusticus es Corydon, nec munera curat Alexis,
and again—

Tanquam haec sint nostri medicina furoris;
in the lines in which Damon traces back his love to its ideal source in early boyhood—

Saepibus in nostris, etc.;
in the fine simile at viii. 85—

Talis amor Daphnim, qualis cum fessa iuvenum, etc.;
in the tender thought of the dying Gallus for the mistress who had forsaken him—

A, tibi ne teneras glacies secet aspera plantas,—
there is a delicate and subtle power of touch not unworthy of the master-hand which, with maturer art, delineated the queenly passion and despair of Dido.

The supreme excellence of Virgil's art consists in the perfect harmony between his feeling and the medium through which it is conveyed. The style of his longer poems has many varied excellences, in accordance with the varied character of the thought and sentiment which it is called on to express. But the strong and full volume of diction and rhythm and the complex harmonies of the Georgics would have been an inappropriate vehicle for the luxurious sentiment of the Eclogues. The attitude of the poet's mind in the composition of these earlier poems was that of a genial passiveness rather than that of creative activity. There are few poems of equal excellence in which so little use is made of that force of words which imparts new life to things. A few such expressions might be quoted, like that given by Wordsworth as 'an instance of a slight exertion of the faculty of imagination in the use of a single word'—

Dumosa *pendere* procul de rupe videbo;
and we notice a similar exertion of the faculty in the line—
Hic viridis tenera *praetexit* harundine ripam
Mincius.

But this actively imaginative use of language seldom occurs in these poems. The general effect of the style is produced by the fulness of feeling, the sweetness or sonorousness of cadence, with which words, used in their familiar sense, are selected and combined. Such epithets as 'mollis,' 'lentus,' 'tener' are of frequent recurrence, yet the impression left by their use is not one of weakness, or of a satiating luxury of sentiment. The soft outlines and delicate bloom of Virgil's youthful style are as true emblems of health as the firmer fibre and richer colouring of his later diction. What an affluence of feeling, what a deep sense of the happiness of life, of the beauty of the world, of the glory of genius, is conveyed by the simple use of the words *fortunatus*, *formosus*, *divinus* in the lines—

Fortunate senex, ergo tua rura manebunt—
Nunc frondent silvae, nunc formosissimus annus—
Formosi pecoris custos, formosior ipse—
Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta—
Ut Linus haec illi divino carmine pastor.

The effect he produces by the sound and associations of proper names is like that produced by Milton through the same instrument.

Thus, to take one instance out of many, how suggestive of some golden age of pastoral song are the following lines, vague and conventional though their actual application appears to be in the passage where they occur:—

Non me carminibus vincet nec Thracius Orpheus,
Nec Linus, huic mater quamvis atque huic pater adsit,
Orphei Calliopea, Lino formosus Apollo.
Pan etiam Arcadia mecum si iudice certet,
Pan etiam Arcadia dicat se iudice victum.

More even in his rhythm than in his diction does Virgil's superiority appear, not only over all the poets of his country, but perhaps over all other poets of past times, except Homer, Milton, and Shakspeare, in those passages in which his dramatic art admits of a richly musical cadence. Our ignorance of the exact pronunciation of Greek in the Alexandrian Age makes a comparison between the effect that would have been produced by the rhythm of Theocritus and the rhythm of the Eclogues in ancient times difficult or impossible. Yet it may be allowed to say this much, that if the rhythm of the Eclogues does not seem to us to attain to the natural and liquid flow of the Greek idyl, yet its tones are deeper, they seem to come from a stronger and richer source, than any which we can elicit from the Doric reed. Rarely has the soothing and reviving charm of the musical sounds of Nature and of the softer and grander harmonies of poetry been described and reproduced more effectively than in these lines:—

Hinc tibi, quae semper, vicino ab limite saepes
Hyblaeis apibus florem depasta salicti
Saepe levi somnum suadebit inire susurro;
Hinc alta sub rupe canet frondator ad auras;
Nec tamen interea raucae, tua cura, palumbes,
Nec gemere aeria cessabit turtur ab ulmo:

and in these which suggest the thought of that restorative power of genius which a poet of the present day has happily ascribed to Wordsworth:—

Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,
Quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per aestum

Dulcis aquae saliente sitim restinguere rivo:

and in these again, which give both true symbols and a true example of the 'deep-chested music' in which the poet gives utterance to the thought which has taken shape within his mind:—

Quae tibi, quae tali reddam pro carmine dona?

Nam neque me tantum venientis sibilus austri,

Nec percussa iuvant fluctu tam litora, nec quae

Saxosas inter decurrunt flumina valles.

The objections often urged against the poetical value of the Eclogues may be admitted. They are imitative in form. They do not reproduce scenes and characters from actual life, nor are they consistent creations of the imagination. They do not possess the interest arising from a contemplative insight into the hidden workings of Nature, nor from reflection on the problems of life. Their originality, their claim to be a representative work of genius, consists in their truth and unity of sentiment and tone. If it be said that the sentiment which they embody is but a languid and effeminate sentiment, the admiration of two great poets, of the most masculine type of genius that modern times have produced, is a sufficient answer to this reproach. The admiration of Milton is proved by the conception and workmanship of his 'Lycidas,' the most richly and continuously musical even among his creations. Of Wordsworth's admiration there is more than one testimony,—this, from the recently published Memoir of the daughter of his early friend and associate in poetry, perhaps the most direct: 'I am much pleased to see (writes S. Coleridge) how highly Mr. Wordsworth speaks of Virgil's style, and of his Bucolics which I have ever thought most graceful and tender. They are quite another thing from Theocritus, however they may be based on Theocritus.' The criticism which the same writer applies to 'Lycidas' suggests the true answer also to the objections urged against Virgil's originality. 'The best defence of Lycidas is not to defend the design of it at all, but to allege that the execution of it is perfect, the diction the *ne plus ultra* of grace and loveliness, and that the spirit of the whole is as original as if the poem contained no traces of the author's acquaintance with ancient pastoral poetry from Theocritus downwards.' To the names of these two poets we can now add the name of one of the most illustrious, and certainly one of

the least effeminate, among the critics and men of letters whom this century has produced—Macaulay; who, after speaking of the *Aeneid* in one of his letters, adds this sentence, ‘The *Georgics* pleased me better; the *Eclogues* best,—the second and tenth above all.’

The appreciation of Wordsworth is a certain touchstone of the genuineness of Virgil’s feeling for Nature. It is true that the sentiment to which he gives expression in the *Eclogues* is only one, and not the most elevated, of the many modes in which the spirit of man responds to the forms and movement of the outward world. But the mood of the *Eclogues* is one most natural to man’s spirit in the beautiful lands of Southern Europe. The freshness and softness of Italian scenes are present in the *Eclogues*, in the rich music of the Italian language, while it still retained the strength, fulness, and majesty of its tones. These poems are truly representative of Italy, not as a land of old civilisation, of historic renown, of great cities, of corn-crops, and vineyards,—‘the mighty mother of fruits and men;’—but as a land of a soft and genial air, beautiful with the tender foliage and fresh flowers and blossoms of spring, and with the rich colouring of autumn; a land which has most attuned man’s nature to the influences of music and of pictorial art. As a true and exquisite symbol of this vein of sentiment associated with Italy, the *Eclogues* hold a not unworthy place beside the greater work—the ‘temple of solid marble’—which the maturer art of Virgil dedicated to the genius of his country, and beside the more composite but stately and massive monument which perpetuates the national glory of Rome.

CHAPTER V.

Motives, Form, National Interest, and Sources of the *Georgics*.

I.

The appearance of the *Eclogues* marked Virgil out among his contemporaries as the poet of Nature and rural life. That province was assigned to him, as epic poetry was to Varius and tragedy to

Pollio. It is to the Eclogues only that the lines in which Horace characterises his art can with propriety be applied. These lines were written before the appearance of the Georgics, and probably before any considerable part of the poem had been composed. The epithets which admirably characterise the receptive attitude of Virgil's mind in the composition of his pastoral poems are quite inapplicable to the solid and severe workmanship and the earnest feeling of his didactic poem. The Eclogues are the poems of youth, and of a youth passed in study and in contact with Nature rather than with the serious interests of life. Though Virgil indicates in them the ambition which was moving him to vaster undertakings, yet he shows at the same time his consciousness of the comparative triviality of his art. The class of poem to which the word *ludere* is applied was, even when not of a licentious character, regarded by the more serious minds of Rome, such as Cicero for instance, with a certain degree of contempt, as being among the 'leviora studia,' partaking more of the 'Graeca levitas' than of the 'Roman gravitas.' The genuine Roman spirit demanded of its highest literature, as of its native architecture, that it should either have some direct practical use, or contribute in some way to enhance the sense of national greatness.

The literary impulse directing Virgil to the composition of the Georgics was probably the wish to be the Hesiod, as he had already been the Theocritus, of Rome. The poets of the Augustan Age selected some Greek prototype whose manner they professed to reproduce and make the vehicle for the expression of their own thought and experience. Thus Horace chose Alcaeus, Propertius chose Callimachus as his model. Virgil assigns to Pollio the praise of alone composing poems 'worthy of the buskin of Sophocles.' In the Georgics he professes to find his own prototype in Hesiod:—

Ascraeumque cano Romana per oppida carmen.

Propertius also recognises him as the disciple of the sage of Ascra:—

Tu canis Ascraei veteris praecepta poetae,

Quo seges in campo, quo viret uva iugo.

Though Hesiod can scarcely have taken the highest rank as a poet, yet a peculiar reverence attached to his name from his great antiquity, and from the ethical and theological spirit of his writings.

As Virgil chose the mould of Theocritus into which to cast the lighter feelings and fancies of his youth, he naturally turned to 'The Works and Days of Hesiod' as a more suitable model for a poem on rural life, undertaken with a more serious purpose, and demanding a severer treatment.

The change in Virgil's life between the composition of the Eclogues and the Georgics had however much more influence in determining the difference in the character of the two poems, than the mere artistic desire to enter on a new path of poetry. During the composition of the earlier poems Virgil was living in a remote district of Italy, associating with the country-people or with a few young poets like himself, and coming in contact with the great world of action and national interests only through the medium of his intercourse with the temporary governors of the province. Rome and its ruler and the powerful stream of events in which his own fortunes were finally absorbed affect his imagination as they might do that of one who heard of them from a distance, but who in his ordinary thoughts and sympathies was living quite apart from them;

Urbum quam dicunt Romam Meliboeë putavi

Stultus ego huic nostrae similem.

But before undertaking the task of writing the Georgics he had become an honoured member of the circle of Maecenas, the intimate friend of Varius and of Horace (who himself owed his introduction to that circle to the kindly offices of the two older poets) and of others distinguished in literature and public affairs. He had lived for a time near the centre of the world's movement, in close relations to the minds by which that movement was directed. As the most genuine of his Eclogues had been inspired by his personal share in the calamities of his country, it was natural that he should, now when his own fortunes were restored through the favour of those at the head of affairs, feel a stronger and more disinterested sympathy with the public condition, at a crisis to which no one capable of understanding its gravity could feel indifferent. It was natural that his new relations and the impulse of the new ideas which came to him through them should move him to undertake some work of art more suited to his maturer faculty, his graver temperament, and the firmer fibre of his

genius. Nor is there any difficulty in believing that Maecenas may have had some influence in determining him to the choice of a subject which enabled him to range over the whole of that field of which he had already appropriated a part, which would afford scope to the literary ambition urging him to write a poem on a greater scale and of more enduring substance, and which, at the same time, might serve indirectly to advance the policy of reconciliation and national and social reorganisation which Caesar and his minister were anxious to promote. Among 'the ancient arts by which the Latin name and the strength of Italy had waxed great,' none had fallen more into abeyance, through the insecurity of the times, than the cultivation of the land. The restoration of the old 'Coloni' of Italy and the revival of the great forms of national industry, associated with the older and happier memories of Rome, had been a leading feature in the policy of the great popular leaders from the Gracchi down to Julius Caesar. Among the completed glories of the Augustan Age, Horace, some twenty years later, specially notes the restoration of security and abundance to the land:—

Tutus bos etenim rura perambulat,
Nutrit rura Ceres almaque faustitas,
and in the same Ode:—
Condit quisque diem collibus in suis,
Et vitem viduas ducit ad arbores.

And in the brief summing up of the whole glories of the Augustan reign contained in his latest Ode he begins with the words,—

Tua, Caesar, aetas
Fruges et agris rettulit uberes.

All Virgil's early associations and sympathies would lead him to identify himself with this object and with the interests and happiness of such representatives of the old rural life of Italy as might still be found, or might arise again under a secure administration. In proposing to himself some serious aim for the exercise of his poetic gift, it was natural that he should have fixed on that of representing this life in such a way as to create an aspiration for it, and to secure for it the sympathy of the world. The language in which he speaks of the poem as a task imposed on him by Maecenas need not be taken literally: but it is no detraction from Virgil's originality to suppose

that he, like Horace, was encouraged by the minister to devote his genius to a purpose which would appeal equally to the sympathies of the statesman and of the poet. The testimony of Virgil's biographer on this subject, which may probably be traced to the original testimony of Melissus, the freedman of Maecenas, is neither to be disregarded nor unduly pressed, any more than the language in which Virgil himself makes acknowledgment of his indebtedness. It is impossible to say what chance seed of casual conversation may have been the original germ of what ultimately became so large and goodly a creation. If, in the composition of the *Georgics*, Virgil employed his art as an instrument of government, we cannot doubt that he did so not only because he recognised in the subject of the poem one suited to his own genius, but because his past life and early associations brought home to him the desolation caused in the rural districts by the Civil Wars, the moral worth of that old class of husbandmen who had suffered from them, and the public loss arising from the diminution in their number and influence. To idealise the life of that class by describing, with realistic fidelity and in the language of purest poetry, the annual round of labour in which it was passed; to suggest the ever-present charm arising from the intimate contact with the manifold processes and aspects of Nature into which man is brought in this life of labour; to contrast the simplicity and sanctity of such life with the luxury and lawless passions of the great world; and to associate this ideal with the varied beauty of Italy and the historic memories of Rome, were objects worthy of one who aspired to fulfil the office of a national poet. It is no detraction from the originality of his idea to suppose that some such suggestion as that attributed to Maecenas gave the original impulse to the poem. Not only the art, genius, and learning, but the religious faith and feeling, the moral and national sympathies, which give to it its peculiar meaning and value, are all the poet's own. His strong feeling for his subject was as little capable of being communicated from without, as the genius with which he adorns it.

With such feelings as those which were moving the imagination of Virgil, a modern poet might have shaped his subject into the form of a poetic idyl, in which the joys and sorrows of men and women living during this national crisis might have been represented in

union with the varied aspects of the scenery and the chief modes of rural industry in Italy. Such a form of art would have enabled the poet to add the interest of individual character and action to his abstract delineation of the 'acer rusticus' or the 'duri agrestes' engaged in a hard struggle with the forces of Nature. And one or two passages, containing some sketch drawn directly from peasant life, as for instance i. 291–296,

Et quidam seros hiberni ad luminis ignes, etc.,

and iv. 125–146,

Namque sub Oebaliae memini me turribus arcis, etc.,

make us regret that the conditions of his art, as conceived by him, did not encourage him to blend something more of idyllic representation with the didactic and descriptive treatment of his subject. But the idyl which treats the incidents of human life in the form either of a continuous poem or of a tale in prose was unknown to the early art of Greece; and Roman imagination was incapable of inventing a perfectly new mould into which to cast its poetic fancies and feelings. Nor is it probable that a poem so truly representative of Italy in all its aspects could have been produced in the form of an idyl, of which the interest would have been concentrated on some family or group of personages.

II.

There was only one form of literary art known to the Greeks or Romans of the Augustan Age which was at all suitable for the treatment on a large scale of such a subject as that which now filled the mind of Virgil. Next after the epic poem of heroic action, the didactic epos was regarded at Rome as the most serious and elaborate form of poetic art. It was more suited than any other form to the Roman mind. It is the only form in which the genius of Rome has produced master-pieces superior not only to anything of the kind produced by Greece but to all similar attempts in modern times. As Roman invention, stimulated by the practical sense of utility, by the passion for vast and massive undertakings, and by the strong perception of order and unity of design, devised a new kind of

architecture for the ordinary wants of life, so in accordance with the national bent to reduce all things to rule, to impose the will of a master on obedient subjects, to use the constructive and artistic faculties for some practical end, if it did not create, it gave ampler compass, more solid and massive workmanship, and the associations of great ideas to that form of poetic art which had been the most meagre and unsubstantial of all those invented by the genius of Greece.

Moreover, a new form, or rather a form of more ample capacity, was required to embody the new poetical feelings and experience which now moved the Roman and Italian mind. If less interest was felt at Rome in following the course of individual destiny, the interest felt in contemplating the outward aspect and secret movement of Nature was now stronger than it had been in the great ages of Greek literature. Though the vivid enjoyment of the outward world had unconsciously shaped the tales of the early Greek mythology, and though this enjoyment had entered directly, as a subordinate element, into the epic, lyric, and dramatic poetry of Greece, and, more prominently, into the later poetry of Alexandria, and although the phenomena and laws of Nature had aroused the speculative curiosity of the early Greek philosophers, no poet before Lucretius had treated of Nature, in the immensity of her range, in the primal elements and living forces of her constitution, and, at the same time, in her manifold aspects of beneficence and beauty, and of destructive energy, as the subject of a great poem. The forms adopted by the great masters of Greek poetry,—the epic, lyric, and dramatic writers,—whose essential business it was to represent the actions and passions of men, were inapplicable to the treatment of this new subject of man's environment. Lucretius accordingly had to take the outline of his form from the early physiological writers, whom the Greeks scarcely ranked among their poets at all, and who, though animated by the speculative passion to penetrate to the secret of Nature, were not specially interested in her aspects of beauty or power, or in her relation to the life of man. If he cannot claim the title of an inventor in art, yet by adding volume and majesty to the rudimentary type of these early writers, he gave to the ancient world the unique specimen of a great philosophical poem.

So too Virgil, penetrated with the feeling of Nature in her relation to human wants and enjoyment, and desirous to give an adequate expression to this feeling, could derive no guidance from the nobler genius of Greece. To find a suitable vehicle, he had to turn to the earliest and latest periods of her literature. The didactic, as distinct from the philosophic or contemplative poem, was the invention of a time prior to the existence of prose composition. It seems to have arisen out of the impulse to convey instruction and advice on the management of life generally, and especially on the best means of securing a livelihood from the cultivation of the soil. The use of the language of poetry for a purpose essentially practical and prosaic was justified, in that primitive time, not only by the absence of any other organ of literary expression, but also by the fact that, in such a time, all literary effort was the result of animated feeling, and that the most common aspects of Nature, such as the changes of the seasons or of night and day, and what seem now the most familiar occupations of life, were apprehended by the lively mind of the Greek with a fresh sense of wonder, which use deadens in eras of more advanced civilisation. But while this sense of wonder imparts a poetical colouring to the language of early didactic poetry, and while sufficient harmony was secured for it by the training of the ear during centuries of epic song, the form and structure of this kind of art was, as compared with the other forms of Greek poetry, essentially rudimentary. The sole specimen which has reached our times appears in the form of a personal address, treating of a number of subjects not closely connected with one another, interspersed with various episodes, and producing the impression of a connected whole solely through the vivid personality of the writer. Didactic poetry was absolutely rejected in the maturity of Greek genius, after the rise of a prose literature had marked off clearly the separate provinces of prose and poetry, and after Greek taste had become more exacting in its demand of unity of impression and symmetry of form in every work of art. It was revived again in the Alexandrian epoch, when the creative impulse was lost, and life and its interests had become tamer, while at the same time knowledge had greatly increased, and a kind of literary dilettanteism was one of the chief elements in refined enjoyment. By the Alexandrine writers the irregular and desultory

treatment of Hesiod was abandoned. The didactic poem was treated by them as one of the recognised branches of poetical art. It still retained the general character of a personal address, which accident may have first suggested to Hesiod, and which either his example or their own taste had imposed on the early philosophic poets. The Alexandrine type of poem differed from that of Hesiod by professing to convey systematic instruction on some definite branch of knowledge, instead of offering practical directions on the best method of carrying on some occupation, combined with a medley of precepts, moral, religious, and ceremonial. The change may be compared to that which the Roman satire underwent, from the inartistic medley of Ennius and Lucilius to the systematic treatment of some special subject in the satire of Persius and Juvenal. The primary aim of such writers as Aratus and Nicander was not to communicate ideas capable of affecting the imagination, but to satisfy intellectual curiosity by communicating interesting information. So soon as this information ceased to be interesting, the value of their work was gone. Thus although accident has handed down several specimens of the Alexandrine type of didactic poetry, their chief literary use is to enable us, by contrast, better to appreciate the genius which, by interfusing with the materials used by them other elements deeply affecting the heart, the imagination, and the moral sympathies, has given the world, instead of the temporary gift of a little useful information, the κτῆμα ἔς ἅει which it possesses in the Georgics.

In that poem Virgil combines something of the spirit of the older or primitive type of didactic poetry with the systematic treatment of their subject employed by the Alexandrine Metaphrastae. He retains the old form of a personal address, not only in the dedication of the poem to Maecenas, but in the manner in which he inculcates his precepts on the husbandman, or indicates what he himself would do in particular circumstances. Yet he bears more resemblance to the poets of Alexandria in his systematic treatment and arrangement of his materials. He aims, like them, at communicating a large body of unfamiliar knowledge, as well as conveying practical precepts founded on experience. By combining these two aims, but much more by making the aims of conveying precept and instruction

altogether subsidiary to that of moving the imagination and the affections, Virgil, if he has not created a new type of didactic poetry, has at least produced almost the only specimen of it which the world cares to read. He is apparently conscious of the difficulty of imparting to a poem of this type a continuous poetical charm; as Lucretius, with more reason, is conscious of the difficulty of securing a sustained poetical interest for his argumentative processes and his investigations into the first principles of things. Virgil's difficulty is to maintain his subject on the level of poetical feeling, while at the same time adhering to the necessities of practical instruction. And this difficulty attaches to every kind of didactic poetry. He had to associate with a poetic charm, not only the fair results of the husbandman's labour, the 'heavy harvests and the Massic juice of the vine,' but the processes and mechanical appliances through which these fair results were obtained. Although his idea of his art did not demand an exhaustive treatment of all the operations of rural industry, such as was demanded of the prose writers on the subject, yet it did demand that, in making his selection, he should regard the importance of each topic in connexion with the work of the farm as well as its adaptation to poetic treatment. It cannot be denied that this necessary infusion of prosaic matter deprives even the most perfect specimen of didactic poetry of that purity of imaginative interest which pervades the masterpieces of epic, lyrical, and dramatic genius: but it is, on the other hand, a great triumph of art to have redeemed so much as Virgil has done from the homely realities of life into the more sacred ground of poetry, and that without sacrifice either of the truth of fact or of the dignity and sobriety of expression.

III.

While the title 'Georgica' reminds us that the form of the poem, like the form of the 'Bucolica' and the 'Aeneis,' was derived from the Greeks, the subject of which it treats was one of peculiarly national interest. As the Aeneid may be said to be inspired by the idea of Rome and her destiny, and as the practical purpose of that poem was to confirm the faith of the Romans in their Empire and in the ruler in whom that Empire was vested, so the Georgics may be

said to be inspired by the idea of Italy; and the true aim of the poem was to revive and extend the love of the land, and to restore the fading ideal of a life of virtue and happiness, passed in the labours of a country life. But while much of the materials and of the workmanship of the *Aeneid* is originally due to Greek invention, the general substance of the *Georgics* and the most essentially poetical passages are of native origin.

The chief modes of rural industry treated in the various books are those which flourished in Italy,—the tillage of the land for various crops, the cultivation of the vine and the olive, the breeding and rearing of cattle, sheep, and horses, and the tending of bees. It is noticed by Servius that the agricultural precepts of the poem apply only to Italy and not to other lands: ‘*Sane agriculturae huius praecepta non ad omnes pertinent terras, sed ad solum situm Italiae.*’ The frequent references to the products of other lands serve to suggest by contrast the superiority of Italy in those which are the special subject of the poem and which are most essential to human well-being. Cato also is represented by Cicero as resting the charm of a country life in the contemplation of the same operations of Nature as those indicated in the opening lines of the *Georgics*:—

Quid faciat laetas segetes, quo sidere terram
Vertere, Maecenas, ulmisque adiungere vites
Conveniat,—

The number of Roman writers who treated in prose of this subject, both before and after Virgil, testifies further to the strong national interest attaching to it. Among these writers, Varro, the immediate predecessor of Virgil, associates the subject directly with the pride which the Romans felt in their country. He introduces the speakers in his *Dialogue* as holding their conversation in the Temple of Tellus, and examining a map or painting of Italy on the wall. One of the speakers addresses the others in these words, ‘You who have travelled over many lands, have you ever seen any more richly cultivated than Italy? I, indeed, have never seen any so richly cultivated.’ He especially characterises the excellence of its corn-crops, its vines, olives, and fruit-trees: ‘What spelt shall I compare to the Campanian? what wheat to the Apulian? what wine to the

Falernian? what oil to that of Venafrum? is not Italy planted with trees, so that the whole of it seems an orchard?' Other authors, Virgil himself among them, and Columella in the Introduction to his treatise, testify to the pride which the Italians took in their breed of horses and herds of cattle. And though the Italian bees and their product were not so famous in poetry as the bees of Hymettus and 'the honey of Hybla,' yet Horace speaks of the country near Tarentum as one 'where the honey yields not to the honey of Hymettus;' and in another Ode, in which he contrasts his own moderate estate with the resources of richer men, he mentions Calabrian honey along with the wine of Formiae and the fleeces of Gallic pastures among the chief sources of wealth:—

Quanquam nec Calabriae mella ferunt apes
Nec Laestrygonia Bacchus in amphora
Languescit mihi, nec pinguis Gallicis
Crescunt vellera pascuis.

This branch of his subject moreover enables Virgil to celebrate the floral beauties of Italy, and to exhibit on a small scale a picture of a community at once warlike, politic, and industrious, such as had been realised on the soil of Italy, and especially in the old Roman Commonwealth, more completely than among any other people.

The subject was moreover intimately associated with the national history. Several of the early legends, such as those of Cincinnatus, and, in more historical times, of Atilius Regulus and Curius Dentatus, attest the prominence which agriculture enjoyed among the pursuits of the foremost men in the Republic. The surnames of many noble families, patrician and plebeian, such as the Lentuli, Stolones, Bubulci, Piones, Dolabellae, and the name of the great Fabian Gens, are connected etymologically with agricultural occupations, products, or implements, and afford evidence of a time when the men who filled the great offices of the State lived on their own lands, and were known for the success with which they improved their farms. The passion to possess and subdue the land was, in the early history of the Republic, the main motive power both of the political and military history of Rome. Even down to the establishment of the Empire there was no question which more divided the two great

parties in the State than that of the Agrarian laws. And though, after the conquest of Italy, Roman wars were fought for dominion rather than for new territory, yet the hope of owning land, if not on Italian yet on some foreign soil, which he should hold by his sword as well as cultivate by his plough, supported the Roman soldier, even under the Empire, through the long years of his service. The Roman 'colonies,' the origin of so many famous European cities, were settlements of 'Coloni' or cultivators of the soil.

Thus in the selection of his subject Virgil appealed to old national associations and living tastes in a way in which no Greek poet could have done in choosing any mode of practical industry for poetic treatment. Even the details of direct instruction would attract a Roman reader by reminding him of labours which he may often have watched and perhaps have shared. Though Virgil found new sources of attraction by references to Greek mythology and science, and though he availed himself of the diction of Greek poets much inferior to himself in their perception of beauty and their power over language, yet his materials are mainly drawn either from personal observation, or from Italian writers who had put on record the results of what they had seen and done. There is a thoroughly Roman character in the technical execution of the poem, in the command over details, in the power of orderly arrangement with a view to convenience rather than logical symmetry, and in the combined sobriety and dignity of the workmanship. But it is in the longer episodes, in which the deeper meaning of the poem is most brought out, that the intimate connexion between the various topics treated in it and the national character and fortunes becomes most apparent. There is indeed one marked exception to the maintenance of this unity of impression. The long episode in Book iv, from line 315 to 558, has no national significance. And this is an undoubted blot on the artistic perfection of the work. This episode not only adds nothing to its representative character, but it suggests fancies and associations utterly alien from the Italy of the Augustan Age. The space given to such a theme is opposed to the truer taste of the poet, expressed in such lines as these—

Non hic te carmine ficto

Atque per ambages et longa exorsa tenebo.

and

Cetera quae vacuas tenuissent carmina mentes,
Omnia iam volgata.

But it is not the judgement of the poet, but the despotic will of the Emperor, that is responsible for this imperfection. The fourth Book originally ended with an episode which afforded scope for the expression of personal feeling, for awakening an interest in that land which was now of vast importance to the State, and which affected the imagination of cultivated Romans as it does that of cultivated men in modern times, and for illustrating the national greatness and the recent history of Rome. In the first edition the mention of Egypt at line 287 had led Virgil to celebrate the administration of that province under his early friend Cornelius Gallus. When Gallus fell into disgrace and was forced to commit suicide in 26 B.C., Virgil was required to re-edit the poem with a new concluding episode. The subject treated in the earlier edition of the poem would have enabled Virgil to give renewed expression to his admiration and affection for the Gallus of the Eclogues, to tell the tale of the downfall of Cleopatra, and to magnify the greatness of Rome in the conquest and government of her provinces. The episode as it now stands is a finished piece of metrical execution; it illustrates the attraction which the Greek mythological stories had for educated Romans; it is expressed in those tones of tender pathos of which Virgil was a master; but it is at the same time a standing proof of the malign influence which the Imperial despotism already exercised on the spontaneous inspiration of genius, as well as on all sincere expression of feeling.

IV.

If the idea of the poem and of the national interests associated with it arose in Virgil's mind during his life in Rome, it was in his retirement in Campania that he prepared himself for and executed his task. Like the Aeneid it was a work of slow growth, the result of careful study and meditation. Besides the great change of the concluding episode, there are some slight indications that the poem

was retouched in later editions; and perhaps a very few lines added to the original work may have been either left finally unadjusted to their proper place, or may have been transposed in the copying of the manuscript. Although regard for his art was a more prominent consideration in the mind of Virgil than of Lucretius, yet he did not, any more than his predecessor, wish to separate the office of a teacher from that of a poet. How far the experience of his early years in the farm in the district of Andes or of his later residence on his land near Nola may have contributed to his knowledge of his subject, we have no means of knowing; but probably the delicacy of his health as well as his devotion to study may have limited his experience to the observation of the labours of others. But the power of vividly realising and enjoying the familiar sights and work of the farm,—the life which he gives to the notices of seed-time and harvest, of the growth of trees and ripening of fruits, of the habits of flocks, herds, and bees, etc.,—the deep love for his subject in all its details—

Singula dum capti circumvectamur amore—

were gifts which could not come from any study of books. The poetry of manhood is, more often perhaps than we know, the conscious reproduction of the unconscious impressions of early years, received in a susceptible and retentive mind. Virgil, in common with all great poets, retained through life the ‘child’s heart within the man’s.’ Through this geniality of nature he was able—

angustis hunc addere rebus honorem—

to glorify trite and familiar things by the light reflected from the healthy memories and the idealising fancies of boyhood and early youth.

But while his feeling is all his own,—the happy survival probably of the childhood and youth passed in his home in the district of Andes,—he largely avails himself of the observation, the thought, and the language of earlier writers, both Greek and Roman. His poem is eminently a work of learning as well as of native feeling. He combines in its varied and firm texture the homely wisdom embodied in the precepts and proverbs of Italian peasants (‘*veterum praecepta*’),—the quaint and oracular dicta of Hesiod,—the scientific knowledge and mythological lore of Alexandrine writers,—the

philosophic and imaginative conceptions of Lucretius,—with the knowledge of natural history contained in the treatises of Aristotle and Theophrastus, and the systematic practical directions of the old prose writers on rural economy, such as the Carthaginian Mago, whose work had been translated into Latin,—Democritus and Xenophon among Greek prose writers,—Cato, the two Sasernae, Licinius Stolo, Tremellius, and Varro among Latin authors. The purely practical precepts of the Georgics were apparently selected and condensed from these writers. But no literary inspiration or ideas were likely to have come from any of these last-named authors, unless the Invocation in the first Book may have been suggested by the example of Varro, who begins his treatise with an invocation to the XII Di consentes. The proverbial sayings or rustic songs embodying the traditional peasant lore, such as the ‘Quid vesper serus vehit?’ and the ‘hiberno pulvere, verno luto, grandia farra, Camille, metes,’ which add an antique and homely charm to the poem, may have become known to Virgil from the book of the Sasernae, who are quoted by Varro as authorities for many of the old charms used by the primitive husbandmen, such as ‘Terra pestem teneto, salus hic maneto,’ which is to be repeated ‘ter novies.’ Servius notes that the words ‘sulco attritus splendescere vomer’ recall an old saying of Cato, ‘Vir bonus est, mi fili, colendi peritus, cuius ferramenta splendent.’ The notices of ceremonial observances, such as the account of the Ambarvalia, and the enumeration of things that might lawfully be done on holy days, were probably derived from the pontifical books and the sacred books of the other priestly colleges, of which Virgil made large use also in the Aeneid. In all the writers on practical farming, from Cato to Varro, he found that strong appreciation of the supreme worth of rural industry and that strong interest in its processes and results which justified him in identifying his subject with the thought of the national life.

Among the sources of literary inspiration from which Virgil drew in the Georgics, the oldest, and not the least abundant, was the ‘Works and Days’ of Hesiod. Yet a comparison of the two poems shows immediately that the Georgics do not, either in form or substance, stand in that close relation to their prototype, in which the Eclogues on the one hand, and the Aeneid on the other, stand to the

idyls of Theocritus and to the epic poems of Homer. The immediate influence of Hesiod is most apparent in the first Book of the Georgics, in which the subject is treated in connexion with theological ideas; while in the second Book and in the later Books, in which the philosophical conception of Nature, though in subordination to the conception of a supreme Spiritual power, becomes more prominent, the spirit of Hesiod gives place to the spirit of Lucretius. There is, however, a real affinity between the primitive piety of the old Boeotian bard and the attitude in which Virgil contemplated the world, though the faith of Virgil has become more rational under the speculative teaching and enquiry which had taken the place of earlier modes of thought among the Greeks. Virgil is ever seeking to produce a poetical reconciliation between primitive tradition and more enlightened views both of moral and physical truth. Thus he introduces the old fable of the creation of the present race of men in immediate juxtaposition with the assertion of the 'laws and eternal conditions imposed by Nature on certain places.' He accepts the belief in a Golden Age and in the blight which fell on the world under the dispensation of Jove; but he regards this blight as sent, not in anger, but as a discipline and incentive to exertion. He describes the natural progress of the various arts of life under this stimulus, but still leaves room for divine intervention in the more important discoveries:—

Prima Ceres ferro mortalis vertere terram

Instituit.

Again, the teleological view of Nature, which appears in the Georgics in antagonism to the teaching of Lucretius, in such passages as i. 231—

Idcirco certis dimensum partibus orbem, etc.,

and i. 351—

Atque haec ut certis possemus discere signis—

is in the spirit of Hesiod, though in advance of his conception of Zeus, who appears in him not as a beneficent Providence, but rather as a jealous task-master. So too the constant inculcation of prayer and ceremonial observances—

Umida solstitia atque hiemes orate serenas,

Agricolae—

Votisque vocaveris imbrem—

In primis venerare deos, atque annua magnae

Sacra refer Cereri—

the specification of lucky and unlucky days, the reference to the old Greek fables of Coeus, Iapetus, and Typhoeus, are, though not directly imitated from Hesiod, yet conceived in his spirit.

But, besides appealing to primitive religious and mythological associations, the poet of Andes aims at reproducing some flavour of the sentiment of a remote antiquity and of the quaint *naïveté* characteristic of the sage of Ascrea. The very use of such an expression as ‘*quo sidere terram Vertere*,’—the thought of the husbandman’s labours as being regulated not by the Roman Calendar, with its prosaic divisions of the month by kalends, nones, and ides, but by the rise and setting of the constellations,—the picturesque signs of the change of the seasons, as in the line

Candida venit avis longis invisâ colubris,—

the use of such quaint expressions as ‘*nudus ara, sere nudus*,’—seem all intended to remind the reader that the subject is one ‘*antiquae laudis et artis*,’—the most ancient and unchanging of the great arts of life,—that too in which man’s dependence on Nature and the Spiritual power above Nature is most vividly realised. This infusion into the practical realities and prosaic details of his subject of something of the wonder and ‘freshness of the early world’ Virgil derives from the relation which he establishes between himself and his Boeotian prototype.

Though in spirit and poetical inspiration Virgil’s debt to Hesiod is greater, yet the Georgics present more direct traces of imitation of the Alexandrine poets. It is in accordance with the learning and science of Alexandria that the subject is illustrated by local epithets, such as ‘*Strymoniae grues*,’ by reference to the products of distant lands—

nonne vides croceos ut Tmolus odores, etc.,—

by recondite mythological and astronomical allusions and by the substitution of the names of various deities, such as Liber and Ceres, for the natural products which were supposed to be their gifts. But to several special authors his debt is more direct. Thus the passage, i.

Quinque tenent caelum zonae, etc.,—

is copied from Eratosthenes. The account of the signs of the weather, from i. 355 to 465, is taken from the Διοσημεῖα of Aratus, a work so popular at Rome, that it was not only imitated and almost incorporated in his poem by Virgil, but had been translated by Cicero in his youth, and was subsequently translated by Germanicus. Again, the description at iii. 425, of the dangerous serpent that haunts the Calabrian pastures, is closely imitated from the extant Θηριακά of Nicander; nor can we doubt that there were in the fourth Book imitations of the lost Μελισσουργικά of the same author, who probably anticipated Virgil in the use which he made of Aristotle's observations on the habits of bees.

A comparison of the passages in the Georgics with those of which they are imitations produces the impression not only of Virgil's immense superiority as a poet over the Alexandrine Metaphrastae, but of the immense superiority of the Latin hexameter, as an organ for expressing the beauty and power of Nature, over the exotic jargon and unmusical jingle which those writers compounded out of their epic studies and their scientific nomenclature. To take one or two instances of Virgil's imitations from these writers:—in the passage Georg. i. 233–246, Virgil reproduces very closely scientific statements of Eratosthenes and Aratus. But of the five lines which follow—

Illic, ut perhibent, aut intempesta silet nox
Semper et obtenta densentur nocte tenebrae,
Aut redit a nobis Aurora diemque reducit;
Nosque ubi primus equis Oriens adflavit anhelis,
Illic sera rubens accendit lumina Vesper,—

where through the evanescent mists of early science we discern the enduring substance of poetic creation, there is no trace in either of the Greek writers. Again, in the passage at i. 410, imitated from Aratus—

Tum liquidas corvi presso ter gutture voces, etc.,—
the mere natural phenomenon is given in greater detail in the original passage; but the lines which communicate to it the touch of tender sympathy—

iuvat imbris actis

Progeniem parvam dulcesque revisere nidos,—

and the following lines—

Haud equidem credo quia sit divinitus illis, etc.,—

which elevate the whole description into the higher air of imaginative contemplation, are entirely Virgil's own. So too in nearly all the indications of stormy or bright weather, whether taken from natural phenomena or the habits of animals, we find in the Latin poet some suggestion of poetical analogy giving new life to the thing described, or some touch of tender feeling, of which his original supplied him with no hint whatever.

For the true poetry of the Georgics—the colour of human and sympathetic feeling, the atmosphere of contemplative ideas, the ethical and national associations with which the subject is surrounded—Virgil owes very little to Greek inspiration. Much of this poetry is the mode in which his own spirit interprets Nature and human life. But much also is due to the genius of his great predecessor in Latin poetry, who, though ‘unnamed,’ is ‘not unowned,’ but felt to be a pervading presence in the thought and feeling, the creative diction and the grander cadences, of the Georgics. Yet this influence is perhaps as potent in the antagonism as in the sympathy which it evokes. Virgil is no mere disciple of Lucretius, either as regards his philosophy or his art. Though his imagination pays homage to that of the older poet; though he acknowledges his contemplative elevation; though he has a strong affinity with the deep humanity of his nature; yet in his profoundest convictions and aspirations he proclaims his revolt from him. The key to the secret of much in the composition of the Georgics,—of the condition of mind out of which this work of genius assumed the shape it has as a great literary possession,—is to be sought in the collision between the force of thought, imagination, and feeling which the active spirit of Lucretius stored up and left behind him as his legacy to the world, and the nature, strongly susceptible indeed, but, at the same time, firm in its own convictions, which first felt the shock of that force, in its attractive, stimulating, and repellent power.

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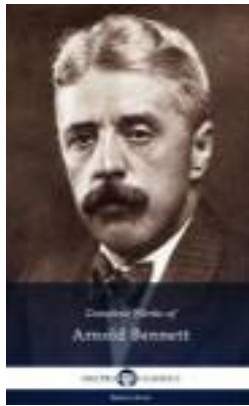
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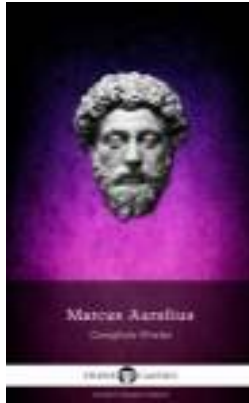
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The entrance to Virgil's tomb, a Roman burial vault dating back to the Augustan age,

located in Naples, where according to legend the famous poet was buried